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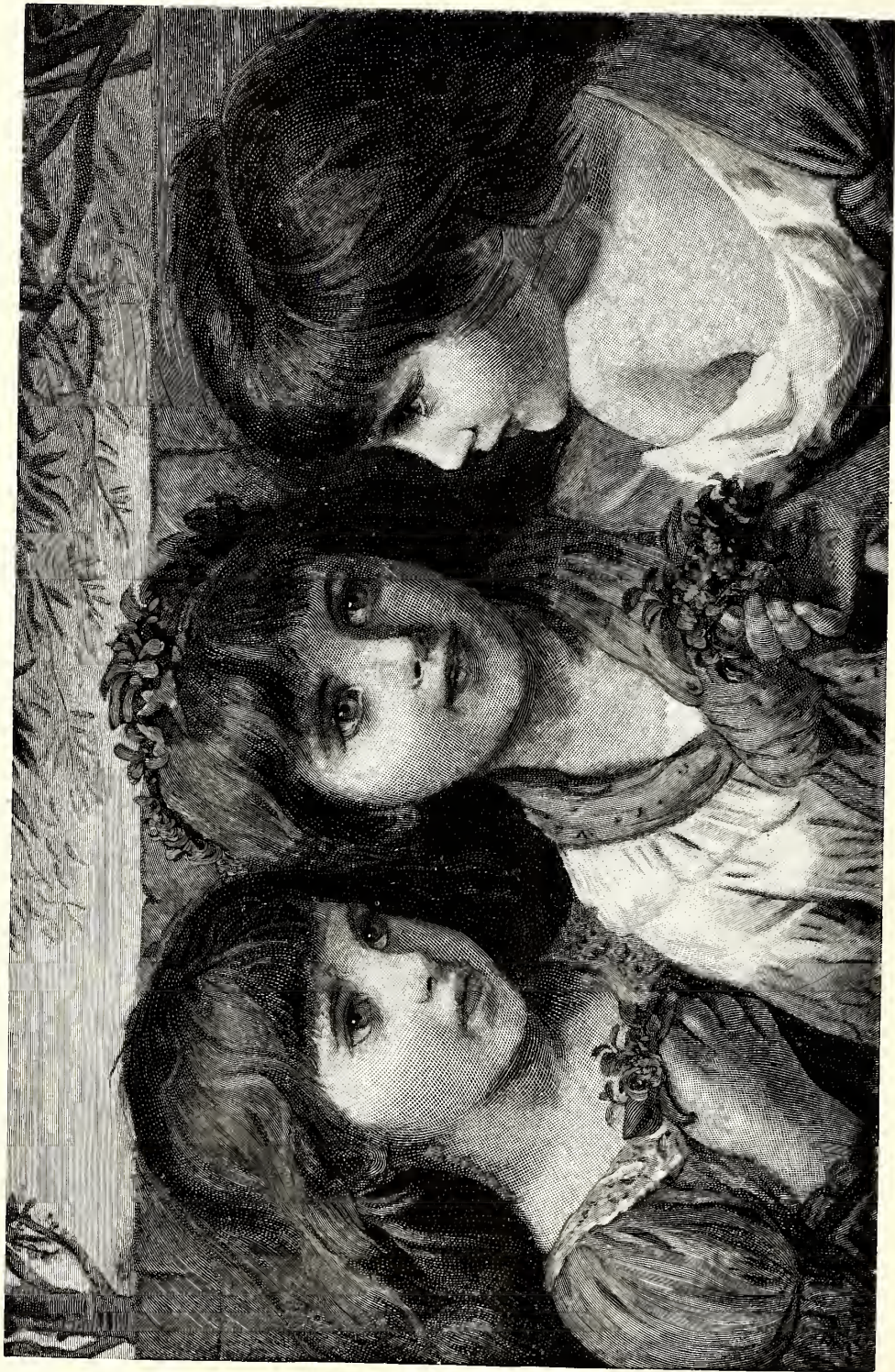
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"VIOLETS, SWEET VIOLETS!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR LUCAS, BOND STREET, LONDON, AFTER THE PAINTING BY EDWARD TAYLER.

ST. NICHOLAS:

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

MAY, 1888.

NO. 7.

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER I.



THE "Two Little Confederates" lived at Oakland. It was not a very handsome place, as modern ideas go, but down in Old Virginia, where the standard was different from the later one, it passed in old times as one of the best plantations

in all that region. The boys thought it the greatest place in the world, of course excepting Richmond, where they had been one year to the fair, and had seen a man pull fire out of his mouth, and do other wonderful things. It was quite secluded. It lay, it is true, right between two of the county roads, the Court-house Road being on one side, and on the other the great "Mountain Road," down which the large covered wagons with six horses and jingling bells used to go; but the lodge lay this side of the one, and "the big woods," where the boys shot squirrels, and hunted 'possums and coons, and which reached to the edge of "Holetown," stretched between the house and the other, so that the big gate-post where the semi-weekly mail was left by the mail-rider each Tuesday and Friday afternoon was a long walk, even by the near cut through the woods. The railroad was ten miles away by the road. There was a nearer way, only about half the distance, by which the negroes used to walk, and which during the war, after all the horses were gone the boys, too, learned to travel; but before that, the road

by Trinity Church and Honeyman's Bridge was the only route, and the other was simply a dim bridle-path, and the "horseshoe ford" was known to the initiated alone.

The mansion itself was known on the plantation as "the gret house," to distinguish it from all the other houses on the place, of which there were many. It had as many wings as the angels in the vision of Ezekiel.

These additions had been made, some in one generation, some in another, as the size of the family required; and finally, when there was no side of the original building to which another wing could be joined, a separate building had been erected on the edge of the yard, which was called "The Office," and was used as such, as well as for a lodging-place by the young men of the family. The privilege of sleeping in the Office was highly esteemed, for, like the *toga virilis*, it marked the entrance upon manhood of the youths who were fortunate enough to enjoy it. There smoking was admissible, there the guns were kept in the corner, and there the dogs were allowed to sleep at the feet of their young masters, or in bed with them, if they preferred it.

In one of the rooms in this building the boys went to school whilst small, and another they looked forward to having as their own when they should be old enough to be thought worthy of the dignity of sleeping in the Office. Hugh already slept there, and gave himself airs in proportion; but Hugh they regarded as a very aged person; not as old, it was true, as their cousins who came down from

college at Christmas, and who, at the first outbreak of war, all rushed into the army; but each of these was in the boys' eyes a Methuselah. Hugh had his own horse and the double-barrelled gun, and when a fellow got those there was little material difference between him and other men, even if he did have to go to the academy,—which was really something like going to school.

The boys were Frank and Willy; Frank being the eldest. They went by several names on the place. Their mother called them her "little men," with much pride; Uncle Balla spoke of them as "them chillern," which generally implied something of reproach; and Lucy Ann, who had been taken into the house to "run after" them when they were little boys, always coupled their names as "Frank 'n' Willy." Peter and Cole did the same when their mistress was not by.

When there first began to be talk at Oakland about the war, the boys thought it would be a dreadful thing; their principal ideas about war being formed from an intimate acquaintance with the Bible and its accounts of the wars of the Children of Israel, in which men, women and children were invariably put to the sword. This gave a vivid conception of its horrors.

One evening, in the midst of a discussion about the approaching crisis, Willy astonished the company, who were discussing the merits of the probable leaders of the Union armies, by suddenly announcing that he'd "bet they did n't have any general who could beat Joab."

Up to the time of the war the boys had led a very uneventful, but a very pleasant life. They used to go hunting with Hugh, their older brother, when he would let them go, and after the cows with Peter and Cole. Old Balla, the driver, was their boon comrade and adviser, and taught them to make whips, and traps for hares and birds, as he had taught them to ride and to cobble shoes.

He lived alone (his wife had been set free years before, and lived in Philadelphia). His room over "the old kitchen" was the boys' play-room when he would permit them to come in. There were so many odds and ends in it!

Then the boys played blindman's-buff in the house, or hide-and-seek about the yard or garden, or upstairs in their den, a narrow alcove at the top of the house. The little willow-shadowed creek, that ran through the meadow behind the barn, was one of their haunts. They fished in it for minnows and little perch; they made dams and bathed in it; and sometimes they played pirates upon its waters.

Once they made an extended search up and down its banks for any fragments of Pharaoh's chariots which might have been washed up so

high; but that was when they were younger and did not have much sense.

CHAPTER II.



THERE was great excitement during the John Brown raid, and the good grandmother used to pray for him and Cook, whose pictures were in the papers.

The boys became soldiers, and drilled punctiliously with guns which they got Uncle Balla to make for them. Frank was the captain, Willy the first lieutenant, and a dozen or more little negroes composed the rank and file, Peter and Cole being trusted file-closers.

A little later they found their sympathies all on the side of peace and the preservation of the Union. Their uncle was for keeping the Union unbroken, and ran for the Convention against Colonel Richards, who was the chief officer of the militia in the county, and was as blood-thirsty as Tamerlane, who reared the pyramid of skulls, and as hungry for military renown as the great Napoleon.

There was immense excitement in the county over the election. Though the boys' mother had made them add to their prayers a petition that their Uncle William might win, and that he might secure the blessings of peace; and, though at family prayers, night and morning, the same petition was presented, the boys' uncle was beaten at the polls by a large majority. And then they knew there was bound to be war, and that it must be very wicked. They almost felt the "invader's heel," and the invaders were invariably spoken of as "cruel," and the heel was described as of "iron," and was always mentioned as engaged in the act of crushing. They would have been terribly alarmed at this cruel invasion had they not been re-assured by the general belief of the community that one Southerner could whip ten Yankees, and that, collectively, the South could drive back the North with popguns. When the war actually broke out, the boys were the most enthusiastic of rebels, and the troops in Camp Lee did not drill more continuously nor industriously.

Their father, who had been a Whig and opposed

secession until the very last, on Virginia's seceding, finally cast his lot with his people, and joined an infantry company; and Uncle William raised and equipped an artillery company, of which he was chosen captain; but the infantry was too tame and the artillery too ponderous to suit the boys.

They were taken to see the drill of the county troop of cavalry, with its prancing horses and clanging sabers. It was commanded by a cousin; and from that moment they were cavalymen to the core. They flung away their stick-guns in disgust; and Uncle Balla spent two grumbling days fashioning them a stableful of horses with real heads and "sure 'nough" leather bridles.

Once, indeed, a secret attempt was made to utilize the horses and mules which were running in the back pasture; but a premature discovery of the scheme ended in such disaster to all concerned that the plan was abandoned, and the boys had to content themselves with their wooden steeds.

The day that the final orders came for their father and uncle to go to Richmond,—from which point they were ordered to "the Peninsula,"—the boys could not understand why every one was suddenly plunged into such distress. Then, next morning, when the soldiers left, the boys could not altogether comprehend it. They thought it was a very fine thing to be allowed

with pride the two glittering sabers which he had allowed no one but himself to polish, that "Ef them Britishers jes sees dese swodes dee 'll run!" The boys tried to explain to him that these were not British, but Yankees,—but he was hard to convince. Even Lucy Ann, who was incurably afraid of everything like a gun or fire-arm, partook of the general fervor, and boasted effusively that she had actually "tetched" Marse John's big "pistils."

Hugh, who was fifteen, and was permitted to accompany his father to Richmond, was regarded by the boys with a feeling of mingled envy and veneration, which he accepted with dignified complacency.

Frank and Willy soon found that war brought some immunities. The house filled up so with the families of cousins and friends who were refugees that the boys were obliged to sleep in the Office, and thus they felt that, at a bound, they were almost as old as Hugh.

There were the cousins from Gloucester, from



FRANK AND WILLY ATTEMPT CAVALRY PRACTICE IN THE "BACK PASTURE."

to ride Frank and Hun, the two war-horses, with their new, deep, army saddles and long bits. They cried when their father and uncle said good-bye, and went away; but it was because their mother looked so pale and ill, and not because they did not think it was all grand. They had no doubt that all would come back soon, for old Uncle Billy, the "head-man," who had been born down in "Little York," where Cornwallis surrendered, had expressed the sentiment of the whole plantation when he declared, as he sat in the back yard surrounded by an admiring throng, and surveyed

the Valley, and families of relatives from Baltimore and New York, who had come south on the declaration of war. Their favorite was their cousin Belle, whose beauty at once captivated both boys. This was the first time that the boys ever knew anything of girls, except their own sister, Evelyn; and after a brief period, during which the novelty gave them pleasure, the inability of the girls to hunt, or climb trees, or play knucks, etc., and the additional restraint which their presence imposed, caused them to hold the opinion that "girls were no good."

CHAPTER III.



IN course of time they saw a great deal of "the army,"—which meant the Confederates. The idea that the Yankees could ever get to Oakland never entered any one's head. It was understood that the army lay between us and them, and surely they could never get by the innumerable soldiers who were always passing up one road or the other, and who, day after day and night after night, were coming to be fed, and were rapidly eating up everything that had been left on the place. They had been coming so long now that they made scarcely any difference; but the first time a regiment camped in the neighborhood it created great excitement.

It became known one night that a cavalry regiment, in which were several of their cousins, was camped at Honeyman's Bridge, and the boys' mother determined to send a supply of provisions for the camp next morning; so several sheep were killed, the smoke-house was opened, and all night long the great fires in the kitchen and wash-house glowed; and even then there was not room, so that a big fire was kindled in the back yard, beside which saddles of mutton were roasted in the tin kitchens. Everybody was "rushing."

The boys were told that they might go to see the soldiers, and as they had to get off long before daylight, they went to bed early, and left all "the other boys"—that is, Peter and Cole and other colored children—squatting about the fires and trying to help the cooks to pile on wood.

It was hard to leave the exciting scene.

They were very sleepy the next morning; indeed, they seemed scarcely to have fallen asleep when Lucy Ann shook them; but they jumped up without the usual application of cold water in their faces, which Lucy Ann so delighted to make; and in a little while they were out in the yard, where Balla was standing holding three horses,—their mother's riding-horse; another with a side-saddle for their Cousin Belle, whose brother was in the regiment; and one for himself,—and Peter and Cole were holding the carriage-horses for the boys, and several other men were holding mules.

Great hampers covered with white napkins, were on the porch, and the savory smell decided the boys not to eat their breakfast, but to wait and take their share with the soldiers.

The roads were so bad that the carriage could

not go; and as the boys' mother wished to get the provisions to the soldiers before they broke camp, they had to set out at once. In a few minutes they were all in the saddle, the boys and their mother and Cousin Belle in front, and Balla and the other servants following close behind, each holding before him a hamper, which looked queer and shadowy as they rode on in the darkness.

The sky, which was filled with stars when they set out, grew white as they splashed along mile after mile through the mud. Then the road became clearer; they could see into the woods, and the sky changed to a rich pink, like the color of peach-blossoms. Their horses were covered with mud up to the saddle-skirts. They turned into a lane only half a mile from the bridge, and, suddenly, a bugle rang out down in the wooded bottom below them, and the boys hardly could be kept from putting their horses to a run, so fearful were they that the soldiers were leaving, and that they should not see them. Their mother, however, told them that this was probably the reveille, or "rising-bell," of the soldiers. She rode on at a good sharp canter, and the boys were diverting themselves over a discussion as to who would act the part of Lucy Ann in waking the regiment of soldiers, when they turned a curve, and at the end of the road, a few hundred yards ahead, stood several horsemen.

"There they are," exclaimed both boys.

"No, that is a picket," said their mother; "gallop on, Frank, and tell them we are bringing breakfast for the regiment."

Frank dashed ahead, and soon they saw a soldier ride forward to meet him, and, after a few words, return with him to his comrades. Then, while they were still a hundred yards distant, they saw Frank, who had received some directions, start off again toward the bridge, at a hard gallop. The picket had told him to go straight on down the hill, and he would find the camp just the other side of the bridge. He accordingly rode on, feeling very important at being allowed to go alone to the camp on such a mission.

As he reached a turn in the road, just above the river, the whole regiment lay swarming below him among the large trees on the bank of the little stream. The horses were picketed to bushes and stakes, in long rows, the saddles lying on the ground, not far off; and hundreds of men were moving about, some in full uniform and others without coat or vest. A half-dozen wagons with sheets on them stood on one side among the trees, near which several fires were smoking, with men around them.

As Frank clattered up to the bridge, a soldier with a gun on his arm, who had been standing by the railing, walked out to the middle of the bridge.

"Halt! Where are you going in such a hurry, my young man?" he said.

"I wish to see the colonel," said Frank, repeating as nearly as he could the words the picket had told him.

"What do you want with him?"

Frank was tempted not to tell him; but he was so impatient to deliver his message before the others should arrive, that he told him what he had come for.

"There he is," said the sentinel, pointing to a place among the trees where stood at least five hundred men.

Frank looked, expecting to recognize the colonel by his noble bearing, or splendid uniform, or some striking marks.

"Where?" he asked, in doubt; for while a number of the men were in uniform, he knew these to be privates.

"There," said the sentry, pointing; "by that stump, near the yellow horse-blanket."

Frank looked again. The only man he could fix upon by the description was a young fellow washing his face in a tin basin, and he felt this could not be the colonel; but he did not like to appear dull, so he thanked the man and rode on, thinking he would go to the point indicated, and ask some one else to show him the officer.

He felt quite grand as he rode in among the men, who, he thought, would recognize his importance and treat him accordingly; but, as he rode on, instead of paying him the respect he had expected, they began to guy him with all sorts of questions.

"Hello, bud, going to jine the cavalry?" asked one. "Which is oldest; you or your horse?" inquired another.

"How 's Pa—and Ma?" "Does your mother know you 're out?" asked others. One soldier walked up, and, putting his hand on the bridle, proceeded affably to ask him after his health, and that of every member of his family. At first, Frank did not understand that they were making fun of him, but it dawned on him when the man asked him solemnly:

"Are there any Yankees around, that you were running away so fast just now?"

"No; if there were I 'd never have found *you*

here," said Frank, shortly, in reply; which at once turned the tide in his favor and diverted the ridicule from himself to his teaser, who was seized by some of his comrades and carried off with much laughter and slapping on the back.

"I wish to see Colonel Marshall," said Frank, pushing his way through the group that surrounded him, and riding up to the man who was still occupied at the basin on the stump.

"All right, sir, I 'm the man," said the individual, cheerily looking up with his face dripping and rosy from its recent scrubbing.

"You the colonel?" exclaimed Frank, suspicious that he was again being ridiculed, and thinking it impossible that this slim, rosy-faced youngster, who was scarcely stouter than Hugh, and who was washing in a tin basin, could be the commander



IN THE NEGROES' QUARTERS.

of all these soldierly-looking men, many of whom were old enough to be his father.

"Yes, I 'm the Lieutenant-Colonel. I 'm in command," said the gentleman, smiling at him over the towel.

Something made Frank understand that this was really the officer, and he gave his message, which was received with many expressions of thanks.

"Won't you get down? Here, Campbell, take this horse, will you?" he called to a soldier, as Frank sprang from his horse. The orderly stepped forward and took the bridle.

"Now, come with me," said the colonel, leading the way. "We must get ready to receive your

mother. There are some ladies coming — and breakfast," he called to a group who were engaged in the same occupation he had just ended, and whom Frank knew by instinct to be officers.

with his coat tightly buttoned, his soft hat set jauntily on the side of his head, his plume sweeping over its side, and his sword clattering at his spurred heel, he presented a very different



“‘I’M IN COMMAND,’ SAID THE GENTLEMAN, SMILING AT HIM OVER THE TOWEL.”

The information seemed to electrify the little knot addressed; for they began to rush around, and in a few moments they all were in their uniforms, and surrounding the colonel, who having brushed his hair with the aid of a little glass hung on a bush, had hurried into his coat and was buckling on his sword and giving orders in a way which at once satisfied Frank that he was every inch a colonel.

“Now let us go and receive your mother,” said he to the boy. As he strode through the camp,

appearance from that which he had made a little before, with his head in a tin basin, and his face covered with lather. In fact, Colonel Marshall was already a noted officer, and before the end of the war he attained still higher rank and reputation.

The colonel met the rest of the party at the bridge and introduced himself and several officers who soon joined him. The negroes were directed to take the provisions over to the other side of the stream into the camp, and in a little while the whole regiment were enjoying the breakfast.

The boys and their mother had at the colonel's request joined his mess, in which was one of their cousins, the brother of their cousin Belle.

The gentlemen could eat scarcely anything, they were so busy attending to the wants of the ladies. The colonel, particularly, waited on their cousin Belle all the time.

As soon as they had finished, the colonel left them, and a bugle blew. In a minute all was bustle. Officers were giving orders; horses were saddled and brought out; and, by what seemed magic to the boys, the men who just before were scattered about among the trees laughing and eating, were standing by their horses all in proper order. The colonel and the officers came and said good-bye.

Again the bugle blew. Every man was in his saddle. A few words by the colonel, followed by other words from the captains, and the column started, turning across the bridge, the feet of the horses thundering on the planks. Then the regiment wound up the hill at a walk, the men singing snatches of a dozen songs, of which "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Lorena," and "Carry me Back to Old Virginia Shore," were the chief ones.

It seemed to the boys that to be a soldier was the noblest thing on earth; and that this regiment could do anything.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER this, it became a common thing for passing regiments to camp near Oakland, and the fires blazed many a night, cooking for the soldiers, till the chickens were crowing in the morning. The negroes all had hen-houses and raised their own chickens, and when a camp was near them they used to drive a thriving trade on their own account, selling eggs and chickens to the privates while the officers were entertained in the "gret house."

It was thought an honor to furnish food to the soldiers. Every soldier was to the boys a hero, and each young officer might rival Ivanhoe or Cœur de Lion.

It was not a great while, however, before they learned that all soldiers were not like their favorite knights. At any rate, thefts were frequent. The absence of men from the plantations, and the constant passing of strangers made stealing easy, and hen-roosts were robbed time after time, and even pigs and sheep were taken without any trace of the thieves. The boys' hen-house, however, which was in the yard, had never been troubled. It was about their only possession, and they took great pride in it.

One night the boys were fast asleep in their room in the office, with old Bruno and Nick curled up on

their sheep-skins on the floor. Hugh was away, so the boys were the only "men" on the place, and felt that they were the protectors of the plantation. The frequent thefts had made every one very suspicious, and the boys had made up their minds to be on the watch, and, if possible, to catch the thief.

The negroes said that the deserters did the stealing. On the night in question, the boys were sound asleep when old Bruno gave a low growl, and then began walking and sniffing up and down the room. Soon Nick gave a sharp, quick bark.

Frank waked first. He was not startled, for the dogs were in the habit of barking whenever they wished to go out-of-doors. Now, however, they kept it up, and it was in a strain somewhat different from their usual signal.

"What's the matter with you? Go and lie down, Bruno," called Frank. "Hush up, Nick!" But Bruno would not lie down, and Nick would not keep quiet, though at the sound of Frank's voice they felt less responsibility, and contented themselves with a low growling.

After a little while Frank was on the point of dropping off to sleep again, when he heard a sound out in the yard, which at once thoroughly awakened him. He nudged Willy in the side.

"Willy—Willy, wake up; there's some one moving around outdoors."

"Umm-mm," groaned Willy, turning over and settling himself for another nap.

The sound of a chicken chirping out in fright reached Frank's ear.

"Wake up, Willy!" he called, pinching him hard. "There's some one at the hen-house."

Willy was awake in a second. The boys consulted as to what should be done. Willy was skeptical. He thought Frank had been dreaming, or that it was only Uncle Balla, or "some one" moving about the yard. But a second cackle of warning reached them, and in a minute both boys were out of bed pulling on their clothes with trembling impatience.

"Let's go and wake Uncle Balla," proposed Willy, getting himself all tangled in the legs of his trousers.

"No; I'll tell you what, let's catch him ourselves," suggested Frank.

"All right," assented Willy. "We'll catch him and lock him up; suppose he's got a pistol, your gun maybe won't go off; it does n't always burst the cap."

"Well, your old musket is loaded, and you can hold him while I snap the cap at him, and get it ready."

"All right—I can't find my jacket—I'll hold him."

"Where in the world is my hat?" whispered

Frank. "Never mind, it must be in the house. Let's go out the back way. We can get out without his hearing us."

"What shall we do with the dogs? Let's shut them up."

"No, let's take 'em with us. We can keep them quiet and hold 'em in, and they can track him if he gets away."

"All right;" and the boys slowly opened the door, and crept stealthily out, Frank clutching his double-barrelled gun, and Willy hugging a heavy musket which he had found and claimed as one of the prizes of war. It was almost pitch-dark.

They decided that one should take one side of the hen-house, and one the other side (in such a way that if they had to shoot, they would almost certainly shoot one another!) but before they had separated both dogs jerked loose from their hands and dashed away in the darkness, barking furiously.

"There he goes round the garden," shouted Willy, as the sound of footsteps like those of a man running with all his might came from the direction which the dogs had taken.

"Come on," and both started; but, after taking a few steps, they stopped to listen so that they might trace the fugitive.

A faint noise behind them arrested their attention, and Frank tiptoed back toward the hen-house. It was too dark to see much, but he heard the hen-house door creak, and was conscious even in the darkness that it was being pushed slowly open.

"Here's one, Willy," he shouted, at the same time putting his gun to his shoulder and pulling the trigger. The hammer fell with a sharp "click" just as the door was snatched to with a bang. The cap had failed to explode, or the chicken-eating days of the individual in the hen-house would have ended then and there.

The boys stood for some moments with their guns pointed at the door of the hen-house expecting the person within to attempt to burst out; but the click of the hammer and their hurried conference without, in which it was agreed to let him have both barrels if he appeared, reconciled him to remaining within.

After some time it was decided to go and wake Uncle Balla, and confer with him as to the proper disposition of their captive. Accordingly, Frank went off to obtain help whilst Willy remained to watch the hen-house. As Frank left he called back:

"Willy, you take good aim at him and if he pokes his head out—let him have it!"

This Willy solemnly promised to do.

Frank was hardly out of hearing before Willy was surprised to hear the prisoner call him by name in the most friendly and familiar manner, although the voice was a strange one.

"Willy, is that you?" called the person inside.

"Yes."

"Where's Frank?"

"Gone to get Uncle Balla."

"Did you see that other fellow?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd shot him. He brought me here and played a joke on me. He told me this was a house I could sleep in, and shut me up in here,—and blest if I don't b'lieve it's nothin' but a hen-house. Let me out here a minute," he continued, after a pause, cajolingly.

"No, I won't," said Willy firmly, getting his gun ready.

There was a pause, and then from the depths of the hen-house issued the most awful groan:

"Umm! Ummm!! UmMMM!!!"

Willy was frightened.

"Umm! Umm!" was repeated.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Willy, feeling sorry in spite of himself.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm so sick," groaned the man in the hen-house.

"How? What's the matter?"

"That man that fooled me in here, gave me something to drink, and it's pizened me; oh! oh! oh! I'm dying."

It was a horrible groan.

Willy's heart relented. He moved to the door and was just about to open it to look in when a light flashed across the yard from Uncle Balla's house, and he saw him coming with a flaming light-wood knot in his hand.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE MOON

by Bessie Chandler.



Mama, look!
The little moon
Makes just the
Letter C,

And if it had another line
I would make the letter G.

And if there was another moon,
put opposite just so -
'T would make another letter there,
and that would be an O.



I think it's funny that I see my letters up so high;
I thought they only were on blocks, but there they're in the sky.

I seem to see them everywhere, whenever I'm at play; -
I lay my drumsticks on my drum and there's the letter



At dinner when I sit and play with knives and forks, I see
All kinds of letters 'round my plate, T, V, X, and Z,

When Bridget's good and lets me have the clothes-pins on the floor,
I make H, I, L, M, and N, and lots of letters more.

My papa looks for hours and hours at letters in a book,
With not a picture there at all at which I care to look.

I think that letters are quite nice for little boys like me;
But why a Man should care for them, I really cannot see.

The Duke's Jest.



By Margaret Johnson

His Grace, the Duke of Noodledom,—
 A man of mighty name,
 Commander, Conqueror, Sovereign Lord,
 Omnipotent, to praise or blame,—
 Of honor rightly his, made light,
 And yearned to win a different fame.

His Grace the Duke of Noodledom,
 A noted wit would be.
 Who praised his realm must also praise
 His skill at puns and repartee;
 And woe to him with eyes too dim
 His Grace's famous jokes to see!





is friends and followers, and the
rest
Who sought his smiles to win,
Hung on his lips, when pleased my lord
Some pleasant drollery to
begin,
And met each pause with loud
applause,
Exactly where the laugh
came in.



our pardon, Duke," Yacomo
said,
"What did Your Grace re-
mark?"
The Duke, amazed, re-
hearsed the joke,
His brow with gathering
fury dark.
Yacomo frowned, gazed on
the ground,
And, thoughtful, scanned the distant park.



"They
talked all day,
explained
all night."

A stranger at the Court, one day,
A man obtuse though wise,
Walked with the Duke, who,—thinking thus
The grave Yacomo to surprise,—
Cracked for his guest his favorite jest,—
A thing to melt the sternest eyes.

"I fear your meaning still I miss,"
With suave regret he said.
The gentlemen who stood about,
Shook in their silken shoes with dread,
While once again, in rage and pain
The hapless joke was hazarded.



hen, when Yacomo silent stood,
 Out stormed his angry Grace :
 "What! Not a smile? Dull
 fool, your life
 Is yours but for a moment's
 space!
 Down, wretch, and pray! Your
 head shall pay
 For what is lacking in your
 face!"

Yacomo fell upon the ground,
 "My doom is just!" said he.
 "But, ere I am forever dumb,
 One boon I beg, on bended knee;
 I pray that I, before I die,
 May have the joke explained to me!"

"Tis well," the softened Duke replied,
 "I grant your last request.
 Go you, my learned ministers,
 Elucidate to him the jest.
 The executioner, when you
 Have made it clear, will do the rest."

They talked all day, explained all night,
 The next day, and the next;
 Expostulated, argued, urged,
 Until their very souls were vexed,
 And still he gazed like one amazed,
 His brow with anxious thought perplexed.

The weeks went by; the months, the years,
 His counselors grew gray.
 The man who could not see a joke
 Was marked by children at their play.
 The Duke was to his promise true,
 And waiting, spared him day by day.



And when at last, His Grace
 had made
 A final joke, and died,
 And Noodledom had quite for-
 got
 The wit which once had
 been her pride,
 Still in his cell, alive and
 well,
 Yacomo rested satisfied.

LITTLE ROSALIE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

It was a little "play-acting girl," as the children's nurse called her. Her name, on the advertising bills posted up at every street corner, was "LITTLE ROSALIE"; and the great delight of the children was to be allowed to go to a *matinée* on a Saturday afternoon when they could hear and see her. It made no difference to them who else was on the stage. Irving, himself, or Booth, Patti or Nilsson, might have figured there; to the children they would have been merely as aids to "Little Rosalie"; there was no play to speak of till she appeared; or, if there were, it was only because it led up to her appearance; and, when she vanished, it was all flat and unprofitable till she came on again.

When they went home they used to talk over the afternoon's experience untiringly, by the nursery firelight and even after they were in their beds. But the subject of their talk was never the mystery and excitement of the play, the charm

of the scenery with its lovely landscapes and splendid drawing-rooms, the beauty of the leading lady, the sweetness of the music, the drollery of clown, or comic man—it was always and only, Little Rosalie.

Sometimes Little Rosalie was one character in the play, and sometimes she was another. Once she was a moonlight fairy, in a little, white silk gown whose long folds fell about her feet; her soft hair was loose on her shoulders, a star gleamed on her forehead, and another star tipped the lily's stem she held for a wand; with her eyes uplifted, and a white light on her face, she sang, and the children thought a little angel from heaven would sing and look in just that way. And then a rosy light shone on her and made her lovely and luminous; again this changed to a pale-blue light, while a mist gathered about her and she seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer, singing more and more faintly, and now—she was gone! The

children knew nothing of the way in which folds of lace, drawn one after another between her and themselves, had caused her to disappear; all seemed to be due to Rosalie's own powers and perfections. And when, in another scene, she came dancing on in short, gauzy skirts, with two butterfly-wings of peacock-feathers upon her shoulders and, springing upon a cloud, went sailing up out of sight as the play ended with soft music, they always found it difficult thoroughly to believe that she was not a fairy indeed; and the next time they were taken to see her, they felt some misgivings as to whether she really would be there. And when she did appear, but as a poor little street-girl selling trifles from her basket, then it seemed as if she had been a poor little street-girl all her life, and that her fairy existence were all a dream of their own.

What they would have said, at first, if they could have known that Little Rosalie acted the part of a street-girl selling trifles for her mother and the rest at home, in so lifelike a manner, because Rosalie was in truth and reality working for her own mother and the others at home, I do not know. They never thought of her as living a life apart from that at the theater. It never occurred to them to ask what became of her in the times when she was not tripping and dancing hither and thither in the midst of colored lights and enchantments; whether she was packed up and put away with the stage properties, or whether she lived perpetually in the light and atmosphere in which they saw her play her mimic part. But there was no lady in all the land, nor in all the story-books, nor in all dear Maidie's histories, nor in all the tales that Aunt Nan had to tell, who was one tithe as interesting to them as Little Rosalie. And when they put a penny aside for their church money and their missionary money, they were very apt to put two pennies aside for the ticket that was to be an "open sesame" to Little Rosalie's domain; and even their own savings were not enough, but had to be helped out by Uncle John or Aunt Sophy—for there were so many of them that they usually had found it best when they went to the theater to take a box, and that required quite a sum of money.

But it was not so very often, after all, that this indulgence was permitted them. Not half a dozen times a year were they allowed so great a treat; but once, for themselves, and with their own money; and once, because it was Christmas week; and once, because some lady came with a young daughter of her own to be entertained; and once, when their cousins came up from the country,—and oh, how they wished they had cousins to come up from the country every week!

"No," said Mamma. "When you have been having hard lessons, when Maidie has been struggling with her 'compound proportion'——"

"The rule of three perplexes me, and practice drives me mad," sang Tom, half under his breath.

"And Tom, laboring over his Natural Philosophy, and Bessy has mastered her 'complex fractions,' and Fanny learns a new line in the multiplication table; and John, and Joe, and all, have been doing their best;—*then* I think an excursion into Fairyland does you no harm, and I let you go and see Little Rosalie. But if you went as often as you wish to go,—why, it would be like a dinner that is all dessert! And that, you know, would never do."

"I suppose not, Mamma," said Maidie, a little sorrowfully.

"Going to see Little Rosalie," said Tom, "is n't like going to the theater, generally. It's——"

"It's just because we love her so," said Bessy.

"And wish to see her," added Johnny.

"And I really think she knows us now," said Maidie. "I should have liked so much to throw her my bunch of violets, if I had dared, the very last time we were there."

"Why did n't you tell me?" said Tom. "I'd have thrown them for you."

"Because I knew you would, I suppose," answered Maidie. "And I did n't know whether it would do, you know."

"That's just like a girl!" said Tom.

"You don't expect me to be like anything else, do you?" said Maidie, with her sweet, roguish smile.

"Mamma," said Kitten, returning to the subject, "is she weally alive, or do they only wind her up and make her go?"

"I don't believe she's alive just as we are," said Fanny. "She has those lovely wings, you know."

"She does n't have them all the time," said Joe. "She does n't have them when she's kneeling by her dying mother, or selling the things in the street."

"Oh, *then*," said Bessy, "she's *acting*! And the wings are probably folded up under her ragged gown."

"But I should think they'd show, just a little bit."

"Well, they don't. Oh, should n't you like to know her, Maidie, and talk with her once!" But Maidie was busy just then in comforting Kitten, who had hit her head against some corner.

"The idea!" said Aunt Lydia, who did not live with them, but was calling. "I should certainly be afraid, Margaret, that being so fascinated by her, they might some time become acquainted with this child-actor."

"And what if they should?" said their mother. "I am acquainted with her."

"You, Mamma, you?" came a chorus. "Oh, Mamma, you can't mean so!—how did it happen?—tell us all about it, please!"

"Is she a *truly* person?" asked Kitten.

"Does she live in the theater?" asked Johnny.

"Has she a mother, or anybody?" asked Maidie.

"Yes, she is a 'truly' person," answered her mother. "She lives on a street around the corner a little way from the theater. She has a mother,—a very sick mother, and an old grandmother, and a number of brothers and sisters. And she takes care of all of them."

"Takes care?" asked Maidie, drawing her puzzled brows together.

"Yes, actually takes care. In the first place, there is no money for the family but that which she herself earns. Out of her salary she pays the rent of their rooms, buys their coal, and all their food, their clothes, their medicines, and everything else they have. Of course, they do not have a great deal. And more than that. This lovely little fairy creature who seems to you a being of wings and colors, of light, music, and grace, of dancing, and of miraculous fairy-powers, rises in the morning and makes the fire, and dresses the children,—the two youngest are twins,—and they all are younger than she herself, too young yet to do any work worth mentioning. Then she prepares the breakfast, and makes her mother comfortable, helps her poor old grandmother, and arranges the rooms. Some of the littler ones help her in that. And then she goes to rehearsal; that is, to the empty theater, where they practice portions of the evening work, with nobody to look on or applaud."

"Oh, how I should like to be there!" cried Maidie, "I mean, if all the rest of us could be."

"It would n't attract you in the least," said Aunt Lydia. "All that part of the house where the audience sits is dark; black cambric covers the seats, and keeps the dust from the velvet and gilding; and on the stage the scenes are not set, so you see only odd pieces of painted boards and ropes and pulleys; while carpenters and their men are running about without their coats. The players are in their everyday clothes, and rattle over their parts, going through only the necessary motions, or trying certain of the mechanical effects,—the things that are done by machinery, you know,—such as riding away on clouds, or sailing upon a river, and so on. Oh, they are not at all interesting, rehearsals," said Aunt Lydia. "You make the thing altogether too attractive, Margaret."

"Well then, rehearsal over," resumed their mother, with a smile, "our Little Rosalie goes

to market, and comes home, gets dinner and clears it away. And if she has a new part to learn, she sits down to study it; and the study is severe, for she has to learn by heart every word she is to say, every gesture she is to make, and every step she is to take. She has to practice her dances, sometimes for hours, and her songs, too. Oh, she works every day for many hours harder than you ever worked any hour in your lives. She has also to make and mend for the others, though the old grandmother gives some little help; and, when night comes, the twins and the three other children put themselves to bed, while off she goes with her basket of costumes on her arm. Nobody thinks of troubling her, for all the policemen and people about there know her and are on the lookout to see her safely on her way.

"When the play is over she comes out of the stage-door into the night. It is often snowy and slippery, or dark and muddy from a heavy rain, with not a star to be seen, the long reflections of the street lamps shining on the wet pavements. Sometimes she has a little supper with her grandmother before she creeps into bed, tired out; but often she goes to bed hungry.

"I suppose she may be able to play her fairy and childish parts for some years yet; for poor food and not enough of it, late hours and little sleep, and her hard life, altogether, will perhaps have the effect of making her grow very slowly, and it is probable she will always be rather undersized. But her beautiful voice ought to be carefully trained."

"Oh, Mamma!" cried Maidie, with tears in her sweet eyes, "I think it is so cruel. If she could only come and live with us!"

"And what would become then of her mother and grandmother, of her sisters and brothers? They have nobody but Rosalie to do anything for them, and would have to go to the almshouse or die of starvation if it were not for her earnings."

"Oh, I forgot!"

"Papa could take care of them!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Do you think Papa could take care of another family of eight persons, and educate and bring up the younger ones——"

"I suppose you think he is made of gold!" cried Joe.

"There are people worse off than these," resumed Mamma; "people who have n't even any Rosalie to earn money for them. And such people need all the time and money that Papa and I have to spare."

"But it all seems so strange," said Fanny, "that I can't get quite used to it. She lives around the corner there, in some rooms, and cooks, and sweeps,

and sews, and has a mother, and brothers, and sisters, as we do?"

"Yes; and I suppose her mother's heart aches to have poor little Rosalie doing so much; no doubt she often grieves over it. I've no doubt, too, that she may feel a sort of terror, dreading what would become of the other children if anything happened to Rosalie. So, too, all the children look upon Rosalie as the one who gives them everything they have, as their protector — in short, their

cut his hand and Maidie made him forget the pain by talking about Rosalie — and she said that perhaps, when the lights were put out, Rosalie went down through one of the trap-doors and into a narrow passage that ran far away under all the city, and was lighted by a moon at the very farthest end; a moon setting in the sea, for the passage comes out in a cave on the sea-coast; and that the cave was all lined, on top and sides, with bell-tones; and every time that the light of the



LITTLE ROSALIE AT HOME

guardian-angel. When you saw her in that singing-play hovering over the children asleep in the wood, with the great rosy wings arching up above her head and pointing down below her feet, you did n't dream that she really was a guardian-angel to so many, — did you?"

"Oh, Mamma," cried Maidie, with tears in her eyes, "and I am of no use at all!" and she could n't see a word of Bessy's French exercise, which she had been looking over for her sister, when the talk began, because of those tears.

"I think," said Bessy, "I don't like it quite so well to know about her really, though. Tom said once that when the play was over she was changed into a footlight and somebody turned her off, and when it was lighted again, she stepped out. But Maidie said that could n't be; — it was the night Joe

little breaking waves glanced up and struck them, all the bell-tones were set ringing, and it was little Rosalie's work to polish off the bell-tones and tune them and make them ring just right, and when this was done those tones were what made all the music in the world."

"I did n't believe it," said Johnny. "How do her bell-tones make Mamma's voice sing, I'd like to know?"

"How does the sunlight make this fire shine?" asked Tom, loftily.

"Go along with your conundrums! You think, just because you're in Philosophy, that nobody else knows anything!"

"I said 'perhaps,' Johnny," said Maidie, gently. "It was all only 'maybe,' you know."

"Well, I'm sure Rosalie makes just as much

music in the world in the way she does, as she could in that way," said Tom.

"Can't we go and see her at her real home, Mamma, or have her come to see us?" asked Maidie, wistfully.

"There it is, Margaret! Just as I told you!" said Aunt Lydia.

"I am afraid it would do her no good, my dear. It is no kindness to make her discontented with her own home. And ours is very different."

"At any rate," said Fanny, "you said we might go to see her when Cousin Alice comes."

"So I did, if you had money enough between you for a box."

"It is ten dollars for a box," exclaimed Aunt Lydia.

"But there are so many of us that it is cheaper to have a box, and in some respects it is more convenient."

"I don't like a box half so well," said Tom. "There 's always somebody that does n't see anything."

"Well, it is never *you*, Tom!" said Aunt Lydia.

Tom colored up so that it was certain he would have answered back and spoiled everything, if Maidie's hand had not stolen gently to his arm. Still he must say something sharp.

"Fan does n't care," he remarked, "if I do have the best seat for seeing, so long as she's in the front of the box where people can see her long curls."

"Oh, I should think you'd be ashamed, Tom!" cried Fanny. "I never wished anybody but Rosalie to see them."

"And we all wish Rosalie to like us," said Maidie.

"Rosalie's too busy for that sort of thing!" said Tom, with great contempt.

"I don't know that she is," said Maidie. "Once—I—I never told anybody,—but once, when she was so very near our box, you know, I really did throw her a little lace bag full of chocolates—those lovely chocolates that Uncle John gives us. And she caught it, and looked over and laughed, and actually slipped one into her mouth——"

"Then they weally do eat chocolates in fairyland," murmured Kitten, as she climbed into Maidie's lap, for as yet she had by no means settled everything clearly in her little head.

"Well," said Tom presently, looking up from the heavy calculations that he had been making with a pencil on his wristbands, "we can't go yet,—unless Aunt Lydia 'chips in'——" And to everybody's amazement Aunt Lydia did 'chip in' a bright two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece on the spot.

"That settles it!" said Tom. "We *could* have borrowed some of our church-money, and let that wait, but Maidie said it would n't do. Now,—Nurse, and Aunt Lydia, and Mamma are three, and all the rest of us are—how many? No matter; we can all squeeze in, I guess. And I say, Maidie," and here Tom's voice softened to a whisper, "have you any more of the chocolates?"

That night, in their little beds in the big bedroom, most of the children, as usual, could hardly close their eyes for joy over the expected outing.

"Say, Maidie, are you asleep?" whispered Bessy.

"Of course not," answered Maidie. "How do you suppose I can sleep, when I'm going over in my mind the music that Rosalie's going to sing and dance to, next Saturday?"

"Oh, what is it like, Maidie?"

"Yes, what is it like, Maidie!"

"Well, it begins like a wind in the woods,—every little leaf whispers like a flute, and then they all bend with the wind that comes sighing along, and that wind is an oboe; you know the oboe. And it goes sighing along out of sight. And far, far, far off, the violins are humming, all in a confusion, and the sound of them grows slower and more distinct, and you hear it, and it is rain. And then come long, heavy chords from the violoncellos, that mean clouds. And, suddenly, the tone of a great, strong violin goes spurting into the rain and cloud, and comes leaping and dancing down, and that is the brook; and then the brass things,—the horns, you know, and the cymbals and those,—make everything all sunshine, and the violins soften down, and you hear harp-tones,—oh, in such a soft, bright, lovely air! And that is Rosalie, the Spirit of the Brook, coming on. And she is all in palest folds of gauze, palest blue, and palest green, like great blocks of ice; she is sparkling with jewels, and her eyes and smile sparkle, too, and—oh, Bessy, how beautiful it is for anybody to do all the good that Rosalie does in the world! Oh, if I could only be of use to people——"

"Oh, you are, Maidie dear, you are of the greatest use to me! I don't know what I should do without you!" exclaimed her little bedfellow, clasping Maidie in her arms, and able to speak her heart fully because it was dark. "You see to my work, and you make up our quarrels, and you get Mamma to let us do things, and—and——"

"But, you see, if I died,—to-morrow, say,—you would all get along as well without me in a little while. I'm not really *necessary* to anybody. And she is really necessary just to keep ever so many people alive, and to bring them up and help them on in the world. And then, think to how many people she gives pleasure; and how many children just count the days, the way we do, before

they go to see 'Little Rosalie.' How perfectly lovely it must be to give people pleasure, like that. Oh, if I could but be as useful in the world as she is —"

And there Maidie stopped her confidences, for the faintly murmured assents showed that Bessy would soon be sound asleep in spite of herself.

What a merry party it was, that set out for the "Old Prospero" that frosty Saturday afternoon. Something detained the mother at home; but Aunt Nan went in her place, and there was Nurse, and Aunt Lydia, and — the door-keeper laughed to see the rest of them; he did n't pretend to count them, and so why should I? It is no affair of anybody but the door-keeper, how many went into that box; nor that Nurse had a luncheon for Kitten; nor was it even *his* affair that Tom and Johnny did a good deal of pushing and shoving before finding the seats they wished; nor that Jo hung over the red velvet cushion in front, to see whether, if he fell, his head would alight on the bass-drum or the snare-drum in the orchestra, while Aunt Lydia clutched at his heels and very nearly made him fall; nor that Maidie, as usual, was crowded into the very front corner next the stage, where, if Joe had fallen, it would not have hurt him; and where she could see less of the play than any of the others; where, had she chosen, she could have climbed over and at a single step have mingled in the scene; and where she could see so much of the ropes, and ladders, and coils of hose, and pieces of scenery, and everything going on in the wings, that it destroyed a good part of the illusion.

Maidie laughed though, — she could n't help it, — when Aunt Lydia, after settling herself, took a phial of water from her muff.

"There!" said Aunt Lydia. "I never go to the theater without it. For you know if there should be a fire, and one were in danger of suffocating from the smoke, only let the handkerchief be wet in cold water and held over the mouth and nose, and one can breathe through that and keep alive a great while longer —"

"Nonsense, Lydia!" said Aunt Nan. "What do you want to frighten the children for? As if there were one atom of danger in such a well-regulated place as this, with all these doors, and with firemen behind the scenes!"

"There is always danger, Anna, in the best of them," said Aunt Lydia severely. "And even if the firemen should put out the fire, the fright, the crazy panic, that would be caused, would do as much harm as the fire; for there would be a rush and a jam, and people would be thrown down and trodden and squeezed and suffocated to death. I was in a theater once," she continued, as the children

listened open-mouthed, "when there was an alarm of fire, and everybody started up, and some screamed, and some fainted, and great heavy men in the front rows went walking right over the backs of the seats — oh, we got out alive! But I declare I don't see how! There are the Clingstone children, — little dears, — do you see them, Maidie?"

But as Maidie heard Aunt Lydia her eyes grew bigger and bigger, — far too big to see anything so near as the Clingstone children; so big that she could see only the daily danger in which Little Rosalie lived; and the terrible thought of it all, prevented any pleasure she might have taken in the strange and lovely opening scenes. But after a while, and when Little Rosalie had come on the scene, Maidie forgot that trouble in her present delight. "Ain't you glad you comed, Maidie?" whispered Kitten; and, taking Maidie's answer for granted, added with a sigh of contentment, "So 'm I!" But Maidie did not hear her — she was so rapt in seeing a huge blossom open and let Rosalie out, to the sound of soft music, all her fays following from other unfolding flowers. She leaned far from the box in her forgetful gazing; and soon it seemed as though Rosalie, whirling very near in her pirouette, gave them a smile of recognition, and then none of the children had either eyes or thoughts for anything but this floating, flashing sylph, swift as a flame and beautiful as a flower.

At that moment a child down in the audience cried about something, and diverted from the stage, for half a thought, the glances of the occupants of the boxes, and of the rest of the audience as well, — the glances of all but Maidie. In that brief moment her eye beheld a dreadful sight seen by but one other person in front of the stage.

Some one on the stage, however, had seen it, had uttered something, not in the part, to the one nearest, and the next instant down rolled the drop-scene and hid the stage from view.

But not a moment too soon. For a spark had shot out and fallen on some inflammable substance, and one little flame had sprang up and another had followed it, racing and chasing upwards till a hundred tiny tongues of fire, little demons, were flying up the inner drapery and far aloft. At the same instant some one in the back of the audience shouted "Fire!"

It is a terrible sound in a crowded building. It makes the heart stop beating for a second. It made Aunt Lydia's heart stop beating for that second, and then she began to cry in spite of Aunt Nan's calm voice, and to huddle the children together to rush for the door. But it came upon Maidie in that moment that if everybody rushed to the door at once, nobody could get there. Those in

front, she saw at once, would be crowded on and knocked down by others piling upon them, and all buried under one another, stifled, and killed,—so that fire itself could do no more. As the thought, lightning-swift, ran through her mind, she saw people rising excitedly in the front, and she knew there would be a panic the next moment, a rush, a jam, and fearful trouble. Oh, why was there nobody to prevent it? If Papa were but there! Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven, he was not,—if there was no escape! Could nobody hinder? If she, herself were only of some use! And these countless children here, whose mothers would be broken-hearted; and the mothers, who would never see their homes again,—homes that would be desolate! This was all realized in two breaths. And in a third breath the drop-scene was pulled aside a trifle, some of the orchestra took up the music that had stopped for only a few beats, and out bounded Little Rosalie with her long scarf and basket, spinning and pirouetting half-way across the stage, and pausing in the middle of the prettiest attitude of the “Great Bonbon Act,” while out of the charming basket on her arm she caught and whirled hundreds of bonbons as far as her hand could throw them among the babies in the audience. It was done in far less time than it takes me to tell of it. But as one of these very bonbons fell into the box, the thought rushed into Maidie’s mind that the stage people were afraid of the panic and the crush, and so had sent Little Rosalie out with the bonbons, to dance as if nothing were the matter, hoping thus to distract the attention of at least enough of the audience to prevent the sudden attempt of so many to get out at once,—whereby a number would certainly be killed in the panic,—by making them think it must be a false alarm if the play could still go on and this child dance so composedly, and that in the mean time they themselves were trying to put out the fire.

For Maidie herself had seen the fire. And she knew it was actually in there, spirting and spouting and climbing higher and higher; and she could hear, from where she was, the breathless movements of those behind the curtain who were trying to smother it.

But something else rushed over Maidie, too,—for thought is wondrous quick and full. It was that if Little Rosalie stayed there another moment she would herself be burned alive, and then what would become of the mother and the grandmother and the twins, and all the rest who had nobody but Rosalie in the whole wide world! And before Maidie fairly knew what she was doing, and while poor Aunt Lydia was still clucking and calling to the family, she sprung up and from the box,—it was but a single step,—and had run across the stage, be-

fore all the bewildered people, and had clasped Little Rosalie, crying quickly and softly, as she dropped her arms, “Oh, run, run, Little Rosalie, run! Save yourself! For I really saw the fire! And,” as Rosalie did not run, “what will they do at home without you, if you are killed here? And there are so many of us at home that nobody will miss me very much! I will stay instead of you!”

Poor Maidie! As if her staying would have been of the least use! But she never thought of that. She only thought that if some child must stay there it would better be she than Rosalie. And even while she pleaded, up went the great drop-scene, rolling to the top, and out flocked all the players of the scene, and a few of the orchestra, who had not at first had courage to remain, slipped back and swelled the music; and a motley throng surrounded Rosalie and Maidie, and whirled them back and out of sight, and from the front there came a perfect storm of clapping hands that was almost terrific. And then a group of the strangest looking people were caressing Maidie, and Little Rosalie herself was hanging on her neck one moment, and somebody took her by the hand;—she was now pretty thoroughly frightened, and had a vague idea that she was to be carried out to the “sea-cave,” after all,—and led her round by some back way to the box again. Here Aunt Lydia was just resuming her seat and smoothing her ruffled feathers, but was still quite determined to go out and take the children with her, as soon as this could be done without attracting too much attention. The children were quite as determined not to go. And, indeed, their pleadings finally carried the day.

But that night Maidie’s father came into the room where she lay in her little bed much too excited to sleep. “It was one of the bravest things I ever heard of,—Little Rosalie’s act,” said he. “Such a child as that must not be wasted. And a subscription is to be taken up that will bring a sufficient sum to complete her education in whatever way is thought best.”

“Oh, you don’t mean so, Papa!” came a chorus from all the beds. “Oh, how glad I am! And to take care of all her folks at home, too, Papa?”

“But as for you, my little darling,” continued her father to Maidie, “how could you possibly think you were of so little use at home as to be willing to break our hearts by risking the loss of your life? What if I had come home to-night and found no Maidie to meet me?” And Maidie started up and threw her arms about her father, touched to the heart by her sudden feeling of what his grief might have been. “I want you never to forget, little daughter,” he went on in a husky voice, “that you are of great and important use in

the family. Does not your mother rely on you as her first aid? Are you not my little comforter? How are all these children to grow up without the example and the care of their eldest sister? Our duties all begin at home. Heroic actions are great and admirable. But there are other actions just as admirable. Among these are the daily acts of duty done, with which you make life pleasant and easy for your mother and me, for Tom, for Kitten, and for all of us. When I remember that I never saw my Maidie out of temper in my life ——”

“Nor heard her say ‘I can’t’ when you ask her to tie your ribbons, or to do your sum, or to find your needle,” added Fanny.

“Nor knew her to do anything but to try to make everybody about her happy, and keep her own sweet soul white in the eyes of heaven,” continued her father. “When I remember this of Maidie, I think all this daily service is of as much worth as the one heroic deed that risks life to save the lives of others.”

“I *don't*,” said Johnny. “I think it’s splendid



“OH, RUN, RUN, LITTLE ROSALIE, RUN! SAVE YOURSELF!”

“Nor heard her speak rudely to any one,” interrupted the listening Bessy.

“Nor knew of her telling anything but the truth,” cried Tom from the other room.

to save folks’ lives. I’m not going to do anything else, when I grow up. Are you, Joe? Only, I wish I’d thought before Maidie did, and had begun by trying to save Little Rosalie!”

MOTHER IS "GOAL."

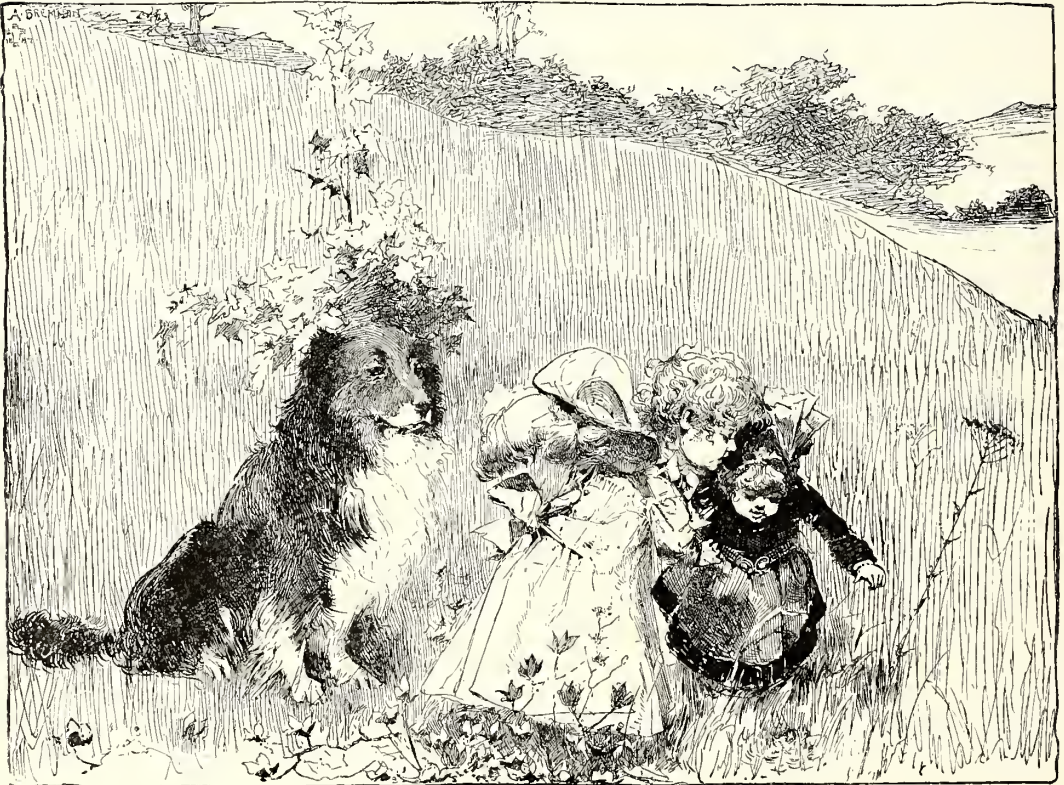
BY MARY B. BRUCE.

"THE weather is cross," the children say,
"Or else forgets it 's a holiday."
Down in torrents the cold rain pours,
No chick or child may peep out of doors.

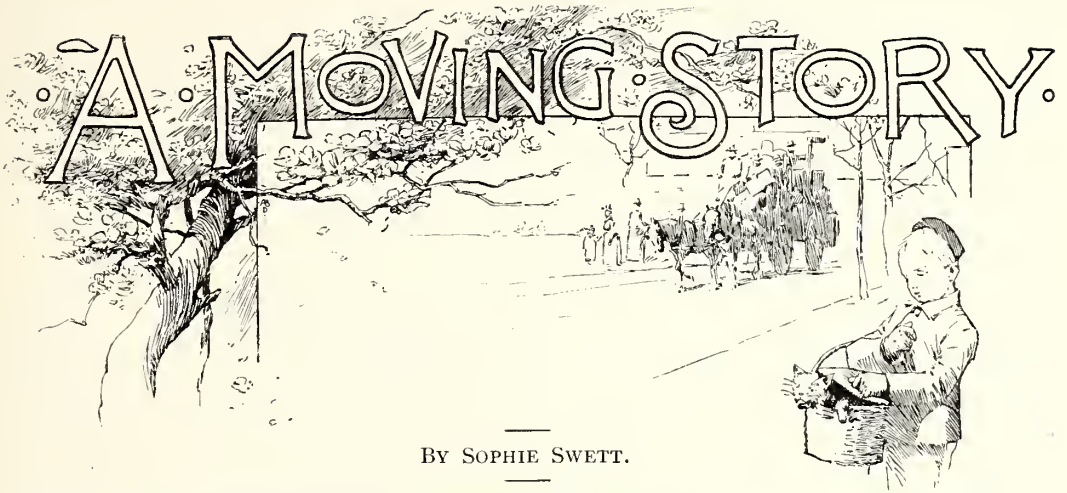
Good little scholars, the school week through,
On Saturday pant for something to do.
And when the fun begins to flag,
What is so fine as a game of tag?

Over the carpets go nimble feet,
Boyish laughter peals loud and sweet.
"Mother is goal!" the racers cry.
To mother in turn the racers fly.

Dear little sons, in life's real race,
When hardest you struggle to win your place,
Pressed by pursuers that mean you ill,
"Mother is goal," be your watch-word still.



A SMALL AND SELECT MAY PARTY.



BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THEY were a very moving family. It seemed, as Grandma Standwell said, to be a family trait, like a quick temper, or a Roman nose. It began with the very first Standwells they knew anything about, who came over from England in the third ship after the "Mayflower." Grandma said she never could understand how they escaped coming in the very first;—but Grandma was not of Standwell blood. They made up for any time lost in not doing so by moving all over the colony in the first two years, in spite of (or, perhaps, generally on account of) poverty, and bears, and Indians. They went like inch-worms, a little way at a time; so, although the successive generations had kept on moving, the family had reached only Connecticut when Grandma and Grandpa were married and settled down to—moving. Grandpa had a book that told all about the prowess of his ancestors in those early days, and they really were very valiant people; but Grandma never seemed to be impressed with anything but the number of times they had moved. Once she had been heard to say that if she had read that book *before* she married Grandpa,—but that was when the moving-men dropped a frying-pan upon a piece of Sèvres china that was an heirloom from her French ancestors.

Grandma had moved twenty-nine times. She counted them up one day after she and Grandpa gave up housekeeping and went to live with their son Arad. Maria, Arad's wife, groaned; but the children, Peter and Polly, and Dave and Nan, and little Lysander, thought it must have been rather good fun.

Grandpa said he could n't see how they had happened to move so many times; for he was sure he was never one that liked to move; but there was the time that Nancy (that was

Grandma) said the roof of the old house a Hammersfield never could be repaired so that it would n't leak; and the time she said she could n't live any longer in the house with her cousin Jane, because there was always the smell of frying doughnuts, and Jane *would* argue against "'piscopalians"; and the time she said they ought to move to Hartford on account of the schooling privileges—"certingly, she did." Grandpa always said "certingly" when he wished to be very impressive.

Grandma laughed; she was very good-natured and could laugh even about such trials, and said she believed the "moving-disease" was contagious, as well as hereditary. Arad's wife said she did hope Arad never would have it, and Grandma said she did n't know but she should die, if he did. Arad said, somewhat to the disappointment of the children, that there was n't the least danger. He had almost paid for the house they lived in, and he was n't going to move until he could buy a brownstone front on Fifth Avenue. Grandma said, with a sigh of relief, that would not be in *her* time.

The children immediately went into the back yard and played "moving"; and Nan, who was "realistic," sacrificed her second-best tea-set to imitate the fate of Grandma's Sèvres china.

They lived uptown in New York, and they had—only think of it!—an apple-tree in their back yard. A great, gnarled, wide-spreading apple-tree that looked as if it had strayed from a country orchard, but which made the best of the bit of sun and sky and air that it could get, and blossomed and bore fruit as industriously as if it realized that its responsibilities were greater even though its privileges were less than those of a country apple-tree.

It was the family Calendar; everything dated

from "the year when the graft first bore," or from "the year when they had seven barrels of apples," or the year of "the May frost that killed half the blossoms." The trunk was covered with notches where the children measured their growth; they said it was quite wonderful how the tree came down to them; even little Lysander found that it was not half so tall as it was when he was small. Each had his own seat among the crotches of the great boughs. Peter's was away up, almost out of sight; but it was not little Lysander, but Polly, whose seat was on the lowest bough, for the tree never came down to Polly.

I don't know quite how to say it—they were all so sensitive about hearing her called a dwarf—but the truth is that Polly had never grown at all since she was six years old; which was the result of a spinal deformity. She was now almost thirteen, and although she was comparatively well she would never grow any taller. But Polly was not unpleasant to look at, although her shoulders were far too broad for her height, and were a little, only a very little, rounded. She had a pretty, yellow, curly-thatched head, and a pair of cheerful, brown eyes through which a merry and loving heart sent its bright beams. "Oh, play something else, children, and don't talk about moving. Only think, we should have to leave the apple-tree!" cried Polly, sitting down on the broad doorstep where the sunlight sifted through the apple-tree boughs upon her yellow head.

"If you were to die and go to Heaven, you would have to leave the apple-tree," remarked practical Nan, to whom, in truth, an apple-tree more or less in the world did not seem of great account—except when the apples were ripe.

"Do they have them there, Polly?" asked little Lysander, anxiously.

"I don't know, dear," answered Polly, a little wistfully.

It seemed strange, but only just a month after Grandpa and Grandma came to live with them, Papa Standwell came home one night and said they were compelled to move. An old friend, whose note he had indorsed, had failed to pay, and he was obliged to sell the house to meet the indebtedness; otherwise, he should fail in business. That misfortune would be so much the greater that, after the first shock, his wife began to feel quite reconciled. She had suspected that Arad was troubled about something, she said, and it had worried her so much that now she was really thankful that it was nothing worse. After a while she quite brightened up over the prospect of another house; it would be a hired house and smaller even than this, for they must be very economical now, but some things she would be sure

of: the door of the dining-room closet should n't open the wrong way, so that one was obliged to shut another door to get into it; and there should n't be a dark bed-room; nor a ridiculous old-fashioned paper, all over lambs and shepherdesses, on the walls of the spare chamber. It would be a comfort to have a more modern house, altogether; she had never wished Arad to buy this one, which began to look quite ridiculous among the handsome new blocks of brick houses. Grandpa—well, he had been accused of looking longingly at the laden furniture wagons that went rushing about on the first of May, so he said very little, but he certainly was surprisingly cheerful.

The children were hilarious, all except Polly. It seemed to her too bewildering, too dreadful, to be true. She stole away by herself up into her apple-tree seat to think it over. How *could* they live in another place? It was almost too much for Polly's imagination to grasp. That closet door *was* troublesome, especially when one was in a hurry; and the dark bed-room was certainly pokerish—little Lysander entertained the opinion that a Huggermugger giant had a permanent residence there—but what a triumph it was when one first dared to go in there alone! It was used as a store-room for goodies, which was the reason, perhaps, that little Lysander's belief was not more sternly discouraged, and there was a mysterious fascination even about its faded chintz *portière*, with a pattern of blue peacocks. In one corner was kept the great bag of chestnuts which Uncle Amos sent them every autumn; Polly had not yet ceased to be proud that she dared to go, all in the dark, and get them to roast in the evening. As for the "shepherdess" paper in the spare chamber, Polly thought *that* perfectly beautiful; it had beguiled many a weary hour of illness for her, and the shepherdesses and their sheep seemed almost like old friends. It had never troubled her mother seriously until Aunt Caroline, who was rich and had had her house "decorated" by an artist, said it was "impossible."

Good or bad, every inch of the house, every nook and cranny, was *home*. Polly could n't possibly see how they could ever have another one.

And their apple-tree! Would it live on just the same, shooting out its tiny, woolly buds, which appeared so miraculously in the spring, after old Boreas and Jack Frost had bent and beaten and snapped its bare branches, until it seemed impossible that the tree could have any life in it? Would it put forth its blossoms, making a pink and white glory of itself, and perfuming the whole neighborhood, getting up the loveliest of mimic snow-storms, and then setting its firm, round little apples that would grow plump, and spicy, and red-

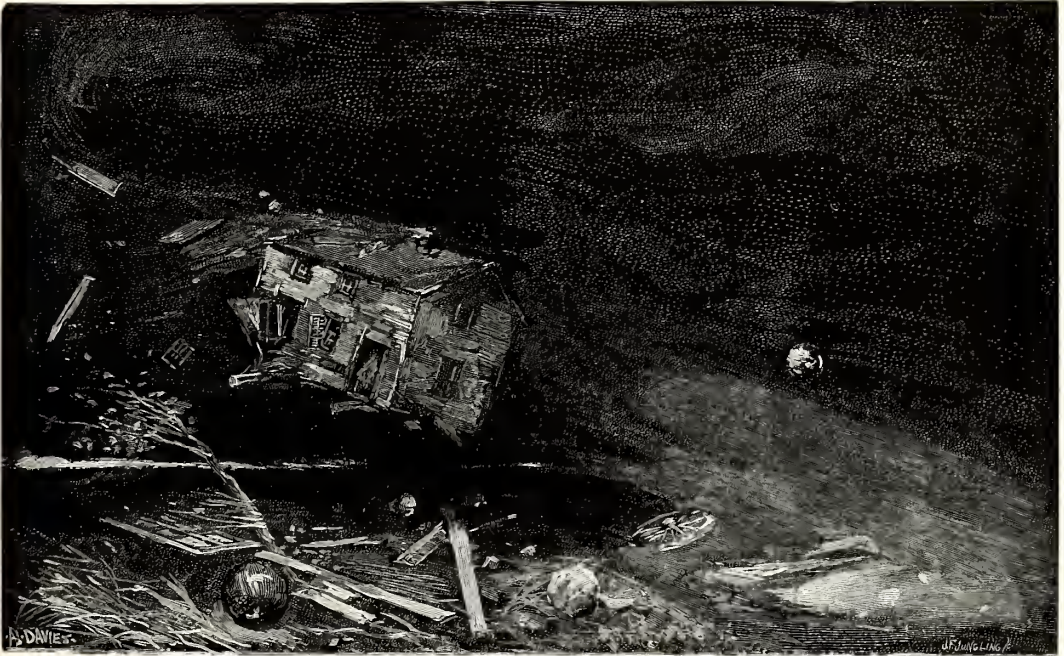
checked,—and *they* not there? Polly felt as though her heart were breaking.

Grandma missed her, and came in search of her. She laughed at her and scolded her, and insisted that she, being young, ought to enjoy the prospect of a change; and all the time tears were trickling down her own soft, wrinkled, white cheeks.

“Bless the child, I’m afraid she’s like me,” said Grandma to herself, as she went into the

Polly, who usually had been first and foremost when “good times” were in prospect. She could n’t be made to understand that moving was a “good time.” It could n’t be because she was so old; for Grandpa, who was nearly eighty, was as pleased as any of them.

Little Lysander was one day overcome by a pang at the thought of leaving the apple-tree, but he was speedily consoled by Nan’s reported discovery



THE STANDWELL HOUSE TAKES A FINAL MOVE. (SEE P. 508.)

house. “But she’ll get over it. Moving is a toughening process.”

One day Papa Standwell came home and said that, after all, they need n’t move unless they chose, as the man who had bought the house wished to let it. But that was after they had almost decided upon a house, further down town, and in quite a fashionable street; and Mamma Standwell said, that since they would be obliged to pay rent anyway, they might as well pay for a house that suited them; and since the change had been decided upon she had been discovering, every day, other defects in the house beside the closet-door, and the dark bed-room, and the “shepherdess” paper,—until she quite wondered how she could have been contented to live there.

No one observed how Polly’s face brightened, then darkened again pitifully, unless, indeed, Grandma may have done so.

The children did n’t know what to make of

of a candy-shop just around the corner from the new house, where chocolate “Jim Crows” were sold two for a penny. Little Lysander felt that such a neighbor could assuage even a deeper grief.

When the day of the “fitting” came, they all felt a trifle sad. When they saw the rooms looking so forlorn and desolate, they remembered all the good times they had had there, but there was no time to indulge such emotions for the children had to run here and there at every one’s bidding. Peter was obliged to mount guard over his collection of butterflies and birds’ eggs, to see that they were safely loaded; and Nan had all she could do to protect her dolls’ house, which already had one of its chimneys broken by being packed carelessly upon the load. Mary Ann, their one servant, gave immediate warning because “moving made a respectable gyurrl too *remairkable*,” and Dandy, their precious pug, whose peace of mind had been destroyed by the arrival of Grandpa’s dog, Ranger,

decided that the old order was now changing quite too much for his endurance, and ran away. They never saw him again.

Sarah, the cat, securely fastened into a stout basket, was carried to the new home by Peter; but objected so vociferously all the way that a crowd gathered, and Peter was seriously embarrassed.

They thought their trials would be over when they were fairly in their new home; but Mamma Standwell declared that she found them only just begun. For, nothing would fit; their newest furniture looked shabby; the chimney would not draw, and the plumbing was out of order so that the floors had to be taken up,—and there was not a bit of a back yard! Peter mourned a broken gun, and Nan's Paris doll had been crushed in its box and transfixed by the poker, so that its sawdust strewed the street!

Grandma consoled them by saying they would know better how to pack, when they had moved as many times as *she* had.

The homesick ones, Grandma and Polly, tried to make the very best of it, but little Lysander roared mightily because he "felt as if he were somebody else," and the cat disappeared and was found, after a long search, in the apple-tree at the old house, a mile away, meowing piteously.

After all, they lived in that house only six months and a half, for Papa Standwell failed in business in spite of his effort to prevent it. He tried to secure some work in the same business, because he knew nothing of any other, and, after much waiting and worry, work was offered him—in Chicago.

Mamma Standwell was not happy about this moving. She said one moving had taught her a lesson, and she was sure she should never find a house so charming as their old one.

Grandma openly wept this time, but she said it was some comfort that no one could say they were "going like inch-worms," *now*.

Grandpa was joyful, although in a subdued way. He said he had always meant to move out West, when he was a young man, and he talked about it to Peter and Dave until they felt that their lives so far had been wasted, because they had not lived in Chicago.

Polly did not seem to mind it very much, anyway. She had grown quiet and listless; she was no longer first and foremost in good times. Her mother said the child must take cod liver oil.

The house in Chicago had a back yard; and, although there was no apple-tree in it, there was a great heap of ancient and dilapidated theatrical properties—masks, tin swords, gilded crowns, and tinsel ornaments, which went far to mitigate the children's pangs of home-sickness. They were all a little homesick this time, for there was no

familiar face or scene. And Peter would not be a king; he said he did not feel equal to playing any part but "The Man Without a Country."

Before they had lived there three months, Papa Standwell discovered that they were on the wrong side of the city. He wished he "had known more about Chicago" before he came, and declared the location "positively unhealthy." So they moved.

Grandma said that was apt to be the way when people once began.

Mamma Standwell did not care so much, now, whether things fitted or not. She said they had all lost the "home-feeling," and it did not seem worth while to try to make the house pleasant.

Papa Standwell was becoming discouraged; he said his work was like a treadmill; that it did not agree with his health; that the physicians told him that an outdoor life was the only thing for him; and he had heard of an opportunity to buy, "for a song," a prairie farm, away out at Big Bear Creek. The children thought the name very promising; they could not find it on the map, but they discovered that it was in the region of Indians, and cowboys, and buffaloes, and Dave thought that now life was to be "like a story-paper,"—in which particular he had hitherto been disappointed. Peter, with spirits quite restored, tried, in the privacy of his own bosom, to decide whether he should be a "cattle king" or a "silver millionaire." Mamma Standwell shed a few tears, but said she supposed she ought to be reconciled if it would be better for Arad's health; and perhaps the change might do Polly good, too.

Grandpa, in the best of spirits, helped little Lysander to knot up the new clothes-line to make a lasso for buffaloes. Grandma said, trying her best to be cheerful, that there was one good thing about it—they should have a home of their own again, and not be likely to move.

Papa Standwell laughed, and said they could not, for there was no where to move to; and they could not come back because he should have spent all the money on the farm.

It was a long, long journey; railroads and stages, and even houses and people, gave out before they reached the end; and around them there were only great prairies, rolling and rolling like the waves of the ocean, and away off, as far as the eye could reach, they rolled into the sky. There was only now and then a tree,—a forlorn, scrubby little tree, which, Peter said, looked as if it had moved from somewhere.

It was somewhat disappointing that there were no bears; it appeared that little Lysander had expected to see them in great numbers, along the road and up in the trees, all quite amiable and waiting to be taught to dance, like the bear which

for him represented the entire species—one he had seen in the circus.

Polly confided privately to Grandma that she had hoped for an apple-tree.

But it was some compensation that the creek was almost a river; and that there were Indians, peaceful and friendly (which was disenchanting to Dave), but quite attractive in appearance; for, although one wore a commonplace tall silk hat, he had stuck a feather into the band, and draped a gay blanket over his suit of shiny broadcloth.

It was spring, and there were great fields of grain already green, and promising abundant harvests. The house was comfortable; and in the barn, beside cows, and oxen, and horses, was a charming little Texan pony for Polly, and when he went scampering over the prairies with her on his back, really a faint, rosy color came to Polly's cheeks.

The boys were somewhat cast down because there were no enemies to conquer, "save winter and rough weather."

"There ain't no b'ars round here, nor no fightin' Injins this side of Liberty Gulch," said Uncle Peter Ramsdell, their nearest neighbor, who lived five miles away, but who hastened to pay a neighborly visit upon their arrival. "But Nater, *she* gets on the rampage once in a while and makes things lively. I've fit b'ars and I've fit Injins, and they ain't nothin' more 'n trifles compared to Nater when she gets a-goin'! I expect you've heard tell of cyclones? Jake Cam'ell, that lived here before you did, he made that kind of a dug-out, back in the field, and he scrambled into it, with his whole family and his stock, about every time he see a cloud. But these few years back the cretur's gone tearin' off to the south'ard, without so much as givin' us a touch of its hoofs, and I hope to mercy it will keep a-goin' that way. It laid Carter City level with the ground, except the meet'n'-house,—and it ketches that up and tossed it into the river."

"So that 's what that great square hole is for," said Dave. "We supposed some one had dug a cellar, meaning to build a house. I wonder if *we* shall ever scramble into it?"

Privately Dave was of opinion that it might be fun, for indeed he understood what a cyclone was but little better than did Lysander, who had gathered from Uncle Peter Ramsdell's discourse a vivid impression that it was a wild beast with four horns and a fiery tail.

They were on the lookout for one, for several weeks; and then they gradually forgot about it. They ceased to take any notice of passing clouds, and the dug-out was used as a play-house. Nature sent them long, golden days, and just enough

soft, warm rains, as if she were thinking of nothing but their harvests; and seemed altogether so lovely and gracious that they could not believe she would ever "get on the rampage," as Uncle Peter Ramsdell had expressed it.

In the late summer Grandpa had a stroke of paralysis, and that drove everything else from their minds. Poor Grandpa!—he could still speak, and retained his senses perfectly, but his limbs upon one side were useless. He was very patient and cheerful; but he said he had begun to think that perhaps the land was better in the next county, on the other side of the creek, and if Arad should ever wish to move there, he hoped *he* should n't be any hindrance. Grandma laughed and cried, and said she hoped she had n't complained too much, and declared she would be willing to move to the ends of the earth with him if he could.

One day in September, Papa and Mamma Standwell and Grandma went to Young America, shopping. It was a twenty-mile drive, and they started at daylight. Their maid-of-all-work, Uncle Peter Ramsdell's niece, had been summoned home because her mother had erysipelas, and Polly was left in charge of the children and of Grandpa.

Peter and Dave were in the pumpkin-field, when Dave, looking up suddenly, said:

"Is n't that a queer-looking little cloud just above the horizon? It's like a cannon-ball,—so round and black."

Peter turned pale as he glanced at it, and dropped the pumpkin he held, and started at a run for the house.

"It's rushing toward us! See how it grows! It's a *cyclone*, Dave!" he cried while he ran.

"Polly! Polly!" they shouted as they came near the house. "Get into the dug-out, you and little Lysander, quick! We're going to get the cattle in. There's a cyclone coming!"

Polly caught up little Lysander, who had been building a Tower of Babel and had his hands full of blocks, and ran to the dug-out, as well as she could with such a burden. Nan was already there, with her best doll and her pet rabbit, and the tin cooky-box. Little Lysander cried for his kitten, and Polly ran and brought it. The cattle and horses were frightened, and Polly's pony would have broken away if she had not soothed and caressed him.

The sky was growing dark, and there was a stillness that seemed frightful.

"Now I am going back to stay with Grandpa. I've tried to think of some way to get him here, but we can't; he is too heavy. Take care of them all, Peter!"

They tried to dissuade her.

"You can't do any good! You are foolish," cried Peter.

"He 's old and ill, and he is frightened," said Polly, as calmly as if she herself were not trembling in every limb. She heard a distant rushing and roaring as she closed and barred the house-door.

"Polly! Polly! don't leave me alone!" cried Grandpa Standwell, half rising from his couch, as no one supposed he could. "But — you 'd better go, child! You 'd better go!" he murmured the next moment, falling back helplessly. "What does it matter about an old man like me?"

"I shall stay, Grandpa. Don't be afraid," said Polly, stoutly. She threw her arms around his neck, and waited.

In the dug-out Peter and Dave found it a hard task to quiet the frightened animals. Old Mac, the strong farm-horse, trembled, and the oxen lowed pitifully.

Little Lysander's kitten escaped from his arms, scrambled out of the dug-out, and ran away.

"I 'm going after it!" said Nan. "There 'll be time ——"

"Stay where you are!" said Peter, sternly. Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when there was a great blackness, a rushing, a roaring, and a crash! Little Lysander said afterward that he felt the sky come down and hit him. Breathless they crouched in the bottom of the dug-out.

As the noise was stilled the atmosphere cleared, and gradually the sky brightened.

Peter was the first to look out.

Was it the same place, or had they been blown away?

There were no cornfields, no fences. Where were the house and the barn?

"The *house* has moved away!" cried little Lysander.

Papa and Mamma Standwell and Grandma, driving home from Young America, were only a

few miles out of the course of the cyclone, and their hearts were almost bursting with suspense and fear when they met Uncle Peter Ramsdell.

"There's a house that looks to be your 'n clapped down, all stan'in', t' other side of the creek; and your barn was goin' down river, till it got driv' ashore down by the bend. I would n't take on, if I was you, for the cretur has often hove things 'round like that without hurtin' a hair of the folks' heads that was in them!" said Uncle Peter.

They found that Uncle Peter understood "the cretur," for Grandpa and Polly were safe and sound. Grandpa was cheerful, even jocose: and said he had moved again in spite of them!

The shock to Polly's nerves caused a long fainting fit, and at one time they feared that Polly, as little Lysander remarked innocently, would "find out, now, whether there were appie-trees in Heaven."

But Polly has lived to own a great apple-orchard in *this* world. It is planted on the spot to which the cyclone carried them, for it was Government land, where any one could take up a claim. It was more fertile than that from which they had been taken, nearer to neighbors, close to a church and school. Uncle Peter Ramsdell insisted upon buying their old farm on the other side of the creek. He said he wanted it because a cyclone, like lightning, was not apt to strike twice in the same place.

Their barn, which had sailed down the creek, was moved back to its place beside the house; and although the barn had to be entirely rebuilt, part of the hay was unhurt, and there, on the hay-loft, was little Lysander's kitten, sound in body, though disturbed in mind.

Grandpa maintained that the cyclone had done them a good turn, the new location was so much more desirable than the old.

To the best of my knowledge and belief, and according to the latest advices, they are living there still, and I hope they always will; but I think, with Grandma Standwell, that when people once begin to move ——.



GIRARD COLLEGE.

BY ALICE MAUDE FENN.



WAS utterly unpre-
pared for the sight
that met my eyes
when I drove through
the wide lodge gates
of Girard College.
Within a wall sur-
rounding forty acres
of land, were nine

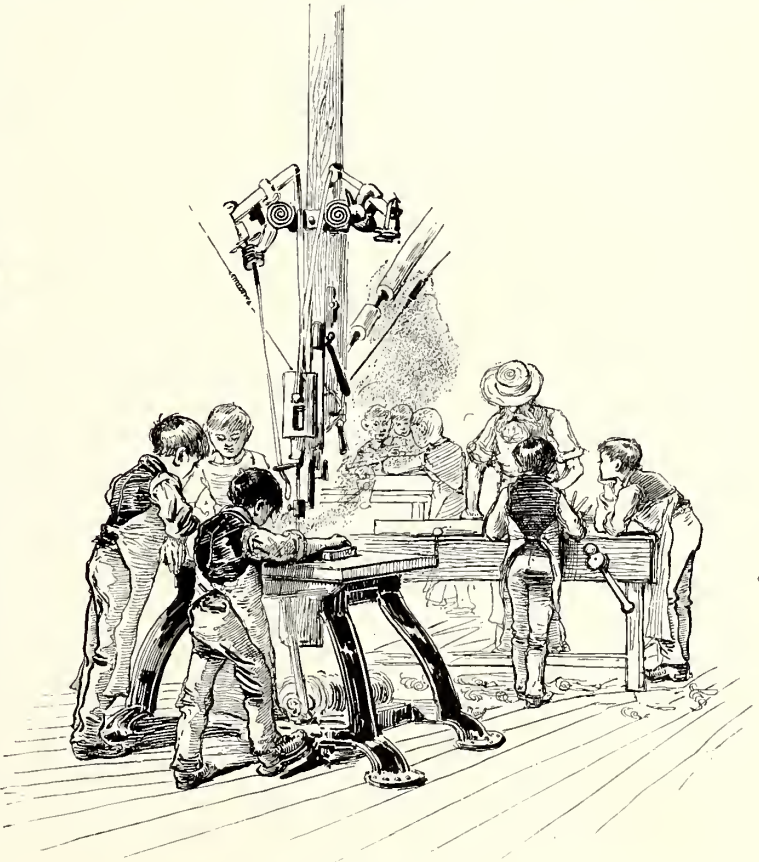
There are two dining-halls, one seating eight
hundred and the other, four hundred. I know of
some boarding-schools where the pupils would be
very much surprised and delighted to sit down to a
good dinner as was served on the day of my visit.
While the roast beef and pudding were rapidly dis-
appearing, the thought of the orphans in "Oliver
Twist" came to me. There each boy had a basin of
gruel and no more,— "The bowls never wanted

buildings of white marble,
the main structure looking
like a restored Greek temple.
Half-a-dozen gardeners were
at work on some magnificent
flower-beds, and as I glanced
along the avenues and over
the perfectly kept lawns, I
wondered if it were possible
that nearly fourteen hundred
boys were ever let loose in
this great garden.

Was this the home that
Stephen Girard designed for
"poor white male orphans?"

The playgrounds were
alive with boys, of all sorts
and sizes, running, scream-
ing, playing, or talking to-
gether in groups. Suddenly
a bell rang. Every noise
ceased, and in less time than

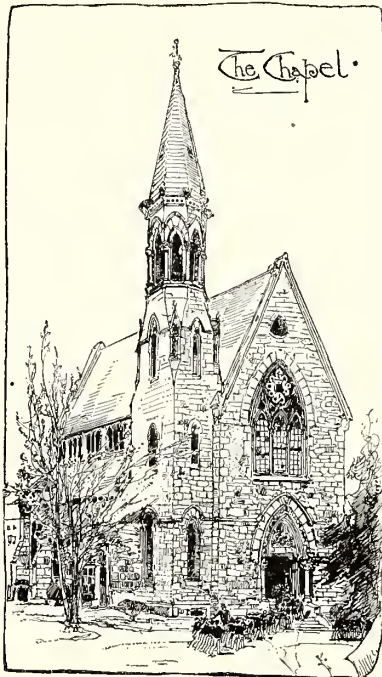
it takes to describe it, the merry boys were all in
file and marching away to the dining halls, in the
most orderly and soldier-like manner.



IN THE WORK-ROOM.

washing. The boys polished them with their
spoons till they shone again; and when they had
performed this operation . . . they would sit

staring at the copper with such eager eyes,— as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves meanwhile in sucking their fingers most assiduously,



with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon." In contrast to this account, I will cite some items of a collation given on the anniversary of Girard's birthday: 900 quarts of ice-cream; 3480 eggs; 350 pounds of lobsters; 18 boxes of raisins; 250 pounds of almonds; 50 bunches of bananas; 18 boxes of oranges.

But they do more than *feed* boys at Girard. The course of study includes Algebra, Trigonometry, Geometry, Surveying, Navigation, Chemistry, Natural History, French, Spanish, Book-keeping, and Drawing; and, lately, Type-writing has been introduced.

Technical instruction in working in metal and wood is also a recent addition. There is no attempt to teach a trade or to secure a product, but effort is made simply to accustom the pupils to the use of tools. The Mechanical building cost about \$93,000, and it is supplied with the best machinery procurable. The boys show a decided preference for carpentering, over working in metal. Even the youngest among them do very careful, creditable work.

Every day the boys spend four hours in the playground. Each Saturday afternoon in the summer,

there is a base-ball match, the college nine playing against the various clubs of Philadelphia and the vicinity. There is much excitement as the score of the Girard nine rises or falls, and rousing cheers from the thirteen hundred eager partisans welcome every fine play. The club uniform is red, white, and blue, and generally eclipses in glory that of any opponent.

Every Friday afternoon the cadet battalion, commanded by its Major, drills in full uniform opposite the main building. The boys present a fine appearance and perform some of their military maneuvers with precision and accuracy. Their uniforms and rifles are of the latest patterns and finest make. The band is one of the best features, though some of the little fellows are almost hidden behind their drums, and have to stretch their small legs to keep step with the older musicians. In the winter they drill in the Armory, which is quite spacious enough for the practice of the various exercises directed by the Major, in that unintelligible shout used by all military officers.

Close to the main building is a very handsome monument erected to the memory of the Girard graduates who were killed during the war. Around the base are the words:

ERECTED, A. D. 1869,

To perpetuate the memory and record the services of pupils of this College who, in the then recent contest for the preservation of the American Union, died that their country might live.

"Fortunati omnes! Nulla dies
Unquam memori vos eximet aevoo."*

"Especially I desire that by every proper means a pure attachment to our republican institutions shall be formed and fostered in the minds of the scholars."

This second quotation is an extract, from Girard's will, in reference to the educational system to be adopted. On Decoration Day the battalion always pays due honors to the memory of its brave predecessors. The monument is draped and decorated with flowers, and at noon the cadets form in a square, around it. An address is made by some prominent military man.

There is one great objection in the minds of many people to Girard College. This arises from the fact that the founder directed that no clergyman of any sect, for any purpose, should ever pass the lodge gates. Therefore every visitor has to sign both name and profession before he is allowed to enter. There is an amusing story told of a stranger who presented his permit and asked to be shown over the college. According to the rule he wrote his name and, after it, "Minister to Brazil." The lodge-keeper immediately looked severe and solemn, and remarked:

"It is a law, sir, of Girard College, that ministers can not be admitted."

* A literal translation of this Latin inscription reads: "Fortunate all ye! No day shall e'er remove you from a mindful age."

It is an erroneous supposition that Girard made this rule because of prejudice against religion, as can be proved by an extract from his will, which reads as follows :

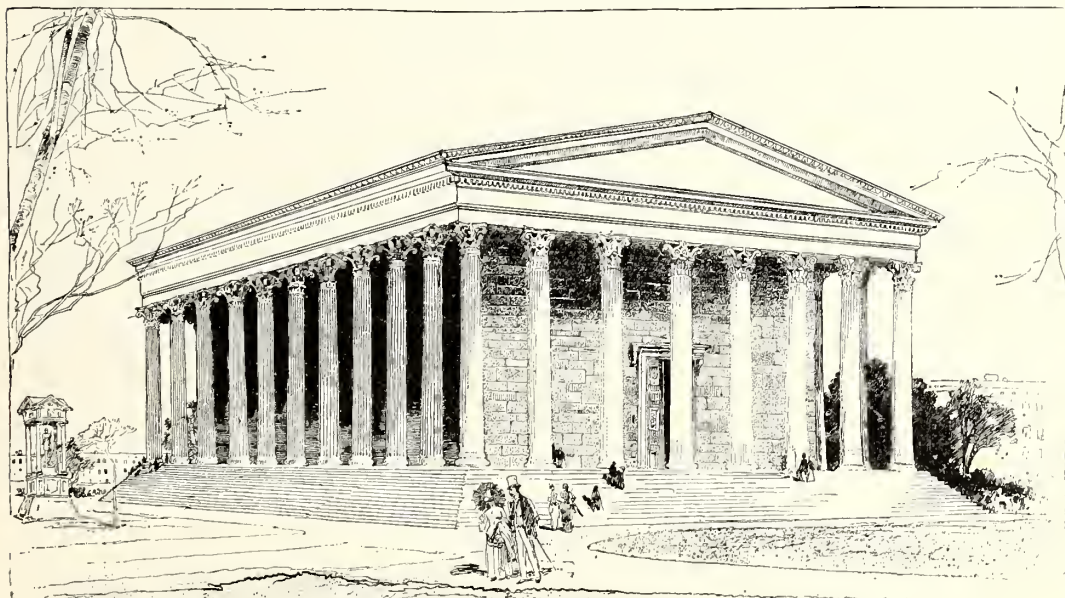
"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister, of any sect whatever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated for the purposes of said college. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting, at the same time, such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

There is a chapel in the grounds where short service is held twice every day. A hymn is sung and a prayer is offered by the President or Vice-President. It is an interesting sight to see almost fourteen hundred boys take part in the simple service, and join in the hymn as if they enjoyed singing. Occasionally, one or two mischievous boys have to be suppressed, but as a rule all are orderly and attentive. On Sunday a short sermon is delivered, prominent laymen of the city or distinguished visitors making the address. I once heard a relative of Livingstone, the great

Girard, and some have even entered the ministry.

The President of the College is undoubtedly the right man in the right place. He is young enough to enter into the feelings of the boys, and yet a man who must inevitably command the respect of all. The very expressions of the students as they greet him is enough to assure any outsider that the pleasantest relation exists between President and pupils. He has a wonderful memory, and can tell you the name and standing of nearly every one of the fourteen hundred boys at a moment's notice. The most hardened little offender, whom the teachers may find incorrigible, usually leaves the President's room softened and sorry, with every good impulse strengthened by his quiet talk with the man who takes the place of father to so many hundreds of fatherless boys. Every day the President uses at his own dining-table a napkin-ring upon which is engraved, "From a little friend." This was a gift from the sister of one of the boys as a token of gratitude for the President's kindness to her brother, and I know that it is valued more than the finest that could be bought.

An applicant for admission to the College must



The Main Building.

Girard College.

explorer, speak at the college. He introduced enough stories and incidents to interest and attract the boys, and thereby held their eager attention.

Many of the boys join churches after leaving

be more than six, and less than ten years of age. Preference is given, by the will of Girard, in the following order: To the children born in the city of Philadelphia; to those born in the State of

Pennsylvania; to those born in the city of New York; to those born in the city of New Orleans.

The boys remain at the college until they are eighteen. They are not allowed to wear a uniform, except as cadets. Each pupil has three suits of clothes; one for "every day," one for Sun-

and a very few who are really unworthy. Occasionally some ringleader will incite several of the boys to run away. Last winter three little fellows thus disappeared, and much time and money were spent in tracing them to New York, where they were finally discovered, half-starved, forlorn and cold,



A BALL GAME ON THE PLAY-GROUNDS, GIRARD COLLEGE.

day, and one for visiting. They have fresh linen twice a week, over two thousand of their shirts, alone, going to the laundry every week. The cost of educating, maintaining, and clothing each pupil is about three hundred and twelve dollars annually. On leaving the institution, every boy receives an outfit of clothing of the value of fifty dollars.

I believe there are two United States Senators who were formerly "Girard" boys, as were many other now prominent men. The architect who has lately been at work on the college also was once a student there. Of course, there are all sorts of boys among so many; some who finish their course with honors, some who are mischievous and naughty,

in a soap-factory. Their deplorable appearance when they reached the college, for a while deterred even the most adventurous from attempting to seek their fortunes in that manner.

A few particulars about the main building will not be without interest. It is a large building in the classical Corinthian style; the outer wall is formed by thirty-four columns, the bases of which are over nine feet in diameter. The columns themselves are six feet through, and each column weighs one hundred and three tons, and cost thirteen thousand dollars. They are sixty-six feet high and surmounted by elaborate capitals. I looked very carefully at these capitals when I was told that each

represented one man's work for a year. Little huts were built in the grounds in which the carvers could do their work protected from the inclemency of the weather.

After climbing the great marble steps, one passes the huge iron door, and stands face to face with the statue of Stephen Girard, behind which is a sarcophagus containing his body. An Assyrian sarcophagus, made for some king, had been sent from the East for Girard's body, but his executors decided that the simple marble tomb would be more appropriate. The two marble staircases leading from the hall are of unusual construction; the end of each step is secured in the wall, and only an edge rests on the step below. When a party of Sioux Indians, who visited the East some time ago, were shown about the college, they refused to mount this stairway, which seemed to project from the wall without support.

a-dozen boys hard at work here during play-hour. The library is also in this main building. Nine thousand volumes and various papers and magazines, including ST. NICHOLAS, are provided for the use of the pupils.

In the "Relic-Room" is a collection of quaint furniture and other things once belonging to Girard. His old one-horse gig stands there beside a few old pieces of fine furniture, and there are piles of boxes containing papers relating to his various ships. A story is told of a party of Quakers who came to the college, and asked, in the manner peculiar to them,—that is, using only the first name,—to see "Stephen's old clothes." There happened to be a Professor Stevens teaching at the time, and so the strangers were conducted to his house. There a servant opened the door, and, in answer to their query, said: "Mrs. Stevens is out, but you can find all the old clothes in the



THE "GRAPHIC ROOM," GIRARD COLLEGE.

One of the most interesting class-rooms is the "Graphic Room," where the boys "draw from the round," that is, from the object, instead of from another picture. The model is placed in the center of a large circular table, around which are two rows of adjustable desks. I have often seen half-

garret." It was not until they had climbed several flights of stairs to behold the cast-off coats of the learned gentleman, that they discovered their mistake, and explained that they were not "old-clothes men," but visitors wishing to see the relics of Stephen Girard.

Stephen Girard was a remarkable man, and one who certainly holds a place among the prominent men of America. He was the son of a distinguished naval officer, and was born in Bordeaux, France, in the year 1750. When still a little fellow, he lost the sight of one eye. He was burning oyster-shells in a bonfire, and a hot splinter flew into the most sensitive and vital part of his right eye.

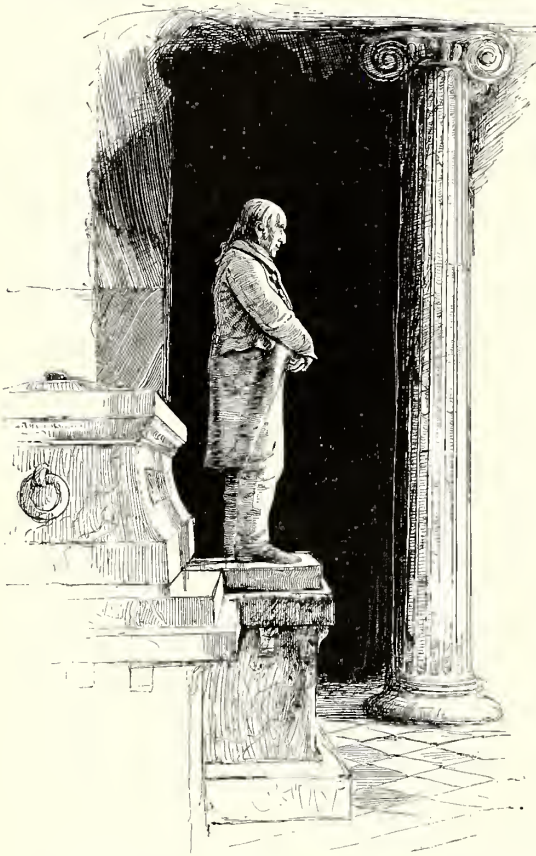
He believed strongly in work, for every one, and set all his employees an example of steady industry.

Girard was a man who would not brook disobedience. He sent a young supercargo to the Dead Sea in charge of a cargo, with orders to sell it at a port which he named. The enterprising young man, finding he could make \$6000 more by selling his cargo at another port, did so, expecting to please his master by his business capability, and proudly handed Mr. Girard the extra thousands. But the Frenchman, so far from showing delight, informed the officer that this disobedience would compel him to dispense with his services in future.

In 1793, the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia. There were four thousand and thirty-one deaths in the city from the first of August to the ninth of November. Here the nobility of Girard was shown, for when many of the rich fled, he remained and performed most humble and self-sacrificing offices for the sick and the dying, devoting many hours every day to nursing in the hospital. In Mr. Ingram's "Life of Girard" is quoted an extract from the *United States Gazette* of 1832, in which a merchant records that he saw a carriage drive up to a house during the pestilence. "A short, thick-set man stepped from the coach and entered the house," and on emerging from it "his arm was around the waist of a sick man, whose yellow face rested" upon his shoulder, as he carried the invalid, and the sick man's feet were "dragging helpless along the pavement." He was driven to the hospital in the carriage of the man whom Philadelphia looked upon with dislike. A few years later Girard opened a bank bearing his own name. We learn from Ingram, that during the war of 1812 "Girard's bank was the very right hand of the national credit, for when other banks were contracting, it was Girard who stayed the panic by a timely and liberal expansion,—and frequent were the calls made upon him by the Government for temporary loans, which calls were invariably responded to immediately." In 1814, Girard risked his whole fortune, at a time when all the prominent capitalists held back and failed the Government in its time of need.

Girard was a warm friend of Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon I. They dined together very often in the merchant's quiet home in Philadelphia. Prince Murat and Baron Lallemand were also intimate with Girard, who had few friends among the natives of the country of his adoption. When he died, in 1831, at the age of eighty-one, the city gave him a public funeral. Flags were hung at half mast, and a civic procession marched through the streets to do honor to his memory.

Girard married a lovely Philadelphia girl, who,



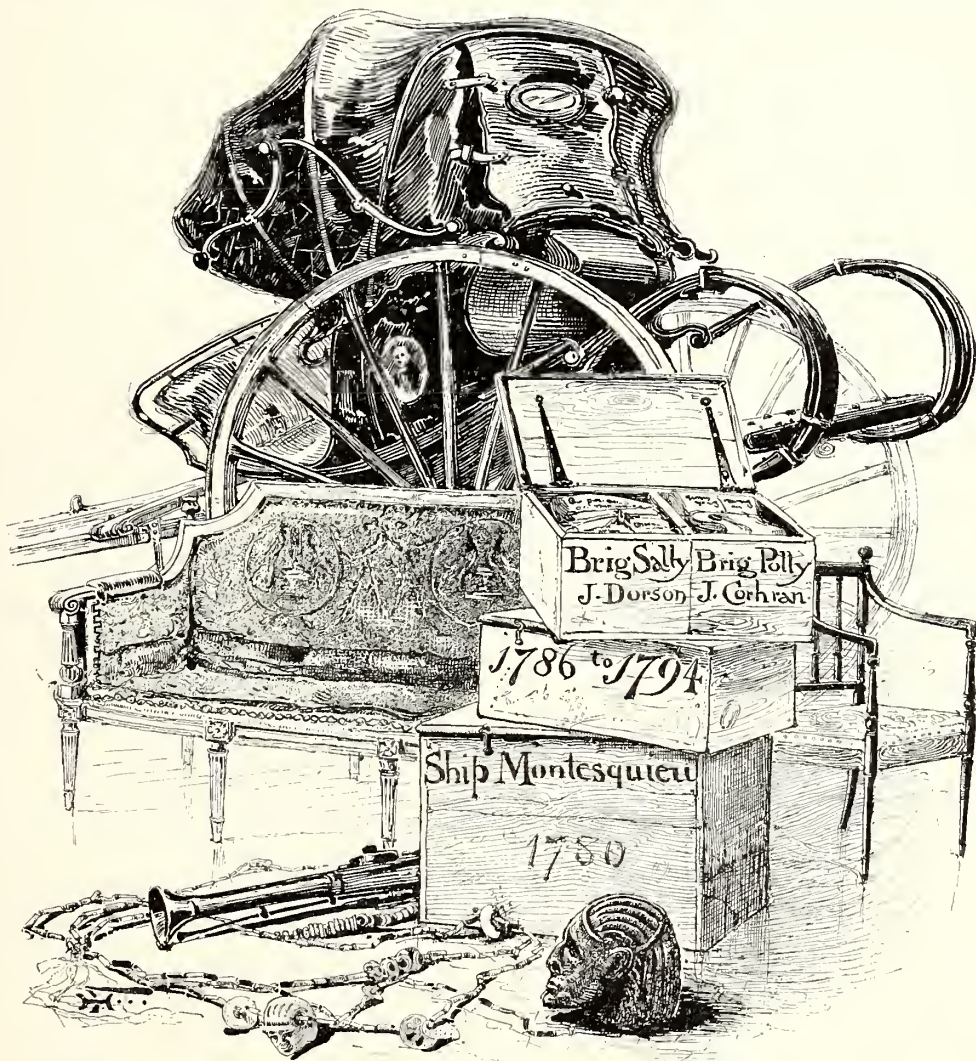
THE STATUE OF STEPHEN GIRARD IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

He was a restless, energetic boy, never content to remain at home. When he was fourteen his father purchased a half-interest in the cargo of a vessel, and sent Stephen to sea in the novel capacity of half-owner and cabin-boy. At the age of twenty-three, he was captain of the ship. In 1774, he sailed for New York, and, in 1776, first arrived in Philadelphia. In the latter place he was very successful in all his ventures, and so the Quaker City became his home. For some strange reason he was regarded with suspicion and dislike by his fellow-citizens, who seemed jealous of the success of the fortunate and skillful Frenchman.

after some years, lost her reason. They had no children, which is probably the reason why this lonely millionaire formed the idea of leaving his enormous wealth to benefit children. He at first purchased land for the proposed college in what is now the heart of the city; but later

probably be as many as two thousand in a few years from now.

The estate, from which the college draws an income of almost one million dollars annually, consists of 18,297 acres of land, of which about one-fourth are coal lands. The quantity of coal from



IN THE RELIC-ROOM OF GIRARD COLLEGE. SEE PAGE 513.

secured the property upon which the college is situated.

The will contains page after page of most minute directions intended to secure the well-being of the orphans. The buildings were begun in 1834 and finished in 1847, and cost the enormous sum of nearly three millions. Forty years ago the college was opened for the reception of one hundred pupils, and there will

these mines, from the time of their owner's death, to 1883, was 16,953,196 tons. The immense block of coal, weighing three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, that was exhibited at the New Orleans Exposition, came from the Girard collieries.

I think even this slight sketch of so remarkable a man as Stephen Girard will make the boys of America agree with me that he was a man worthy of respect and honor.



(From the Russian of Alexander Pushkin.)

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

THE mighty Oleg of the wars,
 Preparing still for fray,
 Went forth to meet the wild Hasars,
 And their misdeeds repay.
 Bright the Byzantine mail he wore,
 And proud the steed that Oleg bore.

As near the forest's edge he rode,
 He met an aged seer,
 Who in the gloomy shades abode,
 Perún * alone to fear.
 Devout and wise, this hermit old
 The future's mysteries foretold.

“Magician, by the gods beloved,”
 Said Oleg, “speak my fate!
 Shall I be soon to rest removed?
 That joy my foes await.
 Fear not, but say the truth to me,
 And yonder horse shall be thy fee.”

“I fear no prince,” the sage replied,
 “And all thy gifts I scorn.
 The tongues of prophets are not tied—
 Their words are heaven-born.
 The future years lie dim in mist,
 But thy clear brow by Fate is kiss'd.

“Heed thou my words: Thy name is sung
 For deeds of valor great.
 Thy shield in triumph thou hast hung
 Upon Byzantium's gate.
 Thou dost command o'er lands and seas;
 Thou 'rt envied of thine enemies.

“Upon the wave, in tempests high,
 Thine seemed a charmed life.
 Arrow and lance have passed thee by
 Amidst the battle's strife.
 Thy armored breast did never feel
 Perfidious assassin's steel.

“And thou dost ride a worthy steed—
 Courageous, gentle, proud.
 To battle's storm he gives no heed,
 He courses like a cloud.
 A nobler creature ne'er drew breath;
 Yet from that horse shall come thy death.”

A shadow passed o'er Oleg's face;
 A silence grim he kept.
 Aside he mused a little space,
 Then from his saddle leapt,
 And leaned, with mournful tenderness,
 To give his horse a last caress.

* Perún, the Jupiter of Russian mythology.

“Farewell, old comrade tried and true,
 For we must part at last.
 Go take the rest that is thy due —
 Thy glorious days are past.
 Forget me not! Henceforth my feet
 Thy golden stirrups shall not meet.

Years passed. The troublous wars had ceased.
 Prince Oleg and his band
 Were merry at a mighty feast,
 Their silver cups in hand.
 White-haired, like some grand snow-crowned hill,
 They talked of glorious combat still.



“AS NEAR THE FOREST'S EDGE HE RODE,
 HE MET AN AGED SEER.”

“Ho, friend! conduct my horse away —
 I leave him to your care.
 Caparison and carpets gay
 For him, and choicest fare.”
 He was obeyed. The Prince bestrode
 Another steed, and onward rode.

“My horse! — my battle-comrade bold —
 Where is he?” Oleg cried.
 Is he as fiery as old?
 As full of strength and pride?”
 They answered, “Long ago his bed
 Upon the grassy hill was made.”

In sorrow drooped the Prince's head.
 "Old sorcerer," thought he,
 But for thy false prediction dread,
 My horse alive might be."
 Then to his followers he said:
 "Come, we will see where he is laid."

He went, with Igor* by his side;
 The warriors followed soon,
 To where, beside the Dnieper's tide,
 The horse's bones were strewn.
 Rain-bleached were they, with sand o'erlaid
 Tall feather-grasses o'er them swayed.

Said Oleg, "On thy lonely bed,
 My comrade, softly sleep.
 No blood of thine, when I am dead,

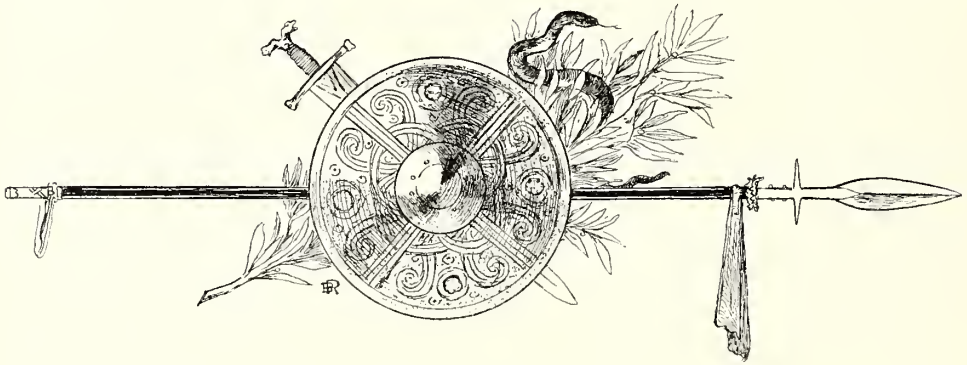
My ashes cold shall steep." †
 The while his musing thus he kept,
 Upon the skull he lightly stept.

Unseen, a serpent glided out;
 Up at the Prince it sprung;
 Tightly it wound his leg about—
 Then Oleg started, stung!
 "Ah, here my peril lurked!" cried he.
 "My steed has held my destiny."

Again the foaming cup goes round;
 'T is Oleg's funeral.
 Igor and Olga on the mound
 Sit, while the warriors all
 Below are gathered on the shore,
 Still talking by-gone battles o'er.

* Igor was the nephew and successor of Oleg.

† Horses were sacrificed on the graves of the pagan Russian princes.



GINSENG-HUNTING.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I WONDER how many country boys, or how many city boys who spend their summer vacations in the country, know the ginseng, and have tasted its sweet, pungent, aromatic root? It is in many respects the most famous plant that grows in our northern woods, because its root brings two dollars a pound, and hence it is sought more than any other plant. The Chinese believe it has rare medicinal virtues, and buy all that is gathered in this country. It is said that in China the native root, before the introduction of our ginseng, was worth its weight in gold.

In nearly every back-settlement in New York

and New England may be found one or more ginseng-hunters, half-wild men, who support their families in a precarious sort of way, by fishing, hunting, and looking for wild-honey and ginseng. I shall long remember two ginseng-hunters that passed my camp in the Catskills near the close of a summer day. They paused, and we had a little chat. I never should have guessed their occupation, nor what there was in their bags, had they not told me. They had been roving all day in the woods, up and down the mountain-side, searching for ginseng. And their search had been rewarded by several pounds each. They were both

armed with a short-handled tool, apparently made from one of those long, curved-necked, pointed hoes. The hunters had a decided woods-y flavor.

Last summer, while we were staying in the Catskills, we heard of one man at the head of the valley who, in a single day, had gathered eight pounds of the root. Another man crossing the mountain from our house gathered a two-quart pail full. My little boy suggested that we might go ginseng-hunting. If we did not get more than five or six pounds, it would add considerably to his bank-account.

So, one bright afternoon in early September, we set out for the mountain. I had never seen the growing plant, but felt sure I should recognize it from the botanical description. They told us at the farm-house that we should be more likely to find it in the vicinity of bass-wood trees. Our course took us through the pasture, into the "sugar-bush," and thence up into the primeval forest that still clothes the sides and summits of most of these Catskill mountains; sugar-maple, the master-tree, easily dominating all others; next, yellow-birch, more shaggy and unkempt; then beech; and then bass-wood, most trim and smooth-shaven of all. Bass-wood is a tall and stately tree, but it is not of the sturdy, heroic type. Its wood is soft, softer than pine, and decays quickly. The large old trees are very likely to be hollow, some of them with a cavity like that of a great water-main. Out of these trees the farmers used to make their leach-tubs. What countryman has not seen a bass-wood leach-tub, perched upon a broad flat stone, slightly tilted, and standing somewhere in the rear of the house, or wood-pile? Into its great cavity the ashes were put, and, at the annual soap-making, were leached, and the lye boiled in a large kettle which stood near.

Out of these hollow bass-wood trees also has been made many a bee-hive—rustic hives, as pleasing to the eye as the old style of straw hives, and as warm and acceptable to the bees. But now one may travel a long way without seeing any of these things.

We scan the ground everywhere for the signs of the plant of which we are in quest, expecting first to catch sight of its bunch of red berries. Wild

sarsaparilla, a plant belonging to the same family, was very common, but it lacked the scarlet fruit. Jack-in-the-pulpit, or wild turnip, attracted us from a distance by its red fruit; but only for a moment. Here and there, we paused to look into the open door of a woodchuck's hole, but never could tell whether the "chuck" was at home or not. In these mountains are real *woodchucks*, not yet enticed from the ancient domains of their race to the open fields and meadows. They should be wilder, more supple, less fat and gross than their cousins of the open, and I think they are. These dwellers in the woods can climb trees. One day while walking through the woods I heard my dogs barking fiercely, and on going to them found they had driven a woodchuck up a pine-tree. The trunk of the tree was straight and limbless, but the bark was rough. By means of the rough bark the animal had climbed about fifteen feet, to where there was a single dry limb. Over this he had thrown one paw and was thus holding on, and looking down at the dogs. His hold was so slight, and he was so nicely poised, that I saw he must surely fall if nudged a little with a stick, but whether I



ROOT, LEAVES, AND FRUIT OF THE GINSENG PLANT.

gave him the fatal nudge or not, I decline to say.

We peered into many openings of hollow trees, to discover if perchance a "coon" lived there. In one we kindled a fire; but the smoke found no outlet at the top, and came back into our faces. Still no ginseng. We were far up the mountain-side, beyond the range of the cattle, except in

seasons of drought. Glimpses of farms and settlements and villages, in the valleys below us, could be had here and there through the tree-tops, but the dash of scarlet amid the green that was to guide us to the ginseng was yet undiscovered.

A group of thrifty yellow-birches, their straight forms thickly hung with rags and rolls of thin, crisp, paper-like bark, detained us. With a match they were quickly singed of their curly locks. Up and up leapt the flame, till, for a moment, the main branches, and even one tree itself, seemed doomed

to appear in its bark. Any peculiar flavor or property which it may possess is there concentrated.

From this point we took an oblique course down the mountain-side toward the upper fields, having abandoned all hopes of finding ginseng.

But as it so often happens that after we have ceased to look for, or to expect a thing, lo, there it stands before us, so in this case, when we were within a rod of the open fields, my eye caught the brilliant bunch of berries rising from the center of three wide-branching, compound leaves, and I knew



GINSENG-HUNTERS.

to destruction. But a minute more, and the flame is out, and the tree uninjured, save perchance where a few of its tender, green leaves have felt the effects of the heat and smoke. Further along we find another yellow-birch, prostrate, and all decayed except its bark. This was nearly intact and held the rotten fragments together, as if it had been a coat of mail. We gathered large sheets of it, after ripping it open with our knives, and took it home with us for kindlings. What virtue there is in a tree is sure

the plant we were seeking was before us. If there was any doubt about it, the sweet, pungent flavor of the thick, fleshy root settled the matter. Where there was one there ought to be at least another, we said, but we explored the locality in vain for its fellow. We bore this one home in triumph, and its dried root I carried in my pocket for months, and whenever I wished to have a peculiarly agreeable taste in my mouth, I would gently nibble it.

TO MY BOY—ON DECORATION DAY.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

IF ever the dread day should come again
 When the whole country needs her boys in blue,
 How could I bear, dear lad, among the men
 Marching to war and danger, to see you?

My heart sinks as I watch them through the glass; —
 And yet I know one thing were worse to bear:
 That underneath my window they should pass
 And I should look — and find you were not there.



BY CELIA THAXTER.

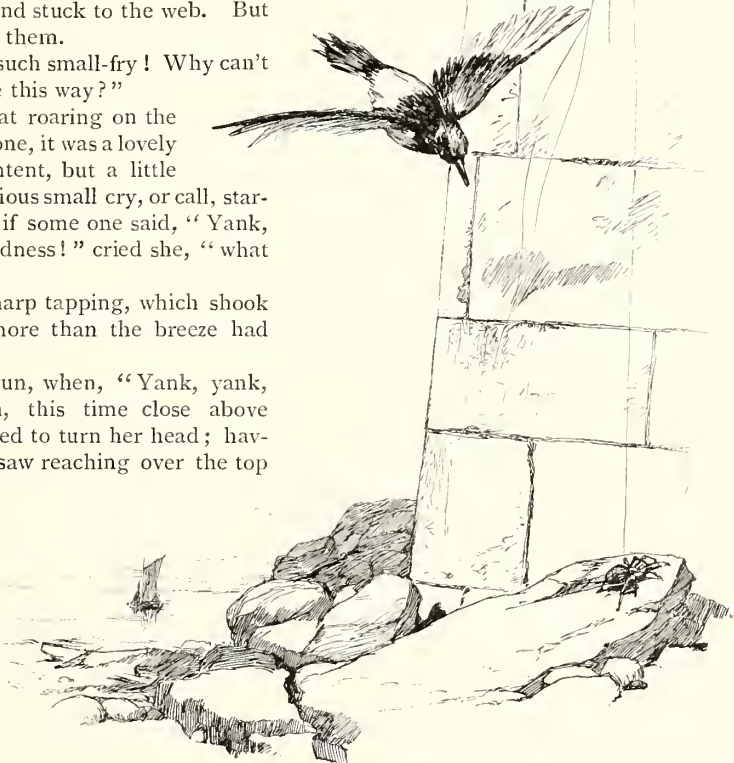
MADAME ARACHNE* sat in the sun at her door. From a spider's point of view she would have been considered a plump and pleasing person, but from a human standpoint she had perhaps more legs than are necessary to our ideal of beauty; and as for the matter of eyes, she was simply extravagant, having so many pairs that she could see all round the horizon at once. She had built her house across the pane of a window in a light-house, and sat at her door, in all the pride of possession, patiently awaiting flies. The wind from the south breathed upon her pretty web, and rocked her to and fro. Many tiny midges, small as pin-heads, flickered and fluttered and stuck to the web. But Madame did not stir for them.

"Bah!" she said; "such small-fry! Why can't a fly of proper size come this way?"

The sea made a great roaring on the rocks below, the sun shone, it was a lovely day. She was very content, but a little hungry. Suddenly a curious small cry, or call, startled her; it sounded as if some one said, "Yank, yank, yank!" "My goodness!" cried she, "what can that be?"

Then was heard a sharp tapping, which shook her with terror much more than the breeze had shaken her.

She started as if to run, when, "Yank, yank, yank!" sounded again, this time close above her. She was not obliged to turn her head; having so many eyes, she saw reaching over the top



[* Arachne, pronounced A-rack-ne, was the name of a Greek girl who is said to have been transformed into a spider for presuming to contend with Minerva for supremacy as a spinner. From this name the class in which spiders are included is called "Arachnida."]

of the window a sharp, black beak and two round black eyes belonging to Mr. Nuthatch, who also was seeking his supper, woodpecker fashion, and purposed to himself to take poor Mrs. Arachne for a tidbit. There was barely time for her to save her life. She precipitated herself from her door by a rope which she always carried with her. Down, down, down she went, till at last she reached the rock below; but Nuthatch saw, and swept down after her. Her many legs now served a good purpose,—she scampered like mad over the rough surface and crept under the shingles that lapped over at the edge where the foot of the light-house met the rock,—and was safe. Nuthatch could n't squeeze in after her,—he probed the crack with his sharp beak, but did not reach her; so he flew away to seek an easier prey. After a while, poor Madame Arachne crept out again, and climbed to her window, looking all about with her numerous eyes while she swung. “Ugh!—the ugly monster!” she whispered to herself, as she reached the pane where her pretty house had been built,—no vestige of it was left. He had fluttered about in every corner of the window, and with wings and feet had torn the slight web all to pieces. Patiently Madame Arachne toiled to make a new one; and, by the time the sun had set, it was all finished and swinging in the breeze as its predecessor had done. And now a kind fate sent the hungry web-spinner her supper. A big, blustering blue-bottle fly came blundering against the glass. Presto! Like a flash, Madame had pounced on him, with terrible dexterity had grabbed him and bound him hand and foot. Then she proceeded to eat him at her leisure. Fate was kind to the spider; but alas, for that too trustful fly! Presently she sought the center of her web and put herself in position for the night. I suppose she was n't troubled with a great deal of brains; so it did n't matter that she went to sleep upside-down! She was still a little agitated by the visit of Mr. Nuthatch, but she knew he must have gone to roost somewhere, so composed herself for slumber.

Ah, how sweet was the warm wind breathing from the sea; how softly the warm blush of the sunset lay on rock, and wave, and cloud! She heard a noise within the light-house,—it was the keeper lighting the lamps in the tower; she heard a clear note from the sandpiper haunting the shore below. “He does n't eat spiders,” said she; “there is some *sense* in a bird like that! He eats snails and sand-hoppers, that are of no account. One can respect a bird like that!” The balmy summer night came down, with its treasures of dew and sweetness, and wrapped the whole world in dreams. Toward morning, a little mist stole in from the far sea-line, a light and delicate fog. The

light-house sent long rays out into it through the upper air, like the great spokes of some huge wheel that turned and turned aloft without a sound. The moisture clung to the new-made web. “Bless me,” cried Madame, looking out, “a sea-turn, all of a sudden! I hope I shan't catch a rheumatism in my knees.” Poor thing! As she had eight legs, and two knees to each leg, it would have been a serious matter indeed!

At that moment, there came a little stifled cry, and a thump against the glass of the lantern high above her, and then a fluttering through the air, and a thud on the rock beneath. What was happening now? She shuddered with fright, but dared not move. She could not go to sleep again; but it was almost morning.

At last the pink dawn flushed the east, the light mist stole away with silent footsteps, and left the fair day crystal-clear. Arachne still clung to her web, which was beaded with diamonds left by the mist. She did not know that Lord Tennyson had written about such a web as hers in a way never to be forgotten. He was talking about peace and war, and he said:

“The cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.”

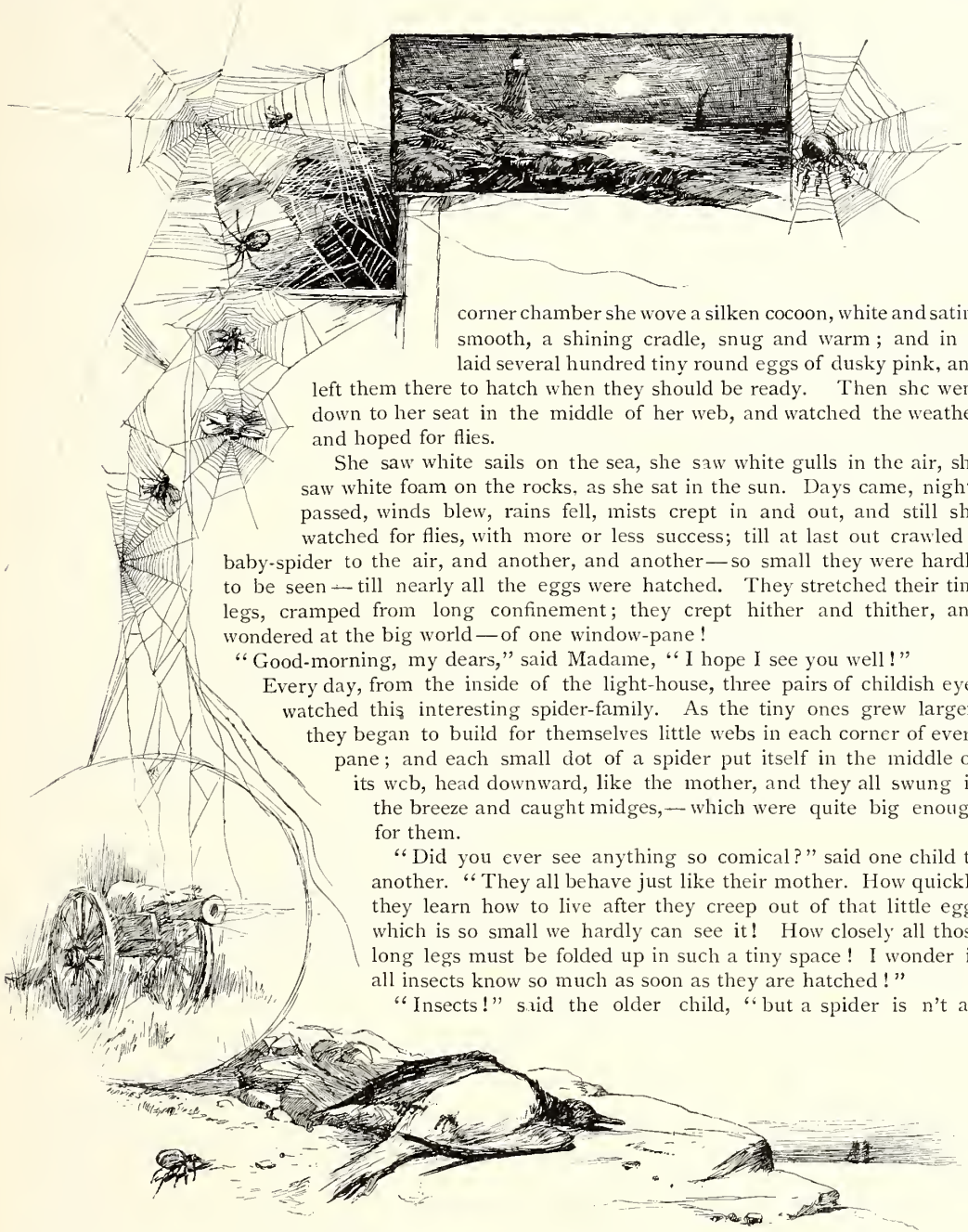
Her web was only woven across a window-pane from sash to sash, but it shook its threaded tears in the wind, that morning of late summer, and was very beautiful to see; but not so beautiful as the poet's thought.

She wondered what could have happened,—what the sound could have been, which had frightened her in the night. She crept to the edge of the window-ledge and looked down,—'t was too far, she could not see. By her convenient rope, she swung herself down to the rock and was startled at what she beheld. There lay her enemy, Nuthatch, stone-dead, with his pretty feathers all rumbled, in a pitiful plight indeed. He had seen the long ray from the light-house top and, dazzled, had flown toward it, taking it for sunrise, followed it with a rush, and struck his head against the clear and cruel glass. That was the end of poor Nuthatch!

“Well, well!” cried Madame Arachne, “upon my word, I'm glad you're dead! Now I need n't be afraid of you. But what a silly thing! That's what all creatures do who have wings;—they flutter and flutter around a light till they are banded or burned to death. Better have nothing but legs. Who would want wings? Not I! No sensible person would.”

Such is spider-wisdom.

She climbed her rope, hand over hand, and reached her airy dwelling. There she proceeded to bestir herself in the early morning. High in a



corner chamber she wove a silken cocoon, white and satin-smooth, a shining cradle, snug and warm; and in it laid several hundred tiny round eggs of dusky pink, and left them there to hatch when they should be ready. Then she went down to her seat in the middle of her web, and watched the weather and hoped for flies.

She saw white sails on the sea, she saw white gulls in the air, she saw white foam on the rocks, as she sat in the sun. Days came, nights passed, winds blew, rains fell, mists crept in and out, and still she watched for flies, with more or less success; till at last out crawled a baby-spider to the air, and another, and another—so small they were hardly to be seen—till nearly all the eggs were hatched. They stretched their tiny legs, cramped from long confinement; they crept hither and thither, and wondered at the big world—of one window-pane!

“Good-morning, my dears,” said Madame, “I hope I see you well!”

Every day, from the inside of the light-house, three pairs of childish eyes watched this interesting spider-family. As the tiny ones grew larger, they began to build for themselves little webs in each corner of every pane; and each small dot of a spider put itself in the middle of its web, head downward, like the mother, and they all swung in the breeze and caught midges,—which were quite big enough for them.

“Did you ever see anything so comical?” said one child to another. “They all behave just like their mother. How quickly they learn how to live after they creep out of that little egg, which is so small we hardly can see it! How closely all those long legs must be folded up in such a tiny space! I wonder if all insects know so much as soon as they are hatched!”

“Insects!” said the older child, “but a spider is n’t an

insect at all! Don’t you remember how Papa read to us once that spiders belong to the Scorpion family?”

“Oh, a scorpion must be a horrid thing!” cried the younger, “—a *real* scorpion! I’m glad they don’t live in this country. I like the spiders; they spin such pretty webs, and it’s such fun to watch

them. They won’t hurt you if you don’t trouble them; will they, sister?”

“Of course they won’t,” said the little girl’s re-assuring voice.

Madame Arachne heard them discussing her and her affairs. “They are good enough creatures,” she said to herself. “They can’t spin webs,

to be sure, poor things! But then these three, at least, don't destroy them, as that odious Nuthatch did. They seem quite harmless and friendly, and I have no objection to them,—not the least.

So the little spiders grew and grew, and spun many and many a filmy web about the old white light-house for many happy days.

But, late in the autumn, a party of merry birds, flying joyously through the blue heaven on their way south, alighted to rest on the rock. They filled the air with sweet calls and pretty twitterings. Many of them were slim and delicate fly-catchers, exquisitely dressed in gray and black and gold and flame. Alas, for every creeping thing! Snip! snap! went all the sharp and shining beaks,—and where were the spiders then? Into every crack and cranny the needle-like beaks were thrust; and when the birds flitted away, after a most sumptuous lunch, not a spider was visible anywhere. It was one grand massacre,—yet,

again Madame saved herself, behind a friendly shingle; and some days afterward the children saw her creeping disconsolately about her estate in the light-house window.

But the little island soon had another visitor in the shape of Jack Frost, Esq., who came capering over the dancing brine, and gave our poor friend so many pinches that she could only crawl into the snugest corner and roll herself up to wait till the blustering fellow should take his departure.

"She 's quite gone," said one of the children, as they looked for her, one crackling cold day.

"Never mind," said the eldest. "Spring will wake her up and call her out again."

And so it did.

Now, would you like to know how I happen to have found out about Madame Arachne and her adventures? I will tell you, dear children. I was one of the little folk who watched through the old light-house window and saw them all.



RAN AWAY TO HOME.

BY NOAH BROOKS.



CHARLIE REDMOND was his name, and he lived in a big old-fashioned house in the old-fashioned town of Fairport, on the Penobscot Bay. To this house there often came an old-fashioned aunt of the family, Mrs. Dorcas

crowned white beaver hat, from beneath which flowed the flaxen ringlets of a lad who was esteemed in his time as "one of the prettiest boys of Fairport."

It is needless to tell here of Charlie's happy journey to Doesport; how he caught enchanting glimpses of the Penobscot River winding among the green hills, and how he saw strange villages of which he had only heard, and which had seemed to him as far off as Timbuctoo, or Nova Zembla. Let it suffice to say that the stage-coach duly arrived at Doesport, early in the afternoon, having accomplished the eighteen miles of hilly and stony road in five hours.

The first survey of Aunt Dorcas's premises did not rouse Charlie's enthusiasm. There was a long walk in the middle of a garden in front of the house, bordered with hollyhocks and sweet-williams; but outside of these were cabbages and other vegetables growing vigorously. To the small critic's taste, this was not nearly so nice as the beautiful lawn in front of his mother's house in Fairport. Aunt Dorcas's cottage, which he had somehow pictured in his mind as very fine, was extremely small; and when he got inside of it he noticed a stived and moldy smell, as if the honeysuckles and woodbines that covered the house had kept out light and air.

It was a very quiet house; so quiet that when Master Charlie went to bed that night, after a very unsatisfactory afternoon, he was scared by the stillness. At home, as he knew very well, his big brothers were at that hour racketing up and down stairs,—making ready, very unwillingly, for bed. The Redmond house could not be otherwise than noisy at bedtime. Here, it was as still as if nobody were alive. It was very lonely. The truth must be told,—Master Charlie was homesick. A big lump rose in his throat; and rolling over on his face to stifle his sobs he cried himself to sleep.

Next day, he found to his great disappointment that his best clothes were very much in the way of his expected fun. His aunt was continually calling after him to "be keerful of his clothes." Then there was another thing: The very next house to his aunt's was so near that the hens belonging to the family, the Peabodys, were con-

Joslin, who resided in Doesport, some eighteen miles up the river from Fairport. She was a sort of Lady Bountiful, and whenever she came to the Redmond House she brought with her goodies and queer little knick-knacks for the children. There were eight of these young Redmonds. Charlie was the youngest of the whole brood.

Once upon a time, when Charlie was eleven years old, it came to pass that after much discussion he was allowed to go to Doesport to pay a visit to good Aunt Dorcas. The lad had never before been away from home in all his life; no, not so much as for a night. The prospect of going to Doesport to stay a week was very delightful to this small traveler; and when they set out in the old-fashioned stage-coach, Charlie's excitement was so great that he could hardly sit still.

I wish I had a picture of the boy as he looked at that time, for it would be curious to my readers to see how a boy of eleven was dressed in those far-off days, for all this happened in 1842. He wore low shoes and long stockings. His small trousers came to just below the knee, where a white cambric ruffle, fastened on the inner edge with bastings of thread, made a delicate finish to the legs. His jacket was a roundabout, coming down to a point behind, and embellished in front with a double row of brass buttons, known as "bell buttons," shaped exactly like balls of brass. His collar, confined at the neck by a broad black ribbon, was of cambric muslin, very wide and bordered by a full ruffle. On his head the little man wore a low-

tinually coming over and scratching up the beds in Aunt Dorcas's garden. This made the good aunt very angry, and her hired man was obliged to chase the fowls out with sticks and stones, many times in the day. And, after a while, Aunt Dorcas with a tone of reproach in her voice said she should think Charlie might "spell" Jotham (that was the hired man's name) in chasing the hens over the fence. To Charlie, who was the youngest of eight, this seemed very degrading business. He had not been used to chasing hens, except in the way of personal amusement.

And that night, after several unsuccessful attempts to visit the town, which had greatly attracted him, Charlie was sent on an errand by good Aunt Dorcas. The Peabody hens had been unusually troublesome that day, and Charlie was told to go into Judge Peabody's and say to the family that unless the Peabody hens were kept at home Aunt Dorcas's hired man, Jotham, would be ordered to kill them. This was to Master Charlie a very mortifying errand. He thought it insulting to the Peabody family, and cruel toward the hens, who, being only hens, knew no better.

But he went. Ushered into a pleasant sitting-room, he saw a happy family assembled around a table, variously employed; while one—Almira Peabody—whom he had secretly admired from a distance, was reading aloud. It was a pretty picture, and Charlie's heart sunk within him at the thought of disturbing it. He awkwardly declined the chair that was set for him, mumbling out something about having lost his ball over the fence, and got out of the house as quick as he could. Aunt Dorcas asked him what Judge Peabody had said.

"He said, 'Good-evening,'" Charlie replied.

"What else did he say?" demanded Aunt Dorcas.

"Nothing much," replied Charlie.

"Well, you *are* a stupid boy. You go right to bed!" And Charlie obeyed her, nothing loath.

When Charlie went to bed the next night, he thought that the end of his week's visit was a long way off. He seemed to have been gone from home at least a year. I must confess that Charlie was very, very homesick. But, before he again cried himself to sleep, he resolved that he would run away to home when the town clock struck ten. When he awoke again, he was in great perplexity. He could not even guess what hour of the night it was. Looking out of the window to see if he could discover the time by the moon, he beheld a young man going down the front walk. This person, he guessed, was visiting his cousin, Maria; for Aunt Dorcas had an only daughter, a very quiet miss, and Maria had a beau. This was he, and as he paused at the gate the village clock struck ten.

Charlie was very much astonished. He had thought it nearly morning.

Dressing himself quickly, and as quietly as possible, but keeping his shoes in his hand, the lad took with him his little bag (a glazed leather satchel in which were packed a night-gown, a pair of stockings, a ruffled collar, a tooth-brush, and some small pocket-handkerchiefs) and crept down the back stairs, his heart beating so that all the way along into the kitchen he could hear it thump. His hat was in the front entry; but the sitting-room and dining-room doors being open, he guiltily stole in, snatched it from the table and retreated.

With eighteen miles between him and home, Charlie felt that he must provide something to eat. He had not been in the house for nearly two days without finding out where the gingerbread was kept. It was in a big wooden firkin in the dining-room closet. There was a huge sheet of gingerbread. Charlie took it, looked longingly at it, and then broke it in halves. Half, he thought, would last him to Fairport. Breaking this into quarters, he stowed one piece under his jacket and the other in his satchel. Then he stopped to think. He had been brought up with very strict notions as to theft, and he felt guilty. He reflected that a sheet of gingerbread could be bought in Fairport for five cents, and of course some of that was the storekeeper's profit. He did not believe that his Aunt Dorcas would be willing to take any profit from him; so, extracting from his pocket two large copper cents, such as were used in those days, he laid them softly on the cover of the firkin, and with a light heart stole out of the kitchen-door.

Over the fence and into an alley in the rear, then quickly around the corner into the main street, and thence along the river bank and into the highway leading southward, was the work of but a very few minutes, and Master Charlie was on his way home. The moon was still high in the heavens, but the silvery luster made big black shadows in the road where there were borders of alder-bushes and birches. Occasionally he passed a farm-house, dark and gloomy, sleeping in the white light of the moon; or a great barn loomed up beside the road, casting a dense shadow across his way; or a watch-dog, hearing the patter of small feet on the highroad, set up a tremendous barking. It was a lonesome journey. Sometimes he was sorry that he had started. He was ready to turn back; but then he thought of the shame of the thing, of cross Jotham, of the Peabody hens, and of Aunt Dorcas; so he kept on. His shoes were wet with the dew, and much walking began to hurt his feet, for the way was rough. His small

legs were shaky under him; but, sustaining his sinking spirits with an unsteady and quavering song once in a while, he kept bravely on until he came to a sign-board at the forking of the ways. "Shinning" up this, he read, "To Doesport, 3 m." "To Dorbury, 5 m." Then he knew he was still fifteen miles from Fairport. It was a discouraging outlook.

The moon was sinking in the west and a cold and chilly mist was drifting upward from the river, when Charlie, footsore and scarce able to crawl, so sore were his blistered feet, found himself unable to go any farther. What should he do? He dared not approach any house. He could walk no more. He feared he might be picked up and stolen by gypsies if he lay by the side of the road. So, seeing in a fence-corner close by the highway a half-used hayrick, he crawled over the rails, regarding with tearful envy the cows that chewed their cuds contentedly in the next inclosure, wondered who lived in the red house near at hand, and then, cuddling down in a cave-like chasm in the side of the hayrick, went to sleep in an instant. His sorrows were forgotten.

It was broad daylight when Charlie awoke with a sobbing, sighing noise full in his face. He started with a little scream, for he felt the warm breath of an animal on his forehead. A stupid cow that had been snuffing at this strange figure, as she poked her nose through the fence-rails, snorted wildly and dashed away from the fence. "Whoa! Hoish! yer blamed fool, Nance. What are yer scared on?" said a voice; and a good-natured, freckled face, surmounted by a ragged straw hat, looked over the fence.

Resting his arms on the top rail, and regarding the small and very rueful figure sitting up under the lee of the hayrick, dusty with travel, and with tear-stained face, Elkanah Watson, Reuben Grindle's hired man, simply said: "Well, I'll be blamed."

Charlie resolutely repressed the rising tears, and said: "How far is it to Fairport?"

"It's a matter of eight or nine mile, young feller. Be you goin' to Fairport?"

"Yes, I am," said Charlie. "And I must be pegging away." With that he got on his feet, but, cramped by his unusual sleeping-place, and being lame in the knees and feet, he nearly fell down again.

"See here," said Elkanah, noting the plight the boy was in, "you must n't go no further till you have been fixed up a bit. You're clean tuckered out. What's your name, anyhow?"

"You can call me Jim," responded Charlie.

"Jim what?"

"Nothing," he replied brazenly. "Just Jim."

"Wal, you come into the house, Jim, and we'll see what we can do for you. The folks will be git-tin' up right off, and I guess Mis' Grindle will slick you up before she lets you go on." With that, Elkanah reached over, took the lad by the arms, and lifted him over the fence. Then, balancing himself on his stomach across the top rail, he swooped down and picked up the boy's beaver hat, restored it to its rightful owner, putting it on wrong side foremost, and again saying, "Wal, I'll be blamed!" led him into the red house.

A bowl of milk, warm from the cow, greatly refreshed the little runaway, so that, when Mrs. Grindle came down and pausing in the door said, "Wal, I never!" he looked up with an air of some amusement. He found himself, for the first time in his life, an object of interest.

"Old Nance found the little chap herself, unbeknownst to anybody," said Elkanah, puffing away at the fire that he was trying to kindle in the kitchen fire-place. "Mebbe she took him for one o' them new-fangled Durhams that they are makin' such a to-do abaout, down to Fairport," he continued, addressing Mrs. Grindle. And Elkanah giggled and gurgled as he blew the kindling flames.

At the mention of Fairport, Charlie spoke up, "That's where I live."

"What! You live to Fairport? And what is your name?" said Mrs. Grindle.

Charlie hesitated. For some reason that he never could understand, even in all the years afterward, he thought he must not give his real name.

"It's Jim; just Jim," said Elkanah, grinning. "Did ye ever see a boy before with only one name? 'Just Jim.' Oh, go 'long with yer nonsense!"

At this, Reuben Grindle, master of the house, came down the stair, his big boots in his hand. He regarded the small boy perched on the chair with open-eyed amazement, and said: "Why, I declare if that is n't Master Redmond's boy! Be n't you Master Redmond's boy?"

The boy nodded. His father was a master ship-builder, well known through all the country round as "Master Redmond."

"Why, he says his name is Jim," cried Elkanah Watson.

"It's no such thing," said Reuben Grindle, sternly. "His brother Jim is a man grown. What is your name, youngster?" he asked.

"Charlie Holmes Redmond," answered the child, as was his wont.

"Wal, I never!" said the good woman, shocked at this youthful depravity. But, as if impressed by the idea that he was Master Redmond's boy, she took off his stockings and bathed his poor wounded feet; then, threading a large needle, and drawing

the thread across a piece of yellow soap, she tenderly passed needle and thread through the watery blisters with which the soles of his feet were sprinkled.

"Now, if I only had a clean pair of socks," she

"I've got a pair in my bag. Oh, where is my bag?" he cried, in a sudden panic.

"Where did you have it last?" asked big Elkanah, who was regarding all these preparations with evident sympathy for the tired boy.

"I had it under my head when I lay down in the hay-rick."

"Then old Nance has eat it up by this time," said Elkanah, but he stalked out and soon returned in triumph bearing the little shiny satchel. "There's eatables in it, and Nance *would* have chawed it up if she had only got at it," said the shrewd Elkanah, with a very wide grin.

A wholesome breakfast gave the youngster new life for the remainder of his toilsome march. When he had comfortably filled himself, during which pleasing task Mrs. Grindle, aided and abetted by Elkanah and Reuben, drew from him all the particulars of his journey and his reasons for the same, the good woman said:

"Now, you lie down and take a nap. The down stage won't be here till nearly dinner-time, and you look as if a good sleep would do you good."

"Oh, I can't ride home. I have n't got any money. I must be going, right off," said Charlie.

"Land sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Grindle. "Do listen to him! As if Master Redmond would n't pay your stage-fare when you get home, and glad enough, too. Besides, Mose Copp'll sure



"THIS WAS TO MASTER CHARLIE A VERY MORTIFYING ERRAND."

said, eying with some dismay those that Charlie had so painfully worn all night. They were nearly past wearing any more.

trust you; don't you worry about that."

But Charlie was resolute. He *said* nothing more about going. But, when Reuben and Elkanah

had gone to work and the good wife was busy about her household matters, the lad, watching his chance, slipped out at the door and took to his heels down the road as fast as he could go, nor did he stop until he had put at least a half-mile between him and the hospitable house of the Grindles.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Grindle, returning from her dairy, saw with dismay that he had fled.

Looking down the highway, she beheld Charlie making toward Fairport, which was still many miles away. Smiling to herself, she said aloud, "Wal, that boy does beat all!"

When the stage rattled up, later in the forenoon, she went out, having waved her apron as a signal to stop Moses Copp, and told him that if he saw a small boy limping along the highway, foot-sore and lame, he must take him in and carry him to Fairport.

"And if he won't go, Mose, you must grab him and carry him along, willy-nilly. He's Master Redmond's son, and land only knows what his folks will say if you let him go on alone."

"Oh, I know all about him. There was the very dickens to pay, up to his aunt's, when they found out that he had run off," said Moses. "The old lady was nigh distracted, and I promised her I'd pick him up; and I will, if he don't get to Fairport before we do. G'lang there!"

The stage-driver loudly cracked his whip and the stage rumbled away, leaving Mrs. Reuben to follow it with her eyes.

But Master Charlie had calculated upon this. He knew that his Aunt Dorcas would instruct Moses Copp to pick up her vagrant nephew; and he was in terror every time he heard wheels behind him on the road.

He was determined to walk home, unless his little legs gave out beneath him. More than once, at some sort of false alarm, he hopped over the fences and lay quiet among the bushes while a country wagon clattered by. Finally, he heard the well-remembered rumble and rattle of the Concord stage that Moses Copp so grandly drove from Fairport to Doesport. Over the fence he went like a flash, lame as he was. And there

he lay in a mass of golden-rod, laughing softly as Moses drove by, driver and passengers scanning both sides of the bushy road as they passed on.

When the stage reached Fairport, and Moses Copp had delivered his tidings to Master Redmond, that jovial gentleman only laughed and said:

"Oh, he's plucky. He'll be home by midday."

But midday came and went, and so did many hours after, and no Charlie appeared.

"Father, you must take the horse and go look for the boy," said the anxious mother. Just then there was a shout in the rear of the house, toward which sloped a long field from the highway on the hill beyond. Mother and father, with the brood of children at their heels, ran to the back door. There was the fugitive, looking very much the worse for his long tramp.

"Oh, I'm all right!" he shouted, boastfully. But catching a look at his mother's anxious face, and taking in at one swift glance the beloved home, so strange and yet so dear after an absence that seemed an age, the little chap burst into a passion of happy tears. The loving mother clasped him



"IT WAS BROAD DAYLIGHT WHEN CHARLIE AWOKE."

to her bosom, laughing and crying by turns. Brothers and sisters stood around rejoicing, and half envious of the youngster, who had suddenly become a hero.

The mother dried her eyes and, too glad to think for a moment of berating the child, said: "'For this my son was lost and is found.' He has made his first flight from his mother, and has run away—to home."



LADY DAFFODIL.

BY MARY E. SHARPE.

My dainty Lady Daffodil
Has donned her amber gown,
And on her fair and sunny head
Sparkles her golden crown.

The conscious bluebells softly sway,
And catch the yellow light —
And violets, among their leaves,
Breathe low their young delight.

The sweet old-fashioned almond flower
Brightens its pallid red,

And flings its petals, daintily,
Over the garden bed.

Her tall green leaves, like sentinels,
Surround my Lady's throne,
And graciously in happy state
She reigns a queen alone.

And thus, my Lady Daffodil
In gorgeous, amber gown,
Holdeth her court this sun-warm day,
Wearing her golden crown.

PICTURES FOR LITTLE FRENCH READERS. No. IV.



By Proxy



Young Timothy Timid is cautious and wealthy ;
He has heard that bicycle owners are healthy,
And being himself but a weak-chested youth,
He bought him a wheel, - and a beauty, in truth .
"A pity," he said, as he viewed it with pride ,
"To scar it and batter it learning to ride ;
And worse (what is likely) to batter myself .
I cannot do better than hire with my pelf
Some cycler to ride in my stead , and be rid
Of all danger and worry and work ." So he did .



AN ADVENTURE WITH A MAN-EATER.

BY WALTER CAMPBELL.



It is now a good many years ago since I killed the man-eating tiger; but I remember it all as vividly as if it happened yesterday, and as I write, the whole wild scene rises before me,—the group of half-clothed natives gloating with eager faces over the corpse of their enemy, the waving palm-trees above, and as for the heat, I can almost *feel* that! It was far away in Southern India, the home of the Royal Bengal tiger, that the adventure took place.

You must know, first of all, that the tiger as seen cooped up in a cage at some circus, or in a zoölogical garden, is very different from the animal as he appears in his native jungle. In the circus he is so “cabined, cribbed, confined” that he is never able properly to stretch his muscles, and the roar with which he greets the keeper who is bringing his food, resembles the roar with which he awakens the echoes of the forest, as the piping of a tin trumpet resembles the screech of a steam-whistle. It is difficult to describe the roar of a tiger when he is angry. It is not like the lion’s, which is more nearly a “bellow,” but perhaps you can realize it when I say that it is as if a thousand tom-cats gave one wild and prolonged “meow.” Tigers are generally hunted in two ways: one is, shooting from the *howdah* of a “pad” elephant, which is a comparatively safe method; and the other is to shoot them from a *meechaum*, or platform of boughs fixed in a tree. When the latter method is adopted a bait, in the form of a bullock, either alive or dead, is generally used to attract the tiger; or else the *meechaum* is built within range of the place to which the animal is accustomed to come for his morning drink. The latter is perhaps the commoner way, as shooting tigers from the back of an elephant is rather expensive work and only within reach of those who have long purses.

It was during the hot weather of 1876 that, in company with a friend who was an officer in one of the native Indian regiments, I went on a shooting expedition for a few days in Travancore,

Southern India. We were some days’ march from any English settlement, and were on our way to pass the night at a native village, said by our guide to be near at hand. We had with us two *sowars*, or troopers, of my friend’s regiment, who acted as *shikarees*, or hunters, to beat up the game and make themselves generally useful in camp. We were not looking especially for tigers, but were ready for anything that came; and we soon arrived at the village where we were to pass the night.

What a lovely place it was, and how cool and pleasant it seemed to our tired eyes and overheated bodies! It was built on the shore of a small lake, or “tank,” and was shaded by groves of palm and cocoanut trees, and altogether there was an aspect of peace about it that was very pleasing. But when we came near, we were considerably astonished to hear none of the usual signs of welcome. Usually, when a European enters a native village, he is saluted by the furious barking of innumerable curs, and the inhabitants eagerly flock to see the *sahib*. But now all this was wanting, and everything was as silent as the grave. Not a sign of the inhabitants was to be seen, and, as we went from door to door seeking some one and failed to find a living soul, we thought we had found a city of the dead. We were about to give up our quest, when from one of the huts there crawled a man, bent with age. Slowly he approached with many *salaams*, and in reply to our queries as to what had become of the rest of the inhabitants, informed us that they had all forsaken the town on account of a man-eating tiger. He was the only person left, being too old to leave his home. He informed us that the terrible tiger had visited the village three times, and each time had borne away a victim. Then the people could endure the danger no longer, and all had fled.

“But, oh!” continued the old man, “all will be right now; the *sahibs* will slay the tiger, and once more the people can come back to their beautiful village.” We agreed to make at least an attempt to kill the tiger, but were considerably handicapped by the lack of a guide who knew the ground where the tiger generally lay. The old man told us, however, that he was momentarily

expecting a visit from his grandson, who was to bring him some rice, and that the grandson could fetch some of the villagers to act as guides. Accordingly we decided to remain in the village all night, and to start upon the tiger's trail in the morning.

a man-eater in the neighborhood, it behooved us to keep the closest watch during the night. In order to do this more effectually, we built a big fire and divided the night into watches. One of the *sowars* had first watch, and we gave him strict orders that he was not to sleep even so much as a wink, for



"THE TIGER CRAWLS UP SO QUIETLY THAT THE VICTIM HAS NO WARNING OF THE CRAFTY ANIMAL'S ATTACK."

Soon after we had encamped, the old man's grandson appeared. We sent a message by him to the villagers that we were there to slay the tiger, and asked them to send their best hunters, with a bullock to be used for bait. We had our own tent with us, and this we set up on the outskirts of the village. Knowing that there was

his life depended upon his vigilance. A tiger will never hesitate to attack a sleeping man, and he crawls up so quietly that the victim has no warning of the crafty animal's attack until the catlike spring is made upon the prey. We ourselves lay down inside the tent, previously, however, covering the sights of our rifles with pieces of white

cotton, so that we might have something to guide us if we should have to aim them suddenly in the dark. It seemed to me that my eyes had hardly been closed for five minutes, when I was startled by the most unearthly shriek I ever heard. It was but one terrifying cry, and then all was silent. But too

him and carried him off to the jungle. We fired our rifles in the direction the brute had taken, not with any hope of hitting, but trusting that the sound of fire-arms would make the beast drop his victim. We followed him a short distance, and then, seeing how useless it was to continue, in the darkness, we returned to camp. Early next morning we found traces of the poor *sowar* close to the camp. At one place we found his belt, and in another his turban. We could not find the body, and the tiger had evidently dragged it into the recesses of the jungle. Soon after, some of the villagers arrived,

bringing a white calf for a bait. Guided by them, we made our way to a place about a mile away, close by a stream, where they said that they had seen the tiger's tracks, showing that he came there to drink. He was not to be expected until evening; so, after reconnoitering the ground and selecting in a suitable tree a place to build a *mecchaum*, we returned to the village. In the evening we returned to the stream, and the first thing we did was to build the *mecchaum* in the tree. We did not intend to shoot the tiger from the tree, but made to pass the night, until we could "stalk" the tiger to the spot



IN THE JUNGLE.

well I knew what it meant. The *sowar* on watch had fallen asleep, and the tiger had pounced upon

it only as a place in which to pass the night, until we could "stalk" the tiger to the spot

where the bait should be placed. Accordingly we tethered the white calf in the middle of a clear space, some two or three hundred yards away, and when all preparations were complete we returned to the *meechaum*. You may be sure not one of us slept a wink that night; we were far too anxious, and when the very faintest streak of dawn appeared we slid down the tree, and slowly and carefully crept to where the calf was tethered. When we came near, we at first could see nothing of the calf, and thought that the tiger had carried him off bodily; but our eyes were becoming better accustomed to the gloom, and as it was rapidly growing lighter, we soon discerned something white lying on the ground, and every now and then moving a little; and — yes! sure enough, there was something else beside it! In the East daylight comes almost as quickly as does the evening darkness, and it was not long before we could make out the tiger and “the lashing of his tail.” He was lying full length on the calf’s body, and evidently, since the calf still moved, had not yet killed it. On the other side of the open ground there was a dead tree, and I thought: “Master Tiger, if I can get behind that, you are a dead tiger,

and will go to the happy hunting-grounds of Tiger-dom.” I arranged with my friend that he should stay where he was, to shoot the tiger if he turned in that direction, while I should steal over to the dead tree and try to get a shot from there. I arrived at the tree all right, and, slowly taking careful aim at the tiger so that I might hit him right behind the shoulder, I fired. “Me-ow-w-w!”—what a roar he did give as he sprang into the air! I had hit him hard, and he faced directly toward me, with his eyes glowing like red-hot coals.

Then he gave one frantic bound toward where my friend was standing, but it was his last leap, for the short, sharp crack of a rifle rang out, and, with a bullet through his heart, the great man-eater lay dead!

Oh! what joy there was among the villagers, who now came running up. Their enemy was dead, and once more they could return to their beautiful village. How they danced round him and spat upon him, and called the tiger by all the abusive epithets in the Indian vocabulary. Then they tied the paws together and slung the body on a pole, and we all returned in triumph together. And so ended my adventure with the man-eater.

LITTLE JOSEF HOFMANN.

BY MARY LANG.



HO is he? A Polish boy only ten years old, with a sweet round face and large dreamy-looking eyes, who can play the piano-forte. Many boys can do that, but not as little Josef does — for he possesses that rarest of all great gifts — genius; and his wonderful playing has stirred his audiences to the greatest enthusiasm, and made them feel that they have been fortunate enough to see and hear a second “boy Mozart.”

He was born at Warsaw, on the 10th of June, 1877. His father was then an orchestral conductor and professor of the piano-forte at the Warsaw conservatory. Thus Josef was born into a musical atmosphere, and we believe he has

received his entire musical instruction from his own father.

When scarcely six years old he played in public at some of the principal European towns, and with extraordinary success. On June 9th, of last year, he first played before a London audience. While in London he gave four piano-forte recitals, and achieved his greatest triumph at the final concert of the Philharmonic Society by his interpretation of one of Beethoven’s Concertos — a work which tests the capabilities of even a mature and experienced musician.

I wonder if you have ever heard of Charles Hallé? He is one of the best living conductors, whose band of over one hundred performers is celebrated throughout England. He gives a series of concerts every season in Manchester, and at one of these I first heard little Hofmann. The great Free Trade Hall was crowded, and all were filled with eager anticipation. Josef Hofmann

was to perform a Concerto of Mozart's, and the audience was not more interested than were the artists who were to play with him. A concerto, as perhaps you know, is a composition for a particular instrument in which the performance is partly alone and partly accompanied; and to render the principal part in a concerto is a task that usually is attempted only by artists of marked ability and experience.

Could this be Josef? A dear little fellow who looked not more than six years old, dressed in black knickerbockers and a white-flannel Garibaldi? This baby-boy to play Mozart's Concerto? Impossible!

Not a trace of nervousness or embarrassment does he display as he trots across the platform, and, with a merry little nod to the audience, seats himself at the piano-forte. I can not say how others felt; but I fairly held my breath until the first movement was over, for the wonder of it quite overcame me.

I shall never forget the scene — the gray-haired conductor, the band of experienced artists, and in the center the child playing as if imbued with the very spirit of Mozart. Each movement was played correctly and with true artistic finish. At the close, in response to the enthusiastic recalls of the audience, he nodded his head to them, as though he had not done anything at all wonderful, and ran off the platform.

I must not forget to tell you that when the little fellow is seated at the piano his feet do not reach the ground, so that the tiny musician is obliged to use pedals specially arranged for him, as the ordinary piano pedals would be much below his feet.

In the second part of the programme he played alone,—first, a Waltz by Chopin, and then two pieces, a Romance and a Waltz, both of these his own compositions.

Was it possible that such tiny hands produced that full, rich tone, those delicate turns, those bird-like trills? Could it be little Hofmann, or was it the Spirit of Music embodied in the child?

They tell us that he practices for only an hour and a half a day. I can well believe it, for, though his execution is amazing, no mere practice could have produced such results at his age. It is just a gift from Heaven for little Josef to play as he does, and he plays as naturally as other boys breathe.

Music is the language in which he speaks.

He seems such a lovable little fellow, aside from his genius, that I don't wonder the Princess of Wales, when he had played for her, took his face between her hands and kissed him. It is what many would like to have done.

Some one asked if he did n't find Music very

difficult, and he answered, "Oh, no; *Music* is very easy,—but *lawn-tennis* is hard. I must learn to play lawn-tennis."

He is now in America, and I hope all the American readers of ST. NICHOLAS who love music will be able to hear him for themselves. And music-loving boys and girls must not be discouraged if, after they have heard him, they feel how poor is their own performance, but rather should be inspired to renewed efforts.

The unstinted praise which heralded the arrival of the child-pianist in America, while assuring a welcome, also made it seem impossible that the expectations of a new public, prepared for a great wonder, could be satisfied.

Every one knew that the little boy could play, but there were lingering doubts whether his achievements in music had not been over-praised.

Now, in his own pretty, modest, and charming way he has made his boyish nod to the most critical audiences of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Brooklyn, and has convinced the most skeptical that he is not an imitator nor an automaton, nor a little specimen of precocity; but simply a young musical genius, of whom, perhaps, even the whole truth had not been told. That Josef is a genius, a born musician, the American people now believe; that he is a natural, fascinating, and lovable small boy, withal, all of his many friends warmly attest.

THE CHILD JOSEF HOFMANN.

BY A FELLOW-VOYAGER.



WOULD you like to know more of the great child-pianist? It is not of Josef's genius I wish to tell you; but of the real little boy Josef, with whom I crossed the ocean in the steamship "Aller," and whom I knew and loved for his bright little self before I wondered at him and admired him for the sake of his music. Indeed, one saw in him none of the precocity one would expect to find in such a genius; he was as much of a rough-and-tumble boy as any of you or your school-fellows. When I first saw him, he had just come on board warmly clad for the voyage in the huge fur cap and fur-lined coat in which he has been so

often photographed. He ran about investigating with great curiosity the boat which was to be his abode for the next eight days, and chatting in German with every one. I soon became one of his friends, and his small figure was often the first to greet me when I went up on deck in the morning; at that time his low bow and manner of kissing my hand were worthy of a small prince, though prompted by an impulse most childlike and affectionate. He showed, however, that he cares little for the plaudits and flowers, so often showered upon him after a performance, by his remark, when a friend on board said he would send him a bouquet at his first concert, "Oh," said Josef, "let it be a toy instead." He delighted in games of any description, and particularly in sleight-of-hand tricks. Some one had taught him how to insert a coin through the small neck of a bottle; he was extremely proud of this accomplishment, and was always greatly pleased when any one asked to see it. There were some children on board of whom he was very fond, and one evening he amused himself with drawing an "*andenken*" (remembrance) for each of these young friends; one, I remember, was an absurd caricature of himself, seated at a huge piano, his hair standing out in all directions, in a most ridiculous manner. He became so absorbed in this occupation that no persuasion was strong enough to induce him to go to the piano, until some one promised to teach him a new and fascinating card trick. Before the fifth day of the voyage, the piano had scarcely been heard, and for a very good reason,—that which usually controls all things in steamer life,—namely, the weather; but on the morning of that day we passengers all gathered in the saloon to personally test the reports we all had read and heard of our young friend's genius. Of course, our expectations were most fully realized; his playfellows listened, awe-struck by his wonderful playing, and indeed it was quite impossible for any not to feel a tender

reverence for the child-hands endowed with power so marvelous. His small feet hardly reached the pedals, and, to his great amusement, it was necessary to call a steward to come and steady his chair, as the motion of the ship threatened to dislodge him from his seat; but it never interfered with the harmony of his music.

He gave several of his own compositions, and while playing would often speak with some one standing near him; and his sly winks at his admiring playfellows were most amusing. When his short performance was over, he did not care to hear our many praises, but soon ran away to his



JOSEF HOFMANN.

play. Music, thus begun, continued all the afternoon, and Josef, though most unsparing in his criticisms, listened with pleasure to the poorest performance. Toward evening he came to me on the deck, begging me to go with him into the saloon to hear some singing, which he said was so bad "*das es wirklich amusant war*" (that it was really amusing). That evening a small concert was arranged in which Josef's playing was, of course, the principal feature. His father sat

beside him while he played, and only to him did the child care to look for a nod of approval — which invariably greeted him. Indeed, if you have watched closely at one of his concerts, you have found that from the time of his appearance on the stage, Josef's attention is directed toward a dark, intelligent-looking man seated back of the orchestra; and, though he has those charming little bobbing bows of his for the audience, and occasionally a grimace for his friends among the admiring orchestra, yet, to one who knows him, it is easily perceived that he considers the true spirit of the

music to be rightly appreciated only by his father and himself. I have been told by his personal manager that often, after an apparently most successful performance, the little fellow has burst into tears, insisting that he has failed in the true rendering of some composition.

But all this is not of the *boy*, and now I can only say, as I did when I saw him descend the gang-plank to these (to him) unknown shores where he was so soon to gain fame and popularity, "May life and renown deal gently with the wonderful boy!"

DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was night; and the round November moon hung poised in space undimmed by mist or cloud, an orb of radiant silver, and poured through the tree-tops a flood of mellow light. The wind was from the south; it ruffled the waters of the lake in sudden flashes edged with blackness; rattled the bare branches overhead, and, sighing wearily, swept back into the mazes of the forest the windrows of dry leaves, that still were lying here and there; shook the windows in their casings, and the loose shingles on the roofs; slammed an unfastened blind fitfully against wall and window by turns, and breathed a warmth unusual to the season.

In the west dormitory all was still, and half the wide windows were open. The curtains were drawn back from the alcoves to allow free circulation of the refreshing air, and now and then the low breathing of some sleeper was distinctly audible, so quiet was the room; while the silence within was otherwise unbroken, save by the

"Sad, uncertain
Rustling of some silken curtain,"

as the breeze that blew through the open windows lifted it for a moment; or by the unexpected, sharp little rattle of a coal falling from an open grate. The night guard sat by the grate nearest to the head of the stairway, quarter-staff in hand, casting

an eye around the hall for a moment, and then idly drawing geometrical figures in the ashes on the hearth. After a brief rest, he resumed his slow pacing along the hall, with noiseless feet.

"Toll-1-1!"

It was the great clock upon the distant tower, striking the hour of midnight.

"Toll-1-1!" and each stroke sent a lonely throb echoing again and again, from wall to wall, and flying out upon the lake to die away in the distance.

"Toll-1-1!" and at the last stroke the quick-eyed sentinel caught the muffled sound of feet along a corridor, stood at "ready" with his quarter-staff, received the salute of the relief, gave up his staff to a comrade, and betook himself to his couch and dreamless sleep; rejoicing in the fact that his guard-duty exempted him from rising on the morrow at reveille; while the new sentinel began in turn his silent march back and forth, back and forth, with a measured tread as regular as a pendulum.

In the study nearest to the stairs Harry was sleeping profoundly, but in dreams was still alert. The jar of the swinging shutter had given form to the phantom scenes which his mind created, and caused him to dream that it was again summer, and sunrise, and that from the old fort far away across the level lake came the dull boom of the morning gun.

He was still listening to those fancied echoes among the distant hills, when he was rudely

awakened by a terrific explosion that shook the building as though it were a house of cards, and sent him to his feet with a convulsive start.

The hurried footfalls on every side, shouts of alarm, eager questions, hasty answers, told him plainly that it was no dream, while amid and above the confusion came a strange, hissing, seething noise from the lower part of the building, sounding like the rush of water aft from the paddle-wheels of an enormous steamboat.

Then came another explosion, and another, and another, and another, in quick succession, sharp, irregular; and with the cry, "It 's the chemicals in the laboratory," the night guards plunged down the stairs with the fire-extinguishers. A thick column of stifling smoke swirled up from the hall below, and simultaneously rang out that which, heard at night, is the most startling of all cries,—"Fire!!"

Were you ever in a hotel at night when such an alarm was given? Do you remember the fright, the shrieks, the wild, panic-stricken rushing to and fro, the attempts at saving what was not worth saving, and the neglect of valuables? Do you remember how insidiously the gushing smoke eddied around the corners, and hung in dense clouds along the corridors; and how, through all, was heard the snapping crackle of the flames splitting the timbers in their fiery jaws? Do you remember the set look of deadly terror upon some of the faces which appeared like ghosts in the darkness, and the dazed, undecided, uncomprehending look upon other faces, and the wild eyes of those others who for the time had lost all reason? Thus it was in the school.

In an instant the dormitory halls were filled with white forms rushing for the stairway, but the throng surged back as it met the smothering smoke. There was another rush for the windows and the fire-escapes, but the crowd was so great that no one could gain access to them, and some narrowly escaped being hurled from the windows by the frantic pushing of those in the rear. There was none to direct, none to assist another, but each thought but of himself and fought blindly for life. A hundred voices were shouting at once.

It was all in an instant. When Harry rose to his feet his first impulse had been to rush out as the rest had done; the next thought was, that as it was November, a little more substantial protection than his present attire would be useful. He was perhaps ten seconds in dressing, and then he hurried out to the stairway. He stopped, aghast at the crush around the stairs at the moment. Then the throng surged in a solid mass, like a school of catfish, to the other end of the hall, and jammed helplessly against the windows; while

the shouts of the boys in the upper halls were added to the cries from below; and down the upper staircase those who could get through the crowd came plunging in groups of two or more, to add themselves to the mob below. For just one instant the lieutenant stood as though riveted to the spot, and gazed with horror upon the scene. Then, as an upper-hall boy flew past him like the wind and clattered down the stairway with flying leaps, he turned and sprang with a single bound to the recess where hung a great war-gong (which a sea-captain and former pupil had sent, as a trophy from a piratical Chinese junk). He seized the beater.

"Whang!"

Even in the panic the habit of discipline asserted itself for an instant, and, all over the building, a sudden silence followed, in which could be distinctly heard the "crackle-crackle" of the flames, mingled with the hiss of the water from the fire-extinguishers. In the next breath, Harry, ex-lieutenant Rankin, and Dane upon the floor above, shouted as with one voice:

"Fall-l-l in!"

It was an inspiring sight to see those three young fellows, who stood cool and self-possessed in all that turmoil and panic, and the blind obedience of the dazed, half-smothered throng of boys who tumbled over one another as they struggled into line.

"Fall-l-l in!"

Even in their terror they recognized by instinct that in discipline was their only hope of safety, and the ringing command was the one gleam of light upon their darkened minds.

No more fugitives came down the upper stairs.

Harry darted into his study for a second and as quickly re-appeared by the side of Rankin, who stood at the recess by the war-gong; a quarter of a minute later the cheery notes of Aminadab Doolittle's fife shrilled out through the darkness, playing, in double-time, "The Campbells are Coming," filling the building from roof to basement with the inspiring melody, while simultaneously came the stentorian cry of Rankin, the ex-lieutenant, echoing from corridor to corridor, "Ri-ight face! *Double-time,—MARCH!*"

It was heard all over the building, and in the dormitories outside, and was so much louder than the necessity required, that Dane, in the room overhead, broke into a hearty laugh, his fun-loving soul recognizing the humor of it, even then. It was singular how that laugh, ringing down the stair, put an end to the panic. The rapid "tramp-tramp-tramp" of feet upon the iron steps kept time to the cadence of the fife. The smoke, poisonous, laden with death-dealing fumes of the chemicals, curled and eddied in stifling wreaths

about the lieutenant and the disrated officer, but not a step moved either from his post. The notes of the fife piped on unflinchingly, and Rankin's voice was as steady as ever it was on parade, when he ordered the ranks to cover their mouths and nostrils before entering the clouds of suffocating and nauseous vapors below. But there was a strange ringing in the ears of the boys, and a mist gathered before their eyes. The deadly cloud was too much for them,—or would have been, had not Dane seen them reeling backward as he followed this impromptu command down the upper staircase. Instantly divining the trouble, he threw the

greeted by a hearty round of cheers; and there, below them, were those who so lately had been occupants of the dormitory; in ghostly raiment, it is true, but drawn up in line with all the precision of a competitive drill, while three or four of the night guard came out from the lower story, one of them limping, all of them wet and dripping, and reported to the General himself.

"All out, sir!"

They did not refer to the fire, but to the boys; the fire, however, by their prompt action was fairly dead—but it was an exceedingly narrow escape! Harry and the ex-lieutenant sat down upon the



"RANKIN STOOD BY THE WAR-GONG, AND AMINADAB DOOLITTLE'S FIFE SHRILLED OUT THROUGH THE DARKNESS."

heavy boots, which he carried in his hand, one after the other with such accurate aim as to dash out the entire window at the end of the hall; and thus caused a flood of life-giving air to come rushing through it. Then he passed the loiterers, with his men upon the run, flashing back a swift: "Keep it up, fellows," as he went, that brought back their senses as only a cheery, inspiring word can.

But how long it seemed before the sergeant at the end of the last file passed them, and they could take their turn! In reality, it was just one minute since the first notes of the fife. And as they stepped out upon the fire-escape, instead of descending by the stairs, they were astonished at being

landing of the fire-escape, instead of descending, and leisurely surveyed the scene.

"Did you ever see such a looking crew. Harry?" asked Rankin, with a chuckle. "This will go down to posterity as the 'great un-dress parade.'"

But Harry could not laugh; he was too much excited. He wished to find Dane, one of whose boots he had picked up on the fire-escape; so he rapidly swung himself down the ladder, and reaching the "jumping-off place," let himself drop. It was this gap that had determined Rankin to send the boys down by the stairway, in preference, so long as the stairs were not actually in flames. He had taken command because Harry could not

give orders and play the fife, too, and he was very doubtful whether the General might not now regard this as presumptuous since he was a private.

But the General met them at the foot of the ladder; he had already heard all about it.

Regardless of etiquette, the old martinet grasped their hands and squeezed them until the boys winced, his face glowing with satisfaction. He was proud of his boys, and of the triumph of discipline. Without saying a word, he grasped Harry and Rankin by their shoulders and marched them over to the front of the line of boys, paused a moment, and said briefly:

“Company—attention! Acting-Lieutenant Wylie’s commission is hereby made permanent, and he will be appointed to special duty. Private Rankin, for conspicuous bravery, is hereby restored to his former rank of Second Lieutenant. Break ranks,—march!”

And those nearest to the General always declared that the light which glistened in his eyes was the reflection of moonbeams upon tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

“BREAK ranks,—march!”

Can you not imagine how with shouts that woke the echoes, the boys rushed for the dormitory and dispersed to their rooms? Harry found Dane, and surrendered the boot with a word of hearty thanks; and the twain, with Rankin,—now flushed and proud over his recent restoration to rank,—peered inquisitively into what was left of the laboratory. The fire was confined to the laboratory-room, and an immediate consequence was the transfer of that institution to a small building at a safe distance from the rest.

Dane himself was particularly happy, and rather silent, over something that the General had said to him; and, for once, did not remark that he had been “born without any ideas, worth considering.”

The attractions of the ruins were not great at one o’clock in the morning, however; the scene was nearly shrouded in darkness, with broken glass underfoot, charred timbers to rub against, and a wet burnt-wood smell, mixed with various “quaint and curious” odors (for the most part unpleasant) arising from the remains of destroyed chemicals which originally had not been intended for such wholesale compounding.

“It’s like the famous ‘city of Cologne,’” said Rankin, holding his nose. “I shall smell all sorts of horrible things for the next week; come, we’ll go inside.”

“It’s lucky that there was n’t any nitro-glycerine in there, or we should all have been turned into

shooting-stars!” answered Harry, as he turned away. “Just hear the fellows upstairs!”

It was evident that, as yet, *they* had no intention of going back to bed, judging by the noise; and, for once, the powers that be were inclined to be lenient and overlook it.

The boys gathered around the fire-places in knots; and, in spite of the cold air rushing in through the broken window, but few had put on more clothing than they had worn through the fracas. They were still too much excited to shiver, although it would have been but common prudence to guard against colds without delay; but sleep was out of the question so soon after such excitement, and it is hard to say what evils might have arisen had not the little Doctor suddenly appeared with a pile of towels on his arm and carrying a pail of water. Short, curly-headed, quick-spoken, he took his stand by the gong, and shouted:

“Let every officer, of whatever grade, come here at once!”

There was a rush for the Doctor instantly, while the privates ceased conversation and curiously drew near. Dane was the first officer to reach him, and the Doctor, dipping a towel in the water, thrust it into his hand.

“Sergeant Dane—Lieutenant Wylie—officers in general!—take a towel apiece, soak the end in the water and wring it out.”

A dozen officers at once reached for towels and crowded around the water-pail, nearly upsetting it in the turmoil; and, for a moment, the dignified officers were to be seen wringing out wet cloth like Bombay washerwomen, while still the unsuspecting privates looked on with amused curiosity.

“Now, have all of you towels? You that have, go for the rest! If any student wants one he knows where to get it,” he added, holding up a handful.

Such a shout went up!

“Gi’ me a towel!” “And me!” “And me!”

A mob rushed upon the little Doctor.

Wylie jumped to the front, swinging the damp, heavy cloth.

“Charge!”

And whack! came the wet towel over the foremost head; and whack!—whack!—whack!—went the towels of the other officers amid a pandemonium of shrieks and yells and laughter.

Straight through the crowd charged the officers, with Wylie at their head, even as Richard the Lion-hearted with his armed knights was wont to cleave a way through the ranks of turbaned Saracens; and backward, sideways, swayed the privates, dodging, jumping, falling, scrambling,—any way to escape the stinging blows,—snatching towels from the merry Doctor and, armed in turn, rushing into the writhing fray. A dozen or more of the privates

combined, and made a rush at Dane, Harry, and Rankin, who, nothing loath, stood back to back, at bay in the center of the ring. Each guarded a quarter-circle, and around their feet lay towels jerked from the incautious hands of would-be assailants who in vain tried to regain them, being unable to face the startling whacks of the heavy towels swung by the practiced fencers. Three other officers guarded a corner, two more held a window-seat against all comers; for the privates outnumbered them ten to one; and, once more to recall feudal times, a thought flashed into Harry's mind that this was not unlike a scene in the hall of some castle which has been besieged and overpowered, when the few remaining defenders have gathered to make a last stand; knights fighting against men-at-arms, not hoping for their lives, but with the grim, Norman determination to make their deaths costly to the foe. This fancy gave an impetus to his arm, a force to his blows that caused his quarter of the circle to be avoided by all save the most daring. And these kept cautiously out of reach, craftily endeavoring to entice him beyond his post and thus expose the others; but he instantly saw through their stratagem.

"Keep close, fellows," he said, speaking over his shoulder. "If they get between us we shall catch particular fits!"

And the trio stood close. But what craft could not accomplish accident brought about; for it happened that Dane and Harry struck out at the same instant, and as they swung back their towels for a new blow, the weapons became lovingly entwined, and Harry's blow was so much the stronger that in the twinkling of an eye Dane found himself flat upon his back, with his shoulders feeling out of joint, and a myriad of blue and white stars scintillating before his eyes as the blue-flashing electricity gleams around a dynamo.

Twenty towels arose in the air, heavy as bludgeons; the ring broke and closed in with shouts of exultation; but Harry took one step backward, and standing across Ed's prostrate form, forced all back, again and again, while Rankin coolly guarded his quarter-circle as before. The ring became formed again, and there was a pause in the strife: Harry glanced around for a moment, and then bent forward to assist Dane to rise. As he did so, Mitchell stepped suddenly up from behind and swung his towel around his head. Thud!

Harry Wylie fell forward over the body of his friend without a word.

There was a loud laugh, a hiss or two, and then a rush. But Harry did not rise. Some one quickly seized Mitchell's towel, which seemed to hang very heavily,—a lump of sea-coal was found to be knotted into the end!

Elsewhere around the hall the fun was still seething, fast and furious. Only in that little knot in the center was there rest, like the still calm that marks the center of a cyclone, the hollow core around which wheel the lightning winds.

No one noticed them save to rub against them by accident and to fly spinning off at a tangent. The building shook and trembled under rushing feet, the alcoves echoed and re-echoed, the ewers and pitchers in the sleeping-rooms rattled and clattered against one another, and now and then a faint crash told of the fall of some insecure ornament.

The little Doctor still stood by the recess, with hands clasped behind his head, watching the frolic with twinkling eyes and a general air indicating that he, too, should enjoy nothing more than to grasp a towel and rush in among them. But the instant that his quick eye caught symptoms of impending trouble,—the flash of an angry glance, the doubling of a fist,—he stepped backward to the great gong and swung the beater lustily around his head.

"Whang!!!"

At the stroke every voice was silent, every form motionless; as though the Doctor had been another Perseus and had held aloft the Gorgon's head. Even those upon the floor made no attempt to rise, but sat there, panting.

"Let each boy drop his towel just where he is!" the Doctor shouted. "Into your beds, every one of you, while you are warm, and, if you don't have colds in the morning, thank your stars that your physician is an Irishman! — *March!*"

"Hurrah for the Donnybrook Doctor!" shouted a private in the rear, amid a roar of laughter, as they scuttled toward their beds, save three or four in the center of the room, two of whom were holding Mitchell, each grasping a wrist with one hand, and holding the other hand upon his shoulder in threatening proximity to his throat.

Harry was just struggling to his feet, a little dazed from the heavy blow, but not much hurt, for his thick hair and the towel acted as cushions to deaden its force.

"Let him go, fellows, quick! don't bring the Doctor down!" he whispered, hastily. "Oh, confound it! it's too late," for the little man was striding down toward them with rapid steps. The boys loosed their hold upon Mitchell, however, and when he reached them they were adjusting some buttons, in the most innocent manner, while, as the only light in the hall, save the glow of the grates, was the feeble moonlight, their faces were not tell-tales.

"Why do you not obey orders, Wylie?" said the Doctor, a little sternly.

"If you please, sir, Ed and I have a few bumps, and we would like an examination," and Harry gingerly felt of his own cranium, on which, to judge by external appearances, the organ of veneration had suddenly doubled in size.

"Have you been fighting?" asked the Doctor, bluntly.

"No, sir; there has n't been any fight, — rough handling, that's all. And I would like to have Ed stay with me for the night — what's left of it — if he may."

Mitchell slipped away, thoroughly ashamed of himself. The Doctor prescribed cold water for the bumps, and gave the desired permission, satisfied that while something was concealed, it was wise to avoid looking deeper, and went his way to report "all quiet," to the principal, who was still in the library with the General. The preceptor listened to Doctor McCarthy's report with a twinkle in his eye and an amused smile.

"I'm afraid that there will be a big washing-bill next Monday," he observed.

"Better that, than a bill at the apothecary's," the physician answered, stoutly, while the General rubbed his hands in satisfaction over the vindication of strict discipline afforded by the night's experience.

In the dormitory, the two wounded heroes, instead of sleeping, discussed matters, with wet bandages around their heads. Dane was of the opinion that Harry ought to report Mitchell's attack; this was decidedly opposed by Harry.

"I'm not going to preach, but you would n't do it yourself, if you were in my place, old fellow. Do you remember what my mother wrote in your autograph album?"

Ed did; and he was glad that the darkness hid the flush in his face as he thought of the sweet-faced lady with gentle voice who had treated him, a motherless boy, with almost the same care and affection that she had lavished on her sons and daughters; guiding and advising as though he were indeed her son, and not a neighbor only. Besides, — what would Harry's sister, May, think, if she knew what advice he was giving to her brother? And May, being four years his senior, was looked up to by Ed as a superior being.

He remembered how she had read those verses to him after her mother had written them, and seemed again to hear the voice whispering them softly in the darkness. They were simple words, perhaps, — only a stanza with a brief refrain; but their burden of thought was the old-time watchword, "*Noblesse oblige.*"

(To be continued.)



Daguer

' PROMPTING 'S NOT FAIR.'

May Day

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

OH! 't is bland, and oh, 't is bloomy, for it's
May;
Could there be a more delightful season,
pray?
How the sunbeams skip and scatter,
And the sparrows chirp and chatter,
And the sweetly scented breezes softly
stray!
And we're gladsome, and we're gleeful, and
we're gay,
And we're highly happy-hearted,
For we're blithely, briskly started
For a joyful, jocund, jolly holiday.

And oh, 't is glum and gloomy, though 't is
May!
Could there be a more distracting season, say?
We must hustle, we must hurry,
In a flutter and a flurry,
For the sky is direly dark and grimly gray,

And we'll have to hasten home the shortest way;
And we scuttle and we scamper! —
What a doleful, dismal damper!
What a dreary, drizzly, dreadful holiday!



THE ADVICE OF MISS ALCOTT.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

THE readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have met with a great loss. Before this is read by you, the telegraph will have carried the sad news far and near that our dear "Aunt Jo" has passed away. How many happy hours are due to her! How many young lives are the better, and braver for the words she wrote, and the examples of her little men and women! There will be many a story told of her own unselfish kindness; but I wish to let her own words once more speak for themselves, feeling sure that the advice which so met the needs of the country boy, for whom they were first written, will be of equal value to other boys and girls, who would follow in her footsteps.

Once, in the audacity of youth, I wrote to Miss Alcott a letter, the tenor of which is indicated by her prompt, characteristic reply, herewith shown you. It may help some of you young people as it did me.

CONCORD, Oct. 24th.

J. P. TRUE:

DEAR SIR: I never copy or "polish," so I have no old MSS. to send you, and if I had it would be of little use, for one person's method is no rule for another. Each must work in his own way, and the only drill needed is to keep writing and profit by criticism. Mind grammar, spelling, and punctuation, use short words, and express as briefly as you can your meaning. Young people use too many adjectives and try to "write fine." The strongest, simplest words are best and no *foreign* ones if it can be helped.

Write and print if you can; if not, still write and improve as you go on. Read the best books and they will improve your style. See and hear good speakers and wise people, and learn of them. Work for twenty years and then you may some day find that you have a style and place of your own, and can command good pay for the same things no one would take when you were unknown.

I know little of poetry, as I never read modern

attempts, but advise any young person to keep to prose, as only once in a century is there a true poet, and verses are so easy to do that it is not much help to write them. I have so many letters like your own that I can say no more, but wish you success and give you, for a motto, Michael Angelo's wise words: Genius is infinite patience.

Your friend, L. M. ALCOTT.

P. S.—The lines you send are better than many I see, but boys of nineteen can not know much about hearts, and had better write of things they understand. Sentiment is apt to become sentimentality, and sense is always safer as well as better drill for young fancies and feelings.

Read Ralph Waldo Emerson, and see what good prose is, and some of the best poetry we have. I much prefer him to Longfellow.

Years afterward, when I had achieved some slight success, I once more wrote, thanking her for her advice; and the following letter shows the kindness of heart with which she extended ready recognition and encouragement to lesser workers in her chosen field.

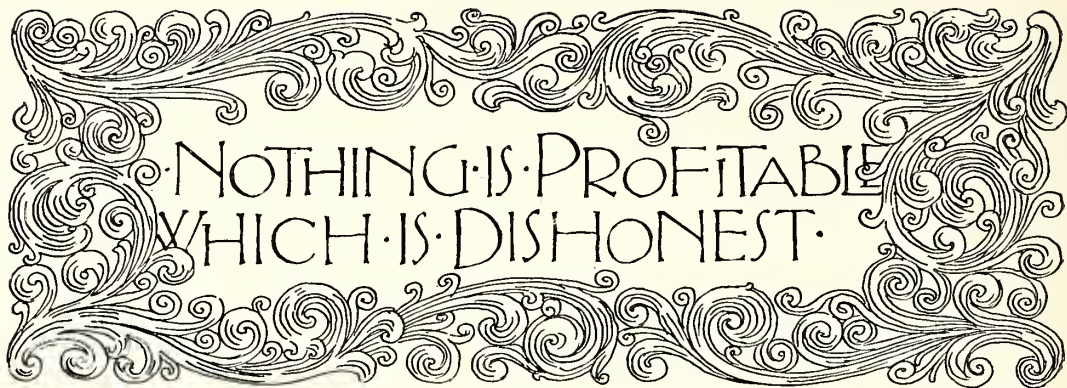
CONCORD, Sept. 7, '83.

MY DEAR MR. TRUE: Thanks for the pretty book, which I read at once and with pleasure, for I still enjoy boys' pranks as much as ever.

I don't remember the advice I gave you, and should judge from this your first story that you did not need much. Your boys are real boys, and the girls can run, which is a rare accomplishment now-a-days, I find. They are not sentimental either, and that is a good example to set both your brother writers and the lasses who read the book.

I heartily wish you success in your chosen work, and shall always be glad to know how fast and how far you climb on the steep road that leads to fame and fortune.

Yours truly, L. M. ALCOTT.



A CHINESE MARKET.

BY YAN PHOU LEE.

“BIRDS of a feather flock together.” In China, shops of a certain kind will be found side by side. If you will walk with me through a long avenue in my native place, you will find the dry-goods stores, where all sorts of silk, woolen, and cotton cloth are sold, at one end of the street, with possibly a book-stall or pharmacy sprinkled here and there between, and the shops which deal in food at the other end.

Let us take our basket and hand-scales and walk through a real Chinese market. You will need the scales, if you don't wish to be cheated by some of the rascally dealers. Human nature is the same there as elsewhere, you know; and you must take away the temptation to sin. I dare say that very few will give you short weight willfully, but it is just as well to provide against mistakes, and you see that almost every buyer is similarly provided.

The scales are a simple affair, being a polished and graduated wooden rod, dotted with brass pegs which mark off the ounces and “catties” (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) and having two hooks fastened to the larger end. The goods to be weighed are fastened to the hooks, and an iron weight is put on the other end, and so placed as to balance them.

Thus doubly armed, with scales and alertness, let us follow the crowd through the narrow thoroughfare. You notice that the street is paved with long granite slabs, worn smooth by the tread of thousands of pedestrians for many years. It is so

narrow that you may conclude that horse-teams are not supposed to pass through. Indeed, there are no carriages and wagons to be found in southern China, except in the foreign settlements. But occasionally a sedan-chair passes by, to which you must yield the right of way.

The shops open upon the street, and all their wares are displayed to the best advantage. The meat markets are rather dark-looking and unpleasant within, for there they not only sell their meats, but slaughter the animals on the spot and roast them as well. The butchers stand behind a long table facing the street, and sell you lamb, or mutton, or pork, and sometimes venison,—all raw, or roast pork, roast chicken and roast duck, in any quantity you may desire.

The way the meats are roasted may be of some interest. After the animals are slaughtered and well cleaned, inside and out, they are hung on iron hooks. The oven is of brick, very large, and about four feet high and three feet in diameter at the top, and is now heated red-hot by a blazing wood-fire. The animals are put in the oven after the wood is burned down to coals, and suspended by means of iron rods across the top, which is then tightly covered up, as is also the draught. You would be surprised to see how quickly the meats are roasted. It takes hardly fifteen minutes for them to be thoroughly cooked, and ready for sale. The meats thus roasted are delicious. The skins turn red and those of pigs

are very crisp. Cut half a pound, or a quarter if you wish, and pay fifty or twenty-five cash, which, respectively, equal five and two-and-a-half cents of American money. The mottoes pasted up in this and other shops are suggestive: "We cheat neither young nor old;" "May wealthy customers visit us often;" "As fast as the wheels may our goods circulate;" "May wealth increase in my presence."

Each shop has, usually under the table or the counter outside, a shrine dedicated to the God of Wealth, before which incense is burned morning and evening; and on the first and fifteenth of each month, when offerings of food also are made, candles are burned before it.

Dried fish of many kinds are sold in the stores, but fresh fish, and sea-food generally, are usually sold by men who bring them from a great distance, early in the morning or the afternoon, in



A PURCHASER WITH HIS SCALES.

baskets. Behind these they squat, and hawk their wares in loud tones. That is the reason why a Chinese market is so noisy and animated. You ask the price of shad, for instance, or of crabs, and the dealer raises the price of an ounce by so many cash, which you have to beat down. What Adam Smith called the "higgling of the market," exists here in its perfection. After wasting considerable time in talking and splitting differences, you at last decide to buy, or the trader concludes to sell. But however much you may congratulate yourself on having made a good bargain, you can not be certain that others may not make much better bargains with the same man. Vegetables are sold by other dealers, and the same process must be gone through before you can make a fair purchase. Grocery stores are plenty, and there you will find on sale all sorts of sauces, preserves, sugars, and so forth, in fact whatever is dealt in by grocers in America.

Beef is not often eaten by the Chinese, on account of their religious scruples, most of them being tinged, more or less, with Buddhism, but espe-

cially because the ox is used in ploughing. Occasionally you will find a stall for the sale of beef. Through the same prejudice, little cow's milk is used by the people, and that little is made into thin cakes, well salted, to be taken as a relish.

But a kind of cheese is made of bean curd. The beans are ground in hand-mills and dissolved in water, then strained and steamed. The result is a perfectly white cake, something like blanc-mange. It is eaten with shrimp sauce. This cake is also dried. There is also a sauce made from beans.

You perhaps wonder why I have not described the cats, kittens, and dogs, which are said to be the common food of the Chinese people. The reason is because no such things are to be found in the market. In fact, I know of no place where such articles of food can be had, except in a low part of Canton, where people who are almost starved



A CHINESE BUTCHER.

will buy almost anything to sustain life. The Chinese people live on wholesome food, as you will learn from good authorities. They eat rice as you eat bread. They make cakes of wheat, too.

Potatoes, cabbages, greens, melons, and the various cereals, are raised in great plenty and sold comparatively cheaply. The reason why things are sold so cheaply there, compared with the prices in America, is because gold and silver, being wholly imported, are very dear. Prices will rise there quickly enough as soon as they have exchanged their tea and silk for a great quantity of those metals.



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. III.

DRYING AND IRONING.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Allegretto.

1. In the breezy sun - shine, On the dew - y grass,

Here she tip - toes reach - ing, There she spreads for bleach - ing,

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains the lyrics "Dain - ty danc - ing lass, Dain - ty danc - ing lass." with dynamic markings *p* and *f*. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains dynamic markings *p*, *mare.*, *f*, *f mare.*, and *p*. The bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains dynamic markings *p*, *mare.*, *f*, *f mare.*, and *p*.

II.

When the sunny breezes
 Made her washing white,
 Wrapping, smoothing, holding,
 Sprinkling, rolling, folding,
 Comes the busy sprite.

III.

Passes and repasses,
 Folds so deftly laid,
 Now the iron sliding,
 Passing now and biding,
 She's a sony maid.

 RICHES AND POVERTY.

BY G. A. WOODS.

NOT many years ago there lived a young girl who was exceedingly fortunate.

Her home had massive walls and towers, with a great dome, beautifully ornamented, through which the light came with ever-changing effects. She had a large fortune, and among her jewels were, a golden crown that no one could imitate, a very large diamond, and a great many smaller ones. There was, besides, a great gold locket, with a picture in it; while she had more pearls than she could use.

Surrounding her home was an immense park that abounded in wild game and beautiful trees and flowers. Every one who came to see her brought a precious gift. Some even brought her everything they had to give. Every year she took a long journey and saw the most beautiful sights. Her traveling trip never tired her in the least.

Would you not like to have been in the place of this fortunate young girl?

In that same locality there lived a girl who, you will think, had a hard time of it.

She lived in a log-hut in the woods, and dressed in coarse clothes. She had to work hard, for her mother was ill a great deal of the time; and as she was an only child, a large part of the household duties fell to her. Then every day she had to search the woods for their cow, and milk her; and in their season she had to gather blackberries and

raspberries and blueberries to help out their scanty supplies. Would you not dislike to have such a fate? How much rather you would live like the first girl I spoke of! But what would you say if I should tell you they both were one and the same person? Let us see how that may be.

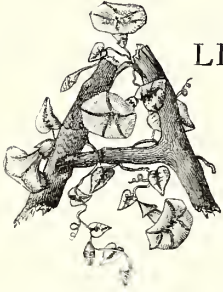
The massive walls and towers of which I spoke were the grand, high mountains around her valley-home; and the great dome was the sky, which was just as much hers as if it had been created especially for her. Her great fortune consisted of youth, health, sunshine, pure air, good looks and good nature, flowers and fruits, and a thousand and one of the best things of this world.

That golden crown you will guess to have been her beautiful golden hair, of which I am afraid she was a little vain. Her diamonds were the sun and stars, and she never worried for fear they should be stolen. Her golden locket was the moon, and the picture the one we all can see in it. Her pearls were dewdrops; the precious gift that every one brought was love, and this she well deserved. The long journey she took every year was the wondrous journey around the sun to Springland, Summerland, Autumn, and back to icy Winter. Every night revealed new glories in the heavens; every morning brought renewed life and health.

Now, if you wish a moral to my story, search carefully, and perhaps you may find it.

THE STORY OF THE MORNING-GLORY SEED.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



LITTLE girl one day in the month of May dropped a morning-glory seed into a small hole in the ground and said: "Now, Morning-glory Seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely trumpet-flowers." But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee seed could not grow at all. So, after lying patiently in the small hole for nine long days and nine long nights, it said to the ground around it: "O Ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves, and then I can begin to be a vine!" But the ground said: "That you must ask of the rain."

So the seed called to the rain: "O Rain, please come down and wet the ground around me so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the rain said: "I can not unless the clouds hang lower."

So the seed called to the clouds: "O Clouds, please hang lower and let the rain come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the clouds said: "The sun must hide, first."

So the seed called to the sun: "O Sun, please hide for a little while so that the clouds may hang lower, and the rain come down and wet the ground around me. Then will the ground give me a few drops of water and my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" "I will," said the sun; and he was gone in a flash.

Then the clouds began to hang lower and lower, and the rain began to fall faster and faster, and the ground began to get wetter and wetter, and the seed-coat began to grow softer and softer until at last open it burst!—and out came two bright green seed-leaves and the Morning-glory Seed began to be a Vine!



Five little maidens, all in a row
 And each is trying her best, to show
 How big she is, from top to toe.

ONE LITTLE SHOE.

BY AMY E. BLANCHARD.

"I belong," said the little shoe,
 "To a baby fair with golden hair —
 With dimpled smiles
 And cunning wiles
 And eyes of blue."



"What do you do,
 you little shoe,
 All the day?
 Tell me, I pray,
 Little shoe, what you do?"

"Upstairs and down," said the wee shoe,
 "Two little feet,
 Dainty and sweet,
 Patter about
 Indoors and out,
 And take me, too."

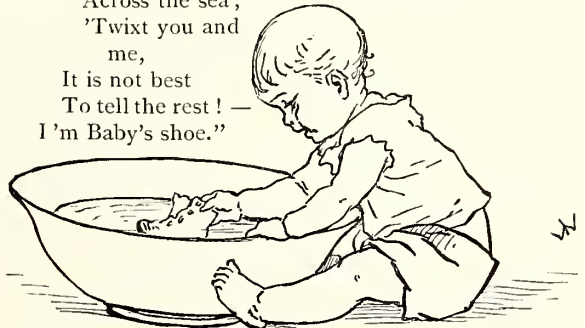
"What do you hear? Now, tell me true,
 How they talk,
 Where you walk,
 You little shoe?"

"What do I hear?" said the dainty shoe;
 "Tender words, songs of birds,
 Baby-sighs, lullabies,
 And laughter, too."

"Where do you go, you dear wee shoe?
 Do you weary
 For land and sea,
 For something new?"

"Sometimes I sail," said the wee shoe,
 "Across the sea;
 'Twixt you and
 me,

It is not best
 To tell the rest! —
 I'm Baby's shoe."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY, dear May lovers and May queens! It is delightful to see you here in this bright spring weather. By-the-way, have you all remembered to put on your overshoes? If so, stand around and listen to this letter which comes to propound

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

ALBANY, JANUARY 25, 1888.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have just been reading your February talk in St. NICHOLAS, and have decided to write and ask you a question which has been bothering me for some time. Can you tell me the difference between a vegetable and a fruit? I have asked a great many people, but nobody has been able to answer. When I first thought of it I supposed I had only to ask and be told, but found to my surprise I had propounded quite a difficult question. Surely, dear Jack, you should know, if any one does, being a sort of cousin to both.

Your friend and well-wisher,
ANNA M. TALCOTT.

It will never do, my chicks, for you to allow this query to remain unanswered. It requires careful consideration on your part, so we must give you time. Fruit of the earth is one thing. And fruit of the market is another, I suppose. The dear Little School-ma'am, who knows everything, can not give me terse, satisfactory definitions of fruit and vegetable that are calculated to relieve Anna Talcott's mind. The dictionaries and cyclopædias, I'm told, have formed a league to keep up the confusion. Elsie Goodrich, a little girl in the Red School-house, says the only way to find out is by cooking. If you can eat it raw and enjoy it, it's a fruit; if it must be cooked to be good, it's a vegetable. That is well enough, as far as it goes, but I'm sure it will not satisfy Anna Talcott. All you can do is to study and observe, and bother older

persons with questions till further notice. It is a hard world.

Here is trouble for Elsie Goodrich! The Little School-ma'am has just informed me that the happiest boy in the Red School-house eats, on an average, ten raw turnips a week, and that he has many followers. And how about olives?

ARBOR DAYS.

ARBOR Days, or tree-planting festivals, are happy days for our country, and I am glad whenever my birds tell me of any such celebration. They are held in many parts of the United States, and are frequent in the far West, I am told. The Little School-ma'am says that on one Arbor Day in April, a year or two ago, nearly a million trees were planted in Kansas alone. So, cultivate Arbor Days, children, and teachers of children, and do your part toward keeping this sunny land green and flourishing. My birds assume that trees are designed only for their benefit—the dear little innocents! But think, my hearers, of all the uses to which trees are put; think of their beauty, their value, and the important work they do in the economy of nature!

As to this last point, it might be well for you to inquire further. There is a great deal to be learned, I am told, in regard to the effect of trees upon the atmosphere, even upon the climate. But I am not quite able to inform you on these matters. Certain it is, however, that in one way or another, there is a steady demand for trees, and if nobody plants fresh ones there is danger of the supply giving out, in time. So says my old gray owl, and he *knows*.

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?

DEAR JACK: We think that we have heard of blue anemones, but we are not quite sure. Are there such things? And if there are, where do they grow? We have often seen white anemones, and also pink ones. Soon they will be coming again, and we four are glad.

With love to the Little School-ma'am, your loving friends,
FANNY, MARIAN, DIANA, and ELEANOR.

WAKING THE BRANCHES.

NOW is the time of year for tempting the little sleeping branches to wake up somewhat earlier than usual. Carefully cut a few from fruit trees, maples, willows, even from stiff and leafless garden shrubs, however drear and wintry they may appear. Put them in water (which should be changed every day); give them sunshine and shelter, place them in-doors and watch for the waking! Soon you will see swelling buds, then the blossoms, and, later, the green leaves, if you have pear or cherry branches, or cuttings from flowering-almond bushes, or from Forsythia or *Jyrus Japonica*. In this way my young city-folk may enjoy the sweet spring blooming even before it comes to their country cousins.

HENRY OF BLOIS.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a devoted reader of St. NICHOLAS, and particularly your part of it. In the January number I came across the question, "Who was Henry of Blois?" He

was brother of King Stephen, and Bishop of Winchester and Cardinal Legate of the Pope as well. He seems to have been haughty. Every reader of English history knows Stephen unjustly kept the crown of England from the only heiress and daughter of Henry I. Well, Henry of Blois, though brother of Stephen, was not brother of his cause, but adhered to that of the Empress Matilda. Unfortunately, the Empress Matilda was rude and haughty and offended Henry de Blois and lost his friendship. I am indebted for the above facts to Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," a book I am very fond of reading.

Your interested reader, AGNES STEVENS.

A RIVAL OF BRUCE'S SPIDER.

YOU all have heard of Bruce's spider? Yes? I thought so. Well, here is a wren that also deserves to be remembered, though, so far, no interesting historical person has utilized him, so to speak. I learn of this bird through a newspaper scrap that has just blown in upon my pulpit. It is very fitly headed:

"A PERSISTENT WREN."

A WREN built its nest in an old fruit-can, nailed to the gate-post of A. J. Diehl, of Normal, Ill. The nest was destroyed, but was renewed twelve times on twelve successive days, having been pulled to pieces each time by an inquiring naturalist as soon almost as built. The bird was then left in undisputed possession.

And now, with everybody's permission, while we are thinking of these energetic and seemingly intelligent little birds, I will take up something written on purpose for you by an observing young friend of ST. NICHOLAS:

THE WREN ARCHITECTS.

THE stories that we love best are the ones that Papa tells us, beginning, "When I was a little fellow," instead of "Once upon a time," a "truly, truly, black and bluely" story, and this is one of them:

"When I was a little fellow, your grandfather moved from the city, and I, for the first time, lived something of a country life. Everything was full of interest to me; but, above all, I was interested in the bird-life about me. It was spring-time, and the birds were having a right busy time of it, look-

ing up their new homes. One family, a pretty pair of wrens, interested me particularly. They chose the leader from the piazza-roof of our house for the site of their new home.

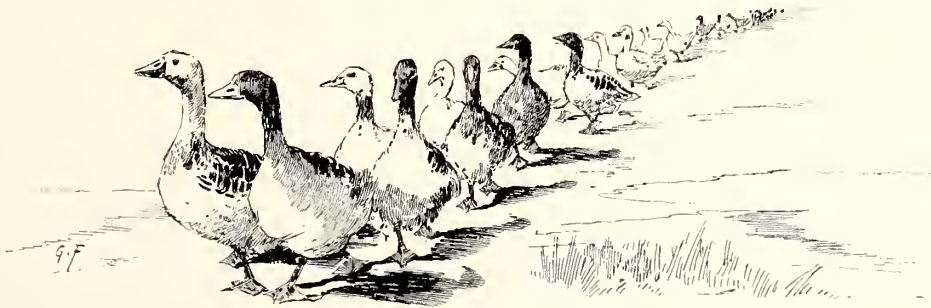
"You know the leader is the tin pipe that carries the water from the roof, and this one was a particularly large one. How I wished I might safely stop them at their work, knowing, as I did, that the first real storm would wash away their home nest, resting so daintily at the very mouth of the pipe.

"Well, it so happened that they hardly had finished their nest, when a severe storm came and tore away the new wren-home. As the water dashed through the leader, the poor wrens flew distractedly about, and finally settled on a neighboring branch of a tree.

"When the storm had cleared, they continued to twitter and fly about for a long time, and then flew away. To my surprise, the next day the pair were busily at work again in the very self-same place over the leader! And by and by I felt quite sure that there must be some tiny eggs in the little nest, as I saw Papa Wren flying back and forth all alone, politely carrying home a limp worm in his beak. I really dreaded another rain, and resolved, if possible, to watch the unfortunate little family when it should come.

"At last the storm came, and, to my amazement, the water came freely from the leader, apparently creating no commotion whatever. When the rain had ceased, I took a long ladder and climbed up to investigate the leader puzzle. Sure enough, there was the tiny nest (for wrens are very little birds, you know), with the mother-bird's bright eyes peeping over the edge; but beneath the nest, so that the nest rested safely upon it, was a perfectly arched little bridge built of pliable twigs, and under this bridge the water had run safely, leaving the little family really high and dry."

Now, dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit, this is a true story, for Papa says it is. I have two beautiful birds' nests that I found deserted by their builders; but I have not yet found one with a bridge built under it.



GOING FOR A SWIM.



PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Gentleman (having heard the little girl speaking French as he entered the elevator): "I wish that I could learn to speak French as well as you do, my child!"

Little Girl: "Then your nurse must be French, and you must never, never speak a word of English,—it is the only way! A French nurse, you know, can not talk English."

BOATING.

BY ERIC PALMER.—A VERY YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I. MAKING THE BOATS.

ONCE upon a time, there were two boys whose names were Billy Fray and Tom Dray.

One fine day, while Billy and Tom were deciding what to play, Tom started up and said:

"Let's make some boats; one of us can make a row-boat, and the other of us can make a sail-boat. The sail-boat will be a yacht, and a fishing-vessel, too, if we want to; don't you think it will be nice?"

"Yes," said Billy, "if we can ever make them; but why not buy them?"

"Why, we have n't money enough, of course," said Tom; "boats cost like everything; I don't know but some cost over a thousand dollars."

"Phew!" said Billy. "I never knew they cost as much as that." Then Tom laughed heartily.

They worked all the afternoon until evening.

In the midst of it Tom said:

"Well, after all, I don't think it will be worth the trouble"; but Billy coaxed him until he went on. After the boats were done, they were just as good as if they had been bought.

The next day after they were done, the boys thought they would have a row and sail in the newly made boats.

Tom did n't know how to row, so Billy taught him. Since they lived right on the sand, they did n't have very far to drag their boats to get them into the sea.

When Tom was just beginning, Billy thought he'd play a trick on Tom; so one time, when they were out rowing together, Billy said:

"Why don't you catch a crab?"

And Tom said: "I don't know how."

"Why, just put your oar deep down into the water, and then take a long sweep with it, so as to let the crab have time enough to get on, and then take it up and see what you have on the end of your oar."

So he did as he was bid, and instead of getting anything on the end, he just got pulled over in the bottom of the boat, and he said when he had got up:

"I *thought* you might be playing a trick on me!"

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER II. THE STORM.

"WELL," said Billy, "I can't play any more tricks on you like that."

"Well, I'm glad," said Tom, "for I did n't like that very much."

"I should n't think you would," said Billy, "for the first time I had that trick played on *me*, my head went against one of the seats and hurt a little."

"I should think it would; did it make your nose bleed?"

"No, of course not," said Billy indignantly. "A little thing like that would n't make *my* nose bleed; would it yours?"

"Yes, I don't know but it would; it might—and it might not," said Tom, a little slowly.

That afternoon they resolved to try the yacht,—which afterward they called "The Mayflower." They tied their row-boat (which they called "The Hepsie") to the stern and started off.

It was a nice day, but they had n't been gone half an hour before a storm came up; and just before that Billy said:

"Let's go home, for it is getting a little late; see, it's getting dark, but I noticed the clock as I came out of the house, and it said 2 o'clock exactly, and now it must be about 5. Now, should n't you think so?"

"Why, yes, I should," said Tom; "let's steer home."

"All right, go ahead," shouted Billy. "I guess we can get home in time for dinner, even if we are one or two miles from our beach; don't you think so?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Tom; "but stop! stop! Put on all sail; I feel some drops of rain, and a storm is coming up; put on all sail as quick as you can, before the storm gets any worse."

When they got on all sail, they went skimming along mighty fast, and it almost took the breath away from them. It went so fast the water came up on deck, but they did n't mind that, they just wanted to get home before the storm came up; and Tom rowed as best he could, and so did Billy, but neither of them seemed to make their little skiff go fast enough; they leaned over so as to prevent the water from coming into their eyes.

The little skiff rocked to and fro, and one time when she made a great lurch to one side, over she went. Fortunately for the two children they knew how to swim very well, and they were not far from land, so they struck out with all their mights, and were getting tired and saying, "Oh, dear me! I think I shall drown!" when their feet touched the sand, and then they shouted "Hurrah, we are saved!" and went into their houses dripping wet.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER III. GETTING THE BOATS.

In a few days the boys wanted to take another sail; so when their mothers did n't know it, they slipped out-of-doors and ran.

Pretty soon Billy said:

"Let's take another sail"

"All right," said Tom, "get your boat."

"Come along with me," said Billy, "and I'll get the boat quick enough." So they went to the place where they had kept her, and he saw she was not there; then he said, with blank amazement, "Where is she?"

"Why, out at sea; don't *you* remember a few days ago?"

"Oh, yes! now I remember—she got tipped over a few days ago, did n't she?"

"Yes, we did; but how are we going to get the boat and go out in it, and get her up in some funny way? But maybe we can't get her over at all, and even if we do, it will be all full of water, and we'll have to bail it out, and that will take two or three days, and I don't think it worth the trouble, do you?"

"Well, yes, I do; but where is your row-boat?" said Tom, with a laugh inside of him that he would n't let out because he did n't want Billy to know his trick, and he said to himself, "You've played a trick on me, so I'll play a trick on you."

Then Billy said, "Oh, yes, we tied our boat on behind the 'Mayflower,' did n't we? Oh, yes! I'm forgetting all the time. Is n't it funny?"

"I'll tell you a way to get the boats, and that is, to go to one of

our neighbors and ask to go out with them and get the boats up; don't you think that's a good way?"

"Yes, a very good way."

"All right, let's do it, then."

"Very well, come ahead."

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER IV. ANOTHER STORM.

"WELL," said Billy, "after all this trouble, do you think we have had as much fun out of these boats as we meant to have?"

"Well, I don't know," said Tom, "but I think just about as much as we ought to have; don't you think so?"

"No," said Billy, "I don't, for that time we tipped over was n't very nice."

"That's so," said Tom; "but we've had a good lot of fun out of 'em, anyhow, have n't we?"

"Yes, a pretty good lot," said Billy, a little suspiciously.

That night, before going to supper, the boys planned to have a sail the next morning after breakfast, unless it was cloudy or showed any signs of a storm. So the next morning they were up and dressed early, for they wanted to make plans before breakfast, and carry them out after breakfast, if nothing happened to prevent.

Right the minute they were done breakfast, without asking to be excused, or to fold up their napkins or anything, they hurried as fast as they could.

This time they thought they would leave the row-boat behind. "Because," said Tom, "if we get tipped over again, and get to shore, we can have it to get the 'Mayflower' in."

"Very true," said Billy solemnly, for the thought of the wreck made him shiver.

Well, they went out; and suddenly—very suddenly—a storm came upon them.

The night they got wrecked their fathers gave them a long instruction how to manage a sail-boat; so this time they did as their fathers told them to, and they got on pretty well for a short time, when all at once a gigantic wave came up and gave a great sweep over the little uncontrolled skiff, then another just like the one before it, and knocked the little thing right over; and this time the boys were farther away from land than they had ever been before, and, even good swimmers as they were, they thought they should drown, because they knew they just could swim to land before."

So Tom said, "We can't swim to shore, because we are farther out than we were before, and we just got to land then, so I'm going for good."

Then he made a great plunge and never came up again, and so did Billy, and neither of them came up again.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER V. MOURNING.

AFTER the two fathers had talked over the matter for a little while, they appointed that at 10 o'clock they would start out and inquire if any of the people had seen two boys out in a sail-boat in a storm, and a lot of people said "No, they had n't." So then they had to ask the next person that came along until they got a lot of people going along with them, and some were the boys' friends, and some were total strangers; but they all were anxious to get the boys back again if they could. By a little instruction from one of them, and by going where he told them to, the men and women found out that the "Mayflower" was gone from her mooring-place, and by looking through an opera-glass they could see far out at sea a ship blown over on her side, and they could make out these words on the side uppermost, "The Mayflower."

Then, just as soon as the two fathers saw these words, they both cried out, "That is our sons' ship. I remember 'The Mayflower' was her name. Our sons are drowned! Our sons are drowned! Now, how can we get our sons up from the bottom of the sea?" "I don't know," said all the others that were standing around, "unless you take a well-trained diver and send him down to the bottom, and he'll get them up for you."

"Well, that would be a good way, but where are we going to get a diver? and even if we do get one, he may not go down for us. And then, when we get a diver, where shall we get our boat?"

"I can get you both, sir, for I am the diver, and here is the boat. When would you like them?"

"Now, if you please, sir; you're very kind."

"Oh, not at all, sir; I do such things often for people."

After they had got the boys they had a funeral, and on the grave-stone of Billy there were these words:

Little lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and made thee feed by the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,—softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice, making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?

And on Tom's grave-stone there were these words:

Little lamb, I'll tell thee, little lamb, I'll tell thee,
He is called by thy name, for he calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild; he became a little child;
I a child and thou a lamb, we are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee! Little lamb, God bless thee!

The End.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Erratum—The reference beneath the frontispiece of the March ST. NICHOLAS to p. 436 should have read "See p. 396."

A friend sends us a bit of information concerning a place mentioned in Mr. E. V. Smalley's article relating to the famous Lafitte brothers, in ST. NICHOLAS for March. Our correspondent writes: "The author of the interesting article 'An Ancient Haunt of Pirates,' in your March number, omits to tell us the origin of the name of Barataria Bay. Lafitte and his followers always claimed that their offense was not piracy, but barratry—in Spanish, *barateria*, which means a 'cheat.' Barataria Bay is simply Barratry Bay, or the bay where cheating is going on."

WHITNEY'S POINT, BROOME CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you how much I like your magazine. I think it is *decidedly* the best magazine published, with no exceptions. I have taken it as long as I can remember, and there never was a time when I did not like it, and I do not think there will ever be a time when I shall tire of it. Mamma and the older members of the family enjoy it as much as I do. I think that Louisa M. Alcott and Mrs. Burnett are my favorite authors. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the most beautiful story I ever read.

I took part in two ST. NICHOLAS plays which were acted here, "The Land of Nod" and "The Magic Pen." The parts were all taken by girls,—there was not a boy in either play.

I think the "Letter-box" is a great institution, and I love to read the letters.

I think I will ask a conundrum which all who love ST. NICHOLAS as I do, can guess very easily. "Name something that can not be improved?" The answer is "ST. NICHOLAS," of course. I have written quite a long letter now, and so I will close with "Love life to ST. NICHOLAS."
GRACE F. E.—

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy six years old. I have taken you one year, and hope I may always have you for my Christmas present. I like you very much. I thought I would make a few pictures for you. I made three this morning while my mamma was busy. I asked her if I might send them, and I saw her smile. She said "Yes." I would like to see them printed in my ST. NICHOLAS. Your "Brownies" are funny little men. Good night, dear old ST. NICHOLAS. Your little friend,
ROBERT C. COLE.

We thank our young artist for the pictures which accompanied his letter, and regret that our engraver has been too busy to engrave them.

SCOUGHALL, NORTH BERWICK, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of our fellow-readers would like to hear about the "Bass Rock," to which we often go in summer, as we live close to it. We take a little steam launch from "Canty Bay," for the rock is two miles from shore. It is four hundred feet high, rising sheer up out of the sea, except on the south side, where we land, at one spot when the wind is east, and at another when it is west.

Next to the rock itself, the solan geese take up most of our attention. These birds have some very curious habits; they lay their single eggs on ledges of the rock, some of which are so narrow one would think there was scarcely room for the egg (which is about the size of a turkey's), much less for the parent bird, which hatches the egg by standing with one foot upon it; hence its name (sole on), some people think. These geese only inhabit one other rock in Great Britain (Ailsa Craig). They all go away for the winter months, and come again in spring, nearly always on the 1st of February. When the bird is quite young it is a little downy ball, but becomes covered with black feathers, which gradually each season become more and more speckled with white till, at five years old, it is entirely white, with only black tips to each wing, and measures six feet from tip to tip. The "Bass mallow," peculiar to the rock, has been almost all carried away by botanists.

There are many other birds besides the geese on "the Bass," such as sea-gulls, guillemots, kittiwakes, cormorants, and quantities of pretty little "jammers" with their red legs and bills, which dive in every direction. There is a cave right through "the Bass,"

which venturesome people can explore in calm weather when the water is low. There is also an old chapel and a prison on the rock, in one of the cells of which an old ancestor of ours, Colonel Blackadder, the martyr, was confined for seven years, and then died there. This Blackadder was a "Covenanter" and suffered for his religion.

"The Bass" was the last stronghold in Great Britain that held out for the Stuarts. This shore is very rocky, and they say people who lived here long ago were so bad they were called "the pagans of Scoughall," for they would tie a horse's head to its knee, and with a lantern attached to the cord, drive it along the cliffs on a stormy night to look like a vessel riding at anchor, and so cause a wreck by alluring any passing ship on to the rocks; then the inhabitants would kill any survivors and take the spoils. People say the cellars under our house used to be filled with smuggled brandy. We still have many wrecks, but we try to save the lives instead of destroying them. Our papa is captain of a volunteer life-saving corps, which has done good service. Only two miles from here is Tantallon Castle, which Sir Walter Scott mentions in "Marmion." They have just opened an underground entrance from the inside of the castle into the outside dungeon, and are also clearing out many built-up rooms and staircases. The battle-field of Doune Hill and Dunbar Castle are also within sight of our windows.

I am your constant and admiring reader,
AGNES DALE.

NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have been taking you more than ten years I have never written to you before, and probably you have not missed it, as you have so many letters from all over the world; yet I don't think I ever saw any from this part of Virginia. We have been living here for about seven years, ever since Papa bought the place, which consists of the "Bridge" and about 3000 acres of land.

Our cottage stands not more than one hundred feet from the top of the "Bridge," but we are very careful not to venture near the fearful precipices, which are over 215 feet high.

My sister and I have a great many pets of every description; among others, four dogs (a pug, a mastiff, a collie, and a Newfoundland), two little ponies that we brought from Florida last winter, twelve Jersey cows, and three lovely goats; and last, but not least, an English bullfinch which can whistle two tunes perfectly.

We have grown too large to ride our ponies, but we drive them in a little phaeton, and have great fun. I am afraid we drive them very recklessly, as you will think when I tell you that we have worn out three pairs of wheels since last spring.

Should ST. NICHOLAS chance to be traveling this way we would be glad to see him at Natural Bridge, and be sure to send your card to
GRETCHEN PARSONS,

"Jefferson Cottage."

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you, as I have not seen any letter from here, and tell your readers something; if you take an egg and shake it twenty or thirty minutes, and then put it on a perfectly level surface, it will stand up straight. I have both seen it and done it myself a great many times. I take you constantly, and have a little fox-terrier dog, and my sister has a canary-bird that always looks for me in the morning to pick my finger. I can also hitch my dog to a sled, and he will pull me on a run.
Your little friend,
GERALD B. W.—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write to tell you of the fun we boys and girls had by acting some plays published in your pages. "The Jolly Old Abbot of Canterbury" is in Vol. III., page 123. I took the part of the Jolly Abbot. The parts were very easy to learn, and the audience enjoyed it immensely. Then we had "The Magician's Lesson," which is in Vol. VI., page 60. Then we had charades, which were also found in your columns. I hope other readers who see this will get up these plays, as they afford pleasure and instruction at the same time. My sister has taken you since you first came out in November, 1873, and had you bound every year.

Your affectionate reader,
ASA BIRCH C.—

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your cheery red cover brightens my house every year, and makes us glad to see you.

I am an only child, and am generally very lonely, as I don't go to school on account of my health, but I will tell you about my pets. I have three cats and two dogs. The cats' names are "Pequo," "Pollade," and "Noctie." I do not like common names. When I want the cats to look extra nice I take a sponge and smear a *very little* rich cream all over them, which they immediately lick off, and this gives them a fine gloss. I have taken the St. NICHOLAS for seven years, and enjoy it more than any other magazine.

Your devoted friend,
M. J. DUNCAN.

WASHINGTON BARRACKS, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been reading your lovely magazine. I think that "Sara Crewe" was splendid, and I am so sorry it is finished. My Papa is in the army, and we live a long way from the city. I go to school every morning at 8 o'clock, and do not get back until 4 in the afternoon. I think Mrs. Cleveland is very pretty, and I am going to one of her receptions very soon. Another little girl and I sent her our birthday books, and she and her husband wrote in them. It is time I was stopping, for my letter is getting long.

Your devoted reader,
JENNIE D. H.

LYMM, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number, among the letters from your American correspondents, I read one asking the question, "Why were not all the kings of England crowned immediately upon ascending the throne?" I think there are two very good reasons why they should not be crowned: First, it is a grand public ceremony, and therefore needs a great deal of preparation, which certainly could not be begun till after the former king's death; and secondly, it would not be thought kind or respectful to have such a scene of rejoicing too soon after a king's or queen's death. We have taken you for nearly seven years, and think you nicer than any other magazine. I am always very interested in the "Letter-box." We thought "Sara Crewe" was going to be a much longer story, and hope Mrs. Burnett will soon write another.

I remain yours sincerely,
IDA S.

THE MANSE, HYDE PARK, BELFAST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since 1880, and enjoy you greatly. I am a little Irish girl, and think Ireland is a lovely place. I love all your stories, especially "Miss Minchin's School," and "His One Fault."

I am your delighted reader,
B. CRAIG HOUSTON.

ONEKAMA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My kind Grandpa, who lives in Canada, has been sending you to me for more than two years. I guess it must be because he knows I have no brothers nor sisters, and few playmates. We live by a pretty lake, with hills and woods around it, and lots of beautiful little brooks running into it, which all come from springs. Some of them are mineral springs and taste queer. People come here in summer and live in a hotel near our home, so that they can drink the spring water, and go sailing and fishing. I shall be glad when the snow and ice are gone, so that we can ramble about as we please, once more, and watch the steamboats and schooners sail in and out from Lake Michigan, which is three miles off. When the boats run, my Aunts and other friends come oftener to see us; but now the snow is three feet deep, and it is dull and solemn everywhere outdoors. Last night though, when the sun went down, the sky was beautiful, and there was a big, fiery streak that seemed to shoot straight up out of Lake Michigan. I am eight years old, and am learning to read and write at home, because I have not been as strong as most boys, and school is a good way off; but I am to begin in the spring. I got Papa to write this letter down so that you could read it easier. Mamma reads to me every night. I think St. NICHOLAS stories are the nicest, and "Juan and Juanita" and "The Brownies" the best of all. I like the war stories too, and draw monitors on my blackboard.

Yours truly,
L. S. HARMER.

SYCANORE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of seventeen, but my sisters and I still like St. NICHOLAS as much as ever. We have been taking it since 1881, and have had the volumes bound. We all like the stories, especially the continued ones. My sisters are again reading their favorite—"Little Lord Fauntleroy." They take "Youth's Companion" and "Harper's Young People," so that we are well supplied with reading matter.

Noticing in one of my old books the extraordinary ages of different animals given, I thought I would mention my mother's canary—Fritz, by name. He lived in our family ten or eleven years. He died literally from old age, as he was, to the best of my knowledge, thirteen, or possibly fourteen years when he died.

This is a city of about four thousand people, and, if I do say it, one of the prettiest west of Chicago. We have three ward schools (graded) and a high school. I am a senior in the high school. I am a bicyclist, using a Columbia, 57-inch, and I wish that you would publish more bicycle stories.

A reader,
DAN. P. WILD.

SARATOGA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and have taken you for over a year. I have two brothers and two sisters, and we all enjoy hearing Mamma read your nice stories to us. We liked "Juan and Juanita" the best of all; and Papa brought us home a dog when we were reading it, which looked a good deal like "Amigo" in that story, so we named ours Amigo, too, and we think she is just as smart as theirs, only in a different way. I want to tell you some of her smart tricks. If we throw a stone or a ball in the air, she will jump higher than our heads and catch it in her mouth. And last Christmas eve she brought me at my feet what I thought was a stone, but when I picked it up I found it was a *lovely little vase* of Indian pottery. Where she got it I can not imagine, but I am sure she wanted to make me a Christmas present, and I think more of that little vase than of any other gift. Papa has had a toboggan slide built for us this winter in our grounds, and I tell you it's a "ripper." The chute is forty feet and the runway is about 250 feet. We each have a toboggan, and we and some of our little friends have formed a club, and I am the president, and we all wear badges and have fine sport riding.

I wish Mr. Palmer Cox would make some pictures of the "Brownies" tobogganing. It would be so funny to see the "Dude" riding down.

Your little friend,
S. RESTON S.

We are glad to be able to tell Reston S. that Mr. Palmer Cox once showed "The Brownies Tobogganing," in St. NICHOLAS for January, 1886.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Salt Lake City in your "Letter-box," and I think I will write to you and tell you what happened one time when we were in Big Cottonwood canyon. I went into the tunnel of an old mine with my sister and my two big brothers. The tunnel had been abandoned for a long time. There was a shaft in it about ten feet deep, and we had to crawl along next to the wall to get past the shaft. The tunnel was very dark, and when we got in about two hundred feet we heard a growl and a whine, and, turning around and going in the direction of the noise, we saw a black object coming towards us. We had no other weapon than an old mining pick, which my big brother held, waiting for the beast to come on. Just as it reached the shaft, close to where we stood, my brother raised the pick he had in his hands and was about to strike, when the bear, as we thought it was, laughed and got up. It was a foolish boy who had seen us go into the tunnel and thought he would scare us, but he just escaped death himself. All this happened when I was quite a small boy. I am eleven years old now. I like the story of "Sara Crewe" very much.

Truly yours,
GATES E. PADDOCK.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in Japan, and am thirteen years of age. Every Christmas or birthday mother gives me two volumes of St. NICHOLAS. I have read the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and have liked it very much. "The Brownies" amuse us all, too. I have a little dog (pug) called "Putzica," which means in the Croatian language "the little girl." I possess, too, a lot of birds—canaries, who sing beautifully. It is not cold enough here in Japan to have a large skating-pond, but there is a rice-field where people throw water, and it freezes up. It is exceedingly small. I tried to skate the other day for the first time and fell down about twenty times, but, happily, did not hurt myself. There were a lot of Japanese children around the place, and whenever anybody fell down they began to laugh and cheer you, and made a dreadful noise.

I remain your loving reader,
MARY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy seven years old. I have written a good many letters to my friends, but I never wrote to you before. But I like you so well that I think you must be one of my friends. Any way, I am one of yours, so I think I will write to you. I like your "Letter-box" very much, and I like "The Brownies," too, and "Jack-in-the-pulpit," because he tells us so much of Natural History, of which I am very fond. Indeed, I like everything between your covers. I have a pet cat named Muffi. He is very affectionate, and shows his love by bumping me with his head.

Your little reader,
GEORGE M. R.

NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live here in the Navy Yard, and every morning I go over to Portsmouth to school in a tug called "Emer-

ald." There are many naval ships here at the yard. Among them are two famous ships, the frigate "Constitution" and the "Kearsarge." The last named was famous in the last war on account of the fight with the "Alabama." The "Constitution" is the famous "Old Ironsides" of the war of 1812. I do not know much about these wars, as I am only ten years old. There are several children in the yard, and we have very nice times together. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and can hardly wait for it to come each month. I read all the letters in the "Letter-box" and wonder if I shall see mine there. I must not make this letter too long, so will say, good-bye ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant reader,

EDITH M. B.—.

LEWISTOWN, PA.

A motherless little girl of six years, able to write only in the form of printed letters, wants her grandmamma to write you something for ST. NICHOLAS. Little Zella is quiet so long as there is any ST. NICHOLAS to read, and that is about the only still time we have, as her feet, tongue, and fingers, when not thus absorbed, are next to motion perpetual. As you have not much about Indians she asks me to say that, from our back windows, she can see the blue Juniata where the "bright Alfarata" was wont, in the long ago, to paddle her own canoe. Now it is the white Juniata, held in its bed with a crystal covering of ice two feet thick and covered with snow. And a few steps from the front door will take her to the bank of a beautiful creek retaining its Indian name, Kish-a-co-quillas.

She has an aunt who is musical instructor in an Indian girls' school in Philadelphia, where she visited for several days early last spring, and became acquainted with the hundred or more pupils, among them being the Lizzie Spider, who has become known as the model for one of the principal figures in the group of a statue representing America, lately introduced into Fairmount Park. Your young readers would be greatly interested in a doll made by her and sent to little Zella after her return home. It is dressed as the Indian mothers do their children in their far-away homes, with leggins, moccasins, blanket, and beads, the latter wherever they could be put on neatly and tastefully. The hair, in braids, is from her own ample supply, black as a raven, straight and coarse, and the name given the doll was "O-yah-tah-washta," and that is what Zella calls it.

ZELLA.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Ethel M. Tunnison, Willie Giffin, Harold

Kidner, James C. Mendel, Hubert C., J. C., "Garth," Bertha E. Williams, Carter A. Hudson, Jennie Tracy, Cora and Clara Kepingler, Flaxie F., Oliver R. Wade, Ray O., Nina V. Cooper, Susie Ward, Sidney W. Smith, Therese Erhard, Mary W. Ward, Carrie H., Faith E. Babcock, Manie Walt, Elsie Cocker, LeRoy B., W. and L., E. S., Bessie P. S., Ethel E. B., Louisa Ermburg, Alex. S. E., "Daisy and Buttercup," S. M. S., Edward S. Hine, Elsie S., Ethel Pine, Ruth Merriam, Agnes E. R., Daisy S., Louise M., Sue H. D., Albert, Ollie N., Fannie and Edith Tolman, Leadean Royden, Roy I. Bratton, Theodora A., Charley Alexander, Lena Edge, Julia, Sallie and Margaret C., Hiram C. Jenks, Kate and Minna, Marie and Nellie B., Hannah R. Sprague, Yula Campbell, Ida Ellis, Jennie S. Smith, Florence Thayer, Rebecca F. D., Alice Chubback, Charles W. Gamwell, Miriam H., Hortie O'Meara, Bertha D., J. W. Haines, Henry D. C., Willie W. Curtiss, Alice S. Conly, Lilly Minneoka, Roxalene O. Howell, Tom P. Baldwin, Helen D. Baxter, Don Goodrich, Edith Bishop, Louise B., Robert R., Elsie M. G., Clara Whitmore B., Jessie and Eleanor, Ethel P., Maude L. H., Fannie Munkle, Roberta S. Caldwell, Amelia H. and Evalina Hamilton, Margaret G. King, Hatty K., Harry Kirtland, Helen Bugg, Lettice W., Effie J. C. Holland, V. B. and D. C., F. B. Miner, Lucie O. Smith, Pansy, Bertha B., Lillie Towner, Reba, Dorothea L. Somers, A. C. L., Sue, Marion C., Helen A. B., Lola and Allie, M. E. Mercer and O. L. Darling, Grace and Dillie, Mamie Hicks, Mabel L. Bishop, Olivia Bloomfield, Lotta B. Conklin, Harry Hayden, Gracie Hoag, Olive Shaw Stuart, Annie L. D., Fannie E. L., Edith G. Teuple, Mary S., Alice Hubbard, Pastora E. Griffin, E. Lewis Higbee, M. A. E., Henrietta and Juliet, Florence L., L. A. Prioleau, Annie B., Elsie M. Routh, H. H. H., Lottie H. C., Belle Mumford, John Stewart, Claude and Harvey Morley, Eddie A., Annie C., George F. Gornly, Katharine and Isabel, Dell B., Annie E. Hamilton, Margery Sheppard, Beulah W., Mabel G. M., Violet Pitman, Bessie Smith, A. H., Fawn Evans, Maud M., Franklin Carter, Jr., Joseph E. Merriam, Mary E. Foster, J. C., Arthur H. C., Cornelia H., F. S. W., Nellie T. W., George W. Leavitt, Edith S. Barnard, Alice, H. H. R., Ethel Moran, Ruth G. and Agnes A., May and Blossom, Sadie Myers.



THE CAT SAYS: "THINK OF THAT SELFISH MOUSE EATING AWAY, AND ME STARVING OUT HERE."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

EASY HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Consent. Cross-words: 1. discern. 2. prOud. 3. oNe. 4. S. 5. nEw. 6. caNon. 7. contEnt.—**CHARADE.** Fare-well.

COMBINATION STAR. From 1 to 2, boaster; 1 to 3, blesses; 2 to 3, reasons; 4 to 5, staters; 4 to 6, satiate; 5 to 6, systole. Enclosed Diamond: 1. T. 2. Mad. 3. Tares. 4. Den. 5. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA:

The pilot of our literary whale.
A tomtit twittering on an eagle's back.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Raphael; finals, Raphael. Cross-words: 1. RumOR. 2. AromA. 3. PolyP. 4. HarsH. 5. AortA. 6. ElitE. 7. LevelL.

DIAMONDS. 1. I. P. 2. Cat. 3. Cital. 4. Patriot. 5. Taint. 6. Lot. 7. T. H. I. S. 2. Lid. 3. Limes. 4. Similar. 5. Delay. 6. Say. 7. R.

DROPPED SYLLABLES. 1. Em-broid-ery. 2. Low-er-ing. 3. De-sert-er. 4. A-sy-lum. 5. En-coun-ter.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Pictures. 2. Illustration. 3. Altogether. 4. Slaughter. 5. Aspirants. 6. Repentance. 7. Hostages. 8. Persistent.

TRIANGLE. From 1 to 7, earning; 1 to 13, estates; 1, E; 2, 8, as; 3 to 9, rat; 4 to 10, Nora; 5 to 11, idiot; 6 to 12, needle; 7 to 13, guitars.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Louise McClellan—Grace Kupper—Harry H. Meeder—"Miss Flint"—M. Josephine Sherwood—M. R. S.—Edith and Mabel—Mamma and Jamie—"Meawls"—Ruth C. Schropp—"Marquise"—K. G. S.—J. R. Davis—Sydney—"Missie, Neddie, and Jamie"—No name, New York City—"Infantry"—Nellie and Reggie—Belle Murdock—Gus and Tow—S. and J. Edsall—"The Three Graces"—Ella and Co.—Henry H. Esselstyn—"Sally Lunn"—Bertha H.—Paul Reese—"Orange and Black"—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—Kenneth G. Warner—Harry and Bert—D. L. O. and S. B. O.—Kafran Emerawit—Nan and Bob Kitchel—"Shunway Hen and Chickens"—F. W. Islip—"Twice 15"—Louise Ingham Adams—"Willoughby"—"Jo and I"—Albert S. Gould—Annie Floyd—Charles C. Norris—"Tillie Boy"—Elsie Davenport.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from M. Hamersly, 1—Nyleptha and Sorais, 1—Noël and Lois di Cesnola, 3—Alex. C. Johnston, 1—"Nick or Methusalem," 4—L. J. Rose, 5—G. J. N., 1—P. J. Clephane, 1—"Punch and Judy," 2—L. M. Gillingham, 1—M. L. Radcliffe, 1—P. F. Stevens, 10—"Mistletoe," 5—Frank and May, 2—H. O'Meara, 1—S. Park, Jr., 1—C. Thomas, 1—"Tchoupitowlas," 1—Effie K. Talboys, 8—A. M. Renter, 1—B. Coleman, 1—E. H. Rossiter, 3—B. Bolles, 1—K. Peet, 1—Celeste Willis and Mary Small, 1—E. T. Lewis, 1—C. L. S., 2—R. Cummings, 1—E. R. K., 1—F. and H. Hooper, 6—G. Olcott, 8—"O, Leo Margarine," 2—"Idyle," 9—J. Z. and J. C. Smith, 2—E. W. Fullam, 1—W. R. Moore, 11—"Lady of the Lake," 3—"Three Graces," 3—S. Penman, 1—A. S. Baumann, 3—E. W. S. and J. McL. S., 2—J. H. Sayres, 2—L. F. Armington, 5—B. S. Merriam, 2—"The Two B.'s," 3—W. E. Smith, 2—H. K. Hill, 10—Skipper, 6—"Alpha, Alpha, B. C." 6—E. S. Hine, 3—M. P. Barker, 1—"Budget," 1—"The Three C.'s," 8—S. L. B., 1—S. and B. Rhodes, 11—G. Elcox, 3—"Merry Three," 7—J. S. Liebman, 5—S. Ward, 1—F. Runyon, 11—I. O. A. L., 7—I. R. and L. Rettop, 8—Obie, 2—Nella, 3—"Chingachook and Uncas," 4—"Leo," 1—G. and N. Wentworth, 1—Ali, Ella, and Gerty, 10—Mamie E. H., 6—No Name, Hooper St., 1—A. Mintel, 1—"Red, White, and Blue," 2—"Right-hand neighbors," 7—A. M. and S. R. Bingham, 7—"May and 79," 10—W. B. and G. D. Sleight, 7—"Twin Elephants," 6—J. C. and J. G. Smith, 1—"Kettle-drum and Patty-pan," 3—G. Hodson, 1—C. C., 2—"Lehte," 11—Maud S. and Em C., 5—E. A. Bessey, 1—John and Pessie, 3—Two Claras, 4—F. C. H., 7—"Tyb Tee and Matti B., 7—L. I. and J. Moses, 2—"Rag Tag," 6—N. L. Howes, 11—H. W. Pence, 2—Jay Laret, Jr., 10—"Lake View," 10—"M. A. Bel," 8—Millie Day, 2—H. A. H., 11—E. M. S., 5.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A COVERING for the lower part of the face and the shoulders. 2. A genus of succulent plants, found in warm countries. 3. A girl's name. 4. A well-known leguminous plant. "BELLA DONNA."

CUBE.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | . | . | . | . | 2 |
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| . | . | . | . | . | . |
| 5 | . | . | . | 6 | . |
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| . | . | 3 | . | . | 4 |
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| . | . | . | . | . | . |
| 7 | . | . | . | . | 8 |

FROM 1 to 2, the apparent junction of the earth and sky; from 2 to 4, pertaining to nebula; from 1 to 3, a large sea-fish; from 3 to 4, an instructor; from 5 to 6, sage; from 6 to 8, the windpipe; from 5 to 7, a place of exile; from 7 to 8, the admiral of the successful

BEHEADINGS. Lafayette. 1. L-arch. 2. A-loft. 3. F-lung. 4. A-bout. 5. Y-ours. 6. E-rase. 7. T-aunt. 8. T-ease. 9. E-vent.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, April fools; from 11 to 20, Wordsworth. Cross-words: 1. Allowing. 2. Spurious. 3. Barriers. 4. Resisted. 5. Mildness. 6. Afterwit. 7. Orthodox. 8. Monogram. 9. Militate. 10. Forsooth.

QUINCUNX. 1. Across: 1. Spar. 2. Hop. 3. Fare. 4. Eft. 5. Fete. 11. Across: 1. Tray. 2. Wax. 3. Fine. 4. Ink. 5. Ares. **AN ANAGRAMMATICAL PUZZLE.** Resuscitation.

CHANGES. 1. Saline, aliens. 2. Rugose, grouse. 3. Threat, dearth. 4. Cutlets, scuttle. 5. Piston, points. 6. Damson, nomads, monads.

Pl. First the blue and then the shower;
Bursting bud, and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide,—
All things ready with a will,—
April's coming up the hill!

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Grants. 2. Repeat. 3. Aporia. 4. Nerofi. 5. Tailor. 6. Stairs.

fleet in the naval victory at Actium; from 1 to 5, the Scythians who conquered Pannonia, and gave it its present name; from 2 to 6, cleanly; from 4 to 8, the genus of animals to which the frog belongs; from 3 to 7, a garment worn by the ancient Romans. M. V. W.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters; when these words are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, one row, reading downward, will spell typography and another row will spell devised.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To murmur. 2. A large strong wasp. 3. To quake. 4. Dogmas. 5. A common plant somewhat like mint. 6. The shop of a smith. 7. Upright. 8. A city, famous in ancient times, founded by Almanzor. "KATASHAW."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A girl's name. 2. Relating to a node. 3. Worthiness. 4. What Coleridge, in "The Ancient Mariner," says is "beloved from pole to pole." 5. The mollusk to whose pace Shakspeare compares the school-boy's.

DOWNWARD: 1. In kettle. 2. An article. 3. A boy's nickname. 4. The fifteenth day of certain months. 5. Noblemen of England ranking above viscounts. 6. A legal claim. 7. Always on the supper-table. 8. A mixed mass. 9. In kettle. N. O. AND M. M.

A DIAMOND.

1. IN ROCOCO. 2. Fortune. 3. A boys' name, common in France.
 4. Principal 5. A manager. 6. Adorned fantastically. 7. To inhume. 8. A deity. 9. In rococo.

SIDNEY J.

PI.

KARM! hwo ew teme tehe
 Ta dwan fo wyde yda!
 Khar! who ew trege heet
 Thwi rou dorylunea!
 Hilew lal eth dogloy sting hatt eb,
 Ni thare, dan ria, dan maple ase,
 Rea wingak pu of molewev tehe,
 Touh pryte thomn fo yam!

ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the title of a book, and the third row will spell the name of the writer of it, who was born in 1823. She was an English woman.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A horse and carriage kept for hire. 2. A hedgehog. 3. Pertaining to a mountain-city in Cyprus. 4. An altarpiece. 5. Slanting. 6. A confederate. 7. Capable of being rated. 8. Insnare. 9. Makes more intense. 10. An observation. 11. Fallow ground. 12. Belonging to a yeoman. 13. A phantom. 14. Doing menial services for another,— especially at an English school. 15. The close of the day.

LOUISE MCCLELLAN.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the month which takes its name from the god of war, and leave foguish; curtail this and leave a segment of a circle. 2. Behead to expiate and leave a sound; curtail this and leave a measure. 3. Behead an old word meaning "given," and leave level; curtail this and leave the beginning of the night. 4. Behead a place where milk is kept, and leave unsubstantial; curtail this and leave

- atmosphere. 5. Behead to reform, and leave to improve; curtail this and leave "children of a larger growth." 6. Behead to long for, and leave to merit by labor; curtail this and leave part of a skillet.

The beheaded letters will spell a day which young people frequently devote to outdoor festivities.

L. H. L. AND D. M.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzags (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell the name of a famous battle fought in the month of May.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A very small apartment. 2. Imposture. 3. A clique. 4. The coat of the seed of wheat. 5. Nice perception. 6. A small water-fowl. 7. A swimming and diving bird. 8. Pertaining to wings. 9. A liquid globule. 10. Horse trappings. 11. Mighty. 12. To avouch. 13. The steinbok. 14. Charity. 15. A nimbus. 16. A river of Germany.

"AUGUSTUS G. HOPKINS."

MALTESE CROSS.

| | | | | | |
|----|----|---|----|----|--|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | | | |
| 11 | 4 | 5 | 18 | | |
| | 14 | | 16 | | |
| 12 | | | | 19 | |
| | 15 | | 17 | | |
| 13 | 6 | 7 | 20 | | |
| | 8 | 9 | 10 | | |

- FROM 1 to 3, a Turkish governor; from 4 to 5, a unit; from 6 to 7, performance; from 8 to 10, to burst asunder; from 11 to 13, a well-known drug; from 14 to 15, an animal; from 16 to 17, a river of Scotland; from 18 to 20, a famous king of Corinth; from 2 to 9, knowledge duly arranged; from 12 to 19, to enrage. ARTHUR C.

A King's Move Puzzle



THE above one hundred squares contain the names of a number of novelists, which may be spelled out by what is known in chess as the "king's move." This, as all chess-players know, is one square at a time in any direction. The same square is not to be used twice in any one name. In sending answers, indicate the squares by their numbers, thus: Burney, 37, 36, 47, 56, 65, 66.

A separate list of solvers of this puzzle will be printed. If, however, so many solutions are received as to make the list of inconvenient length for printing in the magazine, only the names of those sending especially good lists will be printed. Answers will be received only until May 20, excepting those sent from abroad.



"IT WAS A SPLENDID SIGHT WHEN THE GLADIATORS CAME MARCHING IN."

(SEE PAGE 568.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1888.

No. 8.



A GREAT
SHOW.

A. D. 105.

BY PROF. ALFRED CHURCH.

Hipponax of Colonus, in Rome, to his cousin and fellow-townsmen Callias,— Greeting :

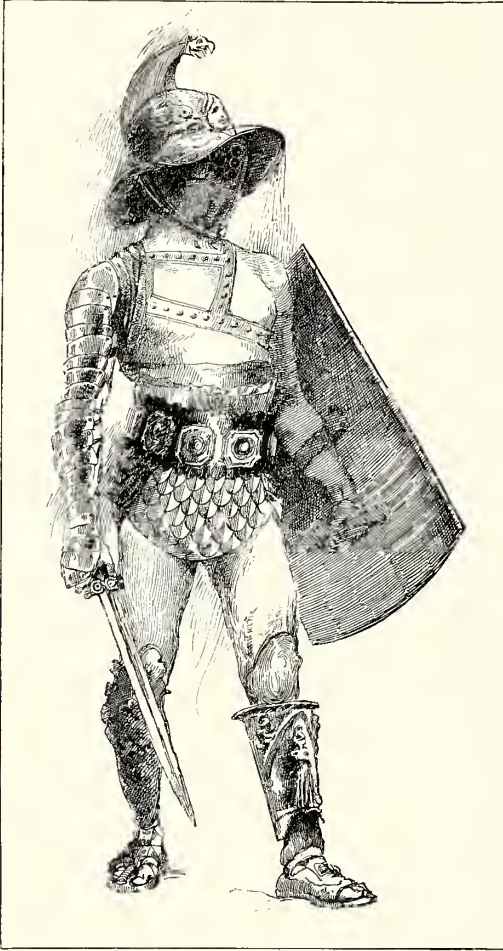
I have been greatly at a loss, my dearest Callias, ever since I came to this city, to decide whether I should rather admire or loathe these Romans. It must be confessed that at this moment, when I recall to my mind the things of which I was yesterday a spectator, I incline rather to hatred than love. How brutal they are!—how cruel!—how they delight in unmeaning show and extravagance! With what a thirst for blood are they possessed, keener than that of the most savage wild beasts,—keener, I say, for beasts are content when their hunger is appeased, but the appetite of these barbarians (for barbarians they are, notwithstanding all their wealth and luxury)

can never be satisfied. Yet, when I see with what unwearying diligence, with what infinite labor, they prepare even their pleasures, I am beyond measure astonished. For yesterday's entertainment, they had ransacked the whole earth; nor could a spectator, however hostile, forget that though they are vulgar in taste and savage in temper, they have conquered the world. But let me relate to you in order the things which I saw.

Trajan the Emperor,—who, by the way, both in his virtues and vices, is a Roman of the Romans,—having added seven new provinces to the Empire, resolved to exhibit to the people such a show as never before had been seen in Rome; and it is confessed by all that he has attained his ambition. The day before yesterday, my host, whose office imposes upon him part of the care of these

matters, took me to the public supper at which the gladiators who were to fight on the morrow took leave of their friends and kinsfolk. The tables

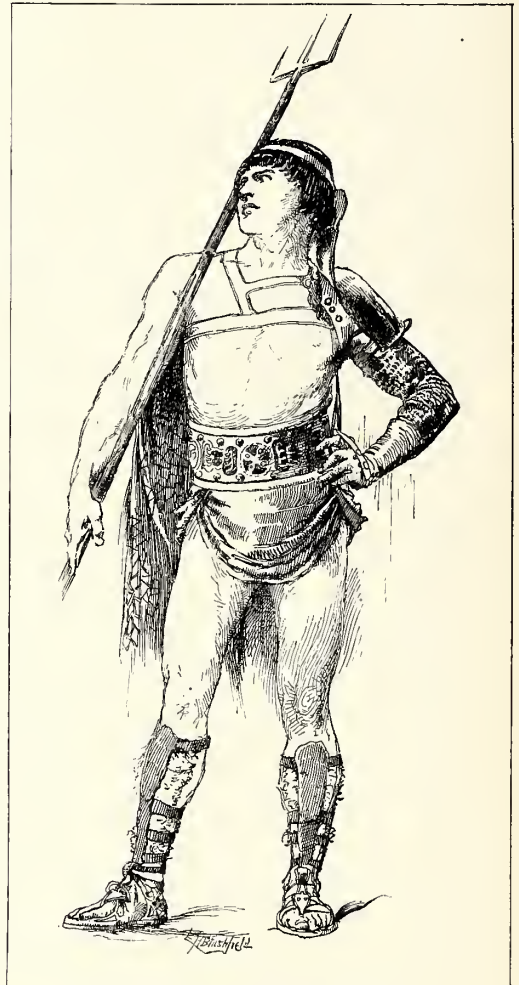
permitted, and ate and drank ravenously. Some of them loudly boasted of what they would do on the morrow, and were heard by their admirers, among whom were some of the noblest youths in Rome, with no less reverence than is a philosopher by his disciples. Others were more modest and more silent; and these, I noticed, were also more sparing of the wine-cup, which moderation would doubtless receive the reward of a clearer sight and steadier hand for the arena. There were not wanting sights which touched the heart. One such I observed in particular, because my host was concerned in it. I should say first, that some of these



A "SAMNITE." (SEE PAGE 568.)

were spread in the circus itself; and there were present, I should suppose, not less than two hundred guests (so many gladiators being about to fight on the morrow), for whom most bountiful provision of the richest food and most generous wines had been made. They were of all nations; but chiefly, as I was told, from Gaul and Thrace. From Greece, it rejoices me to say, there were but very few, and most of these Arcadians who, now that the Romans have established peace over all the world, are compelled to hire out their swords, not for honorable warfare, but for these baser strifes.

Most of the guests were, I thought, intent only on indulging in as much pleasure as the time



A "NET-MAN." (SEE PAGE 568.)

gladiators, though they themselves are slaves, yet have slaves of their own who receive by no means inconsiderable gifts when their masters are victorious; and not seldom, also, some share of the wages



"AMONG THE SPECTATORS SAT MANY WOMEN, HABITED WITH MUCH VARIETY OF COLOR."

which the gladiators win through their prowess. As we were walking among the tables, a certain Pleusicles, who was known to my host, plucked his gown and begged him to stay awhile. This Pleusicles was a gladiator of nearly ten years' standing, and would be entitled to his discharge (usually conferred by the presentation of a wooden sword) if only he should safely pass through the dangers of the morrow. By his side stood a man of about sixty years, a Syrian, as I should judge, who was weeping without restraint.

"Most noble Pontius," said the Greek, "will you condescend to be the witness while I set this man free?"

At these words the Syrian broke forth into tears more vehemently than ever. "I will not suffer it," he cried; "'t is of very worst omen that a gladiator should do such a thing. As well might you order the pinewood, the oil, and the spices for your funeral."

"Be silent," said the other, with a certain kindly imperiousness. "Shall I not do as I will with mine own? If to-morrow should —"

At this the old man clapped his hand upon the speaker's mouth, crying, "*Good words! Good words!*"

"Well," said Pleusicles, "should anything happen to me to-morrow, how will you fare, being still a slave? Say, if I had not bought you three years since, when your old master of the cook-shop sold you as quite worn out, would not you have starved? 'T is not every one, my masters," he went on, turning to us, "that knows this Dromio. He is the most faithful and the bravest of men — and makes withal the most incomparable sausage-rolls! Nay, Dromio, you shall be free whether you will or no. If all goes well, you shall not leave me; if otherwise, there is a legacy of fifty thousand *sestertii* [about \$2000] with which you can set up a cook-shop of your own."

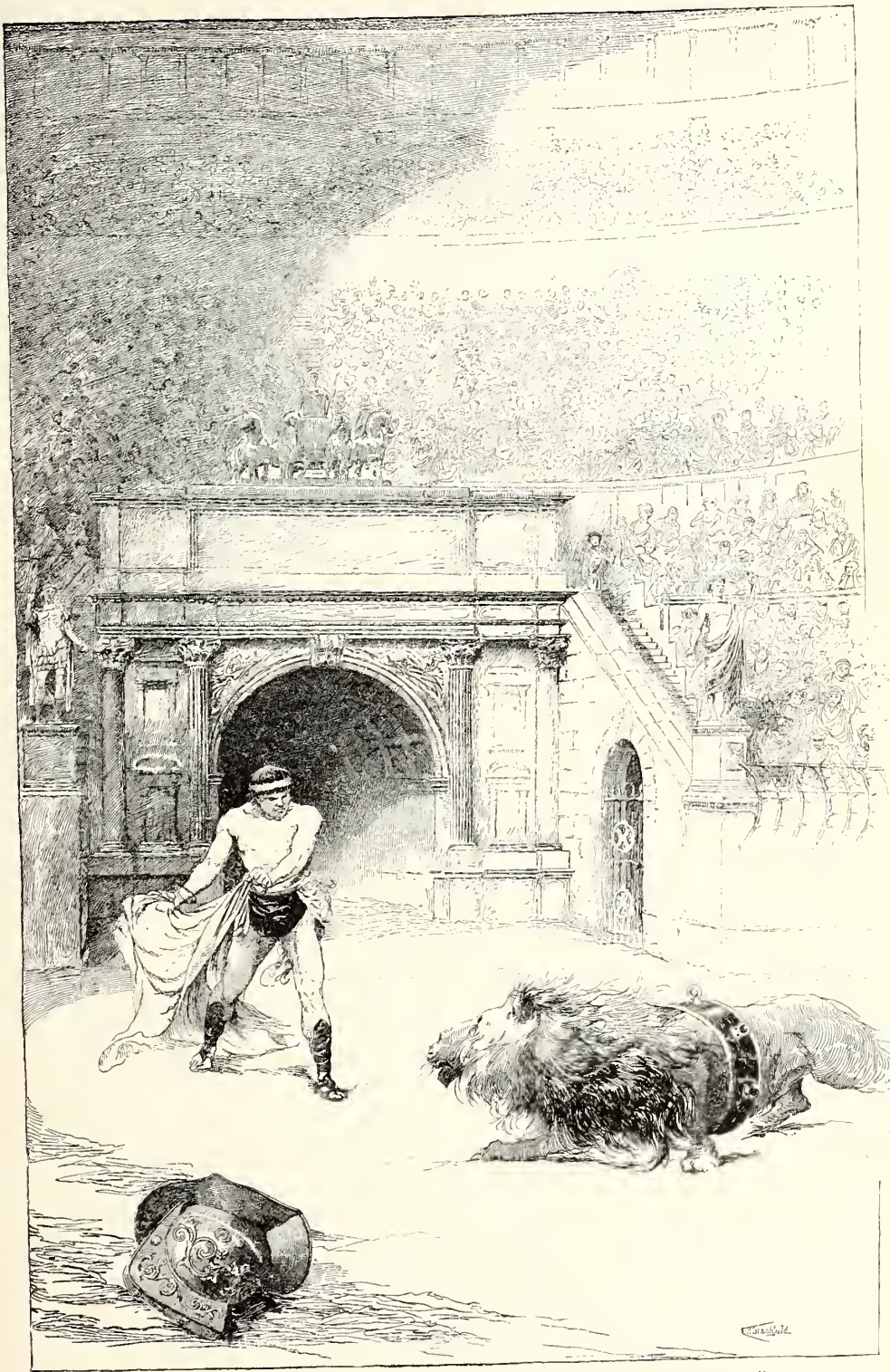
Pleusicles had his way; and, I am glad to say, escaped on the morrow unhurt.

A little further on I saw a parting which also moved me not a little. A young freedwoman was clinging with her arms around the neck of a most stalwart champion. They were a singular pair; she, more than commonly fair and of a delicate beauty; he, a Libyan, from the other side of the Atlas, and blacker than I had conceived it possible for any man to be. I wondered somewhat at her choice, for in his face, which was as flat as a bee's, there was little enough of the Apollo; but his stature (which was at least four cubits) and his broad shoulders and sinewy arms were truly heroic, and therefore I could excuse her admiration. Close by stood a little nurse-girl, carrying a child in whom were most admirably mingled the

hues of night and morning; nor am I ashamed to confess that there were tears in my eyes when the black Hector took this little whitey-brown Astyanax in those mighty arms and tenderly kissed him. I do not know how it went with the father in the combat.

But I must hasten on to the show itself.

I will not deny that the first part filled me with unmixed delight and admiration; for the place, with the concourse of spectators, formed a most noble sight. There were gathered together more thousands of men than I had ever seen before, each robed in a spotless white gown and wearing a garland on his head. Among them sat many women, habited with much variety of color. I myself sat with my host, his wife and daughter, in one of the front rows; and from there the sight was one of uncommon splendor. The purple and red awning, too, which was stretched over our heads, with the sun partly shining through it, gave a most brilliant effect. And then, the spectacle first exhibited was of incomparable rarity. Such curious and beautiful creatures were brought before our eyes as I had scarce known even in my reading. And, as if their natural beauty were not enough, art had been called in to increase their attraction. There were ostriches — 't is a bird, if you will believe me, of full six cubits in height — dyed with vermilion; and lions whose manes had been gilded, and antelopes and gazelles, which were curiously adorned with light-colored scarfs and gold tinsel. I should weary you were I to enumerate the strange creatures which I saw. Besides the more common kinds, there were river-horses ('t is a clumsy beast, and as little like to a horse as can be conceived, except, they say, as to the head when the upper half is protruded from the water), and rhinoceroses, and zebras (beasts curiously striped and not unlike to a very strong and swift ass); and, above all, elephants. Though I liked not the artificial adorning of some of these creatures — which, indeed, I thought proof of a certain vulgarity in these Romans — I could not but admire the skill with which all these animals had been taught to keep in subjection their natural tempers and to imitate the ways of men. This was especially manifest in the elephants. One of these huge beasts, balancing himself most carefully, walked on a rope tightly drawn. Other four, on the same most difficult path, carried between them a litter in which was a fifth, who represented a sick person. And even more wonderful than these were the lions and other beasts of a similar kind. It has always been a favorite marvel of the poets, how Bacchus was drawn in a chariot by leopards which he had trained to be as docile as horses. But here I saw Bacchus out-



"WITH WONDERFUL ADROITNESS HE THREW THE CLOTH OVER THE LION'S EYES."

done. Lions and tigers, panthers and bears, appeared patiently drawing carriages; lions being yoked to tigers, and panthers with bears. Wild bulls permitted boys and girls to dance upon their backs, and actually, at the word of command, stood up on their hind feet. Still more wonderful again than this was the spectacle of lions hunting hares, catching them, and carrying the prey in their mouths, unhurt, to their masters. The Emperor summoned the lion-tamer who had trained the beasts in this wonderful fashion, and praised him highly for his skill. The man answered with as pretty a compliment as ever I heard. "It is no skill of mine, my lord," says he; "the beasts are gentle because they know whom they serve."

But, in good truth, there was little more of gentleness to be seen after this. The Romans have an unquenchable thirst for fighting. These curious shows of rare creatures and rare accomplishments (I had forgotten to say that there was an elephant that wrote the Emperor's name on the sand) soon gave place to the serious business of the day. But previously, to whet the appetite of the spectators for that which was to follow, came various spectacles of beasts fighting against one another. First, a Molossian dog (famous, as you know, for strength and courage) was set on a bull. Then a lion was matched with a tiger, but most unequally; for the lion, being inferior in strength and courage, was speedily killed. Then came a combat of a bull with a rhinoceros. With what fury did the people roar (not liking to be balked of their sport), when the great beast declined the combat, and willingly would have retreated from the bull into its den. It had manifestly no liking for the fight, and could scarcely be urged into it by the keeper, though the man put hot iron into its hide (which, indeed, is marvelously thick), and blew into its ear with a trumpet. The bull, though savage enough of his own accord, also was urged on with fluttering pennons of red. So, at last, they got the two to engage; and then the rhinoceros, tossing up his head, sent the bull flying into the air, as if it had been no more than a truss of straw. When the bull came to the ground, he was absolutely dead, his enemy's horn having pierced a vital part.

These were but a few of many combats. Then came as many — nay, twice as many — fights between men and beasts. I am told that men sometimes are sent unarmed into the arena, having been doomed for some great crime to die in this way. Four men devoted to some strange superstition, which is called after one "Christus," perished in this way last year. But to-day all were armed; and, indeed, they acquitted themselves with mar-

velous skill and success. I noticed especially one man, a famous performer, who was matched against a lion; he had no protection but a cloth in his hand and a small dagger that seemed made rather for show than for use. With most wonderful adroitness he threw the cloth over the lion's eyes, completely blindfolding them; and then, when the beast was struggling with the incumbrance, fastened a rope to a leathern belt that was round the creature's belly (most of the larger animals were so harnessed for convenience in managing them). With this rope the lion was finally dragged back into his den, the man retiring amidst shouts that could have been no louder had he saved the city from destruction. On the whole, there was little damage done, though some were wounded, and my heart, it must be owned, beat fast more than once at seeing in what peril the combatants stood. I thought, also, that those who managed the spectacle were chary of the lives of the rarer and more precious beasts, much to the vexation of the commoner sort of people, who look upon the bodies of all animals killed at such times as perquisites of their own.

These combats being finished, the bodies of the slain animals dragged away, and fresh sand strewn over the whole place, there fell upon the entire assembly the silence of great expectation. Some, who had been sleeping, awoke; others, who had been talking with their neighbors, were silent; for now was to come the sight which goes to the inmost heart of these savages: — men fighting with men.

It is not to be denied that it was a splendid sight when a hundred of the gladiators, who were to play the "first act," so to speak (they were a mere fraction of all the performers to be exhibited), came marching in, two by two. They were armed mostly as soldiers, but with more of ornament and with greater splendor. Their helmets were of various shapes, but each had a broad brim and a visor consisting of four plates, the upper two being pierced to allow the wearer to see through them. On the top also there was what one might liken to the comb of a cock; and fastened to this, a plume of horse-hair dyed crimson, or of crimson feathers. Some were called "Samnites" (the name of an Italian tribe that once nearly brought Rome to her knees). These carried a short sword and large oblong shield. Others were armed as Thracians, or as Greeks. Others, again, were distinguished by the symbol of a fish upon their helmets. But the most curious of all were those called "net-men," who were equipped with a net in which to entangle an antagonist; having so disabled him, the net-man stabs him with a three-pronged harpoon. These have no helmets, and are equipped as lightly as

possible, for if they miss their cast they have no hope of safety but in their fleetness of foot.

You will not think the worse of me, my dear

Indeed, had I continued to look, undoubtedly I should have fainted. But I could not but observe that the young Fausta, my host's daughter, a



"TILL YESTERDAY I HAD THOUGHT HER THE FAIREST MAIDEN I HAD SEEN."

Callias, if I acknowledge that I can not describe this part of the spectacle. The truth is that after a certain dreadful fascination, which held me while the first strokes were given, I turned away my eyes.

maiden of about seventeen, had no such qualms, for she gazed steadfastly into the arena the whole time, and her face (for I looked at her more than once) was flushed, and her eyes sparkled with a

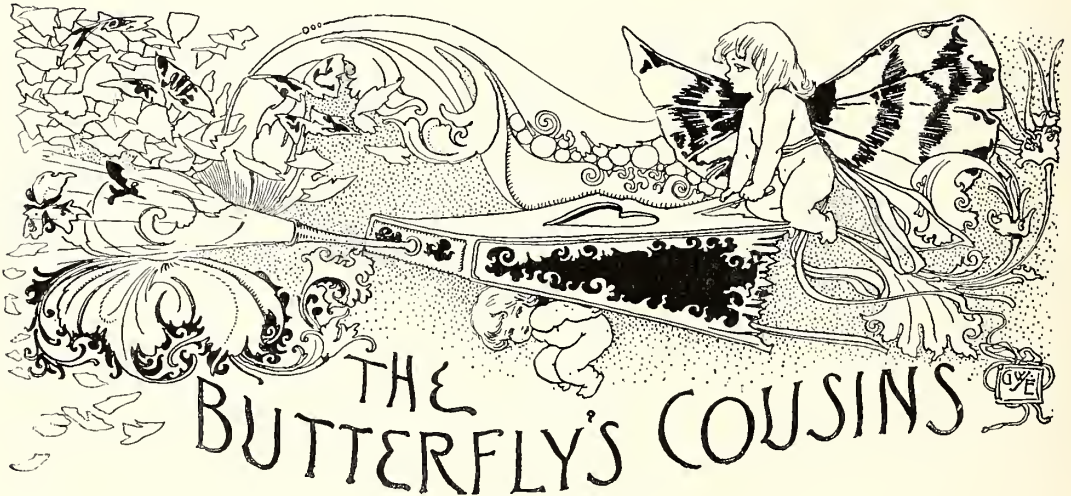
most inhuman light. Till yesterday I had thought her the fairest maiden I had seen; but now the very girdle of Aphrodite could not make her beautiful in my eyes. Can you believe, my Callias, that this young girl, who a week ago was weeping inconsolably over a dead sparrow, cried aloud, "He has it!" when some poor wretch received the decisive blow;—aye, and when, not being wounded mortally, he appealed for mercy, that she made the sign of death?—which they do by pointing with the hand as if in the act to strike. Verily, they have the wolf's blood in their veins, these Romans, both men and women!

But what will you say when I relate to you my last experiences? Hearing my neighbor say that the spectacle was over for the day, I ventured to look up; and what, think you, did I see? Some sixty bodies lay on the sand, and there came out the figure of one dressed as Charon, the ferryman of

Styx, who examined the prostrate forms to try whether there was life in them. Finding that none were alive, he returned to the place whence he came, and there followed him presently another person, this one habited as Hermes, bearing in his hand the rod wherewith the messenger of the gods is said to marshal the spirits of the dead when they go down to the shades. At his bidding some attendants removed the poor victims. This done, fresh sand was strewn over such places as showed signs of conflict, and thus was finished the first day of the great show, wherewith Trajan is to please the gods and the Roman people.

It will be continued for many days; how many I neither know nor care, for I go not again. Next year I hope to see among the planes and olives of Olympia the bloodless sports which please a kinder, gentler race of gods and men.

Farewell.



BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

THE butterfly quoth to the rest-harrow* flowers:
 "Cousins, good day!
 "I paused on my way,
 "To make ye acquaint with the kinship that 's
 ours."

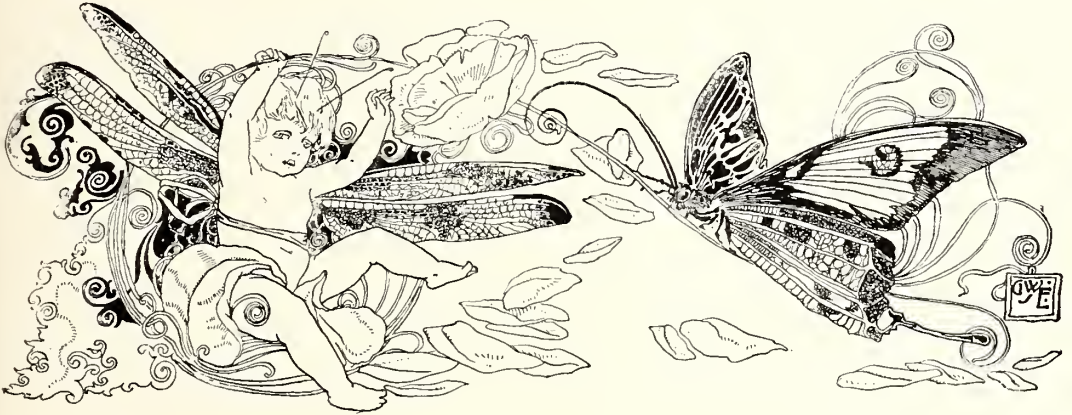
The rest-harrow flowers
 Flew off in pink showers.

"If that, sir," quoth they
 "Be true, as you say,
 "Pray, why do we fly
 "But once, ere we die?
 "And then only, more'er,
 "When we 're *bidden* to soar?
 "We are powerless, quite
 "Till a wind gives us flight!"

* See note in "Letter-box," page 636.

Said the butterfly: "Nay,
 "I know not—Good day.
 "But, still, ye 're my cousins; ye rest-harrow
 flowers;
 "I do not dissemble,

"Look, now we resemble,
 "When thus ye do tremble!"
 And the rest-harrow flowers still flutter and
 sway,
 And strive to be butterflies, unto this day!



TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER V.



AS the man in the hen-house groaned horribly, Willy, relenting, was about to look in, when he saw Uncle Balla coming with a flaming light-wood knot in his hand.

Instead of opening the door, therefore, he called to the old man, who was leisurely crossing the yard:

"Run, Uncle Balla. Quick, run!"

At the call, Old Balla and Frank set out as fast as they could.

"What 's the matter? Is he done kill de chickens? Is he done got away?" the old man asked breathlessly.

"No, he 's dyin'," shouted Willy.

"Hi! is you shoot him?" asked the old driver.

"No, that other man 's poisoned him. He was the robber and he fooled this one," explained Willy, opening the door, and peeping anxiously in.

"Go 'long, boy,—now, d' ye ever heah de better o' dat?—dat man 's foolin' wid you; jes' tryin' to git yo' to let him out."

"No, he is n't," said Willy; "you ought to 'a' heard him."

But both Balla and Frank were laughing at him, so he felt very shamefaced. He was relieved by hearing another groan.

"Oh, oh, oh! Ah, ah!"

"You hear that?" he asked, triumphantly.

"I boun' I 'll see what 's the matter with him, the roscol! Stan' right dyah, y' all, an' if he try to run shoot him, but mine you don' hit *me*," and the old man walked up to the door, and standing on one side flung it open. "What you doin' in dyah after dese chillern's chickens?" he called fiercely.

"Hello, ole man, 's 'at you? I 's mighty sick," muttered the person within. Old Balla held his torch inside the house, amid a confused cackle and flutter of fowls.

"Well, ef 't ain' a white man, and a soldier at dat!" he exclaimed. "What you doin' heah, robbin' white folks' hen-roos'?" he called, roughly. "Git up off dat groun'; you ain' sick."

"Let me get up, Sergeant,—hic—don't you heah the roll-call?—the tent 's mighty dark; what you fool me in here for?" muttered the man inside.

The boys could see that he was stretched out on the floor, apparently asleep, and that he was a soldier in uniform.

"Is he dead?" asked both boys as Balla caught him by the arm, lifted him, and let him fall again limp on the floor.

"Nor, he 's foolin'," said Balla, picking up an empty flask. "Come on out. Let me see what I gwi' do wid you?" he said, scratching his head.

"I know what I gwi' do wid you. I gwi' lock you up right whar you is."

"Uncle Balla, s'pose he gets well, won't he get out?"

"Ain' I gwi' lock him up? Dat 's good from you, who was jes gwi' let 'im out ef me an' Frank had n't come up when we did."

Willy stepped back abashed. His heart accused him and told him the charge was true. Still he ventured one more question:

"Had n' you better take the hens out?"

"Nor; 't ain' no use to teck nuttin' out dyah. Ef he come to, he know we got 'im, an' he dyahson' trouble nuttin'."

And the old man pushed to the door and fastened the iron hasp over the strong staple. Then, as the lock had been broken, he took a large nail from his pocket and fastened it in the staple with a stout string so that it could not be shaken out. All the time he was working he was talking to the boys, or rather to himself, for their benefit.

"Now, you see ef we don' find him heah in the mornin'! Willy jes' gwi' let you git 'way, but a *man* got you now, wh'ar' been handlin' horses an' know how to hole 'em in the stalls. I boun' he 'll have to butt like a ram to git out dis log hen-house," he said finally, as he finished tying the last knot in his string, and gave the door a vigorous rattle to test its strength.

Willy had been too much abashed at his mistake to fully appreciate all of the witticisms over the prisoner, but Frank enjoyed them almost as much as Unc' Balla himself.

"Now y' all go 'long to bed, an' I 'll go back an' teck a little nap myself," said he, in parting. "Ef he gits out that hen-house I 'll give you ev'v

chicken I got. But he ain' *gwine* git out. A *man* 's done fasten him up dyah."

The boys went off to bed, Willy still feeling depressed over his ridiculous mistake. They were soon fast asleep, and if the dogs barked again they did not hear them.

The next thing they knew, Lucy Ann, convulsed with laughter, was telling them a story about Uncle Balla and the man in the hen-house. They jumped up, and pulling on their clothes ran out to the hen-house, thinking to see the prisoner.

Instead of doing so, they found Uncle Balla standing by the hen-house with a comical look of mystification and chagrin; the roof had been lifted off at one end and not only the prisoner, but every chicken was gone!

The boys were half inclined to cry; Balla's look set them to laughing.

"Unc' Balla, you got to give me every chicken you got, 'cause you said you would," said Willy.

"Go 'way from heah, boy. Don' pester me when I studyin' to see which way he got out."

"You ain' never had a horse get through the roof before, have you?" said Frank.

"Go 'way from here, I tell you," said the old man, walking around the house, looking at it.

As the boys went back to wash and dress themselves, they heard Balla explaining to Lucy Ann and some of the other servants that "the man them chillern let git away had just come back and token out the one he had locked up"; a solution of the mystery he always afterward stoutly insisted upon.

One thing, however, the person's escape effected—it prevented Willy's ever hearing any more of his mistake; but that did not keep him now and then from asking Uncle Balla "if he had fastened his horses well."

CHAPTER VI.

THESE hens were not the last things stolen from Oakland. Nearly all the men in the country had gone with the army. Indeed, with the exception of a few overseers who remained to work the farms, every man in the neighborhood, between the ages of seventeen and fifty, was in the army. The country was thus left almost wholly unprotected, and it would have been entirely so but for the "Home Guard," as it was called, which was a company composed of young boys and the few old men who remained at home, and who had volunteered for service as a local guard, or police body, for the neighborhood of their homes.

Occasionally, too, later on, a small detachment of men, under a leader known as a "conscript-

officer," would come through the country hunting for any men who were subject to the conscript law but who had evaded it, and for deserters who had run away from the army and refused to return.

These two classes of troops, however, stood on a very different footing. The Home Guard was regarded with much respect, for it was composed of those whose extreme age or youth alone withheld them from active service; and every youngster in its ranks looked upon it as a training school, and was ready to die in defence of his home if need were, and, besides, expected to obtain permission to go into the army "next year."

The conscript-guard, on the other hand, were grown men, and were thought to be shirking the very dangers and hardships into which they were trying to force others.

A few miles from Oakland, on the side toward the mountain road and beyond the big woods, lay a district of virgin forest and old field-pines which, even before the war, had acquired a reputation of an unsavory nature, though its inhabitants were a harmless people. No highways ran through this region, and the only roads which entered it were mere wood-ways, filled with bushes and carpeted with pine-tags; and, being traveled only by the inhabitants, appeared to outsiders "to jes' peter out," as the phrase went. This territory was known by the unpromising name of Hometown.

Its denizens were a peculiar but kindly race known to the boys as "poor white folks," and called by the negroes, with great contempt, "po' white trash." Some of them owned small places in the pines; but the majority were simply "squatters." They were an inoffensive people, and their worst vices were intemperance and evasion of the tax-laws.

They made their living—or rather, they existed—by fishing and hunting; and, to eke it out, attempted the cultivation of little patches of corn and tobacco near their cabins, or in the bottoms where small branches ran into the stream already mentioned.

In appearance they were usually so thin and sallow that one had to look at them twice to see them clearly. At best, they looked vague and illusive.

They were brave enough. At the outbreak of the war nearly all of the men in this community enlisted, thinking, as many others did, that war was more like play than work, and consisted more of resting than of laboring. Although most of them, when in battle, showed the greatest fearlessness, yet the duties of camp soon became irksome to them, and they grew sick of the restraint and drilling of camp-life; so some of them, when refused a furlough, took it, and came home.

Others staid at home after leave had ended, feeling secure in their stretches of pine and swamp, not only from the feeble efforts of the conscript-guard but from any parties who might be sent in search of them.

In this way it happened, as time went by, that Hometown became known to harbor a number of deserters.

According to the negroes, it was full of them; and many stories were told about glimpses of men dodging behind trees in the big woods, or rushing away through the underbrush like wild cattle. And, though the grown people doubted whether the negroes had not been startled by some of the hogs, which were quite wild, feeding in the woods, the boys were satisfied that the negroes really had seen deserters.

This became a certainty, when there came report after report of these wood-skulkers, and when the conscript-guard, with the brightest of uniforms, rode by with as much show and noise as if on a fox-hunt. Then it became known that deserters were, indeed, infesting the piny district of Hometown, and in considerable numbers.

Some of them, it was said, were pursuing agriculture and all their ordinary vocations as openly as in time of peace, and more industriously. They had a regular code of signals, and nearly every person in the Hometown settlement was in league with them.

When the conscript-guard came along, there would be a rush of tow-headed children through the woods, or some of the women about the cabins would blow a horn lustily; after which not a man could be found in all the district. The horn told just how many men were in the guard, and which path they were following; every member of the troop being honored with a short, quick "toot."

"What are you blowing that horn for?" sternly asked the guard one morning of an old woman,—old Mrs. Hall, who stood out in front of her little house blowing like Boreas in the pictures.

"Jes' blowin' fur Millindy to come to dinner," she said, sullenly. "Can't y' all let a po' 'ooman call her gals to git some 'n' to eat? You got all her boys in d' army, killin' 'em; why n't yo' go and git kilt some yo'self, 'stidder ridin' 'bout heah tromplin' all over po' folks's chickens?"

When the troop returned in the evening, she was still blowing; "blowin' fur Millindy to come home," she said, with more sharpness than before. But there must have been many Millindys, for horns were sounding all through the settlement.

The deserters, at such times, were said to take to the swamps, and marvelous rumors were abroad of one or more caves, all fitted up, wherein they

concealed themselves, like the robbers in the stories the boys were so fond of reading.

After a while thefts of pigs and sheep became so common that they were charged to the deserters.

Finally it grew to be such a pest that the ladies in the neighborhood asked the Home Guard to take action in the matter, and after some delay it became known that this valorous body was going to invade Hometown and capture the deserters or drive them away. Hugh was to accompany them, of course; and he looked very handsome, as well as very important, when he started out on horseback to join the troop. It was his first active service; and with his trousers in his boots and his pistol in his belt he looked as brave as Julius Cæsar, and quite laughed at his mother's fears for him, as she kissed him good-bye and walked out with him to his horse, which Balla held at the gate.

The boys asked leave to go with him; but Hugh was so scornful over their request, and looked so soldierly as he galloped away with the other men that the boys felt as cheap as possible.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the boys went into the house they found that their Aunt Mary had a headache that morning, and, even with the best intentions of doing her duty in teaching them, had been forced to go to bed. Their mother was too much occupied with her charge of providing for a family of over a dozen white persons, and five times as many colored dependents, to give any time to acting as substitute in the school-room, so the boys found themselves with a holiday before them. It seemed vain to try to shoot duck on the creek, and the perch were averse to biting. The boys accordingly determined to take both guns and to set out for a real hunt in the big woods.

They received their mother's permission, and after a luncheon was prepared they started in high glee, talking about the squirrels and birds they expected to kill.

Frank had his gun, and Willy had the musket; and both carried a plentiful supply of powder and some tolerably round slugs made from cartridges.

They usually hunted in the part of the woods nearest the house, and they knew that game was not very abundant there; so, as a good long day was before them, they determined to go over to the other side of the woods.

They accordingly pushed on, taking a path which led through the forest. They went entirely through the big woods without seeing anything but one squirrel, and presently found themselves at the extreme edge of Hometown. They were just grumbling at the lack of game when they

heard a distant horn. The sound came from perhaps a mile or more away, but was quite distinct.

"What 's that? Somebody fox-hunting? — or is it a dinner-horn?" asked Willy, listening intently.

"It's a horn to warn deserters, that 's what 't is," said Frank, pleased to show his superior knowledge.

"I tell you what to do: — let 's go and hunt deserters," said Willy, eagerly.

"All right. Won't that be fun!" and both boys set out down the road toward a point where they knew one of the paths ran into the pine-district, talking of the numbers of prisoners they expected to take.

In an instant they were as alert and eager as young hounds on a trail. They had mapped out a plan before, and they knew exactly what they had to do. Frank was the captain, by right of his being older; and Willy was lieutenant, and was to obey orders. The chief thing that troubled them was that they did not wish to be seen by any of the women or children about the cabins, for they all knew the boys, because they were accustomed to come to Oakland for supplies; then, too, the boys wished to remain on friendly terms with their neighbors. Another thing worried them. They did not know what to do with their prisoners after they should have captured them. However, they pushed on and soon came to a dim cart-way, which ran at right angles to the main road and which went into the very heart of Hometown. Here they halted to reconnoiter and to inspect their weapons.

Even from the main road, the track, as it led off through the overhanging woods with thick underbrush of chinquapin bushes, appeared to the boys to have something strange about it, though they had at other times walked it from end to end. Still, they entered boldly, clutching their guns. Willy suggested that they should go in Indian file and that the rear one should step in the other's footprints as the Indians do; but Frank thought it was best to walk abreast, as the Indians walked in their peculiar way only to prevent an enemy who crossed their trail from knowing how many they were; and, so far from it being any disadvantage for the deserters to know *their* number, it was even better that they should know there were two, so that they would not attack from the rear. Accordingly, keeping abreast, they struck in; each taking the woods on one side of the road, which he was to watch and for which he was to be responsible.

The farther they went the more indistinct the track became, and the wilder became the surrounding woods. They proceeded with great caution, examining every particularly thick clump of bushes;

peeping behind each very large tree; and occasionally even taking a glance up among its boughs, for they had themselves so often planned how, if pursued they would climb trees and conceal themselves, that they would not have been at all surprised to find a fierce deserter, armed to the teeth, crouching among the branches.

Though they searched carefully every spot where a deserter could possibly lurk, they passed through the oak woods and were deep in the pines without having seen any foe or heard a noise which could possibly proceed from one. A squirrel had daringly leaped from the trunk of a hickory-tree and run into the woods, right before them, stopping impudently to take a good look at them; but they were hunting larger game than squirrels, and they resisted the temptation to take a shot at him,—an exercise of virtue which brought them a distinct feeling of pleasure. They were, however, beginning to be embarrassed as to their next course. They could hear the dogs barking, farther on in the pines, and knew they were approaching the vicinity of the settlement; for they had crossed the little creek which ran through a thicket of elder bushes and “gums,” and which marked the boundary of Hometown. Little paths, too, every now and then turned off from the main track and went into the pines, each leading to a cabin or bit of creek-bottom deeper in. They therefore were in a real dilemma concerning what to do; and Willy’s suggestion, to eat luncheon, was a welcome one. They determined to go a little way into the woods, where they could not be seen, and had just taken the luncheon out of the game-bag and were turning into a by-path, when they met a man who was coming along at a slow, lounging walk, and carrying a long single-barrelled shot-gun across his arm.

When first they heard him, they thought he might be a deserter; but when he came nearer they saw that he was simply a countryman out hunting; for his old game-bag (from which peeped a squirrel’s tail) was over his shoulder, and he had no weapons at all, excepting that old squirrel-gun.

“Good morning, sir,” said both boys, politely.

“Mornin’! What luck y’ all had?” he asked good-naturedly, stopping and putting the butt of his gun on the ground, and resting lazily on it, preparatory to a chat.

“We’re not gunning; we’re hunting deserters.”

“Huntin’ deserters!” echoed the man with a smile which broke into a chuckle of amusement as the thought worked its way into his brain. “Ain’t you see’ none?”

“No,” said both boys in a breath, greatly pleased at his friendliness. “Do you know where any are?”

The man scratched his head, seeming to reflect.

“Well, ’pears to me I hearn tell o’ some, ’roun’ to’des that-a-ways,” making a comprehensive sweep of his arm in the direction just opposite to that which the boys were taking. “I seen the conscrip’-guard a little while ago pokin’ ’roun’ this-a-way; but Lor’, that ain’ the way to ketch deserters. I knows every foot o’ groun’ this-a-way, an’ ef they was any deserters roun’ here I’d be mighty apt to know it!”

This announcement was an extinguisher to the boys’ hopes. Clearly, they were going in the wrong direction.

“We are just going to eat our luncheon,” said Frank; “won’t you join us?”

Willy added his invitation to his brother’s, and their friend politely accepted, suggesting that they should walk back a little way and find a log. This all three did; and in a few minutes they were enjoying the luncheon which the boys’ mother had provided, while the stranger was telling the boys his views about deserters, which, to say the least, were very original.

“I seen the conscrip’-guard jes’ this mornin’, ridin’ ’round whar they knowed they war n’ no deserters, but ole womens and childern,” he said with his mouth full. “Why n’t they go whar they knows deserters *is*?” he asked.

“Where are they? We heard they had a cave down on the river, and we were goin’ there,” declared the boys.

“Down on the river?—a cave? Ain’ no cave down thar, without it’s below Rockett’s Mill; fur I’ve hunted and fished ev’y foot o’ that river up an’ down both sides, an’ t’ ain’ a hole thar, big enough to hide a’ ole hyah, I ain’ know.”

This proof was too conclusive to admit of further argument.

“Why don’t *you* go in the army?” asked Willy, after a brief reflection.

“What? Why don’t *I* go in the army?” repeated the hunter. “Why, I’s *in* the army! You did n’ think I war n’t in the army, did you?”

The hunter’s tone and the expression of his face were so full of surprise that Willy felt deeply mortified at his rudeness, and began at once to stammer something to explain himself.

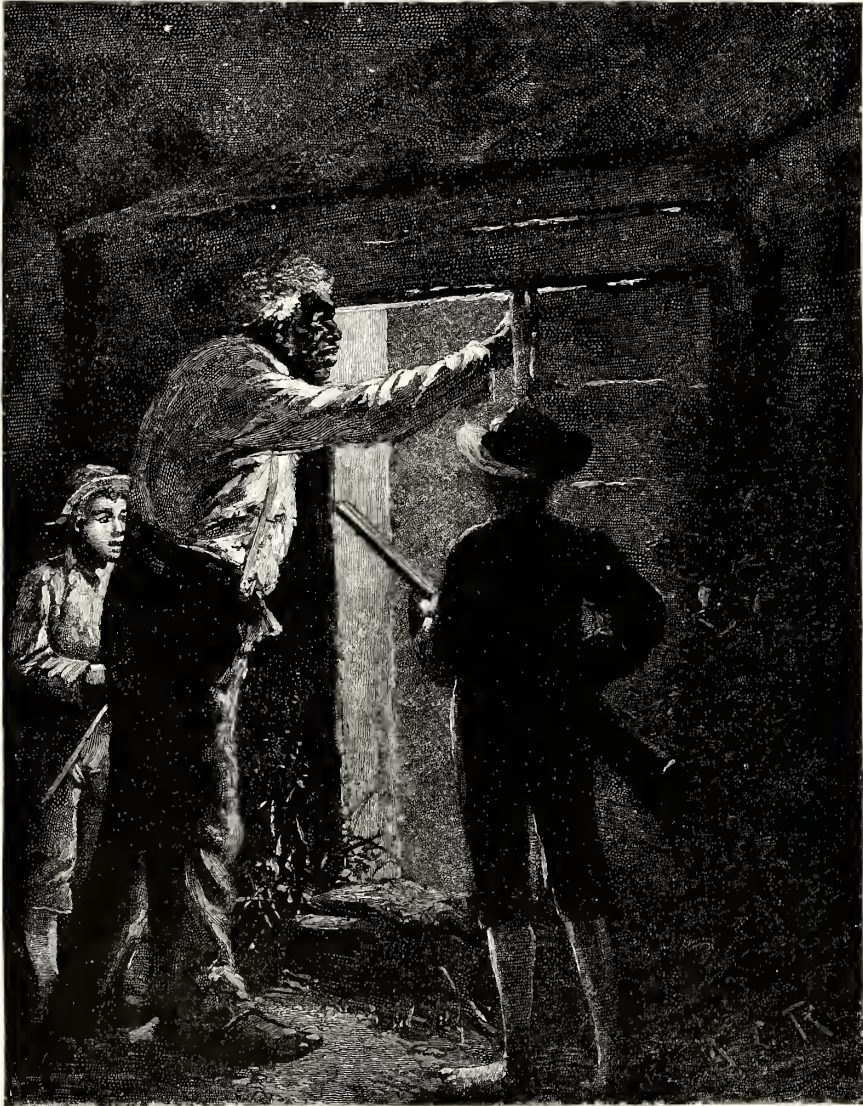
“I b’longs to Colonel Marshall’s regiment,” continued the man, “an’ I’s been home sick on leave o’ absence. Got wounded in the leg, an’ I’s jes’ gettin’ well. I ain’ rightly well enough to go back now, but I’s anxious to git back; I’m gwine to-morrow mornin’ ef I don’ go this evenin’. You see I kin hardly walk now!” and to demonstrate his lameness, he got up and limped a few yards. “I ain’ well yit,” he pursued, returning and dropping into his seat on the log, with

his face drawn up by the pain the exertion had brought on.

"Let me see your wound? Is it sore now?" asked Willy, moving nearer to the man with a look expressive of mingled curiosity and sympathy.

nothin' 'bout that," and he opened his shirt and showed a triangular, purple scar on his shoulder.

"You certainly must be a brave soldier," exclaimed both boys, impressed at sight of the scar, their voices softened by fervent admiration.



"THE OLD MAN WALKED UP TO THE DOOR, AND STANDING ON ONE SIDE FLUNG IT OPEN."

"You can't see it; it's up heah," said the soldier, touching the upper part of his hip; "an' I got another one heah," he added, placing his hand very gently to his side. "This one 's whar a Yankee run me through with his sword. Now, that one was where a piece of shell hit me,—I don't keer

"Yes, I kep' up with the bes' of 'em," he said, with a pleased smile.

Suddenly a horn began to blow, "toot — toot — toot," as if all the "Millindys" in the world were being summoned. It was so near the boys that it quite startled them.

"That 's for the deserters, now," they both exclaimed.

Their friend looked calmly up and down the road, both ways.

"Them rascally conscrip'-guard been tellin' you all that, to gi' 'em some excuse for keepin' out o' th' army theyselves,—that 's all. Th' ain't no deserters any whar in all these parts, an' you kin tell 'em so. I 'm gwine down thar an' see what that horn 's a-blowin' fur; hit 's somebody's dinner horn, or sump'n'," he added, rising and taking up his game-bag.

"Can't we go with you?" asked the boys.

"Well, nor, I reckon you better not," he drawled; "thar 's some right bad dogs down thar in the pines,—mons'us bad; an' I 's gwine cut through the woods an' see ef I can't pick up a squ'r'r'l, gwine 'long, for the ole 'ooman's supper, as I got to go 'way to-night or to-morrow; she 's mighty poorly."

"Is she poorly much?" asked Willy, greatly concerned. "We 'll get mamma to come and see her to-morrow, and bring her some bread."

"Nor, she ain't so sick; that is to say, she jis' poorly and 'sturbed in her mind. She gittin' sort o' old. Here, y' all take these squ'r'r'ls," he said, taking the squirrels from his old game-bag and tossing them at Willy's feet. Both boys protested, but he insisted. "Oh, yes; I kin get some mo' fur her."

"Y' all better go home. Well, good-bye, much obliged to you," and he strolled off with his gun in the bend of his arm, leaving the boys to admire and talk over his courage.

They turned back, and had gone about a quarter of a mile, when they heard a great trampling of horses behind them. They stopped to listen, and in a little while a squadron of cavalry came in sight. The boys stepped to one side of the road to wait for them, eager to tell the important information they had received from their friend, that there were no deserters in that section. In a hurried consultation they agreed not to tell that they had been hunting deserters themselves, as they knew the soldiers would only have a laugh at their expense.

"Hello, boys, what luck?" called the officer in the lead, in a friendly manner.

They told him they had not shot anything; that the squirrels had been given to them; and then both boys inquired:

"You all hunting for deserters?"

"You seen any?" asked the leader carelessly, while one or two men pressed their horses forward eagerly.

"No, th' ain't any deserters in this direction at all," said the boys, with conviction in their manner.

"How do you know?" asked the officer.

"'Cause a gentleman told us so."

"Who? When? What gentleman?"

"A gentleman we met a little while ago."

"How long ago? Who was he?"

"Don't know who he was," said Frank.

"When we were eating our snack," put in Willy, not to be left out.

"How was he dressed? Where was it? What sort of man was he?" eagerly inquired the leading trooper.

The boys proceeded to describe their friend, impressed by the intense interest accorded them by the listeners.

"He was a sort of a man with red hair, and wore a pair of gray breeches and an old pair of shoes, and was in his shirt-sleeves." Frank was the spokesman.

"And he had a gun,—a long squirrel-gun," added Willy, "and he said he belonged to Colonel Marshall's regiment."

"Why, that 's Tim Mills. He 's a deserter himself," exclaimed the captain.

"No, he ain't,—*he* ain't any deserter," protested both at once. "He is a mighty brave soldier, and he 's been home on a furlough to get well of a wound on his leg where he was shot."

"Yes, and it ain't well yet, but he 's going back to his command to-night or to-morrow morning, and he's got another wound in his side where a Yankee ran him through with his sword. We know *he* ain't any deserter."

"How do you know all this?" asked the officer.

"He told us so himself, just now — a little while ago, that is," said the boys.

The man laughed.

"Why, he 's fooled you to death. That 's Tim himself, that 's been doing all the devilgait about here. He is the worst deserter in the whole gang."

"We saw the wound on his shoulder," declared the boys, still doubting.

"I know it; he 's got one there,—that 's what I know him by. Which way did he go,—and how long has it been?"

"He went that way, down in the woods; and it 's been some time. He 's got away now."

The lads by this time were almost convinced of their mistake; but they could not prevent their sympathy from being on the side of their late agreeable companion.

"We 'll catch the rascal," declared the leader very fiercely. "Come on, men,—he can't have gone far"; and he wheeled his horse about and dashed back up the road at a great pace, followed by his men. The boys were half inclined to follow and aid in the capture; but Frank, after a moment's thought, said solemnly:

“No, Willy; an Arab never betrays a man who has eaten his salt. This man has broken bread with us; we can not give him up. I don’t think we ought to have told about him as much as we did.”

This was an argument not to be despised.

A little later, as the boys trudged home, they heard the horns blowing again a regular “toot-toot” for “Mellindy.” It struck them that supper followed dinner very quickly in Holetown.

When the troop passed by in the evening the men were in very bad humor. They had had a fruitless addition to their ride, and some of them were inclined to say that the boys had never seen any man at all, which the boys thought was pretty silly, as the man had eaten at least two-thirds of their luncheon.

Somehow the story got out, and Hugh was very scornful because the boys had given their luncheon to a deserter.

CHAPTER VIII.

As time went by, the condition of things at Oakland changed—as it did everywhere else. The boys’ mother, like all the other ladies of the country, was so devoted to the cause that she gave to the soldiers until there was nothing left. After that there was a failure of the crops, and the immediate necessities of the family and the hands on the place were great.

There was no sugar nor coffee nor tea. These luxuries had been given up long before. An attempt was made to manufacture sugar out of the sorghum, or sugar-cane, which was now being cultivated as an experiment; but it proved unsuccessful, and molasses made from the cane was the only sweetening. The boys, however, never liked anything sweetened with molasses, so they gave up everything that had molasses in it. Sassafras-tea was tried as a substitute for tea, and a drink made out of parched corn and wheat, and burnt sweet-potato and other things, in the place of coffee; but none of them were fit to drink—at least so the boys thought. The wheat crop proved a failure; but the corn turned out very fine, and the boys learned to live on corn-bread, as there was no wheat-bread.

The soldiers still came by, and the house was often full of young officers who came to see the boys’ cousins. The boys used to ride the horses to and from the stables, and, being perfectly fearless, became very fine riders.

Several times, among the visitors, came the young colonel who had commanded the regiment that had camped at the bridge the first year of the war. It did not seem to the boys that Cousin Belle liked him, for she took much longer to dress when

he came; and if there were other officers present she would take very little notice of the colonel.

Both boys were in love with her, and after considerable hesitation had written her a joint letter to tell her so, at which she laughed heartily and kissed them both and called them her sweet-hearts. But, though they were jealous of several young officers who came from time to time, they felt sorry for the colonel,—their cousin was so mean to him. They were on the best terms with him, and had announced their intention of going into his regiment if only the war should last long enough. When he came, there was always a scramble to get his horse; though of all who came to Oakland he rode the wildest horses, as both boys knew by practical experience.

At length the soldiers moved off too far to permit them to come on visits, and things were very dull. So it was for a long while.

But one evening in May, about sunset, as the boys were playing in the yard, a man came riding through the place on the way to Richmond. His horse showed that he had been riding hard. He asked the nearest way to “Ground-Squirrel Bridge.” The Yankees, he said, were coming. It was a raid. He had ridden ahead of them, and had left them about Greenbay depot, which they had set on fire. He was in too great a hurry to stop and get something to eat, and he rode off, leaving much excitement behind him; for Greenbay was only about eight miles away, and Oakland lay right between two roads to Richmond, down one or the other of which the party of raiders must certainly pass.

It was the first time the boys ever saw their mother exhibit so much emotion as she then did. She came to the door and called:

“Balla, come here.” Her voice sounded to the boys a little strained, and they ran up the steps and stood by her. Balla came to the portico, and looked up with an air of inquiry. He, too, showed excitement.

“Balla, I want you to know that if you wish to go, you can do so.”

“Hi, Mistis—” began Balla, with an air of reproach; but she cut him short and kept on.

“I want you all to know it.” She was speaking now so as to be heard by the cook and the maids who were standing about the yard listening to her. “I want you all to know it—every one on the place! You can go if you wish; but, if you go, you can never come back!”

“Hi! Mistis,” broke in Uncle Balla, “whar is I got to go? I wuz born on dis place an’ I ’spec’ to die here, an’ be buried right *yonder*”; and he turned and pointed up to the dark clump of trees that had marked the grave-yard on the hill, a half

mile away, where the colored people were buried. "Dat I does," he affirmed positively. "Y' all sticks by us an' we 'll stick by you."

"I know I ain' gwine nowhar wid no Yankees or nothin'," said Lucy Ann, in an undertone.

"Dee tell me dee got hoofs and horns," laughed one of the women in the yard.

The boys' mother started to say something fur-

glowing on the horizon, and on this every one's gaze was fixed.

"Where is it, Balla? What is it?" asked the boys' mother, her voice no longer strained and harsh, but even softer than usual.

"It's the depot, madam. They's burnin' it. That man told me they was burnin' ev'ywhar they went."

"Will they be here to-night?" asked his mistress.

"No, marm; I don' hardly think they will. That man said they could n't travel more than thirty miles a day; but they 'll be plenty of 'em here to-morrow—to breakfast." He gave a nervous sort of laugh.

"Here,—you all come here," said their mistress to the servants. She went to the smoke-house and unlocked it. "Go in there and get down the bacon—take a piece, each of you." A great deal was still left. "Balla, step here." She called him aside and spoke earnestly in an undertone.

"Yes'm, that's so; that's jes' what I wuz gwine do," the boys heard him say.

Their mother sent the boys out. She went and locked herself in her room, but they heard her footsteps as she turned about within, and now and then they heard her opening and shutting drawers and moving chairs.

In a little while she came out.

"Frank, you and Willy go and tell Balla to come to the chamber door. He may be out in the stable."

They dashed out, proud to bear so important a message. They could not find him, but an hour later they heard him coming from the stable. He at once went into the house. They rushed into the chamber, where they found the door of the closet open.

"Balla, come in here," called their mother from within. "Have you got them safe?" she asked.

"Yes'm; jes' as safe as they kin be. I want to be 'bout here when they come, or I'd go down an' stay whar they is."



"WHY DON'T I GO IN THE ARMY?" REPEATED THE HUNTER. "WHY, I'S IN THE ARMY!"

ther to Balla, but though she opened her lips, she did not speak; she turned suddenly and walked into the house and into her chamber, where she shut the door behind her. The boys thought she was angry, but when they softly followed her a few minutes afterward, she got up hastily from where she had been kneeling beside the bed, and they saw that she had been crying. A murmur under the window called them back to the portico. It had begun to grow dark; but a bright spot was

to bear so important a message. They could not find him, but an hour later they heard him coming from the stable. He at once went into the house. They rushed into the chamber, where they found the door of the closet open.

"What is it?" asked the boys.

"Where is the best place to put that?" she said, pointing to a large, strong box in which, they knew, the finest silver was kept; indeed, all excepting what was used every day on the table.

"Well, I declar', Mistis, that 's hard to tell," said the old driver, "without it 's in the stable."

"They may burn that down."

"That 's so; you might bury it under the floor of the smoke-house?"

"I have heard that they always look for silver there," said the boys' mother. "How would it do to bury it in the garden?"

"That 's the very place I was gwine name," said Balla, with flattering approval. "They can't burn *that* down, and if they gwine dig for it then they 'll have to dig a long time before they git over that big garden." He stooped and lifted up one end of the box to test its weight.

"I thought of the other end of the flower-bed, between the big rose-bush and the lilac."

"That 's the very place I had in my mind," declared the old man. "They won' never fine it dyah!"

"We know a good place," said the boys both together; "it 's a heap better than that. It 's where we bury our treasures when we play 'Black-beard the Pirate.'"

"Very well," said their mother; "I don't care to know where it is until after to-morrow, anyhow. I know I can trust you," she added, addressing Balla.

"Yes 'm, you know dat," said he, simply. "I 'll jes' go an' git my hoe."

"The garden ain't got a roof to it, has it, Unc' Balla?" asked Willy, quietly.

"Go 'way from here, boy," said the old man, making a sweep at him with his hand. "That boy ain' never done talkin' 'bout that thing yit," he added, with a pleased laugh, to his mistress.

"And you ain't never give me all those chickens either," responded Willy, forgetting his grammar.

"Oh, well, I 'm *gwini* do it; ain't you hear me say I 'm gwine do it?" he laughed as he went out.

The boys were too excited to get sleepy before the silver was hidden. Their mother told them they might go down into the garden and help Balla, on condition that they would not talk.

"That 's the way we always do when we bury the treasure. Ain't it, Willy?" asked Frank.

"If a man speaks, it 's death!" declared Willy, slapping his hand on his side as if to draw a sword, striking a theatrical attitude and speaking in a deep voice.

"Give the 'galleon' to us," said Frank.

"No; be off with you," said their mother.

"That ain't the way," said Frank. "A pirate

never digs the hole until he has his treasure at hand. To, do so would prove him but a novice; would n't it, Willy?"

"Well, I leave it all to you, my little Buccaneers," said their mother, laughing. "I 'll take care of the spoons and forks we use every day. I 'll just hide them away in a hole somewhere."

The boys started off after Balla with a shout, but remembered their errand and suddenly hushed down to a little squeal of delight at being actually engaged in burying treasure — real silver. It seemed too good to be true, and withal there was a real excitement about it, for how could they know but that some one might watch them from some hiding-place, or might even fire into them as they worked?

They met the old fellow as he was coming from the carriage-house with a hoe and a spade in his hands. He was on his way to the garden in a very straightforward manner, but the boys made him understand that to bury treasure it was necessary to be particularly secret, and after some little grumbling, Balla humored them.

The difficulty of getting the box of silver out of the house secretly, whilst all the family were up, and the servants were moving about, was so great that this part of the affair had to be carried on in a manner different from the usual programme of pirates of the first water. Even the boys had to admit this; and they yielded to old Balla's advice on this point, but made up for it by additional formality, ceremony, and secrecy in pointing out the spot where the box was to be hid.

Old Balla was quite accustomed to their games and fun — their "pranks," as he called them. He accordingly yielded willingly when they marched him to a point at the lower end of the yard, on the opposite side from the garden, and left him. But he was inclined to give trouble when they both re-appeared with a gun, and in a whisper announced that they must march first up the ditch which ran by the spring around the foot of the garden.

"Look here, boys; I ain' got time to fool with you children," said the old man. "Ain't you hear your ma tell me she 'pend on me to bury that silver what yo' gran'ma and gran'pa used to eat off o'—an' don' wan' nobody to know nothin' 'bout it? An' y' all comin' here with guns, like you huntin' squ'rr's, an' now talkin' 'bout wadin' in de ditch!"

"But, Unc' Balla, that 's the way all buccaneers do," protested Frank.

"Yes, buccaneers always go by water," said Willy.

"And we can stoop in the ditch and come in at the far end of the garden, so nobody can see us," added Frank.

"Bookanear or bookafar,—I 'se gwine in dat garden and dig a hole wid my hoe, an' I is too ole to be wadin' in a ditch like chillern. I got de misery in my knee now, so bad I 'se sca'cely able to stand. I don' know huccome y' all ain't satisfied with the place you' ma an' I done pick, anyways."

This was too serious a mutiny for the boys. So it was finally agreed that one gun should be returned to the office, and that they should enter by the gate, after which Balla was to go with the boys by the way they should show him, and see the spot they thought of.

They took him down through the weeds around the garden, crouching under the rose-bushes, and at last stopped at a spot under the slope, completely surrounded by shrubbery.

"Here is the spot," said Frank in a whisper, pointing under one of the bushes.

"It 's in a line with the longest limb of the big oak-tree by the gate," added Willy, "and when this locust bush and that cedar grow to be big trees, it will be just half-way between them."

As this seemed to Balla a very good place, he set to work at once to dig, the two boys helping him as well as they could. It took a great deal longer to dig the hole in the dark, than they had expected, and when they got back to the house everything was quiet.

The boys had their hats pulled over their eyes, and had turned their jackets inside out to disguise themselves.

"It 's a first-rate place! Ain't it, Unc' Balla?" they said, as they entered the chamber where their mother and aunt were waiting for them.

"Do you think it will do, Balla?" their mother asked.

"Oh, yes, madam; it 's far enough, an' they got mighty comical ways to get dyah, wadin' in ditch an' things—it will do. I ain' show I kin fin' it ag'in myself." He was not particularly enthusiastic. Now, however, he shouldered the box, with a grunt at its weight, and the party went slowly out through the back door into the dark. The glow of the burning depot was still visible in the west.

Then it was decided that Willy should go before—he said "to reconnoiter," Balla said "to open the gate and lead the way,"—and that Frank should bring up the rear.

They trudged slowly on through the darkness, Frank and Willy watching on every side, old Balla stooping under the weight of the big box.

After they were some distance in the garden they heard, or thought they heard, a sound back at the gate, but decided that it was nothing but the latch clicking; and they went on down to their hiding-place.

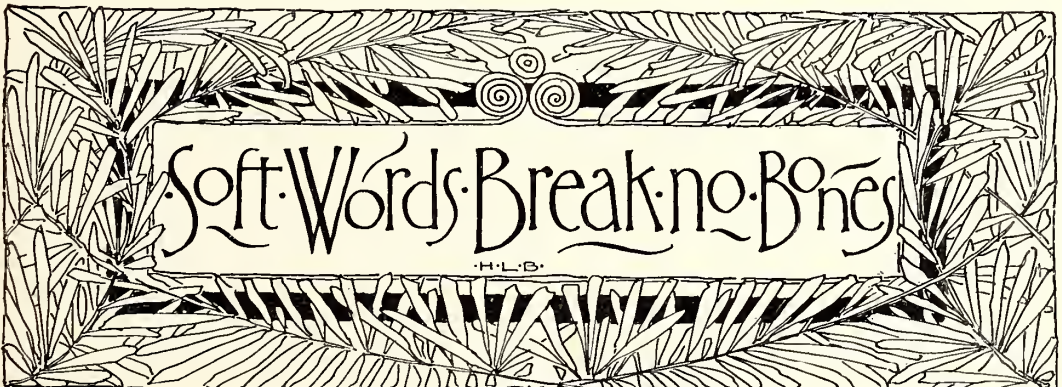
In a little while the black box was well settled in the hole, and the dirt was thrown upon it. The replaced earth made something of a mound, which was unfortunate. They had not thought of this; but they covered it with leaves, and agreed that it was so well hidden, the Yankees would never dream of looking there.

"Unc' Balla, where are your horses?" asked one of the boys.

"That 's for me to know, an' them to find out that kin," replied the old fellow with a chuckle of satisfaction.

The whole party crept back out of the garden, and the boys were soon dreaming of buccaneers and pirates.

(To be continued.)





BY CELIA THAXTER.

“O COSETTE, you are the *dearest kitty!*” And little Max, who spoke, laid his golden head against the soft fur of the big Maltese cat, and hugged her tight with both arms.

A gypsy fire of light driftwood sticks was sparkling and crackling on the hearth; the children were gathered about it, Robert and Rose, Lettice, Elinor, and little Max. The rain was falling merrily on the roof of the low, brown cottage where they had come to live for the summer. Mamma, with her work, sat in the corner of the sofa near.

“Well, how it does pour!” said Letty, going to the window. The rest followed her, and stood looking out. They saw the gray sea, calm and silvery, slowly rolling toward the gray sand, breaking in long, lazy lines of white foam at the edge of the beach. A few small boats were moored near; to the left, not far away, a cluster of fish-houses, old and storm-worn, their roofs spotted with yellow lichens, stood on the shore. There were no sails in sight,—only dim sea, dim sky, and pouring rain.

“We can’t go out to-day at all!” said Rose.

“Not all the long day?” questioned Max, wistfully.

“Oh, perhaps it will clear off by and by,” Elinor, the elder, said. “Who knows? Never mind if it does n’t, we can have a good time in the house; can’t we, Rob?”

“Yes, we can!” Rob cried. “I’m going to make boats for us all, a whole fleet! Won’t that be a good thing, Mamma? And then, as soon as it clears off, we’ll launch them and send them off to Spain. You find some stiff white paper, girls. Mamma will give us some; I’ll go out to the shed for lumber to build my ships,” and away he went. Mamma provided scissors and paper. Elinor turned back the rug to make a place for Rob to whittle; presently he returned with a basket of driftwood, bits of many sizes and shapes, some worn smooth as satin by the touches of millions of waves, having floated on the ocean, Heaven alone knows how long.

“Now, is n’t this fun!” he said, as they all sat together round the basket, Rose and Lettice with the scissors shaping sails under his direction, while he proceeded to turn out of his pocket the fifty things, more or less, that go to make up the freight a boy generally carries; of course, the knife, being heaviest, was at the bottom. A roll of stout, brown twine caught Max’s eye.

“Please, Rob, let me have it to play with, for reins to drive Rose,” he begged; so Rob tossed it over to him where he sat curled up with his kitty.

“There it is, Maxie! Now, let’s begin to name our boats, girls. I’m going to call mine the ‘Emperor,’ ’cause it’s going to lead the fleet!”

"Mine shall be the 'Butterfly,'" said Rose.

"That 's good! What for yours, Letty?"

"I think the 'Kittiwake' will be a good name for mine."

"Yes, that will do. And what shall yours be, Nelly?"

"Oh, the 'Albatross,' because he flies so fast without moving his wings!"

"That 's fine! Now, Max, what are you going to call your boat?"

Max was turning over the bits of wood in the basket. Inside the edge he had just found a brown, woolly caterpillar. "Oh," he cried. "See! A pillow cat! A pillow cat!"

"You mean a caterpillar, dear," said Letty.

"Do let him call it a pillow cat, Letty dear," said Mamma; "he is n't much more than my baby yet, you know."

"But you don't want your ship called the 'Pillow Cat,' do you, Max?" asked Rob. They all laughed, tried this name and that, but nothing seemed to suit Max, who said "No" to everything; so they left it to be decided afterward. They watched their ship-builder with great pride and interest, but after a while they grew tired.

"Let's play cat's-cradle with Max's string," Rose said to Letty at last, and they proceeded to try; but Rose did not know how, and Letty only half remembered, so they appealed to Rob.

"Do please leave off whittling a minute and show us how, Rob."

Being a good-natured brother, he threw down his knife and stood up before Letty while he showed her the ins and outs of the complicated web. Very soon she learned how to make it, then taught Rose, and they amused themselves for some time while Rob worked away, and Max played with his dear kitty, and Mamma and Elinor were sewing and talking together. Soon as the "Butterfly" was finished, the girls rigged her with the square, white paper sails, and she was "stowed" (as Bob nautically expressed it) on the mantel-piece, for safety. Then the "Emperor" was begun, but before it was half done lunch was ready: still it rained, perpendicularly pouring. Papa had been busy in the study all the morning, but after lunch he sat with the children, taking Max upon his knee.

"I'll begin Max's boat," he said. "Now, Mamma, won't you tell us a story? We can work so much faster, you know."

"Elinor is the story-teller of the family," Mamma replied. "Let her try." So Elinor began. Rose curled up on the rug, Letty held Cosette, Max laid his pretty head against Papa's shoulder, and all watched the whittling while they listened to Elinor.

"Once upon a time," she began, and her pleasant voice went on and on; the rain pattered gently and steadily; the long surf whispered with a soft, hushing sound, and presently, before they knew it, Max was sound asleep. Papa laid him among the cushions by Mamma's side and went back to his books; then they found Rose had fallen sound asleep too. But the rain went on, and the story, and the whispering rush of the water, till suddenly Rose laughed out in her sleep so loud that she waked, sat up, rubbed her eyes, and then began to laugh again.

"What *is* the matter, Rosy?" they asked her.

"Oh, such a funny dream," she said. "Such a queer dream. I thought I was standing down by the marsh where the cat-o'-nine-tails grow, you know;—the moon was just coming up over the water, yellow, and big, and round, and I thought it had such a funny face with two eyes that kept blinking and winking, first at me and then at the tall reeds; and suddenly I heard a rustling, and up the long stalks I saw a gray mother-cat climbing, and after her five little gray kittens,—oh, so pretty and so tiny. They had such hard work to climb, for the bending stalks were slippery,—and they bent more and more the higher the little cats climbed. But they kept on, one kitty outstripped the rest and almost reached the brown, heavy reed-tops, when all at once I saw that the ends were hung with little cradles,—real cradles, with real rockers,—and the first thing I knew, that foremost kitty had jumped in and cuddled down in the nearest cradle, and there she swung, to and fro, up and down (for the wind was blowing too), and she looked so pretty with her little ears sticking up and her bright eyes shining, as she watched the other kittens climbing after her, for there was a cradle for every one of them to rock in. Then when they were all in, it was so comical I laughed aloud, and that woke me. But I wish we had the kits and the cradles to play with here!"

"Cat's-cradle!" said Elinor; "why would n't that be a good name for Max's boat?"

"Why, yes," they cried; "would n't you like it, Max? Shall your boat be called the 'Cat's-Cradle'?"

"Yes," answered Max, who had waked and listened with interest to Rose's dream, "kitty shall go sail in her, rock, rock, on the water." So it was settled.

"Just look at the sun!" cried Letty, for a great glory suddenly streamed in from the west, where the sun was sinking toward the sea, and flooded the room with gold.

"Fair day to-morrow!" cried Rob. "All the fleet can start for Spain!—'Cat's-Cradle' and all, for that is done, too," and he ranged the little

vessels in a row on the shelf. Mamma laughed to see her mantel turned into a ship-yard; and the children went to rest that night full of glad hopes for the morrow.

The day rose bright and fair. After breakfast they prepared to go down to the beach for their launch.

"Let's man all the boats," said Rob; "let's take Max's Noah's Ark and put passengers on board every one, out of the Ark!"

"If Max is willing," suggested Elinor.

"Are you, Max?" asked Letty. "Oh, yes! We'll send Noah to Spain in the 'Cat's-Cradle'! That will be fun! Are you willing? Yes?" and away she ran upstairs and came back with the toy in her hand, shaking dogs, cats, elephants, and rats together with Noah and his family in hopeless confusion.

Cosette was rubbing her head affectionately against Max's stout little legs.

"Let's take the kitty, too; she wants to go," he said; and out they flocked together, Cosette following, all dancing and capering toward the low rocks where the fish-houses stood, to reach a small, pebbly cove beyond, where the water was smooth as glass. Old Jerry, the fisherman, sat mending his net on the shore; he greeted them as they went skipping by, each with boat in hand.

"Fine mornin' for your launch," quoth he; "wind off shore and everything fair."

"Yes, they're all bound for Spain," said Rob in great glee. "Do you think they'll get there to-day?"

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Jerry, with a smile. "You never know what may happen in this 'ere world."

Max stood with Cosette in his arms watching his brother and sisters man the fleet.

"I think Father Noah ought to sail in the 'Emperor,' don't you?" asked Rob, "because he must lead the ships, you know. Shall he, Max? Oh, yes, he's willing! Then Mrs. Noah shall go in the 'Albatross,' and Ham in the 'Kittiwake,' and Shem on board the 'Butterfly,' and who shall go in the 'Cat's-Cradle,' Max?"

"I want to go myself!" was Max's unexpected reply.

"Oh, you dear baby! don't you see that you're too big?" cried Rose.

"No—boat's too small," said Max. "Put Noah's kitty in,—she's little enough."

"Well, she can go with Japhet," and they sought among the wooden beasts till Noah's kitty was found; then off started the tiny vessels together; first the "Emperor," with Father Noah standing up straight and fine in the stern; then the "Albatross" with Mother Noah; after them

the three other boats, their stiff, white sails shining in the sun and taking the wind bravely. The children watched breathlessly as the small ships lifted over the ripples, making their way out of the quiet cove, till they felt the stronger wind beyond and began to sail rapidly away. For a while they kept quite near together, but at last they strayed apart, though still obeying the outward-blowing wind.

"Look at old Noah," cried Rob, "standing up so brave! Oh, he's a great commander!"

"Dear me, but see Mrs. Noah! She's fallen over!" cried Letty. "Poor thing! She must be frightened."

"No, she's only dizzy. There's so much more motion than there was in the Ark!"

A long time they stood watching till the little white sails were a mere shimmer on the water.

"When will they come back?" asked Max. "At supper-time?"

"Not so soon, I'm afraid, Max dear."

"Well, to-morrow, then. Will they come back to-morrow?"

"I cannot tell."

"But I *want* them to come back," the little boy said, half crying. "I want to go and get them and bring them home."

"But, Max, it takes a long time to sail all the way to Spain," Rose explained. "You'll have to wait with patience till they are ready to come back."

Max's lip curled grievously. "I want my boat, my 'Cat's-Cradle,' and my Noah," he said.

"Now, Max, never mind! Come and see what Jerry is doing! He's building a fire of sticks and he's going to mend his boat with tar. Just come and look at him!" They drew the little brother away. For a while he was interested in Jerry's work, but soon his eyes turned wistfully again to the water.

"I see them!" he cried. "'Way, 'way off!"

The others looked; they could see just a glimmer of white in the blue; they could not really tell if it were a white gull's breast on the heaving brine, or their flitting skiffs.

"Now, let them go, dear Max! We'll get some baskets and go after berries up beyond the pasture, and we'll find some flowers to bring home to Mamma; that will be lovely; Cosette shall come, too"; and Max cheered up, took a hand of Rose and Letty and turned from the glittering blue sea.

"You go on," Rob said; "Nelly and I will get the baskets and follow you." So the three went up the scented slope together, through the sweet-fern and bayberry, where here and there a golden-rod plume was breaking into sunshine at

the top, till they reached a big rock in a grassy spot, where they stopped to wait for the others. Cosette was put down in the grass, and ran off toward home as fast as she could. Max's grief came upon him afresh at this second loss.

"Now, don't fret, dear," Letty cried. "Where's

that way and then over so, and round so; then you take these two ends in your hands and hold them loosely, and Rose takes the other two ends, and when I say, 'now!' pull both together, and see what a tight square knot it makes! Now, you try, Max!"



your piece of string, sweetheart! Is n't it in your little pocket? Feel and see; I'll show you how to make a wonderful knot Jerry showed me."

Max's eyes brightened as he felt in his pocket for the twine.

"Now, see," said Letty; "I take two pieces, so, and I put this end round this way and through

Max took the string and the knot.

"I can untie it," he said; and forthwith began picking at it industriously with his little fingers till the ends began to loosen; he would really have accomplished the undoing had not Elinor and Rob arrived with the baskets; then they began picking berries in earnest. It was not long

before they had their baskets full. They gathered early asters and yellow rudbeckia for Mamma, and among the trees beyond the pasture they found the red wood-lilies burning like beautiful lamps in the green shade. When Max was tired, Elinor and Rob made a carriage for him, clasping each other's wrists with their crossed hands; so he rode home triumphant; and they trooped in together, weary, rosy and happy with their treasures.

"My boat sailed away, Mamma," said Max, as they sat at table.

"But all our boats went with it to keep it company, you know," said Letty.

"Yes, but I want to go after it and bring it home," insisted Max; and again they had to divert his mind from his loss.

In the afternoon they went down to play on the sands as usual, Max's nurse, Molly, accompanying. Jerry's mended dory was floating in the shallow cove; they begged to be allowed to get into it, "just for fun," and the old man put them in, Cosette and all, for kitty went with them everywhere. They put Max in the bow with his cat in his lap, and rocked the boat gently to and fro.

"Oh, look at the white gull!" cried Letty, as one swept over them; "Look, Max! It is white as Mamma's day-lilies in the garden!" But his eyes were fixed on the horizon line, where shining sails were dreaming far away in the sunshine.

"There they are! They're coming home!" he cried.

"No, Maxie; those are bigger boats than ours."

"But where have they gone, Rose? Let's go after them, now, in this boat. I can untie the rope," he cried, and he began to work on the knot which fastened the boat's "painter" to the bow. They let him work, since it seemed to amuse him so much, but they did not notice that he really made an impression on the large knot (which was not fastened very firmly) before they left the boat. When Jerry lifted him out, he whispered in the old man's ear, "To-morrow may I go in your boat to find Noah and the 'Cat's-Cradle'?"

"Oh, yes, to-night, if you want to go," said Jerry.

"And Cosette, too?"

"Sartin! sartin!" laughed Jerry, so Max was comforted. "They're all gone," he said to Letty, looking out over the sea, "but we are going after them to bring them home, Cosette and I."

"Really, Max?"

"Yes, Jerry said so."

"Jerry should n't promise," Letty said; but she did not wish to grieve her little brother afresh, so she let the matter drop.

Molly gave him his supper and put him into his

small white bed; tired and sleepy, he was soon in the land of dreams.

The rest of the family were at dinner. From the dining-room windows they saw the great disk of the full moon rising in the violet east, while the west was yet glowing with sunset. The sea was full of rosy reflections; across the waves fell the long path of scattered silver radiance the moon sent down; a warm wind breathed gently from the land.

"Oh, Papa," said Elinor, "let's go and ask Jerry to take us out sailing in the 'Claribel.' It is so lovely on the water!"

"Well, my dear, I'm willing, but Mamma does n't like sailing, you know."

"I'll stay with Mamma. I don't like sailing, either," said Letty. "We don't mind, do we, Mamma?"

"Why, no," said Mamma. "Do go! Letty and I will take a walk together. It is much too beautiful to stay indoors."

So Papa with his little flock set out for Jerry and the "Claribel," while Mamma and Letty made ready for their walk; but before leaving the house they went into the nursery to see that Max was asleep and comfortable.

"We are going out, Molly," said Mrs. Lambert to the nurse. "Take good care of Max."

"Sure and I always goes to look at him every little while, ma'am," said Molly.

"Yes, I know you do. Come, Letty, are you ready?" and they went out into the fragrant dusk together, strolling toward the pasture inland.

The boat meanwhile, with its happy crew, had been fanned away quite a distance from the warm land. A few faint clouds had gathered, which floating slowly up the sky helped to deepen the balmy darkness. The brown cottage was left quite alone except for slumbering Max, the servants, and Cosette who lay luxuriously napping on the parlor rug. Presently she woke, stretched her long, lithe body, sat up and looked about. All was dark and still. I suppose she wondered where everybody was; at any rate, she went out of the door, up the stairs, and finding the nursery door ajar—as careful Molly had left it so that she might hear Max if he should call—Cosette walked in, jumped up on her little master's bed, and began purring affectionately and rubbing her whiskers against Max's rosy cheek. He half woke, and spoke out of his dreams. "Cosette," he said, "now it's time to go and find Noah and all the boats, and the 'Cat's-Cradle,' and Noah's kitty; isn't it time, Cosette?"

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The moon at that moment was clear and filled the room with light.

"Cosette," he whispered; "let's go, you and I, in Jerry's boat."

Cosette purred and cuddled close to him. He slipped out of his low bed and took the cat into his arms. Molly was having her tea downstairs; no one was nigh. His little bare feet made no noise on the stair; the front door was open; there was nothing to hinder them. A few minutes more and they were out on the sands. Nobody saw the small white figure, with gold hair softly blown about, carrying the gray cat slowly down to the water. They reached the little cove and Jerry's dory. A battered log of driftwood lay half in and half out of the water. Max pushed the cat before him and climbed on this, and so crept over the edge of the boat into the bow.

"I can untie the rope, Kitty, I know the way!" and he began to work at the knot. It was so loose that he soon had it untied.

"Why don't we sail away?" said the little boy, and forthwith began leaning from side to side, rocking the boat as he had learned to do in the afternoon. Presently she began to move and slide off; the tide was ebbing, the wind blew from the land, both helped her away till she drifted slowly out of the cove, beyond the rocks and out to sea. Max was delighted. "Now, we're going to find them, Kitty! Now we'll bring them all back to Letty, and Rose, and Rob!"

The dory floated away into the dark. Nobody saw it, nobody knew. The wind over the water was cooler than on shore, and Max's little night-dress was thin. He looked about everywhere over the dark waves, and shivered.

"Where's Mamma?" he said. "Will we find the boats soon, Cosette?" Again the light clouds sailed across the moon. He shrank from the sight of the dark water; presently he slipped down into the deep bow of the boat, protected from the wind and hugging the warm kitty fast. "By and by we'll get to Noah," he said, drowsily. The lulling sound of the light ripples and the rocking of the drifting dory soon sent him into dreamland again;—so they floated away on the wide sea and no one knew anything about it.

Molly finished her tea and went to the stairs to listen for any sound that might come from the nursery. All was still.

"Sure it's tired the darlin' do be," she said, "trampin' round on his two little futs the long day! He sleeps sound when he sleeps at all," and she went back to continue her chat with Betty the cook. She stayed longer than she thought; it was full half an hour before she crept upstairs to look at her pet. She was surprised to find the nursery door wide open. Entering hurriedly she saw the little white bed empty and cold. "Max!

Max, darlin'! where do ye be hidin' from Molly?" She ran from one room to another seeking him, calling till her voice brought the cook and the maid rushing upstairs to see what was the matter. "He's gone!" cried Molly. "Mother of Heaven! he's gone!" and she began to wail and cry like a banshee.

"Stop your deavin', Molly," cried the frightened Betty. "Sure and it's only downstairs he's gone. We'll find him below." They ran down. Here, there, everywhere over the whole house they went; not a trace of him could they find.

"Oh, it's kidnapped he is, sure! Oh, what'll I do, what'll I do!" cried Molly, and she ran out-of-doors to meet Mrs. Lambert and Letty who were coming up the path to the house.

"Oh, Missis, have yez seen him?" she cried, half distracted.

"Who, Molly?" cried Letty, and the mother's heart stopped beating as the maid answered:

"The baby! Sure the baby's gone entirely. I can't find him in the whole house!"

"Molly! are you wild? What *can* you mean! Max gone?" She flew upstairs, followed by Letty dumb with fear. There was the little empty bed, with a dimple in the pillow where the golden head had lain. Pale with anxiety, they sought him everywhere, at last ran out of the house and up and down the sands, but never a sign of Max or Cosette could they find.

Meanwhile, Jerry's whaleboat, the "Claribel," was making its way back, beating up toward the shore against the light and baffling wind with the happy party on board. The moon gave but a faint luster through the light clouds, by which they could see the outlines of the land. The girls had turned up their sleeves, and held their arms as deep down as they could reach into the water to see the phosphorescence blaze at every movement, outlining their fingers in fire and rolling in foamy flame up to their elbows; the boat's keel seemed cutting through this soft, cold flame; it was wonderful and beautiful, and they never tired of watching it.

"I should be glad if the wind would freshen a little," their father said, presently. "This is all very charming, but we are going to be late home for little folks, I'm afraid," and he drew Rose to his knee.

"Are n't you tired, little girl?"

"No, Papa," but she laid her head on his shoulder. "Shall we soon be there, now, Papa?"

"I hope so," he replied. "Rob, what makes you so silent?"

"I don't know, father, whether I'm asleep and dreaming, or not, but it seems to me every moment as if I heard Cosette mewling. Now just keep still

a moment, all of you, and listen. There! did you hear? You have n't got a cat on board the 'Claribel' in the cuddy, have you, Jerry?"

"Why, no," replied Jerry, "but I've been thinking I heard something queer myself."

"Father!" suddenly cried Rob, "what 's that black speck on the water down there?" He pointed to leeward. At the same time a faint sound, sharp enough to pierce the soft breeze that blew against it, reached their ears.

"If 't was daytime I should say 't was the gulls cryin'," said Jerry, "but they don't fly nights."

"Is that a dory anchored, with somebody fishin?" asked Mr. Lambert.

"No, sir; whatever 't is, it 's movin'. Shall we sheer off a little and run down and see what 't is?"

"Do," said Mr. Lambert. As the "Claribel" turned on her course, again the sharp cry came, this time quite clearly to their ears.

"Somebody's got a cat somewhere, now that 's sartin!" said Jerry. They all looked and listened eagerly, fixing their eyes on the dim black speck. The boat with a free wind sailed faster; soon they were near enough to distinguish the outline of a small body sitting up on the broad seat in the stern of a dory.

"'T ain't big enough for a human critter," said Jerry. "Sure 's you 're born, it 's a cat in a dory! How upon earth did it get there?"

"I do believe it is Cosette!" cried Rob.

Again the moonlight broke through the rifted cloud, showing them plainly Cosette sitting upright; her long, anxious, distressed mews were pitiful to hear.

"Upon my word, it *is* Cosette!" said Mr. Lambert.

"And that 's my dory," said Jerry, as he ran the sail-boat past the skiff, then, luffing to bring her alongside, caught her by the gunwale, as they reached her, and held her fast. Cosette stood up, and with a flying leap landed in the midst of the astonished group.

"What 's that white thing in the bow?" cried Elinor. "*Papa!!*" she screamed, for the white thing began to move, and a little voice said:

"I'm bery cold, Papa——"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Mr. Lambert "*Max!* Max, is it you?" as he snatched him out of the dory and clasped him close in his arms,

"with only your night-dress on! all alone! Oh, Max! how did you get there!"

Elinor sprang with a large shawl she had brought, and wrapped it closely round him;—she could not speak, but put her arms round her father and little brother and leaned her head down on Max's curly pate.

"My little boy! My dear little boy!" Mr. Lambert said, over and over, and he gathered him closer and held him fast, as if he never could let him go again.

"Oh, Max!" cried Elinor at last, seeking for his bare, cold feet under the shawl and cherishing them in her warm hands, "how *did* you get there?"

"We did n't reach to Noah," Max said in his sweet voice. "We went to find the 'Cat's-Cradle,'—Cosette and I,—and Noah and all the boats, and we could n't see them and I was cold, and Cosette cried, and I wanted Mamma and we could n't find anything, and I want my Noah," the little story ended in a sob.

"Oh, you poor little darling," cried Rose.

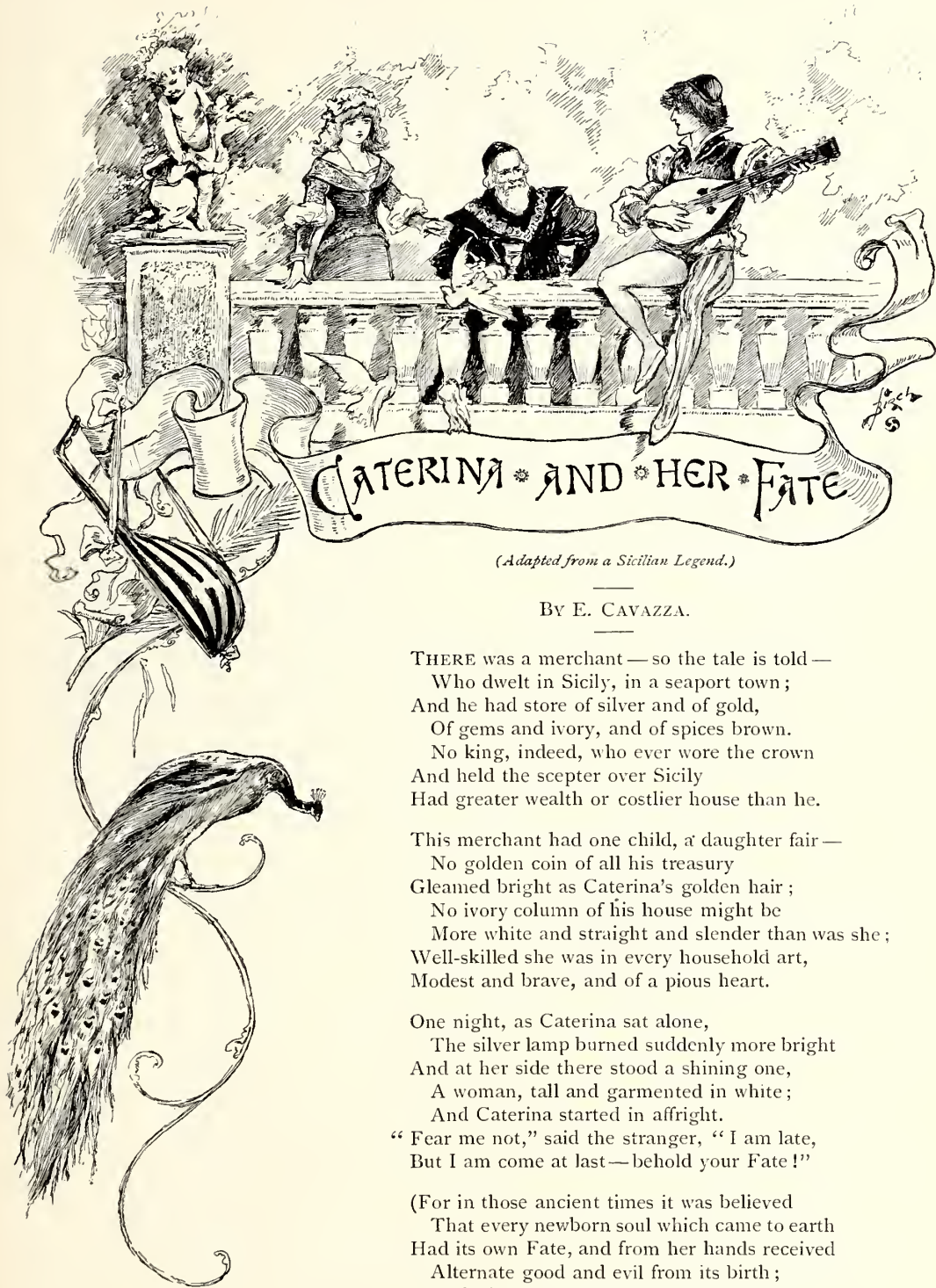
"If it had not been for Cosette we never should have known anything about it," said Rob.

"I wonder if they have missed him at home," said Elinor. "Poor Mamma! Oh, Papa, I wish we could sail faster!"

It seemed a long time before the boat neared the landing so they could disembark. Some time before they reached it they saw dark figures up and down the beach, and guessed that the poor mother was wildly searching for her boy. They shouted as soon as they could make themselves heard: "He 's here! He 's safe!" and when the blessed sound reached her ears, poor Mrs. Lambert fell on the sand, perfectly overpowered, thanking Heaven silently with all her soul.

It was not long before she had her treasure in her happy arms, clinging about her neck, while the other children clustered eagerly round Father and Mother, talking, laughing, crying, wondering and rejoicing, all at once, as they trooped into the house together.

"Cosette!" they cried, after Max had been safely tucked up in his little bed once more and that little bed moved into Mamma's room, close at her side,— "Oh, Cosette! if it had not been for you, we never, never, *never* should have found our dear Max again! Oh, Cosette, you are the best and dearest kitty in the world!"



CATERINA AND HER FATE

(Adapted from a Sicilian Legend.)

BY E. CAVAZZA.

THERE was a merchant — so the tale is told —
Who dwelt in Sicily, in a seaport town;
And he had store of silver and of gold,
Of gems and ivory, and of spices brown.
No king, indeed, who ever wore the crown
And held the scepter over Sicily
Had greater wealth or costlier house than he.

This merchant had one child, a daughter fair —
No golden coin of all his treasury
Gleamed bright as Caterina's golden hair;
No ivory column of his house might be
More white and straight and slender than was she;
Well-skilled she was in every household art,
Modest and brave, and of a pious heart.

One night, as Caterina sat alone,
The silver lamp burned suddenly more bright
And at her side there stood a shining one,
A woman, tall and garmented in white;
And Caterina started in affright.

“Fear me not,” said the stranger, “I am late,
But I am come at last — behold your Fate!”

(For in those ancient times it was believed
That every newborn soul which came to earth
Had its own Fate, and from her hands received
Alternate good and evil from its birth;
And with the ceaseless turning of the girth
Of Fate's most variable and inconstant wheel,
Mortals were given their part of woe and weal.)



With gentle act did Caterina rise ;

The immortal woman did her wheel arrest,
And looking on the maid with serious eyes,

Said to her, "Tell me now which thing were
best :

In youth to suffer, and in age have rest ;
Or, first have joy, then sorrow. What shall be
For youth and what for age? — the choice is free."

"Hardly," said Caterina, "can I tell,
Since grief at any time is hard to bear.
Yet surely, as I think of it, 't were well

In my late years to take of good my share

And end my life not laden down with care.

Yea, in my youth the will of Heaven be done."
"A wiser choice than this," said Fate, "were none."

And soon — to make the olden tale more brief —

To the rich merchant sorry things befell :
The pirates burned the ships that bore the chief
Of all his ventures ; he was forced to sell
His goods, estate, the house where he did dwell ;
And wounded in his heart and in his pride,
He turned his face against the wall, and died.

So all alone was Caterina left ;
 An orphan, penniless and without a home ;
 And since her hands to sew and spin were deft

She would take service, howso wearisome,
 And forth she went. At last she saw, being come
 Before the houses of a distant town,
 A woman from a window looking down.

Poor Caterina felt her heart more bold
 Because this woman had a kindly face ;
 And, while the tears from her sad eyelids rolled,
 She pleaded thus : " I pray you, of your grace,
 In your great house give me a little place,
 To be your handmaiden and sew and spin."
 The dame had pity of her, and took her in.

One day, the mistress left alone her maid
 To keep the house ; and broidering leaf and
 bloom
 Upon fine linen, Caterina stayed
 Content and busy in her little room,
 When on the sunlight fell a sudden gloom
 As when a cloud arises full of rain —
 And Caterina's Fate appeared again !

With furious hands she threw the basket down
 Of colored threads, and tossed them here and
 there,
 And from a carven chest she took the gown
 Of crimson silk the dame was wont to wear
 On feast-days, and with all her force did tear
 It into rags ; nor did she spare to spoil
 The linen wrought by Caterina's toil.

Then, as the Fate stood still at
 last, amid

The ruin that her envious
 hands had made,
 Poor Caterina fled the house, and
 hid

Among the brambles in a
 field,— afraid
 Of heavy blame that might on
 her be laid.

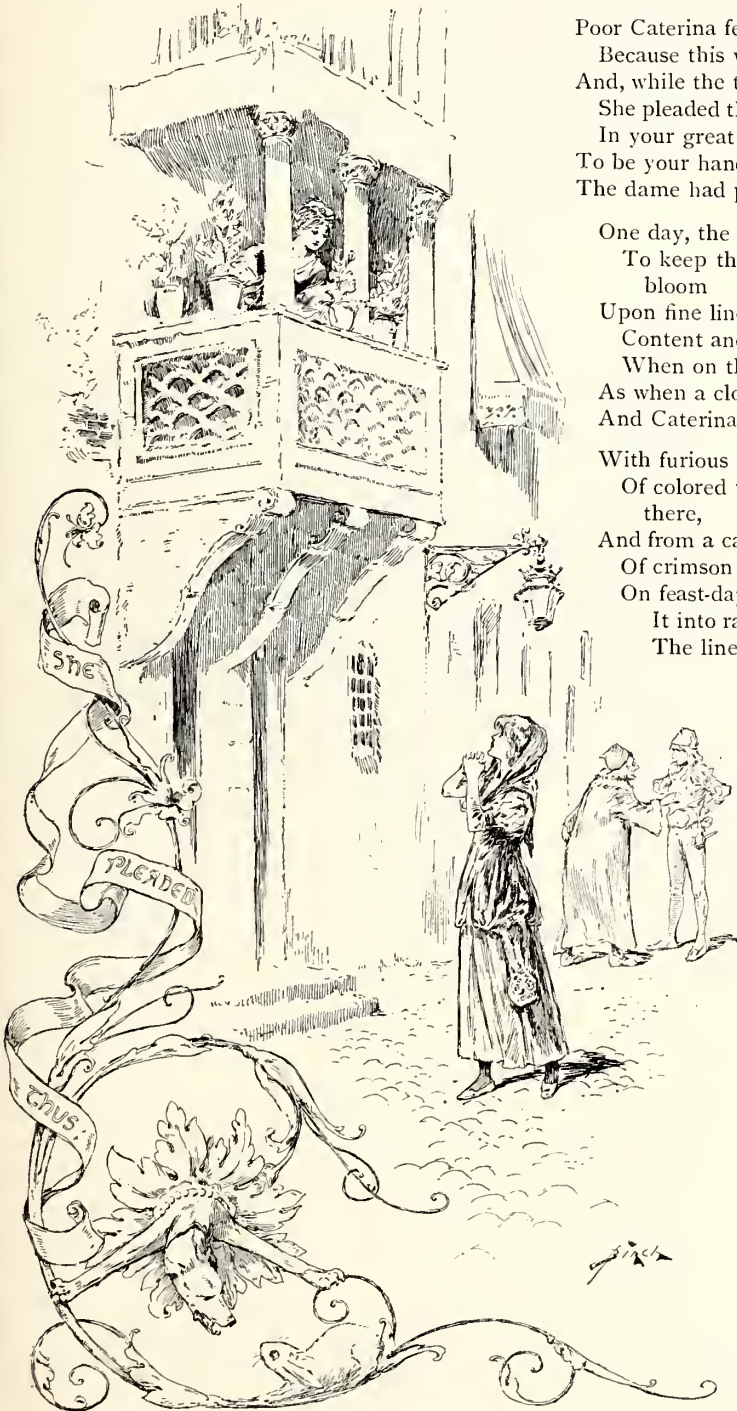
Later she rose, and wandered
 sadly down
 The road that led her to an-
 other town.

The maiden gone, at once, with-
 out delay
 The Fate began her ravage to
 set right.

The silken gown, made whole, was
 laid away,
 The broiderery appeared untorn
 and bright.

And when the mistress home-
 ward came at night,
 All was in order set, and to her
 mind —

But Caterina never could she find.



The maid again took service ; and again
 Came Fate to seek her, tearing as before
 Her well-wrought linen web. Seven years in vain,
 Driven by her Fate forth from each friendly door,
 She wandered to new cities ; and once more
 Became the handmaid of a noble dame,
 And day with day her duty was the same.

Once, when her daily task was done, at night
 She wandered, lonely, up a mountain way,
 And in a cavern saw a flickering
 light.

Within the hollow of the
 rock there lay
 Her Fate asleep, with
 tangled hair astray
 That veiled on either
 side her face,
 and hid
 The dream-spun
 damask of her
 coverlid.

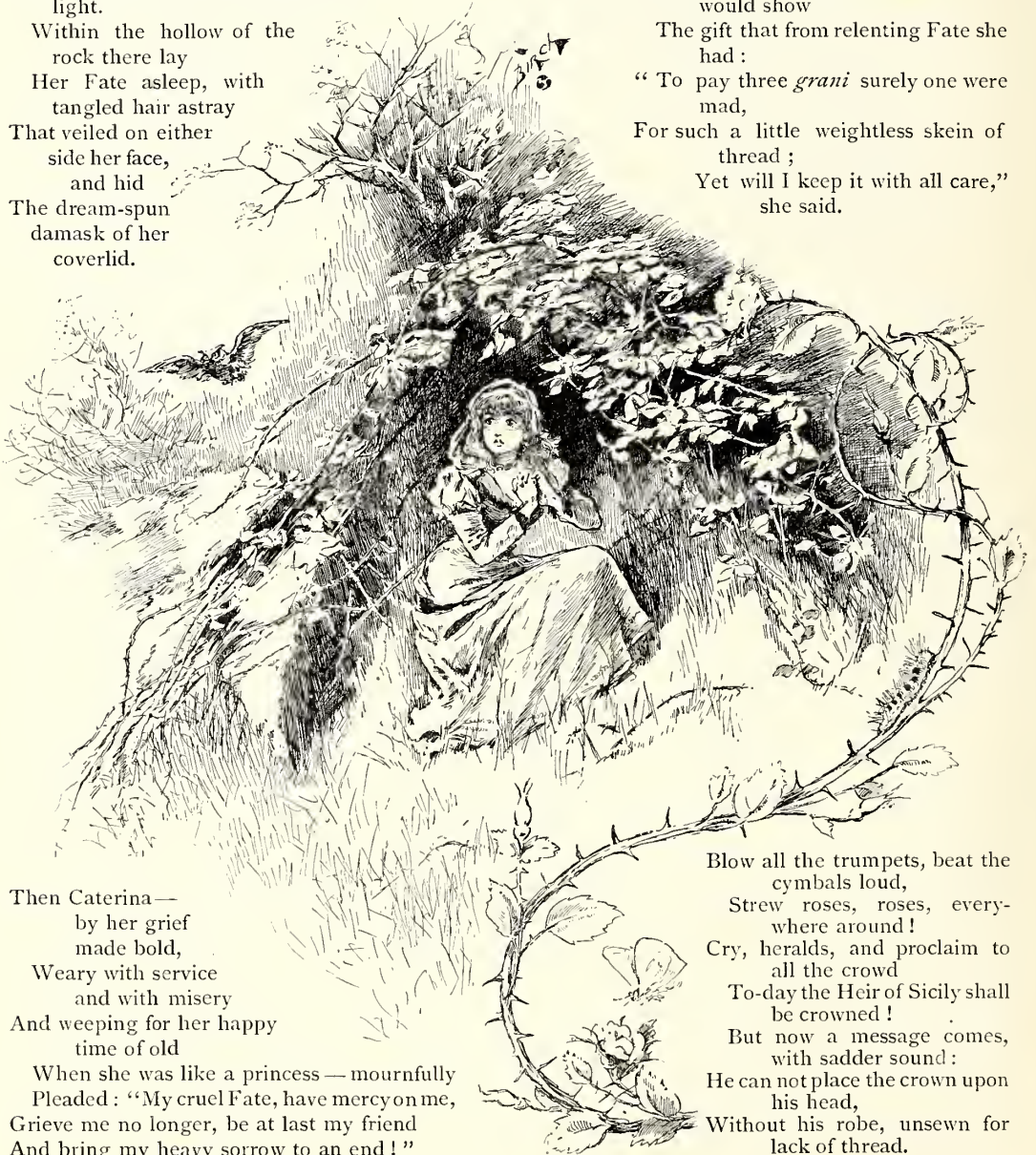
Then Caterina —
 by her grief
 made bold,
 Weary with service
 and with misery
 And weeping for her happy
 time of old

When she was like a princess — mournfully
 Pleaded : “My cruel Fate, have mercy on me,
 Grieve me no longer, be at last my friend
 And bring my heavy sorrow to an end !”

Beneath her coverlid the drowsy Fate
 Stirred languidly, while Caterina spoke
 In piteous words her painful case to state
 And tell how grief her patient spirit broke.
 At last from dreams forgetful, Fate awoke :
 “ Preserve my gift and it shall bring thee gain,”
 She said, and gave the maid a silken skein.

Then down the hill did Caterina go,
 Yet was the heart within her nowise glad ;
 And when to her good mistress she
 would show
 The gift that from relenting Fate she
 had :
 “ To pay three *grani* surely one were
 mad,
 For such a little weightless skein of
 thread ;
 Yet will I keep it with all care,”
 she said.

Blow all the trumpets, beat the
 cymbals loud,
 Strew roses, roses, every-
 where around !
 Cry, heralds, and proclaim to
 all the crowd
 To-day the Heir of Sicily shall
 be crowned !
 But now a message comes,
 with sadder sound :
 He can not place the crown upon
 his head,
 Without his robe, unsewn for
 lack of thread.





Throughout the realm of Sicily they sought
 To match the color of the coat, in vain ;
 No thread was found. The garment lay
 unwrought
 Without it ; and the prince declared again,
 Uncrowned and scepterless would he re-
 main,
 Nor ever seat himself upon the throne
 Until his coronation robe were done.

Then Caterina's mistress to her said :
 " Is not thy skein of silk the very hue
 Required to sew the royal robe, my maid ?"
 And Caterina, taking heart anew,
 Carried her skein of silk, as sapphire blue,
 To prove it with the garment of the king —
 And silken thread and cloth seemed one same
 thing !

The prince commanded then the treasurer
 To bring the scales and weigh the weight in gold
 Of Caterina's skein, and give it her.

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One golden coin and then one more was told —
 The silk was heavier. Streams of money rolled
 From wide-mouthed sacks ; and in the scale was laid
 All Sicily's treasure. Still the silk outweighed.

Then all his gems the prince, much marveling,
 Offered ; his wealth of ruby, emerald, pearl ;
 He bade the treasurer, most reluctant, bring
 Diamonds, and opals with strange fires that curl,
 And weigh them for the payment of the girl.
 Still were they all too light. At last the crown
 Was added to them — and the scale went down !

Then cried the knights and ladies: "Lo, behold
That this poor maid shall be a Queen, the sign!
For not the weight of all the royal gold
And jewels could, without the crown, combine
To balance her small skein!" "She shall be
mine,
Mine own dear Queen!" the Heir of Sicily cried,
And Caterina was the royal bride.

Sound ye the trumpets, beat the cymbals loud,
Strew roses, roses, everywhere around!
Cry, heralds, and proclaim to all the crowd
The King of Sicily a fair bride has found!

Lay cloth of gold upon the very ground
That they may walk thereon in royal state—
Praise to Queen Caterina and her Fate!



THE BOBOLINK'S SONG.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

WHEN little Teddy heard a merry bobolink,
He said, "Mamma, that bird is laughing, I should think."

Still rang the wondrous song,
So varied, clear and strong,
Out in the sunny weather;
And listening Teddy cried,
"Why! I should think he tied
A lot of songs together!"

DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS.

PART I.

BY GERTRUDE VAN R. WICKHAM.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S DOG.

IN the summer of 1880, when the first delegation of enthusiastic politicians came trooping up from the Mentor station through the lane that led to "Lawnfield," in order to congratulate General James A. Garfield on his nomination for the Presidency, there was one member of the Garfield household who met the well-meaning but noisy strangers with an air of astonishment and disapproval, and, as they neared the house, disputed further approach with menacing voice.

This was "Veto," General Garfield's big Newfoundland dog; and not until his master had called to him that it was "all right," and that he must be quiet, did he cease hostile demonstrations.

After that, whenever delegations came — and they were of daily occurrence — Veto walked around among the visitors, looking grave and sometimes uneasy, but usually peaceful. General Garfield was very fond of large, noble-looking dogs. Veto was a puppy when given to him, but in two years' time had grown to be an immense fellow, and devotedly attached to his master. He was named in honor of President Hayes's veto of a certain bill in the spring of 1879.

The bill was one for abolishing the office of marshal at elections. It did not meet with the President's approval, and he returned it to Congress unsigned,—an action which greatly pleased General Garfield, and suggested the name for his dog.

Although quiet, as he had been bidden, Veto was never reconciled to the public's invasion of the Mentor farm. He was a dog of great dignity, and could not but feel resentment at the familiarity of the strangers who, on the strength of their political prominence, overran his master's fields, spoiled the fruit-trees, peered into the barns and poultry yard, and were altogether over-curious and intrusive. He had been told that it was "all right"; but these actions by day, and the torchlights and hurraing by night, wore on his spirits and temper. This evident unfitness for public life caused a final separation from his beloved master; for when, in the following spring, the family moved to Washington to begin residence at the White House, they thought it was not best to take Veto with them, so he was left behind in Mentor.

Poor fellow! all his doubts and fears for the safety and peace of him he loved and guarded were indeed well-founded. That first invasion of Lawnfield was but the beginning of what was to end in great calamity and bitter sorrow. Veto never saw his master again.

After the death of General Garfield, Veto was taken to Cleveland, O., where he spent his remaining days in the family of J. H. Hardy—a gentleman well known in that city.

Several anecdotes are related by Mr. Hardy which prove the dog's great intelligence. He slept in the barn, and seemed to consider himself responsible for the proper behavior of the horses, and the safety of everything about the

barn. No one not belonging to the family was allowed even to touch any article in it. Veto's low thunder of remonstrance or dissent quickly brought the curious or meddlesome to terms.

One night he barked loudly and incessantly. Then, as this alarm signal unnoticed, he

shut up in the barn—howling and scratching frantically at the door. When it was opened, he rushed directly to another barn some rods away, belonging to and very near a house occupied by a large family, who all were in bed and asleep. He scratched at the door of this barn, keeping up at the same time his dismal howl, and paying no attention to the repeated calls and commands to "come back and behave" himself. Just as force was to be used to quiet him, a bright tongue of flame shot up through the roof of the barn, and, almost in an instant, the whole structure was in a blaze. Before the fire department reached the spot the barn was consumed, and the house was saved from destruction only through heroic efforts of the neighbors.

And so Veto's quick scent and wonderful sagacity in, as we must believe, giving the alarm, not only saved the house, but probably averted serious loss of life.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE'S DOG.

"SPEC" was a little terrier born at Fort Hamilton, New York. One day, while he was yet a puppy, an army officer with two little boys came to the kennel to choose a dog for themselves. They picked out Spec from a litter of puppies, as the brightest and prettiest, and bore him off in great glee to headquarters. The army officer was the late General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia.

Not long after, the General was ordered to Mexico; and Mrs. Lee and the children went to Arlington to remain during his absence. Spec went with them. While General Lee was away, the little dog showed no signs of missing him, but when, after the long absence, he unexpectedly returned home, Spec happened to be the first of the household to greet him. The little fellow seemed crazy with delight. He jumped up, licked his master's hands, and sprang around in so excited a manner that notwithstanding the great joy of the family he attracted the attention of all.

One of the General's little sons, now General W. H. F. Lee, of Ravensworth, Virginia, writes: "I



GENERAL GARFIELD AND "VETO," AT MENTOR.

howled until Mr. Hardy was forced to dress and go to the barn, where he found a valuable horse loose and on a rampage. Veto had succeeded in seizing the halter, and there he stood with the end in his mouth, while the horse, disappointed of his frolic and his expectation of unlimited oats, was vainly jerking and plunging to get away.

Another time, upon returning late at night from a county fair, the family heard Veto—who was

have often heard my father say that he believed the dog thoroughly recognized him, and was overjoyed at his return."

Several years passed, and General Lee was ordered to West Point. Meanwhile Spec had grown old, and was failing in mind as in body; else he never would have strayed on board one of the New York excursion boats that touch daily at West Point, and allowed himself to be carried away to some place from which he could not return. He was never heard of afterward.

The whole family, most of whom had been his playmates, long mourned for him, but none more sincerely than his master.

EDWARD EGGLESTON'S DOG.

"TYCHO BRAHE" was his full name, and he was a bull-terrier living in the village of Vevay, Indiana. He was given to Edward Eggleston when that author was only six years old; and there never existed a more peaceable, good-natured, affectionate dog, except when duty was involved; then he was as stern and brave as a Roman sentinel.

Mr. Eggleston's father kept many horses and dogs, and had a very classical taste in naming them all; so such appellations as "Hector," "Messana," and "Cæsar" became household words.

Edward was allowed to choose between "Talleyrand" and "Tycho" as a name for his puppy, and selected the latter because the first one, to his childish imagination, sounded too much like "tallow," and suggested candles.

Tycho early showed extraordinary sagacity, and, as befitted a dog bearing the name of a great astronomer, clearly understood the difference between day and night. He was never known to express any opposition to the coming of a visitor in the daytime, but when once darkness set in no stranger could enter the door-yard. He did not bite, he only stood still and growled; and no one was ever known to disregard that warning; but when the person at the gate called the name of any one of the family, or was recognized by the dog, no further opposition was made.

Once he was left alone for two days in charge of the house, and for forty-eight hours stood guard on the doorstep, which he never left except when called by a neighbor to be fed.

Mr. Eggleston says: "I have had other dog-friends, but Tycho was the noblest, and I shall always remember him with affection." And yet he lost his life by an act of folly. A vagabond dog went through the street one day, and the more respectable of the canine family pitched into him for bringing the race into discredit—or for violating some other rule of dog propriety.

Tycho rushed in with the rest. A week or two later, the poor fellow moped; then he gnawed the bark of a peach-tree, snapped at those who spoke to him, and showed other signs of being rabid. He died, as such dogs do, by means of a neighbor's gun, and all the family wept bitterly for the dear old fellow, who had been their companion for eight years, and made strong resolutions never again to set their hearts on a dog.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S DOGS.

OUR beloved Quaker poet was a farmer's son, and therefore was brought up among dogs and horses and cattle, and became fond of them all.

He is rich in dogs. At Oak Knoll, where he spends his summers, he has three: Roger, Robin, and Dick. As he could be none other than a kind, gentle master, we can readily imagine how these three dogs adore him; and how, when he returns to Oak Knoll in the spring, they greet him with frantic barks and yelps of delight, with rapturous waggings and thumpings of tails.

Roger guards the barns; Dick is a Scotch terrier; and Robin is a shepherd-dog. The latter two are the more favored because, being house-dogs, they have opportunities for intimacy with the poet not possible to Roger. They can more frequently watch their master's face for signs of loving recognition, can insinuate a nose between his book and eyes, or with ever-ready tongue take a dog's loving liberty with his hand. But we presume there are no jealousies on that account, nor heart-burnings, and that all are good friends, leading lives of gentle dignity befitting the dogs of John G. Whittier, the poet of peace.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON'S DOGS.

"PETER TRONE, ESQ.," was a little black-and-tan terrier living in Cleveland, Ohio, whose deeds and qualities often have been chanted in unpublished prose and verse by his gifted mistress, Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Peter Trone, Esq., had many accomplishments and many cultivated tastes. He was fond of grapes and knew the proper time to eat them. After dinner he would help himself to dessert, probably thinking that he had been forgotten. His mistress often watched him while he did this. He would trot slowly down the path that led by the trellis, selecting and biting off, as he passed, a particularly fine grape.

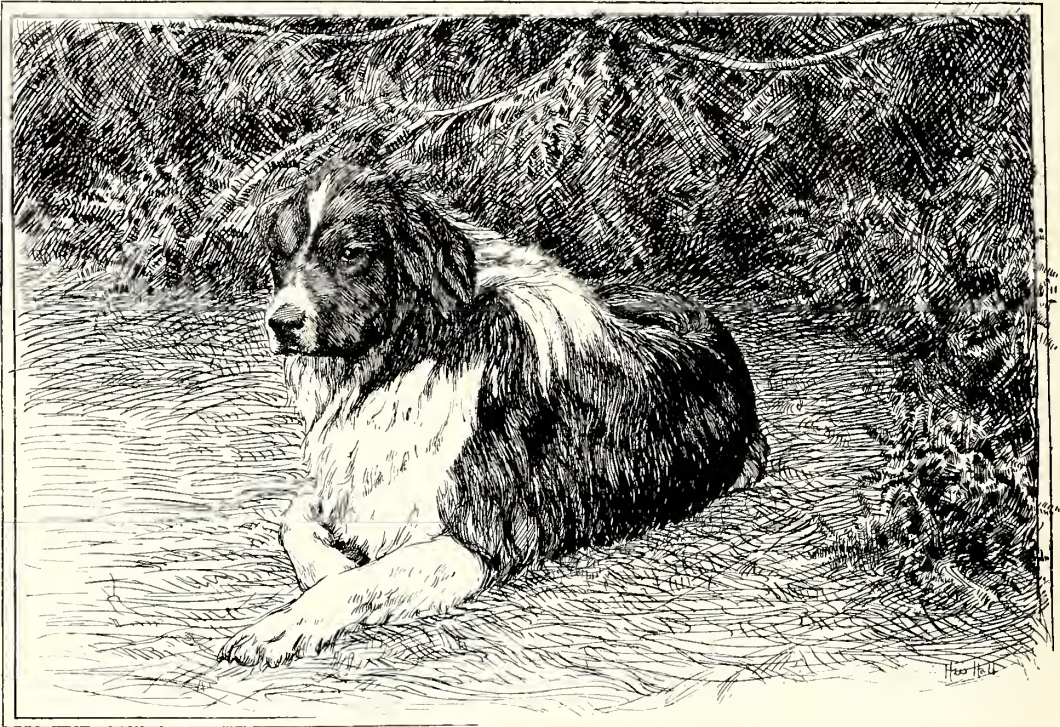
He could fish! Once, in the country, when Miss Woolson's young brother had unexpectedly caught a large fish over a dam, and was puzzled to know how he should draw the fish up with a slender line,

Peter Trone, Esq., in great excitement, plunged into the water below the dam, caught the fish in his mouth and brought it to the boy.

He could carry a note tied to his collar to a distant place, take it to the person for whom it was intended, wait for the answer, and bring it safely

proper to the occasion was furnished before the services began.

At the appointed hour, the Woolson children and their cousins walked in procession to the grave, which was made in the garden. Old Turk was lowered into his last resting-place, his yellow paws



"ROBIN," A SHEPHERD-DOG BELONGING TO THE POET, WHITTIER.*

back. He needed but little training in order to do anything within a dog's possibilities, and Miss Woolson never discovered the limits of his wonderful intelligence.

Pete Trone, Esq., could walk a long distance on his little hind legs. The Woolson children made him a pair of scarlet trousers, a little scarlet coat, and a scarlet cap and feather. It was a funny sight to see him marching on his hind legs down Euclid Avenue arrayed in these garments. He was very proud of them.

The family had two other dogs,—who were, of course, Pete's most intimate friends,—“Old Turk” and little “Grip.” Turk was a magnificent old fellow, and well known in Cleveland. He lived a long life, and when it was ended, the children held a funeral over him.

All the dogs in the neighborhood were formally invited, by card. They began to arrive early in the morning, and were tied to different trees in the yard; and so most of the howling and mourning

folded, his breast covered with flowers, and his requiem, composed by Miss Woolson, sung to the tune of “Old Dog Tray.” All the dogs were then brought up to take a last look at the old patriarch. Pete Trone, Esq., was chief mourner.

THE DOGS OF MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THIS charming writer for ST. NICHOLAS is an enthusiastic lover of dogs. She has had in the course of her life several canine pets, all—as naturally would be expected of anything belonging to the author of “Little Lord Fauntleroy”—very interesting animals. Each is declared to have been thoroughly original in his manner and ways, and quite unlike the others; and all have been conspicuous figures in her personal history.

The first great sorrow of her childhood, amounting in her eyes to an awful tragedy, was occasioned by love of a dog. Some one gave her a New-

* In a note Mr. Whittier says, the dog, as shown in this picture, happens to be “lying at the foot of the largest Norway spruce in New England.”—ED. ST. NICHOLAS.

foundland puppy, named Rollo,—a black ball of curls which tumbled over its own legs and was the “idol of her soul.” Only ten days after he came to her, and while she was wild with the first rapture of possession, a covetous boy, who had vainly tried to beg or buy the puppy, sent a servant to borrow him to show some one, and never returned him. How he managed to evade all demand or inquiry, she never understood. It was all a dark mystery; but she mourned so passionately and persistently over her lost dog that her mother became alarmed about her, and hastened to secure another one to take his place in her affections. This was an exquisite little Italian greyhound named Florence, who remained her friend and companion for years.

When Mrs. Burnett was a child her family lived in Tennessee. There they had—as she expressed it—“colonies of dogs,” many of them disreputable ones, that came and asked to stay, or stayed without asking—any way to insinuate themselves into the household. One of these was dubbed “Pepper,” because of his touchy, contradictory disposition, which led to habits and ways that were sources of great amusement to the children. He followed Mrs. Burnett’s brother home one day, and intimated that he had come to remain. He pretended to be a dog who was highly strung and sensitive, and that these traits had not been appreciated where he came from, but the children soon discovered that his sensitiveness was but temper.

The moment he was reproved for improper conduct, he went out of the front door and trotted home to the other family, who lived about four miles away. The children would stand on the piazza to watch him till he was out of sight. He had a long hill to trot over, and the intolerant scorn expressed by his tail and little hind legs, as he jogged along, never deigning to cast a glance behind, showed in the most scathing manner that, in his opinion, the family he had turned his back upon were people of no refinement of sentiment whatever, and could not be expected to understand the feelings of a dog of real delicacy. He always went away when lectured; and probably came back whenever the other family did not approve of his actions, because he kept running away and coming back for a year or two; finally, however, deciding that the children were worthiest of his continued patronage. But their principal dog at that time—their staple dog—was “Mr. K.,” a big, yellow canine who, when found, was living a wild life in the woods, not far from the house. He had been a dog of bad reputation, evidently undeserved,

for after Mrs. Burnett’s sister Edith had beguiled him to go home with her, he at once settled down and became a reformed domestic character who adored every member of the family.

But there was one flaw in his otherwise perfect demeanor,—he *would* fight. As soon as he saw another dog, particularly if it was large, he arose with a mild and forbearing expression, apparently without any prejudice or bitterness of feeling, and went out and tried to obliterate that dog from the face of the earth. He then would return covered with wounds and glory, wearing an apologetic, even remorseful air, especially when Edith scolded him well, pointing out the folly of such behavior and what a disgrace he was to the family. At such times he would thump his tail unceasingly on the floor and look from under his eyelids, greatly embarrassed; but he always attended to the next dog as impartially as though he never had been remonstrated with in his life. If none came to the house he would sally forth to seek them, and this conduct finally brought disaster upon him.

The house stood on a hill. At the foot of it lived a “colored” dog, named Tige, owned by some negroes. The children could not decide whether or not it was a matter of race prejudice, but there was a feud existing between Tige and “Mr. K.” Whenever they met, which was two or three times a week, they fought—and Tige always was beaten. Finally, this so exasperated him, that he held a consultation with his friends. The children were



“PETE TRONE, ESQ.,” MISS CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON’S DOG.

convinced that he did so, because several times they saw dogs talking together in twos and threes, and wondered what the discussion was about. The result was that these dogs attacked “Mr. K.” in a body, and left him for dead in a pool of water; but he crawled home, scarcely alive, and covered with mud and gore.

The children nursed him all the following winter; for rheumatism set in, and he had to be kept in a corner of the kitchen wrapped in a blanket and covered with hot stove-plates, which Edith considered good for his complaint. And when any one said, sympathetically, "Poor Mr. K.!" an innate sense of politeness led him to acknowledge the attention by trying to rise and wag his tail, whereupon all the stove-plates would roll off and clatter on the floor.

Poor fellow! The fighting mania that was so implanted in his constitution proved his destruction. One day he rushed out to attack a howling dog that was running past the house, and when he returned was so bitten that he had to be killed, and the children all cried themselves ill.

In later years, Mrs. Burnett has had at different times three other dogs. The first was a Chihuahua puppy, sent to her from Mexico; and when he arrived he weighed only a pound and three-quarters. But she was away from home at the time, and he took advantage of her absence to grow. He was always very much ashamed of it afterwards, and when she returned, and he saw how disappointed she was at his size, it seemed to depress him and make him anxious to hide in corners. His remorse was so evident that Mrs. Burnett tried to encourage him by pretending that she did not care so *very* much, and that, for all she cared, he might have been even larger. But he was never happy, and so she gave him to a little girl who had never expected him to be smaller.

The gentleman who had presented him to Mrs. Burnett was very much disgusted with him. He felt that the dog had betrayed his confidence, and to make up for this duplicity, and to console Mrs. Burnett, he sent her a beautiful Japanese pug named "Toto," with fluffy, silken, black and white hair, a tail like a curled feather, the shortest, puggiest black nose, and the largest, rounded eyes imaginable. He kept his pink tongue always

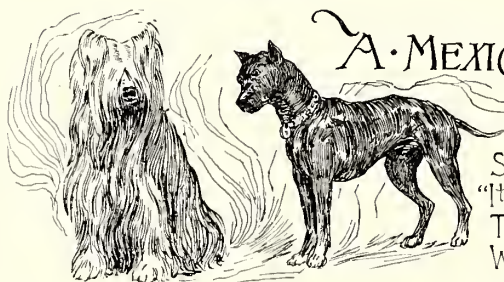
thrust out of the right side of his mouth with a most derisive air, and he was lovely!— but he had no soul. He loved nobody, and cared for nothing but his scarlet and yellow satin bows, his dinner, and his cushion. He died at a hospital, where he had been sent to be treated when taken ill.

Mrs. Burnett's present dog is an English pug, upon whose collar is engraved, "Monsieur le Marquis."

He came to her as a puppy, and she has had him for years. He began life with a nature too frank and ingenuous, and Mrs. Burnett has seen him develop from a confiding puppy of impulse into a pug of the world. They are great friends and confide in each other freely, but the dog mingles in society more than he did in the first flush of their affection. Mrs. Burnett has been very ill; consequently they have been separated, and he has had to entertain himself with the world. He is a very interesting little animal, and his pretty ways and intelligent tricks would fill a volume.

While Mrs. Burnett was convalescing in Nahant last summer, she wrote:

"Just now I am greatly interested in a small, shaggy, yellow dog which, about once a day— usually in the evening— trots with serious mien through the grounds. He comes in the gateway at one end of the avenue, and goes out at the other. He looks neither to right nor left, and utterly ignores all blandishments, however seductive. He seems absorbed in deep reflection, and to have some business project in view. As I am a visitor only, I don't know him. I don't know where he comes from or where he goes. I cannot decide whether he is an unsocial dog, or a proud dog, or a reserved dog, or simply a busy dog, with care and responsibilities. Sometimes I imagine that he goes to meet a friend who is indisposed, or that he has been expecting a letter of importance, and calls regularly at the post-office for the mail."



A MEXICAN DOG'S SOLILOQUY.

Wm. S. Gump

Said a poor little dog without any hair,
 "It seems to me to be very unfair
 That I should be such an odd conceit,
 While my friend is covered from ears to feet."

"THE MEN WHO DIED."

BY RUTH HAYS.



"MAMMY, what 's 'Morial Day for?"

Mammy stood in the cabin doorway with arms akimbo, the sunset light shining on her broad, kindly face, and lighting up the gay handkerchief she wore about her head. She took the short pipe from her mouth as she good-naturedly answered the boy:

"Laws, honey! ain't you 'member dat yet? I done tole you more 'n forty times, fo' sure. 'Bout de men who died, don't you know? Dat 's what it means."

Joe did n't appear to be much enlightened. "De men who died?" he repeated questioningly, looking up with those bright eyes of his.

He was the blackest little specimen that ever was. The ace of spades was nothing to him—"Charcoal would make a white mark on him." But the white teeth gleamed, and the big eyes shone, and the woolly hair knotted itself into the funniest little fuzz you ever did see. As for his costume, it was n't much to boast of; nothing but rags, and not too many of them. But Joe did n't care,—not he! He was as free as the birds, and lived as careless and irresponsible a life. When the sun shone, and all was bright, he rejoiced as they did; when it was cold and dismal, he crept into his own little nest of a cabin, rolled himself up in all the rags he could gather, curled into a small heap, as close to the fire as he could get, and waited for fair weather.

He had two treasures: Jack, a thin, gaunt, yellow cur (I really can't call him anything else), and Billy, an old goat once white, but not at all particular about his present appearance, and with the beard of a patriarch. Belonging with Billy was a cart made of an old box perched between two wheels much too high for it, and with a board nailed across, on which Joe would sit as proudly as any dandy young Englishman in his dog-cart.

This wagon was usually perilously loaded with "light-wood," picked up here and there; and to see Joe driving over the rough, uneven sidewalks, now on the planks, now off; now with a wheel caught in a crack, now tilting over so far that one wondered the whole rickety concern did n't go to destruction altogether,—really, it was an exciting experience. Jack was usually in close attendance, trotting as close behind the cart as the sharp ends of the light-wood, stuck in all sorts of ways, would permit. In this rig Joe would drive along certain streets which he considered his special property, and try to sell his cargo. Sometimes he got five or ten cents; sometimes, if nobody happened to want any light-wood, he still got something to eat. In one place there was a lady from "up north." She always gave him doughnuts, but she wanted him to learn to read and spell, and Joe suspected her of designs to enforce this desire. So he usually steered clear of her, preferring corn-bread and liberty.

Mammy took in washing, when she could get it, carrying the full basket poised on her head as she went and came. She went out scrubbing and cleaning, too, whenever her services were called for. They earned little, but they wanted little. It was a miserable, shiftless way of living, but then it was the best they knew, and as long as they were neither cold nor hungry, they were perfectly content, and found life good, as the birds and squirrels do.

The cabin was a small log affair with bare ground all about it—not very tidy, certainly. The wooden shutter was thrown back, and the sunshine streamed pleasantly in at the window, which boasted neither sash nor glass. The open door sagged a good deal, and the whole place had that unmistakable *darky* look about it, everywhere. A few hens and some half-grown chickens roamed about, and a little black pig followed his own sweet will hither and yon, not disdaining the shelter of the cabin when it pleased him. And, indeed, why should he? He was one of the family, and Joe, at least, always gave him cordial welcome. He was n't quite so sure of Mammy's.

It was seldom that Joe troubled himself or Mammy with questions of any kind; but to-day he had happened to hear two women talking of

Memorial Day, and something about the procession and flowers. Now, if there was anything Joe loved, it was a procession—and who did n't? Why, there was n't a darcy for miles around that did n't turn out to see every one that marched. A circus was a wild delight. Joe had only seen one procession of that kind, and it had remained a joy forever. But he was n't critical; a wedding or a funeral, so there was a procession, was a joy to him. Of course he had seen several Memorial Days, but he took little note of time, and somehow it had never occurred to him before that they recurred regularly like Christmas,—the one great holiday. And now he wanted to know what for. So Mammy told once more, and very graphic she made the story. Unfortunately, she had had a very harsh master, in slavery days, and she drew so vivid a picture of how Joe would have had to "stan' roun' if ole marse had got hold" of him, that the boy looked apprehensively about for that dread personage, and was much relieved to know that he was dead. "Killed in de war, honey, like all de rest." And then she told of the coming of the Northern army—"Marse Linkum's men"—and of the brave soldiers—some of them mere boys who laid down their lives there, "the men who died," and who slept peacefully enough under the pines, with all discord over at last. And Joe, as she told of the day set apart to keep their memory green, resolved that he, too, would march in the procession to-morrow and carry flowers for "the men who died."

He did n't say anything to Mammy of that, though, for he knew she would object. "Laws, honey!" she would say, "you ain't got no legs fo' dat"; and, indeed, poor Joe's crippled limbs and limping gait were poorly fitted for processions, however willing his stout heart might be. No, he would n't say a word; but he'd get up early to-morrow, and go for flowers,—there were gay pink and yellow ones in the swamp, way up the Branch—a long way for him to hobble, but he knew of none nearer. Then he'd get back in time to join the procession, and would carry his posy with the biggest of them. Mammy'd be proud enough when she saw him there.

So he and Jack were astir betimes, and soon toiling along the dusty road. It was a bright, warm morning, and Joe sang like a little black-bird as he limped along; past the log cabins like his own, where swarms of children were already about, and dogs of all sizes came yelping out, and gave them noisy welcome; past the broad fields where lately the kale and spinach had been cut, where the level country stretched away on either hand, unbroken by wall or fence, the boundary lines being ditches or low hedges, till he turned

off to follow the Branch, only a narrow creek, up into the swamp lands where the flowers grew. Oh, what a wealth of them, as if on purpose for Joe!—all he had hoped and more. He picked and picked, meantime looking warily about for moccasins. His posy would be the biggest and gayest of them all, he said to himself, as at last he tied his flowers into a great, straggling bunch with a strip torn from his rags. Rags are very convenient, sometimes. He was tired now, and the sun was hot, but there was no time to lose; so, trying carefully to shield his precious posies with his torn hat, he shuffled along, bare-headed, the weary way home.

Jack had been rushing about everywhere; back and forth, here, there, and yonder, now diving under the bushes, now jumping the creek; but he, too, was tired now and followed close behind Joe, panting very dejectedly, paying no heed to anything about him—as if he were a mournful procession on his own account; and so, at last, they reached home.

The old goat slumbered in the doorway, and the little black pig scurried away with shrill squeals, as Jack, roused again, made a dash for him. But Jack was only in fun, and piggy knew that very well. He was squealing only to carry out his part of the performance.

Mammy had gone out, too well accustomed to Joe's vagabond roamings to wonder where he was. There was corn-bread on the shelf, and potatoes, too; and Joe and Jack ate their breakfast together as soon as the flowers had been put in water. Joe hid them behind the cabin. He wanted to surprise Mammy. *She* did n't know he was big enough to march in the procession with the rest.

Later in the day the dreary little procession was moving slowly along the narrow, dusty streets of the straggling Southern town, toward the road leading to the cemetery where "the men who died" had their humble graves. It was a meager little procession, indeed. A drum and fife furnished the music; there were a few white men who led, and then a straggling line of colored people, men and women, too, each carrying a little bunch of flowers; and behind them all hobbled little Joe. Even their slow pace was too fast for him, weary and foot-sore as he was; but he struggled bravely to keep up, and held his head high, and carried his big posy proudly,—the biggest of all, as he had thought it would be. But no; Joe was n't *quite* the last one—Jack was last, close behind Joe, and much impressed with the dignity of the occasion.

Ah! how shall I tell the rest? The little procession had just passed a narrow cross-street, and there, hidden by the buildings on either side, a carriage had paused, the spirited horse held in

with difficulty till the slow line filed past. It dashed forward impatiently when the way was clear, and then there was a scream from the spectators, a rush to the street as the horse flew by, and in the dust lay little Joe, bleeding and senseless, the

few minutes later, "'Morial Day" and all days on earth for little Joe were over!

In the quiet, lonely field where the colored people lay their dead is a narrow little grave, and there, still, as Memorial Day comes round, poor Mammy



"HE STRUGGLED BRAVELY TO KEEP UP, AND CARRIED HIS BIG POSY PROUDLY."

big bouquet still clenched fast in his poor little hand.

They picked him up, and carried him into a warehouse close by, and, as they laid the little fellow down, and Mammy, with wild sobs and wails, took him tenderly in her arms, he slowly opened his eyes, and feebly tried to put the flowers into her hand.

"De men — who died," he said, faintly, and, a

brings her flowers and lays them down with bitter tears for the boy who was her last and dearest care. And Jack looks wistfully into her face, and whines and lays his head down upon the grave as if begging the child to come again.

But Joe sleeps peacefully, like the brave men he would have honored; and some day, we trust, in that brighter world, Mammy shall have her boy again, and Joe be lame no more, forever!

TOM AND MAGGIE TULLIVER.

CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT. No. V.*

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.



TOM and Maggie Tulliver lived with their parents at Dorlcote Mill, a picturesque old place on the river Floss. Tom was the elder, and though he was not so intelligent as Maggie many people liked him much better, because he had none of the peculiarities which made Maggie seem different from other children. "He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and, at

twelve or thirteen years of age, look as much alike as goslings — a lad with light-brown hair, cheeks of cream and roses, full lips, indeterminate nose and eyebrows — a physiognomy in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the generic character of boyhood; as different as possible from poor Maggie's phiz, which nature seemed to have molded and colored with the most decided intention."

Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver were given to frequent discussions of their two children, the father always taking the part of his little favorite Maggie, over whom Mrs. Tulliver used to sigh and shake her head, because she was so odd and unmanageable, — and the mother always extolling the eldest-born, Tom, — whom Mr. Tulliver, in spite of his fatherly affection, considered "a bit slowish."

"The little un takes after my side, now," said Mr. Tulliver, in the course of one of these discussions; "she's twice as 'cute as Tom. Too 'cute for a woman, I'm afraid. . . . It's no mischief much while she's a little un."

"Yes it *is* a mischief while she's a little un, Mr. Tulliver, for it all runs to naughtiness. How to keep her in a clean pinafore two hours together passes my cunning. An', now you put me i'

mind,' continued Mrs. Tulliver, rising and going to the window, 'I don't know where she is now, an' it's pretty nigh tea-timc. Ah! I thought so — wanderin' up an' down by the water like a wild thing: she'll tumble in some day.'

"Mrs. Tulliver rapped the window sharply, beckoned and shook her head — a process which she repeated more than once before she returned to her chair.

"You talk o' cuteness, Mr. Tulliver,' she observed as she sat down, 'but I'm sure the child 's half an idiot i' some things; for if I send her upstairs to fetch anything, she forgets what she's gone for, an' perhaps 'ull sit down on the floor i' the sunshine, an' plait her hair an' sing to herself like a Bedlam creatur', all the while I'm waiting for her downstairs. That nivr runs i' my family, thank God, no more nor a brown skin as makes her look like a mulatter. I don't like to fly i' the face o' Providence, but it seems hard as I should have but one gell, an' her so comical.'

"Pooh! nonsense! said Mr. Tulliver; 'she's a straight black-eyed wench as anybody need wish to see. I don't know i' what she's behind other folks's children; and she can read almost as well as the parson.'

"But her hair won't curl all I can do with it, and she's so franzy about having it put i' paper, and I have such work as never was to make her stand and have it pinched with th' irons.'

"Cut it off — cut it off short," said the father rashly.

"How can you talk so, Mr. Tulliver? She's too big a gell, gone nine, and tall of her age, to have her hair cut short; an' there's her cousin Lucy's got a row o' curls round her head an' not a hair out o' place. It seems hard as my sister Deane should have that pretty child; I'm sure Lucy takes more after me nor my own child does. Maggie, Maggie,' continued the mother, in a tone of half-coaxing fretfulness, as this small mistake of nature entered the room, 'where's the use o' my telling you to keep away from the water? You'll tumble in and be drowned some day, an' then you'll be sorry you did n't do as mother told you.'

"Maggie's hair, as she threw off her bonnet, painfully confirmed her mother's accusation: Mrs.

* "Mill on the Floss."

Tulliver, desiring her daughter to have a curled crop 'like other folks's children,' had had it cut too short in front to be pushed behind the ears; and as it was usually straight an hour after it had been taken out of paper, Maggie was incessantly tossing her head to keep the dark, heavy locks out of her gleaming black eyes—an action which gave her very much the air of a small Shetland pony.

"Oh dear, oh dear, Maggie, what are you thinkin' of, to throw your bonnet down there? Take it upstairs, there's a good gell, an' let your hair be brushed, an' put your other pinafore on, an' change your shoes—do, for shame; an' come an' go on with your patchwork, like a little lady."

"Oh mother," said Maggie in a vehemently cross tone, "I don't *want* to do my patchwork."

"What! not your pretty patchwork, to make a counterpane for your Aunt Glegg?"

"It's foolish work," said Maggie, with a toss of her mane—"tearing things to pieces to sew 'em together again. And I don't want to do anything for my Aunt Glegg—I don't like her."

"Exit Maggie, dragging her bonnet by the string, while Mr. Tulliver laughs audibly."

A few days later Mr. Riley, a neighbor of Mr. Tulliver's, happened to come to the house, and in a conversation which followed, Maggie heard these words:

"It's a very particular thing. . . it's about my boy Tom."

"At the sound of this name, Maggie, who was seated on a low stool close by the fire, with a large book open on her lap, shook her heavy hair back and looked up eagerly. There were few sounds that roused Maggie when she was dreaming over her book, but Tom's name served as well as the shrillest whistle: in an instant she was on the watch, with gleaming eyes, like a Skye terrier suspecting mischief or, at all events, determined to fly at any one who threatened it toward Tom.

"You see, I want to put him to a new school at Midsummer," said Mr. Tulliver; "he's comin' away from the 'cademy at Lady-day, an' I shall let him run loose for a quarter; but after that I want to send him to a downright good school, where they'll make a scholar of him. . . . I don't *mean* Tom to be a miller and farmer. I see no fun i' that: why, if I made him a miller an' farmer, he'd be expectin' to take to the mill an' the land, an' a-hinting at me as it was time for me to lay by an' think o' my latter end. Nay, nay, I've seen enough o' that wi' sons. I'll never pull my coat off before I go to bed. I shall give Tom an eddication an' put him to a business, as he may make a nest for himself, an' not want to push me out o' mine."

"This was evidently a point on which Mr.

Tulliver felt strongly, and the impetus which had given unusual rapidity and emphasis to his speech showed itself still unexhausted for some minutes afterward in a defiant motion of the head from side to side, and an occasional 'Nay, nay,' like a subsiding growl.

"These angry symptoms were keenly observed by Maggie, and cut her to the quick. Tom, it appeared, was supposed capable of turning his father out-of-doors, and of making the future in some way tragic by his wickedness. This was not to be borne; and Maggie jumped up from her stool, forgetting all about her heavy book, which fell with a bang within the fender; and, going up between her father's knees, said, in a half-crying, half-indignant voice,

"Father, Tom would n't be naughty to you ever; I know he would n't."

"What! they must n't say any harm o' Tom, eh?" said Mr. Tulliver, looking at Maggie with a twinkling eye. Then, in a lower voice, turning to Mr. Riley, as though Maggie could n't hear, "She understands what one's talking about so as never was. And you should hear her read—straight off, as if she knewed it all beforehand. And allays at her book! But it's bad—it's bad," Mr. Tulliver added, sadly, checking this blamable exultation; "a woman's no business wi' being so clever; it'll turn to trouble, I doubt. But, bless you! . . . she'll read the books and understand 'em better nor half the folks as are growed up."

"Maggie's cheeks began to flush with triumphant excitement: she thought Mr. Riley would have a respect for her now; it had been evident that he thought nothing of her before.

"Mr. Riley was turning over the leaves of the book, and she could make nothing of his face, with its high-arched eyebrows; but he presently looked at her and said,

"Come, come and tell me something about this book; here are some pictures—I want to know what they mean."

"Maggie, with deepening color, went without hesitation to Mr. Riley's elbow and looked over the book, eagerly seizing one corner and tossing back her mane, while she said,

"Oh, I'll tell you what that means. It's a dreadful picture, is n't it? But I can't help looking at it. That old woman in the water's a witch—they've put her in to find out whether she's a witch or no, and if she swims she's a witch, and if she's drowned—and killed, you know—she's innocent, and not a witch, but only a poor silly old woman. But what good would it do her then, you know, when she was drowned? Only, I suppose, she'd go to Heaven and God would make it up to her. And this dreadful blacksmith with

his arms akimbo, laughing — oh, is n't he ugly? — I'll tell you what he is. He's the devil *really*' (here Maggie's voice became louder and more emphatic), 'and not a right blacksmith.'

"'Why, what book is it the wench has got hold on?'" burst out Mr. Tulliver at last.

When Mr. Riley named the work and added, rather reproachfully, "'How came it among your books, Tulliver?'" Maggie looked hurt and discouraged, while her father said,

"'Why, it's one o' the books I bought at Partridge's sale. They was all bound alike — it's a good binding, you see — and I thought they'd be all good books. . . . But it seems one must n't judge by th' outside. This is a puzzlin' world.'

"'Well,' said Mr. Riley, in an admonitory patronizing tone, as he patted Maggie on the head, 'I advise you to read some prettier book. Have you no prettier books?'

"'Oh yes,' said Maggie, reviving a little, in the desire to vindicate the variety of her reading, 'I know the reading in this book is n't pretty, but I like the pictures, and I make stories to the pictures out of my own head, you know. But I've got *Æsop's Fables*, and a book about kangaroos and things, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*.'

"'Ah! a beautiful book,' said Mr. Riley; 'you can't read a better.'

"'Well, but there's a great deal about the devil in that,' said Maggie, triumphantly, 'and I'll show you the picture of him in his true shape, as he fought with Christian.'

"Maggie ran in an instant to the corner of the room, jumped on a chair, and reached down from the small bookcase a shabby old copy of Bunyan, which opened at once, without the least trouble or search, at the picture she wanted.

"'Here he is,' she said, running back to Mr. Riley, 'and Tom colored him for me with his paints when he was at home last holidays — the body all black, you know, and the eyes red, like fire, because he's all fire inside, and it shines out at his eyes.'

"'Go, go!' said Mr. Tulliver." "'Shut up the book and let's hear no more o'such talk. It is as I thought — the child'll learn more mischief nor good wi' the books. Go — go and see after your mother.'

"Maggie shut up the book at once, with a sense of disgrace; but, not being inclined to see after her mother, she compromised the matter by going into a dark corner behind her father's chair, and nursing her doll, toward which she had an occasional fit of fondness in Tom's absence, neglecting its toilette, but lavishing so many warm kisses on it, that the waxen cheeks had a wasted, unhealthy appearance."

Mr. Tulliver's consultation with Mr. Riley resulted in the determination to send Tom to school to a Mr. Stelling, a clergyman who took a few boys as pupils into his own home. Mrs. Tulliver was called in, and after a great deal of discussion, the thing seemed settled.

"'Father,' broke in Maggie, who had stolen unperceived to her father's elbow again, listening with parted lips, while she held her doll topsy-turvy, and crushed its nose against the wood of the chair — 'Father, is it a long way off, where Tom is to go? Sha'n't we ever go to see him?'

"'I don't know, my wench,' said the father, tenderly. 'Ask Mr. Riley; he knows.'

"Maggie came round promptly in front of Mr. Riley, and said, 'How far is it, please, sir?'

"'Oh, a long, long way off.' . . . 'You must borrow the seven-leagued boots to get to him.'

"'That's nonsense!' said Maggie, tossing her head haughtily, and turning away with the tears springing in her eyes. She began to dislike Mr. Riley: it was evident that he thought her silly and of no consequence.

"'Hush, Maggie, for shame of you, asking questions and chattering,' said her mother. 'Come and sit down on your little stool, and hold your tongue, do.'

So Maggie was obliged to be content without any more exact information.

"It was a heavy disappointment to Maggie that she was not allowed to go with her father in the gig when he went to fetch Tom home from the academy; but the morning was too wet, Mrs. Tulliver said, for a little girl to go out in her best bonnet. Maggie took the opposite view very strongly; and it was a direct consequence of this difference of opinion that, when her mother was in the act of brushing out the reluctant black crop, Maggie suddenly rushed from under her hands and dipped her head in a basin of water standing near, in the vindictive determination that there should be no more chance of curls that day.

"'Maggie, Maggie,' exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, sitting stout and helpless, with the brushes on her lap, 'what is to become of you if you're so naughty? I'll tell your Aunt Glegg and your Aunt Pullet, when they come next week, and they'll never love you any more. Oh dear, oh dear, look at your clean pinafore, wet from top to bottom.'

"Before this remonstrance was finished Maggie was already out of hearing, making her way toward the great attic that ran under the old high-pitched roof, shaking the water from her black locks as she ran, like a Skye terrier escaped from his bath. This attic was Maggie's favorite retreat on a wet

day, when the weather was not too cold; here she fretted out all her ill-humors, and talked aloud to the worm-eaten floors and the worm-eaten shelves, and the dark rafters festooned with cobwebs; and here she kept a Fetish which she punished for all her misfortunes. This was the trunk of a large wooden doll, which once stared with the roundest of eyes above the reddest of cheeks, but was now entirely defaced." She had many a time "soothed herself by alternately grinding and beating the wooden head against the rough brick of the great chimneys that made two square pillars supporting the roof. That was what she did this morning on reaching the attic, sobbing all the while with a passion that expelled every other form of consciousness—even the memory of the grievance that had caused it. As at last the sobs were getting quieter, and the grinding less fierce, a sudden beam of sunshine, falling through the wire lattice across the worm-eaten shelves, made her throw away the Fetish and run to the window. The sun was really breaking out; the sound of the mill seemed cheerful again; the granary doors were open; and there was Yap, the queer white and brown terrier, with one ear turned back, trotting about and snuffing vaguely as if he were in search of a companion. It was irresistible. Maggie tossed her hair back and ran downstairs, seized her bonnet without putting it on, peeped, and then dashed along the passage lest she should encounter her mother, and was quickly out in the yard, whirling round . . . and singing as she whirled, 'Yap, Yap, Tom's coming home!' while Yap danced and barked round her, as much as to say, if there was any noise wanted, he was the dog for it.

"'Hegh, hegh, Miss, you'll make yourself giddy, an' tumble down i' the dirt,' said Luke, the head miller."

"Maggie paused in her whirling, and said, staggering a little, 'Oh no, it does n't make me giddy, Luke; may I go into the mill with you?'"

"Maggie loved to linger in the great spaces of the mill, and often came out with her black hair powdered to a soft whiteness that made her dark eyes flash out with a new fire. The resolute din, the unresting motion of the great stones . . . the meal forever pouring, pouring—the fine white powder softening all surfaces, and making the very spider-nets look like a faery lacework—the sweet pure scent of the meal—all helped to make Maggie feel that the mill was a little world apart from her outside every-day life. The spiders were especially a subject of speculation with her. She wondered if they had any relations outside the mill, for in that case there must be a painful difficulty in their family intercourse—a fat and floury spider, accustomed to take his fly well dusted with

meal, must suffer a little at a cousin's table where the fly was *au naturel*, and the lady-spiders must be mutually shocked at each other's appearance. But the part of the mill she liked best was the top-most story—the corn-hutch, where there were the great heaps of grain, which she could sit on and slide down continually. She was in the habit of taking this recreation as she conversed with Luke, to whom she was very communicative, wishing him to think well of her understanding, as her father did.

"Perhaps she felt it necessary to recover her position with him on the present occasion, for, as she sat sliding on the heap of grain near which he was busying himself, she said, at that shrill pitch which was requisite in mill-society,

"'I think you never read any book but the Bible—did you, Luke?'"

"'Nay, Miss—an' not much o' that,' said Luke, with great frankness. 'I'm no reader, I are n't.'"

"'But if I lent you one of my books, Luke? I've not got any *very* pretty books that would be easy for you to read, but there's *Pug's Tour of Europe*—that would tell you all about the different sorts of people in the world, and if you did n't understand the reading, the pictures would help you—they show the looks and ways of people and what they do. There are the Dutchmen, very fat, and smoking, you know—and one sitting on a barrel.'"

"'Nay, Miss, I'n no opinion o' Dutchmen. There be n't much good i' knowin' about *them*.'"

"'But they're our fellow-creatures, Luke—we ought to know about our fellow-creatures.'"

"'Perhaps you would like *Animated Nature* better: that's not Dutchmen, you know, but elephants, and kangaroos, and the civet cat, and the sun-fish, and a bird sitting on its tail—I forget its name. There are countries full of those creatures, instead of horses and cows, you know. Should n't you like to know about them, Luke?'"

"'Nay, Miss, I'n got to keep count o' the flour an' corn—I can't do wi' knowin' so many things besides my work.'"

"'Why you're like my brother Tom, Luke,' said Maggie, wishing to turn the conversation agreeably; 'Tom's not fond of reading. I love Tom so dearly, Luke—better than anybody else in the world. When he grows up, I shall keep his house, and we shall always live together. I can tell him everything he does n't know. But I think Tom's clever for all he does n't like books: he makes beautiful whipcord and rabbit-pens.'"

"'Ah!' said Luke, 'but he'll be fine an' vexed as the rabbits are all dead.'"

"'Dead!' screamed Maggie, jumping up from her sliding seat on the corn. 'Oh dear, Luke!'"

What! the lop-eared one, and the spotted doe that Tom spent all his money to buy?’

“‘As dead as moles,’ said Luke.”

“‘Oh dear, Luke,’ said Maggie in a piteous tone while the tears rolled down her cheek. ‘Tom told me to take care of ’em, and I forgot. What *shall* I do?’

“‘Well, you see, Miss, they were in that far tool-house, an’ it was nobody’s business to see to ’em. I reckon Master Tom told Harry to feed ’em, but there’s no counting on Harry.’”

“‘Oh, Luke, Tom told me to be sure and remember the rabbits every day; but how could I, when they did n’t come into my head, you know? Oh, he will be so angry with me, I know he will, and so sorry about his rabbits — and so am I sorry. Oh, what *shall* I do?’”

“Tom was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie’s when it was late enough for the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came, — the quick, light bowling of the gig-wheels, — and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about, and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver’s curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door and even held her hand on Maggie’s offending head, forgetting all the griefs of the morning.

“‘There he is, my sweet lad!’”

“Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, ‘Hallo! Yap — what! are you there?’”

“Nevertheless he consented to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered toward the croft, and the lambs, and the river, where he promised himself that he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning.”

“‘Maggie,’ said Tom, confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, ‘you don’t know what I’ve got in *my* pockets,’ nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

“‘No,’ said Maggie. ‘How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?’ Maggie’s heart sank a little because Tom always said it was ‘no good’ playing with her at those games — she played so badly.

“‘Marls! no; I’ve swapped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!’

and he drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

“‘What is it?’ said Maggie, in a whisper. ‘I can see nothing but a bit of yellow.’

“‘Why, it’s . . . a . . . new . . . guess, Maggie.’

“‘Oh, I *can’t* guess, Tom,’ said Maggie impatiently.

“‘Don’t be a spitfire, else I won’t tell you,’ said Tom, thrusting his hand back in his pocket, and looking determined.

“‘No, Tom,’ said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. ‘I’m not cross, Tom; it was only because I can’t bear guessing. *Please* be good to me.’

“Tom’s arm slowly relaxed, and he said, ‘Well, then, it’s a new fish-line, — two new uns, — one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I would n’t go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I would n’t. And here’s hooks — see here! . . . I say, *won’t* we go and fish to-morrow down by Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything: won’t it be fun?’

“Maggie’s answer was to throw her arms around Tom’s neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause:

“‘Was n’t I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I need n’t have bought it if I had n’t liked.’

“‘Yes, very, very good. . . . I *do* love you, Tom.’

“Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one before he spoke again.

“‘And the fellows fought me because I would n’t give in about the toffee.’

“‘Oh dear! I wish they would n’t fight at your school, Tom. Did n’t it hurt you?’

‘Hurt me? no,’ said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his fingers along it. Then he added,

“‘I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know — that’s what he got by wanting to leather *me*; I was n’t going to go halves because anybody leathered me.’

“‘Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you’re like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you’d fight him — would n’t you, Tom?’

“‘How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There’s no lions only in the shows.’

“‘No; but if we were in the lion countries — I mean, in Africa, where it’s very hot — the lions eat

people there. I can show it you in the book where I read it.'

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him.'

"But if you had n't got a gun — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking, just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run toward us roaring, and we could n't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?'

"Tom paused, and at last turned away con-

"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! You're such a silly — I shall go and see my rabbits.'

"Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth, at once; but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things — it was quite a different anger from her own.



"IT WAS ONE OF THEIR HAPPY MORNINGS." (SEE PAGE 611.)

temptuously, saying, 'But the lion *is n't* coming. What's the use of talking?'

"But I like to fancy how it would be,' said Maggie, following him. 'Just think what you would do, Tom.'

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"Tom,' she said timidly, when they were out-of-doors, 'how much money did you give for your rabbits?'

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence,' said Tom, promptly.

“‘I think I’ve got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I’ll ask mother to give it to you.’

“‘What for?’ said Tom, ‘I don’t want *your* money, you silly thing. I’ve got a great deal more money than you, because I’m a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you’re only a girl.’

“‘Well, but, Tom — if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket to spend, you know, and buy some more rabbits with it?’

“‘More rabbits? I don’t want any more.’

“‘Oh, but, Tom, they’re all dead.’

“Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round toward Maggie. ‘You forgot to feed ’em, then, and Harry forgot,’ he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. ‘I’ll pitch into Harry — I’ll have him turned away. And I don’t love you, Maggie. You sha’n’t go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day.’ He walked on again.

“‘Yes, but I forgot — and I could n’t help it, indeed, Tom. I’m so very sorry,’ said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

“‘You’re a naughty girl,’ said Tom, severely, ‘and I’m sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don’t love you.’

“‘Oh, Tom, it’s very cruel,’ sobbed Maggie. ‘I’d forgive you if *you* forgot anything — I would n’t mind what you did — I’d forgive you and love you!’

“‘Yes, you’re a silly; but I never *do* forget things — I don’t.’

“‘Oh please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break,’ said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom’s arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

“Tom shook her off and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, ‘Now, Maggie, you just listen. Are n’t I a good brother to you?’

“‘Ye-ye-es,’ sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsively.

“‘Did n’t I think about your fish-line all this quarter and mean to buy it, and saved my money o’ purpose, and would n’t go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I would n’t?’

“‘Ye-ye-es . . . and I . . . lo-lo-love you so, Tom.’

“‘But you’re a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite all for nothing.’

“‘But I did n’t mean,’ said Maggie; ‘I could n’t help it.’

“‘Yes, you could,’ said Tom, ‘if you’d minded what you were doing. And you’re a naughty girl, and you sha’n’t go fishing with me to-morrow.’

“With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.

“Maggie stood motionless, except from her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be, and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything if Tom did n’t love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Had n’t she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom — had never *meant* to be naughty to him.

“‘Oh, he is cruel!’ sobbed Maggie aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic. She never thought of beating or grinding her Fetish; she was too miserable to be angry.

“Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea-time, and they were all having their tea and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself — hide herself behind the tub and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they did n’t mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now, would he forgive her? Perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But, then, she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down, if Tom did n’t come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie’s nature, began to wrestle with her pride and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick foot-step on the stairs.”

It was Tom’s step, but he was not coming, as she ardently hoped, of his own free will, to make friends with her, and say he had forgiven her. The truth was he had been so busy talking to Luke, and visiting all the old familiar haunts, that he had not thought of Maggie until tea-time came, and he was questioned by his father and mother about his little sister, and sent off, when he had

just begun on the plum-cake, to search for her. Maggie "knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, 'Maggie, you're to come down.' But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, 'Oh, Tom, please forgive me — I can't bear it — I will always be good — always remember things — do love me — please, dear Tom?'"

"Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way; and there were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling, so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say,

"'Don't cry, then, Magsie — here, eat a bit o' cake.'

"Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company; and they ate together, and rubbed each other's cheeks, and brows, and noses, together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"'Come along, Magsie, and have tea,' said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

"So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms could n't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it did n't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful — much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge 'stuff,' and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly: they could n't throw a stone so as to hit anything, could n't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still, he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

"They were on their way to the Round Pool,— that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago. No one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good-humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amiable whispers, as he opened the precious basket and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, 'Look! look, Maggie!' and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

"Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass.

"Tom was excited.

"'Oh, Magsie! you little duck! Empty the basket.'

"Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows, and the reeds, and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.

"It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; they would only get bigger, and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming,— the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses,— their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple, plummy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterward — above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring-tide, the awful Eagle, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man — these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disad-

vantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing 'the river over which there is no bridge,' always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash."

Mrs. Tulliver was a woman who thought a great deal of her family, and it was always her habit, before entering into any serious undertaking, to ask her sisters and their husbands to her house, for a family council; so they were now bidden to come and confer about sending Tom to Mr. Stelling, before the final arrangements should be made.

Tom, for his part, "was as far from appreciating his 'kin' on the mother's side as Maggie herself; generally absconding for the day with a large supply of the most portable food when he received timely warning that his aunts and uncles were coming. . . . It was rather hard on Maggie that Tom always absconded without letting her into the secret."

On the day before the arrival of the expected guests, "there were such various and suggestive scents, as of plum-cakes in the oven, and jellies in the hot state, mingled with the aroma of gravy, that it was impossible to feel altogether gloomy; there was hope in the air. Tom and Maggie made several inroads into the kitchen, and . . . were induced to keep aloof for a time only by being allowed to carry away" a sample of the good things.

"'Tom,' said Maggie, as they sat on the boughs of the elder-tree, eating their jam puffs, 'shall you run away to-morrow?'"

"'No,' said Tom, slowly, when he had finished his puff and was eyeing the third, which was to be divided between them, 'no, I sha'n't.'"

"'Why, Tom? Because Lucy's coming?'"

"'No,' said Tom, opening his pocket-knife, and holding it over the puff, with his head on one side in a dubitative manner, . . . 'what do I care about Lucy? She's only a girl; *she* can't play at bandy.'"

"'Is it the tippy-cake, then?'" said Maggie, exerting her hypothetic powers, while she leaned forward toward Tom with her eyes fixed on the hovering knife.

"'No, you silly; that'll be good the day after. It's the pudden. I know what the pudden's to be — apricot roll-up — oh, my buttons!'"

"With this interjection, the knife descended on the puff, and it was in two, but the result was not satisfactory to Tom, for he still eyed the halves doubtfully. At last he said,

"'Shut your eyes, Maggie.'"

"'What for?'"

"'You never mind what for — shut 'em when I tell you.'"

"Maggie obeyed.

"'Now, which'll you have, Maggie, right hand or left?'"

"'I'll have that with the jam run out,' said Maggie, keeping her eyes shut to please Tom.

"'Why, you don't like that, you silly. You may have it if it comes to you fair, but I sha'n't give it to you without. Right or left — you choose now. Ha-a-a!'" said Tom, in a tone of exasperation, as Maggie peeped. 'You keep your eyes shut now, else you sha'n't have any.'"

"Maggie's power of sacrifice did not extend so far; indeed I fear that she cared less that Tom should enjoy the utmost possible amount of puff, than that he should be pleased with her for giving him the best bit. So she shut her eyes quite close till Tom told her to 'say which,' and then she said, 'Left hand.'"

"'You've got it,' said Tom, in rather a bitter tone.

"'What! the bit with the jam run out?'"

"'No; here, take it,' said Tom, firmly, handing decidedly the best piece to Maggie.

"'Oh, Tom, please have it; I don't mind — I like the other; please take this.'"

"'No, I sha'n't,' said Tom, almost crossly, beginning on his own inferior piece.

"Maggie, thinking it was no use to contend further, began too, and ate up her half puff with considerable relish as well as rapidity. But Tom had finished first and had to look on, while Maggie ate her last morsel or two, feeling in himself a capacity for more. Maggie did n't know Tom was looking at her; she was seesawing on the elder bough, lost to almost everything but a vague sense of jam and idleness.

"'Oh, you greedy thing!'" said Tom, when she had swallowed the last morsel. He was conscious of having acted very fairly, and thought she ought to have considered this, and made up to him for it. He would have refused a bit of hers beforehand, but one is naturally at a different point of view before and after one's own share of puff is swallowed.

"Maggie turned quite pale. 'Oh, Tom, why did n't you ask me?'"

"'I was n't going to ask you for a bit, you greedy. You might have thought of it without, when you knew I gave you the best bit.'"

"'But I wanted you to have it — you know I did,' said Maggie, in an injured tone.

"'Yes, but I was n't going to do what was n't fair, like Spouncer. He always takes the best bit, if you don't punch him for it; and if you choose the best, with your eyes shut, he changes his hands. But if I go halves, I'll go 'em fair — only I would n't be a greedy.'"

"With this . . . Tom jumped down from his

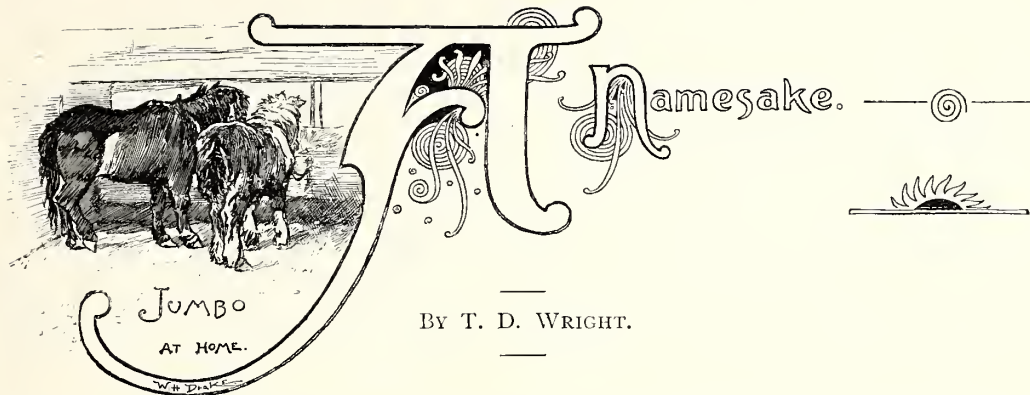
bough, and threw a stone with a 'hoigh!' as a friendly attention to Yap, who had also been looking on while the eatables vanished, with an agitation of his ears and feelings which could hardly have been without bitterness. Yet the excellent dog accepted Tom's attention with as much alacrity as if he had been treated quite generously.

"But Maggie . . . sat still on her bough, and gave herself up to the keen sense of unmerited reproach. She would have given the world not to have eaten all her puff, and to have saved some of it for Tom. Not but that the puff was very nice, . . . but she would have gone without it

many times over sooner than Tom should call her greedy and be cross with her. And he had said he would n't have it — and she ate it without thinking — how could she help it? The tears flowed so plentifully that Maggie saw nothing around her for the next ten minutes; but by that time resentment began to give way to the desire of reconciliation, and she jumped from her bough to look for Tom. . . . She ran to the high bank against the great holly-tree, where she could see far away toward the Floss. There was Tom; but her heart sank again as she saw how far off he was on his way to the great river."

(To be concluded.)





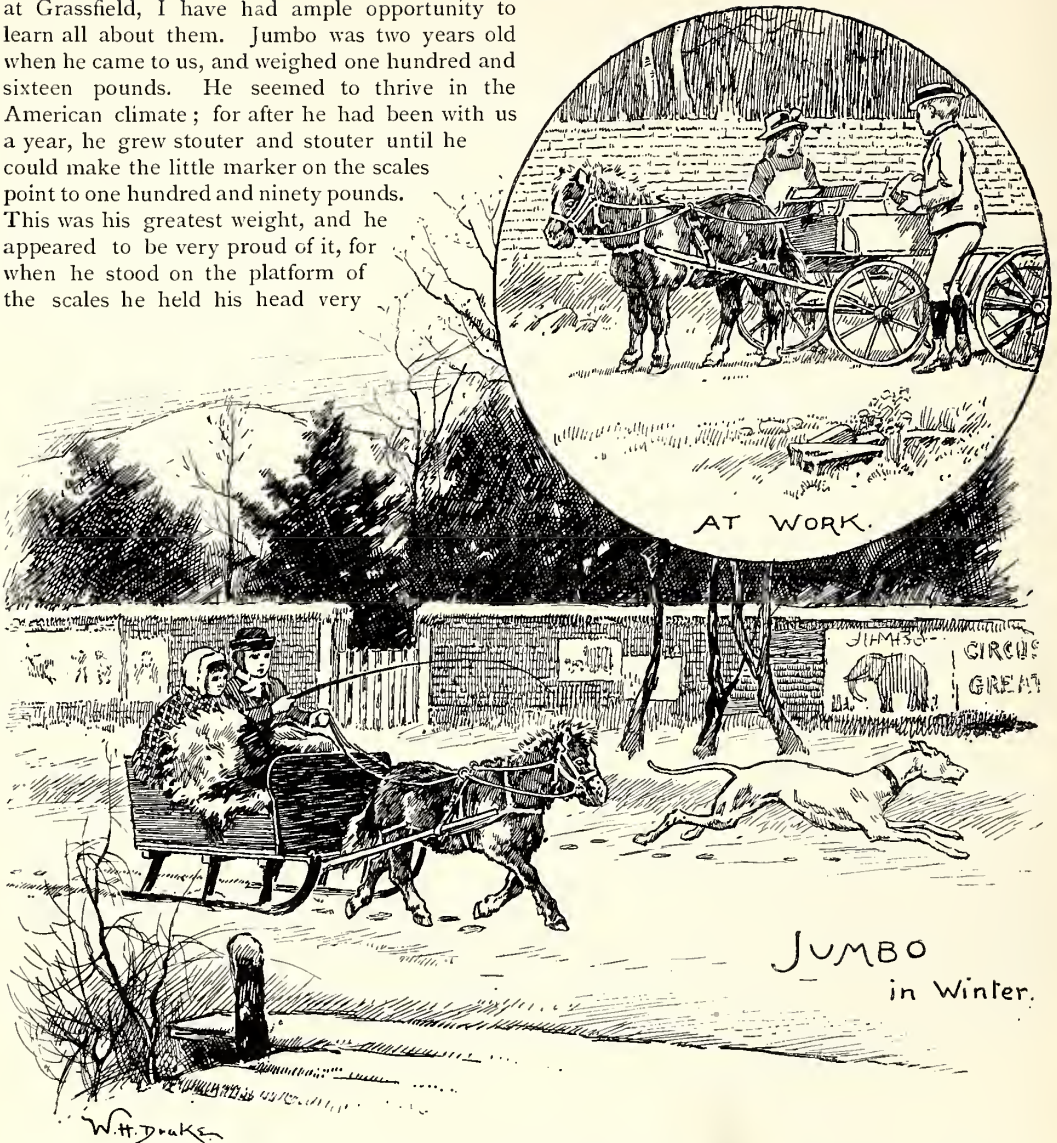
WHILE the ship which carried Barnum's great elephant from London to New York was plunging along through the ocean, another ship, carrying another Jumbo, was sailing from Lerwick in the Shetland Islands to the port of Granton. It was a long and tedious journey from his island home between the Atlantic and the North Sea, touching at three different ports and changing ships at each, then across the wide ocean to New York. He did n't seem to mind it though, and I dare say he

felt fresher and in better spirits than his namesake, who made the voyage in three weeks less time, and was the heavier of the two by thousands and thousands of pounds. All of you have seen Shetland ponies at the circus, and perhaps many of you have your own ponies which you ride every day in the park; but I doubt whether any of you ever saw so small a pony as Jumbo. I know *I* never did; and as there have been always from thirteen to twenty full-grown Shetland ponies in the pasture



"JUMBO WAS AS GENTLE AS A KITTEN, AND OF COURSE BECAME THE PET OF THE GIRLS AND BOYS."

at Grassfield, I have had ample opportunity to learn all about them. Jumbo was two years old when he came to us, and weighed one hundred and sixteen pounds. He seemed to thrive in the American climate; for after he had been with us a year, he grew stouter and stouter until he could make the little marker on the scales point to one hundred and ninety pounds. This was his greatest weight, and he appeared to be very proud of it, for when he stood on the platform of the scales he held his head very



JUMBO
in Winter.

erect and neighed, as if to say, "There! I am a very big pony, after all!"

When Jumbo was first turned into the pasture, and introduced to the other ponies, he galloped first to one, then to another, and so on through the whole herd, as if to become acquainted with his new friends. Many of the ponies were afraid of him at first, and one or two of the older ones bit at him and kicked him; but he did not seem in the least discouraged by this rude reception, and soon made himself perfectly at home. It was not long before he was on good terms with every one of the ponies except old Gypsy. She was a very bad-

tempered animal, and whenever anything displeased her she would raise her hind feet into the air, like the kicking mule which the clown rides at the circus. Of course Gypsy was very unpopular with the other ponies, just as cross people always are with their associates. I ought to say, as excuse for her, that she was very old, and her grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren played around her in the pasture. That may be the reason she was not dealt with more harshly; for, perhaps, ponies—like some little children—are taught to respect old age.

Jumbo was as gentle as a kitten, and of course

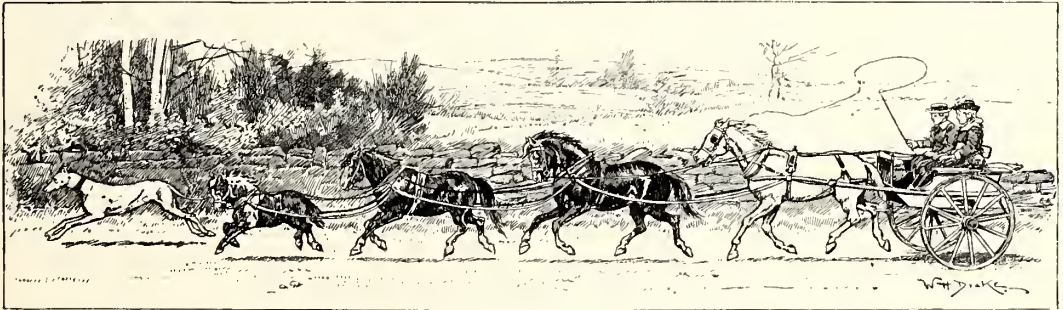
became the pet of the girls and boys. In fact, they grew so fond of him that the poor little fellow never had a moment's rest from morning till night, during the summer vacation. Whenever there was an errand to be done at the village, it was Jumbo who had to be saddled, and bridled, and ridden up and down that long and tiresome hill. It was Jumbo, too, who must be harnessed to the little cart whenever stones were to be cleared away from the carriage road, or whenever a pail of water must be carried to the men in the hay-field. Then, too, Jumbo was taught to churn the butter on the endless chain; and he did this work so much better than "Shep," that the dog had to resign the office to him, which lazy Shep was only too glad to do. When there were visitors at the house, Jumbo was often led on to the front piazza and then through the front door into the main hall. He seemed to appreciate the honor, and his conduct in the house was quite exemplary. He would quietly eat an apple or a lump of salt from somebody's hand, and he was very careful to spill nothing on the floor. This may have been because he was anxious not to lose a bit of his luncheon, but I prefer to think it was a proof of his good manners.

A favorite amusement of the children was to drive tandem; or to drive even four ponies in single

file. In these cases Jumbo was always placed at the head of the procession, where he seemed fully to realize his importance as leader. He would trot along at a brisk pace, his head held in the air, raising his feet high from the ground at every step, that he might not stumble. He looked his best, however, when he stood on his hind legs, and balanced there as long as he could. He was also trained to lie down at the word of command. One of his tricks was to stand still while we lifted Shep to his back, and then to gallop furiously around the carriage road, until the dog would jump to the ground in fright.

Jumbo was not a black pony, like most of those you have seen. There was a broad stripe of white along his back, extending under him, all the way around. Then, too, there was some white on his forehead, and on his tail.

After telling you all about him, it seems too bad to have to end by saying that Jumbo is dead. The odd part of it is, that he died the same spring, and just the week after the elephant Jumbo. I wish that I could have seen them standing side by side. What a contrast there would have been! There is a little colt of his in the pasture now, which is marked exactly like him. We have named this colt Huckleberry Finn.



"JUMBO WAS ALWAYS PLACED AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION."

TWO LITTLE ROSES.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

ONE merry summer day
Two roses were at play;
All at once they took a notion
They would like to run away!
 Queer little roses;
 Funny little roses,
To want to run away!

They stole along my fence;
They clambered up my wall;
They climbed into my window
To make a morning call!
 Queer little roses;
 Funny little roses,
To make a morning call!

Still
mein
Kindchen,
deine
Mutter
ist
nahe.



DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was no reveille in that dormitory on the morning after the fire; and although nearly all the boys awoke from force of habit at the hour when it should have sounded, they were ordered by the Doctor, after he had satisfied himself that though tired they were in good condition, to turn over and go to sleep again. This order they were not slow in obeying. Lessons were shortened that day, at roll-call, and drill as well; which led Fred

Warrington to remark that he wished a fire would occur every fortnight; though the novelty of the new manual was still fresh, and the boys enjoyed their quarter-staff play as much as ever. For steady exercise, however, both the principal and the Doctor were of opinion that it was too violent; while as a relaxation it was of use in enlivening the monotony of drill, and awakening new faculties in minds wearied by hard study.

"It is not my whole plan to make much of it," observed the principal, in answer to some protest

from Doctor McCarthy. "There is more and better to come, as soon as my preparations are completed. The quarter-staves serve meanwhile to fill up a gap; and, when the time comes, will be relegated to their proper place in the system which I am evolving, and from which, contrary though it be to all school canons, I confidently expect great results."

"But why not have retained the muskets until you were ready?" asked the Doctor, curiously. "It would have saved some expense."

"You misunderstand me; I do not intend to retire the staves altogether. The guards, for instance, will still carry them when on duty, and once or twice a week there will be a general fencing bout. For the rest of the drill—well, that is still a secret," and the principal, laughing, turned away to the room where the senior class was awaiting him, leaving the Doctor, and some few of the boys who had been listening eagerly, in a state of unsatisfactory tantalization that can be imagined better than described. But the news which they could garner from the chaff was important, to wit: that there was yet more to come, and that they had not "seen the bottom of the basket." Wylie was sent for by the General, and had a long conversation with him on some subject unknown to the rest, but of which he was manifestly aching to tell.

"Tell you what, Ed, I'd surrender my commission for the privilege of telling you all about it, if I could with honesty. It's just the biggest thing that ever was heard of since the palmy days of Athens in the age of Pericles, and will make a stir that will be known of all over *this* continent, and perhaps some others as well," and Harry hugged himself in a vain endeavor to repress the feelings struggling for expression.

"What's the good of telling me that much and stopping there?" said Ed sulkily, and savagely biting a lead-pencil until he broke it; whereat Harry laughed provokingly, and went to have another talk with the General.

When he came away from headquarters, instead of returning at once to his room he walked down to the shore of the lake and looked off over the level expanse in a meditative way. The day was cold; it was one of those stinging days that come suddenly without any warning in the midst of mild weather; when the mercury drops far below the freezing point and the air itself seems to sparkle with frost.

One or two boats which had not yet been put into winter quarters lay frozen in, while the whole lake was apparently ice-bound. It would be "skate-able" before night if the weather held. It was already strong enough to bear, along the shore; and Harry cautiously crept out a little way to as-

certain that important fact. When he returned he asked and obtained permission to go to the village, drawing a small sum from the money which the principal held in trust for him. Harry then made several purchases: two cane fishing-rods, a leather strap or two, some stout cord, a number of yards of cloth, and an iron tube about three inches long, which he discovered in a heap of old iron in a hardware shop. Then, when he returned, he had an interview with the tailor, and as he whittled and sewed away in his own room, so much whistling came from the little study that the guard threatened to report him if he did not stop. In the early dusk, Harry slipped out unobserved from the building with his skates in his overcoat-pocket and a prodigiously long bundle under his arm, while in his hand he carried a little lantern. Shortly afterward a light might have been seen careering along the shore of the lake, waving wildly as though swung from the top of a pole. Then a gust of wind blew it out. Soon after Harry returned, but his bundle he had left behind.

It was Thanksgiving morning. Down the lake the wind came whistling clear and cold, wafting the odors of many a roasting turkey from the kitchen chimneys along the shore. The ice was many inches thick, and scores of skaters, in dark-blue uniforms, were cutting figures of all sorts upon the glassy surface. The whole Institute was out in force, and even the principal was gliding by with long and stately strokes, answering the many respectful salutations with a pleasant smile and bow, and quietly indulging in a laugh at the gyrations of the little Doctor, who was performing strange "podographic" feats.

Dane was there, vainly looking around for Harry, who had vanished some time before most mysteriously.

Far down the lake a white sail shot out from behind a headland and went skimming along diagonally across the wide expanse, swifter than the wind itself which drove it. They could see the sail bend before the blast as the flaws came, and then straighten up as springily as a sapling when the gusts had spent their force.

"An ice-boat!—an ice-boat!" and all eyes were directed toward it.

"Funny kind of ice-boat, I should say," said Rankin, who was experienced in such matters. "See how stiff she stands up to it. If it had been an ice-boat of any kind that I know of, she would be lying down from the wind; but see there!—the thing is actually leaning against the wind."

It was, indeed, acting in a manner quite foreign to well-bred winter-yachts; and although looking with all their eyes they could see no semblance of

a hull; yet it certainly was not far enough away to be "hull-down," although the smallness of the sail had given the impression that it was at a greater distance than it was in fact.

Suddenly it tacked sharply, to avoid running ashore, and the skipper laid his course back across the lake almost directly toward the gazing skaters. They could see one figure standing by the mast, grasping it with one hand; but if there was any helmsman he was hidden by the sail. The flag at the end of the long lateen yard streamed out gayly, a thin, scarlet streamer; and now and again a white streak flashed for an instant as the steel shaved up a feathery flake of ice when the swift craft yawed under the unsteady breeze, and the spectators fancied that they could hear the ringing hiss of the polished blades beneath.

The ice gave a great crack as the craft glided on, and the sound went booming up and down the lake for miles and miles, echoing from shore to shore like a martial salute from the rocky fortresses of winter to the flag-ship of some foreign squadron.

Dane brought his hand down upon his thigh with a slap.

"As I live, it is Harry Wylie!"

The next moment, with a rush, the craft flashed by them and the flakes flew like foam, as it rounded to and shot up into the wind's eye for a moment, and then, gathering sternway, came rapidly down toward them.

"Of course! I ought to have known," said Rankin, who was a New Yorker, a little mortified that he had not solved the mystery. "But who would have expected to see a skate-sail up here, and of such a strange pattern as that?"

"What 's a skate-sail?" asked Dane, as he and Rankin joined the crowd around Harry, foremost among whom were the professors.

"Why, you see, it 's an ice-boat, of which a fellow's own skates are the runners! Just a sail, held up before the wind; only this is an odd kind that I never saw before."

The crowd looked on admiringly while Harry explained his device. He had strapped to his foot the iron tube which he bought, and in this was stepped a short mast, of cane, about six feet high; at right angles to this and just above his ankle a long boom swung horizontally, while from the forward end of the boom another ran backward at an acute angle, crossing the mast at about the height of his shoulder, and extending back until the area of sail at that side of the mast was about equal to the area on the other side. This made a large triangle, with one side parallel to the ice; and a short rod was loosely attached at one end to the forward angle, the other end being held in the hand.

"You see, I can hook my arm around the mast,"

said Harry, explaining it, "and lean back against the wind, keeping the nose of the sail steady with the rod; and if it blows too hard, I slide down at arms-length and lean hard, keeping my other foot well under me, so that if the wind drops suddenly I shall keep right side up. I might have rigged a reef that could be adjusted while under sail, if I had cared to have it."

"How?" asked one of the boys, who was deeply interested.

"By using, above this yard, another lateen, sliding up and down the mast; to reef, all that one would have to do would be to drop the other yard down, letting the baggy sail fall outside of the second lateen. It would be heavy, though, and rather awkward to manage."

"It strikes me that it is not easy to go before the wind, as you have rigged your sail, Wylie"; the objection came in the clear voice of the principal across the crowded heads.

"It is n't easy, sir," said Harry, frankly. "It would be if I had fastened the socket further forward on my foot instead of at the instep, but I could not make it secure there using only what I had to work with, and it matters the less since it is swiftest *on* the wind."

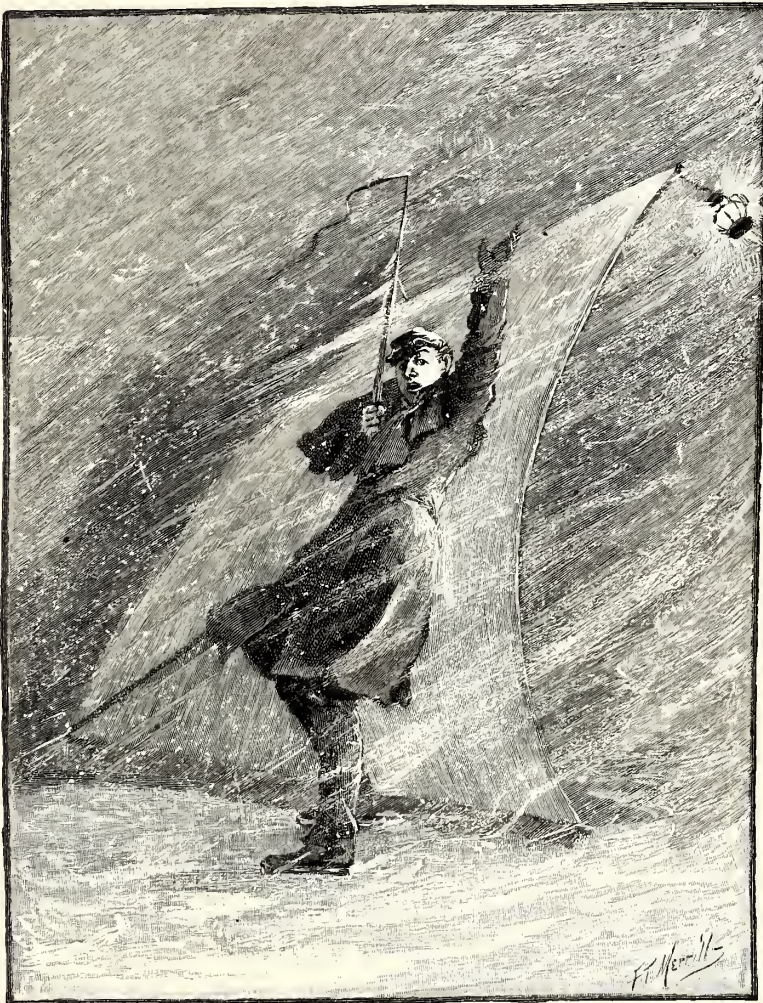
But to the boys it seemed perfection, and half a dozen of the more knowing drew out from the rest and instituted a headlong chase along shore toward the village, each straining every nerve to be the first at the fishing-tackle dealer's, lest he should find that the most available canes had been sold before his arrival. Holiday though it was, before night a dozen sails were skimming across the ice in every direction, and an impromptu race was arranged at a moment's notice. It was a fine sight to see the white sails bending, one after another, before the blast, then rising, like reeds, when the gust lessened in force, and shooting past each other as now one, now another, obtained an advantage. Lieutenant Rankin was the winner by a long distance, as he was an experienced yachtsman, and found it easy to adapt his nautical knowledge to the changed circumstances. Harry Wylie was next, with Mitchell a close third,—so close that at one time he nearly succeeded in being second.

CHAPTER X.

IT required some little patience among the boys at the Institute to enable them to exist contentedly for the next week. Skate-sailing was the prevailing craze, and yet time was wanting to enable them to gratify it. But there were compensations—symptoms that the long, mysterious planning and preparation were about to come to an end. The

workmen had finished their work at the drill-hall and had departed. Two great sails hung in heavy folds, one at each end of the hall; a second canvas having been hung after the General had sent for and apparently consulted with Lieutenant Wylie (who seemed to be "wanted" rather often in these days). A long timber, with two-inch auger-holes bored at intervals through it, was laid across the hall, some six feet from the curtain, holes uppermost; and a similar beam also encumbered the floor at the other end of the hall. They caused much speculation, but in no wise assisted in solving the problem; nor did the next public proceeding add to the enlightenment of the students. Harry had superintended the manufacture of a series of pulleys attached to the wall; through these he rove cords with handles at one end, and a series of detachable weights at the other,—such contrivances as are common in all gymnasiums now, but they were new to the Institute boys. Then for days, during drill-hours, student after student was summoned to one of these pulleys and made to pull the handle out from the wall with one hand, drawing it across the chest; and weights were added by degrees until the maxi-

imum of effort had been attained,— all of which was duly entered, in pounds avoirdupois, upon the pages of a ledger-like volume which the Doctor never allowed out of his sight for a moment. In other columns were entered the height of the student, length of arms, and girth of arms and chest, as well as a number of other personal statistics of similar import, until every student in the Institute had been thus carefully examined and put on record; after which Harry and the Doctor seemed to have a vast amount of figuring to carry through, which apparently was not connected with any of the



HARRY TRIES A LITTLE SOLITARY PRACTICE WITH HIS SKATE-SAIL.

branches of mathematics upon the class list, since it was never referred to in recitation. Dane declared, laughingly, that it was all a humbug, and that in his opinion the work had been

copied bodily from the pages of Colburn's Arithmetic. Whatever it was, however, it came to an end at last, to Harry's great relief; and the results were carefully tabulated and sent in to the principal.

Then the inevitable four-horse team from the factory crossed the lake upon the ice, laden as before with broom-handles, which were duly unloaded, carried within, and set up in the auger-holes in the timbers previously mentioned, until the poles extended entirely across each end of the hall at intervals of about six feet. They looked

workmen had finished their work at the drill-hall and had departed. Two great sails hung in heavy folds, one at each end of the hall; a second canvas having been hung after the General had sent for and apparently consulted with Lieutenant Wylie (who seemed to be "wanted" rather often in these days). A long timber, with two-inch auger-holes bored at intervals through it, was laid across the hall, some six feet from the curtain, holes uppermost; and a similar beam also encumbered the floor at the other end of the hall. They caused much speculation, but in no wise assisted in solving the problem; nor did the next public proceeding add to the enlightenment of the students. Harry had superintended the manufacture of a series of pulleys attached to the wall; through these he rove cords with handles at one end, and a series of detachable weights at the other,—such contrivances as are common in all gymnasiums now, but they were new to the Institute boys. Then for days, during drill-hours, student after student was summoned to one of these pulleys and made to pull the handle out from the wall with one hand, drawing it across the chest; and weights were added by degrees until the maxi-

like a miniature telegraph line ready for the wire, or like a Brobdingnagian comb.

"I vow!" declared Dane, when he saw this, "I was right after all. 'O my prophetic soul!' we are to have the cockshys, sure!"

"But what have the stakes to do with them?" asked a skeptical student, who declined to accept the hypothesis so confidently advanced.

"Why, to put the teacups on, to be sure; won't we just raise the price of crockery, though!"

"But I don't see what all that measuring has to do with it," continued the doubter, laughing, "and the Doctor is n't the man to cipher for two weeks just for the fun of it!"

"Oh, the measuring!" said Dane, a little less confidently. "I had forgotten about that. Perhaps—the General wanted to know who could hit the hardest, and smash the most china."

But his theory, ingenious though it was, failed to win adherents. Harry declined even to hear his friend's argument—to the effect that he knew more about the game than the lieutenant and therefore was a proper person to be called to the General's assistance—and was thereby nearly provoked into betraying the whole matter. The boys present pricked up their ears and were all attention, when he suddenly bethought himself, cried, "You are a set of humbugs, all of you!" and darted away to his room at full speed, tingling in every nerve as he thought of his narrow escape. He resolved to give Master Dane a highly moral lecture on the duties of friendship when next they met.

At high noon on the same day, however, a dray quietly entered the grounds directly from the railroad station, heavily laden with long parcels most carefully protected by many wrappers and handled by the man in charge as gingerly as though they had been dynamite cartridges. The boys were at dinner, and only the principal was at the drill-hall. The packages were carried within and stored in a dark room, Mr. Richards assisting. The dray departed, and no one was the wiser.

It was quarter-staff day, and the boys were apt to be on hand even before the hour for drill, to snatch a moment for polishing and oiling their staves; they were particularly proud of them, and vied with each other in bringing out the rich color in the greatest perfection. These now presented an appearance very different from that of the tallow-hued sticks with which the students had first been armed, and, in spite of their inherent toughness, the staves bore many a dent.

Company D, having just finished their fencing bout, stood at rest with folded arms, in their proper places on one side of a hollow square, with staves leaning against their shoulders, and still wearing helmets, when the General appeared upon

the platform which ran along the room behind them.

"Attention—Battalion!"

Every boy in the battalion straightened up instantly, and brought his staff to the shoulder, and officers who had been conversing with their friends hastily returned to their proper positions.

"Company D, about—face!"

Around spun the helmets like animated tops, and the General then looked down upon a line of wire-gauze faces, instead of ochre-hued heads.

"Company C, right wheel—march!"

With the student at the extreme end of the line and nearest to the platform, as a pivot, the line swept around without a waver, just clearing the boys of Company B, who had faced them upon the opposite side of the square, and who had been marched backward a few paces to make room.

"Company B, forward—march!" and it returned to its former position.

"Left wheel—march!" and as the other company had done, they, too, swung around and fell into line behind it.

"Company A, forward—march!" and that company moved forward toward the General and halted behind Company B. Thus the companies stood, with the shorter boys at the front and the tall forms of Company A bringing up the rear.

The General stepped aside, and Mr. Richards came forward slowly, with his hands behind him.

"Parade—rest!" The battalion stood at ease.

"Boys, the time has come when I can explain my plan for your physical improvement, and I wish to thank you for the patience with which you have borne the many and unexpected delays. It has proved more expensive than I had at first supposed, but if I can send you out from the Institute with strong, well-trained bodies and equally well-trained minds, I shall regret no outlay.

"As you are aware, the Greeks of old placed a well-developed set of muscles upon a somewhat higher plane than an equally well-equipped brain; for the highest prize in the land was the crown of wild olive bestowed upon the winner of the Olympic games. It was before the age of gunpowder,—before the personal prowess of the warrior had given way to the tactic and skill of the general. But the winners of the games are forgotten. Their very names are scarcely known to us; while the men who relied upon intellect for their fame have sent their names ringing down the ages, and made their time the golden age of Greece.

"Yet the Olympian festivals were, in another way, of incalculable benefit to all the nation; for they stimulated to the highest degree that regard for physical exercise which brings the body nearest to perfection, and gave strong frames to men

who knew their value; who knew that the man who would wield that mighty engine, the human intellect, and make it do all that it is capable of doing, must possess a frame commensurate to the strain. Otherwise, he some day might overtax its endurance and thus wreck it utterly. As you are aware, it has been my ambition to send you from me out into the world prepared, not merely to pass examinations, but to work. I have endeavored to give you the best preparation for accomplishing that work, which is known to modern progress. What I now have prepared for you is an innovation in educational methods; and it rests with you whether it shall be a success or a failure. If it succeeds, as I confidently believe it will, you will find its good effects following you throughout life.

"I will now let Lieutenant Wylie explain the plan; he is thoroughly conversant with it in all its details, and, moreover, is one of yourselves."

The principal ceased. During his brief speech the students had been very quiet,—so silent that not a muscle moved among them all, lest they might fail to catch some important word. But when he ceased, and Harry Wylie, at a sign from the General, mounted the platform and came forward rather diffidently, a stir began, irrepressible, increasing, until at last the ends of the staves dropped to the floor with a sharp rattle, and a volley of hand-clapping burst from the ranks like the sound of many waters.

It was hard for Harry. He was never much of an orator, and nothing but his earnestness of purpose saved him from utter failure. As it was, although the color rose in his face, he resolutely put everything out of mind save the one thing for which he was there.

"Boys, how many of you have ever belonged to archery clubs?" was his first, seemingly irrelevant, question. Fifteen or twenty of Company A raised their staves to right shoulder shift, in indication of assent, according to the custom at the Institute, and here and there among the rest there were others. Harry's face lighted up with surprised satisfaction at the number. Stepping quickly back to the door of the store-room he vanished for a second, and as quickly returned, bringing in his hand a long bow, made of sassafras wood. "The problem has been, boys, to unite the advantages of a gymnasium with the habit of obedience and the discipline of our present military drill. This"—holding up the bow—"is the means of obtaining that result. Every time that you draw this to the head of a twenty-eight-inch arrow you expand the chest, bring into play the muscles of both arms and shoulders, straighten the back, strengthen the legs, and accustom the eye

to look at things at a distance, thus counteracting at once nearly all the unhealthful tendencies of student life. It will make us strong and straight, and will prevent our becoming near-sighted. You have wondered what all this measuring has been for,—and some of you have nearly badgered the life out of me to find out!"

A low laugh rippled through the ranks at this boyish remark.

"Every bow is a certain number of pounds in weight. That is, it requires so many pounds to draw it twenty-eight inches, and the measuring was to ascertain what weight each student needed to develop his muscles without injuring them; for too strong a bow would strain, rather than strengthen."

Harry then went through with the movements of a manual of arms which the General had devised; while that officer gave the words of command, and the boys looked on with most eager attention. Then those who had been archers were ordered upon the platform, and put through the same manual; which, as they understood the reason for every motion, was an easy task. Each had been supplied with a bow from the store-room, according to a number opposite his name, which the Doctor read from the ledger; and each was required to write his initials upon a little tag that hung with the tassel at the end of the bow-string. When these had been fairly perfected in everything save the actual use of the arrow (which was not as yet to be intrusted to them) the battalion was broken up into squads which were placed under temporary command of the more experienced archers for instruction; while Harry kept a careful watch over all, with the General's assistance, and corrected whatever mistakes came under his notice. When the gong rang for the suspension of drill, there was a universal petition that for this once they might continue a little longer. The General declined to assent, and made them hang up their bows, incased in flannel bags, from hooks within the store-room. Habits of discipline were not to be trifled with. But when they had departed he said to the principal, who was looking on with much satisfaction:

"This settles it, Mr. Richards. I believe in the new drill, heart and soul, and will make those boys the sturdiest specimens of young humanity that ever went out from this school. The days of the musket are over. I only hope that the world will not look on the innovation with its usual suspicion until we have time to show results!"

"It's only a new application of an old remedy, General," and Mr. Richards laughed quietly to himself. "When I was a boy, sassafras shoots were considered good for me!"

(To be concluded.)

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

ON Tuesday, March 6th, a loss, which will be very widely deplored, befell the world of readers in the death of Miss Louisa May Alcott, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. Her father, crowned with years and with honor, had died three



L. M. Alcott

days before, at the age of eighty-eight; and it seemed reasonable to hope for a long life for the daughter who had inherited so many of his gifts, and added to them an affluent and powerful originality. But as if these two—who had been so closely united here for more than half a century—could not long be parted, even by death, the strong, pure soul of the daughter went forth—on the very day on which her father was carried to the grave—to join him somewhere in that other world in which his faith was so absolute and so unwavering.

There is material for a volume in this life which I must sketch for you so briefly that I can give you only its merest outline; yet even an outline may show you how full it was of noble endeavor and noble achievement. Miss Alcott had the supreme good fortune to be descended, on both sides, from high-minded, God-fearing men and women, with keen intellectual instincts. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, was born in Wolcott, Connecticut, just at the end of the last century. His early life was full of experiments. Clock-maker, peddler, divinity student, school-teacher,

—all these, before he became the serene philosopher of whom Emerson wrote to Carlyle as “a majestic soul, with whom conversation is possible.”

In 1830 he married Miss Abby May, a descendant of the Sewells and the Quincys of Boston, who loved him well enough to give up, for his sake, the substantial prosperity of her father's house, and enter with him on a life which was destined to be a very hard struggle indeed, until that glad day when the splendid and phenomenal success of their daughter Louisa turned poverty out-of-doors forever. These improvident, unworldly lovers were married in May; and in the November of the same year they removed to Germantown, Pa.; and it was in Germantown, on November 29, 1832, that Louisa May Alcott was born. Concerning this date she once wrote me: “The same day was my father's own birthday, that of Christopher Columbus, Sir Philip Sidney, Wendell Phillips, and other worthies.”

In 1834 the Alcotts removed from Germantown to Boston, where Mr. Alcott opened a very remarkable school. Miss Elizabeth Peabody afterward described it in her book, entitled “Record of Mr. Alcott's School.” One of Mr. Alcott's methods was to cause those who had failed in their duties to punish him, instead of to be punished by him; and one of his theories—the one which led to the final disruption of his school—was that a colored boy is as well worth teaching, and as much entitled to instruction, as a white boy.

In 1839 Mr. Alcott finally abandoned school-teaching; and in 1840 the family removed to Concord, Mass., where, with the exception of two brief experimental sojourns elsewhere, they continued to reside until within the last two or three years, much of which has been passed in Boston.

I like to think of busy little Louisa,—eight years old when she was taken to Concord. She was full of glad, physical life. She used to run in the fields, tossing her head like a colt, for the pure pleasure of it. She tasted thoroughly the joy of mere bodily existence; but she was full, also, of the keenest intellectual activity and interest. She made, at eight, her first literary essay, in the form of an “Address to a Robin,” which her proud

mother long preserved with tender care; and from that she went on rhyming about dead butterflies, lost kittens, the baby's eyes, and other kindred themes, until, suddenly, the story-teller's passion set in, and the world began to be peopled for her with ideal shapes, and soon she began to write out these tales in little paper-covered volumes, which gradually formed quite a manuscript library in "the children's room."

When Miss Alcott was sixteen, she wrote — for Ellen Emerson's pleasure — her first real book. It was entitled "Flower Fables," and was afterward published, though not until 1854, when the author was twenty-two. It was too florid, and too full of adjectives, and it made no real impression. At sixteen, besides writing this book, Miss Alcott began to teach school,—an employment she never liked, though she pursued it, in one form or another, for some fifteen years. Her first full-grown romantic story was published when she was nineteen, in "Gleason's Pictorial," and brought her the sum of five dollars,—the sufficiently small and humble nest-egg of the fortune which had amounted, before her death, to more than a hundred thousand. The next year she wrote a story, for which she received ten dollars; and this she herself dramatized, and it was accepted by the manager of the Boston theater, though, owing to some disagreement among the actors, it was not put upon the stage.

One November day — November seems to have been an important month in her life — she went away by herself to Boston, and had there the experiences which she afterward wove into her book entitled "Work." The real story was quite as pathetic as the romance. She had a trunk — "a little trunk," she told me, filled with the plainest clothes of her own making — and twenty dollars that she had earned by writing. These were her all,—no, not her all, for she had firm principles, perfect health, and the dear Concord home to retreat to in case of failure. But she did not fail. By teaching, sewing, writing,—anything that came to hand to be done,—she not only supported herself during the long, toilsome years before any grand, paying success chanced to her, but sent home ever-increasing help to the dear ones left behind. Ah, what a beautiful life it was — lived always, from first to last, for others, and not for herself!

There was one break in those busy, unselfish years which witnessed a devotion more unselfish still. In the December of 1862 she went forth, full of enthusiasm, to nurse in the Soldiers' Hospital; blessing scores of dying beds with her bright presence, and laboring unweariedly until she herself was stricken down with fever. "I was never

ill," she once said to me, "until after that hospital experience, and I have never been well since."

"Hospital Sketches" was first published in 1865, but she was republished with considerable additions in 1869. Even before "Hospital Sketches," "Moods" had been issued by Loring; and that also was subsequently reprinted, with much revision. In 1865, Miss Alcott first went to Europe, as the companion of an invalid lady. She was gone nearly a year, made many desirable acquaintances, and greatly enlarged her outlook on life.

In 1868 — twenty years ago — Roberts Brothers, of Boston, became Miss Alcott's publishers; and it was at the suggestion of Mr. Niles, of this firm, that she wrote "Little Women," — a story founded on the home life of herself and her sisters. The first part of this story was published in the October of 1868, and was cordially received; but it was not until the issue of the second part, in the April of 1869, that the world went wild about it, and all in a moment, as it seemed, Miss Alcott became famous. Since then she has known nothing but success; and now, the summons of the King has called her to come up higher.

"Little Women" took such hold upon the world,



LULU NIERIKER.

that when "Little Men" was issued its publication had to be delayed until the publishers could be prepared to fill advance orders for fifty thousand copies. The list of her works, besides "Flower Fables," "Moods," and "Hospital Sketches," includes twenty-two volumes,—twenty-five books in all,—and all, save "Flower Fables," bear the imprint of Roberts Brothers, who publish not only the juveniles, but the revised editions of "Moods" and "Hospital Sketches." I must not omit a

twenty-sixth book, sent forth to the world anonymously, "A Modern Mephistopheles," a novel included in the "No Name" series of her publishers.

Nearly all of her later books — "Eight Cousins," "Under the Lilacs," "Spinning-Wheel Stories," etc. — first appeared in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS; and hundreds of letters to the editor, from children all over the English-speaking world, attest their dear love for the author of these charming tales.

In writing to the editor of ST. NICHOLAS, just before Christmas, Miss Alcott asked for the bound volumes of last year, and added, "My Lulu adores the dear books, and has worn out the old ones."

The "Lulu" thus alluded to was Louisa May Nieriker, the daughter of Miss Alcott's beloved sister May, who was married in Paris in 1878, and died there in 1879, leaving her newborn baby to the care of her sister Louisa, whose dearest treasure the little one has ever since been. To lose this so tender care, — ah, what an irreparable misfortune it is to the bright young life!

While Miss Alcott was engaged on "Jack and Jill," she wrote to the editor of this magazine:

"Don't let me prose. If I seem to be declining and falling into it, pull me up, and I'll try to prance as of old. Years tone down one's spirit and fancy, though they only deepen one's love for the little people, and strengthen the desire to serve them wisely as well as cheerfully. Fathers and mothers tell me they use my books as helps for themselves; so now and then I have to slip in a page for them, fresh from the experience of some other parent, for education seems to me to be *the* problem in our times.

"Jack and Jill" are right out of our own little circle, and the boys and girls are in a twitter to know what is going in; so it will be 'a truly story' in the main."

And in another letter to the editor of ST. NICHOLAS, Miss Alcott wrote:

"If I do begin a new story, how would 'An Old Fashioned Boy' and his life do?"

You proposed a revolutionary tale once, but I was not up to it. For this I have quaint material in my father's journals, letters, and recollections. He was born with the century, and had an uncle in the war of 1812, and his life was very pretty and pastoral in the early days. I think a new sort of story would n't be amiss, with fun in it, and the queer old names and habits. I began it long ago, and if I have a chance, will finish off a few chapters and send them to you."

How many plans that would have borne fruit for the world's good and pleasure died with this good and true woman when she died! The last years of her life have been fuller of care and anxiety than of literary work.

In 1882, Miss Alcott's father was stricken with paralysis, and of her devotion to him since then it would be impossible to speak too strongly. His life has been a placid and not unhappy one, in these years of failing strength; and he died peacefully on Sunday, March 4th, at the house of his only other daughter, Mrs. Pratt, in Louisburg Square, Boston. Only the Thursday before his

death Miss Alcott went to see him. He could not speak. "What are you thinking of, Father?" said the dear, well-known voice, which still had power to call the light into his eyes, and a faint smile to his speechless lips. He looked up toward heaven, with a little gesture, by which his daughter understood that his thoughts were already gone before him, to the far world where the blest abide. "Great Expecter!" Thoreau once called him; — he has followed Thoreau, now beyond our vision, into the world of fulfilled expectations.

Miss Alcott was not with him at the last. It is, perhaps, a year and a half since she came to see me, one day, and spoke of her sufferings from something she then called "writer's cramp," but which is now supposed to have been the beginning of paralysis. She broke down completely nearly a year ago, and placed herself under the care of Dr. Lawrence, of Roxbury, with whom she has since then resided.

A week before she died she wrote to a friend: "You shall come and see me as soon as the doctor will permit. Don't be anxious about me. I shall come out a gay old butterfly in the spring." And the very Saturday afternoon before she died she wrote to a dear old friend: "I am told that I must spend another year in this 'Saints' Rest,' and then I am promised twenty years of health. I don't want so many, and I have no idea I shall see them. But as I don't live for myself, I will live on for others." Farther on, in the same letter, she referred to her father's impending death, and added: "I shall be glad when the dear old man falls asleep, after his long and innocent life. Sorrow has no place at such a time, when Death comes in the likeness of a friend."

Very soon after these words were written came the attack which was to end all for her. She was never once conscious after it had seized on her. As one who falls asleep, she went out of this life, having lingered, unconscious, upon death's threshold, from Saturday night till the early dawn of Tuesday morning. Had not Death come as a friend, even to her, so loved, and missed, and mourned for, — Death, who led her on, past fear, past pain, past sorrow, past hope and dream, into the eternal light, where her mother waited for her; where was Beth, the loved, lost sister of her childhood; and May, the dearest companion of her maturer years; — where even he, their long survivor, "the dear old man," who had lived in Eternity, while yet he lingered on the shore of Time — had gone before her. Fond sister, loving nephews, and little Lulu, dear darling of her last busy years; — friends, seen and unseen — ah, how they all will miss her; but she — can she miss anything who has found the very rest of God?



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. IV.

KNEADING BREAD.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Moderato

I. Stir - ring it, pour - ing it, dredg - ing it o - ver, Fold - ing with

fin - gers and press - ing with palms; Light as a feath - er and

sweet as the clo - ver, Crimp - ing with fin - gers and pat - ting with palms.

II.

Rolling it, rocking it, turning it over,
 Pinching with fingers and pushing with palms;
 Light as a feather and sweet as the clover,
 Puffing and springing 'neath fingers and palms.

III.

Turning it, rocking it, rolling together;
 Cutting it, moulding it, fingers and palms;
 Sweet as the clover and light as a feather,
 Into the pan with it, fingers and palms.

 IN THE SWING.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.



HERE we go to the branches
 high!

Here we come to the
 grasses low!

For the spiders and flowers
 and birds and I

Love to swing when the
 breezes blow.

Swing, little bird, on the
 topmost bough;

Swing, little spider, with rope so fine;

Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now;

But none of you have such a swing as mine.

Dear little bird, come sit on my toes;

I'm just as careful as I can be;

And oh, I tell you, nobody knows

What fun we'd have if you'd play with me!

Come and swing with me, birdie dear,

Bright little flower, come swing in my hair;

But you, little spider, creepy and queer,—
 You'd better stay and swing over there!

The sweet little bird, he sings and sings,

But he does n't even look in my face;

The bright little blossom swings and swings,

But still it swings in the self-same place.

Let them stay where they like it best;

Let them do what they'd rather do;

My swing is nicer than all the rest,

But maybe it's rather small for two.

Here we go to the branches high!

Here we come to the grasses low!

For the spiders and flowers and birds and I

Love to swing when the breezes blow.

Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough;

Swing, little spider, with rope so fine;

Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now;

But none of you have such a swing as mine.

THE IN-TER-RUPT-ED LITTLE BOY.

BY DE W. C. LOCKWOOD.

HAVE you ever seen a tailor sitting on a bench in his shop? Because, if you have n't, just peep through the window of the first tailor's shop you pass, and take a good look at the man inside. He will not mind your looking at him, if you don't stay too long, and I want you to know just how Tim looked one morning as he sat on the floor. Not that Tim was a tailor,—for he was nothing at all but a boy,—yet he sat there just like a tailor, with his little legs curled up under him, and he was trying to draw a horse.

He began with the horse's head, drawing in the nose, ears, eyes (that is, one eye), the mouth, and last the teeth. Tim took great pains with the teeth, and put in as many as he could.



It was some time before the head was done; and Tim was about to go on with the rest of the body when his grandfather, who was mending the garden gate, called out:

"Tim, my little man, run up to the barn and bring me the big hammer."

Tim was sorry to leave his work, but he was a good boy, and also he liked to have his grandfather call him his "little man."

The "little man" did the errand in such a hurry that he was nearly out of breath when he reached the house, but was soon hard at work again.

The horse's fore-feet did not give Tim much trouble because he had made up his mind precisely how he was going to draw them.

Tim once saw a circus-horse dance to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and he remembered exactly how the horse put one leg straight out before him while he curved up the other in a very graceful way. So Tim drew the fore-legs just like those of the dancing horse. At this point the boy heard a great noise among the chickens in the barnyard, and he knew at once that Rover had broken loose and was chasing the fowls all over the yard. So he threw down his paper and pencil and rushed out.



As soon as the big dog caught sight of the little man, he walked back to his house very meekly, as

if he was not at all glad to see his young master. But the chickens were very glad, indeed.

Tim tied Rover up again, and once more went back to his task.

For a long time, in fact for nearly a year, he had had an idea that the back of the horse might be made more convenient for riding without a saddle, and that there would be less danger of falling off if the back were curved in more; and, although he did not know just how to bring about this much-needed change in the shape of the living horses he had seen, he drew the back of the pictured horse as he thought the back of a horse should be made. Suddenly there was a loud ring from the front-door bell. The boy knew that Sarah, the maid, was out in the wash-house and that his mother was busy upstairs, so he laid aside his work and went to the front-door.

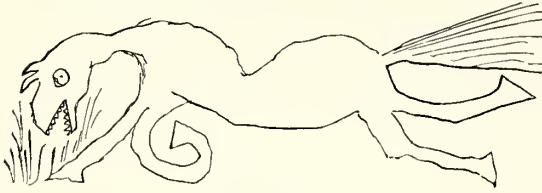
The visitor proved to be an old man who wanted to know whether "Mr. Jones" lived there?

Now, Tim did not know any one of that name, but, as he wanted to help the stranger all he could, he told him that a young friend of his who lived on the corner of the first street below had a cousin who knew some one of the name of Jones. Then the man thanked him, and the little fellow trotted back to his place on the floor.

Like a great many other boys, Tim was fond of horses with long tails, and he liked to see them spread out as they are when horses are leaping. Tim drew the tail as he liked to see it; then he made the two hind-legs, and after putting in some grass for the horse to eat, so that he should not be hungry, the picture was complete. Tim held the picture up before him and did n't seem to think it the least bit strange that the horse should be nibbling grass while his fore-feet were dancing and the other two going over a fence! He was quite sure, though, that he could have made a much better horse if he had n't been called away so many times, and he felt very sorry about it. I think the horse looked sorry too.

A few moments later Tim carried the picture out-of-doors to show to his grandfather, who was still at work on the gate. The good old man laid down his hammer on the ground and looked the picture over with a great deal of care; he did n't

laugh, as many people would; and this is a very good thing about grandfathers — they seldom make fun of little boys, but help them when they can.



FINISHED AT LAST!

Tim told him what trouble he had to finish the drawing, and then his grandfather said:

“Well, my little man, there is one thing about

it, you did n't *in-ter-rupt* yourself”—that was the very word he used. “It was not your fault that you could n't finish the drawing all at one time, and I am very glad that you did n't put down your paper and pencil to play with your tool-box or express wagon, or to run out for a frolic with Rover, but that you did your best to finish the picture before taking up anything else.”

Then Tim's grandfather again took up his hammer, while the little artist walked slowly back to the house with the picture held out before him.

“Anyway,” said Tim, as he thought of his grandfather's words, “I did n't in-ter-rupt myself!”

And this thought was a great comfort to him.

A KIND-HEARTED PUSS.



THIS is no fancy picture. It is taken from a photograph of a real cat and her adopted family of chickens.

The lady who made the photograph, and kindly sent it to ST. NICHOLAS, tells this story in an accompanying letter:

“The owner of our good-hearted puss raised a great many chickens; and out of each brood of fifteen or twenty, when but a few days old, several

were quite likely to be weakly, and not able to follow the old hen around with the rest of the brood.

“These weak little chicks, therefore, were carried into the house, and put with the cat on her cushion by the fire. Though at first somewhat surprised, she soon cuddled them up and purred over them with apparent pleasure and pride; and when she had looked after them for a day or two, she did not take at all kindly to their removal.”

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

About Bébé and her new Doll, and about John, the gardener, his new Dog.

ALFRED LAUR
ANCE BRENN
JUV. ET FECIT. N.
1 8 18 7



One fine morning Bébé found that somebody had given her a new Doll.



This is the Doll.



So Bébé had the Doll to breakfast with her.



Then they went to see John the gardener; and here they are.



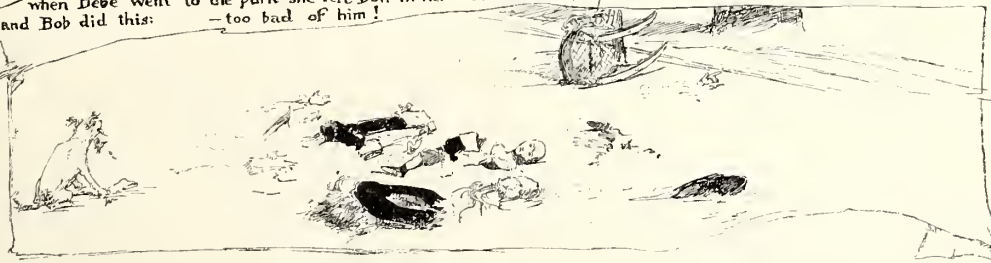
Now John had, on that very day, a new dog named Bob: - this is the Dog.



When Bébé went in to luncheon she left Doll in her swing and when she came out again Bob was only looking at the Doll, so Bébé gave him part of her cake.



But in the afternoon when Bébé went to the park she left Doll in her "wee Rock-Rock" and Bob did this: - too bad of him!





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

I CAN see the coming June in your bright young faces, my friends, and with all my best joy I welcome her. What would this world be without June—the rosiest, sweetest month of all the twelve! And do you notice how wistfully May lingers, as if longing to stay awhile with her! And June always seems to come in saying, “Don’t go, May. There is room for both of us.”

THIS reminds me that spring fashions are not yet quite out of date. Here they are—the very latest, as reported by your faithful J. M. L.:

SPRING FASHIONS.

THEY say bright red and purple will be the “latest thing,”
And worn by all the tulips in garden-beds this spring.
The hyacinths and crocuses prefer much paler shades;
The daffodils wear yellow—the color seldom fades.

Of course, for small field-blooming the styles are not so bright.
The daisies still continue to dress in simple white;
And clovers wear last season’s shades—all honor to their pluck—
With now and then an extra leaf to bring the finder luck.

THE TERRIBLE MYGALE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The Little School-ma’am says that her birds complain of great spiders that kill them, especially of the mygale. As I have to-day been reading about them in a delightful book, called “A World of Wonder,” I send an extract for your young hearers:

In the large tropical spiders the venom is so active that it instantly kills animals of much greater bulk, and is employed against birds,

which the spider attacks on trees. The great bird-eating spider of South America, the “Mygale,” is the most noticeable spider of this class, and is dreaded by human beings as well as by the birds, its legs amounting nearly a foot in length.

There are also spiders nearly as large as the fist, that sometimes fasten on chickens and pigeons, seizing them by the throat and killing them instantly, at the same time drinking their blood.

So you see the birds have a good cause for alarm. M. K. D.

A STRANGE MIRROR.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The old city of Rouen, in France, has a pretty sight that is worth describing to your crowd of young folk. The little men and maids are fond of looking-glasses, I know; but I doubt if they all have heard of the queer one of which I shall now tell them. Near the west door of the church of St. Ouen, in this city of Rouen, is a marble basin filled with water. It is so placed that the water acts as a mirror, and in the face of it one sees all the inside of the church. Look down into the water, and you see pillars, and the ceiling, and pictures and statuary, and nearly all the interior ornamentation of the building. The stately basin seems to take pride in holding its beautiful picture of the church. I wish you and all your hearers could see it.

Yours truly, M. E. L.

A NEW KIND OF MOUSE-TRAP.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about a new kind of a mouse-trap. It is the turtle. I never saw one catch a mouse, but my cousin told me about it.

She said they oiled its back and put it in the cellar where there were a great many mice. After a few days there did not seem to be many mice around; but as she did not think the slow turtle could have caught them, she asked her boys to watch.

So one day they put a mouse in the room, and they sat upon a table. Pretty soon the mouse came up and ran upon the turtle’s back, and when it was near the head, the turtle’s head came out in a hurry and caught the mouse. But I don’t believe the turtle really ate the mouse; I think it only squeezed the body between its shells. They oiled its back so that the mouse would be attracted by the odor.

Yours truly, A. K. W.

PICNIC PRISONERS.

DEAR JACK: Can I give you something that I found in a delightful book called “Among the Azores”? It is about convicted criminals in Flores, one of the Azores, where the law actually compels a prisoner to become his own jailer! He is given the keys of the establishment, and is expected to keep himself closely confined, but with extenuating privileges. The liberties he enjoys, his freedom from toil, the friends whom he admits to keep him company, render his prison life rather a luxury than otherwise. The windows of the prison are always inviting to gossiping loungers, and it is rumored that prisoners have been known even to

take pleasant rambles through the streets of the city after dark. There is supposed to be a jailer connected with the establishment, but he has an easy time of it.

"Ridiculous as this method of punishment may at first sight appear," the book says, "there is perhaps slight need for more rigid discipline. The little island, only ten miles long by seven wide, where everybody knows everybody else, would afford the escaped prisoner scant opportunity for concealment, while the visits of vessels are so few and uncertain that the hope of flight to foreign lands is equally futile. Then, too, the people are far from being vicious, and crime is not common. The judge informed us that no murder had been committed for at least thirty-five years. Further back than that the records fail to show, but not even the tradition of such a crime exists. Thieving is almost unknown, and what little is discovered is charged upon wicked visitors from other islands. This is the record of a community of twelve thousand people. What wonder that such a state of affairs lulls the natives into a feeling of security which leads them to sleep at night with the doors of their houses standing wide open."

SOCIETY COWS.

MRS. LIZZIE HATCH asks me to tell you of a little Jersey cow of her acquaintance. This cow, she says, "comes and opens the gate into our grounds when securely latched, and then she turns round and shuts it tight, so that she may enjoy the rich clover in peace and quiet."

"That reminds me," says the same lady, "of a little curly black cow my grandfather brought from Russia. The animal would have died of home-sickness if she had not formed a friendship with a pig, on board ship; so Grandfather bought the pig, and they were comrades for a long time. The cow was named Bess, was very affectionate, and she called on the neighbors every day. She always knocked at their kitchen doors, and never went in unless she was invited. They were fond of her. One day Grandfather had an informal dinner-party. The guests insisted on having Bess; so Grandfather asked the man 'tending table' to open the doors leading out upon the lawn, and called, 'Bess! Bess!' Grandmother was quite shocked, but Bess soon walked in. She behaved charmingly, walked up to each one, put down her head for a pat, and walked out again."

"THE TOAD'S NEW SUIT."

DEAR JACK: Of course you know that snakeskins often are found in hedges and out-of-the-way places. But did you ever hear of a toad-skin being discovered in the same way? I think not, and the reason is that although toads cast off their old

skins they do not leave them lying about as the snakes do.

One afternoon in early June, my little daughter called me to see a toad in the grass that was "acting queerly," she said; he would keep perfectly motionless for a moment, and then wriggle and shake and convulse himself just as a very fat person does when laughing heartily. Next he put both hands on the sides of his neck, and pulled and tugged at what would be the collar of his coat; then, reaching still further up, as if to scratch his back, he took a good hold with both hands, stretched out his legs straight behind him, lay flat on his front, and pulled his whole skin over his head, shutting and flattening down his two big eyes completely. He did not put the skin on the ground, however, but directly into his mouth, and swallowed it. Then he yawned two or three times and brought himself together into his usual squatting position, seeming mightily well pleased to find himself in a bright spotted coat, tight, speckled breeches and gloves, and a wonderfully snug-fitting white vest, and every article of them perfectly new.

A. L. B.

A WATCH-DOG BATTALION.

WHO can give me correct information concerning the watch-dog battalion of the Prussian army? I am told that there is such a thing, and that the dogs are extremely capable and useful.

By the way, there are some dogs in my neighborhood who have my full permission to go to Prussia and enlist.

A FABLE. BY THE DEACON.

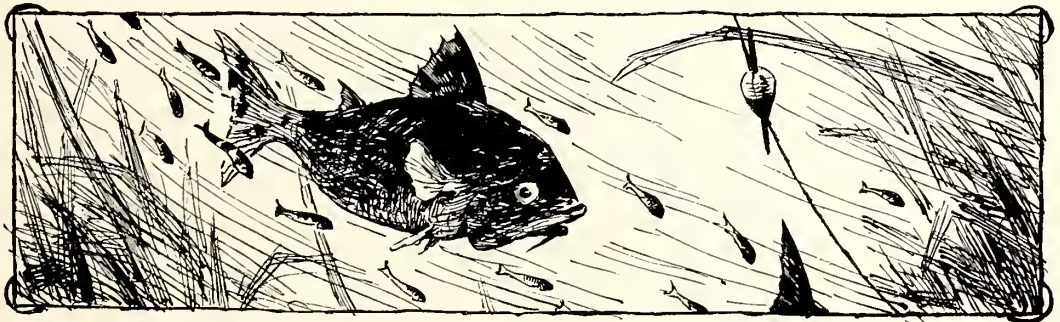
A FISH who was of the unfortunate sort,
And always complaining—a habit unwise,
Once saw a companion dart after a prize,
Sent down by some innocent lover of sport.

"He's got it! and so like my luck! I declare,
He shot right a-past me! Such things are not
fair!"

Sobbed the fish who had missed it—with other
remarks

Quite common to fish-folk, from minnows to
sharks;

But learning, in time, of that cruel hook, baited:
"Ah, how providential," he cried, "that I
waited!"



THE GAME OF GROMMET-PITCHING.

BY C. W. MILLER.

THE game of grommet-pitching has helped people through many hours on shipboard, and I see no reason why it should not be equally pleasing on land. It is a great improvement on ring-toss, which it somewhat resembles, and it has agreeable features unknown to that game. The "grommets" are rings of rope, made by the sailors; they are light and pleasant to throw, never break, and are very pretty when covered with bright ribbons or braid. They are not difficult to make, and are suitable for parlor or lawn, for girls or boys, for old or young.

The game may be played by tossing grommets of different sizes over a stake, and scoring points according to the size of those thrown; but a new, and perhaps a better way, is to toss them over pegs placed in a board or wall. These pegs may be numbered, each player counting according to the number of the peg on which the grommet catches; or prizes may be attached to some pegs, and penalties to others.

Any handy boy can make grommets, if he has a little rope. Let me tell you how. First decide upon the size of the ring you wish. Then take a piece of rope of the desired thickness, and about three and a half times as long as the circumference of the grommet you are about to make. Suppose you begin on a small one, say six inches in diameter. The circumference of this will be about eighteen inches, and you will need a piece of rope at least sixty inches long. As each grommet is made of only one strand, this piece will make three. Probably the best kind of rope for this purpose is a good manilla clothes-line which has been used a few weeks, so that it has become softened,

but not worn, and has had all the extra twists pulled out of it.

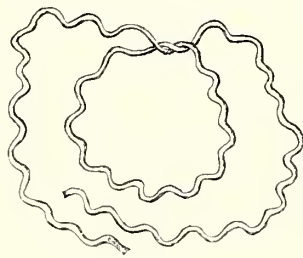


FIG. 1.

First separate the piece into its three strands, and taking one in your left hand, bend the middle part of it into a ring, as you see in Fig. 1, twisting it a little tighter as you do so. Hold the loop, or "bight," as sailors say, toward you and pass the left-hand end of the strand under the right-hand end. Now make this loop into a three-strand rope, using

the two long ends for that purpose. To do this, both of them must be wound around the loop to take the place of the missing strands, and as they keep their spiral shape you can easily do this, taking one at a time, and putting it over and under, and always twisting tighter the end you are working on. When you have one strand twisted in, it will look like Fig. 2.

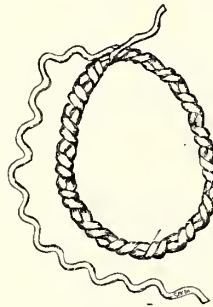


FIG. 2.

Next take the second long end and work it around, over and under, twisting it tightly as you go, and making it lie smooth beside the others. Now you have an endless rope, smooth and even, except where the two ends meet, and here you have about four inches of each end left over. In order to dispose of these snugly, you must tie strings around the rope on each side, about an inch from the joining, to keep it in place while you complete your work. Now carefully cut out half of the rope-yarns from the under side of each piece, and bind the end of what remains with thread, to keep it from untwisting. Perhaps it would be better for a beginner not to cut off these yarns at first, but to bend them one side till he has found out by one or two trials just the point at which to cut.

Having done this, bend the ends around each other as though you were going to tie them in a knot; in fact, make the first tie of a knot (which, you know, is made of two ties), draw it tight, and hammer it down even, working it smoothly into place by twisting the ring open at that point, and pounding it and working it in. It is impossible exactly to describe the method in words, but it is easily learned by trying. To fasten the ends, take a small spike, put it under a strand next to the knot, and work the end on that side through the opening. Then pass that end over the next strand and under the third strand from the knot, making the necessary opening with the spike. Treat the other end in exactly the same way, and then with a sharp knife cut off what projects. The grommet will then look like Fig. 3.

You can use the ring in its present shape, and it will answer every purpose of the game, but it will

be much improved in looks by a braided covering, of either ribbons or worsted braid. To prepare the grommet for covering, wind a soft cord around it, in the hollows between the strands, to make it



FIG. 3.

more round and even, and easier to work over. Take some narrow ribbon and find how many widths of it, laid parallel to the rope, will about cover it all around. Then cut off twice as many pieces of the ribbon, and place them around the rope in the way shown in

FIG. 4, with all the upper

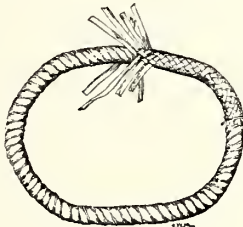
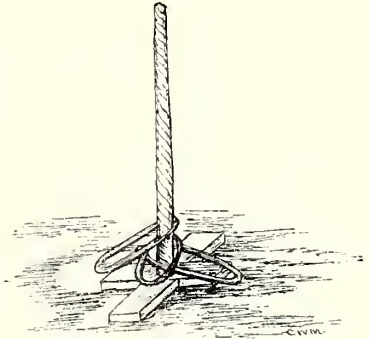


FIG. 4.

pieces turned sharply to the right, and all the under pieces at the same angle to the left, and tie them tightly in place with a strong thread. You will probably have to do this by placing one pair on at a time, and giving the thread one turn around the rope to hold them. Now, if you know the kindergarten way of weaving colored-paper mats, the braiding will be very easy to you. If you are not versed in this art, look at the figure, and see how it is done by weaving the ribbons over and under; every ribbon going over one and under the next. A little practice will make this easy. You need not be discouraged if your work does not look even and regular as you go on; for when you have braided nearly to the end, you can tie another string

around the rope to keep the ribbons in place; and going over the whole with a knitting-needle and your fingers, smooth and tighten and make everything even and "ship-shape."

When the braid comes around to the place where it began, the ends may be fastened by working each one under one of the first made plaits, sewing it down, and cutting it off closely out of sight; thus making an invisible ending. An easier way is to wind a cord around so as to hold all the ends firmly, and then to cover the joining with a ribbon tied in a bow on the outside.



If you wish a stake over which to throw the grommets, make a cross of two pieces of thick board or small timber, such as you have seen to hold up Christmas-trees. Bore a hole in the middle of the cross, and fasten upright in this a piece of broomstick, about two feet long. The stake may be painted or, what is better, covered with a ribbon braid to match the grommets. If you prefer to use pegs, you can fasten common wooden hat-pegs into holes made in a wide board that can be set up anywhere; or they can be set into a close board-fence or wall. They should be arranged in some regular plan, and variously numbered or painted, or wound with colored ribbons, to distinguish them.



BOB WRITES: "PAPA, MAMMA AND I SAIL NEXT WEEK."

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

MISS AMÉLIE RIVES, the author of the poem, "The Butterfly's Cousins," in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, sends us a few notes concerning the rest-harrow flower mentioned in her verses. Miss Rives says: "It is an English wild-flower, which blooms in June, July, and August. When it straggles into corn-fields it becomes (to use the words of Anna Pratt, the author of the little volumes from which I gathered my knowledge of the plant) a very troublesome plant, for its long and tough roots retard the progress of the plow, while its numerous and thorny branches are so great an impediment to the action of the harrow, as to have obtained for the plant its old English name. Equally old and significant is that by which it is known in France, where it is commonly called *Arrête-Bœuf*."

"I do not know whether it grows in America or not."

BRISTOL, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read the story "Diamond-backs in Paradise," and I would like to tell you and your readers that my grandfather, who was stopping at the same house at the time, skinned the snake that Dotty saw in the path, and brought the skin home with him; so that part of the story was familiar to me.

I take the ST. NICHOLAS this year, and enjoy it very much.

Your loving friend,
BELLE M. S.—

FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old. I liked "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," very much. I live in the north-western part of Minnesota, and it is cold and very stormy; a regular blizzard here to-day.

I have a pet cat. He used to mew to get in, but now it is cold, with all the doors shut, we can not hear him. So one day when I was in the wood-shed, playing, I heard the door-knob rattle. It was not a windy day, so I thought it must be some one. I opened the door, and there was the cat on a high box wanting to come in, and he jumped down and came in. He has done that ever since when he wants to get in the house, and we think it is bright of him. His name is Tip; I named him that because he has a white tip on the end of a black tail. I like your "Letter-box" very much.

Yours, truly,
CALVIN T. H.—, Jr.

I did not write this. I just told what to write.

TITUSVILLE, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of your lovely magazine. I have never seen a letter in the "Letter-box" from Indian River, Florida. I can see the river from our window, and it is only a minute's walk down to it. My home is in Titusville, yet Papa has taken us very often out in a sail-boat, and I have been up and down Indian River, and all around Merritt's Island, and camped on Banana River, so I was very much interested in C. H. Webb's "Diamond-backs in Paradise," in the February number. One time we moored our boat on the western shore of Banana River. Papa, Mamma, and my sister and myself set out to tramp to the beach. We passed through a trail that looked very much like the one pictured on page 268. We had to go single-file, and as we neared the beach, right in our path, lay the largest snake I ever saw. It measured six or seven feet long. It was a diamond-back.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland visited Titusville, and went down Indian River on the steamer "Rockledge." The steamer was decorated in true tropical splendor, all fruits and flowers. I have lived in "Paradise" nearly two years and love all of it.

Hoping this is not too long to print,

I remain, your loving reader,
BIRDIE H.—

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very anxious that you should know the result of the operetta, "The Children's Crusade," that was given by the Jewish Walnut Hills Sabbath-school last month, because it was taken from your book. We send you many thanks, and are very grateful for the idea of the operetta.

After a great many rehearsals, it was produced Saturday night, February 25th, the date of the Feast of Purim. This feast is cele-

brated in commemoration of the deliverance of the Israelites, through the assistance of Mordecai and Esther, from the designs of Haman, who, with the aid of Ahasuerus, king of the Medes and Persians, had resolved to destroy all the Jews residing in those kingdoms.

The operetta was loudly applauded by a large audience, which was highly entertained. The costumes were similar to those mentioned in the book, and the children who took part were much younger, but they all performed excellently.

After the performance we had refreshments, and each one who took part was presented with a box of candy. In all probability it will be repeated for some benefit at an early day.

Your loving reader,
MAY S.—

THE wife of an eminent naturalist sends us the following pathetic verses, adding in the letter which accompanies them: "Oh, there is so much I *don't* tell!"

THE NATURALIST.

By M. C. B.

You may talk of the joy of a naturalist's life,
You 'll excuse me, I hope, if I doubt it—
For really unless you 're a naturalist's wife,
You know very little about it.

Say, how would you like it, to open a box
Just to peep at its contents a minute,
To find that, instead of some fossils or rocks,
There 's a rattlesnake coiled up within it?

Do you think you would like it yourself?

Or when, in the spring, you are cleaning your house—

You will hardly believe, if you 're told it—
You find he has pickled a lizard or mouse
In some jar that was handy to hold it?

Or some nice little box that you treasured with care
For your ribbons, or feathers, or laces,
To find that its contents are tossed in the air,
And reptiles are filling their places—

Do you think you would like it yourself?

Just fancy your mind, on an opera night,
When you take from a bandbox your bonnet,
And find, to your great consternation and fright,
A horned frog is resting upon it!

Or cautiously open your top bureau drawer,
Where you hear a mysterious scratching,
To find, in your elegant satin mouchoir
Case, some young alligators are hatching.

Do you think you would like it yourself?

Unsuspecting, you open your dining-room door:
At the table he 's skinning some creatures,
While your innocent baby is crawling the floor,
With arsenic spread on his features!

So far, we have barely escaped with our lives.
But the *pleasure!*—oh, really, I doubt it;

And unless you are, some of you, naturalists' wives,
You can know very little about it.

Do you think you would like it yourself?

CANNES, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your March number has just reached me. I enjoyed reading it very much, and as we are at present traveling

abroad, Mr. Frank Stockton's article on "The People we Meet" interested us greatly, as we have met a number of the sort of people he describes. The other day an American lady at our hotel was walking in the garden with her little girl, who was talking German. An English gentleman of her acquaintance happened to come up at the moment, and asked the lady where the child had learned the language. When she told him that it was in New York, he expressed his surprise by saying he had no idea that there were any facilities for studying foreign languages in America. A young lady, also from New York, who is here, was asked by a young Englishman who had just passed his examinations before entering the army, whether New York was much larger than Cannes? Cannes, you must know, has a population of about 19,000 inhabitants.

While here I have come across a French magazine for young folks, bearing your name, and with several illustrations which I have seen in your numbers. Otherwise it is entirely different, and not nearly so interesting as yours is.

Your interested reader,

FLORENCE E.—

CANAAN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much, but I have never written to you before. I have an aunt who has taken you quite a while. Every time I went to see her I would ask her if ST. NICHOLAS had come, but now I take it myself.

I have a little black dog that was given to Papa, and he gave it to me. We have another dog, too, and he is very jealous of "Mac," for that is the little dog's name.

I read "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and like it very much. "Juan and Juanita" is my other favorite.

Your reader,

SAM. G. C.—

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I commenced taking you last summer. I am very much interested in the stories. Our city is on the bank of Lake Michigan. The buildings are mostly of cream-colored brick; some paint them red to look like the Eastern buildings. Just outside of the city is the Soldiers' Home. It is a lovely place; the buildings are situated in the midst of natural woods. The trees are cleared out enough to let the sunshine on the building, while drives, winding paths, and beautiful flower-beds are all around the place. There are about twelve hundred soldiers living there. Some of them are growing old. I have heard that the city wants the place for a park when the soldiers are through with it, as we have no park in the city, of any size.

I like the story of "Sara Crewe," but I like "The Brownies" best. I hope you will have lots more of them.

Your faithful reader,

CHARLIE S.—

ANDOVER, N. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. I live in New Brunswick. Two miles from where I live is an Indian village. It is just at the mouth of the Tobique River, in which salmon and trout are caught; sportsmen use the Indians as guides. The Indians have quite nice houses, and many have organs and sewing-machines.

I am yours, very sincerely,

LOUISE P.—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote you a letter last summer. A few weeks ago my brother and I went to Trenton by ourselves and had a splendid time. We spent from Friday to Monday. When we were in Trenton I saw a policeman take six men to jail, and one of them had no jacket, and no hat and shoes. Trenton has the finest potteries in the United States; I once went to the potteries there, but it was so long ago that I don't remember anything about them.

I go to school right next door, so I don't have far to go. A few weeks ago I went to the Zoo, and had a very nice time there; I saw all the animals, but they were not out of their cages, because it was too cold. So I went in the houses and saw a great deal to look at and amuse me; there was one house that I liked best of all, and I will tell you what it is, it is the bird-house; two or three birds were in one cage, and sometimes they would fight and make a great noise, and you could not hear yourself speak; but there was one bird that I liked best of all, and that was the parrot; he would say, when any body came to look at him, "How do you do?" all the time till you went away, and when you were going he would say, "Good-bye, good-bye"; it was very funny to hear him; he said it in such a funny way. Good-bye.

I remain your faithful reader,

MADGE H. Y.

ATLANTA, GA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old. I have been confined to my bed for the past ten months. My eldest sister gave you to me last Christmas, and I look impatiently for you every month.

I have a cat and a dog, and a great many pretty playthings.

I enjoy "The Brownies" very much, and am disappointed when I look through the book and find they are not in it. I have a magic lantern and spend many pleasant evenings showing it.

Your constant reader,

C. ALBERT G.—

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls who have taken you for a long, long time, and we think you are perfectly lovely. We each have our favorite instrument: one plays on the piano and the other on the violin. We are very fond of the puzzles and do nearly all of them; we tried making the paper ball mentioned in the March number and succeeded very nicely, and also the Nantucket sinks that were published several months ago. We hope there will be some more directions for folding paper in different ways, as we like to do them so much. Hoping to see this letter in some future number, and wishing you a long and prosperous life,

We remain, your loving readers,

C. D. DU B.— and A. C. L.—

CHAMPROUX, ALLIER, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about my home, which is so different from all that I read in your interesting pages. If you do not mind my incorrect English I will try to tell you something about it. It is quite an out-of-the-way place, hardly known, even by French people of other regions. Our peasants are still very ignorant, though they are not at all stupid; they have kept up some customs from the time of the Druids, and when we tell them that they are superstitious, they answer, good-humoredly, "It can be," or "You know better than we do!" but their belief is not shaken in the least. Their language is rather difficult to understand at first, for they speak the ancient French, with a queer singing accent. They used to have a very pretty picturesque costume, but, unfortunately, only the old people wear it now. When one of them is ill, it is nearly impossible to make them send for a doctor; they have much more confidence in wizards or witches, who mutter incoherent words over the patient, blowing in his mouth if he suffers from a sore throat, or tying a string round his waist if he has pains in the chest. The peasants never speak out the names of these people, but simply call them "persons." ("I called the person," "the person came," etc.) Quite lately a poor woman died of the croup, and her children told us: "We had everything for her, and the person saw her three times!"

I fear this letter is getting too long, but if you should like to hear more about my dear Bourbonnais, I would enjoy writing again.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

CÉCILE Y.—

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy taking you very much, and love you more every month. I have taken you eleven months—nearly a year. I am a little American girl, but live in China.

My friend Alice Winsor lives here also, and we are nearly always together.

Alice has taken Sr. NICHOLAS nearly two years, and she enjoys you very much, I think.

My favorite stories are "Jenny's Boarding-house," "Juan and Juanita," and "Winning a Commission," although I like all the stories.

Alice Winsor and I play paper dolls, and I have four. Now I will close, for I fear my letter is too long.

From

JOSEPHINE P.—

FLensburg, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I never yet have seen a letter from Flensburg in your "Letter-box," so thought I would send you one. Flensburg is an old town in the "Province of Schleswig," and belonged from olden time, till the year 1863, to Denmark. Then it was conquered by the Prussians, who now try their best to make a German town of it. I, too, learn German here, but as an American boy I try to keep up my English, and your dear magazine is a great help to me in this. You are to me like a dear friend from home; I always long for you, and love you dearly. I like "Juan and Juanita" very, very much, and would give anything to have a bow like Shanico's.

I was very sick last year. When I grew better a canary-bird was given to me; he is my pet, and I could tell you many things about him, but I fear the letter will get too long.

I am your devoted reader,

ERNST C. B.—

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was glad that you had in the last number an article about the child pianist—little Josef Hofmann.

Is he not wonderful? I have heard that he wishes to be an engineer. He went to the Berkeley school drill one day, and the principal presented him with the gun, cap, sword, shoulder-tabs, and

belt worn by the boys. He was much delighted, and while he was giving concerts put them on whenever he was not playing.

I think that, aside from his genius in music, he is a very interesting boy.

He one day showed me three of his oil-paintings, and I think that he paints beautifully. One was a meadow with a good many soft green trees in it, and a brook running through it was *very* good. He has never had a painting lesson, so I think that his skill is wonderful.

Sincerely,
G. G. D.—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the best magazine ever published, and I have had the pleasure of reading you regularly since July, 1887, and I mean to take you a good deal longer. I like the stories written by Wm. H. Rideing and Frank R. Stockton; I like "Drill," too.

Last summer my sister had two white rats; they were very cunning, and would run up my sleeve and come out of my neck. One day she took them to Prospect Park, and soon a crowd were admiring them for their funny antics. Soon after one died and the other ran away. We now have a cat, but as I am a boy I do not care so much for her, and would rather have the rats.

Your constant reader,
JOE.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you about a trip I made a while ago to the great bronze image of Buddha, called Daibutsu, which stands in a pretty nook among some hills about twenty miles from Yokohama. We started from our house at about ten o'clock A. M. The first part of our journey we did by rail, and then followed a ride of about an hour and three-quarters by Jinrikisha. The scenery was very pretty, the rice-fields, and hills, and here and there a farm-house or a shrine nestling among the trees. However, we were very glad when we arrived at our destination, for we were all ready for lunch. The image is in a sitting position, with its hands folded on its lap. It is about fifty feet high, ninety-eight feet around its waist, the diameter of its lap is thirty-six feet, and its stone pedestal is four and a half feet high. Inside of the image is a temple in which there are two windows high up in the back, and in the head, which is hollow, stands an image of gold of one of the Japanese gods. It is said that once when Buddha sat down to rest, snails came and crawled upon his head to shield him from the sun, so on the head of the figure are knobs intended to represent snails. There used to be a large temple over it, but it and the great city surrounding it were destroyed by a flood, for it stands in sight of the sea, and now there are only a few houses where once was the capital of the empire.

We live in sight of the beautiful mountain Fujiyama, or "peerless mountain." It is about sixty miles from here. Its snow-covered sides form an almost perfect cone with a flat top. It used to be a volcano, but is now extinct.

I do like your stories so much, especially "Donald and Dorothy," "Juan and Juanita," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." My aunt has sent you to me since 1880, and I think you are the nicest magazine I ever saw. Now I must stop, for I'm afraid I've made my letter too long already.

LOUISE L.—

FREESPORT, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often thought of writing to you, but never have ventured to do so until now. I take the beautiful ST. NICHOLAS, and think all the stories it contains are lovely.

The "Letter-box" also is *very* interesting. I go to school, and study nearly all of the common branches and drawing. I like drawing best of all. My chief delight is riding on horseback. I can ride either standing or sitting.

I have a very nice pony. I live near a village of six hundred inhabitants. Along the southern portion of the village is a small river named Still Water, because its waters are so very still.

I remain, your devoted reader,
LAURA C.—

CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON TER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have read with great interest in the March number about "A Pig That Nearly Caused a War"; particularly so, as Mr. Henry Miles, who lives here, and is a friend of my father, knew both Stubbs and Griffiths and all about the "pig." Mr. Miles says that it was Captain Pickett who was in command of the company of soldiers who first took possession of San Juan Island. Lieutenant-Colonel Casey took command soon after. This Captain Pickett is the General Pickett who afterward led the famous charge of the Confederates at the battle of Gettysburg. Mr. Miles is the man who first raised the stars and stripes on San Juan Island at the time Captain Pickett took possession.

I have written this in the hope that it might be of interest to some of your readers.

Your sincere friend,
ANNE GREY M.—

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a long time, but I have never written to you before. My mother and sister Dorothy

are in the east, and Bertha, Claude and I are with my aunt Fanny. Bertha is only six years old, and Claude four, so they can't read you, but I read the stories to them. Claude says, to tell you that if that Chinaman "Brownie" is high-toned enough to associate with the "Dude," he ought to have a longer pig-tail. Last night Marie (my nurse) told me of L. M. Alcott's death; Marie has seen her twice, and once spoke to her. She felt very sorry. I am afraid that I have made some mistakes, but as I am not yet nine you must excuse

Your little reader,
IRENE.

FORRESTON, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine has been a welcome visitor to our house since 1870, when I was three years old.

My little sister, Alice, used to cry for the "Nicholy" when she was only two years old. The first time we knew she could read all alone by herself was when we found her in the bay-window with the "Nicholy" on the floor before her, laughing over the story of "The Little Girl that Stood on Her Head."

We consider you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, a necessary member of the family, and never tire of your stories, but I like Frank R. Stockton's stories the best of all.

I wish you visited every boy and girl in the world as well as
CHARLES SUMNER W.—

SHOSHONE INDIAN AGENCY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa is agent at this agency, the Shoshone agency in Wyoming. There are two tribes of Indians here, the Shoshones and Arapahoes; their chiefs are very fine Indians. Washakie, the chief of the Shoshones, and Black Goat, the chief of the Arapahoes; we have them to dinner sometimes. Black Goat has as nice manners as any gentleman I ever saw. The Indians make very pretty things, such as war-bonnets, and war-shirts, and very pretty bead-work, and moccasins. The Sioux and the Utes come and trade with our Indians every summer.

Your affectionate reader,
ROBERT L. J.—
P. S.—We have taken you ever since 1877.

DUKE CENTRE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old. This is the eighth year my Papa has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for me. I liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" very much. I look anxiously for "Brownies," in every number.

I live in the oil country, and my Mamma uses gas for fuel and lights.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first one I have ever written you.

Your friend,
ROY M. C.—

We thank the young friends, whose names are here given, for their pleasant and interesting letters:

E. E. Mahonie, Grace L. Kelsey, Edith Brown, Lynn W. Clark, J. B. R., Robbie W. P., Elton E., Mary von Klenck, Lil, Mary E. Sigsbee, Percy, Reggie, and Malcolm Murray, Florence Merryman, Marie W. S., Laura H. M., Lottie Innes, Bertrand Robertson, Harold Hepburn, Maude A. Flentye, Virgie H., S. E. G., Bennie E. Lovemann, Jeanette H., Bessie G. B., Anna Julia Schlund, Mattie E. Harlow, Roxalene and W. R. Howell, Montrose J. M., "Three Little Maids from School," Edith M. and Bessie W., Clementine W. Kellogg, "Puss," "Nellie," Gertrude Harrison, Helen R. Fish, Alice De M., Emma V. Dimon, Percy E. Thomas, Emma C. F., Mabel G., Lillie Fisher, Daisy M. Tabor, Jessie T. Hallam, Louise N., Bertha Beerbourer, Fredericka W., Veni McDonald, Josephine Murphy, Nellie B. Warfield, Clara M. Danielson, Katie L. Aller, Elsie Sanderson, Maud Moore, Aimée M. Bakeman, Dorothy Whitney, Alice J. Tufts, Ethel C., Will L. S., Orlie S. L., Edith C. Curtis, Frank D. Cargill, Evelyn K., Mary M. H., Clara L., Katie B. Davis, Ray Helen Bierce, Aleck D., Currie F. Auxter, Laura Dolbear, Charles Johnson, May Ward, Herbert C. Davis, Jennie C. B., Annie M. Osborn, Caro. H. B., Rudy Cole, Ella M. Fischer, Anna I. V. S., Alice E. T., George K. Curtis, Mabel Bosworth, Helen R. N., Agnes Duhring, Kennedy Allen, Blanche F., Emma, Harry, and Bertie Fisher, F. M. L., Eliza R. Boyd, Clara Cook, Fannie W. C., Mary L. McKoy, Bessie Lasher, Carl Russel Lee, Eleanor May, Georgeia W., Lydia B., Alberta B., Browny and Gipsy B., Nellie A. Black, Alice E. Lewis, Katrina, Gertrude, and Carl Ely, H. B. J., May A. Bannister, Mabel L. Lamborn, Gardiner Tyler, Mary Lee Allen, Katie Troy, Effie S. Woolwine, Georgie E. Ross, Emily V. Clark, and Morris P. Tilley.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Barb. 2. Aloe. 3. Rosa. 4. Bean.
CUBE. From 1 to 2, horizon; 2 to 4, nebular; 1 to 3, halibut;
3 to 4, teacher; 5 to 6, sapient; 6 to 8, trachea; 5 to 7, Siberia; 7
to 8, Agrippa; 1 to 5, Huns; 2 to 6, neat; 4 to 8, rana; 3 to 7, toga.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Third row, printing; fourth row,
invented. Cross-words: 1. rePine. 2. hoRNet. 3. shIVer. 4.
teNEts. 5. caTNip. 6. smIThy. 7. hoNEst. 8. BaGDad.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Katie. 2. Nodal. 3. Merit. 4. Sleep.
5. Snail.

ACROSTIC. First row, Heir of Redclyffe; third row, Charlotte M.
Yonge. Cross-words: 1. HaCkney. 2. EcHinus. 3. IdAlian.
4. ReRedos. 5. ObLique. 6. FeOdary. 7. RaTable. 8. En-
Traps. 9. DeEpens. 10. CoMment. 11. LaYland. 12. YeO-
man's. 13. FaNtasm. 14. FaGging. 15. EvEning.

MALTESE CROSS. From 1 to 3, pasha; 4 to 5, ace; 6 to 7, act;
8 to 10, break; 11 to 13, opium; 14 to 15, gun; 16 to 17, Esk; 18
to 20, Creon; 2 to 9, science; 12 to 19, incense.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Grace Kupfer—Paul Reese—Maud E. Palmer—Russell Davies—A. Fiske & Co.—"Socrates"—Sydney—"K. G. S."—"Shunway Hen and Chickens"—Jo and I—"Infantry"—Ruth and Rob—Ada C. H.—"Janie and Manma"—H. A. R. and A. C. R.—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from M. and R. Davis, 1—"Scorchie," 1—Lily of the Valley, 1—C. L. S., 1—Tabby, 1—Tommy, 1—Hildegard, 1—Edith T. B., 1—Geo. W. Bacon, 2—Harry H. Miller, 1—J. B. Scullin, 1—Fritz Abeken, 1—N. O., 1—M. Snowball S., 2—Rahry Namrod, 1—Elsie P., 3—Essie M. Clarke, 1—Helen Fitch, 1—Warren B. Call, 1—W. D. Ward, 1—Jennette C. Vorce, 4—P. and B. Kennedy, 2—Edith A. Arner, 2—"What Say?" 3—E. M. G., 1—Daisy S., 1—Nellie and Reggie, 10—Fred Shaw, 1—"May and 79," 8—E. C. F. and M. R. F., 1—Kittie Anger, 1—Rosalie B., 4—Minnie Deppe, 1—James W., 2—Jennie S. Liebman, 10—"Lehte," 9—Grace Hodson, 2—"Alpha, Alpha, B. C.," 9—"Merry Three," 1—Nellie L. Howes, 10—Jay Lark, Jr., 10—S. and B. Rhodes, 8—"Three Graces of Newark," 3—Kafran Emerawit, 8—"Rag Tag," 7—Katie Hudson, 1—"Skipper," 3—Mollie Cleary, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 8—"Orange and Black," 11—"Twin Elephants," 4—Nannie D. and Lillian S., 4—No Name, Peacon St., 9—Edith and Nanie, 8—"Pobby O'ink," 4—"Ducky Daddles," 8—"Electric Button and Patrick," 5—Irna Moses, 1—Allan F. Barnes, 1—W. R. Moore, 10—L. R., 2—Pet and Pug, 1—"Patty-pan and Kettle-drum," 4—"Donald and Dorothy," 7—"Sally Lunn," 7—"Lock and Key," 1—Adrienne Forrester, 2—Mary von Klencz, 1—E. M. S., 10—C. and E. Ashby, 10—Harry W. and Ruby M., 1—Belle Larkin, 1—"Pop and I," 5.

ABSENT VOWELS.

INSERT a vowel wherever there is an x in the fifteen sentences which follow. When they are complete, select a word of five letters from each sentence. When these fifteen words are rightly selected and placed one below the other, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell what June is often called:

1. X DRXWXXNG MXN WXLL CXTX XT X STRXX.
2. THX XTHXR FXRTX XS XLWXXS XT FXXLIT.
3. X GRXXT CXTY XS X GRXXT SXLXTXDX.
4. HXXMN BLXXD XS XLL XF XNX CXLXR.
5. HX THXT CXNVXXSXS NAT KNXWS NXXHXNG.
6. HXXNY XN THX MXNTH SXVXS THX FXRSX.
7. WXTXR RXN BY WLLN NXT TXRN THX MXLL.
8. DRXXK XS THX XSHXR XF DXXTH.
9. THX PRXXF XF THX FXDDNG XS NX THX XXTXNG.
10. GXVX THXT WHXCH YXX XFFXR.
11. GXND WXRDS CXST NXXHXNG BXT XRX WXRTH MXCH.
12. FXNXY MXY BXLT BRXN XND THXNK XT FLXRX.
13. X KXND WXRDX CXSTS NX MXRX THXN X CRXSS XNX.
14. LXNG XS THX XRM XF THX NXXDY.
15. MXRX HXSTX LXSS SPXXD. "GILBERT FORREST."

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A HEATHEN. 2. A century plant. 3. Diversions. 4. To turn away. 5. Cosy places. BERTIE B.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters and form two lines of a poem by Cowper.

My 25-65-35-9 is a portion. My 65-5-59 is an animal of the stag kind. My 2-35-11-47 is to chop into small pieces. My 8-43-30-52 is departed. My 18-13-49 is to buzz. My 63-38-28-32 is a fish. My 4-57-45-68-26 is to revolve. My 37-21-19-53-17-6-13 is to prate.

A DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Lot. 3. Henri. 4. Leading. 5. Conductor. 6. Tricked. 7. Inter. 8. God. 9. R.

Pt. Mark! how we meet thee,
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!

While all the goodly things that be,
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee
Thou merry month of May!

BEHEADINGS. Beheaded letters, May-day. 1. M-arc-h. 2. A-ton-e. 3. Y-eve-n. 4. D-air-y. 5. A-men-d. 6. Y-ear-n. ZIGZAG. Chancellorsville. Cross-words: 1. Cell. 2. sHAM. 3. clAn. 4. braN. 5. taCt. 6. tFal. 7. Loon. 8. aAR. 9. drOp. 10. geAR. 11. vaSt. 12. aVer. 13. lBex. 14. aLUs. 15. haLo. 16. ElBE.

My 42-24-62 is a bird of the crow family. My 2-67-16-38 is a knob. My 61-50-14-27 is a haubtoy. My 66-34-60-1-41 are members of a religious community. My 29-48-64-22 is the Runic letter or character. My 54-3-51-44-31-46 is the name of a famous American scholar, lecturer, poet and 39-40-20; my 33-56-36-12-10-7 is an adjective that no one can apply to him. "AUGUSTUS G. BOFKINS."

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters; the two central rows of letters, reading downward, form two words; one, a common flower; the other, the sacred plant of the Druids.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An insane man. 2. A fish that swims on its side, and has both its eyes on one side. 3. A chief magistrate in ancient Rome. 4. A kind of grass highly valued for pasturage. 5. Certain mollusks used for food in England. 6. A piece of money mentioned in the Bible. 7. A swelling of the neck, peculiar to some parts of Switzerland. 8. Inclines forward. 9. Muscular.

CHARADE.

My first is a kind of a fling;
My second, a very small word;
My third, though oft on the head,
Is fatal to fish and to bird.
The whole, if the three are apart,
Will mean, "make ready one snare";
United and handled with art,
It graces a dance or an air.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an animal and leave part of a skillet. 2. Behead to disclose and leave to write. 3. Behead an indication and leave persons. 4. Behead refined and leave a brittle substance. 5. Behead a delightful region and leave a retreat.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of an American pioneer and explorer, who was several times captured by Indians.

ARTHUR LOVEJOY.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



THE nine words of this acrostic are pictured instead of described. When the words are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the name of a famous sovereign of ancient history.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals are the same as the first cross-word.
 CROSS-WORDS: 1. A castle in Spain. 2. The quantity contained in a ladle. 3. A convulsive sound which comes from the throat. 4. The

same as the first cross-word. 5. A spar by means of which the main-sail of a small vessel is extended. 6. An organization for playing the national game. 7. One who enrolls or records. 8. The same as the first cross-word. E. E. ADAMS.

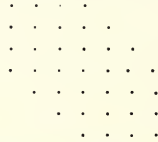
A PECULIAR PI.

Two verses of a certain poem may be found in the following paragraphs:

He art hesk ylar lint hecl oudh ear the eric keti nth egras tril lin gblit hen essele ara ndl outdch irping gle eto allw hop ass. Oht hem erri yrum merl aye art hand skyke epho liday.

He arth ele avest hat kiss th eair, he art hela ugh tero ftheb eesw hor emem bers win tere are int hes hing day sil keth ese? Oht hem erryl ayof jun cal lour hear tsar egla dint une.

HEXAGONS.



I. 1. A Scriptural proper name (meaning "a thorn") mentioned in the fiftieth chapter of Genesis. 2. Implied. 3. A shrub. 4. The surname of a great English novelist, who died on June 9th. 5. A particular sort of thrust in fencing. 6. The joint formed by the astragalus. 7. A prophet.

II. 1. The forward part of a vessel. 2. Outer garments worn by the ancient Romans. 3. A prophetic nymph from whom Numa claimed to have received instructions respecting forms of worship which he introduced. 4. A famous battle fought on June 14, 1800. 5. A vocalist. 6. A deputy. 7. Refuse of hay.

III. 1. An old word meaning "a deception." 2. The brother of Rebekah, mentioned in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis. 3. Habitations. 4. A President of the United States who died on June 21, 1836. 5. To settle. 6. Parts of shoes. 7. A collection of boxes, of graduated size. F. S. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in evil, but not in good;
 My second, in bonnet, but not in hood;
 My third is in arrow, but not in bow;
 My fourth is in robin, but not in crow;
 My fifth is in summer, but not in the fall;
 My sixth is in stutter, but not in a drawl;
 My whole was a Frenchman, a painter of fame,
 His birthday, June 30. Now, what is his name?

A LETTER PUZZLE.

By starting at the right letter in one of the following words, and then taking every third letter, a famous event which took place in June, 1838, may be formed:

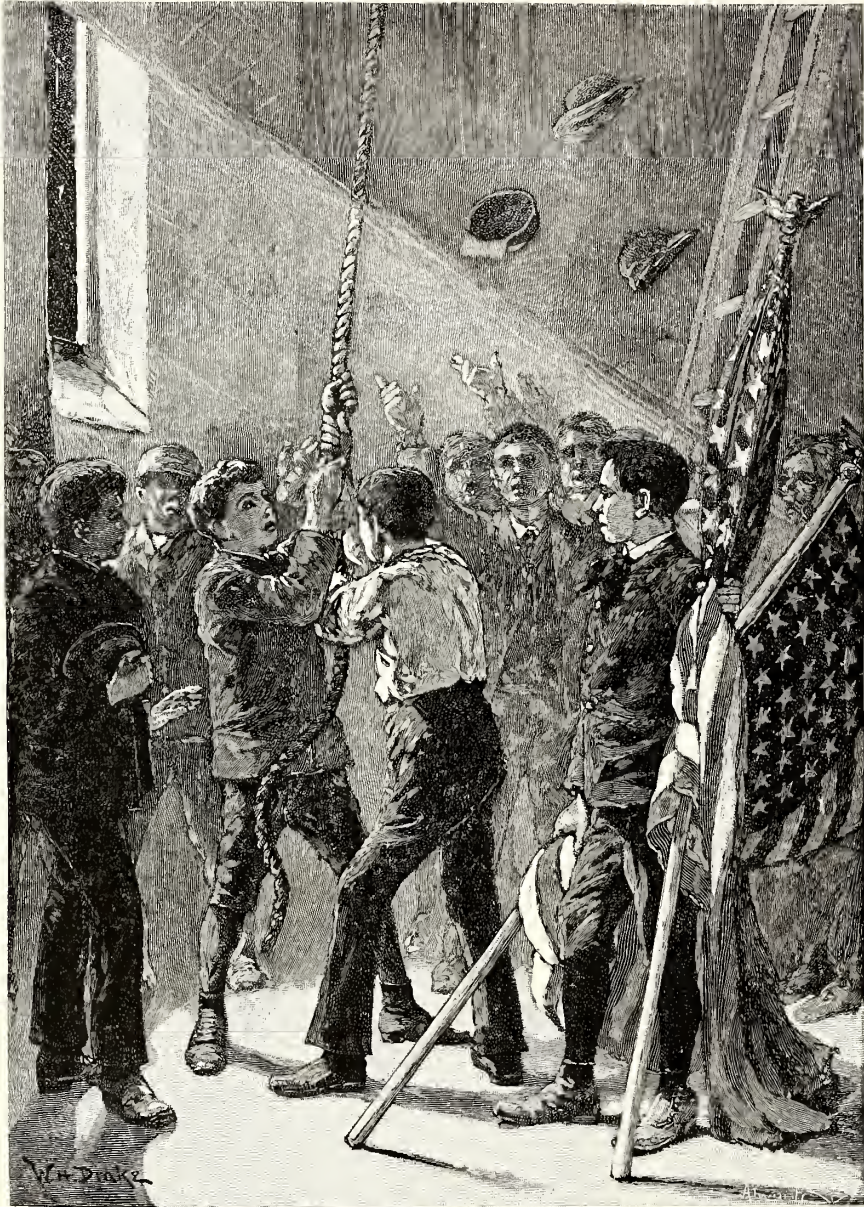
LAMP, GIG, SLAUGHTER, HOP, TUN, CAP, ODOR, SLOOP, NAPA, ACT, CHIRP, OPEN, IF, OLAF, TOQUE, UNDER, REDAN, NEVER, INN, CRATER, OMAR, SHIP, PA.

EASY CUBES.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 | 2 |
| 5 | 6 |
| 3 | 4 |
| 7 | 8 |

I. From 1 to 2, a covering; from 2 to 4, always on the supper-table; from 1 to 3, engraved; from 3 to 4, to manage; from 5 to 6, fermenting preparations; from 6 to 8, attends; from 5 to 7, at a distance yet within view; from 7 to 8, parches; from 1 to 5, to surfuit; from 2 to 6, sailors; from 4 to 8, wooden vessels; from 3 to 7, an animal.

II. From 1 to 2, strong ropes or chains; from 2 to 4, imprints; from 1 to 3, a very small room; from 3 to 4, vagrants; from 5 to 6, to spice; from 6 to 8, nicely; from 5 to 7, darkness; from 7 to 8, bleak; from 1 to 5, covered carriages; from 2 to 6, indication; from 4 to 8, to kill; from 3 to 7, an old word meaning "to believe." "TOM SAWYER."



“RINGING IN THE FOURTH.”

(See story “*Ring in the Fourth*,” page 666.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

JULY, 1888.

No. 9.

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE boys were not sure that they had even fallen asleep when they heard Lucy Ann call, outside. They turned over to take another nap. She was coming up to the door. No, for it was a man's step, it must be Uncle Balla's; they heard horses trampling and people talking. In a second the door was flung open, and a man strode into the room followed by one, two, a half-dozen others, all white and all in uniform. They were Yankees. The boys were too frightened to speak. They thought they were arrested for hiding the silver.

"Get up, you lazy little rebels," cried one of the intruders, not unpleasantly. As the boys were not very quick in obeying, being really too frightened to do more than sit up in bed, the man caught the mattress by the end, and lifting it with a jerk emptied them and all the bedclothes out into the middle of the floor in a heap. At this all the other men laughed. A minute more and he had drawn his sword. The boys expected no less than to be immediately killed. They were almost paralyzed. But instead of plunging his sword into them, the man began to stick it into the mattresses and to rip them up; while others pulled open the drawers of the bureau and pitched the things on the floor.

The boys felt themselves to be in a very ex-

posed and defenseless condition; and Willy, who had become tangled in the bedclothes, and had been a little hurt in falling, now that the strain was somewhat over, began to cry.

In a minute a shadow darkened the doorway and their mother stood in the room.

"Leave the room instantly!" she cried. "Are n't you ashamed to frighten children!"

"We have n't hurt the brats," said the man with the sword, good-naturedly.

"Well, you terrify them to death. It's just as bad. Give me those clothes!" and she sprang forward and snatched the boys' clothes from the hands of a man who had taken them up. She flung the suits to the boys, who lost no time in slipping into them.

They had at once recovered their courage in the presence of their mother. She seemed to them, as she braved the intruders, the grandest person they had ever seen. Her face was white, but her eyes were like coals of fire. They were very glad she had never looked or talked so to them.

When they got outdoors the yard was full of soldiers. They were upon the porches, in the entry, and in the house. The smoke-house was open and so were the doors of all the other outhouses, and now and then a man passed, carrying some article which the boys recognized.

In a little while the soldiers had taken everything they could carry conveniently, and even

things which must have caused them some inconvenience. They had secured all the bacon that had been left in the smoke-house, as well as all other eatables they could find. It was a queer sight, to see the fellows sitting on their horses with a ham or a pair of fowls tied to one side of the saddle and an engraving, or a package of books, or some ornament, to the other.

A new party of men had by this time come up from the direction of the stables.

"Old man, come here!" called some of them to Balla, who was standing near expostulating with the men who were about the fire.

"Who? — me?" asked Balla.

"B' ain't you the carriage driver?"

"Ain't I the keridge driver?"

"Yes, *you*; we know you are, so you need not be lying about it."

"Hi! yes; I the keridge driver. Who say I ain't?"

"Well, where have you hid those horses? Come, we want to know, quick," said the fellow roughly, taking out his pistol in a threatening way.

The old man's eyes grew wide. "Hi! befo' de Lord! Marster, how I know anything of the horses of they ain't in the stable,—there 's where we keeps horses!"

"Here, you come with us. We won't have no foolin' 'bout this," said his questioner, seizing him by the shoulder and jerking him angrily around. "If you don't show us pretty quick where those horses are, we 'll put a bullet or two into you. March off there!"

He was backed up by half-a-dozen more, but the pistol, which was at old Balla's head, was his most efficient ally.

"Hi! Marster, don't pint dat thing at me dat way. I ain' ready to die yit — an' I ain' like dem things, noways," protested Balla.

There is no telling how much farther his courage could have withstood their threats, for the boys' mother made her appearance. She was about to bid Balla show where the horses were, when a party rode into the yard leading them.

"Hi! there are Bill and John, now," exclaimed the boys, recognizing the black carriage-horses which were being led along.

"Well, ef dee ain't got 'em, sho' 'nough!" exclaimed the old driver, forgetting his fear of the cocked pistols.

"Gentlemen, marsters, don't teck my horses, ef you *please*," he pleaded, pushing through the group that surrounded him, and approaching the man who led the horses.

They only laughed at him.

Both the boys ran to their mother, and, flinging their arms about her, burst out crying.

In a few minutes the men started off, riding across the fields; and in a little while not a soldier was in sight.

"I wish Marse William could see you ridin' 'cross them fields," said Balla, looking after the retiring troop in futile indignation.

Investigation revealed the fact that every horse and mule on the plantation had been carried off, except only two or three old mules, which were evidently considered not worth taking.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER this, times were very hard on the plantation. But the boys' mother struggled to provide as best she could for the family and hands. She used to ride all over the county to secure the supplies which were necessary for their support; one of the boys usually being her escort and riding behind her on one of the old mules that the raiders had left. In this way the boys became acquainted with the roads of the county and even with all the bridle-paths in the neighborhood of their home. Many of these were dim enough, too, running through stretches of pine forest, across old fields which were little better than jungle, along gullies, up ditches, and through woods for mile after mile. They were generally useful only to a race, such as the negroes, which had an instinct for direction like that shown by some animals; but the boys learned to follow them unerringly, and soon became as skillful in "keepin' de parf" as any night-walker on the plantation.

As the year passed, the times grew harder and harder, and the expeditions made by the boys' mother became longer and longer, and more and more frequent.

The meat gave out, and, worst of all, they had no hogs left for the next year. The plantation usually subsisted on bacon; but now there was not a pig left on the place — unless the old wild sow in the big woods (who had refused to be "driven up" the fall before) still survived, which was doubtful; for the most diligent search was made for her without success, and it was conceded that even she had fallen a prey to the deserters. Nothing was heard of her for months.

One day, in the autumn, the boys were out hunting in the big woods, in the most distant and wildest part, where they sloped down toward a little marshy branch that ran into the river a mile or two away.

It was a very dry spell and squirrels were hard to find, owing, the boys agreed, to the noise made in trampling through the dry leaves. Finally, they decided to station themselves each at the foot of a hickory and wait for the squirrels. They found

two large hickory trees not too far apart, and took their positions each on the ground, with his back to a tree.

It was very dull, waiting, and a half-whispered colloquy was passing between them as to the advisability of giving it up, when a faint "crunch, crunch, crunch," sounded in the dry leaves. At first the boys thought it was a squirrel, and both of them grasped their guns. Then the sound

was a sudden "oof, oof," and Frank heard them rushing back down through the woods toward the marsh.

"Somebody's hogs," he muttered in disgust.

"Frank, Frank!" called Willy, in a most excited tone.

"What?"

"It's the old spotted sow, and she's got a lot of pigs with her — great big shoats nearly grown!"



"GENTLEMEN, MARSTERS, DON'T TECK MY HORSES, EF YOU PLEASE," SAID UNCLE BALLA."

came again, but this time there appeared to be, not one, but a number of animals, rustling slowly along.

"What is it?" asked Frank, of Willy, whose tree was a little nearer the direction from which the sound came.

"T ain't nothing but some cows or sheep, I believe," said Willy, in a disappointed tone. The look of interest died out of Frank's face, but he still kept his eyes in the direction of the sound, which was now very distinct. The underbrush, however, was too thick for them to see anything. At length Willy rose and pushed his way rapidly through the bushes toward the animals. There

Frank sprang up and ran through the bushes.

"At least six of 'em!"

"Let's follow 'em!"

"All right."

The boys, stooping their heads, struck out through the bushes in the direction from which the yet retreating animals could still be heard.

"Let's shoot 'em."

"All right."

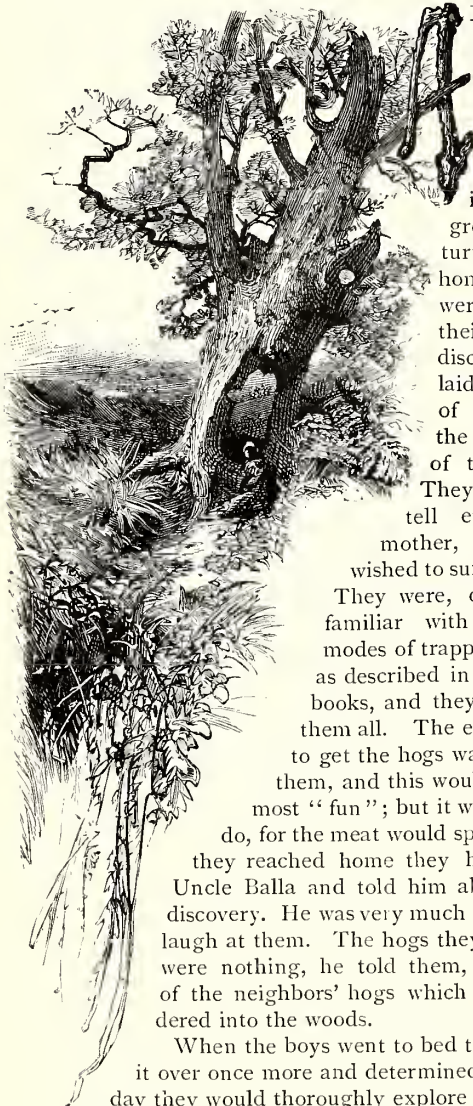
On they kept as hard as they could. What great news it was! What royal game!

"It's like hunting wild boars, is n't it?" shouted Willy, joyfully.

They followed the track left by the animals in

the leaves kicked up in their mad flight. It led down over the hill, through the thicket, and came to an end at the marsh which marked the beginning of the swamp. Beyond that it could not be traced; but it was evident that the wild hogs had taken refuge in the impenetrable recesses of the marsh which was their home.

CHAPTER XI.



FTER circling the edge of the swamp for some time the boys, as it was now growing late, turned toward home. They were full of their valuable discovery, and laid all sorts of plans for the capture of the hogs. They would not tell even their mother, as they wished to surprise her.

They were, of course, familiar with all the modes of trapping game, as described in the story-books, and they discussed them all. The easiest way to get the hogs was to shoot them, and this would be the most "fun"; but it would never do, for the meat would spoil. When they reached home they hunted up Uncle Balla and told him about their discovery. He was very much inclined to laugh at them. The hogs they had seen were nothing, he told them, but some of the neighbors' hogs which had wandered into the woods.

When the boys went to bed they talked it over once more and determined that next day they would thoroughly explore the woods and the swamp also, as far as they could.

The following afternoon, therefore, they set out, and made immediately for that part of the woods where they had seen and heard the hogs the day before. One of them carried a gun and the other

a long jumping-pole. After finding the trail they followed it straight down to the swamp.

Rolling their trousers up above their knees, they waded boldly in, selecting an opening between the bushes which looked like a hog-path. They proceeded slowly, for the briars were so thick in many places that they could hardly make any progress at all when they neared the branch. So they turned and worked their way painfully down the stream. At last, however, they reached a place where the brambles and bushes seemed to form a perfect wall before them. It was impossible to get through.

"Let's go home," said Willy. "'T ain't any use to try to get through there. My legs are scratched all to pieces now."

"Let's try and get out here," said Frank, and he turned from the wall of brambles. They crept along, springing from hummock to hummock. Presently they came to a spot where the oozy mud extended at least eight or ten feet before the next tuft of grass.

"How am I to get the gun across?" asked Willy, dolefully.

"That's a fact! It's too far to throw it, even with the caps off."

At length they concluded to go back for a piece of log they had seen, and to throw this down so as to lessen the distance.

They pulled the log out of the sand, carried it to the muddy spot, and threw it into the mud where they wanted it.

Frank stuck his pole down and felt until he had what he thought a secure hold on it, fixed his eye on the tuft of grass beyond, and sprang into air.

As he jumped, the pole slipped from its insecure support into the miry mud, and Frank, instead of landing on the hummock for which he had aimed, lost his direction, and soused flat on his side with a loud "spa-lash," in the water and mud three feet to the left.

He was a queer object as he staggered to his feet in the quagmire; but at the instant a loud "oof, oof," came from the thicket, not a dozen yards away, and the whole herd of hogs, roused, by his fall, from slumber in their muddy lair, dashed away through the swamp with "oofs" of fear.

"There they go, there they go!" shouted both boys eagerly,—Willy, in his excitement, splashing across the perilous-looking quagmire, and finding it not so deep as it had looked.

"There's where they go in and out," exclaimed Frank, pointing to a low round opening, not more than eighteen inches high, a little farther beyond them, which formed an arch in the almost solid wall of brambles surrounding the place.

As it was now late they returned home, resolving

to wait until the next afternoon before taking any further steps. There was not a pound of bacon to be obtained anywhere in the county for love or money, and the flock of sheep was almost gone.

Their mother's anxiety as to means for keeping her dependents from starving was so great that the boys were on the point of telling her what they knew; and when they heard her wishing she had a few hogs to fatten, they could scarcely keep from letting her know their plans. At last they had to jump up, and run out of the room!

Next day the boys each hunted up a pair of old boots which they had used the winter before. The leather was so dry and worn that the boots hurt their growing feet cruelly, but they brought the boots along to put on when they reached the swamp. This time, each took a gun, and they also carried an ax, for now they had determined on a plan for capturing the hogs.

"I wish we had let Peter and Cole come," said Willy, dolefully, sitting on the butt end of a log they had cut, and wiping his face on his sleeve.

"Or had asked Uncle Balla to help us," added Frank.

"They'd be certain to tell all about it."

"Yes; so they would."

They settled down in silence, and panted.

"I tell you what we ought to do! Bait the hog-path, as you would for fish." This was the suggestion of the angler, Frank.

"With what?"

"Acorns."

The acorns were tolerably plentiful around the roots of the big oaks, so the boys set to work to pick them up. It was an easier job than cutting the log, and it was not long before each had his hat full.

As they started down to the swamp, Frank exclaimed, suddenly, "Look there, Willy!"

Willy looked, and not fifty yards away, with their ends resting on old stumps, were three or four "hacks," or piles of rails, which had been mauled the season before and left there, probably having been forgotten or overlooked.

Willy gave a hurrah, while bending under the weight of a large rail.

At the spot where the hog-path came out of the thicket they commenced to build their trap.

First they laid a floor of rails; then they built a



"WE 'VE GOT 'EM! WE 'VE GOT 'EM!"

pen, five or six rails high, which they strengthened with "outriders." When the pen was finished, they pried up the side nearest the thicket, from the bottom rail, about a foot; that is, high enough for the animals to enter. This they did by means of two rails, using one as a fulcrum and one as a lever, having shortened them enough to enable the work to be done from inside the pen.

The lever they pulled down at the farther end until it touched the bottom of the trap, and fastened it by another rail, a thin one, run at right angles to the lever, and across the pen. This would slip easily when pushed away from the gap, and needed to be moved only about an inch to slip from the end of the lever and release it; the weight of the pen would then close the gap. Behind

this rail the acorns were to be thrown; and the hogs, in trying to get the bait, would push the rail, free the lever or trigger, and the gap would be closed by the fall of the pen when the lever was released.

It was nearly night when the boys finished.

They scattered a portion of the acorns for bait along the path and up into the pen, to toll the hogs in. The rest they strewed inside the pen, beyond their sliding rail.

They could scarcely tear themselves away from the pen; but it was so late they had to hurry home.

Next day was Sunday. But Monday morning, by daylight, they were up and went out with their guns, apparently to hunt squirrels. They went, however, straight to their trap. As they approached they thought they heard the hogs grunting in the pen. Willy was sure of it; and they ran as hard as they could. But there were no hogs there. After going every morning and evening for two weeks, there never had been even an acorn missed, so they stopped their visits.

Peter and Cole found out about the pen, and then the servants learned of it, and the boys were joked and laughed at unmercifully.

"I believe them boys is distracted," said old Balla, in the kitchen; "settin' a pen in them woods for to ketch hogs,—with the gap open! Think hogs goin' stay in pen with gap open—ef any wuz dyah to went in!"

"Well, you come out and help us hunt for them," said the boys to the old driver.

"Go 'way, boy, I ain' got time foolin' wid you chillern, buildin' pen in swamp. There ain't no hogs in them woods, onless they got in dyah sence las' fall."

"You saw 'em, did n't you, Willy?" declared Frank.

"Yes, I did."

"Go 'way. Don't you know, ef that old sow had been in them woods the boys would have got her up las' fall,—an' ef they had n't, she 'd come up long befo' this?"

"Mister Hall ketch you boys puttin' his hogs up in pen, he 'll teck you up," said Lucy Ann, in her usual teasing way.

This was too much for the boys to stand after all they had done. Uncle Balla must be right. They would have to admit it. The hogs must have belonged to some one else. And their Mother was in such desperate straits about meat!

Lucy Ann's last shot, about catching Mr. Hall's hogs, took effect; and the boys agreed that they would go out some afternoon and pull the pen down.

The next afternoon they took their guns, and started out on a squirrel-hunt.

They did not have much luck, however.

"Let 's go by there, and pull the old pen down," said Frank, as they started homeward from the far side of the woods.

"It 's out of the way,—let the old thing rip."

"We 'd better pull it down. If a hog were to be caught there, it would n't do."

"I wish he would!—but there ain't any hogs going to get caught," growled Willy.

"He might starve to death."

This suggestion persuaded Willy, who could not bear to have anything suffer.

So they sauntered down toward the swamp.

As they approached it, a squirrel ran up a tree, and both boys were after it in a second. They were standing, one on each side of the tree, gazing up, trying to get a sight of the little animal among the gray branches, when a sound came to the ears of both of them at the same moment.

"What 's that?" both asked together.

"It 's hogs, grunting."

"No, they are fighting. They are in the swamp. Let 's run," said Willy.

"No; we 'll scare them away. They may be near the trap," was Frank's prudent suggestion. "Let 's creep up."

"I hear young pigs squealing. Do you think they are ours?"

The squirrel was left, flattened out and trembling on top of a large limb, and the boys stole down the hill toward the pen. The hogs were not in sight, though they could be heard grunting and scuffling. They crept closer. Willy crawled through a thick clump of bushes, and sprang to his feet with a shout. "We 've got 'em!—we 've got 'em!" he cried, running toward the pen, followed by Frank.

Sure enough! There they were, fast in the pen, fighting and snorting to get out, and tearing around with the bristles high on their round backs, the old sow and seven large young hogs; while a litter of eight little pigs, as the boys ran up, squeezed through the rails, and, squealing, dashed away into the grass.

The hogs were almost frantic at the sight of the boys, and rushed madly at the sides of the pen; but the boys had made it too strong to be broken.

After gazing at their capture awhile, and piling a few more outriders on the corners of the pen to make it more secure, the two trappers rushed home. They dashed breathless and panting into their mother's room, shouting, "We 've got 'em!—we 've got 'em!" and, seizing her, began to dance up and down with her.

In a little while the whole plantation was aware of the capture, and old Balla was sent out with them to look at the hogs and make sure they did not belong to some one else,—as he insisted they did. The boys went with him. It was quite dark when

he returned, but as he came in, the proof of the boys' success was written on his face. He was on a broad grin. To his mistress's inquiry he replied, "Yes, 'm, they 's got 'em, sho' 'nough. They 's the beatenes' boys!"

For some time afterward he would every now and then break into a chuckle of amused content and exclaim, "Them 's right smart chillern." And at Christmas, when the hogs were killed, this was the opinion of the whole plantation.

(To be continued.)

BALLAD OF THE NAUTILUS.

BY E. CAVAZZA.



*O Nautilus! O Nautilus!
Why sail you on the main?*

"I go to bring the Fairy King,
To come to his own again.
They broke in two his royal wand,
And took his crown away,
And drove him forth from Fairyland
For a thousand years and a day."

*O Nautilus! O Nautilus!
Whereof is made thy sail?*

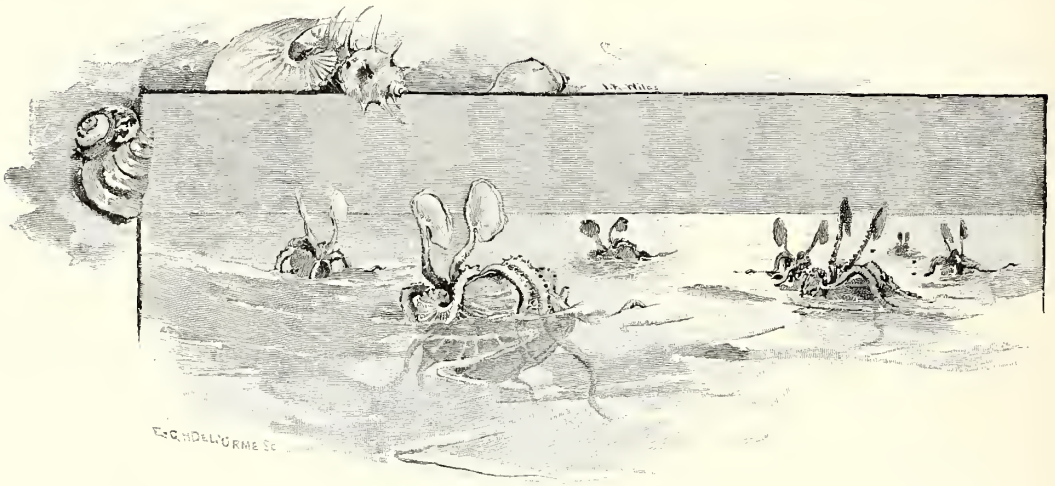
"Of a roseleaf white, and a thread of light
That was spun from a moonbeam pale;
The rudder that steers my ship so fast
Was a thorn of a red, red rose;
And on spider's cordage I climb the mast
When the wind of the ocean blows."

*O Nautilus! O Nautilus!
And who are you, yourself?*

“The son of a fay of the land, they say,
And of a water-elf.
Oh! the veil and the gown of mother mine
Were woven of mist so thin;
Through her wedding-ring, so small and fine,
You could not thrust a pin.”

*O Nautilus! O Nautilus!
How will you find your way?*

“I do not know; I sail to and fro
For a thousand years and a day.
But when that day is done, no doubt,
I shall find the Fairy King,
And the fairy folk will dance and shout,
And the bells of their land will ring!”



AIMÉE.

MARY E. VANDYNE.

“ARE you quite sure that I can leave you safely, my pet?”

“Yes, indeed, Mamma!”

“You will play very quietly about the house and grounds, and do whatever Madame tells you?”

“Surely I will. And you know, Mamma, that I shall have Aimée to take care of me. You have no idea how good she is; and then, you know, she is ever and ever so much older than I am, and she has always lived here and knows everything about the place.”

Mrs. Anderson smiled. She quite shared her little girl's admiration for Aimée St. Germain, their good landlady's niece, and felt that Flossie would be safe in the care of the quiet little French maiden. But she felt some little uneasiness, nevertheless.

In the first place, Aimée was only twelve years old, while Flossie was ten and had truly American ideas of independence, gained from living in a New England village where everybody knew “the Squire's little girl,” and where she was quite as safe rambling about the streets or straying by the little brook that babbled loudly in spring and dried up to nothing during August, as she was in the old nursery at the Hall.

But ill-health and a father's anxiety had made Flossie and her mother exiles from their New England home, and they were now living in a romantic villa beside the blue Mediterranean, not far from Nice, and just at the foot of a shaded hill whose green slopes were a delicious playground for Flossie and a very mine of strength to her mother.

It was the morning of Corpus Christi. There were to be many gorgeous ceremonies in the cathedral at Nice, for this is a great festival of the Church; and Mrs. Anderson would not have left her daughter, but she had received word that a friend of hers had just arrived at the Hotel des Anglais, in that city, and was anxious to see her. She did not wish to take Flossie with her, for it was quite a fatiguing journey, and Mrs. Anderson thought her little girl would be safer at home, considering the crowd, the heat, and the confusion. On the other hand, it was not a good day to leave the child alone, as nearly all the boarders were going into the city, and the villa would be quite deserted.

"Aimée will take charge of ze leetle girl — surely, sure-ly," echoed Madame, who had happened to overhear their conversation.

And so it was arranged. The carriage arrived early for Mrs. Anderson; the rest of the boarders left for Nice; Madame started out on her daily shopping tour among the vegetable-farmers and trades-people, and by noon the two little girls were left almost in sole possession. Deaf old Jean, the gardener, and Marianne, the cook, who spoke a dreadful patois that Madame alone understood, were the only others about the villa.

"Where shall we go, Aimée?" inquired Flossie, who was the restless one of the little couple.

"Into ze garden, *n'est ce pas?*" answered the little maid, whose soft brown eyes and sweet, firm mouth already indicated the self-control of a mature woman.

Flossie readily agreed, and they soon established themselves under a beautiful big tree.

Little folk who have never had foreign playmates or friends, or lived abroad, can not realize how many entertaining things these two little ones had to talk about.

Flossie had told Aimée a thousand things about her life in New England; she had pictured the great snow-storms, the rushing rivers, the ponds of smooth ice that one could run about on, for months and months, as safely as upon solid ground; the great Thanksgiving feast, with its meeting of uncles, aunts, and cousins; the cookies and the gingerbread, the skating and the sleighing, all of which were new to the little French girl.

And Aimée had much to tell Flossie. Every nook and corner of her beloved France had some legend connected with it, and with these Aimée was familiar. Then she knew how to do many things that were new to Flossie. Her little fingers were very deft, and at the convent where she was educated, the good sisters had taught her how to make most wonderful embroidery. With her little pillow on her lap, she would weave the daintiest and

costliest lace, such as Flossie had seen in the great stores in America. The threads were so delicate, the patterns so intricate, and the labyrinth of pins, through which Aimée guided her regiment of bobbins, so bewildering, that Flossie could only sigh with hopeless admiration, as she saw the agile fingers move.

Aimée proposed to her little companion that they should take a run about the garden.

"Aimée," cried Flossie, as the two girls paused on a knoll whence they could look a long distance out upon the road, "what is that old ruined building, 'way over there?"

Aimée smiled. "It is the remains of a beautiful villa built very long ago by a very rich gentleman from your country,—no! England,—I always forget."

"Do you think we might run and look at it?"

"It would be a long run. And see, Flossie, the air is so hot and still. There are black clouds yonder."

"You don't mean rain?"

Aimée shook her head.

"No, not rain."

"Well, then, let us go." Flossie held her companion tightly by the hand, and was drawing her along the path toward the old ruin.

"But, if anything should happen."

"What could happen?"

"I don't know, exactly," Aimée answered, in a hesitating manner, still allowing Flossie to lead her.

Aimée was thinking of a conversation between her aunt and a friend, which she had overheard the evening before, but did not care to tell Flossie about it, fearing to frighten the little one.

The girls went toward the villa, and, after quite a long walk, they found themselves in front of the building.

"Oh, what a beautiful garden!"

"Yes," said Aimée, smiling.

"And see," cried Flossie, "the doors are quite gone, and I can see inside the rooms. Oh, what beautiful pictures those are, on the walls!"

Flossie was not familiar with frescoed walls and these paintings, even in their ruined state, seemed very strange and very beautiful to her.

Aimée was anxiously watching the sky. There was a peculiar stillness in the air, and, on the horizon, banks of black clouds were heaped one upon another. Suddenly she missed Flossie from her side.

"Where are you, *petite*, where are you?" she called. Flossie did not reply. Suddenly there was a low moaning sound, as if the wind were sighing amid the trees. But—there was no wind!

Just as Aimée noticed this, a dull rumble seemed to come from the neighboring hills. Then there

was silence, followed by a hoarse, low growl, as if some great monster enchained in the woods shook the air. Instinctively Aimée clasped her hand to her heart and again loudly called Flossie by name.

But still there was no answer; only the sighing of those motionless trees, and again the hoarse, low rumbling, followed by a tremulous motion of the earth beneath her feet.

"It has come," screamed the girl. "Oh,

the ground; they fastened them upon great rocks and they strengthened them by broad arches so that when the earth trembled they should be as secure as possible. But many, very many, years had since passed. Many towns on the shores of the blue Mediterranean had been visited and destroyed by earthquake shocks; yet no such calamity had befallen the beautiful cities of southern France. Of late, wiseacres had foretold that the shocks would come soon again. But the in-



"FLOSSIE HELD HER COMPANION TIGHTLY BY THE HAND, AND WAS DRAWING HER ALONG THE PATH."

Flossie, Flossie, *mon enfant, ma petite, où es-tu? où es-tu?*"

In her excitement Aimée spoke her native tongue.

There was no reply. She turned and looked at the walls of the house behind her. Should she enter? *Dare* she enter? Flossie had gone into the building—and now the earthquake had come! No place was so unsafe. The walls were old and moldered by time, and half shaken to pieces by former earthquakes.

Last night, and many times before, Aimée had heard stories of earthquakes, for the beautiful Riviera often had been visited by these calamities. In olden times people built their houses low upon

habitants had not been frightened by the warnings and little or no precautions had been taken.

But where was Flossie? Some minutes had passed since she had entered the ruin. Why had she not heard Aimée's call? Had she been deaf to the strange voice of the wind? Had she not seen the darkened sky or felt the trembling of the walls about her, of the ruined floor beneath her feet?

With one timorous glance at the broken ceiling above her head, the wide seams and gaps in the tottering walls, the half-dislodged blocks of stone all ready to fall, Aimée sprang within the archway. A sweet voice, crying "Peep!" attracted her attention, and with one bound she reached the

staircase. Flying up the broken, half-ruined steps, she caught sight of Flossie's little form in a remote corner. As swiftly as possible she crossed the apartment, and clasped the little girl in her arms. At this moment another low rumbling sound filled the air.

Flossie had fancied that she saw her way to a capital game of "hide-and-seek." This had made her ignore Aimée's call, and the walls of the chateau had prevented her from noticing the darkened sky. Of the noise she thought little. A very tiny clap of thunder would have sounded much louder.

Aimée, grasping Flossie's wrist, drew her toward the head of the staircase, crying in her ear meanwhile :

"Hurry, hurry, it is an earthquake!"

Had she not spoken they might have escaped from the building. But at this word Flossie was startled, lost her footing and fell. The sudden weight upon her hand loosened Aimée's grasp. The little girl rolled sideways, and over the unguarded side of the staircase!

Aimée saw the fall, and as the little form disappeared a cry of anguish burst from her lips. But no mortal ear heard, or could have heard it, for with a voice of muffled thunder the solid earth heaved and writhed beneath their feet, the walls shook, and groaned, and fell about them, stones were hurled here and there, and over all settled a cloud of thick dust which it was impossible to see through, or to breathe.

After the shock there was a strange silence, broken only by the occasional rattle of a loose stone, here and there, or the settling of the ruined masses into a closer heap.

Aimée lay upon the stone staircase, breathless and powerless, but unhurt. For a moment she was too frightened even to move. Then she sat up and tried to look about her.

What made it so dark? Try as she might, she could not see anything. She called Flossie.

No answer came, but in the course of a few minutes Aimée fancied she could hear a low sobbing. She called louder and was answered by the child's voice :

"Here I am, Aimée, here!"

Sore and bruised as she was, Aimée could move without difficulty, and creeping carefully down the steps, made her way to Flossie's side. The child flung both arms about her, and for a few moments they could do nothing but sob in each other's arms.

"Are you hurt, Flossie?"

"Oh yes, yes!"

"Where?"

"My arm. Oh! it is so sore, and my head! — it

hurts me so! Oh, Aimée, what has happened? Are we killed? What makes it so dark?"

Aimée felt the poor head very carefully and found that it was only bruised. The arm was wet with something she knew must be blood; but Flossie could move it. So, fortunately, it was not broken.

Tearing her handkerchief into strips, Aimée bound the injured limb as well as she could and then gathered the little one closer in her arms.

Yes, the earthquake had come. It was probably not very severe, for if it had been, they must have been killed. But the wall of the old chateau had fallen and had made them prisoners in the darkness.

"But, if we look about, shall we not find a way out?" asked Flossie.

Aimée's voice trembled. "I am afraid not, but we will try. First let us thank God for saving us from a dreadful death."

"Yes, indeed, indeed we will," was Flossie's reply. "And Aimée, we will ask Him to show us a way out and let us go home. Oh, Mamma! Mamma!"

In the darkness, surrounded by the fallen débris and nearly suffocated with the dust, the two little girls knelt, and the prayer was said. Soon after Flossie buried her head in Aimée's breast, and cried bitterly for her Mamma.

And now began a long, sad vigil. Aimée remembered the stories she had heard of good men and women in prison, who had suffered from privation of every kind, and some of whom had died before they were released. Suddenly a thought struck her. They had nothing to eat or drink! Would they sit there, clasped in each other's arms until they grew hungry and faint, and finally unconscious, and died of starvation or thirst? Oh, the idea was too dreadful! Her little lips trembled, and the prayers she was trying to say became very incoherent.

What were the chances of their being rescued? How soon would they be missed? In the dreadful confusion the earthquake must have caused, who would think to look for them? No one knew they had come to the old chateau. It was only an old ruin. Excursionists came sometimes, or travelers from abroad, and now and then a peasant would seek the shade of the ruined walls as he rested from his labors in the neighboring fields.

And even if the people knew they were there, how long would it take to dig away those terrible masses of stone and cement that had filled the old doorway? How deeply were they buried in the old ruin? How thick was the barrier that lay between them and the light of day, the beautiful outside world, and home, and love?

Aimée sat very quietly, thinking. Flossie had sobbed herself to sleep in the darkness, and lay dreaming of Mamma and home, with her head in Aimée's lap. Suddenly Aimée fancied that she heard the sound of water. She listened intently. Yes, surely, it was water. Then she remembered that she had heard there was a spring near the old chateau. Yes, but not within it. What did that low ripple mean?

Of course it was impossible for Aimée to know that what seems almost a miracle had been worked in behalf of the little prisoners. The earthquake, in its course, had so shaken the rocks and the ground about the spring, that the course of its waters was changed, and a portion of the tiny streamlet flowing from it, now ran through a chink in the castle wall, and was dripping from a ledge not far from where she sat. And not only did the stream come to her, but it told her where it was. The quiet drip, drip, seemed to be calling, "Aimée," "Aimée"; and when, presently, Flossie awoke and cried for water, she was able to help the little girl to crawl within its reach. Drop by drop it fell into their little upturned mouths, and the agonies of thirst were averted.

The hours passed slowly, and again Flossie fell asleep. This time Aimée slept, too. Of course they both were hungry, and, as hungry people do, they dreamed of food. All at once, Aimée awoke with a start. She had been dreaming of her little sewing-basket, and of the luncheons she used to pack into it, when she started for her convent-school. And surely she had packed a luncheon, when she and Flossie went out in the garden that morning! That had been part of their plan — to have a little tea-party in the garden.

But the basket — she had brought it with her to the chateau. But what then? Did she have it in her hand as she sprang into the ruin in search of Flossie? She could not remember. But if she did, where would it be now? Where had she dropped it when she seized the child, just before that terrible crash came?

Aimée lay still and thought a long while, not daring to move lest she might disturb Flossie. Then she became so strongly impressed with the idea that she had let the little basket drop from her hand as she sprang up the staircase in answer to Flossie's cry, that she ventured to put the little girl's head from her lap to the ground. This did not wake Flossie, and, after a few moments of anxious search, Aimée felt the basket in her hand.

Yes, it was safe. She had it! — and there was the precious luncheon! There were in the basket three small sandwiches, three boiled eggs, and one piece of cake.

Aimée hugged the treasure to her bosom. Yes,

they had food and drink; they need not die — yet. But, oh, it was so little!

Aimée took the first sandwich in her hand. Flossie was sleeping. It was better for her to sleep. She would eat a little, and then feed Flossie when she woke. Aimée's teeth had nearly closed over the bread, when her conscience smote her.

"There is so little, so little. If I eat any there will be less for Flossie. Oh, ought I — should I — must I give it *all* to her?"

At this thought the hungry little girl burst into tears.

"But it is what the good saints would have done. Flossie is so little. I can bear hunger longer than she!"

Aimée sat down upon the ruined stairs, and thought and thought, longer than ever.

"No one knows how long we may be imprisoned here. Madame Anderson, — if the earthquake has not destroyed her, — will soon go back to the villa, and Tante Celeste will tell her that we are not there. But why do I talk of the villa and Tante Celeste? Who knows whether the dear house is still there, or if Tante Celeste is still among the living?"

Aimée bowed her head and the tears flowed down her cheeks.

It was so dark that the waking child could not tell whether it was night or day. Finally, after many hours spent in anxious thought, she said to herself:

"I think I know now what I ought to do. We have very, very little food. If it is divided and eaten sparingly it might last us several days. But it would not do for me to give it all to Flossie. She is so little that she would not control herself, and at the first meal she would eat it all. No; I will divide it so as to give her two-thirds and I will eat one-third. Then I shall keep my strength, and we shall live as long as possible. Oh! if they will only think to search for us here — if they only will! It is so hard to die — so hard!"

In a little time Flossie awoke. Then Aimée told her of their situation, and of the little food they had, and how they must make it last as long as they could.

Oh, how dreary it was! The little ones dragged themselves about and explored every part of the strange prison; they talked long and sadly about home and friends, and tried in every way to make the slow, dismal hours pass.

Aimée's hardest task was to keep Flossie from devouring their little store of food. She became so very hungry, and she begged for it so piteously. Before a day had passed Aimée had abandoned her plan of eating one-third as much as she allowed Flossie, and contented herself with a few



"AIMÉE WAS ANXIOUSLY WATCHING THE SKY."

crumbs from the allowance she doled out to the little girl. Fortunately, there was plenty of water.

Four days had passed. Flossie had grown very sick and wretched, but poor Aimée's strength was quite exhausted. Their food was all gone. This morning there had been but a few crumbs for

Flossie; Aimée had eaten nothing at all. They had ceased to talk to each other. Both lay prostrate on the stone floor.

Suddenly Flossie heard what sounded to her like strong, powerful blows falling upon the outside wall of their prison-house.

"Aimée!" she cried, "Aimée!"

There was no answer. Aimée had become unconscious.

Flossie listened again. Yes, surely some one was coming to their rescue. Some one was digging a way through that terrible mass of dust and stone in order to set them free. But what was the matter with Aimée? It was in vain that Flossie called to her, shook her, rubbed and chafed her face and hands,—there was no sign of life anywhere in the little frame.

But still the sound of blows continued. Oh, how eagerly Flossie listened! How her heart throbbed as they came nearer and nearer! Soon she felt the air around her fill with dust again, as it had at the moment of the earthquake. Then there was a movement among the masses of earth and stone at her side. Soon there was a streak of daylight making its way amid the darkness; and then—then, in response to her own wild shriek of joy and gladness, came a reply in the voices she knew so well:

“Florence, my child, my child! Are you living? Are you hurt?”

Such happiness seemed almost too much to bear. Mrs. Anderson fell fainting into the arms of a peasant woman; and not until the laborers had removed the fearful masses of stone and wreck that held the children imprisoned, and brought them into the light of day, did she recover. Then Flossie’s arms were about her, and mother and child were clasped to each other’s hearts.

The first care of all was to revive Aimée. She had been so faithful to her resolve that Flossie did not even know that her friend had nearly starved so that she might live.

It was hard at first to find a physician, so busy were they all among the sufferers by the terrible earthquake shock. But at last one came, and by his skill Aimée was brought back to the world she had so nearly left for ever. Lying in Tante Celeste’s white bed, she was soon able to take the delicate broth they brought her, and to help Flossie tell the dreadful story of their imprisonment.

The town of Nice had been almost destroyed by the earthquake. Mrs. Anderson was chatting with her friend in the dining-room of the hotel, when the first *tremblement de terre* occurred. They had rushed out, only just in time to see the great building fall to the ground, and to witness the destruction of a great part of the beautiful city! Wild with anxiety, Mrs. Anderson had secured the first carriage she could find, and had made her way to the villa in search of Flossie. She had found her home intact, but her child was—gone!

It was a sad story,—that of the search made by Mrs. Anderson and Tante Celeste, among the injured and the killed, for their two little ones. Only by accident was their whereabouts revealed at last. Flossie’s parasol, and the marks of tiny feet in the road to the old chateau, showed that the girls had wandered there during some part of the day. Mrs. Anderson insisted that the ruins should be searched, though she dared expect nothing but to find their crushed and mangled bodies.

Their merciful deliverance from death was owing to the strong masonry of the tower of the chateau. Had they been in another part of the building they must have died.

Aimée herself would never have told of the self-denial and anguish she had endured in her desire to prolong Flossie’s life. But the good woman who presided over Tante Celeste’s kitchen knew just how much food had been given the little girls, and Flossie’s account of what she had eaten, together with Aimée’s emaciated looks and fainting condition, soon revealed the secret.

“She is just a little saint,” cried Tante Celeste, hugging her darling to her bosom; and Mrs. Anderson, clasping Flossie in her arms, echoed the cry.

As for the two girls, nothing will ever disturb the friendship and devotion resulting from that terrible experience of darkness and privation during the great earthquake at Nice.

A JULY DAY.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

WEST wind that ruffles the sea into laughter and sparkle and spray;
 Skies blue as they can be; white clouds across the bay;
 And a thistle seed sailing over a field of blossoming clover,—
 That is a July day!

TOM AND MAGGIE TULLIVER.

CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT. No. V.*

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

THE next day, when the aunts and uncles arrived, Aunt Deane brought her little daughter Lucy with her, "and Mrs. Tulliver had to look on with a silent pang while Lucy's blonde curls were adjusted. Maggie always looked twice as dark as usual when she was by the side of Lucy.

"She did to-day, when she and Tom came in from the garden with their father and their Uncle Glegg. Maggie had thrown her bonnet off very carelessly, and, coming in with her hair rough as well as out of curl, rushed at once to Lucy, who was standing by her mother's knee. Certainly the contrast between the cousins was conspicuous, and, to superficial eyes, was very much to the disadvantage of Maggie. . . . It was like the contrast between a rough, dark, overgrown puppy and a white kitten. Lucy put up the neatest little rosebud mouth to be kissed: everything about her was neat—her little round neck with the row of coral beads; her straight little nose, not at all snubby; her little clear eyebrows, rather darker than her curls, to match her hazel eyes, which looked up with shy pleasure at Maggie, taller by the head, though scarcely a year older. Maggie always looked at Lucy with delight. She was fond of fancying a world where the people never got any larger than children of their own age, and she made the queen of it just like Lucy, with a little crown on her head and a little scepter in her hand—only the queen was Maggie herself, in Lucy's form.

"Oh, Lucy," she burst out, after kissing her, "you'll stay with Tom and me, won't you? Oh, kiss her, Tom."

"Tom, too, had come up to Lucy, but he was not going to kiss her—no; he came up to her with Maggie because it was easier, on the whole, than saying 'How do you do?' to all those aunts and uncles. . . ."

"Heyday!" said Aunt Glegg, with loud emphasis. "Do little boys and gells come into a room without taking notice o' their uncles and aunts? That was n't the way when *I* was a little gell."

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver, looking anxious and melancholy. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, and how do you do? And I hope you're good children, are you?" said Aunt Glegg, in the same loud emphatic way, as she took their hands, hurting them with her large rings, and kissing their cheeks, much against their desire. "Look up, Tom, look up. Boys as go to boarding-schools should hold their heads up. Look at me now." Tom declined that pleasure, apparently, for he tried to draw his hand away. "Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulder."

"Aunt Glegg always spoke to them in this loud emphatic way, as if she considered them deaf, or perhaps rather idiotic. . . ."

"Well, my dears," said Aunt Pullet, in a compassionate voice, "you grow wonderful fast. I doubt they'll outgrow their strength," she added, looking over their heads, with a melancholy expression, at their mother. "I think the gell has too much hair. I'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister, if I was you: it is n't good for her health. It's that as makes her skin so brown, I should n't wonder. Don't you think so, sister Deane?"

"I can't say, I'm sure, sister," said Mrs. Deane, shutting her lips close again, and looking at Maggie with a critical eye.

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough; there's nothing ails her. There's red wheat as well as white, for that matter, and some like the dark grain best. But it'd be as well if Bessy'd have the child's hair cut, so as it'd lie smooth."

A dreadful resolve was gathering in Maggie's breast, but it was arrested by the desire to know from her Aunt Deane whether she would leave Lucy behind; Aunt Deane would hardly ever let Lucy come to see them. After various reasons for refusal, Mrs. Deane appealed to Lucy herself.

"You would n't like to stay behind without mother, should you, Lucy?"

"Yes, please, mother," said Lucy, timidly, blushing very pink all over her little neck.

"Well done, Lucy! Let her stay, Mrs. Deane, let her stay," said Mr. Deane. . . ."

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her, and whispering in her ear, as soon as this point of Lucy's staying was settled, "go and

* "Mill on the Floss."

get your hair brushed — do, for shame. I told you not to come in without going to Martha first; you know I did.'

"'Tom, come out with me,' whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"'Come upstairs with me, Tom,' she whispered when they were outside the door. 'There 's something I want to do before dinner.'

"'There 's no time to play at anything before dinner,' said Tom. . . ."

"'Oh yes, there is time for this — *do* come, Tom.'

"Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"'What are they for, Maggie?' said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

"Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"'Oh, my buttons, Maggie, you 'll catch it!' exclaimed Tom; 'you 'd better not cut any more off.'

"'Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he could n't help feeling it was rather good fun: Maggie would look so queer.

"'Here, Tom, cut it behind for me,' said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

"'You 'll catch it, you know,' said Tom, nodding his head in an admonitory manner, and hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"'Never mind — make haste!' said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

"The black locks were so thick — nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. . . . One delicious, grinding snip, and then another and another, and the hinder locks fell heavily on the floor, and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"'Oh, Maggie,' said Tom, jumping round her, and slapping his knees as he laughed, 'Oh, my buttons, what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass: you look like the idiot we throw our nutshells to, at school.'

"Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action: she did n't want her hair to look pretty — that 'was out of

the question — she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl, and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her and say she was like the idiot, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale and her lips to tremble a little.

"'Oh, Maggie, you 'll have to go down to dinner directly,' said Tom. 'Oh my!'

"'Don't laugh at me, Tom,' said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping, and giving him a push.

"'Now, then, spitfire!' said Tom, 'what did you cut it off for, then?' I shall go down; I can smell the dinner going in.'

"He hurried down . . . but Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would laugh at her; for if Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy, and had the apricot pudding and the custard! What could she do but sob?" . . .

"'Miss Maggie, you 're to come down this minute,' said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. 'Lawks! what have you been a-doing? I niver see such a fright.'

"'Don't, Kezia,' said Maggie, angrily. 'Go away!'

"'But I tell you, you 're to come down, Miss, this minute; your mother says so,' said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"'Get away, Kezia; I don't want any dinner,' said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm. 'I shan't come.'

"'Oh, well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner,' said Kezia, going out again.

"'Maggie, you little silly,' said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, 'why don't you come and have your dinner? There 's lots o' goodies, and mother says you 're to come. What are you crying for, you little spooncy?'

"'Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned: if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner, so nice; and she was *so* hungry. It was very bitter.

"But Tom was not altogether hard. He was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie's grief spoiled his prospects of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone:

“ ‘Won’t you come then, Maggie? Shall I bring you a bit o’ pudding when I’ve had mine?—and a custard and things?’

“ ‘Ye-e-es,’ said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

“ ‘Very well,’ said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door, and said, ‘But you’d better come, you know. There’s the dessert—nuts, you know—and cowslip wine.’

“ ‘Maggie’s tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering, and nuts with cowslip wine began to have their effect upon her.

“ ‘Slowly she rose from among her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side-table—it was too much. She slipped in and went toward the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented, and wished herself back again.

“ ‘Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a ‘turn’ that she dropped the large gravy-spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the table-cloth. . . .’

“ ‘Mrs. Tulliver’s scream made all eyes turn toward the same point as her own, and Maggie’s cheeks and ears began to burn, while Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said:

“ ‘Heyday! what little gell’s this—why, I don’t know her. Is it some little gell you’ve picked up in the road, Kezia?’

“ ‘Why, she’s gone and cut her hair herself,’ said Mr. Tulliver in an under-tone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment.” . . .

“ ‘Why, little Miss, you’ve made yourself look very funny,’ said Uncle Pullet.” . . .

“ ‘Fie, for shame!’ said Aunt Glegg, in her loudest, severest tone of reproof. ‘Little gells as cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water, and not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles.’

“ ‘Ay, ay,’ said Uncle Glegg . . . ‘She must be sent to jail, . . . and they’ll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even.’

“ ‘She’s more like a gypsy nor ever,’ said Aunt Pullet, in a pitying tone; ‘it’s very bad luck, sister, as the gell should be so brown—the boy’s fair enough. I doubt it’ll stand in her way if life to be so brown.’

“ ‘She’s a naughty child, as’ll break her mother’s heart,’ said Mrs. Tulliver, with tears in her eyes.

“ ‘Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of

reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard. Under this impression, he whispered, ‘Oh my! Maggie, I told you you’d catch it!’ He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing.

“ ‘Come, come, my wench,’ said her father, soothingly, putting his arm round her, ‘never mind; you was i’ the right to cut it off if it plagued you; give over crying; father’ll take your part.’

“ ‘Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father ‘took her part’; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after. . . .’

“ ‘With the dessert came entire deliverance for Maggie, for the children were told they might have their nuts and wine in the summer-house, since the day was so mild, and they scampered out among the budding bushes of the garden, with the alacrity of small animals getting from under a burning-glass.’

The next day it was arranged that Mrs. Tulliver should take the three children over to see Aunt and Uncle Pullet, as a means of celebrating the occasion of Lucy’s visit. But “the day had begun ill with Maggie. The pleasure of having Lucy to look at, and the prospect of the afternoon visit to Garum Firs, where she would hear Uncle Pullet’s musical-box, had been marred as early as eleven o’clock by the advent of the hair-dresser from St. Ogg’s, who had spoken in the severest terms of the condition in which he had found her hair, holding up one jagged lock after another, and saying, ‘See here! tut-tut-tut!’ in a tone of mingled disgust and pity, which to Maggie’s imagination was equivalent to the strongest expression of public opinion.”

Then the tucker in which her mother dressed her was stiff and prickly, and made her feel so cross that she “would certainly have torn it off, if she had not been checked by the remembrance of her recent humiliation about her hair.” . . . Then, when they were all allowed to build card-houses “till dinner, as a suitable amusement for boys and girls in their best clothes,” Maggie’s would n’t stand up, as Tom’s and Lucy’s did, and her tucker made her peevish, and Tom “laughed when her houses fell and told her she was ‘a stupid.’

“ ‘Don’t laugh at me, Tom!’ she burst out, angrily; ‘I’m not a stupid. I know a great many things you don’t.’



“ONE DELICIOUS, GRINDING SNIP, AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, AND MAGGIE STOOD CROPPED IN A JAGGED, UNEVEN MANNER.”

“‘Oh, I dare say, Miss Spitfire! I’d never be such a cross thing as you, making faces like that. Lucy does n’t do so. I like Lucy better than you: I wish Lucy was *my* sister.’

“‘Then it’s very wicked and cruel of you to wish so,’ said Maggie, starting up hurriedly from her place on the floor, and upsetting Tom’s wonderful pagoda. She really did not mean it,” but Tom thought she did, and was very angry with her. “Thus the morning had been made heavy to Maggie, and Tom’s persistent coldness to her all through their walk spoiled the fresh air and sunshine for her. He called Lucy to look at the half-built bird’s nest without caring to show it to

Maggie, and peeled a willow switch for Lucy and himself without offering one to Maggie. Lucy had said, ‘Maggie, should n’t *you* like one?’ but Tom was deaf.

“Still the sight of the peacock opportunely spreading his tail on the stack-yard wall, just as they reached Garum Firs, was enough to divert the mind temporarily from personal grievances. And this was only the beginning of beautiful sights at Garum Firs. All the farm-yard life was wonderful there—bantams, speckled and top-knotted; Friesland hens, with their feathers all turned the wrong way; Guinea-fowls that flew, and screamed, and dropped their pretty-spotted feathers; pouter-

pigeons and a tame magpie; nay, a goat, and a wonderful brindled dog, half mastiff, half bull-dog, as large as a lion. Then there were white railings and white gates all about, and glittering weather-cocks of various designs, and garden walks paved with pebbles in beautiful patterns—nothing was quite common at Garum Firs; and Tom thought that the unusual size of the toads there was simply due to the general unusualness which characterized Uncle Pullet's possessions as a gentleman farmer. Toads who paid rent were naturally leaner. As for the house, it was not less remarkable: it had a receding center, and two wings with battlemented turrets, and was covered with glittering white stucco."

One of the first things that Maggie did on entering Aunt Pullet's beautifully kept house was to "let fall her cake, and in an unlucky movement crush it beneath her foot—a source of so much agitation to Aunt Pullet and conscious disgrace to Maggie, that she began to despair of hearing the musical snuff-box to-day, till, after some reflection, it occurred to her that Lucy was in high favor enough to venture on asking for a tune. So she whispered to Lucy, and Lucy, who always did what she was desired to do, went up quietly to her uncle's knee, and, blushing all over her neck while she fingered her necklace, said, 'Will you please play us a tune, Uncle?'

"For the first time Maggie forgot that she had a load on her mind—that Tom was angry with her; and by the time 'Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,' had been played, her face wore that bright look of happiness, while she sat immovable with her hands clasped, which sometimes comforted her mother with the sense that Maggie could look pretty now and then, in spite of her brown skin. But when the magic music ceased, she jumped up, and running toward Tom, put her arm round his neck and said, 'Oh, Tom, is n't it pretty?'" jerking him so as to make him spill his cowslip wine that he held in his hand.

"Look there, now!" said Tom angrily.

"Why don't you sit still, Maggie?" her mother said, peevishly.

"Little gells must n't come to see me if they behave in that way," said Aunt Pullet.

"Why, you 're too rough, little Miss," said Uncle Pullet.

"Poor Maggie sat down again, with the music all chased out of her soul, and the seven small demons all in again.

"Mrs. Tulliver, foreseeing nothing but misbehavior while the children remained indoors, took an early opportunity of suggesting that, now they were rested after their walk, they might go and play out of doors." . . .

"All the disagreeable recollections of the morning were thick upon Maggie, when Tom, whose displeasure toward her had been considerably refreshed by her foolish trick of causing him to upset his cowslip wine, said, 'Here, Lucy, you come along with me,' and walked off to the area where the toads were, as if there were no Maggie in existence. . . . Lucy was naturally pleased that Cousin Tom was so good to her, and it was very amusing to see him tickling a fat toad with a piece of string when the toad was safe down the area, with an iron grating over him. Still Lucy wished Maggie to enjoy the spectacle also, especially as she would doubtless find a name for the toad, and say what had been his past history; for Lucy had a delighted semi-belief in Maggie's stories about the live things they came upon by accident—how Mrs. Earwig had a wash at home, and one of her children had fallen into the hot copper, for which reason she was running so fast to fetch the doctor. Tom had a profound contempt for this nonsense of Maggie's, smashing the earwig at once as a superfluous yet easy means of proving the entire unreality of such a story; for Lucy, for the life of her, could not help fancying there was something in it, and, at all events, thought it was very pretty make-believe."

So she turned affectionately to Maggie and invited her to come and look at the toad; but Maggie was too hurt by Tom's neglect, and "as long as Tom seemed to prefer Lucy to her, Lucy made part of his unkindness. Maggie would have thought a little while ago that she could never be cross with pretty little Lucy any more than she could be cruel to a little white mouse; but then, Tom had always been quite indifferent to Lucy before, and it had been left to Maggie to pet and make much of her. As it was, she was actually beginning to think that she should like to make Lucy cry by slapping or pinching her, especially as it might vex Tom, whom it was of no use to slap, even if she dared, because he did n't mind it. And if Lucy had n't been there, Maggie was sure he would have got friends with her sooner."

After a while Tom grew tired of tickling the toad, and enticed Lucy away to the pond to look at the pike, although the children had been told not to leave the garden. Maggie could not bear to be left behind, so she followed. Presently Tom caught sight of something in the water, and called Lucy to look at it. "Maggie had drawn nearer and nearer—she *must* see it too, though it was bitter to her like everything else, since Tom did not care about her seeing it. At last she was close by Lucy, and Tom, who had been aware of her approach but would not notice it till he was obliged, turned round and said:

“‘Now get away, Maggie. There’s no room for you on the grass here. Nobody asked *you* to come.’” Stormy passions were “‘at war in Maggie at that moment . . . but the utmost she could do, with a fierce thrust of her small brown arm, was to push poor little pink and white Lucy into the cow-trodden mud.”

“Then Tom could not restrain himself, and gave Maggie two smart slaps on the arm as he ran to pick up Lucy, who lay crying helplessly. Maggie retreated to the roots of a tree a few yards off, and looked on impenitently.”

Great was the consternation at the house when Lucy was led in by Sally, the maid, to whom Tom had intrusted the message to his mother that it was Maggie who had pushed Lucy into the mud. He did not stay to give the account himself, foreseeing “‘that Maggie would not be considered the only culprit in the case. . . . Mrs. Tulliver went out to speak to these naughty children, supposing them to be close at hand; but it was not until after some search that she found Tom leaning with rather a hardened, careless air against the white paling of the poultry-yard, and lowering his piece of string on the other side as a means of exasperating the turkey-cock.”

When Mrs. Tulliver discovered, in answer to her inquiries, that Tom had left Maggie at the pond, he was instantly dispatched to bring his sister to the house. In a short while Tom returned, saying Maggie was nowhere about the pond, and suggesting that she had probably gone home. Mrs. Tulliver, however, was thoroughly alarmed, and set about searching for Maggie in all sorts of impossible places. “‘What the father would say if Maggie was lost, was a question that predominated over every other.

“Maggie’s intentions, as usual, were on a larger scale than Tom had imagined. The resolution that gathered in her mind, after Tom and Lucy had walked away, was not so simple as that of going home. No; she would run away and go to the gypsies, and Tom should never see her any more. That was by no means a new idea to Maggie; she had been so often told she was like a gypsy, and ‘half wild,’ that when she was miserable it seemed to her the only way of escaping opprobrium, and being entirely in harmony with circumstances would be to live in a little brown tent on the commons; the gypsies, she considered, would gladly receive her, and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom, and suggested that he should stain his face brown, and they should run away together; but Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that gypsies were thieves, and had hardly anything

to eat, and had nothing to drive but a donkey. To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had reached a point at which gypsedom was her only refuge, and she rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with the sense that this was a great crisis in her life; she would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies, and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her should never see her any more. She thought of her father as she ran along, but she reconciled herself to the idea of parting with him by determining that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy, and always loved him very much.’”

Maggie wandered on and on, and presently became conscious that she was hungry as well as tired. “‘At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and she found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. . . . She had rushed into the adventure of seeking her unknown kindred, the gypsies; and now she was in this strange lane, she hardly dared look on one side of her, lest she should see the diabolical blacksmith in his leathern apron grinning at her with arms akimbo. It was not without a leaping of the heart that she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hill-cock; they seemed something hideously preternatural — a diabolical kind of fungus; for she was too much agitated at the first glance to see the ragged clothes, and the dark shaggy head attached to them. It was a boy asleep; and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly, lest she should wake him; it did not occur to her that he was one of her friends the gypsies, who in all probability would have very genial manners. But the fact was so, for at the next bend in the lane Maggie actually saw the little semicircular black tent, with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge from all the blighting obloquy that had pursued her in civilized life. She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke — doubtless the gypsy-mother, who provided the tea and other groceries; it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted. But it was startling to find the gypsies in a lane, after all, and not on a common; indeed, it was rather disappointing; for a mysterious illimitable common, where there were sand-pits to hide in, and one was out of everybody’s reach, had always made part of Maggie’s picture of gypsy life. She went on, however, and thought with some comfort that gypsies most likely knew nothing about idiots, so there was no danger of their falling into the mistake of setting her down

at the first glance as an idiot. It was plain she had attracted attention; for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as it approached, and was reassured by the thought that her Aunt Pullet and the rest were right when they called her a gypsy, for this face, with the bright dark eyes and long hair, was really something like what she used to see in the glass before she cut her hair off.

“My little lady, where are you going to?” the gypsy said, in a tone of coaxing deference.

“It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected: the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

“Not any farther,” said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. “I’m come to stay with *you*, please.”

“That’s pritty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure,” said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, and wished she had not been so dirty.

“There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy-woman was seated on the ground nursing her knees, and occasionally poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam: two small, shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows something like small sphinxes; and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay. The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the tea-cups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a washing-basin, and to feel an interest in books. It was a little confusing, though, that the young woman began to speak to the old one a language which Maggie did not understand, while the tall girl, who was feeding the donkey, sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation. At last the old woman said:

“What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down, and tell us where you come from.”

“It was just like a story: Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said:

“I’m come from home because I’m unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I’ll live with you, if you like, and I can teach you a great many things.”

“Such a clever little lady,” said the woman

with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing baby to crawl; ‘and such a pretty bonnet and frock,’ she added, taking off Maggie’s bonnet and looking at it, while she made an observation to the old woman in the unknown language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind-foremost with a grin; but Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject, as if she were susceptible about her bonnet.

“I don’t want to wear a bonnet,” she said; ‘I’d rather wear a red handkerchief like yours’ (looking at her friend by her side); ‘my hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off; but I dare say it will grow again very soon,’ she added. . . . Maggie had forgotten even her hunger at the moment in the desire to conciliate gypsy opinion.

“Oh, what a nice little lady!—and rich, I’m sure,” said the old woman. ‘Did n’t you live in a beautiful house at home?’

“Yes, my home is pretty, and I’m very fond of the river, where we go fishing; but I’m often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books. I’ve read them so many times—and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about Geography too—that’s about the world we live in—very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?”

“Maggie’s eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush—she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies and gaining great influence over them. The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie’s pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

“Is that where you live, my little lady?” said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

“Oh, no!” said Maggie, with some pity; ‘Columbus was a very wonderful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him, and treated him very badly, you know—it’s in my Catechism of Geography—but perhaps it’s rather too long for me to tell before tea—: *I want my tea so.*’

“The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of herself, with a sudden drop from patronizing instruction to simple peevishness.

“Why, she’s hungry, poor little lady,” said the younger woman. ‘Give her some o’ the cold victual. You’ve been walking a good way, I’ll be bound, my dear. Where’s your home?’

“It’s Dorlcote Mill—a good way off,” said Maggie. ‘My father is Mr. Tulliver; but we must n’t let him know where I am, else he’ll fetch

me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman. The tall girl meanwhile was constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

"No," said Maggie; "I'm only thinking that if she is n't a very good queen you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I was a queen, I'd be a very good queen and kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit o' nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it, "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon."

"We've got no tea nor butter," said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

"Oh, a little bread and treacle would do," said Maggie.

"We ha'n't got no treacle," said the old woman crossly, whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small sphinxes snatched at the bread and bacon, and began to eat it."

Presently two men came up, looking so fierce and talking so roughly that Maggie was frightened and could hardly keep back her tears. The women chattered with them, and they all seemed to be quarreling.

"Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people, or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge. . . . At last the younger woman said, in her previous deferential, coaxing tone:

"This nice little lady's come to live with us; are n't you glad?"

"Ay, very glad," said the younger, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. . . . The woman saw she was frightened.

"We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman, in her coaxing tone, "and she's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o' this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon, to Maggie. . . . If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant-killer, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George who slew the dragon on the half-pennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought,

with a sinking heart, that these heroes were never seen in the neighborhood of St. Ogg's. . . .

"Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid modification in the last five minutes. From having considered them very respectful companions, amenable to instruction, she had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark, and cut up her body for gradual cooking: the suspicion crossed her that the fierce-eyed old man was in fact the devil, who might drop that transparent disguise at any moment and turn either into the grinning blacksmith, or else a fiery-eyed monster with dragon's wings."

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit—come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, summoning all force for a desperate effort, and trying to smile in a friendly way. "I have n't time, I think, it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things."

"Maggie rose from her seat . . . but her hope sank when the old gypsy-woman said, 'Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we'll take you home all safe, when we've done supper: you shall ride home like a lady.'

"Maggie sat down again, with small faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now, then, little Missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live—what's the name o' the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie, eagerly. . . .

"What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark; we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be—you'll see."

"He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was really going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you was?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Maggie; "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me

too.' She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone; it would be more cheerful to be murdered by a larger party." . . .

"It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him, and she was as incapable of remonstrating against this arrangement as the donkey himself, though no nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman had patted her on the back, and said 'Good-bye,' the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick, set off at a rapid walk

—seemed to add to its dreariness: they had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed: it was probable that they were inhabited by witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

"At last — Oh, sight of joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad high road, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger-post at the corner: she had surely seen that finger-post before — 'To St. Ogg's, 2 miles.'



"THERE WAS QUITE A GROUP ROUND THE FIRE WHEN THEY REACHED IT."

along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an hour ago, while the tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, obligingly escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking."

It was a terrifying ride for poor Maggie. "The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a portentous meaning, with which the alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection. Two low thatched cottages — the only houses they passed in this lane

"The gypsy really meant to take her home, then: he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she did n't like coming with him alone. . . . As they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"'Oh, stop, stop!' she cried out. 'There's my father! Oh, Father, Father!'

"The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her she was sobbing. Great

was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

"'Why, what 's the meaning o' this?' he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"'The little miss lost herself, I reckon,' said the gypsy. 'She 'd come to our tent at the far end o' Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It 's a good way to come arter being on the tramp all day.'

"'Oh yes, Father, he 's been very good to bring me home,' said Maggie. 'A very kind, good man.'

"'Here, then, my man,' said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. 'It 's the best day's work you ever did. I could n't afford to lose the little wench; here, lift her up before me.'

"'Why, Maggie, how 's this — how 's this?' he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head

against her father and sobbed. 'How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?'

"'Oh, Father,' sobbed Maggie, 'I ran away because I was so unhappy — Tom was so angry with me. I could n't bear it.'

"'Pooh! pooh!' said Mr. Tulliver, soothingly, 'you must n't think o' running away from father. What 'ud father do without his little wench?'

"'Oh no, I never will again, Father — never.'

"Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening, and the effect was seen in the remarkable fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother, or one taunt from Tom, about this foolish business of her running away to the gypsies. Maggie was rather awestricken by this unusual treatment, and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to."



BY HULDAH MORGAN.

BANG, bang, went the pestle; snap, snap, flew the coffee-kernels, over the kitchen floor, under the cupboard, back of the door; sliding, and tripping, and skipping, like so many little brown slippers off on a frolic, with no restraining feet to guide them.

Such a kitchen for dancing: wide, and sunny, and shining — an old, old kitchen in an old, old house! And the sun glared brightly through the

low open windows; and the tall clock in the corner looked down kindly, and did its best to tick off the promptings for the merry little reel.

Bang, bang, bang; snap, snap, snap; and the heavy iron pestle sank stiffly back against the soft, fragrant mass.

Two long legs which had been stretched out on the kitchen floor picked themselves up; two brown hands, which had just let fall the black pestle,

drubbed a tattoo on the table, and a clear, boyish voice burst out:

“ See the conquering he-e-ero comes !
Sou-ou-ound the trumpets, beat the drums ”—

And the owner of the legs, hands, and voice, looked cheerfully down at the brown fragments strewn about the floor.

“ Looks like a regular celebration. Guess there ’s enough left, though ; ” he peered scrutinizingly into the mortar. “ I put in a good charge this afternoon. No weak coffee for to-morrow.” Then, with a sudden inspiration :

“ Weak coffee is a sign of slaveree,
None ’s wanted in this land of libertee.”

After which original burst of patriotism, the lips belonging to the voice puckered themselves up and went off whistling, accompanied by the legs and hands.

Now, you must know, that this was the eve of July 4, 1876. The long-legged boy knew it ; the clock in the corner knew it ; and the sun, bless you, he knew it, too ! If you can keep a secret, the sun, and the clock, and I will take you into our confidence and tell you something that the long-legged boy *did n't* know.

Long ago, on another July night, in some year of our Lord (no matter which), in the days when the house with the sunny kitchen was not an old house, and when the clock that stood in the corner—though quite as tall as it ever became—was still young: just as the night was falling in a little New England village, there came rumbling up the street a fine yellow gig, drawn by an old, white horse. On through the gloom of the evening they came, horse, gig, and driver, past one candle-lighted home after another, until the old horse turned in and stood before the hospitable door of this house, which then was not old. Out through the open door floated the fragrance of newly baked biscuit ; and, within, one could catch the faint glimmer of coals on the kitchen hearth. There were oats and hay in the barn beyond, and—rest: a thing not to be despised by a country doctor’s horse. It was a grateful sight to a worn man ; it was a tempting prospect to a hungry beast ; and the tired creature started impatiently onward as his master alighted. But the doctor hesitated and turned back, and the old horse, obedient to his word, stood still.

And now the curtain rises upon our hero. It is not the doctor ; it is not the old white horse ; it is not to be even the boy with long legs. The curtain was a leather curtain, and the hero was of iron ; which fact, no doubt, accounts for the unusual length of his heroic existence. The curtain

hung from the gig-cushion, and the doctor lifted it and peered beneath it into that capacious and mysterious region familiarly known as “ under-the-seat.” There was a moment of groping and of subdued ejaculation on the part of the doctor, and then there came, bumping and thumping out upon the floor of the gig a heavy, black object, which he straightway shouldered and carried within. The old horse trotted off toward the barn ; but, if you had ventured over the threshold after our hero, you would have found him in the office standing in state, surrounded by pill and powder, extract and elixir,—all the helps and hindrances that the knowledge of the times had brought to the little country doctor in his unpretentious struggle against suffering. Strong, heavy, and black, there stood a large iron mortar, with its ponderous pestle.

Certainly. You have seen it before, in the sunny kitchen with the low windows ; but, historically considered, this was its first appearance in the large house with the tall clock. And so long as the old doctor drove about in the yellow gig, blistering and bleeding his grateful patients, so long did the mortar and pestle stand faithfully at home, keeping guard over their less steadfast companions. But a time came when the days of the years of the good old doctor were told ; and then our hero was banished, with saddle-bags and medicine-chest, to a dark corner of the great garret.

There it stood, year after year, until one day the boy with the long legs came upon it, dusty, and covered with webs which some ambitious spider had spun about it, thinking, perhaps, to chain fast this iron fortress for its own. But the boy, after the manner of many another investigator, soon found that the responsibilities of discovery are quite as great as its triumphs, and by no means so short-lived. For the first flush of interest in the new plaything had hardly faded, when, in an unlucky hour, a second discovery was made, and the young discoverer and the old hero found themselves copartners in the daily task of crushing the home-browned coffee.

The amount of noise which that venerable mortar was capable of producing commanded a certain degree of respect. In addition to this, even a short experience in life had taught Master Long-legs the interesting lesson that the possession of an intimate friend, upon whom one may work off all ill-humor, is a blessing greatly to be desired. Here was a comrade who might be punneled by the hour without injury to his physique ; a friend who responded sympathetically to noisy confidences ; a companion from whom there was no fear of recrimination. Surely, it might have been worse !

Meanwhile, on this centennial eve, the hands on the old clock-face had not been idle ; the sun had

set; the moon had risen, and the shadows which all the long afternoon had slanted eastward now were turned toward the west.

The boy with the long legs had stopped whistling and had assumed an air of supreme importance. Evidently affairs of moment demanded his attention to-night.

He had held numberless consultations with other boys, all of whom wore a like expression of importance. In a state of breathless excitement, he had mounted Old Dobbin, and had gone plunging down the street, upon some errand of great secrecy. On their return, Old Dobbin was observed to be in a similar state of breathlessness—due, probably, to excitement.

Finally, with pockets full of fire-crackers and punk, the boy had presented himself at the closed door of an old red barn. Here he gave three loud raps, three low raps, and stood waiting. There was a fumbling within. Presently the door creaked, stuck on its hinges, then suddenly burst open. Straightway came the demand:

“Friend or foe?”

“Friend.”

“Countersign?”

“Lexington, Lundy’s Lane, fit, bled, and died, *ut, ne, quo, quin, and quominus!*”

This countersign was admitted by all the boys to be a gem of its kind. As Bob, the sentinel, put it, “Tell you what, boys, she ’s a regular little beauty, and about as safe as they make ’em. She ain’t the sort of thing that a fellow ’d happen on by chance!”

Its accurate repetition seemed to give entire satisfaction on this occasion, for the sentinel announced:

“All right, fellows! Heave down the ladder, and let the Colonel up.”

But the ladder had made but half the descent from the loft above, when the door was pushed hurriedly open and a panting boy appeared. He crowded by the Sentinel, impatiently exclaiming:

“Bother the countersign, Bob! I can’t stop for all that stuff! Where ’s the General?”

The ladder struck the floor with a thump; the head of the General appeared in a bar of moonlight which struck across the loft.

“Here! What ’s the matter?”

“Lots!” was the brief reply. Other heads appeared, and from the darkness where heads could not be seen voices were heard. Evidently, the loft was a stronghold of some sort; for in a moment it was alive with heads and voices; voices of all keys, and heads of all ranks, to judge from the titles used. There were colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, and — heralds! — boys of every rank which a careful study of school histories could suggest.

Sturdy New England boys they were; and, in all her wanderings, the moon had not looked upon a jollier and manlier set than those she was peering down upon, in the loft of the old red barn on this night of July 3, 1876.

Sam, the newcomer, was already half-way up the ladder. Eager hands pulled him over its projecting top, the Colonel following close at his heels.

“Now, Sam!” “Quick!” “What ’s up?” came from all sides.

“Well,”—an ominous pause followed, as if the news were too startling to be disclosed hastily—“Dr. Chapin says the bell shan’t ring to-night. He does n’t care who tries it—‘up-streeter’ or ‘down-streeter’—it ’s all the same to him!”

Dr. Chapin! Were the skies falling? Good-natured Dr. Chapin! Why, since first the bell was hung in the belfry of the village church, years and years ago, its patriotic tones had been the first in all the region to foretell the coming of each Independence Day! Since the time when the gray-haired men of the town were boys with Dr. Chapin, no Fourth of July had come and gone without the gallant struggle between the boys living north of the church and the boys living south of the church to outwit each other, and first gain possession of the bell-rope.

For years, as the midnight stroke had awakened the good people of the country-side to an enforced contemplation of the privileges of American citizenship, they had turned wearily in their beds and vowed that *this* should be the last time that those boys should disturb their sleep. But when the morning came, and those boys, hungry and triumphant, came trooping home to breakfast; when they reported that this year the down-streeters had been first at the rope; or when young Sam told old Sam how he had outwitted young Bob, by very much the same stratagem through which old Sam had been circumvented by old Bob some thirty years before,—why, there was an end of the matter! And, after all, there is but one Fourth of July in all the year, and having one’s rest broken some night a year hence, is a matter of trival importance to-day. Three hundred and sixty-four nights of undisturbed slumber had always proved enough to efface the dangerous memory of the three hundred and sixty-fifth. Back of all this, I suspect that no man had yet been found who was bold enough to face the boyish indignation that would be sure to follow his rebellion. Thus the matter had rested through two generations and part of another; and thus the boys supposed that it would rest, perhaps forever!

That there would be grumbling to-night, far and wide, when the tones of the bell were heard, was what the boys expected; but that any one

would openly rebel and attempt to defraud them of their ancestral rights, was an evil of which they had not dreamed. And now the blow had

there were many, had looked complacent; the men, of whom there were few, had gazed admiringly.

It was at this inspiring moment that Sam appeared with his startling report. "Prompt, decisive action," the General had glibly counseled a moment before. Most truly it was needed; but what should that action be? The renewal of the yearly skirmish against the up-streeters was insignificant in comparison with a combat, wherein the good-natured doctor figured as their foe.

"Oh, what nonsense!" "April fool's over, Sam!" "What do you take us for?" were the greetings hurled at the innocent bearer of the unwelcome news as he stood among them. Too crestfallen to reply, he drew from his pocket something that reflected a dull glimmer in the moonlight. There was a shout of relief as he held it up. "The church key!" "Knew you were fooling!" "Good for you, Sam!" But Sam's attitude was anything but reassuring. "Where's the other?" asked some one. "That's just it!" burst out Sam.



THE LONG-LEGGED BOY SAT DOWN TO CONSIDER.

fallen, dealt by the hand of their own familiar friend,—and that, too, in Centennial year! Do you wonder that there was dire dismay in the loft of the old red barn that night?

The boys never knew—I doubt if Dr. Chapin himself ever knew—how he came to this bold determination. It may be that, to a thoroughly good-natured man, the novelty of an occasional ill-natured action is attractive.

The down-streeters had held their meeting early to give them time to complete preparations for a strategic movement (so the General, its author, called it) designed to outwit the company of the up-streeters, and to gain for themselves a signal victory—in other words, a speedy ascent to the old belfry and the first pull at the bell-rope. Its successful accomplishment demanded, so the General had just told them, prompt, decisive action on the part of both officers and men. The officers, of whom

"This is only the inside key. Dr. Chapin says the outside key is where none of us will get it until five o'clock to-morrow morning." Five o'clock on a Fourth of July morning! To hear the tumult that followed one would suppose that the glory of the national Stars and Stripes depended upon the ringing at midnight of the church-bell in this little New England village.

The General, who had been sprawling on the hay in abject confusion since the arrival of this intelligence, now raised his head with a good-natured, "Come, fellows, shut up!"

The inviting proposition apparently met with little favor, for the hubbub only increased. This was humiliating. The General sprang up astride a projecting beam. He looked about for something with which to call the meeting to order.

"Bob! Pitch up that rake!"

The Sentinel, who, regardless of the possible

entrance of the foe, was balanced in a perilous position at the top of the ladder, chanced to hear the request, and obediently handed up his weapon. With this unwieldy mace, the General proceeded to pound "Order!" at the same time emphasizing his commands with several well-aimed thrusts at the most noisy of the offenders within his reach.

Gradually, by dint of frantic poundings and pokings, and because there seemed nothing to say further than to threaten the absent doctor with the most reckless kinds of revenge, the loft became tolerably quiet, and the boys turned their attention to their commanding officer.

He still sat on the beam, warm but triumphant.

"Well," reproachfully and with a final blow of the rake handle, "I should think you might keep still a minute and hear what a fellow's got to say!"

"Yes," boldly echoed the Sentinel. "I'll put the next fellow out of the fort, who can't keep quiet, and mind his own business!"

"You! Better put yourself there!" chuckled the Colonel, as there came a thundering knock at the barn-door.

"Come, hurry up!" "Don't let 'em in!" "You're a pretty sentinel!" "Don't forget the countersign!" followed the humiliated soldier in his rapid and reckless descent of the ladder. But whoever was without did not choose to take advantage of the unguarded state of the outposts, for the knocking continued. The Sentinel reached the door; there was an animated parley for a few moments, and then came the report, "It's Dick Hall from the up-streeters, with a flag of truce."

The General hesitated; military etiquette concerning the reception of flags of truce and their bearers was unknown to him. He had a suspicion that it would not be in accordance with the dignity of his position for him to go out to the messenger. To admit one of the enemy to the loft while everything was still in confusion would never do.

Meanwhile the messenger waited.

The General glanced questioningly around in the dim light; then, with a desperate assumption of coolness, boldly commanded, "Bring in the flag, Sam."

The gravity with which this request was heard was reassuring; the General breathed more freely.

Evidently, no one thought of objecting to this proceeding, the Sentinel least of all. He promptly showed himself at the open door with the demand, "Let's have your flag, Dick!"

Dick's own knowledge of the ultimate destination of flags of truce was quite as misty as the Sentinel's; but he had no notion of allowing military demand to interfere with personal right. The flag was his own handkerchief; its staff, his popgun. So he stoutly replied, "Not much!"

"They always do," rejoined the Sentinel.

To doubt this statement might be to show ignorance of military measures; that Dick would not do before a down-streeter.

"Well," he admitted doubtfully, "take it; but be sure to bring it back. What are you going to do with it, though?"

The poor General, within, was intent on the same question; but of that the Sentinel knew nothing as he witheringly replied, "Do with it? Why, what they always do."

The flag was promptly presented within. It had been used during the day to hold Dick's store of ammunition; and now, grimy, and with a strong odor of gunpowder, it seemed anything but a signal of peace. The boys gravely watched the ascent of this limp banner to the loft, feeling that a certain degree of respect was due it from its connection with such an important matter. They evidently shared Dick's curiosity as to what was to be done with it, but they said nothing.

It was a trying moment for the General; but his honesty came to his rescue.

"Well, boys," he frankly admitted, "I'm up a stump! What's to be done with it?"

The gravity of the loft, which was fast becoming painful, vanished as the Colonel promptly suggested, "Wash it!"

This restored the General's presence of mind.

"Here, you, Bob, take her back! Colonel, you come along with me, and find out what's wanted! The rest of you fellows keep quiet, and get up a plan to beat the doctor!"

Five minutes went by and no feasible plan had been suggested; ten minutes, and the General had not yet returned; fifteen minutes, and the boys began to grumble; twenty minutes, and the Colonel suddenly appeared among them.

"Oh, boys, such larks!" and with an ecstatic whoop the Colonel mounted the ladder. After, came the commander-in-chief of the up-streeters, and behind him, pell-mell, all his devoted troops.

"Three cheers for the up-streeters!" shouted the General, who was bringing up the rear.

"Whoop, whoop, hooray!" roared the invading host, untroubled by any feelings of false modesty.

"Hooray!" feebly echoed the wondering boys in the loft, who (to prevent any possible misunderstanding) immediately added the threatening request, "Say, want us to pitch into them?"

"No, no!" shouted the General and Colonel.

"Come on, if you want to!" invited the unabashed up-streeters.

"Hold on, can't you?" the General ordered, despairingly. "Just wait till you hear what's up," and he scrambled up the ladder and once more mounted the executive beam.

The boys were growing angry ; there was not a moment to lose.

"Now, fellows, ki, yi ! Here 's to beat the doctor !" and, with a swing of his hat, the General led off.

This was irresistible ; up-streeters and down-streeters howled in company.

"Now, then," demanded the General, seizing his chance, "are you ready ?" and, before any one had an opportunity to object, he had begun his speech. After that, curiosity kept the boys quiet while the General explained affairs.

He told them that a new foe had appeared, and old feuds must be forgotten ; the forces of the street must unite to defeat the doctor's unpatriotic demand. The up-streeters had a scheme, a scheme that he, himself, would have been proud to get up ; they invited the down-streeters to help put it through. Would they do it ?

It was a very simple plot, as all successful plots are, I believe. A window with a broken lock in the church gallery, a tree just outside with a strong limb leaning down near to the window, and, to reach the limb, there was the doctor's brand-new ladder.

The poetic justice of this last suggestion appealed to their boyish imaginations, and a mighty shout went up when at last the General's speech was ended.

Peace between the up-streeters and the down-streeters was declared on the spot. Then came a grand council of war, the once rival commanders conferring amicably in the loft.

The hands of the old clock in the kitchen pointed to eleven, and the moon rode high in the heavens, when, with completed plans, the enthusiastic young belligerents marched peacefully over the quiet fields to the little white church.

Doctor Chapin was sleeping — a quiet, restful sleep — when there came, trembling through the summer air, the muffled, uncertain first stroke of a bell tolled by unaccustomed hands.

Doctor Chapin opened his eyes. "Imagination ! — rubbish !" and he smiled a grim smile to think that the habit of years had waked him on this July night. Doctor Chapin was something of a philosopher, and he reflected, "This certainly will make a good story for me to tell at the next meeting of the Connecticut Valley Medical Association !"

What Doctor Chapin thought next, I do not know. What he *said* next, I shall not tell : it was not "Imagination ! — rubbish !" — for, clear and full, there came, as if in contradiction of his thought, a second stroke, this time firm and even with the strength of many hands.

I have it on the authority of an old owl, who

was perched on a tree without, that, at the third stroke, the doctor appeared in the open window with an ejaculation of which a devout owl could not approve. It was at the eleventh stroke, the owl said, that the doctor's face brightened, and he gave a happy chuckle as he murmured to himself, "I've got it. I'll be even with the young rascals yet !"

Seventy-six strokes they pulled, — some short, some long, some strong, some feeble, as different sets of boys relieved each other ; and then a line of dark figures came sliding one after another down the ladder.

At two o'clock they were to come back again ; until that time there was other sport on hand. The window was closed, the ladder laid behind a fence, and the boys were off.

Two o'clock came and with it came the boys, somewhat sleepy and ravenously hungry, but still patriotic.

There was a race for the church, a chase up the ladder, a rush for the bell-rope.

"Now then, boys ! Here she goes !"

With a shout, they bent eagerly to the task ; but from the bell above there came no answering peal.

"That 's queer ; try it again. *Now*, then !" and the boys breathed deep and pulled hard ; the creaking rope slid stiffly back, grating mournfully in its wooden socket ; but still the bell was silent. The rope fell from their hands. They looked suspiciously at each other.

"Anybody been cheating ?"

Stories of witches and goblins floated into the memory of some of the smaller boys.

"You don't suppose it 's ghosts, do you ?" timidly suggested one of the boys, who, with an eye to unearthly possibilities, had already considerably shortened the distance between himself and the open window.

"Ho, ho, ho !" laughed the Colonel. "Ghosts ? Come on and let 's find 'em ! Up to the belfry, boys !"

So up to the dark belfry they went. Once in the belfry, there was an eager search ; and a howl of dismay went up from the boys, as in breathless tones the General announced, "The — bell-tongue 's — gone !"

They searched high, they searched low, under the rafters, back of the beams, but no bell-tongue could be found.

They formed in line, and each, in turn, vowed that he knew nothing of the missing clapper.

"Well !" wailed the boys disconsolately, at last, "the fun 's all over ; we might as well go home and go to bed."

Then, suddenly, the Colonel's cheerful voice

rang out, "Say, fellows, got any wire? Well, then, I've got an idea. You just bless the shades of my ancestors, and I'll be back in a jiffy," and the Colonel and his idea disappeared in the darkness.

Down the ladder, over the fence he went, through the dewy fields he ran, until, panting but gleeful, he stood within the door-yard of the old, old house. A mosquito net guarded the kitchen's open window. He hesitated an instant, and then put his fist boldly through. "Fix it to-morrow," he muttered. A moment and he stood within. There, in the corner, he saw the object of his coming:—the old mortar and pestle. He lifted the pestle gently and laughed softly to himself as he said, "Ha, ha, my beauty! You won't make a bad clapper for a centennial bell, will you?" And then he was off again.

A pair of dewy shoes stood by Dr. Chapin's bed; a coat covered with webs and dust was flung over the back of a chair, while on the table glimmered a small iron object which had not been there two hours before.

The doctor was dreaming,—dreaming of this same piece of iron. He thought that he held it firmly in his hand, when suddenly it wrenched itself from his grasp, rapped him sharply over the knuckles, perched itself familiarly on his shoulder, and shouted in his ear, "Clang, clang!"

The dream ended; but still sounded the metallic voice,—"Clang, clang!" There was no mistaking it. He sprang from his bed; a rapid search showed the innocent iron tongue lying untouched on the table.

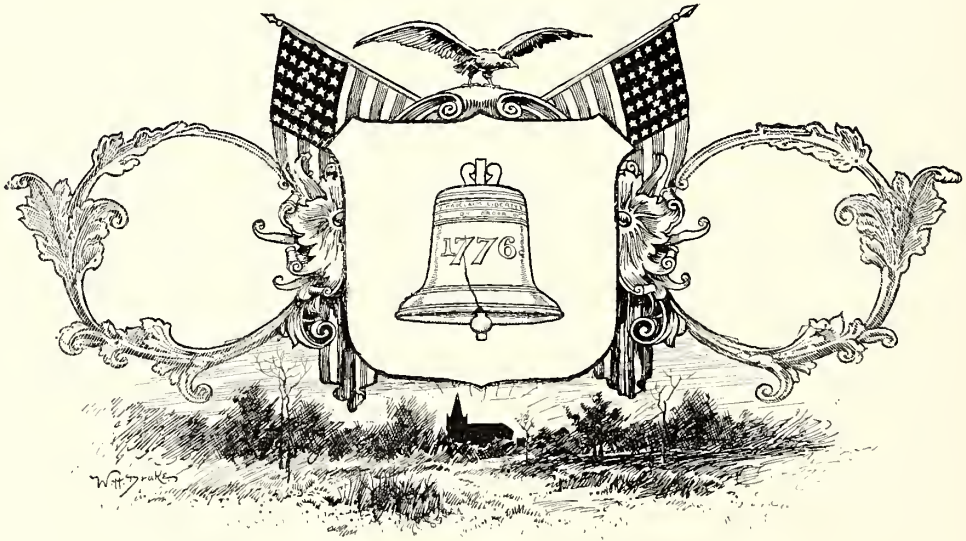
Steadily from the old belfry tower rang out the bell, peal after peal, as if the glad spirits of the boys were mocking the short-lived triumph of the astonished doctor.

The old gentleman dropped into a chair and groaned. Seventy-six strokes they had pulled before; probably they would now complete the other eighteen hundred!

"Why did n't I let those boys alone? I might have known they would get the best of it! But, where, in this glorious Republic, did they rake up another clapper?" And then from groaning the doctor fell to laughing,—which proves, without doubt, that he *was* a philosopher.

By and by the boys grew tired or took pity, and the clangor in the belfry died away. And then, from laughing, the doctor fell once more to sleeping, and the boys trooped home.

The mortar and the pestle still stand in the pleasant kitchen; and the iron tongue has found its way home to its belfry tower, where, perhaps, some day you may come upon them, guarding the old, old house and the little church in the quiet Connecticut valley.





DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS.

PART II.

BY GERTRUDE VAN R. WICKHAM.

JOHN BURROUGHS'S DOGS.

JOHN BURROUGHS is famous for his success in reading a wonderfully interesting book, which is written in a language few can translate for want of the proper eyesight; for in order to read even the shortest chapter of it, observing eyes, studious eyes, and, above all, loving eyes are required.

Other books may be read at one's ease. One can study them by the fireside in winter, under shelter when it storms, in cool shadows when the sun is fierce; but he who turns the leaves of the

Book of Nature oftentimes must do so at much sacrifice of physical comfort, regardless of cold or heat, unmindful of rain or snow, and forgetful even of hunger.

And then, after each lesson is learned, to make the study of practical value the reader should be able to repeat the lesson in language which all may understand.

This, John Burroughs does most delightfully, and offers us dainty volumes concerning "Birds and Poets," "Fresh Fields," "Winter Sunshine," and the "Wake Robin." He is like a florist who

takes a patch of uncultivated land for his garden, and, after a spring and summer of care and toil, invites into it all who love flowers, selecting and arranging the choicest for them to bear away.

One can easily imagine Mr. Burroughs's boyhood. Even then he must have been a rare companion for a walk, seeing with his young eyes what was invisible to others; detecting the first breath of spring upon the imprisoned tree-buds; hearing the faint, far-away notes of the coming birds; knowing when and where to look for the rarest wild-flowers; noticing every change of form and color in the passing clouds, and giving, in those early days, bright promise of the future which finds him to-day the famous American author and naturalist.

We shall not be surprised to learn that one who has discovered the family secrets of the birds, and is on intimate terms with that shy symphony in water-colors, the speckled brook trout, is also fond of all animals, and especially of dogs.

They are the chosen companions of his daily rambles, and are otherwise taken into distinguished confidence.

"In loving a dog," he says, "one is always sure of a full return."

Within twelve years, or since living at West Park, New York, Mr. Burroughs has had three little black-and-tan friends, all of whom successively came to grief, leaving behind them a sorrowing master.

The first was "Rab," who lived only a year, and then fell a victim to distemper. He was loved in the family almost as though he were a child, and regretful tears were shed at his death.

The next one was "Rove," a wonderfully spirited and intelligent dog. He was very fleet-footed, and always began to chase the sparrows in his glee, when he saw Mr. Burroughs making ready for a walk or a drive.

He lived to be three years old, and in that time came almost to read his master's very thoughts. Rove was poisoned.

His successor was "Lark," the dog of the gentle heart; neither so active nor so intelligent as Rove, but very affectionate. A simple-minded dog was Lark. When seizing a squirrel he would take hold as far from the squirrel's little teeth as possible,—usually by the tail,—and consequently was always bitten.

Lark became very dear to his master, and they had many walks and talks together. When he died, in 1881, Mr. Burroughs was so bereaved that he concluded to love no more dogs, and kept that resolution for four years.

Here is a bit of doggerel that Mr. Burroughs used to repeat to his little boy about Lark, which

will interest the Very Little Folks of ST. NICHOLAS:

"My dog Lark,
He can bark
After dark,
And hit the mark
'Way over to Hyde Park."

The present reigning favorite is "Laddie."*

I wish that I were able to place him upon the same high plane of fidelity and affection as was occupied by his lamented predecessors, but,—alas!—Laddie is unmindful of his rare privileges, and sometimes forsakes his master to run off to town with—the butcher!

It seems too bad thus to publish him to the



"LADDIE," ONE OF JOHN BURROUGHS'S DOGS.

world; for, if he could realize how his shortcomings were being spread before so many critical young eyes, he doubtless would be much mortified, and at once mend his waggabond ways.

Fortunately for Mr. Burroughs, Laddie is not his only dog. He has a fine black setter, by the waggish name of "I Know," who is all one could wish in a canine friend; faithful, affectionate, and with no interests separate from those of his master.

He seems not to have a single savage, or even unkind, drop of blood in his veins. Indeed, it must be an animal of unbounded good nature that would allow two cats and a smaller dog to use him as a rug; for in cold weather Laddie coolly settles himself for the night in the space between I Know's outstretched legs, curling up against his

* See "Letter-box," page 716.

long silken hair to keep warm; while the cats, for the same reason, nestle close to their big, gentle friend, and sometimes even sit upon him as he lies stretched out by the kitchen stove.

Occasionally I Know acts as if he knew he was being put upon, for no dog of character would

spring upon him, usually putting one paw on Mr. Burroughs's arm, and hopping along for the first few paces on his hind legs!

A sportsman would not value I Know highly, for, although a thoroughbred setter, he has never been trained to hunt; but the instinct is strong in



"I KNOW," A SETTER DOG BELONGING TO JOHN BURROUGHS.

care to be found in such an undignified position. But he is too kind-hearted openly to resent their freedom, so his only recourse is to shed the cats, and deprive Laddie of his silken blanket by getting up and laying himself down in another place. We can imagine the dazed look of the cats as they feel their soft couch heaving, and find themselves pitched off upon the floor, and the disgust of that little rascal, Laddie, when his covering walks away. But we need not pity them, for we can imagine also just how long poor I Know is allowed to possess his new camping-ground in peace. No longer than it takes those comfort-loving friends to stretch themselves, walk around to the other side of the stove, and establish themselves in their old positions.

The great moment of the day with I Know, is when he sees his master getting ready for an after-dinner walk. Then how he leaps, and barks, and

him, and he scours the fields and woods in a lively manner, especially when he strikes the trail of a partridge. Then he is in a quiver of excitement.

We trust that faithful, obedient I Know will be long-lived, and for many years to come continue thus to be his master's companion and humble friend. As for the rebellious truant, Laddie, we are certain that when his wild youth is over he will pose as a reformed dog, and will offer good advice drawn from his own experience.

T. B. ALDRICH'S DOG.

OF course, an animal of such rare attainments lives in Boston, and furthermore, he assists in editing the *Atlantic Monthly*!

Lest the latter statement lead to injustice, and Triplet be held responsible for all the dogmas expounded in that highly respectable magazine,

let me hasten to explain that his connection with the *Atlantic*, though most honored and intimate, is somewhat limited.

His duties, performed with great regularity and decorum, are self-appointed and self-taught. Indeed, regarded solely as a dog of letters, he would be considered truly a self-made dog.

He watches for the postman, receives the mail, and carries it proudly and safely to the library of his master, who is Thomas Bailey Aldrich, poet

manuscript at a glance, and gently drops it where it belongs.

Triplet, as his name suggests, is one of a trio of playmates, his two companions being Mr. Aldrich's twin sons; and probably it is safe to say that one-third of all the fun and frolic, one-third of all the noise and mischief, sure to occur in a house sheltering two boys and a dog, is made by the beautiful, petted, Irish setter.

So much of a child is he himself, that he requires a warm, comfortable bed every night; he brings it down from an upper room, and sleeps with his head high on a pillow.

Although, I trust, a dog of strictest democratic principles in accord with his environment, Triplet perhaps would be justified in assuming aristocratic tastes and tendencies; for he is of a rare breed, and his ancestors have won enviable distinction at dog shows.

Added to these natural advantages, is an academical education acquired at Sumner's kennels, Dorchester, Mass., where he graduated well-trained to the gun.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S DOG.

"FAX" was a melancholy proof of the saying, "Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families." Mr. Frank Stockton, though a brilliant novelist, is, or *was*, no judge of a dog. He fell into the grave error of presuming that the biggest is invariably the best. But we, who are wiser, know that the tiniest plant in a bed of seedlings, or the "weeniest" puppy in a litter of dogs, is often the choicest.

So, when Fax rapidly outgrew his brothers and sister and became so large and clumsy as to interfere with their comfort, and even to endanger their safety, Mr. Stockton never should have accepted him as a gift. But, if he had not, Fax would have lived and died in obscurity, so the world would not have known all the possibilities of canine character; and, after all, in some respects he was such a dog as you naturally would expect

Mr. Stockton to call his own. He was perfectly original, and entirely unconventional. Little cared he that his mother was a beautiful black setter, and that her other puppies usually favored the maternal side of the house. He preferred to be



"TRIPLET," T. B. ALDRICH'S DOG.

and author, and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In view of this fact there may be foundation for the rumor that Triplet is the medium between his master and the waste-paper basket; that by a mutual understanding the dog singles out rejected

liver-colored and white, himself, and to look and act like a conglomerate of all kinds of dogs; to have the head of a hound, the ears of a spaniel, and the forelegs of a setter, while the rest of his body was that of a pointer.

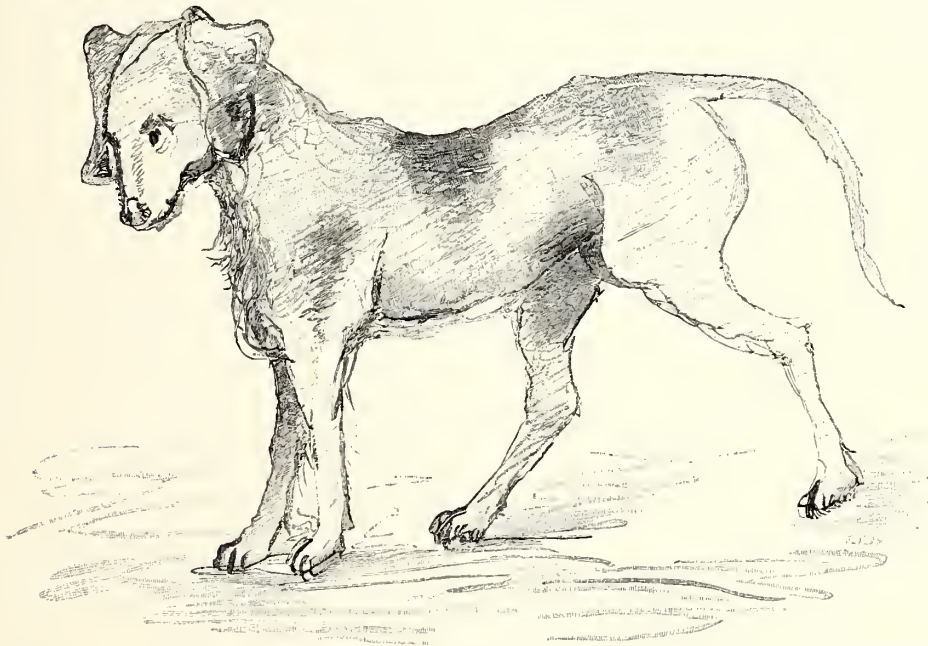
But it was not merely this physical patchwork that made Fax an object of interest. His mental incongruities were equally varied. Ignoring the traditional rules of interest or affection that are supposed to govern the canine mind, he succeeded in keeping himself continually conspicuous, and consequently never suffered the neglect which is too often the portion of modesty or diffidence. "Fax's latest" became an absorbing topic of family interest; and "What will he do next?" was a daily inquiry.

One of his eccentricities was a too literal inter-

tea; we have a spare bed, if only you will stay.' Then, still wagging himself about the pleased visitor, he would drop a little behind, and have the guest by the leg before one could say Jack Robinson."

Fax had a scientific turn of mind. He early established a museum in the back yard, and was always collecting material for it. He never became discouraged at the frequent raids made upon it by various members of the family who objected to his methods of acquiring specimens.

Bones, whether of beast, fish, or fowl, were carefully covered up, together with his master's slippers, his mistress's purse, and the baby's stockings. Early morning, before the family were up, was his favorite time for work in this direction; and then he would stand around, looking unconscious and



"FAX," A DOG WHICH BELONGED TO FRANK R. STOCKTON. (AFTER A SKETCH FROM MEMORY BY MR. STOCKTON.)*

pretation of the injunction, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." He was in such a hurry to do the speeding that he frequently commenced it before the caller entered the house. Mr. Stockton says—"He would run to meet the person as though he had known the visitor intimately for years,—wagging his tail and his body too, as if simple tail-wagging were too slight a welcome for so distinguished a guest. As the dog went capering and mincing down the path, his every gesture seemed to say, 'Why, how do you do? How glad we shall all be to see you! Everything is ready for you; there are chickens and hot rolls for

innocent, while they, half dressed, were searching for missing articles, and exclaiming, "Who took my shoes?" "Where is my other stocking?" "I say, who's dot my towsis?"

This tendency to appropriate and secrete things for which he could have no possible use did not cease with his puppy-days; and with his maturer months was developed an utter disregard for the rights of property in general. He no longer felt limited in his choice of food, for instance; both the butcher and the baker were close at hand, and it was easier to help himself abroad than to wait for his usual dinner at home; and whenever he chose

* See "Letter-box," page 716.

to change his diet, there were delicious herring at the nearest grocer's, and he knew where they were kept.

He was generally on hand when his master or mistress started out for a walk, ready to go along and to bring distress and shame upon them. Mr. Stockton relates a vexatious but amusing instance in which Fax made him feel conspicuous and miserable.

"One Sunday, as with a well-dressed crowd I was going to church, I found Fax following me. Knowing that he never entered a church, I took no particular notice of him; but happening to look back a second time, I saw him at my heels with a twist-loaf in his mouth! He had been in the shop of an irreligious baker in those few minutes. This was too much for my sense of propriety, and as I failed utterly to drive him off, and began to attract considerable attention, I was obliged to go down a side-street and so home. That dog was never abashed. I have seen him chase chickens into the very houses of their owners, and, before their astonished eyes, pin the poor fowls to the floor. Of course, at such times, I did not wish any one to think that I was acquainted with the dog. But on being discovered in any disreputable intrusion into house, store, or garden, it was his habit to run to us, and jog along demurely behind us, as much as to say, 'These are the folks I belong to; if you have anything to say, say it to them.' And very often people did say it to us."

And yet, no one could help liking Fax, for in spite of his glaring faults, he was interesting. Such an utterly ridiculous dog could scarcely fail of being so. And then he was kind and affectionate with the children of the family.

Also, Fax at times displayed great intelligence. A large dog, chained during the day, was let loose at night, well muzzled. Several mornings in succession his muzzle was found hanging loose from his neck. How it became unfastened was a great mystery until a watch was set upon him, when it was discovered that soon after being untied for the night he would lie down on the grass, and Fax would unbuckle the strap with his teeth, and pull the muzzle over the big dog's nose.

At different times, after some aggravating offense against propriety or morals on the part of Fax, Mr. Stockton would endeavor to escape from further consequence of this canine mistake by giving him away. But the dog always came, or was brought, back. Then a relative, out of regard for the family honor and peace, tried to poison him. He ate the dose in safety, and licked his chops for more.

Finally, one day, he poked his head through a pane of glass in a grocer's window, in order to reach a coveted bunch of herring, and was then and there handed over to justice, in the shape of a passing porter, with orders to take the dog away where none of the family would ever again set eyes on him.



DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE General was right. The new drill was a complete success. For a time it beat even the novelty, skate-sailing, out of sight; and putting the students through the manual (which, be it remarked, the General had devised without taking a trip to Arizona, or holding an interview with the Apaches) kept the whole community in a state of subdued excitement.

The two daily drill-hours were borne on the wings of the wind, and were past before they seemed to have more than come. There was so much to do in them, and progress was so slow! In the first place, the boys found that Harry was a very martinet as a drill-master, "out-heroding Herod" in that respect. If a student failed in a maneuver, if he hurried or was too slow, or if the twang of the bow-string came two seconds too soon to be in accord with the rhythmic count by which the motions were measured, that student went back to the beginning and did it all over again until he was faultless. There was grumbling, of course; a great deal of it, at one time or another. Perhaps the only one who did not find fault was the very one from whom trouble had been expected. Mitchell, when his turn came, went at the manual with a certain sullen determination to excel that carried him through in just half the time required for Lieutenant Rankin; and Mitchell received his arrows first of all.

But Harry was popular, and, moreover, was genuinely enthusiastic; besides, the habit of drill had so wrought its work upon the students as to render them far more receptive of ideas than any raw recruits would be under similar circumstances. So, thanks to a time of mild weather which precluded skating, he found it less of a task than he had anticipated, to teach these hundred boys to draw and to release their bow-strings together; and after arrows had been given, battalion-drill became a source of hearty enjoyment.

Some few complained of weariness, and were at once supplied with lighter bows, after which no further objection was heard. There was much keen emulation among the different companies over the records of their respective marksmanship; for records had been kept from the day when first they faced the targets with filled quivers and did their best to mar the perfection of the fair sur-

faces. Company A led at the outset, of course; but the others rapidly advanced in precision.

Under such inducements a week of school life passes with astonishing swiftness, and when Saturday of another week dawned and left the first in the past, hardly more than a day seemed to have flown by. One thing attested it, however; the threatened thaw had dallied by the way, and after some slushy weather the ice was solid as a rock, although a low moaning came from the southward and a storm seemed brewing in that direction.

There are fashions among boys as among men. Let a new game be launched upon the sea of life and become caught in the undercurrent of public approval and it soon leaves all others far behind, as did the famous "fifteen-puzzle" in the year 1880.

Harry already had set a fashion. There was no doubt about that. For days at a time the boys had thought of nothing but his new method of flying, and it was not as yet grown commonplace by familiarity nor dulled in the least by the long interval. The General even combined the novelties, for an hour, by holding the Saturday quarter-staff drill on skates upon the ice. Doctor McCarty was inclined to joke about this experiment, and tried to quiz the veteran over his lapse from precedent.

"Quite a mistake, Doctor! If you will read Dutch and Swedish history you will find more than one occasion upon which a force of skaters wrought havoc in an enemy's ranks, hovering around them like hawks, as the soldiers were marching across some frozen lake. I believe that on at least one such occasion, skaters took part in a regular pitched battle!" and the old soldier tugged at his mustache with a certain feeling of grim humor at thus having got the better of the little Doctor.

It was a glorious day for sailing. The wind howled around the corners of the Institute buildings, and swept shrieking across the lake from the southward until the boys had difficulty in standing against it, and those who had the means took a reef in their lateens. Old sailors looked knowingly at the signs in the sky, and predicted a snow-storm within twenty-four hours. This only made the boys more eager to make the most of the skating while it lasted; and some twenty of them, having little storm-lanterns swinging from the yards, started immediately after supper, with the intention of

beating down the lake a dozen miles or more, and then scudding back before the wind. Dane, Harry, Rankin, Mitchell, and Nat Young were among them, and all of them were skillful sailors on the water, which is almost the same thing as being a good ice-sailor. To know how to beat up against a smacking breeze, to keep right side up when the gusts came,—the same principles are to be followed on ice or water. It was a pity there was no moon until late that night; but the darkness made the lanterns gleam all the brighter, as they darted hither and thither like will-o'-the-wisps, and the boys at the Institute watched them for a long way, as they zigzagged to and fro in their seemingly erratic and butterfly-like courses.

The sky was heavily overcast, and here and there flakes of snow fluttered lazily down at shortening intervals,—forerunners of the storm which the weather prophets had predicted,—flakes at which the principal shook his head with some misgiving, and which led him to order the great lamp to be lighted in the tall clock-tower. The lamp soon sent a bright beam flashing through the darkness.

There was a crowd of skaters all the evening on the ice near the Institute, in spite of the fact that many of the students had been upon runners nearly all day. Three or four kegs of tar were mounted upon barrels ballasted with stones, and with these for goals, blazing red in the night, many a game of "Prisoner's Base" was played, varied at intervals by its cousin among games, "Scout."

The latter may not be known everywhere. Briefly, it is this: Two boys keep the goal, touching every skater they can catch; while any player who, untouched himself, can touch the goal, is safe for that game; the first boy caught has to be goal-keeper next time, while the last caught becomes the second goal-keeper and chaser of the rest. It was very exciting, and kept them warm with exercise. They lacked the presence of the best players, however, all of whom were away with Harry Wylie; and some began to wonder why the party had not returned.

"There they are!" shouted one at last, and all within hearing turned and looked with straining eyes. Far away, seeming almost on the horizon, a score of twinkling lights—mere pin-points—glittered in a wavering fashion against the black curtain of the sky, vanishing and reappearing without growing perceptibly larger; while a strange rumbling, grinding sound came echoing down the wind, so faintly that for a time no one noticed it.

When gusts came, the low rumble grew louder, but it died away to a mere murmur during the lulls.

Suddenly the distant lights grew dim for a moment, and then vanished altogether. Five, ten

minutes passed, and still they did not reappear. A gray mist was rapidly advancing toward the skaters, spreading entirely across the lake. Then came a hiss and a rush, and they found themselves wrapped in a blinding snow-squall, the particles of snow as fine as dust. Meanwhile the low rumbling increased in volume as they struggled toward the shore, guided by the reflector in the tower. At the same moment a telegraph messenger rushed up in great excitement with a dispatch, addressed to the principal, from an agent down the lake:

"Call in all skaters; ice is breaking up. HILDRETH."

Scarcely a minute elapsed before, loud and clear, the notes of the bugle rang out the "Retreat," and in scurried the last of the skaters, with flying feet, to join the crowd on shore. But the yachtsmen,—the swift-sailed Corinthians who shot away southward in the early evening,—they had not come back. And the ice was breaking up!

It was about half-past nine in the evening when, some ten miles away from the Institute, the boys had come about and on the starboard tack, hugging the wind as closely as was possible, had glided into a cove for a moment's rest. It was hard work,—this standing up against the wind for so long a time.

Nat Young's lantern had blown out, and he had some difficulty in relighting it.

"Strikes me that we have come far enough," he observed, when the flame was again burning brightly.

"It is about time to go back, that 's a fact," Dane assented, consulting his watch. "How the wind does blow!—What 's that, I wonder?"

"That," was a heavy crash reverberating along the ice, which seemed to tremble under them, startling every boy to his feet. They had noticed this tremulous wave-motion before. A mile away to windward a black line stretched across the lake. Within the last few minutes it had approached perceptibly nearer, and the crashing sounds had increased alarmingly in volume. Harry Wylie started out to investigate, and Mitchell, after a moment's hesitation, followed him. A few minutes later Mitchell with frightened eyes came flying back a-slant the wind like a sea-gull.

"Travel, fellows! the ice is breaking." Without stopping he threw his weight back against the wind and, in a twinkling, shot away homeward on the other tack, with the wind on the quarter which he had found to be his swiftest. He was followed by all the rest at their utmost speed. Dane, who carried a tremendous spread of sail, shook out his reef and shot after Mitchell like an Arctic owl in pursuit of a flying hare.

"Where 's Wylie?" he shouted, as his sail for an instant blanketed Mitchell's.

"Coming! He told me to give the alarm," roared Mitchell over his shoulder; "there 's his light!"

It was not his light, it was Rankin's; but they had gone several miles before it was discovered that Harry Wylie was missing.

"Where did you see him last?" Dane asked sharply, when Mitchell rounded to with the rest, and stood with his sail pointed to the wind.

"Just beyond the point. He was forty rods away, and shouted down the wind, to start you—that the ice was going. I was scared," he added, honestly, "and lit out after you without delay."

"Perhaps he went ashore," suggested Nat Young, doubtfully.

"He would n't have done that, I know! It's miles away from house or road! Something has happened to him," said Rankin, with decision.

The wind, whistling across the bleak and desolate expanse, sang shrilly a bitter song, and white flakes shot hissing past a group of faces ashy pale. For several moments no one spoke. The dull thumping, grinding, crashing, as sullen waves gnawed at the edges of the ice and crushed it up by acres,—using its fragments as sledges with which to beat down upon the rest,—echoed from the shores, making the black plain beneath tremble.

"We must n't stand here, or we shall be caught by the water before we know it," said Lieutenant Rankin finally, with a shudder at the thought. "Start for home, boys; it's the best we can do."

With heavy hearts the boys started, swung around, and began to gather headway.

For a few rods they kept together. What each

one thought it is difficult to tell. What Edward Dane thought was that Mitchell knew more than he chose to tell; and his heart throbbed with wrathful sorrow for his lost friend. If it was so — if Mitchell was the cause — He did not finish even to him-



"SOON THE LONG NOTES OF THE BUGLE RANG OUT WILD AND SHRILL UPON THE NIGHT."

self, but his teeth set sternly, and a savage flash came into his eye. There was reason. He remembered the drill, the fire, and other less notable occasions when the mill-owner's son had shown enmity against Wylie.

Whatever he had determined to do, he was not allowed time to carry out his plan, for before they had gone a dozen rods Mitchell gave a great sweep

around, and shooting back toward the others, who were somewhat to the rear, shouted as he passed:

“Good-bye, fellows! I’m going after Wylie.”

The next instant they saw him darting away to windward, the white flakes flashing from beneath the steel as his skates ground into the ice, his lantern streaming out horizontally from the yard; and before the others had fairly comprehended his intention, he was half a mile away.

“Well, I’m beat!”

And the rest agreed with Lieutenant Rankin.

“I’m going with him!” Dane cried, but Rankin caught the end of the sail and held him.

“Don’t be a fool, Dane. You can’t do any good; two are enough to lose. See, there!”

The snow had come; a dense, whirling cloud that sifted into every unguarded seam and cranny, and for very breath forced them to turn their backs. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed as they drove northward on the wings of the rushing storm; no sound but the hissing of the sleet rattling against the sails, the howling of the gale, the gride of the irons on the ice.

Suddenly Nat Young, who was on the extreme right, gave a great shout; he had caught sight of a beam of light struggling through the snow. At the instant, from somewhere in his direction, out leaped the ringing notes of the bugle; they had nearly passed the landing unawares, and as they turned and learned their direction, leaning hard against the wind, they gave long sighs of relief, and bore up again for the welcome wharf.

“Thank God!” It was the principal himself, shaking their hands heartily, helping them up the ladder, calling each by name.

“Are you all here?” A sad silence answered him. It was so hard to say it! For a minute no one spoke. Then the principal asked again, in a quick, suppressed voice:

“Rankin! who is it?”

And the answer came so reluctantly:

“Mitchell, and—Wylie!”

There was something ominous in the joining of those names; something ominous of treachery; and through the crowd of students upon the wharf swept a murmuring, which betrayed to the principal the fact that there had been trouble before between the two. He drew Rankin aside and questioned him sharply until he had learned all that the latter had to tell, both about the past troubles between the two students and the particulars of their present disappearance. That Mitchell should go back after Wylie seemed inexplicable, unless—and it was a startling thought—he was in some way responsible for Wylie’s lingering, and had repented when it was too late. Yet there was still

time for Mitchell to return, and when he came there should be a clearing up of all this mystery.

“Blunt!”

“Here, sir!” and the student sprang up from a sheltered corner, where he had taken refuge from the driving snow, and saluted.

“Go out to the end of the wharf and wind a call upon your bugle once a minute until further orders. Use the higher notes, and take advantage of the lulls.”

CHAPTER XII.



THE end of the wharf was a particularly exposed place, and the sleet was hissing across it in horizontal lines, swept by the full force of the blasts that came in quick succession. There, if anywhere, could be felt the throbbing pulse of the storm; but Blunt took his bugle unquestioningly and departed without hesitation.

The principal looked about him and selected an athletic youth who stood near.

“Lawton, run up to my library and get the heaviest umbrella in the rack. Return as soon as possible, and go down and shelter Blunt.”

Lawton vanished, but reappeared, puffing, and hurried on to join Blunt. Soon the long notes of the bugle rang out wild and shrill upon the night; an unearthly wail, piercingly keen, that cut across the wind far out into the lake.

And that saving blast reached the ears of a skater bewildered in the driving snow!

Again the bugle shrilled across the lake, seemingly much louder than before. Lawton was now beside Blunt, and the hollow umbrella threw outward some of the sound, while shielding the bugler and enabling him to blow the harder.

Down the wind, also, came the crashing of the breaking ice; cake was grinding upon cake, tossing in the heaving water, bursting apart as the heavy swell rose and fell beneath the brittle plain. If the skater was to reach the shore it must be soon!

And one of his skates was broken!

He was in great peril. The snow was an inch in depth, a moving, clogging blanket on the ice. To beat against the wind upon one foot was a very severe test of skill. Still he did it, though but slowly. Again and again he was for an instant overbalanced, and as often did he resume his battle with the elements. The snow flew from before his feet, and the sail, stiff with sleet, crackled at every motion. At last, raising his bowed head, he saw the light from the great clock-tower shining mistily above him. The same instant, the ice beneath

him trembled suddenly, and a loud crash came with the wind. There was open water within a furlong's distance !

On shore, under the lee of one of the buildings near the wharf, a knot of boys were congregated : with coat-collars turned up around their ears, and hands in their pockets, they gazed outward. Edward Dane was one of them. He felt bitter against Rankin for preventing his return to search for Wylie.

"I ought to have gone!" he kept repeating, "I ought to have gone in spite of you! What good would Mitchell do, if he found him? What did he go back for, anyway? What was it to him whether Harry came back or not? I believe that he was at the bottom of it all, and played Wylie some scurvy trick that hindered him from following us, and then was frightened at the result!"

"I acted for the best, Dane," said the lieutenant, gloomily. "I could see no advantage in your going after him, and I see none now. You could do no good, and as the ranking officer present I was responsible for your safety. I could n't do otherwise, under the circumstances."

"Hang safety!" said Dane, hotly. "What good is life to me, if I must know myself a coward to the end of time, to pay for it? I'd rather be under the ice once for all, and done with it!"

The bugle sounded shrilly as he spoke, the weird notes sending a shiver through them! Then a heavy gust followed the lull, as though it were some spirit of the storm summoned by the bugle-blast, and they could feel the building rock before it, snapping and cracking; and louder than all came the crash of breaking ice, now startlingly distinct.

There was silence among the boys. The crowd had melted away, for most of the students had gone to their rooms, not caring to face the storm longer, as they could not be of any use. At length none remained save the skaters who had themselves been in danger, the principal, who was walking up and down in the lee of the building, Dr. McCarty, who accompanied him, and the bugler with his "shield-bearer," who, steadfast at their posts, sent out ringing notes at regular intervals.

Suddenly Dane sprang outward from the wall and stood listening, with his hand to his ear.

"Hark!"

For a moment there was perfect silence.

"What is it?" Nat Young ventured to remark.

"I'm certain that I heard a shout,— there! Did you hear it?"

They did, most distinctly, a cheery, boyish cry, faintly pealing through the blinding snow.

With a common impulse the boys gave a hearty cheer and rushed down the wharf to where the

bugler stood; Dane foremost, and half wild with anxiety.

"I see him; it's Mitchell!" shouted Lawson, thinking he recognized the form of the skater who was leaning hard against the wind and rapidly gliding shoreward, coated with a mail of sleet from head to feet.

Dane gave a low cry expressive of both grief and rage.

"Just let me get hold of him!" he said, as though to himself; and the lieutenant, suddenly looking at him, saw his hands nervously opening and closing in a very suggestive manner. Stepping to his side, the lieutenant gently passed an arm through Dane's. It might not be safe for him to be left to his own guidance for a few minutes.

The sail, meanwhile, kept steadily on, and in a very few seconds its wearer glided in beside the wharf. A dozen hands reached down to assist the skater, and lifted him, sail and all, upon the solid planks. But no one congratulated him, no one shook his hand until the principal and Dr. McCarty, hurrying as fast as possible, had nearly reached the group, when Dane gave a loud cry, flung Rankin backward as though he were but a child, and, rushing forward, threw his arms around the snow-encrusted neck. "It's Wylie!"

"Of course!" said that individual, wonderingly; "who did you think I was?"

"My dear boy!" and the principal grasped him warmly by the hand, while a rousing cheer went up from the rest.

"We had given you up for lost."

"I was n't far from it, sir," Harry answered with a laugh and a shiver, as the boys crowded around him with hearty words of welcome. And as though to confirm his words, even as he spoke the ice close to the wharf broke asunder with a loud explosion that went crashing and echoing along the shores from point to point; and the rush and splash of rolling waves followed, mingled with the grinding of the ice-floes one against another.

"That will do, Blunt," said the principal to the bugler, who, still obeying orders, was preparing to give another blast.

"Wylie, where did you last see Mitchell?"

"Down below Echo Point, sir!" said Wylie, instantly comprehending that there was another missing boy. "I saw the ice was breaking up and shouted to him to give the alarm and saw him do so. Then I started toward home, and was making a long reach toward the other side of the lake, when the squall came and I broke my skate. I did not see him after we started homeward."

"He went back after you, they tell me," said the principal in a low tone.

"After me?" and there was a break in his voice

as he thought of what, he knew too well, had befallen the missing one. "I did not see him, sir," he said again; and without another word the principal turned away and silently departed toward the Institute, sheltered from the driving snow by the umbrella which Lawton thoughtfully held against the storm, although the preceptor seemed utterly unconscious of it. The students followed him, depressed and sad. Mitchell had not been intimate with any of them. Many would have been glad to hear of his dismissal. But now —

As the students gained the summit of the bluff and turned for a last glimpse at the lake, now visible in white flashes, Rankin laid his hand on Dane's shoulder, while he stood clinging to Harry's arm.

"We were mistaken, Sergeant; we owe that much to his memory"; and Dane understood.

"I admit it, Lieutenant, and I am sorry I misjudged him," he said, clearly, that the others might hear. "He was the one hero among us. If ever he comes back I shall tell him so!"

And that was Mitchell's requiem. When, a week later, the storm was over, and the sun shone brightly again upon a glassy plain; when again the glittering steel carved magic runes upon the surface, and white sails darted swiftly here and there, some skaters found, miles away from shore, a bamboo mast and yard frozen in the ice, with the tattered sail still attached to it. They also found a glove, trimmed with dainty fur. But the owner had gone where there was neither malice, nor hate, nor envy, nor misrepresentation.

The boys carefully cut out the wreck from the brittle ice, and bore it homeward — reverently, as they would have borne the arms of some dead soldier, — and placed it, dripping, on the vacant desk within the chapel. And there were tears in the eyes of boys, to whom tears had been for years unknown, when the first-sergeant, in calling the roll before prayers, inadvertently called the name of Mitchell, and the boy nearest to the desk answered,

"Not here!"

THREE MONTHS LATER.

TRAMP! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! came the rhythmic beat of feet along the drill-hall floor. A hundred boys in dark blue uniforms and round caps without visors, were marching with steady step toward the lower end of the hall; they were broad-shouldered and athletic, red-checked and bright-eyed, and straight as lances.

Around their waists were belts from which hung quivers. From the round-mouthed quivers peeped

the many-colored feathers of the arrows. The light from the windows fell upon long lines of richly polished bows at shoulder-shift, that rose and fell, rose and fell, in steady unison with the tramping feet below.

Far down at the distant end of the hall a row of gayly painted targets reached across the building from side to side, each a foot in width, and with a number painted on a square above it. The light from a window fell across the row, making the targets show distinctly.

"To the rear!" — and still the boys swept onward, as though unheeding.

"March!" At the word, each form wheeled as though upon a pivot, and the ranks were marching back whence they came.

"Halt!"

Down came the upraised feet with a single beat, and the ranks were motionless.

"Brace!" — out went each right foot, twenty-eight inches forward — "bows!"

Each bow was placed with the tip against the instep of the advanced foot, held with the right hand by the middle, with the arc convex toward the owner, while the fingers of the left hand pushed the loop of the cord, at the upper end, upward and away. With a single movement, pulling with one hand and pushing with the other, the bow was strung. Back sprang the feet to line.

"Draw!" — each hand in the front rank flew to a quiver, — "shafts!" The flashing shafts were placed upon the strings, held by the fingers of the right hand, the tips of the first and second fingers being hooked beneath the cord with the arrow nock between them.

"Square — away!"

The front rank came to right-face, except their heads, which still remained with faces toward the distant target. Wylie, who had been giving the orders (*Captain Wylie now*), stepped swiftly to one end of the line.

"Raise — bows!" Up went the bow-arms of the front rank, the eyes of each fixed upon his own particular target, which seemed so small and round, and so very far away. And as the bows rose, the right hands drew the cords backward, slowly, steadily, until the feathers of the arrows touched the chins, and the arrow-heads touched the knuckles of the left hands. Watchfully the captain glanced along the line, and when the rising arms ceased their movement and were motionless, at the instant sharply came the order:

"Loose!"

Tsang-g-g-g! With sudden melody of twanging cords, the winged arrows flew down the hall like glancing rays of light. Back to the listening ears came a pattering sound like the distant rattle

of hailstones on the roof, and the canvas curtain behind the targets swayed and shook beneath the blows of arrows which had missed.

“Draw — shafts!”

And the practice went on until ten flights of arrows had been sent hissing on their way.

“Front — face!” At the command the front rank wheeled themselves around until they stood once more facing the targets.

“Unbrace” — out went the right feet again — “bows!” and in the same manner as they had been braced, the loops of the cords were slipped from the nocks and the bows sprang back, scarcely bent from their former straightness.

“Shoulder — arms! Forward — march!”

The ranks moved onward to the other end of the hall. The second rank halted, wheeled about, and in their turn took up the practice at the targets near the end of the hall whence they had just come, while the first rank gathered their arrows from curtain and cushions on the padded floor, and the sergeants and corporals recorded the values of the hits which had been made upon each target, crediting the total to the archer who had that disc assigned to him.

“How are you nowadays, Dane?” asked Harry Wylie, struck by the alert and animated air of his fellow-officer, as his friend came toward him grasping a handful of arrows. Dane was a lieutenant now, but all the officers practiced except the officer of the day.

“‘Excellent well,’ my lord!” and Dane laughed with satisfaction. “The Doctor examined me to-day, and I’m three inches larger around the chest than I was three months ago, and my biceps looks like a blacksmith’s. I’m up among the nineties in the class-rank, too! — we’ll make things howl when we get to college!”

“Corporal of the guard, number five!” suddenly rang loud and clear above the noise and hum of voices, and the individual thus summoned caught up his quarter-staff impatiently and went out, wondering who was the intruder this time. The village rowdies sometimes made trouble.

Dane, Wylie, Rankin, and Nat Young were discussing some item of importance in a corner, when they were made aware of something unusual taking place about the door. The boys were crowding like swarming bees about the entrance, and eager voices were shouting lustily. The excitement culminated in one prolonged, hearty cheer. The officers strolled toward the door, inspired by a mild curiosity, when Dane, who was taller than the average, gave a violent start, rubbed his eyes, looked again, then

with an excited shout darted forward into the crowd, which he unceremoniously elbowed right and left. But quick as he was, Harry Wylie was before him. The crowd gave way, as by magic, before the epaulets. In the center of the ring stood a boy, pale as from a long illness, thin to emaciation, his hands almost transparent, and on one cheek a great scar, running up across the temple and ending in the closely cropped hair. As he saw Wylie bursting through the ring, he raised one hand with a half timid, deprecatory gesture, and it trembled visibly.

For an instant Harry stopped and looked at the new-comer with the look that one would have when meeting some great mystery — some presence from another world than ours. Then with a spring he threw his arms around the other’s neck, and again a mighty cheer burst from the crowd of excited boys, a cheer that this time found voice and name together:

“Mitchell!!”

“Mitchell, — and all’s well!”

And Wylie and Mitchell stood there, looking into each other’s eyes; the one mutely asking forgiveness, the other filled with gratitude toward the one who had gone back into the face of death for his sake and had thus made amends for the past; stood there until the excitable Dane threw his long arms around them both and sealed a friendship that the three have never broken.

How Mitchell escaped, he could not tell. A hunter had found him wandering in the storm more than twenty miles from the lake, and in a forest. There was nothing about him to disclose his identity, and a terrible wound had for a space set his reason astray. The deep snows had shut out all access to the busy world, before he rose from his bed again. It did not matter. He did not care to know all that had happened. It was enough that he had left his old self behind him, and that his better nature had at last gained the mastery in spite of years of injudicious training.

Here we will leave them. The new drill was a permanent success. The boys who went out from Wild Lake Institute, in after days, in college and in life took even higher rank than their predecessors, and they carried with them no bowed forms, pale cheeks, or hollow chests. Each day was to them a luxury, and life was to them no less a pleasure than a duty; while, as Dane once remarked, in a moment of confidence, Christianity seemed to come more easily to them. A perfectly sound man is not a good subject for temptation.

MORNING-GLORIES.

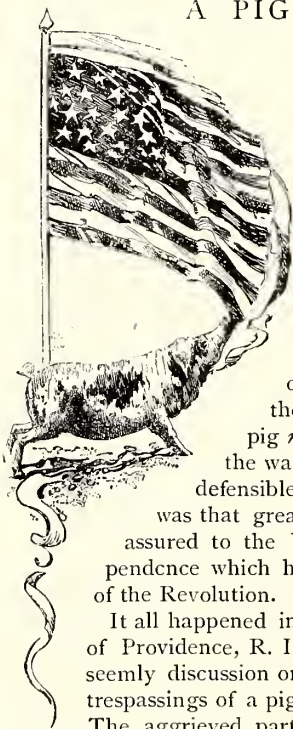
BY ISAAC HERR.

“RED and purple Morning-glories,
Lightly swaying in the breeze,
You seem filled with fairy stories;
Won't you tell them to me, please?”

“Little maid, we have no stories,
True or fairy, new or old.
We're but laughing morning-glories
For your pretty hands to hold!”

A PIG THAT REALLY CAUSED A WAR.

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT.



THAT a pig “nearly caused a war,” as Julian Ralph told us in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, is doubtless astonishing enough, but people well versed in the history of the United States can go even one step farther and declare that once a pig *really* caused a war. And the war brought on by the indefensible proceedings of the pig was that great conflict in 1812 which assured to the United States the independence which had been won in the war of the Revolution.

It all happened in this wise: Two citizens of Providence, R. I., fell into a most unseemly discussion on account of the lawless trespassings of a pig owned by one of them.

The aggrieved party possessed a very fine garden, in which it was his custom to spend his hours of leisure, weeding, grafting, and transplanting the flowers and vegetables in which he delighted. But often, as he entered his garden in the evening, his ears would be saluted with a grunt and a rustle, and the fat form of his neighbor's pig might be seen making a hasty flight from the garden in which it had been placidly rooting all day.

In high dudgeon the gardener sought his neighbor and complained of the pig's frequent visits, declaring that a little time spent in repairing the pig-sty would restrain the animal's roving propensities. But to this the owner of the pig responded

that if his neighbor would keep his rickety fences in proper repair, the pig might take its daily airing without temptation, and the garden would not be endangered.

Repeated misdeeds on the part of the pig fanned the smoldering fires of dissension into the flames of open hostility. At last the crisis came. The owner of the garden, rising unusually early one morning, discovered the pig contentedly munching the last of a fine bed of tulip-bulbs. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Seizing a pitchfork which lay near at hand, the outraged gardener plunged its sharp tines into the hapless pig, and bore the body, thus fatally impaled, to the sty, where it met the gaze of its owner an hour or two later. Thereafter it was war to the knife between the two neighbors.

Now, what had all this to do with the war of 1812? The answer is simple. The two neighbors belonged to the political party known as the Federalists.

Through all the outrages that Great Britain inflicted upon the United States: while scamen were being impressed, American vessels stopped on the high seas, and while every possible indignity was being committed against the flag of the United States, the Federalists remained friendly to Great Britain, and contested every proposition for the declaration of war.

But the Democratic party was eager for war, and as British oppression became more unbearable the strength of the Democrats increased. It so happened that the election district in which the two neighbors lived had been about equally divided between Democrats and Federalists, but the latter

party had always succeeded in carrying the election. But in 1811 the owner of the garden was a candidate for the legislature on the Federalist ticket. His neighbor had always voted that ticket; but now, with his mind filled with the bitter recollection of the death of his pig, he cast his ballot for the Democrat. When the ballots were counted the Democrat was found to be elected by a majority of one.

When the newly elected legislator took his seat, his first duty was to vote for a United States Senator. He cast his vote for the candidate of the Democrats, who was also elected by a majority of one. When this senator took his place in the

United States Senate he found the question of war with Great Britain pending, and after a long and bitter discussion it came to a vote. The Democrats voted for war, and the Federalists against it. As a result of the voting, war was declared—again by a majority of one vote.

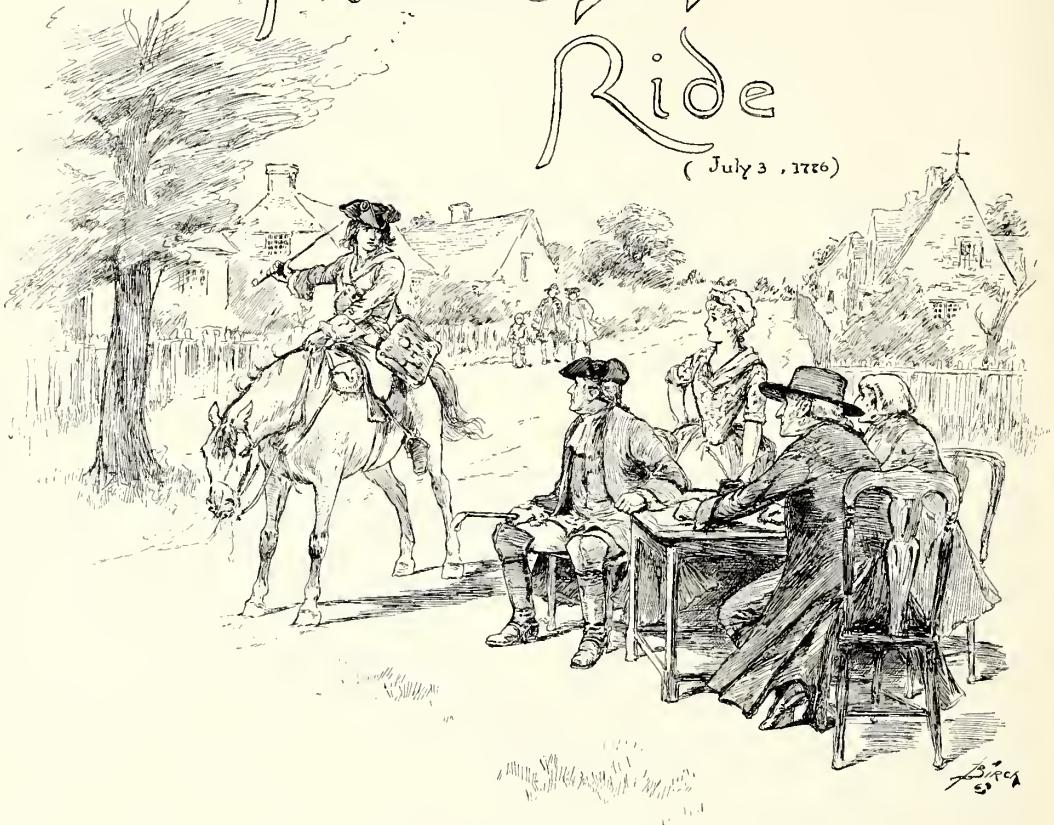
The war that followed gave to American naval history the names of Lawrence, Perry, Porter, Hull, and Bainbridge. It is one of the most glorious chapters in our national annals. And in view of the facts thus briefly recounted, it does not seem to be wholly whimsical to trace its origin to the quarrel between the two citizens of Providence over the wandering pig.



VIEWS ON LAKE GEORGE.

Rodney's Ride

(July 3 , 1776)



BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

[CÆSAR RODNEY, of Dover, served in the Continental Congress as delegate from the three "Counties upon Delaware," as they were then termed. After the Declaration of Independence these counties received the name of "the Delaware State," and, in 1792, their present official title of the "State of Delaware."]

IN that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The north and the south on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of
state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that had brought him
there,
To the counties three upon Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
Give us both and the king shall not work his
will —
We are MEN, since the blood of Bunker Hill!"

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Holo Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate!"

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need.
When stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment
spare,
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

“Ho, saddle the black ! I 've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away, —
But I 'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face.”

He is up ; he is off ! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the “ God-speed ! ”
dies.

It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock ; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.
It is three ; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four ; and he spurs into Newcastle town.
From his panting steed he gets him down —
“ A fresh one, quick ; not a moment's wait ! ”
And off speeds Rodney the delegate.

It is five ; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun ;
Six ; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

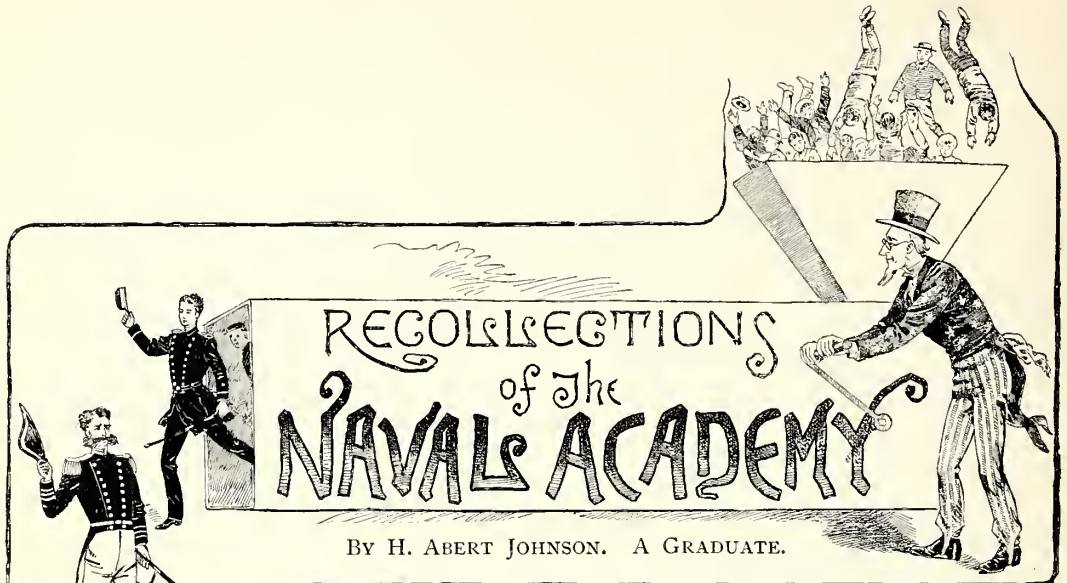
It is seven ; the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream —
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met ; the debate 's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one —
When into the Hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late ! and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride : —
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight
stroke
O'er the Quaker City its cchoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung ;
“ We are free ! ” all the bells through the colonies rung.
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of delegate Rodney's ride.





BY H. ABERT JOHNSON. A GRADUATE.

IN SIDE the limits of the quaint old city, Annapolis, the capital of the State of Maryland, is a large school situated in

The line-officers of the navy are those who perform the legitimate military duties of the navy as opposed to those who perform the non-combatant but equally necessary duties, such as doctors, paymasters, engineers, and chaplains. These latter are known as "staff" officers, and are not educated at the Naval Academy, but are appointed from civil life.

When, some years ago, steam-vessels came into use as ships of war, it became necessary that the naval engineer should be something more than a mere engine-driver. The conditions of the service made it imperative for him to be an able, scientific, and practical engineer. For this purpose a thorough education in his special line was necessary; and those intending to be engineers were admitted as students for a two-years' course in the Naval Academy. Their training was, of course, altogether different from that of the midshipmen, and so the students were divided into cadet-engineers and cadet-midshipmen.

After a few years it was decided to make the courses of study the same length for both engineers and midshipmen, and all the students were designated by the same general title, being called "naval cadets."

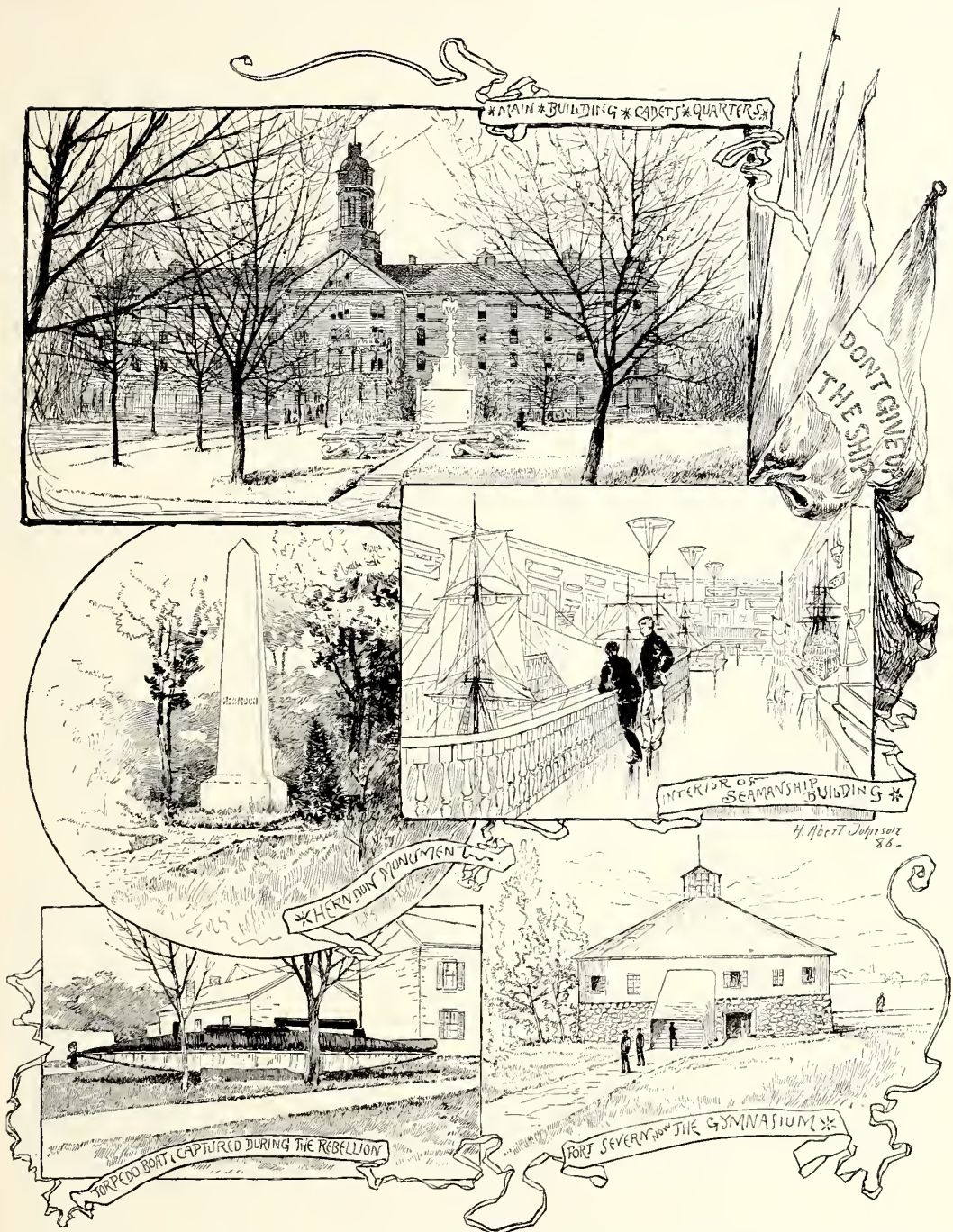
The length of the course at the Naval Academy is four years. A candidate for admission must first obtain permission from home to enter the lists in a competitive examination for an appointment to be given by the Congressman from his district. If successful in this examination, he receives a permit to appear before the examining board at Annapolis, and this board determines upon his

extensive grounds and surrounded by a high brick wall. This is the United States Naval Academy. As most schoolboys know, the city of Annapolis lies upon the banks of that beautiful river, the Severn, two miles from its junction with the waters of Chesapeake Bay.

It is at the Naval Academy that boys who are over the age of fifteen, and who have successfully passed the necessary mental and physical examinations, learn to become midshipmen.

Strictly speaking, there is no such person as a midshipman in the service of the United States. Possibly the boy readers of Marryat and Cooper can scarcely credit the existence of a navy without "middies"; but still it is a fact that for the past ten years the rank of midshipman has given place to that of naval cadet.

The United States Naval Academy was established in 1845, during the administration of President Polk, for the education of what are termed "line" officers of the navy.



qualifications for an appointment as naval cadet. If the board pronounces him physically sound, and if he is able to pass a satisfactory examination as to mental attainments, he receives his appointment and becomes a naval cadet.

This examination takes place in June, and as the older cadets are all absent from the academy

on "leave," the successful candidates, or "plebes," as they are termed, feel their self-importance more strongly than they ever can again.

In fact, however, their appearance is anything but imposing. They strut about in a consequential but evidently uneasy manner, struggling to appear at ease, and certainly not succeeding.

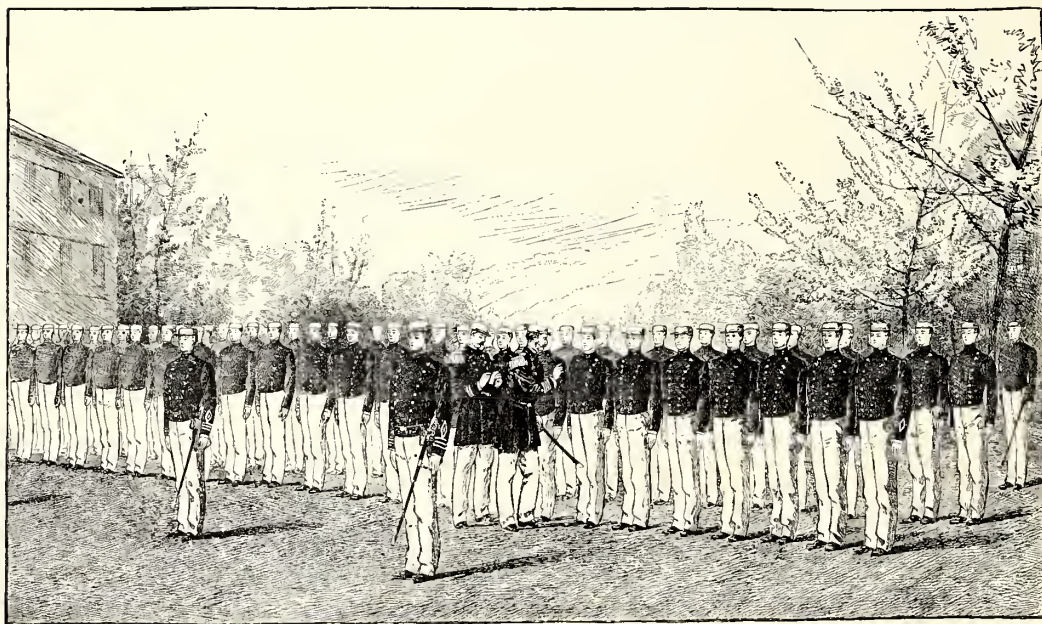


AN AWKWARD SQUAD.

The plebes, or "youngsters" (as they are also called), are at once quartered on board a large, old-fashioned wooden frigate, which always lies alongside the dock, and does duty during the school-sessions as a gunnery ship.

This vessel becomes the residence of the plebes during the summer months; here they have their

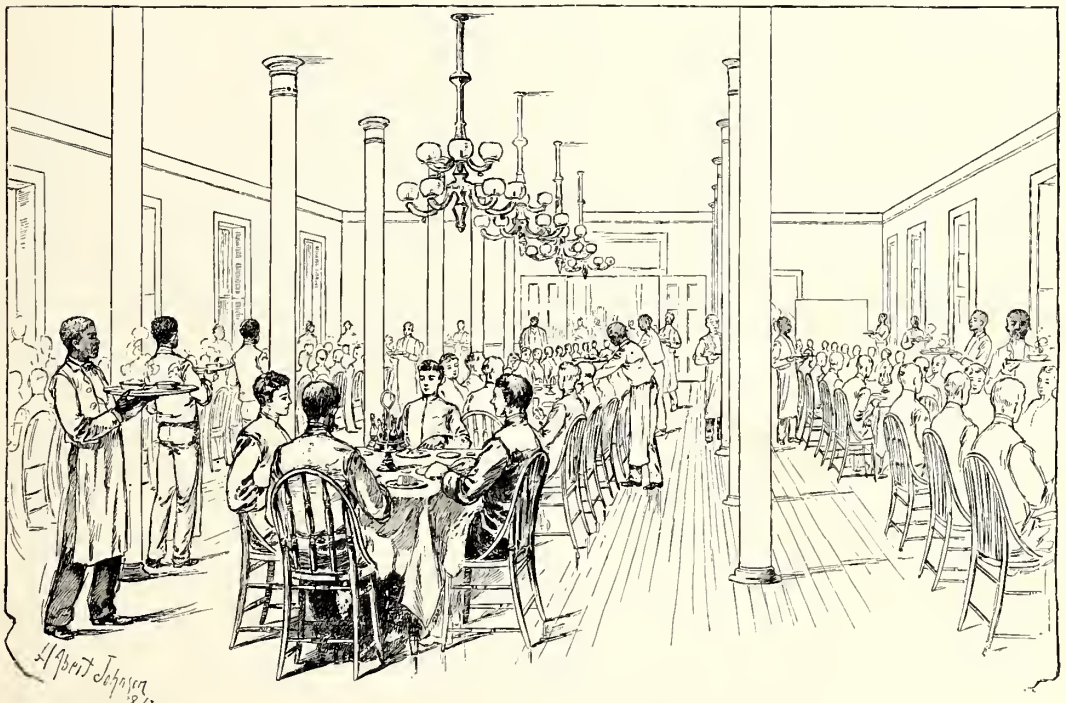
first experience of sailor life; and here, among other things, they first acquire the art of sleeping in a hammock. It is truly an edifying sight to see these lads, on their first night, struggling with their hammocks. The hammocks used in the navy, you must bear in mind, are very unlike those in which people swing under the trees



"ON SUNDAY MORNING THE ENTIRE BATTALION OF CADETS, IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM, IS INSPECTED BY THE COMMANDANT."

in the country. The navy hammocks are made of heavy canvas, and are slung from the beams of the ship. They are usually hung quite high from the deck, so that it is not easy for a beginner to climb into one with any degree of grace,—even if he manages to get in at all. Usually the novice struggles in from one side, and goes head over heels out at the other—mattress, pillows, and bed-clothes, all accompanying him. After two or three unsuccessful attempts of this sort, however, the greenest begins to improve, and one or two weeks of practice is sufficient to make any one an

academy, and the regular academic year commences. The lads of the lowest or fourth class, who have been spending the summer on board ship, are quartered, together with the more recent arrivals, in the main building of the cadets' quarters, and are assigned to rooms on the top floor. The whole body of cadets is now organized into four divisions, containing an equal number of gun-crews consisting of sixteen men, taken from each of the four classes. There are a first and a second captain to each gun-crew; they are under the supervision of the commanding officers of the



IN THE MESS HALL.

adept in the art. The days are spent in drills and exercises of all sorts, and are somewhat of a preparation for those in which the cadets will have to take part during the academic year. Theoretical instruction, also, in the studies they will take up during their first year, is given in small doses. In September another set of cadets is appointed. These form the remainder of the fourth class, and although both the June and September newcomers are members of the same class, the June arrivals are rather inclined to make much of their seniority over the "Seps," as the later comers are termed. During the latter part of September the older cadets return from their summer cruises; those that have been on leave come back to the

divisions, who are called cadet-lieutenants. The whole battalion is under command of the Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander.

These cadet officers are appointed from the first and second classes, the highest in rank being appointed from the first class: and, as a rule, they are looked upon by the "youngsters" with a respect amounting nearly to awe.

The daily routine of the school during the greater part of the year is as follows: Reveille, at 6 A. M. in the fall and spring months, and fifteen minutes later in the winter. Then follows "breakfast formation," with inspection, and reading of the report of conduct for the day preceding. Before breakfast, prayers are offered by the chaplain. The day

is divided into three periods of two hours each, two periods occupying the forenoon. The third, or afternoon, period ends at four o'clock. In favorable weather a drill takes place after the third period, and lasts until about half-past five. At 6 P. M. comes supper, after which the time until 7:30 is spent in recreation. At that hour the bugle-call sounds for evening study-hour. This lasts until 9:30; and during this time all cadets are required to be in their rooms, and are supposed to be studying. At ten o'clock "taps" are sounded, when lights must be put out, and all must be in bed. As Saturday is a half-holiday, only the forenoon is devoted to work, there being two hours of recitations and two spent in drills. The afternoon is given up to recreation.

A limited number of the cadets are allowed to visit the city, but must not remain later than supper-time. No one can enjoy this privilege whose average mark in any study for the week previous is unsatisfactory, or who has more than a certain specified number of demerits for the preceding month. On Sunday, of course, there are no recitations. In the morning, about ten o'clock, the entire battalion of cadets, in full-dress uniform, is inspected by the commandant, after which the cadets are marched to the chapel to attend divine service. Those who desire to attend a church outside of the academy can do so by obtaining special permission from the commandant; so, although all are required to engage in some form of religious worship, each cadet is at liberty to choose that which he prefers.

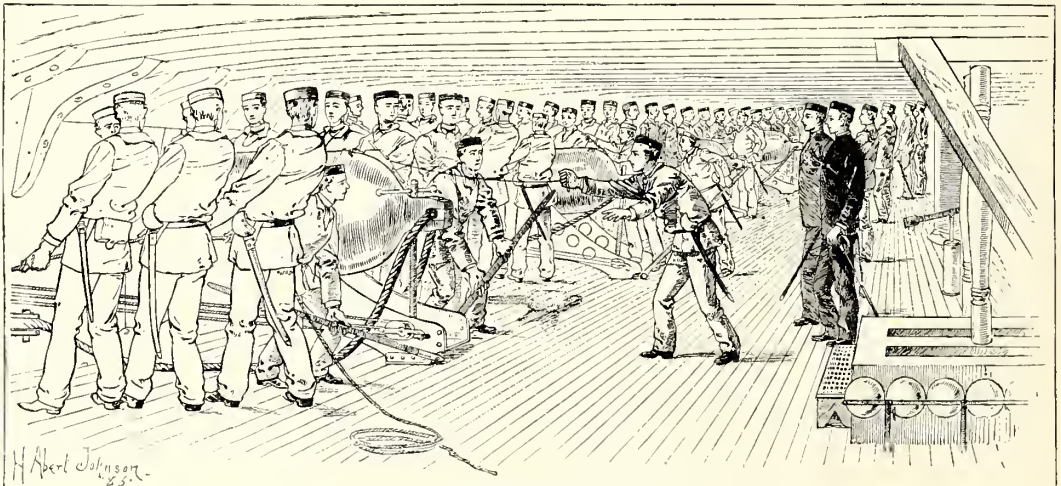
As soon as a cadet is admitted into the academy, an allowance of five hundred dollars a year is credited to him; but no cadet is allowed to draw from the paymaster for spending money more than

a dollar a month. As cadets are not permitted to receive money from outside, you will see that they can not form very extravagant habits.

Each day certain cadets are detailed for duty. The officer of the day is taken from the first class, and superintendents of each floor are selected from each of the four classes. The officer of the day has general charge of the building, and the superintendents are responsible for the observance of the regulations on their respective floors. They are required to make frequent inspections during the day, and to send in a written report of all delinquencies at the expiration of their tour of duty.

Each room in the dormitory is occupied by two cadets. One of these is always responsible for the orderly condition of the room, each cadet taking his turn in thus acting as superintendent. The rooms are inspected every morning by the officer in charge. At this inspection the floors must have been thoroughly swept; the beds must be neatly made up; shoes carefully placed in a line under the foot of the bed, and the interiors of wardrobes neatly arranged. Any delinquency is reported; so you will see that if naval officers are not men who keep things in perfect order, with a place for everything, and everything in its place, the blame should not be laid to their training in the naval school.

The cadets' rooms are furnished with necessary articles only. The boys, unlike most college students, are not allowed to exercise their taste in attractively decorating their apartments; they are not permitted even to hang pictures on the walls; and the only place available for the exhibition of anything pictorial is upon the inside surface of the wardrobe-door. This may appear too strict a rule; but if the cadets were allowed to indulge their

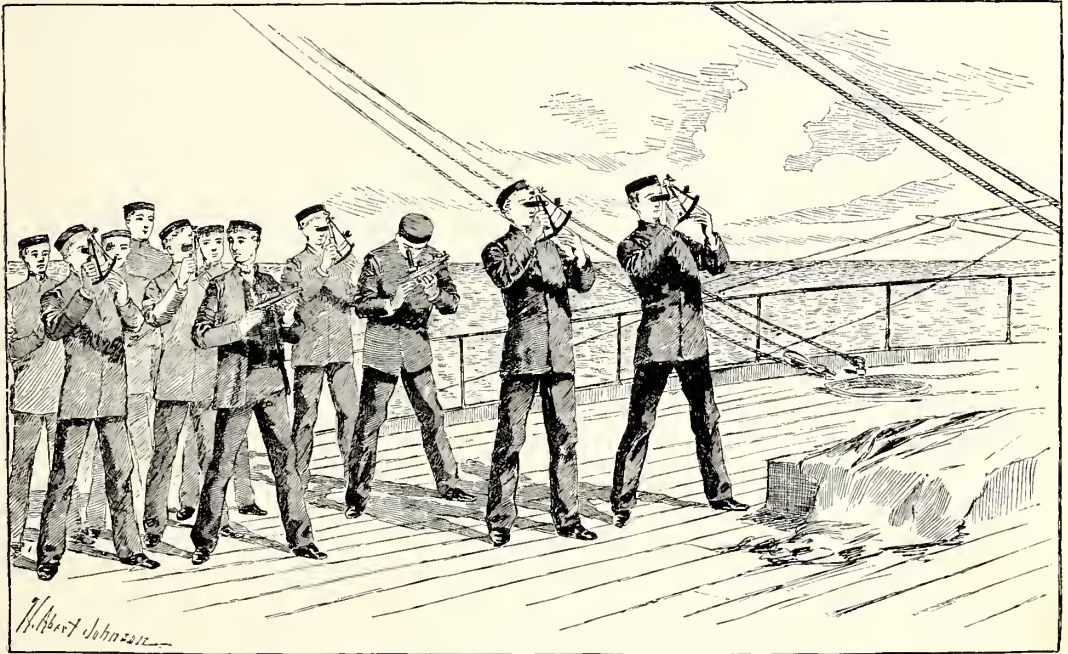


"GREAT GUN" DRILL ON BOARD THE "SANTEE." READY TO FIRE.

tastes for decoration, those who had money would be likely to have elaborately furnished apartments, while their poorer companions would be obliged to forego that pleasure. This might lead to envy, and differences of a disagreeable character might

have frequently done most efficient work in the city of Annapolis, where the appliances for fighting fires were of the most primitive sort.

The cadets are good dancers, and occasional "hops" are among the recreations allowed. The



FIRST-CLASS MEN TAKING MERIDIAN ALTITUDE OF THE SUN, ON THE PRACTICE CRUISE.

occur, which would be hardly compatible with the general contentment which it is desirable to encourage. The cadets, in addition to their other duties, also receive instruction in gymnastic exercises, boxing, dancing, and swimming; and everything is done to encourage athletic sports such as baseball, football, and boating. Once every year they give what is termed a "tournament." This is a performance in the gymnasium, and is usually witnessed by a number of visitors from outside, and by the officers attached to the Academy, and their families. The "tournament" comprises gymnastic exercises, fencing, boxing, and the like. It is usually a highly creditable affair, both to the cadets and to their instructors.

As at all military or naval posts, every precaution is taken to guard against fire. The cadets have a special drill, called "fire-quarters," in which the whole battalion is organized into a fire-brigade, there being in the Academy a steam fire-engine and hose-carriages. At these drills the fire-bell is sounded, as if there were an actual alarm, and each cadet goes at once to his station. In the capacity of firemen, the students of the Academy

principal hops of the season are, one in January, given by the first class; and one in June, given by the second class as a farewell to the graduates. At both of these hops, which are given in the gymnasium, great skill is shown in decorating the building with flags and flowers. The combination of these, with brilliant uniforms, happy faces, pretty girls, and charming music, makes a scene long to be remembered.

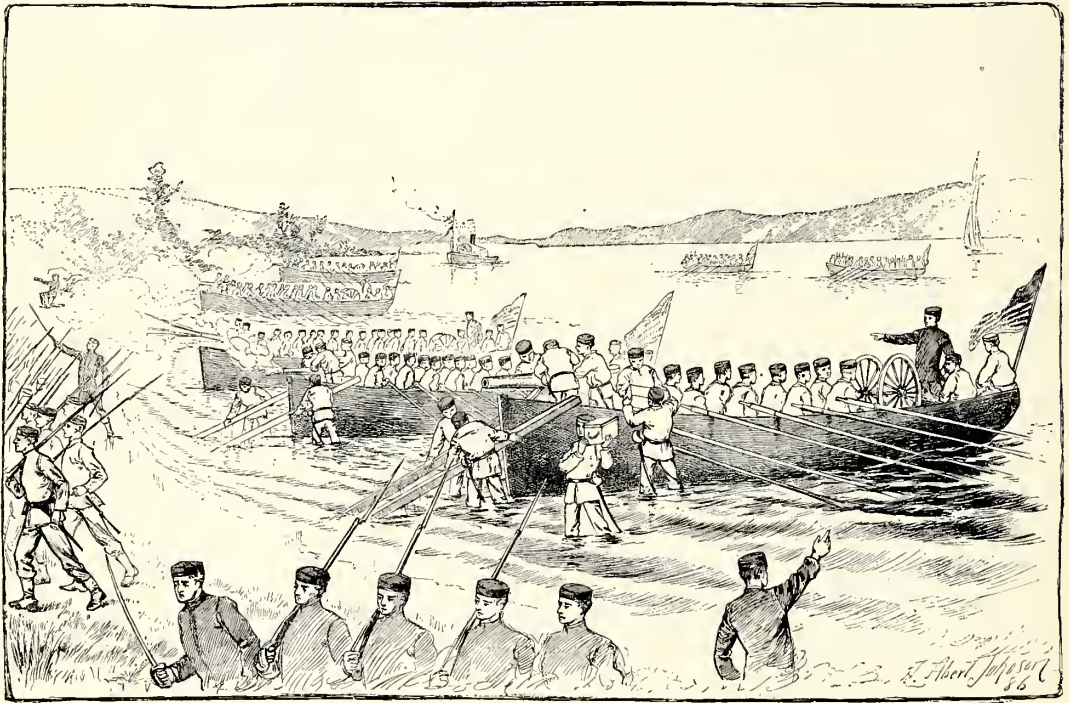
Every summer the first and third classes of cadets are sent on what is called the "practice cruise." The cadet-midshipmen are sent on board of a sailing vessel, and the cadet-engineers on a steamer. The sailing vessel is manned principally by the cadets. They are regularly stationed, like a ship's company,—the first class as petty-officers and seamen, the third class as ordinary seamen and landsmen. This cruise, in addition to the seamanship drills at the Academy, enables a cadet to become thoroughly familiar with all the duties of the sailor. He learns to heave the lead, steer the ship, reef and furl the sails, and, in fact, to perform every task which falls to a Jack tar. The practice cruise thus gives a thorough school-

ing in practical navigation,—the cadets being required each day, when at sea, to report the ship's position, and, when in port, to perform duties similar to those devolving upon a navigating officer. Each member of the first class is also made to practice as officer of the deck, and each has to take his turn in handling the ship in different manœuvres, such as tacking, wearing, getting under way, coming to anchor, and so on. Such a cruise really gives the young sailors more practical experience than they can possibly get later, even during two or three years' experience in the service.

No description of the Naval Academy would be complete without an attempt to convey some idea of the numerous peculiar words and phrases used by the cadets. They never speak, for instance, of studying; they call it "boning." A cadet who is dismissed is said to have been "bilged." Examinations are "exams.;" unsatisfactory is "unsat.;" and there is a long list of briny abbreviations used in expressing their sentiments, most of them

and sometimes these names are very expressive, and strongly suggestive of the little peculiarities of the individuals.

Four years slip by rapidly, and at last the great day of graduation arrives. The graduating exercises take place in the month of June, in the presence of a board of official visitors appointed by the Secretary of the Navy; and there are also non-official visitors, the relatives and friends of the cadets. This is a time of intense excitement to all interested, and is a period of great mental and physical strain upon the student, for examinations at the Naval Academy are not "child's play"; they are something more than mere formalities. On the day of graduation the diplomas are presented to the graduates in presence of the whole battalion of cadets and the officers of the institution, at which time an address to the graduating class is delivered by a member of the Board of Visitors. This exercise ends the academic year; from that time the school ceases active operations till the school year again begins, in the fall term.



A SHAM FIGHT. LANDING THE FORCES.

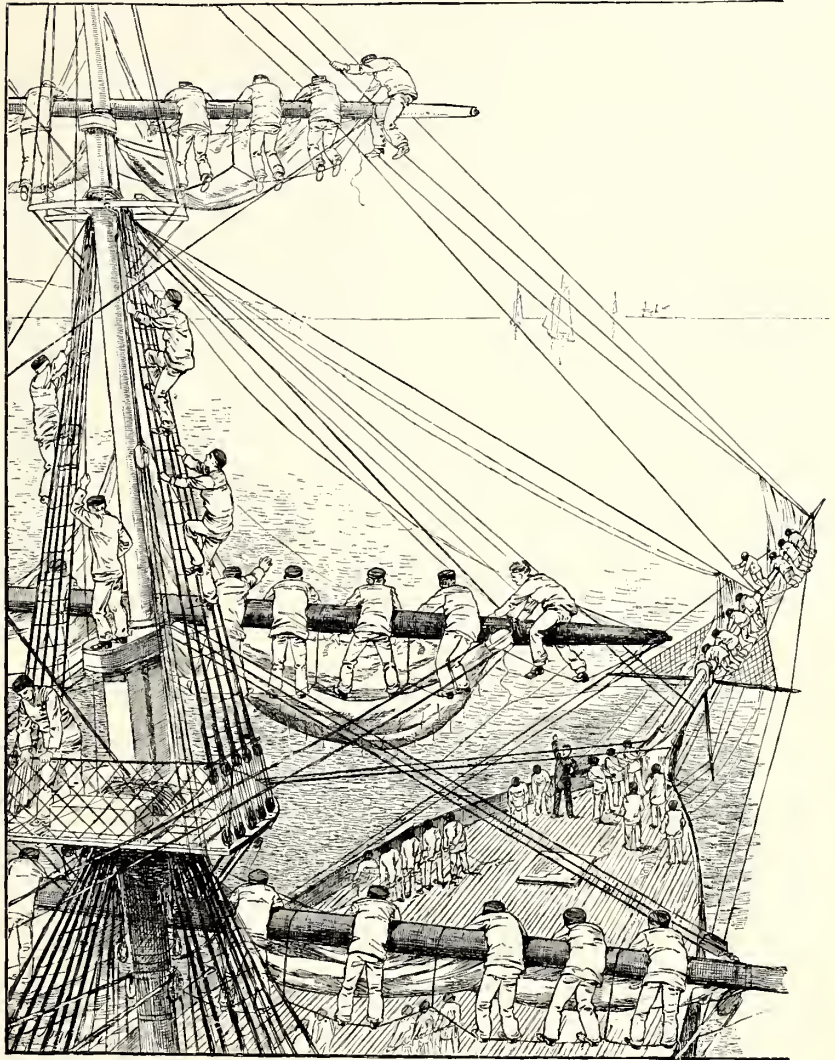
hardly intelligible to an outsider. When, therefore, you hear a cadet speak of "making fast" his shoe-strings, you must know that he simply means tying them. There is not an officer or professor who is not nicknamed by the students;

Of course, four years of boy-life like that passed within the walls of the Academy must witness many pranks and escapades on the part of the young students. Let me, in closing, give you an account of one of these.

About Christmas and New Year's Day the Annapolis Express is busy in delivering numerous boxes at the Academy; boxes are sent to the cadets from their homes, and, as a rule, contain all sorts of good things to eat. The larger the box the more does the recipient gain in popularity among his classmates, as all whom the fortunate cadet includes among his circle of friends expect to come in for a share of the good things. Now, as a matter of course, a nice, well-behaved "young gentleman," who observes the regulations (as all should do), and is rather averse to laying up for himself a store of demerits, will revel, with his boon companions, in the delicious feast during the hours of recreation, when such things are allowable. Not so, however, his more mischievous comrade-in-arms who possesses a taste for the somewhat highly

spiced incidents connected with Academy life. He will gather his chosen companions around him at the hour of midnight, and then, in the "dead waste and middle of the night," will they gorge themselves with the rich dainties. But woe betide those daring law-breakers should the officer-in-charge happen to enter the room during one of the special night inspections in which he now and then finds it his duty to indulge.

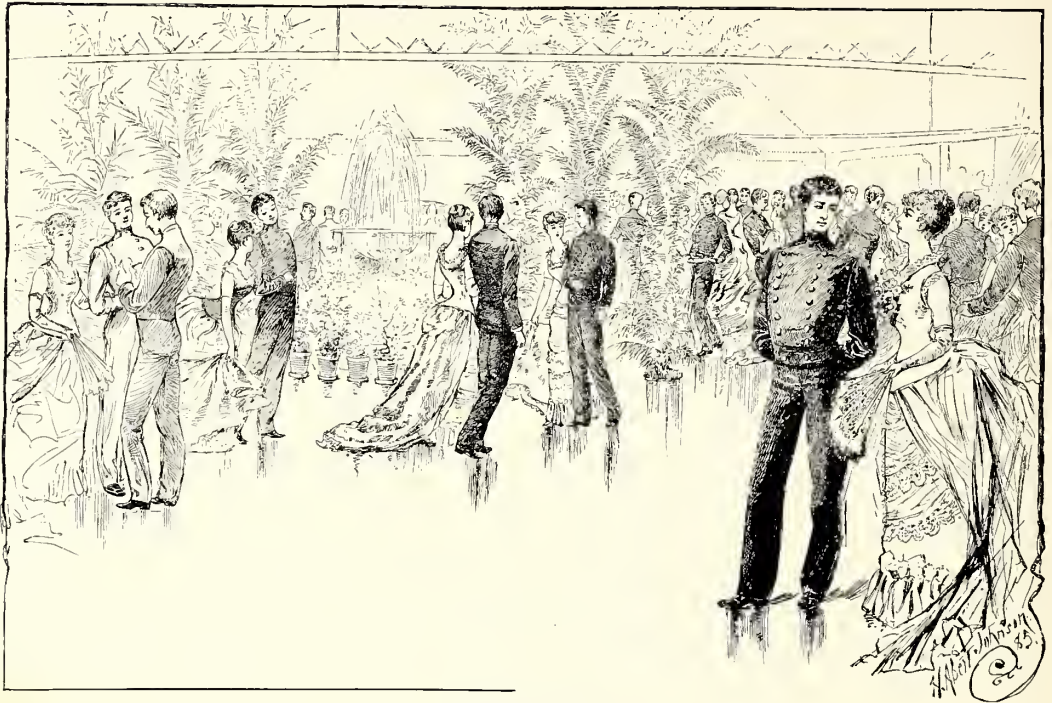
One cold night, about Christmas time, a large and inviting-looking box was discovered in a room that shall here be numberless. It wore an expression indicative of a most passionate longing to have its contents devoured. The occupants of the room and joint-owners of the precious box agreed



SEAMANSHIP DRILL. ALOFT ON THE FOREMAST.

to gather together a few genial and appreciative souls after "taps," and then do justice to the tempting viands.

Informing the other young gentlemen interested of their intention, at ten o'clock inspection all were found properly nestled in their beds and apparently asleep. Allowing ample time for the completion of the inspection, and for all well-regulated officers-in-charge to have retired, these wily tars suddenly awoke, and very stealthily the invited guests trooped into the room. They then proceeded in rather a burglar-like manner to open the chest containing the hidden treasures. First came two large turkeys, beautifully roasted; then quails, with delicious jelly, fruit, nuts, cakes, and



AN ACADEMY HOP.

so on through the list of articles to be found in every well-filled Christmas box.

The company set to work with vigor, and in a short time were deep in gastronomic bliss. Suddenly was heard in the adjoining corridor the tramp of feet and the sounds produced by the clanking of a sword. There was no uncertainty as to the significance of this ominous warning. The boys knew that the officer-in-charge, having for some reason become suspicious, had directed his steps to this particular room. There was no time for deliberation—the efficient naval officer must learn to be prepared for all emergencies! Such visitors must find hiding-places, and they disposed themselves in this manner: One in each wardrobe, one under each bed, while the fifth crouched in the fire-place, concealing himself with the fire-board; the sixth and last luckless youth, finding no unoccupied place in the room, lowered himself out of the window, and found a resting-place for his feet on the capstone of the window below, steadying himself by clinging to the window-sill. In this way, by pulling down the shade in front of him, he managed to be completely hidden from the view of any one in the room. The two occupants of the room were in their beds in a twinkling, snoring vigorously. Rap! rap! rap! at the door; no answer. Thereupon, in walks the officer-in-

charge. The snores increased in quantity and quality of tone. “Mr. Blank,” says the officer-in-charge; but that gentleman is so deeply wrapt in innocent and peaceful slumbers that the summons fails to arouse him. The officer-in-charge sees and smells evidences of the feast; and, having been a happy student himself, proceeds to investigate in a most thorough manner. Opening the wardrobe doors, he brings forth the temporary occupants of those pieces of furniture, now decidedly crest-fallen and meek; similarly he discovers those hidden under the bed and in the fire-place.

So the five *bon-vivants* are summarily disposed of; but do not let us forget the unfortunate sixth member, who all this time has been hanging outside the window, scantily costumed in a night-shirt. You will remember that all this happened on a bitterly cold winter night. A fur-lined overcoat would be none too warm on such a night. What, then, must be the suffering that this scantily clad cadet is undergoing? It is truly terrible to contemplate. How sincerely is he bemoaning his fate, and how earnestly he regrets having left his warm bed; how firmly does he resolve never to risk it again, even should it be to taste of a repast a hundred times finer! The officer-in-charge, leaving the room, has just closed the door, and our hero, with a deeply sincere sigh of thanksgiving, is about

to draw his stiffened limbs and body inside the room again, comforting himself with the one morsel of consolation, that he at least has escaped detection. But, alas!—misfortune does not yet relinquish her hold on him. Walking along the street below the ill-fated window, is the Commandant of Cadets, muffled up in his warm overcoat. His eye is suddenly attracted by an object on the outside of the building, and as he approaches nearer, he puzzles his head to find out what it can possibly be. Just as he is almost under the window, he sees indications that this white and apparently inanimate thing is about to put itself in motion. Then does he fully appreciate what this specter-like apparition is, and exclaims, "What are you doing out there, sir, at this time of night and in that disgraceful costume? Get in at once, and report yourself to the officer-in-charge!" Just at this juncture the officer-in-charge comes out of the building, meeting the Commandant, who directs his attention to the offender. "Mr.—, go up to that room and see if that young gentle-

man has developed symptoms of insanity, and, if necessary, have him placed under medical treatment."

The officer-in-charge, promptly obeying, again enters the room, finds the apparently insane adventurer cold, shivering, and repentant, takes his name and orders him to his room, making a great effort to keep a straight face. The officer-in-charge, feeling that now he has conscientiously performed his duty, "turns in" for the night. The next morning, when the offenders' names are read from the conduct report, they excite no comment, until the officer reads the name of one reported for "hanging out of window, dressed in night-shirt, at 12:35 A. M." Then the gravity of the battalion is on the very verge of dissolution, and our hero, standing in the ranks, with a most woe-begone countenance, suffering from all the tortures of acute influenza, is brought to a full realization of the fact that the old adage about stolen fruit being the sweetest is not always to be relied upon.



GRADUATES LEAVING ANNAPOLIS.

SUMMER HOMES FOR THE ANIMALS.

BY ROBERT U. JOHNSON.

IT seems to me, if I were a frog,

I 'd like a summer home at Cutchogue ;

Cut-chogue — Cut-chogue — Cut-chogue — Cut-chogue !

Oh, I 'd jump at a water-front at Cutchogue.

And then how nice, if I were a chicken,

'T would be to live on the Wissahickon ;

Wissac-see-hick'n ! Wissac-see-hick'n !

'T would be *cheap-cheap-cheap* on the Wissahickon.

And if I were a dog, in search of some flowery

Dogwood resort, I 'd resort to the Bowery,

And, whether the weather were dry or showery,

My bark would glide through its *Bow-wow-wowery*—

Er-r-r-r-r-wow — er-r-r-r-r-wow — er-wow-wow-wowery !

If I were a colt with a wheezy whinny

Or a racking pain, I 'd visit Virginny,

And if by marauders my gate should be broken,

For a colt's revolver I 'd send to Hoboken.

Whe-he-he-he-he ! Whe-he-he-he-he !

No whinny sounds tinny in ole Virginny.

And every year, if I were a rabbit,

I 'd go to Newboro' by force of habit ;

How softly my rablets would purr when folks pet us,

And murmur, when asked to go dining,—“ Oh !
lettuce ! ”

'T would be so like New Early York—(begging
your pardon !

Of course I mean Early New York)—if they 'd
let us

Go out in the evenings to nibble O—'s garden.

If I were a cock o' the walk, I 'd ride

From end to end of the railroad guide,

And I 'd sing with the car wheels (*allegro*, not
largo) :

Tuck-tuck-in-the-ticket-that-takes-to-Chi-CA-go !

('T is an irony sound, when you can not so far go) ;

*Tuck-tuck-in-the-ticket, tuck-tuck-in-the-ticket,
Tuck-tuck-in-the-ticket-that-takes-to-Chi-CA-go !*

FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S SAKE.

BY MRS. C. EMMA CHENEY.

“ WELL, I call Homburg a pretty stupid place,”
said Harry, shutting his book with a vindictive
bang.

“ So it is, for five days in the week,” replied
Walter ; “ but the sixth is all the jollier for that.”

“ We need to stretch our tongues and rest our
tired jaws once in a while.” little Phil chimed in.
“ Why my mind really aches with thinking nothing
but German, from Monday morning till Friday
night.”

“ Why don't you think in English, then ? ”
Fritz asked.

“ Nonsense ! ” answered his brother. “ You
ought to know that a fellow can't think in one
language and speak in another. I'm a thorough
German in school hours, ‘ sauerkraut ’ and all.”

“ But, Harry, we are Americans all the rest of

the time,— regular ‘ star-spangled-banner ’ boys,
are n't we ? ”

Poor Phil, a little homesick perhaps, clung
loyally to his own beloved country ; so his cousin
Walter said, kindly, “ Yes, Phil, of course we are.
Hurrah for home ! ” and Phil's face brightened.

Walter was a sturdy, rosy-cheeked lad, who had
no need to drink from the health-giving fountains
for which Homburg is so celebrated. His cousin
Philip, although not much younger, was sensitive
and delicate in appearance, and so small that the
boys sometimes nicknamed him “ Filbert.”

The other two boys, Harry and Fritz, were at
Homburg because their mother was an invalid.

So these four friends lived under the same roof,
studied with the same master, and had right royal
fun together.

The next day was Saturday. It happened also to be a *fête* day; indeed, these festivals come so frequently, in Germany, that one wonders whether the people ever do anything but play.

On this particular Saturday, the boys had permission to spend the whole day just as they chose; which made it a red-letter day in advance.

Up in the morning with the birds, no bird was happier than they. The weather was all that even a boy's heart could wish. Hastening to the *Brunnen* for a morning draught, the very stones of the red mosaic on which they stood seemed to catch the sunshine and hold it fast. Pretty peasant girls in gala dresses, wearing jaunty little caps, dipped up for them the bubbling water in beautiful Bohemian-glass tumblers, of every shape and color.

Banks of autumn-tinted flowers striped the thick green turf here and there. Ivies covered ugly, broken walls, making them comely. And over all hung a soft, bluish haze, half hiding the little town as it lay asleep at the foot of the Taunus Mountains.

Already the orchestra was playing a grand and solemn hymn, and with the music a glad thanksgiving crept into the hearts of the boys. But these happy lads did not know that all this beauty and brightness made so large a share of their pleasure. Even grown-up people seldom find out such things.

This holiday did not begin an hour too soon for all that the friends had planned to do. Laughing and shouting for very joy in their freedom, they climbed part way up a spur of the nearest mountain, gathering nuts and gorgeous autumn-leaves, or cracking innocent stones, hoping to find a living toad imprisoned in one, as sometimes happens.

When they grew tired of this, they thought of the old castle; and, after some delay, they obtained permission to enter it.

"Let us pretend that we are princes paying a visit to the Landgrave," suggested Walter.

"Or ambassadors from America," Phil hinted, shyly.

"What is an ambassador?" asked Fritz.

"Why, he is a—a—an *advertisement* for his country," Phil stammered.

"Well, I'll wager America will be pretty well known if Phil is to be her ambassador," said Walter, laughing.

Poor Phil flushed, but answered, bravely:

"Then I hope everybody will love her as well as I do."

Then they all went in, through the grounds, which are laid out like an English park. They climbed up to the very turrets of the ancient castle, from which the town looked like a toy village. The tall "white tower" filled them with awe. Everybody knows that it dates from the twelfth century; but

it looked so grand and solid that the difficulty lay in imagining that it had not been there always.

When these self-appointed "ambassadors" came out of the castle-gate into the world again, they decided to pay a visit of "inspection" to the linen and woolen factories. At that time Homburg had become too gay and pleasure-loving to give much attention to her manufactories, but once these were her only means of getting a living. The boys went through the ceremony of asking questions and taking notes, with many a merry jest about the "Report" which they would make to their government. Phil was thinking all the time of the mills of Lowell and Willimantic, away across the water, but he did not confess it, for fear of being laughed at.

Being boys of hearty appetites they sandwiched their numerous adventures with luncheon, which was partly supplied from the general lunch-basket and partly procured at stalls or *cafés*, and of course thoroughly enjoyed.

At length our heroes entered the pleasant park again. Through tangles of green, past the Kaiser spring, over carpets of yellow leaves,—on they strolled, until they were tired. The park was a picture of sweet content on that soft, hazy afternoon. Here and there were seated women, busily knitting, while quaint little children played at their feet; and the orchestra—always the orchestra—played drowsily.

Again the boyish appetite asserted itself and, very naturally, Walter suggested that they should follow the example of all the world, and order ices. This proposal was received with applause, and they made their way to the *Kursaal*.

Entering the *Kursaal*, they seated themselves at a table, and soon four pairs of bright eyes were intently studying German. A bill of fare is certainly an attractive means of making the acquaintance of a foreign language. This sudden attack of studiousness resulted in a different order from each reader. Creams, and the funny little cakes one finds in Germany, were brought and quickly dispatched.

Fritz, who had finished his allowance almost too promptly for strict politeness, exclaimed:

"Boys, that *pistache* is the very best thing that ever was made!"

"I can't see how you found it out," said Walter.

"There was n't enough of mine for a good taste."

"Let us all try it!" said Harry, and the others, nothing loth, consented; so a second order was filled. It was a merry party, eating and chatting in true boyish freedom.

At length Walter, who had proposed the treat, called for the bill. He and Harry had a good-natured scramble for it when it came; for, after the

lordly manners of their elders, each wished to pay for all.

Walter was victorious, but upon opening his purse, he was surprised to find that it contained scarcely a tenth of the sum necessary.

"Here, Walter, let me lend it to you," said Harry, quickly guessing the truth. Upon close inspection, he discovered, to his dismay, that his purse also was nearly empty.

"Yes, and be arrested for debt and put in prison," Harry added.

"They would never *dare* to do such a thing to *Americans*," said little Phil, looking very white.

"Of course they *dare*, and they *will*," insisted Walter; "the police arrest everybody in this horrid country, without any reason whatever."

"Ask the man at the desk to trust us," again Fritz pleaded.



"I AM ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE TO AN AMERICAN."

"Let us all put in together," Phil suggested; and in a twinkling the scanty contents of four purses lay side by side. A glance at the whole amount forced upon the boys the awful truth that even this would not meet the bill. They had taken no note of the *kretzers* during the day, and therefore the *marks* were now lacking.

"What shall we do?" they looked rather than asked.

"We ought to have brought a nurse to look after us," said Walter, savagely.

"Tell 'em this is all the money we have," Fritz answered.

But his brother said, pettishly:

"Don't be a baby, Fritz. If we had n't taken a second 'help,' we would have been all right."

"Well, who proposed it, I should like to know?" demanded Fritz.

"You made us think of it, anyway," Harry replied, a little ashamed to lay the blame upon his younger brother, yet not quite equal to assuming the burden himself.

"Quarreling won't do any good, boys," quavered poor Phil, trembling in every limb. "We had better confess at once."

"All right, Filbert! suppose *you* do it. You are

always so ready to make suggestions, you can go fight it out alone." Harry's words and tone showed that he was getting cross; and little Fritz knew that this was Harry's way of showing that he was scared; so Fritz burst into a flood of tears. He felt that if Harry was frightened, all was lost.

"Oh, dear!" he sobbed, "I know we shall all be shut up in a dark dungeon under the sea for a great many years, and our friends will never know it — and — and — then we shall be — *hung* for debt!"

Every moment things grew worse. Nothing but little paper napkins and empty dishes gave evidence of the feast so lately enjoyed. Here stood the waiter, in amazement, not able to understand a word. In those pale, frightened faces looking so wofully across the table at each other, one could scarcely recognize the happy boys who had set out so gayly in the morning.

A gentleman who was seated with a party of ladies, near them, had observed their distress. At this moment he leaned over, and touching Walter on the arm, he said kindly:

"Boys, I have overheard your conversation, and

you must allow me to help you out of your difficulty. I have been very kindly treated in America, where I was a stranger. Now, I am only too glad to be of service to an American," at the same time pressing an English sovereign into Walter's hand. Too greatly relieved to hesitate, the money was gladly accepted, and after heartily thanking the unknown giver the "ambassadors" went home, crest-fallen, but comforted.

On his way to church with his mother the next morning, Walter was both glad and abashed to see, in an open carriage, the stranger who had been his generous banker. He lifted his hat politely, and received a friendly nod of recognition in return.

"Why, my son, do you know to whom you are bowing?" his mother asked, in surprise. "That is the Prince of Wales!"

"Well, Mamma, he deserves to be a prince, for he certainly was most kind and gentlemanly to us boys," replied Walter; and as he thought of this "gentil deed" he was ready to echo Lord Tennyson's famous line,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

THE PARADE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

BEATING drums —
Here it comes!
They are just turning into our street.
At the noise,
How the boys
Come running with clattering feet!
That 's the drum-major, high twirling his staff,
Looking as though it were wicked to laugh,
Followed by drummer-boys, smaller by half,
Each so exquisitely neat.

Hear the fife!
In my life
I never heard piping so shrill.
And the band
Is so grand! —
(Though puffing from climbing the hill).
Now the loud cymbals break in with a clash.
How, in the sunshine, they glitter and flash!
Look at the captain — see his red sash!
Truly it gives one a thrill.

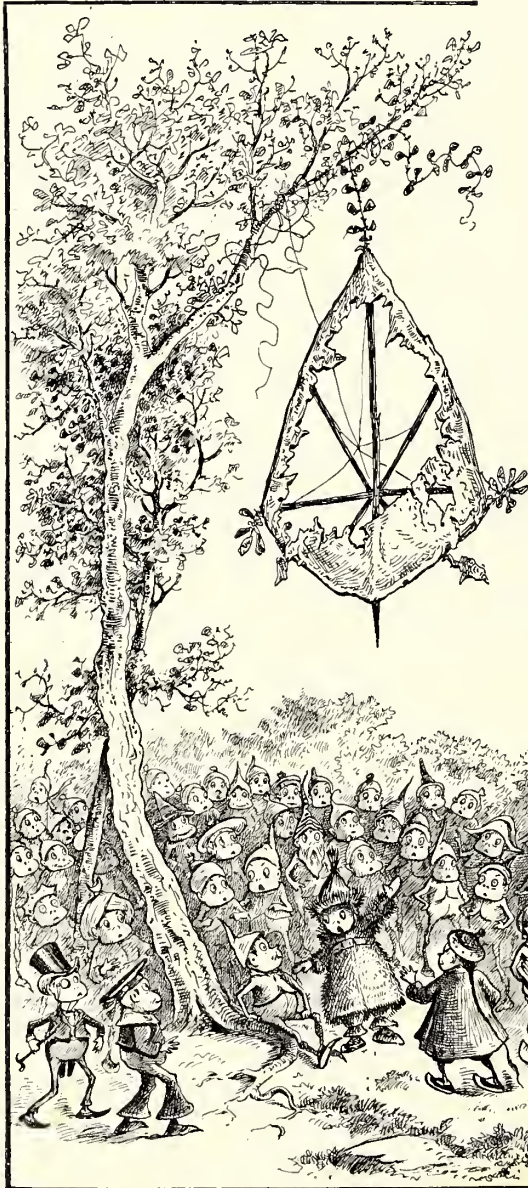
What a line —
That is fine!
Never was marching so true, —
I would like
A big spike
In the top of *my* hat, would n't you?
How grand I should be in a uniform red,
With such a fierce helmet a-top of my head;
Then for my country when I'd fought and — *bled*?
No. I don't think that would do.

Soon they 're past,
And at last
Ceases the marching throng.
But the ear
Still can hear
An echo of martial song,
Softening, failing, and dying away,
While we return to our own work-a-day
Rattle and rumble of horse-car and dray,
Wearily dragging along.

THE BROWNIES' KITES.

BY PALMER COX.

THE bats had hardly taken flight,
To catch the insects of the night;
Or fowls secured a place of rest



Where Reynard's paw could not molest,
When Brownies gathered to pursue
Their plans regarding pleasures new.
Said one: "In spite of hand or string,
Now hats fly round like crows in spring,
Exposing heads to gusts of air,
That ill the slightest draught can bear;
While, high above the tallest tower,
At morning, noon, and evening hour,
The youngsters' kites with streaming tails
Are riding out the strongest gales.
The doves in steeples hide away
Or keep their houses through the day,
Mistaking every kite that flies
For birds of prey of wondrous size."
"You're not alone," another cried,
"In taking note. I, too, have spied
The boys of late, in street and court,
Or on the roofs, at this fine sport;
But yesternight I chanced to see
A kite entangled in a tree.
The string was nowhere to be found;
The tail about a bough was wound.
Some birds had torn the paper out,
To line their nests, in trees about,
But there beside the wreck I staid,
Until I learned how kites are made.
On me you safely may depend,
To show the way to cut and bend.

So let us now, while winds are high,
Our hands at once to work apply;
And from the hill that lifts its
crown
So far above the neighboring
town,
We'll send our kites
aloft in crowds,
To lose themselves
among the
clouds."



Perhaps some twine-
shop, standing nigh,
Was raided for the
large supply;
Perhaps some youthful
angler whines
About his missing fish-
ing-lines.
But let them find things
where they will,
The Brownies must be
furnished still;



And those who can't such losses stand,
Will have to charge it to the Band.



A smile on every
face was spread,
At thought of fun
like this, ahead;
And quickly all the
plans were laid,
And work for every
Brownie made.
Some to the kitch-
ens ran in haste,

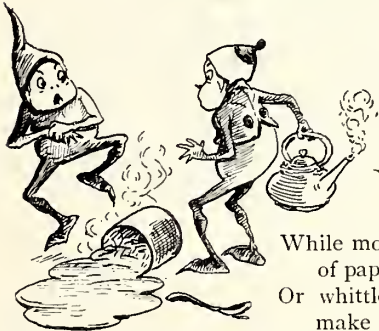


With busy fin-
gers, well ap-
plied,
They clipped and
pasted, bent and tied;
With paint and brush
some ran about
From kite to kite, to
fit them out.
On some they paint a
visage fair,

To manufacture
pots of paste.
Some ran for
tacks or shin-
gle-nails,
And some for
rags to make
the tails,



While others would affright a bear,
Nor was it long (as one might guess
Who knows what skill their hands possess)
Before the kites, with string and tail,
Were all prepared to ride the gale;



While more with loads
of paper came,
Or whittled sticks to
make the frame.

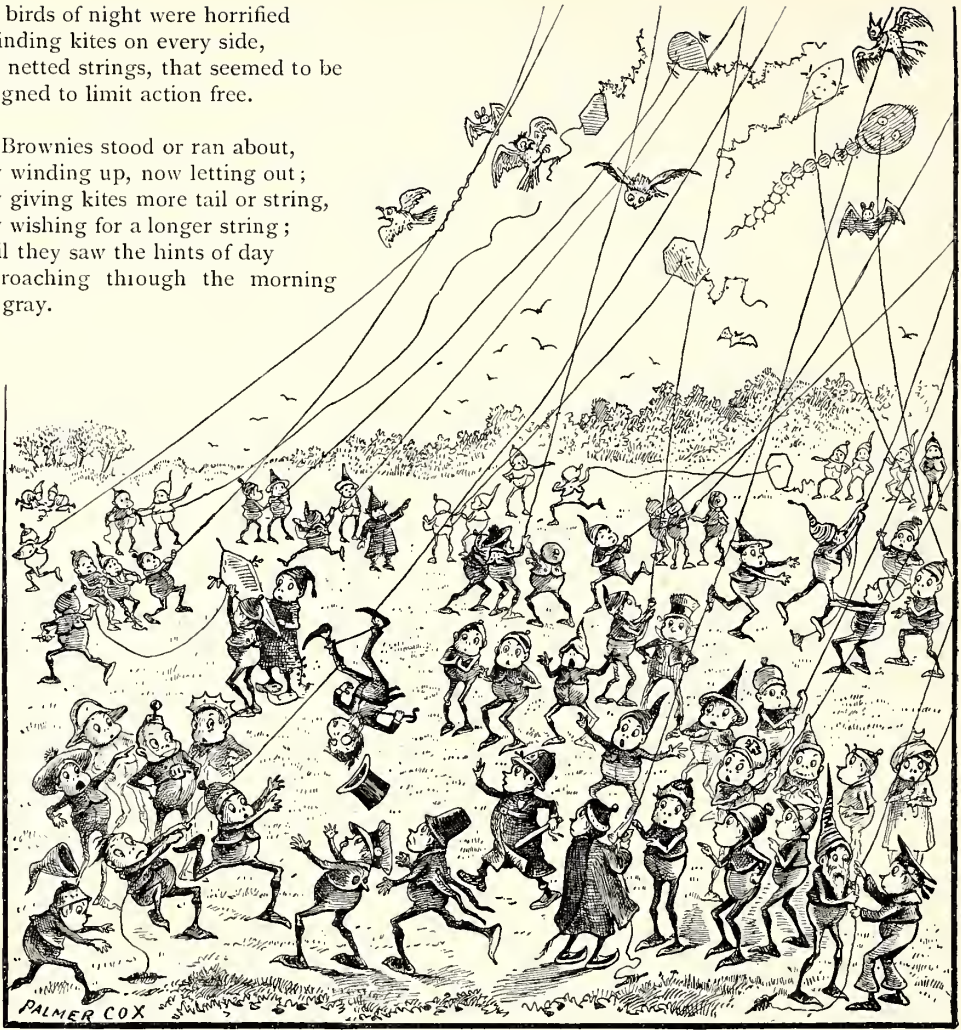
The strings, that others gathered, soon
Seemed long enough to reach the moon.
But where such quantities they found,
'T is not so easy to expound;—



And oh, the climax of their glee
Was reached when kites were floating free!
So quick they mounted through the air
That tangling strings played mischief there,
And threatened to remove from land
Some valued members of the band.

The birds of night were horrified
At finding kites on every side,
And netted strings, that seemed to be
Designed to limit action free.

But Brownies stood or ran about,
Now winding up, now letting out;
Now giving kites more tail or string,
Now wishing for a longer string;
Until they saw the hints of day
Approaching through the morning
gray.



THE STORY OF THE LITTLE SIX.

BY EUGENE M. CAMP.

“ARE you the editor?”

The scene was the interior of a newspaper office in one of the large cities. About the room lay partly cut newspapers, and in cases on the walls were many volumes of reference books. The desk, which stood in the center of the room, had upon it a pad of writing-paper, a paste-pot, a huge pair of shears, and the feet of the man to whom the query was addressed.

The visitor was a young lad whose frank, fresh face and bright eyes were in striking contrast to the features of the man at the desk. The face of the latter had the tired expression common among brain-workers, particularly those who work at night, as editors of morning newspapers are compelled to do.

“Yes, I am one of them,” was the reply that came to the boy from behind the newspaper.

The tone of the answer gave the questioner confidence. Advancing to the table, the lad quickly inverted a small box which he carried, and there rolled out beside the paste-pot, and over the big shears, what would have made, if measured, fully a quart of coins; five and ten cent pieces, with an occasional paper bill of a low denomination.

"Then this is for you," said the lad, politely lifting his cap.

"Why for me?" asked the astonished editor, throwing away his paper. "Tell me about it."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the boy, nervously fumbling in his pocket for a letter. "We gave an entertainment last night, and this is the money we got. Please send it to those folks out in Ohio whose homes have been washed away by the floods. My father said I was to ask you to send it wherever you thought it would do the most good and that I was to get a receipt from you for it," said the little business-man.

The details were soon settled. The receipt was given, and with the document carefully deposited in his pocket, the lad politely lifted his cap and bade the editor "Good-day." Next morning the readers of the paper found in its columns the following story:

"An excellent illustration of what well-directed effort can do was given in the little suburban village of W—, on Thursday evening. It is doubly interesting, too, because it was undertaken and successfully carried out by six children, whose ages range from seven to twelve years. These six bright little people had taken a prominent part in an entertainment given some weeks previous, in which they had had some stage training. When the sad story of the floods reached them, they began to wonder if they could not do something to assist the distant children whose homes had been swept away. The feeling grew so strong among them that they held a meeting on the street-corner after school, and decided to ask permission of their parents to give a public entertainment, in which they were to repeat their previous efforts, and add enough to the programme to make the proposed entertainment of sufficient length.

"At the end of the week the children had arranged all details. They had divided their programme into four parts, the first two of which were made up mainly of recitations and music. The third part was an exhibition of selections from Mother Goose. These parts were taken in equal number by the three boys and the three girls composing the company. As they were so small, they gave themselves the name of 'The Little Six.' The fourth part of the programme consisted of a comedietta entitled

'Art in the Rosewood Family,' which was the same these little folks had given on the previous occasion. In the short space of a week, the entire entertainment was prepared and given. The proceeds amounted to \$56.75, which will be seen to be large when it is stated that the price of admission was only fifteen cents.

"Putting the amount of money received into a small box, the eldest member of the company, who is twelve, came into the city yesterday, and asked the editor of this paper to forward the amount to the sufferers by the floods. Of course the request was complied with, and the money forwarded by telegraph to the president of 'The Red Cross Society.' This act of 'The Little Six' is so praiseworthy, and at the same time so unique, that we are sure our readers will be glad to learn in due time of the disposition of the money."

At the time the facts occurred upon which the foregoing story is founded, the Ohio River was overflowing its banks to such an extent that the homes and crops of thousands of people had been washed away and destroyed. Damage amounting to millions of dollars had been done. In some of the cities the water rose even to the second-story windows of the houses. The national government, through its War Department, distributed tents and rations to the unfortunate people, but as any ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl will see, upon a moment's thought, a great burden must be borne by the fathers and mothers of these destroyed homes in their efforts to repair their broken fortunes as soon as the floods should have receded.

To assist people in such emergencies, there is an organization called "The Society of the Red Cross." It is a very great and a very humane society. It is composed of kind-hearted men and women, and has branch organizations in every civilized country in the world. This society goes to the relief of sufferers by flood, war, famine, or any similar calamity. Of course its representatives were at that time in the Ohio Valley, and were doing all they could for the afflicted people.

At the head of the American Branch of "The Society of the Red Cross" is Miss Clara Barton, a noble woman whose unselfish work has made her to be loved and honored wherever she is known. To her the editor intrusted the money contributed by "The Little Six."

Some weeks had elapsed, when one morning the editor of the great city paper received a letter which bore the seal of the Red Cross Society. It was postmarked "Shawneetown, Ill." The next morning the readers of the paper found in its columns another story. It was written by Miss Barton herself, and was as follows:

"Few incidents have ever touched me more deeply than the story of 'The Little Six,' and I determined to find, if possible, a special place for their offering. We have been for weeks in the flooded districts, and have been as far south as Memphis, calling at all places along the river, and distributing food, clothing, and money wherever we found them needed. We turned up-stream from Memphis, and came slowly to Cairo, and then entered the swollen Ohio. But in no quarter did we find the special place for the money from our little W— friends. Yesterday, when we were a few miles below Shawneetown, there appeared on the Illinois bank of the river a woman, who waved a shawl as a signal for us to come ashore. We quickly answered her call for aid.

"Climbing the bank was a difficult task, for the water had made the ground slippery, and despite the fact that we put down boards, we often sank over shoe-tops in the mud. We followed the woman some distance from the bank. Everywhere there was a dreary waste. Trees had been torn out by the roots. Buildings were either lying upon their sides or had been reduced to flood-wood, and the ground was cut up by great ditches washed out by the receding waters.

"In the midst of this desolation, the woman led the way to a small corn-crib, that in some way had withstood the floods. Reaching it, she turned to tell us her story, and I noticed that the trials she had undergone had left great furrows of care in her face, like the furrows in the earth about us. She had a hard expression, but determination and honesty were shown in her countenance, while her eyes told of her faith in Providence, even under her present hard conditions.

"It seems scarcely credible that any one could have been so hopeful as she. Two years ago the family had completed a nice home, small and modest, but comfortable, and would have finished paying for it but for the failure of the corn crop. They had hoped in the future, but the next year the cholera attacked their hogs and nearly all of them died. Last autumn the father became ill, and after much suffering he died at Christmas. This spring the floods came and carried away their home, leaving them only a corn-crib; which seven of them had made to answer for a home for nearly three weeks. The floods also drowned their horses, and carried away all of their other stock, save half-a-dozen chickens, two of which were pecking about

in search of food while the woman was telling her story.

"As we looked into the miserable corn-crib, and saw the straw pallet on which the family had slept, and the rags in the cracks, to keep out the March wind, I could not help crying. There were several children about, and all were neatly dressed. One of the older ones said he had six fresh-laid eggs which he would like to sell us,— an incident which showed the thriftiness of the family, despite their afflictions.

"'How many children have you?' I asked, when the woman had finished her story.

"'Six,' quickly came the reply.

"'The very place —'

"'For that money,' broke in my faithful lieutenant, the doctor, who stood at my side; and who, like the rest of our relieving party, was deeply affected by the tale of suffering we had heard.

"I related the story of 'The Little Six' in full, and told her I was going to give her their money to help her to rebuild her home. It was her turn now, and the tears ran freely down her care-worn cheeks. We brought up from the boat a large quantity of clothing, a barrel of flour, several boxes of provisions, a bag of corn for the chickens, and some fresh fruit for the children. I gave the contribution from 'The Little Six' intact into the woman's hands, and when I bought the eggs, I slipped into the boy's pocket several bright gold-pieces, for I knew he and his mother would need them before the autumn.

"'Will you name the house when you have it rebuilt?' I asked, as we at last prepared to go. The woman caught my meaning, and smiling through her tears, replied:

"'I think we will call it *The Little Six*.'

"And now, my dear Mr. Editor, I wish you would personally thank each of 'The Little Six'* for me, and tell them how much I think of their noble deed. I have recorded the story upon the books of the Red Cross Society; but I hope and believe that this is not the last kind act my little friends will have placed to their credit, if not on the books of the Red Cross, then in another book, in which such good deeds are recorded forever."

Did not Miss Barton make an excellent disposition of the money which our little friend brought to the editor that morning? And might not other children, should the necessity arise, do as nobly as these children did?

* See "Letter-box," page 716.



WOODEN box was sitting on the back porch. The expressman had left it there late that afternoon. The back porch belonged to a pretty cottage in the country. It was a very pleasant

place. Some of the branches of a big oak-tree that grew beside it made a green, leafy roof for it. A pair of saucy sparrows had a nest on one of these branches. They chirped and twittered and scolded all day long. But they did not chirp and twitter and scold now, because it was night and they were asleep.

A toad hopped up the porch steps, and looked at the box. His eyes shone like little stars.

“What’s in it?” he asked.

“Fireworks,” answered some small, crackling voices, through a wide crack in the top.

“Oh! I see,” said the toad.

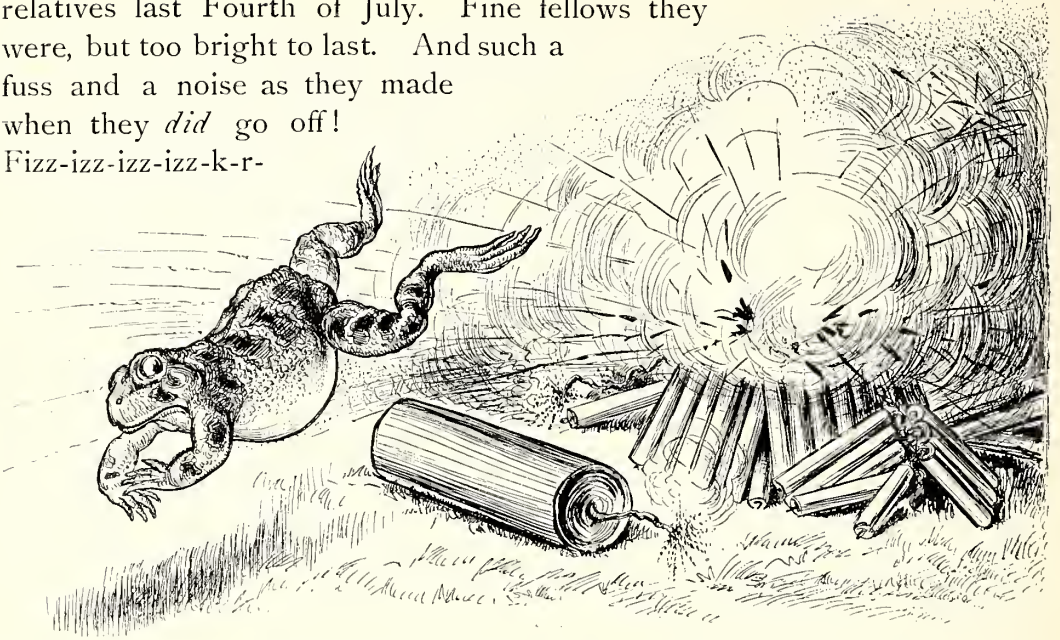
“What a fib! You don’t,” said the voices.

“Well, I know,” said the toad.

“What do you know?” asked the queer voices.

“I know what you’ve come here for,” answered the toad. “You’ve come here to go off. You’ll go off to-morrow night. I saw a lot of your

relatives last Fourth of July. Fine fellows they were, but too bright to last. And such a fuss and a noise as they made when they *did* go off! Fizz-izz-izz-izz-k-r-



k-k-r-k-k-r-k-k-r-k—splutter-splutter-splutter—swish-ish-ish-ish—bang!-bang!-bang——” But, before he could say another word, “Good-night!” said the small voices, in tones more crackling than ever.

“What?” asked the toad.

“*Good-night!*” snapped the voices.

“Oh! good-night,” said the toad; and he turned around and hopped down the steps.

As soon as he was gone, one of the fireworks began to talk. “How tiresome toads are,” it said. “I’m glad I’m not one. I’d much rather be a pin-wheel. For, though pin-wheels don’t live so long, they end their lives in a blaze of glory. And what pleasure they give to those who are watching them, in their last bright moments. Just fancy: I’m lighted, and away I go in a shower of sparks, round and round and round, faster and faster and faster, the children shouting with delight. Then, whizz! in a flash I turn the other way, and round and round and round I go, faster and faster and faster——”

“Pshaw!” rudely interrupted one of the other fireworks. “Pin-wheels don’t amount to much. They can be seen only by the few people who are near them, and they have to be fastened to a fence or a tree to be seen at all. Now, *I* am a sky-rocket. I leave the earth behind me when I am set free, and away I soar like a bird, up, up, up, among the stars. And there I burst into stars, myself,—stars of all the colors of the rainbow, and so beau-

tiful that the real sky-stars turn pale. And hundreds and thousands of people see me. Yes, hundreds and thousands."

The pin-wheel made no reply.

"Yes, hundreds and thousands," repeated the sky-rocket. But all the other fireworks remained silent.

The toad hopped up the porch steps again.

"And what then?" he asked.

"Oh! *you're* back, are you?" said the sky-rocket.

"Yes, I'm back," said the toad. "I did n't go far. Not so far but that I've heard all that you and the pin-wheel have been saying. You look down on the pin-wheel because you are going to soar like a bird, do you? And *your* stars are sure to make the real sky-stars turn pale, are they? And hundreds, yes, thousands of people will see and admire you, will they? And what then?"

"Well, what then?" asked the sky-rocket.

"Why, then, what is left of you will come down to earth again, and it will be nothing but a small piece of wood. And all that will be left of the pin-wheel will be a small piece of wood also. So you see, though *you* begin in a much grander manner, both end in the very same way."

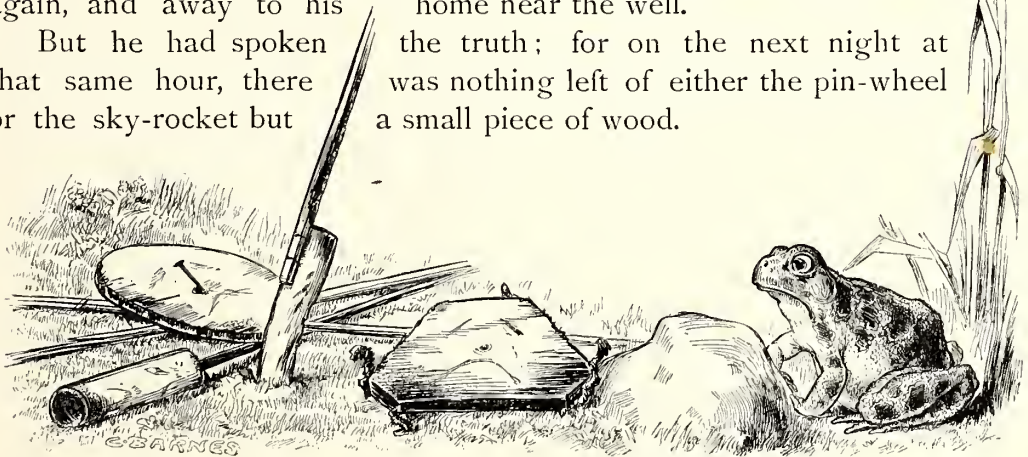
"Good-night," snapped the sky-rocket.

"What?" asked the toad.

"*Good-night!*"

"Oh! good-night," said the toad; and down the steps he hopped again, and away to his home near the well.

But he had spoken the truth; for on the next night at that same hour, there was nothing left of either the pin-wheel or the sky-rocket but a small piece of wood.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY, my children, here in America, there in England, and in all other countries where the language called English is spoken — or any other language which may have a local value. Somehow, as July approaches, and all good Jacks-in-the-Pulpit know that the odor of gunpowder must for one long, noisy day, blend with the breath of the daisies, it makes one feel like rejoicing that the days of strife between England and America are over, and that little Yankee Doodles and juvenile John Bulls will find it out as they grow older.

Fire your crackers, my little ones, here — but make your prettiest bows and curtsies to your brothers and sisters across the seas, even while you frankly confess that it beats all how good it feels to be an American on the Fourth of July.

THE ARBUTUS IN TROUBLE.

NOW, my littlest folk, will you kindly roll on the grass for a few moments, or hunt for four-leaved clovers whilst your Jack reads a very important letter to the big boys and girls?

Well, well, — you *all* wish to hear — do you? I warn you that you 'll be shocked. If I can believe my senses, this letter virtually says that, correctly speaking, there is no trailing arbutus anywhere in America — think of that! — and that what is called the arbutus in England does n't trail at all, but stands up stark and stiff like the strawberry-tree that it sometimes is, and —

Bless me! The little chicks have flown, and only my big boys and girls are listening! I thought it would be so. Now for the letter:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Your department in our dear ST. NICHOLAS always interests me so much that I want to add a word to your talk about arbutus, in the April number. Some years ago, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, in speaking of our dainty flower, said she objected very much to the name arbutus as wholly incorrect, and, led by her remarks to make some little research into the matter, I found

we had *no* plant known botanically as arbutus. Prof. Asa Gray, with whom I afterward spoke of the subject, was at a loss to account for the origin of the name here, and, like Mrs. Cheney, he deplored the use of *local* rather than *botanical* names, as being most misleading; the true name, *Epigaea Repens*, being the only one that he authorized.

In regard to the quotations from Mrs. Browning and Cowper, any one familiar with the arbutus of England knows that it is not a creeping vine like ours, but a large shrub, indeed almost a tree — evergreen, with red berries, sometimes called there (but rarely, I think) the strawberry-tree, and frequently found in plantations and shrubberies massed with laurel, holly, and other hardy shrubs. Our "trailing spring-flower tinted like a shell" is unknown to our English cousins until they see it here, or known to them only in pictured form. As regards the pronunciation of the word, I quite agree as to *arbutus* being correct, though this seems to me a consideration only secondary to the fact that the name, as we apply it, is a misnomer.

M. R. A.

Dear, dear! Well, my poor American flower-lovers, all you can do when next May comes is to get down on your little knees, and, smothering your grief, search tenderly for the *Epigaea Repens* and ask its scientific pardon for ever having called it arbutus.

By the way, the prize-boy of the Red School-house requests me to state right here that this rather high-sounding name for the pretty little arbutus gives him a good idea of the plant, which he happens never to have seen. He says the word *Repens* (which is Latin) tells him that the plant we have called arbutus is a sort of *creeper*, and *Epigaea* (which is Greek) shows him that it creeps *close to the ground*.

So, you see, there are two sides to the question. Greek and Latin are more friendly to the flowers than, at first thought, one would suppose possible.

Think the matter over.

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

HERE is a letter from a little boy at the seaside, who uses his eyes to good advantage in observing a living mite which he calls "A small worrier." He *may* mean to say warrior, but either warrior or warrior is a good name for the lively and pugnacious fellow the little boy describes:

I WONDER, dear Jack, how many of your little friends have seen this kind of insect: It is of a brownish tint, and has six small legs, somewhat resembling a spider's. These little worriers are found on the sand, sometimes in small passages, which apparently they have made. If you should happen to offend one of these small creatures in any way, he would probably take up in his little arms such a fearful thing as a grain of sand, and throw it at you. I hope that no one would hurt such a brave, harmless, and interesting mite.

I remain, your little friend,
E. P. McE.

HOW TO WRITE ON ICE WITH INK.

NOT many of you, my children, will care to write your letters on ice, even during the summer months. But I was rather struck with the novel idea, when a boy of the Red School-house told the dear Little School-ma'am a bit of news that lately had come to this country from Austria. It appears that Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, has a country-seat near Vienna, and on this fine royal estate is a lake which in winter is used as a skating pond. Well, during one of the latest Austrian "cold snaps," an expert Vienna gentleman went skating there, with a little reservoir of ink adjusted to the back of his skate in such a way as to allow the ink to flow out in a fine, steady stream. Then off he started, and

before he had skated long, there appeared in his rapid track the name of the Crown Princess, beautifully and plainly written upon the ice.

Was n't this a pretty compliment to set before the king?

The example of the expert Austrian may not be easy for you to follow just now, my melting little Americans—for ice is somewhat scarce in your part of the world, and crown princesses especially so. Yet the idea of writing upon ice will keep till next winter.

NIAGARA LET LOOSE.

I WONDER if any of you have ever witnessed a thunder-storm in the Alps? My birds have told me of it. If you have ever seen Niagara, then just imagine it let loose all over the Alleghany mountains, and you have an idea of what a rain-storm in the Alps is. The summits of the mountains dash over with waterfalls, and the gorges roar with the sound of the water and of the thunder. The foam is seen on every side. Presently limbs of trees begin to float by, and to get all tangled up. There is no use, however, in their trying to stop all that ocean of water and mist. The waves leap "like mad"; and if you are not on a good high and dry spot, you are greatly in danger.

All this is sometimes seen by birds and human folk, but I, for one, am glad I have not had the honor of seeing it. I like my Niagaras in their proper places, and in a very mild form.

Now, one of the prettiest sights I know of is to see, on a sunny day, just after a shower, shining little streams running down from tall bent grasses, and resting themselves in the clover leaves beneath.

LONG LIVES AND SHORT LIVES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In answer to your question, in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS, as to how long the day-fly and elephant live, the elephant lives 400 years. As for the day-fly, I looked the little fellow up in Worcester's dictionary. W. says: "A neuropterous insect of the genus *Ephemera*, which, after the change into a perfect fly, survives but a few hours."

Here are some statistics for your congregation: "An elephant lives 400 years; a whale, 300; a tortoise, 100; a camel, 40; a horse, 25; a bear, 20; a lion, 20; an ox, 25; a cat, 15; a sheep, 10; a squirrel, 8; a guinea-pig, 7."

The crow, eagle, raven, and swan live one hundred years.

Your interested reader, J. J. C., Jr.

Surely, my animals have reason to be grateful to J. J. C., Jr. He certainly gives them promise of long lives, according to their kind. Whether Providence expects them to live exactly up to these figures or not, it is to be hoped that human folk will respect possibilities, and not wantonly cut short the life of any animal,—the mosquito, of course, excepted.

Yes, mosquitoes plainly were born to be killed—and if you'll watch one long enough, when he alights upon you, humming cheerily, you'll see him settle down deliberately and sign and seal his own death-warrant. Then, and not till then, you must be his calm executioner.

Alas, if human beings had less feeling the mosquito, too, might live his hundred years!

THE ORIGIN OF A FEW WELL-KNOWN NAMES.

I WONDER, dear Jack, writes a friend of ST. NICHOLAS, if any of your young folk can tell how "calico" came by its name? Lest they may not be able to do so, I will say that it is derived from Calicut, a city of India, from which it was first taken to England, in 1631, by the East India Company. Cambric, you may tell them, comes from Cambria. Gingham is derived from Guingamp, in Brittany, and muslin from Mosul, a city in Asiatic Turkey. Tulle is named from a city in France. Poplin was first manufactured in a Papal territory, and hence was called Papaline—afterward changed into "poplin." Worsteds were first spun in 1630, at Worsted, a town in Norfolk, England, where the industry is carried on to this very day. Gauze is from Gaza, in Palestine, where it was first made.

Perhaps some of the young folk can add a few interesting items to this list.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN FAIRYLAND.

SOME of you may think that the Fourth of July is not generally observed in the fairies' country, and others among you may feel quite sure that *every* day is Independence Day to the tiny people. Be this as it may, certain poets, who know all about fairy folk, have found out just how their "Fourth" is celebrated, as you'll see by these verses, written for you, and sent to my "Pulpit" by airy fairy Lilian Dynevor Rice.

THE wee mid-summer fairies who dwell in wood and meadow,
Although they be but tiny folk are patriotic too;
So when they heard the children say the "glorious Fourth" was
coming,
They met in solemn conference to see what *they* could do.

But fireworks and powder, torpedoes, rockets, crackers,
Are not for sale in fairyland, as you perhaps might dream;
At first the case seemed hopeless, but, after weighty thinking,
Like clever elve-Americans they hit upon a scheme.

First, beneath the branches they unfurled a splendid banner,
Whose stripes were crimson salvia with daisies laid between,
Forget-me-nots and blue-bells made all one corner azure,
With stars of golden buttercups, the largest ever seen.

For crackers and torpedoes they snapped the empty seed pods,
While puff-balls did their little best to smoke with all their might,
And the efflu *fête* was ended with shooting stars for rockets,
While Roman-candle fireflies lit all the summer night.

RATHER CONTRADICTIONARY.

THE Little School-ma'am asked her children lately if any of them could give her a common English word which is defined as "confined or restrained," and also as "going, or ready to go," and "to spring, or to leap."

Then, before they could reply, she told them that she held in her hand something that was—(*this word*) very neatly and tastefully; "and in it," she added: "I notice that a boy remarked: 'I am—(*this word*) to go swimming to-day.'"

Whereupon Bessie Scott, one of the scholars, said with a laugh: "And I can—(*this word*) any State in the Union."

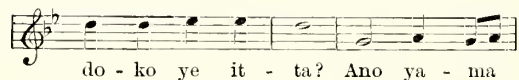
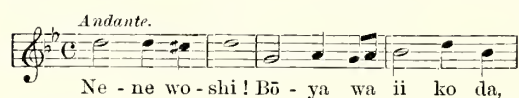
Let me hear from you concerning this word.

A JAPANESE LULLABY SONG.

BY A. V. R. EASTLAKE.



THE lullaby song that Japanese mothers sing to their baby boys and girls is very pretty, and it makes me feel almost drowsy to think of it. Little children in Japan are very good and very easily amused. When bedtime comes they lie on tufted silken covers on the soft matting floor, and the good mother sits beside them and pats softly with her hand and sings:



Ne-ne woshi! Bōya wa ii ko da,
Ne-ne shi-na!

Nenne no omori doko ye itta?
Ano yama koete o-sato ye itta.
O-sato no o-miyage nani moratta?
Denden, taiko, ni shō no fuyae,
Oki-agari-koboshi,* ni inu hariko,
Bōya wa ii ko da,
Ne-ne shi-na!"

And this little song means, in our language,

Hush-a-bye, bye!
Darling baby is so good,
Hush-a-bye, bye!
Where is nurse gone, where did she go?
Over mountains far away to the town, I know.

What buys she for baby dear, in the village store?
Cymbals, drums, flutes, and oh! plenty, plenty more,
Paper doggies, pretty toys, every thing for baby,
Darling baby is so good,
Hush-a-bye, bye!

The babies in Japan have sparkling eyes and funny little tufts of hair; they look so quaint and old-fashioned, exactly like those doll-babies that are sent over here to America. Now, in our country very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths; a button or a pin, or anything, goes straight to the little rosy wide-open mouth, and the nurse or mamma must always watch and take great care that baby does not swallow something dangerous. But in Japan they put the small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house, or on the floor, but I never saw them attempt to put anything in their mouths unless they were told to do so, and no one seemed to be anxious about them. When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty and disobedient, they must be punished, of course; but the punishment is very strange. There are very small pieces of rice-paper called *moxa*, and these are lighted with a match, and then put upon the finger or hand or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very, very much. The child screams with the pain, and the red-hot *moxa* sticks to the skin for a moment or two, and then goes out; but the smarting burn reminds the little child of his fault. I do not like these *moxas*. I think it is a cruel punishment. But perhaps it is better than a whipping. Only I wish little children never had to be punished.



* The words "oki-agari-koboshi" refer to a toy very popular among small children in China and Japan. In China it is called "pan-puh-tao," the thing that may be "banged but not overturned"; and a common name for it in Japan is Daruma San, or "Mr. Daruma." The toy is a strong pasteboard figure of an old man in a squatting position, and is so rounded and weighted at the bottom that it will always bob up in a sitting posture, no matter how often one may knock it over. It is said to represent an old Buddhist saint named Daruma, who came from India to China in the sixth century, and sat gazing at a wall for nine years, as, like many other Buddhists, he thought he could attain to supreme happiness by that kind of "fixed contemplation." The name in the song means "the little law-doctor" (koboshi) "who bobs up again" (oki-agari), after being knocked over.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY HENRY MOORE.

A SOLITARY sand-crab sidled from his cave,—
His melancholy, dark, and secret lodging,—
Scurried down the shingle to follow every wave,
And then kept his feet dry by dodging.

His funny little eyes seemed popping from his
head,
And his legs seemed all in a tangle,

And whenever you thought he was going straight
ahead,
He would shoot right off at an angle.

Now, would n't it be fun to know the funny little life
Which he lives in his sandy home; and maybe
To have an introduction to his funny little wife,
And see the little sand-crab baby.



SAFE.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THE DOGS OF JOHN BURROUGHS AND FRANK R. STOCKTON.

In reply to a letter which we sent to Mr. Burroughs concerning his dog Laddie, he wrote:

WEST PARK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My dog Laddie was a cur—a mixture of black-and-tan and spaniel, the former predominating. He died, alas, in February—was killed by a big dog of my neighbor. When I came to where he lay, several hours after the big dog had had hold of him, he was motionless, but still alive. The wounds which covered his body had dried up in the sun. When I spoke to him he made no other sign, but all his wounds instantly began to bleed afresh; it was like bloody tears trickling from all over his body. I suppose my voice quickened his pulse. He died in a little while afterward.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

MADISON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed is a rough sketch from memory of my dog "Fax." Those who had known the dog and who saw the sketch recognized the likeness. The sketch is as rough as the dog's disposition, but it will give an artist the necessary points from which to work. It must be remembered that the front half of the dog was setter, and the hind half pointer. His front legs were short; his hind legs very long. He was quick and animated, his ears being generally cocked ready for mischief. I hope this little sketch may be of service. He was of a light color, with brown markings, and his long ears were very handsome.

Yours very truly,

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WE thank Mr. Stockton very much for his spirited sketch of "Fax" which we have reproduced on page 677, just as it left his hand,—without the help of any other artist.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE SIX.

The names and ages of the boys and girls constituting "The Little Six" were:

Misses, Zoe Farrar, 12; Florence Howe, 11; Mary Barton, 11; and Masters, Reed White, 11; Bertie Ensworth, 9; and Lloyd Benson, 7.

PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE LITTLE PEOPLE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FLOOD SUFFERERS.

*Compliments of "The Little Six,"
at Opera Hall, for Saturday Evening, February 16.*

PART FIRST.

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Greeting Glee | THE LITTLE SIX. |
| "The Best I Can" | FLORENCE HOWE. |
| "The Puzzled Census-Taker" | REED WHITE. |
| "Over the Hill to the Poor-House" | ZOE FARRAR. |
| "Dorothy Sullivan" | MARY BARTON. |
| "Three Wise Old Women" | THE TROUPE. |

PART SECOND.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------|
| "How Merry the Life of a Bird" | THE TROUPE. |
| "Song of the Bobolink" | REED WHITE. |
| "Katy Did" | BERTIE ENSWORTH. |
| "Jeannette and Jeannot" | } THE TROUPE. |
| A duet, followed by Tableau by | |

PART THIRD.

Selections from "Mother Goose"

THE LITTLE SIX.

PART FOURTH.

"ART IN THE ROSEWOOD FAMILY";
A play in Three Acts.

| | |
|---|-------------------------|
| Head of the Household | REED WHITE. |
| Mater Familias | FLORENCE HOWE. |
| Jubel Rosewood, artist of the house | ZOE FARRAR. |
| Angelina Rosewood, beauty of the family | MARY BARTON. |
| August Rosewood, pride of the home | BERTIE ENSWORTH. |
| Decatur Rosewood, his mother's hope | LLOYD BENSON. |
| Songs and Good Night | BY THE ROSEWOOD FAMILY. |

Admission, 15 cents; reserved seats, 20 cents. The entire receipts to be given to the sufferers by the flood. The performance to begin at 7:30, sharp. Please bring this programme with you.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Owing to the suggestion in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, about pasting picture-cards, I have spent many happy hours during a long illness, and have nine large cards covered each side, and they are very pretty. I did not plan any comic ones, but made one a mass of pretty faces. I, too, shall send them to a hospital.

Although I am a girl, I was very much interested in "Drill."

I remain, your loving reader,

PAULINE I—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my three little playmates—a baby boy, a baby dog, and a baby cat. The little boy's name is Harry, the kitten's name is Tigs, and the pup's name is Wigs, because his hair is so long over his eyes that it looks like a curly wig. Wigs chases Tigs, Tigs chases Wigs, and Harry chases them all. Wigs sleeps in a basket, Tigs sleeps on a rug by the fire, and Harry sleeps in a crib. Tigs keeps one eye open to see what Wigs is at, Wigs keeps one eye open to see what Tigs is at, but Harry keeps both eyes tight shut, as a baby should.

One day, Harry was sick and could not play. Tigs jumped into the crib on one side, Wigs jumped in at the other, and soon all three were fast asleep. By and by mother came into the room. Harry woke up, and said he felt better. When the doctor came, he said that the cuddling of Wigs and Tigs had made him quite well, so ever after they were called Dr. Wigs and Dr. Tigs.

CLARA H—.

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your account of the "Girls' Military Company" in the January number made me think it might interest some of your readers to hear about a gymnasium for girls and young ladies, which we have here.

There are about forty members, and we meet twice a week at a dancing-hall. Our costumes are a little like those described in the "Girls' Military Company," but we don't wear hats, and our dresses extend only a little below the knee. We have dumb-bell, wand, and percussion exercises, and a very pretty march. Any girl above fourteen years of age may join.

With love and best wishes, from A GYMNAST.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber to your magazine for over a year, and think there is no other to equal it.

As I have never seen a letter from Houston, I thought I would write one, and tell you something about our city.

It is in the southern part of the Lone Star State. It is situated on the banks of Buffalo Bayou. Visitors who come here laugh at such an insignificant stream, but we feel quite proud of it, as it is the only water near us. In the spring it is really quite pretty; with its stately magnolias and graceful willow-trees, the scenery is quite enchanting.

Houston has between 35,000 and 40,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly growing. We have the finest union depot, and one of the finest hotels in the South; also a handsome market-house, court-house, and cotton exchange.

Our city is named after General Sam Houston, the leader in our

war with Mexico. The battle of San Jacinto, which gave us our independence, was fought only a few miles from here. The 21st of April, the anniversary of that battle, is always a State holiday. I hope my letter is not too long to be published, as I would love to see it in print.

Your constant reader, MARY KATE H—.

FORT SUPPLY, I. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl, and as I have never seen a letter from here, I thought I would tell you about the Indian camp which we went to see. We saw the Indian *tipoes* and all the Indian children; and the mothers carry their babies on their backs; and one baby, two months old, was born with a tooth. I tried to hang a bottle on a table, as described in ST. NICHOLAS, and succeeded. I fear my letter will be too long to print.

I am, your faithful reader, JENNIE A—.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just celebrated my tenth birthday, and you can imagine my joy and surprise at receiving a year's subscription to the dear ST. NICHOLAS. Five copies lay on the table waiting for me, and I eagerly read "Sara Crewe," and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Besides the ST. NICHOLAS, I received two of Miss Alcott's works and one of Miss Muloch's.

Good-bye, with best wishes from your interested reader, ELSA R. S—.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't often see letters in the "Letter-box" from Egypt, so I thought I would write.

Cairo is very warm at present, and the smells! — they are fearful, in the little narrow streets. I wish I could give some idea of the bazars. They are little, narrow alleys, where no carriage can pass; the bazars have no doors, and are open to the street; most of the goods for sale are outside on a stand, while the men sit inside, cross-legged; such lovely table-covers in bright colors may be bought, or sofa-cushions embroidered in gold, doyleys, curtains, etc. One wishes to buy them all; but one reason why I hate to go to the bazars is, that if you have made a purchase, no matter how long before, the man always remembers you, and tears out after you, saying, "You buy of other people, why you not buy of me?" If they ask four pounds, offer them two; after a great deal of wrangling they generally give in; they expect only half what they ask.

The donkeys are so cute; but they beat them so that the donkey generally has some raw, red spot, where his man is especially fond of jabbing him with the end of the stick. There is a delicious candy made here, like marsh-mallow, called Turkish delight.

The other day I went to an Arab wedding, in a private house; the rooms were beautiful; the bride's bed was hung with white goods and orange blossoms; the spread, satin worked in gold; the bridegroom was a widower; the bride was about fifteen, and looked very frightened; she had a train in front as well as behind, which was held up for her when she ascended her throne; she wore ostrich feathers in her hair, and in front of them a great many diamond pins. All the ladies (no men were present) were turned out of the room then, and, after waiting a while, along came the bridegroom with a group of friends; money was scattered on the ground (more candy than money) for his slaves. He then went upstairs to meet the bride; poor man, he had never seen her before — just think of it.

Very few women show their faces in the street; they show only their eyes; they carry the children on their shoulders. The other day I saw a woman with a flat basket balanced on her head, and in it sat a small baby, looking around in an easy way, holding to each side with her little hands. The children's eyes are always covered with flies; the people are too superstitious to brush them off, and they get right in their eyes and stay there; almost all have trouble with their eyes. The better class of women ride in coupés, the windows pulled down so they can just see out, and no one can see in very well. They wear white lace over their noses and mouths, very thin, so you can see the features; one or two men in gay clothes run before, dressed in cloth worked in gold or silver; their legs are bare, they carry handsome, slender sticks, and call out to clear the way for the coming carriage. Some of the English or Americans also have these men to run before their traps; it looks very pretty and oriental, but the men do not live long, as they die of heart-disease, the running is so hard.

When I spoke of the wedding, I meant one of the best class, of which very little is seen in Cairo. You have to smoke the cigarettes they pass you, or else they feel insulted. LOUISE C—.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little yellow dog, with no tail and no ears. My name is Toto, and my little mistress (of whom I am very fond) is Rosine. Rosine has a cat, and this cat has just had some kittens, and I like them very much. When I saw the cat carry them, I thought I would like to try and see if I could. I could not carry

them very well at first, but now I can carry them very much better than their mother. I like going out very much, and when Rosine goes out and leaves me, I feel very miserable. Though I like going out so, I do not like going with any one but Rosine and her mother and father, and sometimes people try to force me, but I will not go. I am a little French dog, and can understand only a little English. I sincerely hope this is not too long to put in the "Letter-box."

Your little dog-friend, TOTO.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we have never seen any letter from Salt Lake we thought that we would like to see one in your "Letter-box." We read your story, "How the Hart Boys Saw Great Salt Lake," and thought it a very true description of that day, as we were present.

We have two bathing resorts, Garfield, which is run by the Mormons, and Lake Park, which is run by our people. The bathing is said to be the best in the world.

We enjoy your magazine very much.

We attend Rowland Hall, a very nice school, for girls only.

Good-bye, MAUD AND MARIE.

FLOYD, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle gave you to me for a Christmas present, and I enjoy you very much.

I am staying with my grandma and grandpa, four miles from Floyd.

At my home, I have a very pretty canary. His name is "Bobby Shafto," but I call him "Bob" for short. He is all yellow, and is a beautiful singer. He had a dark ring around his neck, but it is all gone now. He is very tame, and will eat from my lips. His cage door is open all the time, and he perches on our heads, and sometimes comes down to breakfast. He is very jealous of my three-year-old sister, Bessie.

I made the paper ball, and intend to make some of colored paper, to hang up.

With best wishes, your little friend, DORA W—.

ROGERS PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote to you once before, but as my letter was not printed I thought I would write again. Every month, as soon as you come, I go up to the drug-store to get you. When I come back I sit down and read you. I am reading the story, "Drill: A Story of School-boy Life," and I like it very much.

I should think the General would have been mad when the boys broke the broomsticks on their knees. I belong to a company myself, and the captain made all the guns himself. I am only eight years old, so excuse all mistakes.

Good-bye, EDWARD S. C—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write this letter to you, to describe a trip I made to the top of the dome of the Capitol, here in Washington. Outside of the dome, a person looking at it would say its height was about two hundred feet, while in reality it is over three hundred feet. I counted the steps on my way up, and found the number of them to be just three hundred and fifteen. Each step is about one foot in height, so that the dome is over three hundred feet in height. The flight of stairs is very tortuous; it winds around and around. The moment a person steps out upon the little circular piazza at the top, he is struck with the grand panorama that lies spread out before him, like a feast of good things, upon which he can feast his eyes. From the Capitol as a center, the beholder sees the broad avenues and streets radiating to all points of the compass. The White House looks like a doll-house, the Treasury building like a small piece of marble, and the new pension-office building (made of brick) looks like a pressed brick lying on the ground. People look like flies. In the background of the beautiful picture lies the placid Potomac, backed up by the Virginia hills.

There is much more I might describe, but I fear I have wearied my readers (if I have any) already. I write this letter with a feeling of misgiving, for two reasons, viz.: First, because the subject is such a "chestnut," and second, because I write so badly.

A constant reader, JOHN C—.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You must not think because I live in Constantinople that I am a Turk. I am an American.

This is my first letter to you. This is the first year I have taken you, and I enjoy you very much. One of my favorite stories is "How the Yankees Came to Blackwood," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," of whom so many of the letters speak, came before I took you, but I have a bound volume of it. So I know how much they must have enjoyed it. I was looking at it to-day. My letter is growing long, and I must stop. I am ten years old, and my name is

HARRY H. B—.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two friends, who both think you a delightful magazine, and have taken you for two years. Yonkers is a very pretty little city on the Hudson, and being built upon many terraces, is sometimes called the Terrace City.

One of us has a goat named Pepper, and a little wagon in which we drive very often. The late blizzard left a great many large drifts, some being ten or twelve feet high. The trains were blocked for three or four days, and no mails could be delivered. The grass is now growing green, and the trees beginning to bud, of which we are very glad, as they show the signs of returning spring.

Within the last few weeks, the new railroad connecting with the elevated road in New York has been completed.

We both enjoyed the stories of "Little Lord Faunteroy," "Juan and Juanita," and think all others delightful. With best wishes for ST. NICHOLAS, we both remain,

Your interested readers,
MADGE D. AND APOL E.—

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a long time, and I like you more and more all the time. My precious Papa has gone away to sea, and I have not seen him for nearly two years, but all this time I have sent you to him. I paint a picture for him and mark the story I like best. So you have been all around the world with him, and now you are going to Africa, for Papa's ship is ordered there. I wish I could go with you, because I want to see Papa so much.

Now I will tell you about the pets on Papa's ship. The sailors have a monkey, two pigeons, a Madagascar cat named Tommy, a beautiful black cat called Tom, a little cinnamon monkey called Jock, two puppies called Bah and Per. Every evening they go where the officers smoke and have a regular play. The little dogs try to catch Tommy, but he is too quick for the fat little balls; he jumps over their backs and pulls their tails. I have not time to tell you half the lovely things Papa writes me, about his ship and the pets.

I want to ask you to please print this letter, because I want my Papa to see it in the ST. NICHOLAS as a great surprise. Papa gives you to the sailors, to read.

I think "Juan and Juanita" and "Lord Faunteroy" the best stories I ever read.

I have only one brother and one sister. Papa is my big brother, and Mamma is my small sister.

I am going to take you as long as you live. I am seven years old.

Your loving little friend,
LAURA K.—

P. S.—My best doll is named Queen Victoria.

PEORIA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six months. Among my favorite stories are "Edward Athoy," "Trudel's Siege," and "Three Miles High in a Balloon." I suppose I like the latter so much because I saw a man jump from a balloon, with the aid of a parachute, at a height of between one and two thousand feet. He landed unhurt, but he tore his parachute a little. His balloon was about seventy-five feet high and fifty feet in circumference. I am thirteen years old. I like you very much.

Your interested reader,
J. B. S.—

WICHITA, KANSAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly six years, and I think you are the best magazine ever published. I liked "Sara Crewe" very much, and I like all of Miss Alcott's stories. I live in a lively Western city, where the people do nothing but talk real estate and pore over new-addition plats. I go to the Garfield University, but board at home. It is so different from any school I ever went to. I am twelve years old, and never wrote to you before.

Your untiring reader,
PLUMA K.—

We have received interesting letters from the young correspondents whose names are printed below:

"Dollie," Arthur E. F., A. Burr, Helen B., Daisy Seiler, F. and J., Alice Jenckes, Stanley A. Beadle, Agnes, Joe, and Elinor, M. M., Ethel Gould, Bessie Power, Helen W. H., Janet H. Stewart, Minnie P. R., Grace E. Hulse, Sadie Crane, L. Judith Montague, Miriam Holz Ware, Belle Adams and Edie Bowers, Birdie Netter, Alice L. Fairweather, Bertha, B. and L., Rachel C. Gwyn, D. F., M. M., Louis A., James H. Cayford, Mabelle L. V. M., Harry Clonson, Eddie Simmons, Elsie C. B., D. P., Callie V. Mason, Olive May Perry, Ethel R. Tebault, Beulah B. Whitcomb, Myla Jo Closser, Mamie A. Case, Sadie Nichols, Marion F. Nichols, Helen Hunt, Harriet M. Burnett, Edwin M., Willie C. Megarge, K. Young, Mamie L. Wilson, Alma Belle Connell, S. S., Winifred Davis, Eleanor M. B., Charles E. Wilson, Louise M., Susanna G., Irma Coppage, Martha C. and Eleanor H., Carlotta C. Read, Hester Cochran, Edith H. Gage, Mary Bell Street, D. O., and D. F.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

ABSENT VOWELS. The Month of Roses. 1. A drowning man will catch at a straw. 2. The other party is always at fault. 3. A great city is a great solitude. 4. Human blood is all of one color. 5. He that converses not, knows nothing. 6. Honey in the mouth saves the purse. 7. Water run by, will not turn the mill. 8. Drink is the usher of death. 9. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. 10. Give that which you offer. 11. Good words cost nothing, but are worth much. 12. Fancy may bolt bran and think it flour. 13. A kind word costs no more than a cross one. 14. Long is the arm of the needy. 15. More haste, less speed.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Pagan. 2. Agave. 3. Games. 4. Avert. 5. Nests.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Dandelion, mistletoe. Cross-words: 1. madMan. 2. plAice. 3. coNSul. 4. reDTop. 5. whELks. 6. taLEnt. 7. goITre. 8. stOOps. 9. siNEwy.

CHARADE. Cast-a-net.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Boone. 1. B-ear. 2. O-pen. 3. O-men. 4. N-ice. 5. E-den.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Cleopatra. 1. danCers. 2. vioLEts. 3. pigEons. 4. coVOnet. 5. sliPper. 6. pyrAmid. 7. hunTers. 8. actREss. 9. carAlry.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Alhambra. 2. LadlefuL. 3. Hiccough. 4. Alhambra. 5. Mainboom. 6. Ball-cluB. 7. Recorder. 8. Alhambra.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Maud E. Palmer — A. Fiske and Co. — "Latin School Cadet" — Grace Kupfer — "Socrates" — "Solomon Quill" — Russell Davis — "Infantry" — Nellie and Reggie — "Willoughby" — K. G. S. — H. A. R. — Walter T. Murdock — F. W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Louise McClellan, 15 — M. Snowdrop, S., 2 — "Romeo and Juliet," 1 — R. Weeks, 1 — E. K. Dunton, 1 — F. H. T., 2 — Genevieve, 2 — E. P. Post, 1 — M. P. Earle, 1 — Minnie, 1 — Willie, 1 — W. L. Diller, 1 — F. Stettaner, 1 — Alma F. Durant, 3 — W. P., 2 — Harlan H. B., 1 — A. Lowell, 1 — M. K. E., 1 — Florence D. and Grace W., 1 — "Elfie," 1 — George B. M., 2 — Marie D. Grier, 2 — Harry H. M., 2 — Arthur Bredt, 2 — I. G. Bitely, 1 — "A. Omega," 7 — M. C. and E. M., 1 — W. Lieber, 1 — B. Ball, 1 — "Little Betsy," 1 — Ella S. Wilkins, 2 — Jessie, 1 — E. P. Babcock, 1 — A. C. Bowles, 1 — K. Anger, 1 — Millie Day, 3 — Willie Volkhausen, 8 — K. R. Porter, 1 — "Sigma and Beta," 2 — Alice Faran Wynn, 5 — L. P. Coleman, 1 — No name, Phila., 4 — E. Armer and A. Morris, 1 — C. D. C., 2 — Louis A., 1 — C. and K. Campbell, 1 — Anna Kaltenbach, 5 — M. Cleary, 1 — Paul Reese, 12 — E. F. McC. and A. O., 5 — Louise Armington, 10 — L. M. Butler, 1 — "Juan and Juanita," 1 — F. Sybil M., 2 — M. C. and H. C., 1 — Nell R., 7 — Douglas, Myrtle and Marigold, 4 — "Methusalem," 4 — H. C. Cushing, 1 — Harry Closson, 2 — H. F. Worden, 1 — A. Burr, 1 — M. M., 1 — S. F., 2 — Belle Burton, 12 — "Toots," 6 — "Skipper," 7 — "Patty Pan and Kettle drum," 4 — "Sally Lunn," 12 — "Sailor," 4 — N. H. Mundy, 1 — "May and 79," 11 — Ida Allen, 1 — Geo. R. Dunham, 2 — "Elsie Venner," 1 — A. A. Squires, 3 — Emma, 1 — M. Green, 1 — R. D. Humphrey, 2 — Edith Woodward, 3 — J. R. Fleming, 2 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — James A. Harris, 3 — Shullsburg Third Grade, 13 — Ellie and Susie, 6 — J. C. F., 1 — Rosa and Jesse Mayer, 3 — A. H. and R., 15 — "Alpha, Alpha, B. C.," 6 — V. P. Conklin, 5 — Robert and Ruth, 13 — "G. and Potpourri," 1 — Rose, 4 — Edwin Fullam, 1 — Jennie S. Liebmann, 8 — "Twin Elephants," 5 — "Pussy Willow," 7 — "Grandma," 4 — No name, 9 — C. and K. Campbell, 1 — "Miss Flint," 12 — "Betsy Prigg," 8 — C. C. Norris, 2 — Runyon, 11 — "Lehte," 14 — "Donna D.," 3 — Henry and Harry, 1 — E. Clark, 2 — Jo and I, 12 — "Laughing Water," 1 — Mamma and Marion, 4 — Kafran Emcraut, 13 — Alpha Zate, 7 — E. J. H. and R. H., 14 — W. S. and A. E. Turpin, 3 — "Damon and Pythias," 2 — Nellie L. Howes, 13 — M. E. R. C., 13 — "Hypatia," 1 — "Eureka," 7 — L. S., 1 — E. M. S., 8 — M. Osbourn.

EASY ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzags (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell a famous event which took place on July 21, nearly thirty years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An obstruction. 2. Much used nowadays. 3. A wager. 4. The goddess of revenge. 5. To saunter. 6. A retreat. 7. The fifth sign of the zodiac. 8. Frequent. 9. To request. 10. To place. 11. Forty-five inches. 12. A quadrured with palmate horns. 13. A covering for a floor. 14. To drone. 15. Part of a fish.

KITTY M. M.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-six letters, and form a sentence from a famous eulogy.

My 45-31-16-2 are all the same vowel. My 8-26-6-51-22 is a color. My 34-49-74 is the sound made by a cannon-ball passing swiftly through the air. My 43-30-20-53 is a fight. My 47-48-24-26-19-25-37-13-9-15-55 is an ally. My 18-27-35-52-21-37 is the

HEXAGONS. 1. 1. Atad. 2. Tacit. 3. Acacia. 4. Dickens. 5. Tierce. 6. Ancle. 7. Seer. 11. 1. Stem. 2. Togas. 3. Egeria. 4. Marengo. 5. Singer. 6. Agent. 7. Orts. 111. 1. Flam. 2. Laban. 3. Abodes. 4. Madison. 5. Nestle. 6. Soles. 7. Nest. A PECULIAR PI.

Hear the skylark in the grass,
Hear the cricket in the cloud,
Trilling blitheness clear and loud,
Chirping glee to all who pass.
Oh, the merry summer lay!
Earth and sky keep holiday.

Hear the leaves that kiss the air,
Hear the laughter of the bees;
Who remembers winter care
In the shining days like these?
Oh, the merry lay of June!
All our hearts are glad in tune.

Mrs. Augusta Davies Webster.

A LETTER PUZZLE. Begin at C in cap: "Coronation of Queen Victoria." — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Vermet.

EASY CUBES. I. From 1 to 2, carpet; 2 to 4, teapot; 1 to 3, chased; 3 to 4, direct; 5 to 6, yeasts; 6 to 8, serves; 5 to 7, yonder; 7 to 8, roasts; 1 to 5, cloy; 2 to 6, tars; 4 to 8, tubs; 3 to 7, deer. II. From 1 to 2, cables; 2 to 4, stamps; 1 to 3, closet; 3 to 4, tramps; 5 to 6, season; 6 to 8, neatly; 5 to 7, shadow; 7 to 8, wintry; 1 to 5, cabs; 2 to 6, sign; 4 to 8, slay; 3 to 7, trow.

surname of a President of the United States. My 40-3-19-50-33-42-56 was the scene of a battle December 26, 1777. My 14-30-23-32-5-48-7 is the name of the Secretary of War during Lincoln's administration. My 11-42-28-5 1-12-41-44-35-10 is the name of a place near Wilmington that was captured on Jan. 15, 1865. My 54-38-17-9-46-4-20-29 is the name by which the first battle of Bull Run is sometimes called.

PI.

FRITS, Alpra, hes thiw lomwel howsers
Spone eth wya, res thiw rayle slowfer;
Hent traef erh mesco limnsig Mya,
Ni a rome chri dan weste rayra;
Texn sentre Jeun, dan gribns su remo
Gesm hent hoste wot hatt twen recfbo;
Hent, stally, Juyl scemo, dan seh
Remo thelaw grinsb ni nath lah shote there.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB.

Th,t l,x,d b,c,*m,s l,*ght th,t *s ch,*r,f,lly b,*m,*.

L. L. H.

OCTAGON.

1. ANCIENT. 2. Long beams. 3. To act. 4. The flat jutting part of a cornice. 5. That which drains. 6. A horse. 7. To wander.

CROWN PUZZLE.



ACROSS: 1. An exclamation (two letters). 2. A conference between two persons (eight letters). 3. What a prisoner has to look out through (two words). 4. To assemble. 5. Old age. 6. Intervals of time. 7. The last eight-ninths of a word meaning palatable. The two central rows, reading downward, will spell the names of two modern American authors.

LOUISE MCCLELLAN.

CHARADE.

To solve this charade one must go by the sound; Who follows the spelling will soon be aground!

My *first* has the face to serve as disguise
To hide my *first-second* from curious eyes;
But *third* of the *first* he surely will need
In joining the *first, fourth* and *third*, to succeed,
For — unless I do *fourth* — with no *first*, though a quest
For *first second third* he 's not fittingly dressed.
To *first* join the *second*, to these add the *third*,
Then finish with *fourth*, and you have the whole word.
But, if its full meaning be well weighed and reckoned
You 'll find it no more than simply *first second!*
And a word-sparing poet, if worst comes to worst,
Can express the whole word by using my *first*.

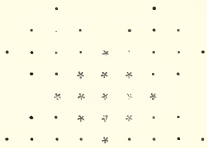
CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Each of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of a famous Florentine artist.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wants. 2. Trail. 3. To wed. 4. Full of life and mirth. 5. A color. 6. A certain forest, familiar to readers of Shakspeare's plays. 7. Peevish. 8. A boy's name. 9. Derides. 10. A navy or squadron of ships.

"ODD FISH."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. A verb. 3. A stigma. 4. Conclusion. 5. In browsed.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. A capsule of a plant. 3. The narrow sea-channel between England and France. 4. A retreat. 5. In browsed.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. A verb. 3. A web-footed bird. 4. A cave. 5. In browsed.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. A color. 3. To preclude. 4. A small lump. 5. In browsed.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. At once. 3. Impelled along the surface of water. 4. To marry. 5. In browsed.

"CHANITO."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each spell the name of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. The Christian name of a President of the United States, elected within the past twelve years. 2. A town of Spain near which the Spaniards were defeated by the French, commanded by Mortier and Soult, in 1809. 3. A city of

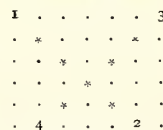
the Netherlands, taken, in 1573, after a seven months' siege, by the Duke of Alva. 4. A resort for blockade-runners during the civil war. 5. The British commander who gained the victory called by the English the "Battle of the First of June." 6. A naval officer of the highest rank. 7. One of the thirteen original States. 8. The successful commander at Culloden. 9. A famous Seminole Indian. 10. An eminent English statesman, sometimes called "The Great Commoner." 11. The State whose motto is "Ad astra per aspera."

FITZ-HUGH BURNS.



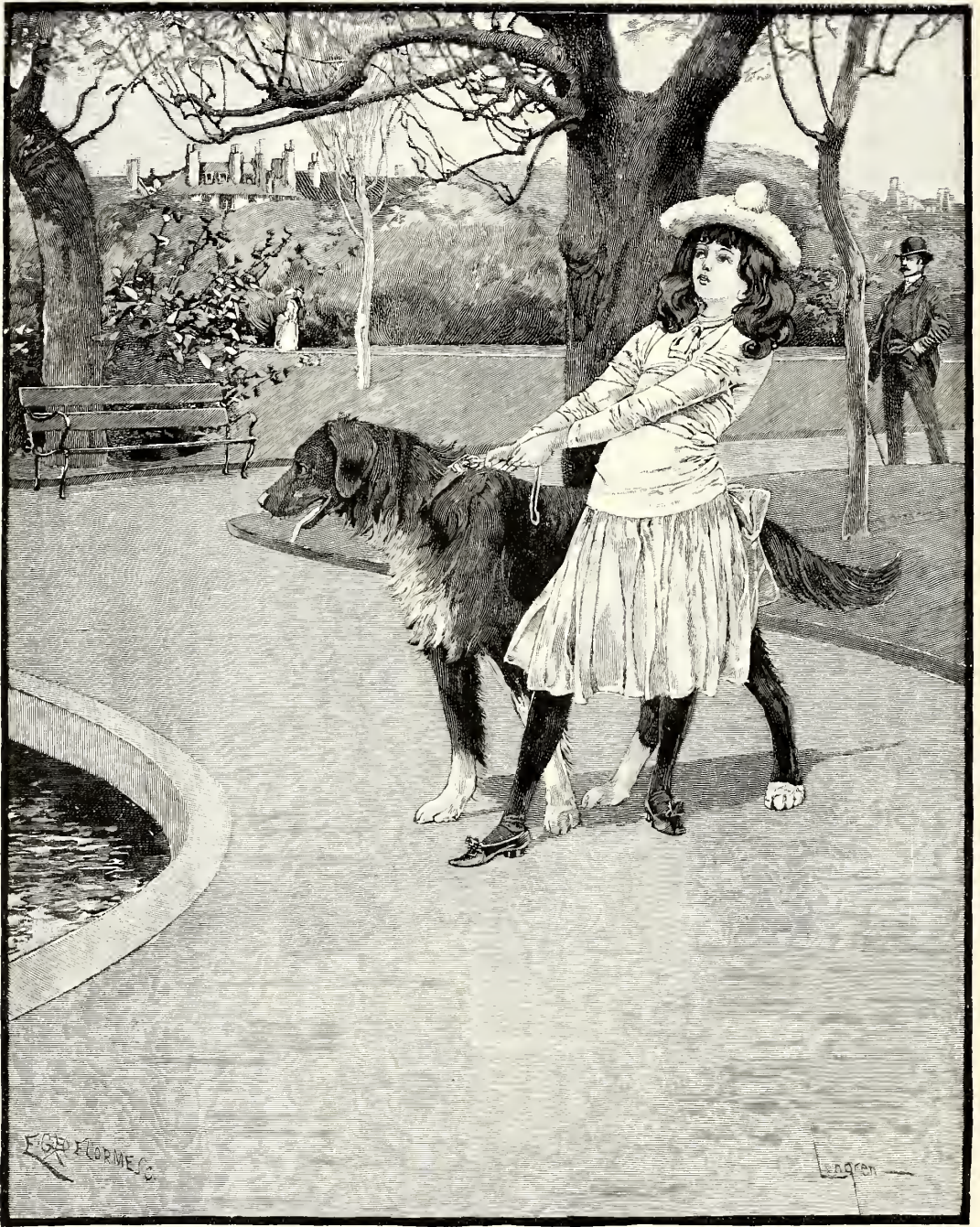
This differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The quotation, consisting of fifty-seven words, is taken from the Declaration of Independence.

DIAGONALS.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Long loose overcoats. 2. Is urgent. 3. A smirk. 4. A territory of the United States, sometimes called the "Golden Summit." 5. To elect again. 6. Bodies of land. The diagonals from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 spell a famous confederation.

"ANTHONY GUFFIL."



IN THE PARK.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

AUGUST, 1888.

No. 10.



BY EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



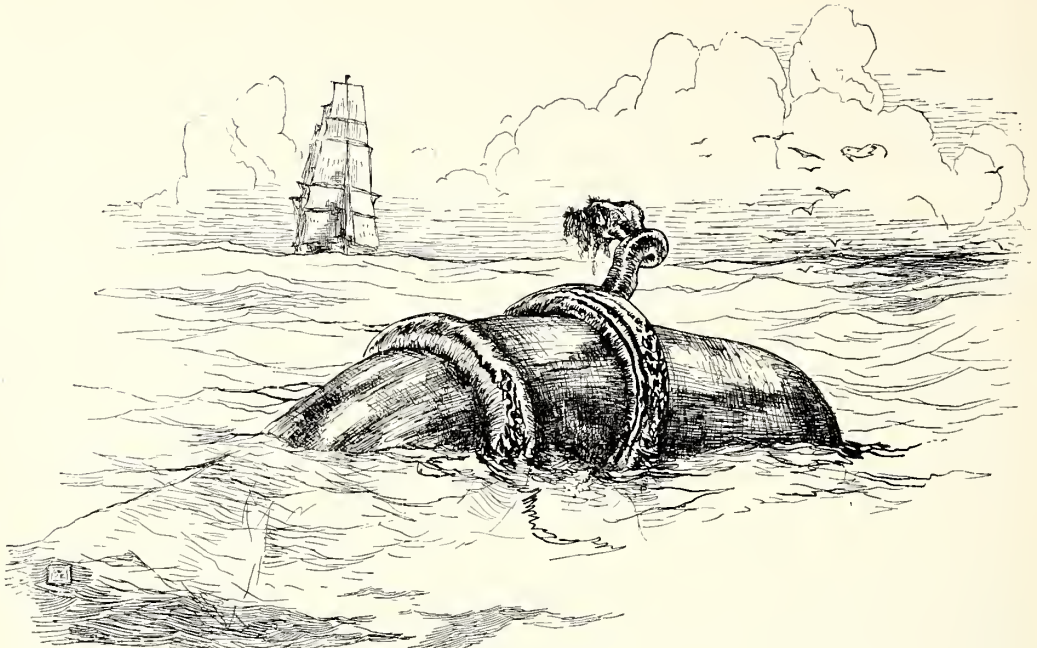
SUPPOSE that most of the boys who read these pages have at one time or another privately inquired of friends of their own age, or friends who are older, and therefore supposed to have clearer judgments:

“Come, now, do you

really believe that there *is* any such thing as the sea-serpent?” The question is generally put in a manner which leaves a fair opportunity for the inquirer to exclaim, “Well, I do, too!” or “I don’t, cither!” according to the nature of the answer extracted. Three classes of persons may easily be formed from intelligent and thinking people of all ages: Those who believe that the statements we possess (from one source or another) warrant the conclusion that there are sea-serpents; those who

ridicule the idea that sea-serpents exist; and those who do not know enough on the topic to properly decide. But to any student of natural history the sea-serpent question is one which well deserves a careful sifting.

It is hardly necessary to say how old is the notion that huge monsters of the snake sort make their home deep in the seas, now and then showing themselves to terrify mankind. In fact, if the notion were not so old as to seem to find its source in fables and mythological legends, one reason for doubting the reality of the creature would be removed. Most of these extremely ancient descriptions come from the Northern lands, and the cold oceans of Scandinavia. Thus, one ancient author, Olaus Magnus, speaks of a sea-snake two hundred feet long that rose from the waves, towered above a ship’s mast, and snapped up cattle and men in its jaws. In the old “Chronicle of Prodigies and Portents,” by Conrad Wolfhart, a German of the sixteenth century, we find strange, rude pictures



"IN 1875 THE CREW OF THE SHIP 'PAULINE' ENCOUNTERED A VAST SERPENT, COILED TWICE AROUND THE CARCASS OF A SPERM-WHALE."

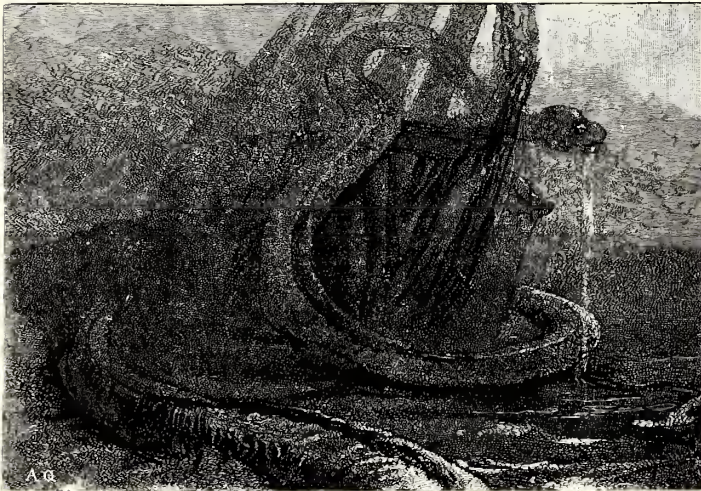
of serpentine creatures, in which he put all due faith; there is the "Alcete," an animal with a scaly body and a head like a wild boar, and the "Physeter," a horrible freak of the imagination, which has a horse's head, the teeth of a dragon, and the blow-holes of the whale. Wolfhart narrates that in 151 B. C., on the coast of Sardinia, several mighty snakes came up from the sea and attacked vessels; but, as his picture shows the alarmed

crews discharging *cannon* at the foe some twelve centuries before cannon were in use, there may be other errors.

To come to later accounts. In 1639 an English traveler named Josselyn, who came over to New England on a visit, was told of a sea-serpent that lay coiled on some rocks at Cape Ann, Massachusetts. And it should be observed how early Massachusetts waters and the New England coast

became the regions linked with appearances of the mysterious creature. Some Indians who rowed near this one, in a skiff, were sorely frightened and warned the Englishmen with them not to fire at it, or they would be in peril. Unluckily, Mr. Josselyn was not of the boat-party, and the result is that we get this account only by hearsay.

The next narrative of value is a singular description by the Rev. Hans Egede, a distinguished missionary to Greenland, who records in his diary in 1734, the rising to the surface of the sea near his parish of a "monster" so huge in size that, coming out of the



AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

water, its head reached as high as the mainmast. It had a long, pointed snout, and spouted like a whale. The under part of the body was shaped like that of a huge serpent. This remarkable creature seems to have been more like a giant-squid than like any animal of the serpent kind.

Two records of our mysterious monster, with plenty of details, soon follow. Joseph Kent, seaman, beheld in Broad Bay, in May, 1751, a great serpent longer and thicker than the main-boom of his eighty-five-ton ship; and good Bishop Pontopidan, in his famous "Natural History of Norway," tells us that the Norwegian coast is the only European shore visited by the creature; and that a formidable specimen, six hundred feet long, with its extended back looking like a row of floating hog-heads, was chased by a boat's crew of eight sailors under a certain Captain de Ferry, but that it escaped.

Passing by the statement of Eleazar Crabtree, who declares that in 1778 he saw this shy swimmer on the surface of Penobscot Bay, we reach a really important record dated the next year, 1779. In that year Commodore Preble (afterward so famous as one of our naval heroes, but then a young midshipman) pursued with a boat and twelve seamen, a monster—a sea-serpent between one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet in length, with a huge head. Its motion was so rapid that it could not be overtaken. It was observed at intervals for an hour. It is at least odd, if there was any deception, that one year later Mr. George Little sighted what seems to have been the same snake, in Round Pond, Broad Bay.

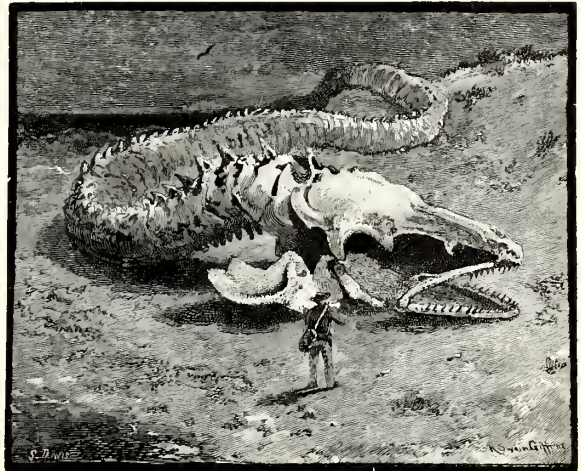
You will see that we have now come to the century in which we are living; for it is in 1802 that we meet our next witness to the sea-serpent, Abraham Cummings. Abraham Cummings declared that he knew of six appearances of the animal, all in the same neighborhood, Penobscot Bay; and three other persons said the same thing. In 1808, a decaying carcass of something was found on an Orkney Island beach. It had a wonderfully snaky look, but proved to be the remains of a remarkably long and thin shark. But in this same year, Rev. Mr. Maclean, a clergyman of Eigg, sent a careful description of a sea-serpent with a "head somewhat broad," that swam "with his head above water, and with the wind for about half a mile" before vanishing; he described it as seventy or eighty feet in length. This must have been a truly sea-serpentish and formidable creature.

There are nearly fifty stories, some from trustworthy and some from scarcely reliable sources, as to the comings, and goings, and showings of this

ocean riddle, up to the year 1840. A large number are from the Massachusetts shore. The serpent is generally described as coming into view suddenly, on clear days when the sea was smooth; and, however warlike its look, it was always readily alarmed and departed swiftly and peacefully.

The Norway coasts, also, were not forgotten by it. In 1848 the British ship "Dædalus," under Captain McQuahae, encountered a huge specimen, seen distinctly by those on board the ship and described by them with much care, in reply to various scientific men who wished to investigate the matter thoroughly. In 1875 the crew of the ship "Pauline" encountered a vast serpent, coiled twice around the carcass of a sperm-whale, elevating its neck and head in the air, and finally vanishing below the water! This rather startling story was carefully examined into; and the statements seem to be entirely correct.

On August 3d, of that year, 1875, we find one of the most remarkable accounts of the sea-serpent's advent on record. A party of well-known New



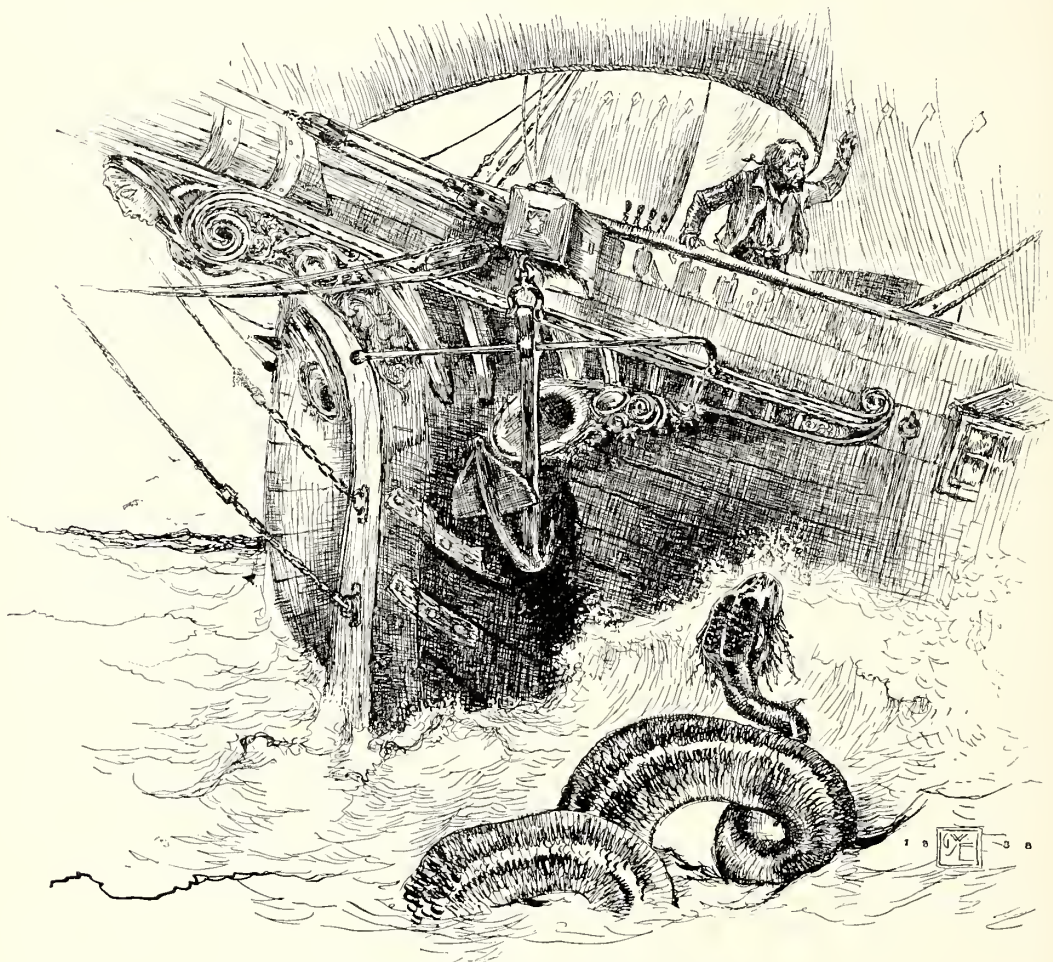
AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF THE SKELETON OF A SEA-SERPENT.

England gentlemen and ladies, four in number, besides two sailors, from the deck of the small yacht "Princess," while sailing between Swamps-cott and Egg Rock, saw an animal that would certainly appear to have been no other than our erratic friend. At a distance of about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards from the yacht, from time to time a huge head, like that of a turtle or snake, rose six or eight feet above the waves. It was seen by all the party during two hours. Other persons claim to have seen this animal on the same day. One of the "Princess" party made a sketch of it, there being plenty of time to complete the portrait.

More interesting still, are the descriptions of the serpent "striped black and white," with an extremely large head and rather flat, enormous, projecting eyes, coarse scales and fins, seen by a Captain Garton, of the steamer "Norman," July 17th, 1875, and also by a passenger on the steamship "Roman" on the same day. This snake's length was recorded as over one hundred feet, and

Singularly enough, these observers could not discover its mouth or eyes. It was of a dark color and great bulk.

During the last ten years the sea-serpent has reappeared, according to accounts of greater or less trustworthiness, several dozen times. Perhaps the most remarkable and interesting are two very recent accounts, both, in fact, only two years old



THE SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY JOSEPH KENT IN 1751.

it was either pursuing a sword-fish, or being pursued by him.

On July 15th, 1877, Mr. George S. Wesson and Mr. F. W. Fernald caught sight of the animal under especially favorable circumstances,—and they gave vivid descriptions of its rough, scaly skin, its back covered with the "humpy" protuberances that others have mentioned, and the seething of the waves above it, as it rose and sank.

On June 17th, 1886, six men, while rowing near Gloucester, suddenly saw a seal at a distance of about sixty rods, sharply pursued by a creature that seemed unmistakably of the serpent race. It was sixty or seventy feet long, black, with a white stripe under the throat, and it held its head some three feet in the air. At one instant the seal was seen to jump furiously from the water, to escape the creature's attack. The pursuer seemed afraid



ANOTHER ARTIST'S IDEA OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

to enter shoal water, and so presently gave up the chase, and quickly departed seaward again. The men who watched this extraordinary scene are of excellent character, and agree that by no possibility could their sight have been deceived. The second narrative attracted more attention. Early on the afternoon of August 12th, also of 1886, Mr. Granville B. Putnam, of Boston, Mr. Calvin W.

Pool, and a large number of Gloucester residents saw the monster for about ten minutes near Rockport. Its color was dark brown, and its length apparently eighty feet, at least. No eyes could be discovered. It swam with great speed, cutting the water with what looked like a pair of submerged fins; and its back presented the odd look of "humpiness," or "a row of lumps" along its

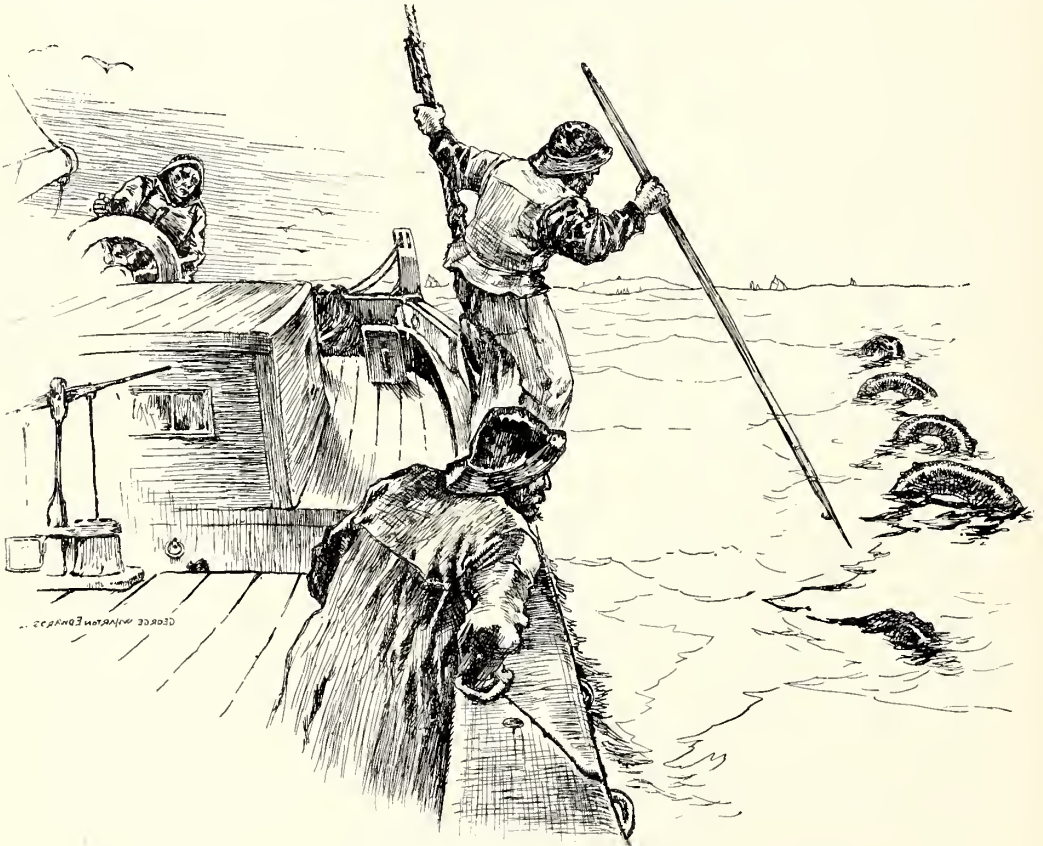


THE LAIR OF THE SEA-SERPENT.
(From a painting by Elisha Vedder.)

length, recorded by various observers. This sea-serpent also appeared in the vicinity during the following ten days. It is a particularly reliable account in every respect. That autumn there were also one or two other visits recorded, all dated from the New England or the Norwegian coasts.

So runs the list of appearances of this singular creature; and we have not given all. The same peculiar "points" are repeated, of late years, over and over, and the witnesses generally agree pretty closely with one another. The serpent invariably shows itself in the higher latitudes, and always in summer or early autumn. As to length, color, general appearance, motion, its curious harmlessness, and so on, the different tales are strangely alike.

cleverly take a hint from the first paragraph of this article for your benefit, and are content to ask the writer for his own opinion, he will answer frankly that he thinks it undeniable that there is some extraordinary creature of the serpent species, attaining great size, and making its home in the deeper and colder water of our northern seas, above which it occasionally shows its timid head. The ocean is a vast world by itself, and we do not realize how little we know of it. But by all means remember that it is summer-time again, and his sphinx-like highness may be wandering near some of our sea-shore resorts. A prize to the reader of this paper who first interviews; without any misunderstanding, the genuine and true sea-serpent!



THE SEA-SERPENT AS SEEN JULY 15TH, 1877.

Certainly, if so many sensible and cool-headed persons have been, year by year, deluded, there is something in the sea-air besides a cure for hot weather. What do you think? If you are disposed to

Perhaps you are sitting on the sand, as you read these lines. If so, now that you have finished, look about you sharply. You may suddenly add your own experience to the mass of testimony.



“HERR KREBS! WO GEHEN SIE HIN?”

“HO, FOR SLUMBERLAND!”

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A LITTLE song for bedtime, when, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
’Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,

“ For the Slumber Islands, ho ! ”

When the little ones get drowsy and heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,
And the ferrymen are calling,

“ For the Slumber Islands, ho ! ”

Then the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland ; and the dipping of the oar
In the Sea of Sleep makes music that the children only know
When they answer to the boatmen’s

“ For the Slumber Islands, ho ! ”

Oh ! take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that ’s waiting to bear you o’er the sea ;
Take a kiss and give one, and then away you go
A-sailing into Dreamland.

“ For the Slumber Islands, ho ! ”

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE gibes of Lucy Ann, and the occasional little thrusts of Hugh, about the "deserter business," continued and kept the boys stirred up. At length they could stand it no longer. It was decided between them that they must retrieve their reputations by capturing a real deserter and turning him over to the conscript-officer whose office was at the depot.

Accordingly, one Saturday they started out on an expedition, the object of which was to capture a deserter though they should die in the attempt.

The conscript-guard had been unusually active lately, and it was said that several deserters had been caught.

The boys turned in at their old road, and made their way into Holetown. Their guns were loaded with large slugs, and they felt the ardor of battle thrill them as they marched along down the narrow roadway. They were trudging on when they were hailed by name from behind. Turning, they saw their friend Tim Mills, coming along at the same slouching gait in which he always walked. His old single-barrel gun was thrown across his arm, and he looked a little rustier than on the day he had shared their lunch. The boys held a little whispered conversation, and decided on a treaty of friendship.

"Good-mornin'," he said, on coming up to them. "How 's your ma?"

"Good-morning. She 's right well."

"What y' all doin'? Huntin' d'serters agin?" he asked.

"Yes. Come on and help us catch them."

"No; I can't do that—exactly;—but I tell you what I *can* do. I can tell you whar one is!"

The boys' faces glowed. "All right!"

"Let me see," he began, reflectively chewing a stick. "Does y' all know Billy Johnson?"

The boys did not know him.

"You *sure* you don't know him? He 's a tall, long fellow, 'bout forty years old, and breshes his hair mighty slick; got a big nose, and a gap-tooth, and a moustache. He lives down in the lower neighborhood."

Even after this description the boys failed to recognize him.

"Well, he 's the feller. I can tell you right

whar he is, this minute. He did me a mean trick, an' I 'm gwine to give him up. Come along."

"What did he do to you?" inquired the boys, as they followed him down the road.

"Why—he—; but 't 's no use to be rakin' it up agin. You know he always passes hisself off as one o' the conscrip'-guards,—that 's his dodge. Like as not, that 's what he 's gwine try and put off on y' all now; but don't you let him fool you."

"We 're not going to," said the boys.

"He rigs hisself up in a uniform—jes' like as not he stole it, too,—an' goes roun' foolin' people, mekin' out he 's such a soldier. If he fools with me, I 'm gwine to finish him!" Here Tim gripped his gun fiercely.

The boys promised not to be fooled by the wily Johnson. All they asked was to have him pointed out to them.

"Don't you let him put up any game on you 'bout bein' a conscrip'-guard hisself," continued their friend.

"No, indeed we won't. We are obliged to you for telling us."

"He ain't so very fur from here. He 's mighty tecken up with John Hall's gal, and is tryin' to meck out like he 's Gen'l Lee hisself, an' she ain' got no mo' sense than to b'lieve him."

"Why, we heard, Mr. Mills, she was going to marry *you*."

"Oh, no, I ain't a good enough soldier for her; she wants to marry *Gen'l Lee*."

The boys laughed at his dry tone.

As they walked along they consulted how the capture should be made.

"I tell you how to take him," said their companion. "He is a monstrous coward, and all you got to do is jest to bring your guns down on him. I would n't shoot him—'nless he tried to run; but if he did that, when he got a little distance I 'd pepper him about his legs. Make him give up his sword and pistol and don't let him ride; 'cause if you do, he 'll git away. Make him walk—the rascal!"

The boys promised to carry out these kindly suggestions.

They soon came in sight of the little house where Mills said the deserter was. A soldier's

horse was standing tied at the gate, with a sword hung from the saddle. The owner, in full uniform, was sitting on the porch.

"I can't go any further," whispered their friend; "but that 's him — that 's 'Gen'l Lee' — the triffin' scoundrel! — loafin' 'roun' here 'sted o' goin' in the army! I b'lieve y' all is 'fraid to take him," eying the boys suspiciously.

"No, we ain't; you 'll see," said both boys, fired at the doubt.

"All right; I 'm goin' to wait right here and watch you. Go ahead."

The boys looked at the guns to see if they were all right, and marched up the road keeping their eyes on the enemy. It was agreed that Frank was to do the talking and give the orders.

They said not a word until they reached the gate. They could see a young woman moving about in the house, setting a table. At the gate they stopped, so as to prevent the man from getting to his horse.

The soldier eyed them curiously. "I wonder whose boys they is?" he said to himself. "They 's certainly actin' comical! Playin' soldiers, I reckon."

"Cock your gun — easy," said Frank, in a low tone, suiting his own action to the word.

Willy obeyed.

"Come out here, if you please," Frank called to the man. He could not keep his voice from shaking a little, but the man rose and lounged out toward them. His prompt compliance reassured them.

They stood, gripping their guns and watching him as he advanced.

"Come outside the gate!" He did as Frank said.

"What do you want?" he asked impatiently.

"You are our prisoner," said Frank, sternly, dropping down his gun with the muzzle toward the captive, and giving a glance at Willy to see that he was supported.

"Your *what*? What do you mean?"

"We arrest you as a deserter."

How proud Willy was of Frank!

"Go 'way from here; I ain't no deserter. I 'm a-huntin' for deserters, myself," the man replied, laughing.

Frank smiled at Willy with a nod, as much as to say, "You see, — just what Tim told us!"

"Ain't your name Mr. Billy Johnson?"

"Yes; that 's my name."

"You are the man we 're looking for. March down that road. But don't run, — if you do, we 'll shoot you!"

As the boys seemed perfectly serious and the muzzles of both guns were pointing directly at him, the man began to think that they were in earnest.

But he could hardly credit his senses. A suspicion flashed into his mind.

"Look here, boys," he said, rather angrily, "I don't want any of your foolin' with me. I 'm too old to play with children. If you all don't go 'long home and stop giving me impudence, I 'll slap you over!" He started rather angrily toward Frank. As he did so, Frank brought the gun to his shoulder.

"Stand back!" he said, looking along the barrel, right into the man's eyes. "If you move a step, I 'll blow your head off!"

The soldier's jaw fell. He stopped and threw up his arm before his eyes.

"Hold on!" he called; "don't shoot! Boys, ain't you got better sense 'n that?"

"March on down that road. Willy, you get the horse," said Frank, decidedly.

The soldier glanced over toward the house. The voice of the young woman was heard singing a war song in a high key.

"Ef Mellindy sees me, I 'm a goner," he reflected. "Jes come down the road a little piece, will you?" he asked, persuasively.

"No talking, — march!" ordered Frank.

He looked at each of the boys; the guns still kept their perilous direction. The boys' eyes looked fiery to his surprised senses.

"Who is y' all?" he asked.

"We are two little Confederates! That 's who we are," said Willy.

"Is any of your parents ever — ever been in a asylum?" he asked, as calmly as he could.

"That 's none of your business," said Captain Frank. "March on!"

The man cast a despairing glance toward the house, where "The years" were "creeping slowly by, Lorena," in a very high pitch, — and then moved on.

"I hope she ain't seen nothin'," he thought. "If I jest can git them guns away from 'em —"

Frank followed close behind him with his old gun held ready for need, and Willy untied the horse and led it. The bushes concealed them from the dwelling.

As soon as they were well out of sight of the house, Frank gave the order:

"Halt!" They all halted.

"Willy, tie the horse." It was done.

"I wonder if those boys is thinkin' 'bout shootin' me?" thought the soldier, turning and putting his hand on his pistol.

As he did so, Frank's gun came to his shoulder.

"Throw up your hands or you are a dead man." The hands went up.

"Willy, keep your gun on him, while I search

him for any weapons." Willy cocked the old musket and brought it to bear on the prisoner.

"Little boy, don't handle that thing so reckless," the man expostulated. "Ef that musket was to go off, it might kill me!"

"No talking," commanded Frank, going up to him. "Hold up your hands. Willy, shoot him if he moves."

Frank drew a long pistol from its holster with an air of business. He searched carefully, but there were no more.

The fellow gritted his teeth. "If she ever hears of *this*, Tim's got her certain," he groaned; "but she won't never hear."

At a turn in the road his heart sank within him; for just around the curve they came upon Tim Mills sitting quietly on a stump. He looked at them with a quizzical eye, but said not a word.

The prisoner's face was a study when he recognized his rival and enemy. As Mills did not move, his courage returned.

"Good mornin', Tim," he said, with great politeness.

The man on the stump said nothing; he only looked on with complacent enjoyment.

"Tim, is these two boys crazy?" he asked slowly.

"They 're crazy 'bout shootin' deserters," replied Tim.

"Tim, tell 'em I ain't no deserter." His voice was full of entreaty.

"Well, if you ain't a d'serter, what you doin' outn the army?"

"You know ——" began the fellow fiercely; but Tim shifted his long single-barrel lazily into his hand and looked the man straight in the eyes, and the prisoner stopped.

"Yes, I know," said Tim with a sudden spark in his eyes. "An' *you* know," he added after a pause, during which his face resumed its usual listless look. "An' my edvice to you is to go 'long with them boys, if you don't want to git three loads of slugs in you. They *may* put 'em in you anyway. They 's sort o' 'stracted 'bout d'serters, and I can swear to it." He touched his forehead expressively.

"March on!" said Frank.

The prisoner, grinding his teeth, moved forward, followed by his guards.

Each man sent the same ugly look after the other as the enemies parted.

"It's all over! He's got her," groaned Johnson. As they passed out of sight, Mills rose and sauntered somewhat briskly (for him) in the direction of John Hall's.

They soon reached a little stream, not far from the depot where the provost-guard was stationed. On its banks the man made his last stand; but his obstinacy brought a black muzzle close to his head

with a stern little face behind it, and he was fain to march straight through the water, as he was ordered.

Just as he was emerging on the other bank, with his boots full of water and his trousers dripping, closely followed by Frank brandishing his pistol, a small body of soldiers rode up. They were the conscript-guard. Johnson's look was despairing.

"Why, Billy, what in thunder —? Thought you were sick in bed!"

Another minute and the soldiers took in the situation by instinct — and Johnson's rage was drowned in the universal explosion of laughter.

The boys had captured a member of the conscript-guard!

In the midst of it all, Frank and Willy, overwhelmed by their ridiculous error, took to their heels as hard as they could, and the last sounds that reached them were the roars of the soldiers as the scampering boys disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Johnson went back, in a few days, to see John Hall's daughter; but the young lady declared she would n't marry any man who let two boys make him wade through a creek; and a month or two later she married Tim Mills.

To all the gibes he heard on the subject of his capture, and they were many, Johnson made but one reply:

"Them boys 's had parents in a asylum, *sure!*"

CHAPTER XIII.

It was now nearing the end of the third year of the war.

Hugh was seventeen, and was eager to go into the army. His mother would have liked to keep him at home; but she felt that it was her duty not to withhold anything, and Colonel Marshall offered Hugh a place with him. So a horse was bought, and Hugh went to Richmond and came back with a uniform and a saber. The boys truly thought that General Lee himself was not so imposing or so great a soldier as Hugh. They followed him about like two pet dogs, and when he sat down they stood and gazed at him adoringly.

When Hugh rode away to the army it was harder to part with him than they had expected; and though he had left them his gun and dog, to console them during his absence, it was difficult to keep from crying. Everyone on the plantation was moved. Uncle Balla, who up to the last moment had been very lively attending to the horse, as the young soldier galloped away sank down on the end of the steps of the office, and, dropping his hands on his knees, followed Hugh with his eyes until he disappeared over the hill. The old driver said nothing, but his face expressed a great deal.

The boys' mother cried a great deal, but it was generally when she was by herself.

"She 's afraid Hugh 'll be kilt," Willy said to Uncle Balla, in explanation of her tears,—the old servant having remarked that he "b'lieved she cried more, when Hugh went away, than she did when Marse John and Marse William both went."

"Hi! war n't she 'fred they 'll be kilt, too?" he asked in some scorn.

This was beyond Willy's logic, so he pondered over it.

"Yes, but she 's afraid Hugh 'll be kilt, as *well*

That winter, the place where the army went into winter-quarters was some distance from Oakland; but the young officers used to ride over, from time to time, two or three together, and stay for a day or two.

Times were harder than they had been before, but the young people were as gay as ever.

The Colonel, who had been dreadfully wounded in the summer, had been made a brigadier-general for gallantry. Hugh had received a slight wound in the same action. The General had written to the boys' mother about him; but he had not been



FRANK AND WILLY CAPTURE A MEMBER OF THE CONSCRIPT-GUARD.

as them," he said finally, as the best solution of the problem.

It did not seem to wholly satisfy Uncle Balla's mind, for when he moved off he said, as though talking to himself:

"She sutn'ey is 'sot' on that boy. He 'll be a gen'l hisself, the first thing she know."

There was a bond of sympathy between Uncle Balla and his mistress which did not exist so strongly between her and any of the other servants. It was due perhaps to the fact that he was the companion and friend of her boys.

home. The General had gone back to his command. He had never been to Oakland since he was wounded.

One evening, the boys had just teased their Cousin Belle into reading them their nightly portion of "The Talisman," as they sat before a bright lightwood fire, when two horsemen galloped up to the gate, their horses splashed with mud from fetlocks to ears. In a second, Lucy Ann dashed headlong into the room, with her teeth gleaming:

"Here Marse Hugh, out here!"

There was a scamper to the door—the boys first, shouting at the tops of their voices, Cousin Belle next, and Lucy Ann close at her heels.

“Who’s with him, Lucy Ann?” asked Miss Belle, as they reached the passage-way, and heard several voices outside.

“The Cunnel’s with ’im.”

The young lady turned and fled up the steps as fast as she could.

“You see I brought my welcome with me,” said the General, addressing the boy’s mother, and laying his hand on his young aide’s shoulder, as they stood, a little later, “thawing out” by the roaring log-fire in the sitting-room.

“You always bring that; but you are doubly welcome for bringing this young soldier back to me,” said she, putting her arm affectionately around her son.

Just then the boys came rushing in from taking the horses to the stable. They made a dive toward the fire to warm their little chapped hands.

“I told you Hugh war n’t as tall as the General,” said Frank, across the hearth to Willy.

“Who said he was?”

“You!”

“I did n’t.”

“You did.”

They were a contradictory pair of youngsters, and their voices, pitched in a youthful treble, were apt in discussion to strike a somewhat higher key; but it did not follow that they were in an ill humor merely because they contradicted each other.

“What *did* you say, if you did n’t say that?” insisted Frank.

“I said he *looked* as if he *thought* himself as tall as the General,” declared Willy, defiantly, oblivious in his excitement of the eldest brother’s presence. There was a general laugh at Hugh’s confusion; but Hugh had carried an order across a field under a hot fire, and had brought a regiment up in the nick of time, riding by its colonel’s side in a charge which had changed the issue of the fight, and had a saber wound in the arm to show for it. He could therefore afford to pass over such an accusation with a little tweak of Willy’s ear.

“Where ’s Cousin Belle?” asked Frank.

“I s’peck she ’s putting on her fine clothes for the General to see. Did n’t she run when she heard he was here!”

“Willy!” said his mother, reprovingly.

“Well, she did, Ma.”

His mother shook her head at him; but the General put his hand on the boy, and drew him closer.

“You say she ran?” he asked, with a pleasant light in his eyes.

“Yes, sirree; she did *that*.”

Just then the door opened, and their Cousin Belle entered the room. She looked perfectly beautiful. The greetings were very cordial—to Hugh especially. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

“You young hero!” she cried. “Oh! Hugh, I am so proud of you!”—kissing him again, and laughing at him, with her face glowing, and her big brown eyes full of light. “Where were you wounded? Oh! I was so frightened when I heard about it!”

“Where was it? Show it to us, Hugh; please do,” exclaimed both boys at once, jumping around him, and pulling at his arm.

“Oh, Hugh, is it still very painful?” asked his cousin, her pretty face filled with sudden sympathy.

“Oh! no, it was nothing—nothing but a scratch,” said Hugh, shaking the boys off, his expression being divided between feigned indifference and sheepishness, at this praise in the presence of his chief.

“No such thing, Miss Belle,” put in the General, glad of the chance to secure her commendation. “It might have been very serious, and it was a splendid ride he made.”

“Were you not ashamed of yourself to send him into such danger?” she said, turning on him suddenly. “Why did you not go yourself?”

The young man laughed. Her beauty entranced him. He had scars enough to justify him in keeping silence under her pretended reproach.

“Well, you see, I could n’t leave the place where I was. I had to send some one, and I knew Hugh would do it. He led the regiment after the colonel and major fell—and he did it splendidly, too.”

There was a chorus from the young lady and the boys together.

“Oh, Hugh, you hear what he says!” exclaimed the former, turning to her cousin. “Oh, I am so glad that he thinks so!” Then, recollecting that she was paying him the highest compliment, she suddenly began to blush, and turned once more to him. “Well, you talk as if you were surprised. Did you expect anything else?”

There was a fine scorn in her voice, if it had been real.

“Certainly not; you are all too clever at making an attack,” he said coolly, looking her in the eyes. “But I have heard even of *your* running away,” he added, with a twinkle in his eyes.

“When?” she asked quickly, with a little guilty color deepening in her face, as she glanced at the boys. “I never did.”

“Oh, she did!” exclaimed both boys in a breath, breaking in, now that the conversation was within

their range. "You ought to have seen her. She just *flew!*" exclaimed Frank.

The girl made a rush at the offender to stop him.

"He does n't know what he is talking about," she said, roguishly, over her shoulder.

"Yes, he does," called the other. "She was standing at the foot of the steps when you all came, and — oo — oo — oo —" the rest was lost as his cousin placed her hand close over his mouth.

"There, there! run away! You are too dangerous. They don't know what they are talking about," she said, throwing a glance toward the young officer, who was keenly enjoying her confusion. Her hand slipped from Willie's mouth and he went on. "And when she heard it was you, she just clapped her hands and ran — oo — oo — umm."

"Here, Hugh, put them out," she said to that young man, who, glad to do her bidding, seized both miscreants by their arms and carried them out, closing the door after them.

Hugh bore the boys into the dining-room, where he kept them until supper-time.

After supper, the rest of the family dispersed, and the boys' mother invited them to come with her and Hugh to her own room, though they were eager to go and see the General, and were much troubled lest he should think their mother was rude in leaving him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next day was Sunday. The General and Hugh had but one day to stay. They were to leave at daybreak the following morning. They thoroughly enjoyed their holiday; at least the boys knew that Hugh did. They had never

known him so affable with them. They did not see much of the General, after breakfast. He seemed to like to stay "stuck up in the house" all the time, talking to Cousin Belle; the boys thought this due to his lameness. Something had occurred, the boys did n't understand just what;



"THE OLD DRIVER SAID NOTHING, BUT HIS FACE EXPRESSED A GREAT DEAL."

but the General was on an entirely new footing with all of them, and their Cousin Belle was in some way concerned in the change. She did not any longer run from the General, and it seemed to them as though everyone acted as if he belonged to her. The boys did not altogether like the state of affairs. That afternoon, however, he and their Cousin Belle let the boys go out walking with them, and he was just as hearty as he could be; he made them tell him all about capturing the

deserter, and about catching the hogs, and everything they did. They told him all about their "Robbers' Cave," down in the woods near where an old house had stood. It was between two ravines near a spring they had found. They had fixed up the "cave" with boards and old pieces of carpet "and everything," and they told him, as a secret, how to get to it through the pines without leaving a trail. He had to give the holy pledge of the "Brotherhood" before this could be divulged to him; but he took it with a solemnity which made the boys almost forgive the presence of their Cousin Belle. It was a little awkward at first that she was present; but as the "Constitution" provided only as to admitting men to the mystic knowledge, saying nothing about women, this difficulty was, on the General's suggestion, passed over, and the boys fully explained the location of the spot, and how to get there by turning off abruptly from the path through the big woods right at the pine thicket,—and all the rest of the way.

"T ain't a 'sure-enough' cave," explained Willy; "but it 's 'most as good as one. The old rock fire-place is just like a cave."

"The gullies are so deep you can't get there except that one way," declared Frank.

"Even the Yankees could n't find you there," asserted Willy.

"I don't believe anybody could, after that; but I trust they will never have to try," laughed their Cousin Belle, with an anxious look in her bright eyes, at the mere thought.

That night they were at supper, about eight o'clock, when something out-of-doors attracted the attention of the party around the table. It was a noise,—a something indefinable, but the talk and mirth stopped suddenly, and everybody listened.

There was a call, and the hurried steps of some one running, just outside the door, and Lucy Ann burst into the room, her face ashy pale.

"The yard 's full o' mens—Yankees," she gasped, just as the General and Hugh rose from the table.

"How many are there?" asked both gentlemen.

"They 's all 'roun' the house ev'y which a-way."

The General looked at his sweetheart. She came to his side with a cry.

"Go upstairs to the top of the house," called the boys' mother.

"We can hidc you; come with us," said the boys.

"Go up the back way, Frank 'n' Willy, to you-all 's den," whispered Lucy Ann.

"That 's where we are going," said the boys as she went out.

"You all come on!" This to the General and Hugh.

"The rest of you take your seats," said the boys' mother.

All this had occupied only a few seconds. The soldiers followed the boys out by a side-door and dashed up the narrow stairs to the second-story just as a thundering knocking came at the front-door. It was as dark as pitch, for candles were too scarce to burn more than one at a time.

"You run back," said Hugh, to the boys, as they groped along. "There are too many of us. I know the way."

But it was too late; the noise downstairs told that the enemy was already in the house!

As the soldiers left the supper-room, the boys' mother had hastily removed two plates from the places and set two chairs back against the wall; she made the rest fill up the spaces, so that there was nothing to show that the two men had been there.

She had hardly taken her seat again, when the sound of heavy footsteps at the door announced the approach of the enemy. She herself rose and went to the door; but it was thrown open before she reached it and an officer in full Federal uniform strode in, followed by several men.

The commander was a tall young fellow, not older than the General. The lady started back somewhat startled, and there was a confused chorus of exclamations of alarm from the rest of those at the table. The officer, finding himself in the presence of ladies, removed his cap with a polite bow.

"I hope, madam, that you ladies will not be alarmed," he said. "You need be under no apprehension, I assure you." Even while speaking, his eye had taken a hasty survey of the room.

"We desire to see General Marshall, who is at present in this house, and I am sorry to have to include your son in my requisition. We know that they are here, and if they are given up, I promise you that nothing shall be disturbed."

"You appear to be so well instructed that I can add little to your information," said the mistress of the house, haughtily. "I am glad to say, however, that I hardly think you will find them."

"Madam, I know they are here," said the young soldier positively, but with great politeness. "I have positive information fo that effect. They arrived last evening and have not left since. Their horses are still in the stable. I am sorry to be forced to do violence to my feelings, but I must search the house. Come, men."

"I doubt not you have found their horses," began the lady; but she was interrupted by Lucy Ann, who entered at the moment with a plate of fresh corn-cakes, and caught the last part of the sentence.

"Come along, Mister," she said, "I 'll show

you, myself"; and she set down her plate, took the candle from the table and walked to the door, followed by the soldiers.

"Lucy Ann!" exclaimed her mistress; but she was too much amazed at the girl's conduct to say more.

"I know whar dey is!" Lucy Ann continued, taking no notice of her mistress. They heard her say, as she was shutting the door, "Y' all come with me; I 'feared they gone; ef they ain't, I know whar they is!"

"Open every room," said the officer.

"Oh, yes, sir; I gwine ketch 'em for you," she said, eagerly opening first one door, and then the other, "that is, ef they ain' gone. I mighty 'feared they gone. I seen 'em goin' out the back way about a little while befo' you all come,—but I thought they might 'a' come back. Mister, ken y' all teck me 'long with you when you go?" she asked the officer, in a low voice. "I want to be free."

"I don't know; we can some other time, if not now. We are going to set you all free."

"Oh, glory! Come 'long, Mister; let 's ketch 'em. They ain't heah, but I know whar dey is."

The soldiers closely examined every place where it was possible a man could be concealed, until they had been over all the lower part of the house.

Lucy Ann stopped. "Dey 's gone!" she said positively.

The officer motioned to her to go upstairs.

"Yes, sir, I wuz jes' goin' tell you we jes' well look upstairs, too," she said, leading the way, talking all the time, and shading the flickering candle with her hand.

The little group, flat on the floor against the wall in their dark retreat, could now hear her voice distinctly. She was speaking in a confidential undertone, as if afraid of being overheard.

"I wonder I did n't have sense to get somebody to watch 'em when they went out," they heard her say.

"She 's betrayed us!" whispered Hugh.

The General merely said, "Hush," and laid his hand firmly on the nearest boy to keep him still. Lucy Ann led the soldiers into the various chambers one after another. At last she opened the next room, and, through the walls, the men in hiding heard the soldiers go in and walk about.

They estimated that there were at least half-a-dozen.

"Is n't there a garret?" asked one of the searching party.

"Nor, sir, 't ain't no garret, jes' a loft; but they ain't up there," said Lucy Ann's voice.

"We 'll look for ourselves." They came out of the room. "Show us the way."

"Look here, if you tell us a lie, we 'll hang you!"

The voice of the officer was very stern.

"I ain' gwine tell you no lie, Mister. What you reckon I wan' tell you lie for? Dey ain' in the garret, I know,—Mister, please don't p'int dem things at me. I 's 'feared o' dem things," said the girl in a slightly whimpering voice; "I gwine show you."

She came straight down the passage toward the recess where the fugitives were huddled, the men after her, their heavy steps echoing through the house. The boys were trembling violently. The light, as the searchers came nearer, fell on the wall, crept along it, until it lighted up the whole alcove. The boys held their breath. They could hear their hearts thumping.

Lucy Ann stepped into the recess with her candle, and looked straight at them.

"They ain't in here," she exclaimed, suddenly putting her hand up before the flame, as if to prevent it flaring, thus throwing the alcove once more into darkness. "The trap-door to the garret 's 'roun' that a-way," she said to the soldiers, still keeping her position at the narrow entrance, as if to let them pass. When they had all passed, she followed them.

The boys began to wriggle with delight, but the General's strong hand kept them still.

Naturally, the search in the garret proved fruitless, and the hiding-party heard the squad swearing over their ill-luck as they came back; while Lucy Ann loudly lamented not having sent some one to follow the fugitives, and made a number of suggestions as to where they had gone, and the probability of catching them if the soldiers went at once in pursuit.

"Did you look in here?" asked a soldier, approaching the alcove.

"Yes, sir; they ain't in there." She snuffed the candle out suddenly with her fingers. "Oh, oh! —my light done gone out! Mind! Let me go in front and show you the way," she said; and, pressing before, she once more led them along the passage.

"Mind yo' steps; ken you see?" she asked.

They went downstairs, while Lucy Ann gave them minute directions as to how they might catch "Marse Hugh an' the Gen'l" at a certain place a half-mile from the house (an unoccupied quarter), which she carefully described.

A further investigation ensued downstairs, but in a little while the searchers went out of the house. Their tone had changed since their disappointment, and loud threats floated up the dark stairway to the prisoners still crouching in the little recess.

In a few minutes the boys' Cousin Belle came rushing upstairs.

"Now 's your time! Come quick," she called; "they will be back directly. Is n't she an angel!" The whole party sprang to their feet, and ran down to the lower floor.

"Oh, we were so frightened!" "Don't let them see you." "Make haste," were the exclamations that greeted them as the two soldiers said their good-byes and prepared to leave the house.

"Go out by the side-door; that 's your only chance. It 's pitch-dark, and the bushes will hide you. But where are you going?"

"We are going to the boys' cave," said the General, buckling on his pistol; "I know the way,

and we 'll get away as soon as these fellows leave, if we can not before."

"God bless you!" said the ladies, pushing them away in dread of the enemy's return.

"Come on, General," called Hugh in an undertone. The General was lagging behind a minute to say good-bye once more. He stopped suddenly and kissed Miss Belle before them all.

"Good-bye. God bless you!" and he followed Hugh out of the window into the darkness. The girl burst into tears and ran up to her room.

A few seconds afterward the house was once more filled with the enemy, growling at their ill luck in having so narrowly missed the prize.

"We 'll catch 'em yet," said the leader.

(To be continued.)



My Name
is only Polly,
Little Polly ☺;
But sometimes, as a joke
you know,
They call me
just Sweet P.

“MR. CROWLEY.”

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

A RATHER ingenious gentleman named Darwin, of whom little folks may have heard, made up his mind, after a deal of thinking, that the first man was a monkey. Perhaps Mr. Darwin is right; but one might be more sure about it, if a few family portraits had been handed down. Nevertheless, after going to see “Mr. Crowley,” one is almost ready to admit that we are really *descended* from monkeys; also, that we can not begin trying to climb back to them any too soon.

Mr. Crowley can do so many things that neither you nor I can do, and that we both would like to do, that I sometimes think it would be rather nice to be real monkeys!

To the little people of New York, most of whom know him by sight and have attended his garden-parties, if not his indoor receptions, Mr. Crowley needs no introduction. But to those who live elsewhere it may be well to say that Mr. Crowley is a monkey, a “Chimpanzee”; born of honest but hairy parents, in Africa, nearly four years ago, but now living in Central Park, New York. When he was very young his mother confided him to the care of the United States Minister-Resident at Liberia, with whom he lived as a member of the home circle, acquiring courtly manners, until he was eight months old. Then he was brought to America. But in that early training and the excellent influences by which he was surrounded in Liberia, we probably have an explanation of his good behavior now, and of the readiness with which he takes to tracts, school-books,—or anything else he can easily master and tear to pieces.

It may be that from “receiving” with his Minister-Resident friend, Mr. Crowley got into his habit of shaking hands. He puts out his great, hairy paw to every one who visits his cage, and if one does not respond at once to this hospitable invitation to come in, he tries to pull the visitor through the bars, which, fortunately, are so near together that it is not necessary to become more intimate with his monkeyship than one wishes.

It must not be thought that Mr. Crowley came to us with the highly respectable name he now bears; and we know how much he is respected

from the fact that he never has been nicknamed. Although people speak of “Washington,” “Cleveland,” etc., no one ever omits the “handle” of *his* name. He is always *Mr.* Crowley.

And yet he is not dignified in his manner. So much of his time is spent in turning somersets, that his quarters, like those of one of England’s great dukes, might be called “Somerset House.” From his performances on the trapeze, one might think him a member of Barnum’s circus, or of the Yale or Harvard athletic club. At times he curls himself up on the floor and howls with colic, like a child. Mr. Crowley has these stomach-aches so often that I sometimes think him very human, indeed; and if he were a small boy, I have no doubt he would use them many a time as an excuse for staying away from school. But it’s seldom that he can not eat when given anything good. This winter, when he had pneumonia, he lost his appetite entirely; and it was touching to see the look of reproach he cast on a man who offered him some hot-house grapes. It was as though he said: “Is this really doing the fair and square thing by a sick monkey,—to offer him delicacies when he can’t eat?” But he recovered from his sickness, and is now as well and wicked as ever. You will notice that monkeys are like children—the better they feel the worse they behave. Perhaps, by the way, Mr. Crowley owes his speedy recovery and present good health to his never refusing to take his medicine—from which children may learn a lesson. When it was brought to him he never complained, nor said he would n’t take it. On the contrary, he took it at once—in his eager, outstretched hand—smelled of it with a submissive air, then threw it straight at the attendant who stood by with tear-stained face. It was confessed on all sides that medicine was seldom known to go so directly to the mark.

One of the great comforts of Mr. Crowley’s life, perhaps the main thing that reconciles him to being shut indoors when the weather is fine enough to play out, is piling up sawdust. After a long resting of his head on his hands, apparently in deep study, he suddenly jumps up as though a thought had struck him, retires to a corner of his

cage, and there piles up sawdust with great pains and precision. I sometimes wonder if he fancies it money—is devoting himself to the pursuit of wealth! Or does it take the place, to him, of school—and is he storing up algebra, grammar, conic sections, and dead and dry languages—to be all scattered and forgotten when next he turns round? Whatever may be the practical use of all this piling, it no doubt disciplines the mind, and so is a thing to be encouraged!

Mr. Crowley learns easily. Sometimes I think he might reach distinction as a cook—a "good plain cook,"—but as a housemaid he is not a success. It occurred to his keeper (since sweeping Mr. Crowley's cage and keeping it clean was no little trouble) that Mr. Crowley might be trained to do this for himself. So a broom was

induce him to take in it a more active part than sitting by and looking on. If there were thought of apprenticing him to a trade, I should say he'd make a very fair plumber.

Wonderful as is Mr. Crowley in most things, astonishing as are his feats on the flying trapeze, the chief attraction is to see him eat. Not that he eats so much, or so awkwardly; but because of the excellence of his table manners. Some are born to a knife and fork, others achieve knives and forks—but this monkey, you must remember, had a knife and fork thrust upon him. He certainly was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, nor with a napkin in his hand. I am not sure that even the missionaries and ministers-resident of Liberia have such luxuries. Yet Mr. Crowley uses them all as though familiar with them from the cradle. I am a judge of table manners—having, in my time, dined at hotels, railroad restaurants, and other places where people eat in a hurry—and I greatly admire Mr. Crowley's. He cuts his food into pieces which are quite small (compared with the size of his mouth), takes his soup noiselessly, and never wipes his fingers on the tablecloth!

All this proves that there is nothing new under the sun. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," which you will read some day, also wrote a bigger book, called "Animated Nature." That was more than a hundred years ago, before roller-skates and tricycles were invented, before Stanley had penetrated into the heart of Africa. Then, even collections of postage-stamps were unknown, and there were no collectors—perhaps because in those days there were no postage-stamps. Now instead of arranging his animals in groups



MR. CROWLEY AMUSES HIMSELF WITH THE SAWDUST.

brought and lessons were given in its use. But, at the end of a whole course, he still persisted in using the broom only on his keeper,—always taking hold of it by the wrong end. Another trait which he has in common with some children is that, when work of any kind is really going on, no one can

under long Latin names, good Mr. Goldsmith divided them off into "Animals of the Cow Kind," "Animals of the Goat and Sheep Kind," "Animals of the Monkey Kind," and animals of a great many other kinds. Among animals of the monkey kind he describes what he calls "the ourang-

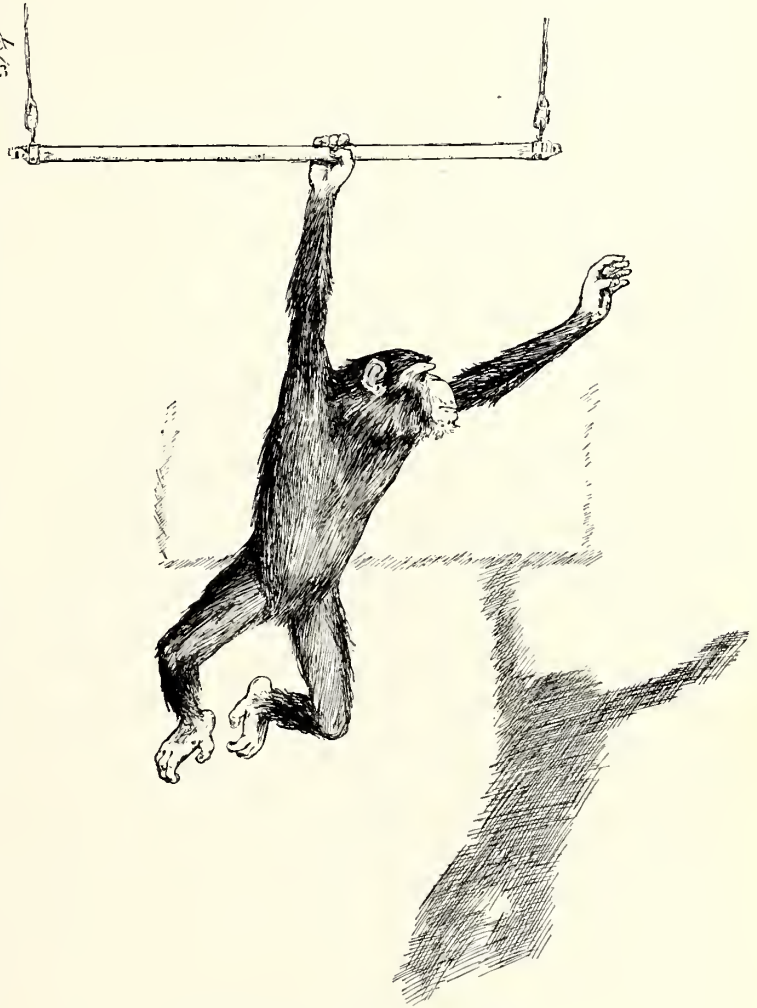
outang, or wild man of the woods," and one of these in particular, mentioned by Buffon, seems to have been the Mr. Crowley of that day. "I have seen it," says Mr. Buffon, "give its hand to show the company to the door; I have seen it sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of the spoon and the fork to carry the victuals to its mouth; pour out its wine into a glass, touch glasses when invited."

Mr. Crowley, not long ago, seized his keeper and bit his arm. Now we animals of the human kind are often guided by what we call "taste," instead of by what we know to be right or wrong; but this does not excuse Mr. Crowley. He should not have tasted of his keeper, even to find out whether or not he liked him. That is not the way in which a gentleman "takes a friend by the arm," and of this Mr. Crowley was made aware by a box on the ear which sent him howling into a corner, where he boo-hooed like a mortified child, and seemed to repent of his impoliteness. Speedy repentance usually comes with speedy punishment, and probably Mr. Crowley will never again attempt to "monkey" with so prompt a disciplinarian.

Mr. Crowley is too much a monkey of the world to judge of persons or things by first sight. No—*he* judges by first smell. And on anything he can get to his nose he is ready to pronounce an opinion. If you gave him a story to read, he'd smell it instead. This way of reading, let me remark, is not hard on one's eyes, and can be done in the dark. And when I think how quickly dry and improving articles—such as every one writes for children and no one reads—could be disposed of by Mr. Crowley's simple method, I find myself wishing that I had his nose.

Another advantage of being Mr. Crowley, would be that one would have two pairs of hands to work with—I mean, to play with. For his feet are, in fact, hands; you might say that he took a thing

"in foot" just as well as to say that he took it "in hand." If you passed under the pine-tree where he sat—perhaps busy with conic sections—he could snatch off your hat without reaching



MR. CROWLEY TAKES A LITTLE EXERCISE.

down his hands; or he could take off his own hat to you without raising an arm. It is funny to see him haul on a rope—for one does not every day see a four-handed sailor—and I'm sure, too, that he'd be astonishingly handy to have on a farm. But I do hope he will never turn up as a pianist. Think how dreadful it would be if pianists could play a duet by themselves, as it were! Why, there'd be no comfort for anybody!

It is to be regretted that chimpanzees do not, like children, grow nicer as they grow older. But truth compels me to say that they do not. When

young, they are playful, frank, and confiding; with age, they become morose, treacherous, and revengeful. Whether or not it is experience with the world which hardens their feelings I do not know; but an old chimpanzee would be neither pleasant nor safe as a playfellow. For the matter of that, I'd scarcely care to romp with Mr. Crowley even. The strength of these big monkeys is terrible. Though their arms look lean, they're all muscle; feel of Mr. Crowley's (if you care to), and

and throw stones when they fall out. Other animals scratch, kick, or bite; but only monkeys, men, and boys take to clubs and stones. I've already told you what Mr. Crowley does with his broom. I may add that, for want of streets in the heart of Africa, young monkeys can pelt each other only through the woods, which must be rather unsatisfying.

Sometimes I wonder how it would be if the tables were turned, and one of us were captured



A PORTRAIT OF MR. CROWLEY.

you'll get a good idea of what whipcord and whalebone twisted together would be like.

If animals of the monkey kind only went on growing sweeter and lovelier as they grew older, as do those of the human kind, it would not be so bad to have one for a grandpapa. But I'd not care to have a miserable chimpanzee take me up in his arms, for there's no saying in how many pieces he'd put me down.

One curious thing about these creatures, is that they alone, of all the inferior animals, use clubs

by the chimpanzees. Would they put him in a cage and make a show of him? Would they regret that he was so ignorant of their ways, and try to make him like one of themselves? Would they try to teach him to crack nuts with his teeth—and perhaps to scratch his ear with his right foot? Would they consider him as belonging to a lower creation because, instead of being contented with what was around him and piling up the sawdust that lay ready to his hand, he kept reaching for what was not in sight, and insisted on trying to

pile up pieces of green-backed paper that have not even pretty pictures on them — only portraits of presidents, and that sort of thing? Would they think he wasted time in reading books and newspapers, when, so far as they saw, he could get at the best that was in the papers by only smelling them?

Mr. Goldsmith tells us that Buffon quotes Le Brasse (a great traveler of long ago) as saying that a negro boy was once captured by his "wild

men of the woods" and carried off into the forests, and kept by them for a whole year. But the negro boy kept no diary, so we do not know what the chimpanzees did. Perhaps they only stood about his cage and studied him from the outside, and then went off and wrote articles about him, as I have done with this chimpanzee. But one good turn deserves another; and if things keep on evolving, it may yet be my good luck to have a monkey for my biographer.

THE QUEST.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

THERE once was a restless boy
 Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
 Where the water danced for joy
 And the wind was glad and free:
 But he said, "Good Mother, Oh! let me go;
 For the dullest place in the world, I know,
 Is this little brown house,
 This old brown house,
 Under the apple-tree.

"I will travel east and west;
 The loveliest homes I'll see;
 And when I have found the best,
 Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
 I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
 And joyfully then we'll haste away
 From this little brown house,
 This old brown house,
 Under the apple-tree."

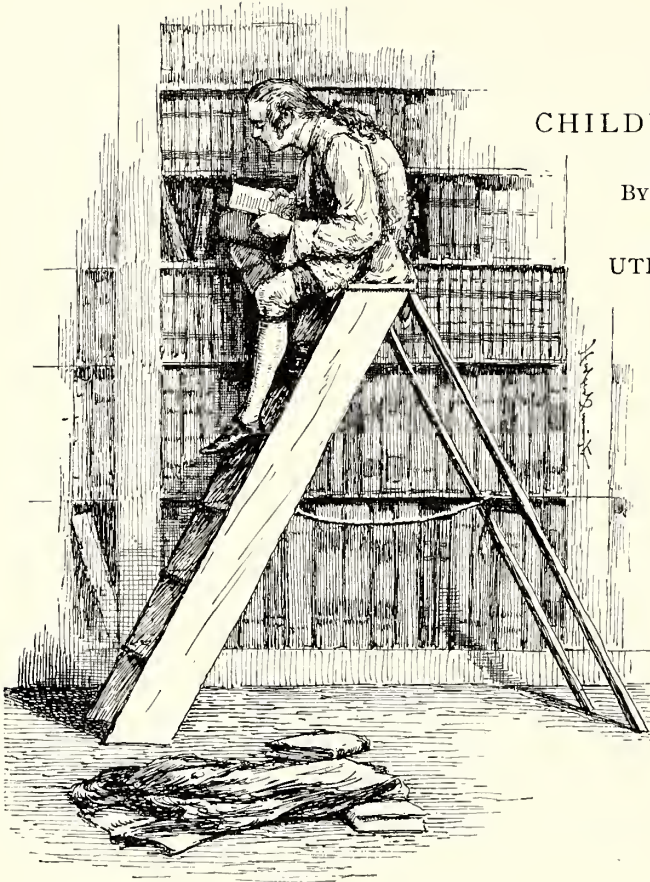
So he traveled here and there,
 But never content was he,
 Though he saw in lands most fair
 The costliest homes there be.
 He something missed from the sea or sky,
 Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh,
 To the little brown house,
 The old brown house,
 Under the apple-tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
 While her heart grew glad and free.
 "Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
 Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
 And he said, "Sweet Mother, from east to west,
 The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
 Is a little brown house,
 An old brown house,
 Under an apple-tree."



CHILDREN AND AUTHORS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.



UTHORS are often said to belong to what they call in Latin the *genus irritabile*, or as we should say in English, "the irritable race." But those who find pleasure in reading will prefer to think of them as resembling that distracted gentleman in John Leech's picture, who appears, pen in hand, at his study door to protest, ever so gently, against the noise which his children are making in the hall and on the stairs.

It is quite plain that he has been making frantic efforts to collect his thoughts, for an hour or more,—struggling, no doubt, to do the work which is to feed and clothe those boisterous young ones. He stands there in an attitude of despair, with the very mildest expression of protest on his face, saying, "Now, my dear children, my dear children, *do* be quiet!" and when he withdraws after his remonstrance, as the artist leaves us to suppose that he does, let

us hope that the children will take pity on him and go away into the garden.

Irritable though they may be with others, authors are usually fond of children, and patient with them. For instance, the poet Campbell was a man of violent temper, but he was all tenderness and gentleness with young people.

One day in the park he passed a child with a face so beautiful that it haunted him, and he longed to see it again. He sought and inquired, but in vain. Then he put an advertisement in the papers:

"A gentleman, sixty-three years old, who, on Saturday last, between six and seven P. M., met a most interesting-looking child, but who forbears from respect for the lady who had her in hand, to ask the girl's name and abode, will be gratefully obliged to those who have the happiness of possessing the child, to be informed where she lives, and if he may be allowed to see her again."

Now, Campbell had certain mischievous friends who decided to answer this advertisement, and not knowing what other address to give they picked out the last name in the London Directory. The next day the poet set out, expecting to see the lovely child. When he arrived at the house he was shown into the drawing-room.

"Madam," he said to the lady he found there, "may I now be allowed to see your beautiful offspring?"

She looked at him with astonishment and indignation for a moment, and then rang for the servant to show him to the door.

One remembers the friendship of Prince Henry, the eldest son of King James the First, for Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a courtier, an explorer, and a man of science, as well as an author.

Raleigh was confined in the Tower of London for fourteen years, and Prince Henry said:

“No one but my father would keep such a bird in a cage.”

One recalls, also, the child-friendships of the French authors, Fénelon and Voltaire, as well as those of the great German author, Goethe.

In the time of Queen Anne, there was a club in London to which belonged nearly all the famous authors of the town, and it was their custom every year to elect some reigning beauty as a “toast.” One year they chose Lady Wortley Montagu, who was then only eight years old. She was sent for by her father, the Duke of Kingston, and the gentlemen fed her with sweets, kissed her, and wrote her name with the points of their diamonds upon their wineglasses. Late in life, when describing her experience, she said:

“Pleasure is too poor a word to express my sensations. They amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout my whole life did I pass so happy an evening.”

One is forced to think, however, that it would have been much better for so young a child had she been at home and in bed.

Nearly all of the greatest modern authors have left records of friendships with children. Coleridge used to call children Kingdom of Heavenites, and a very celebrated critic has said, “A man, whatever his mental powers, can take delight in the society of a child, when a person of intellect far more matured, but inferior to his own, would be simply insufferable.”

Going further back, we come to Oliver Goldsmith, who, himself a child in many ways all his life, had a true affection for children.

Goldsmith was one of the eight children of a poor clergyman in Ireland who found it more than he could do to provide for so large a family. The poverty his brothers and sisters knew, Oliver

shared; and, more than this, he had to endure the taunts of those who despised him for his homely face and dull mind. His face was pale and pock-marked, and they thought that he was a little blockhead because he could not learn his lessons just as other boys do. It was easy to impose upon him; to tell him cock-and-bull stories, and then laugh at him for believing in them. He was so simple, so confiding, so easily deceived that they all thought he must be a fool; and, shrinking from the ridicule they cast upon him, he grew shyer and more awkward as the conviction was forced upon him that their estimate of him was right.

We know of only two occasions when he was stung into a defense of himself, and then he spoke



THOMAS CAMPBELL. (FROM A STIPPLE ENGRAVING BY T. BLOOD OF THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, R. A.)

so well that, had they cared for him, they would have seen that though he did not shine at school he was no dolt.

“Well, sir, when do you intend to grow handsome?” said one of his relatives, who was not one of the best of men.

"I mean to get better when you do, sir," the boy replied, with dignity.

Then when he was dancing a hornpipe in the house of his uncle John, the person who was providing the music called him "Ugly Æsop." Quickly enough Oliver retorted:

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

Still, his schoolmaster labored with him, and his

inn; and, as a joke, was directed to the house of the Squire, where he called for supper and a room, treating the inmates as though they were servants. Not until he called for his reckoning the next morning did he learn that he was in a private house, and that the Squire, realizing the mistake, had taken pleasure in humoring him in it. Long afterwards he made this incident the motive of "She Stoops to Conquer," one of the most delightful comedies ever written.



LITTLE OLIVER GOLDSMITH DANCING A HORNPIPE IN THE HOUSE OF HIS UNCLE JOHN.

schoolmates laughed at him; and of all the boys in the village he was regarded as the least promising. Whenever any one had a worthless toy to sell, Oliver Goldsmith would buy it;—that is, if he happened to have the money, which was not often. He was as simple in such matters as Moses Primrose, whose bargain in green spectacles may be read of in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and was always being cheated and deluded.

Once, in his seventeenth year, he set out for a holiday with a guinea in his pocket, a most unusual amount; and being detained, he found it necessary to spend the night in a village some distance from home. He inquired for the best house in the village, meaning, of course, the best

Guineas and holidays were alike scarce, however, and when he entered college it was as a "sizar," a name given to certain students who were educated for a reduced sum, in consideration of waiting at table and sweeping the halls. He had to wear a servant's badge, and to endure the jeers of those students who were more fortunate.

He was now poorer than ever, for his father had died; but he eked out the allowance his relatives made him, with the shillings he received for ballads written for the street-singers. His guardian angel had whispered to him, as Thackeray says, and he not only found in himself a gift for versification, but also a solace in exercising it. Night after night he would leave the college to

hear his ditties sung, and then, meeting some beggar in the street—a shivering child or a crying woman—he would give away every penny he had, forgetting his own hunger, his scanty food, and the fireless room in which he had to work and sleep. No doubt many who had laughed at his fallow face and awkward manners would have said that he was still a fool; and if it is folly to be generous and unable to see suffering without attempting to relieve it, he was a fool to the end of his days.

After leaving college he looked for an opening in several professions. He thought he would become a clergyman, but the bishop would not have him, it is said, because he presented himself for ordination in a pair of red breeches; he set out intending to study law in London, but was fleeced of his money in Dublin; he went to Edinburgh and entered a medical school, but left without a diploma.

Then he crossed the Channel, and traveled on foot through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. He had little or no money, and poverty was his inseparable companion. He claimed the hospitality of convents and monasteries; and when these were not to be found he slept in barns, or, at a pinch, even under the hedges. In Italy there were universities in which on certain days various learned subjects were discussed, and any stranger who showed skill in debate was rewarded with a sum of money, a supper, and a night's lodging. Like a knight-errant of old, Goldsmith joined in these contests, and sometimes won the prizes. But his chief resource on his travels was a flute, which he played passably well; and though fashionable city people may have found his performances "odious," the peasants before whose doors he lingered, and especially their children, were always willing to invite him in and give him food and shelter.

After a year, he returned to England, having only a few half-pence in his pocket; and going to London he attempted to practice as apothecary's clerk. From this a friend rescued him, and attempted to establish him as a physician—for one of the foreign universities had conferred a degree upon him—but patients were few and far between, and while at their bedsides he had to hold his hat to his breast to hide the hole in his coat.

Another friend found a place for him as usher in a school; but the boys made his life miserable, though he was kind to them and contributed to their entertainment with his flute, and by telling them the wonderful stories of which he had an endless supply. He spent most of his small salary in buying sweetmeats for them, and in relieving beggars, until at last the headmaster's wife had to

ask him to let her take care of his money for him.

One day when he was playing his flute, he paused to speak of the pleasure to be derived from a knowledge of music, and of how much it adds to the attractiveness of a gentleman in society.

"But surely you do not consider yourself a gentleman!" an ill-mannered and unfeeling boy exclaimed.

Slights of this kind caused him to look back with intense pain to this period of life, though he had some warm friends among the scholars.

Meeting one of them in the street, after he had become famous, Goldsmith walked forward to greet him. The scholar had reached manhood and his wife was by his side, but Goldsmith could think of him only as the schoolboy whom he used to treat.

"I am delighted to see you, Sam," he cried. "Come, my boy, I must treat you to something. What shall it be? Apples?" saying which, he led the bewildered gentleman to an apple-woman standing at the corner, intending to cram him with fruit, as Goldsmith, then a celebrity, used to do when a poor usher.

Ceasing to be an usher, he became the slave of a bookseller, writing essays, poems, and stories, to order. Though slighted at the time, these have since been recovered and placed among the treasures of English literature. A hard time he had of it, little better, indeed, than when he was a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin; and experience had taught him no lesson in thrift which he cared to remember. Improvident still, he would give away his last penny though he needed it to appease his own hunger.

"A night-cap decked his brows, instead of bay;
A cap by night, a stocking all the day."

He lodged in Green Arbor Court, a miserable house in a miserable neighborhood, and his clothes were so ragged that he could go out only in the night time. Often, when it seemed his head must split from the noise made by the scolding women and the romping children, he would go downstairs and quiet them by playing his flute; and though his fellow-lodgers and neighbors were poor and uneducated, they all loved the unfortunate poet.

One day a distinguished visitor came to see him,—no less a person than Thomas Percy, the Bishop of Dromore. Goldsmith sat at a table writing an "Enquiry into Polite Learning." (Just think of it, an "Enquiry into Polite Learning" amidst such surroundings!) The only furniture was a bed, a table, and the chair in which the poet sat.

"While we were conversing," the Bishop has

written, "some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of a very becoming demeanor entered the room, and, dropping a curtsy, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you, to lend her a potful of coals.'"

Goldsmith was always willing to lend — and to borrow.

some money to buy a new suit of clothes, so that he might make a decent appearance in presenting himself for examination at a hospital, in which he hoped to get a situation. He bundled up the suit and took it to the pawnbroker's, returning with the money to relieve the distressed family. A week or so later, he himself was again on the verge of starvation.

One more story of his goodness, and we shall be done. His genius was at last recognized, and he became one of the great men of London society. One day, when visiting at the house of Colman, the dramatist, he took his host's little son on his knee and began to play with him. The child did not like it, and slapped Goldsmith's face, for which he was carried off in disgrace and locked up in a dark room. He bawled and kicked for deliverance, believing, as he said in after years, that if nobody would pity him, some one might release him if only to abate a nuisance.

By and by the door opened, and Goldsmith himself appeared, with his face still red from the slap. He at once began to caress the offender, who continued to sulk and pout. Then he brought three shillings out of his pocket and promised to show a trick, for which purpose he found three hats.

"These shillings," he said, "are England, France, and Spain. Now, behold! Hey, presto, cockalorum!" The shillings, which had been distributed, each under a different hat, were suddenly and in the most mysterious way found all together under one hat.

Ever after that, the boy and the poet were the fastest friends; nor did the latter ever visit the Colman house that he was not entreated to play "Hey, cockalorum!"

It is well known that the works of Goldsmith are among the noblest in the English language: but there is one work for which children, especially, owe him a debt, since he is said to have written the wonderful story of "Goody Two-shoes."



"BY AND BY THE DOOR OPENED, AND GOLDSMITH HIMSELF APPEARED."

On another occasion the landlord of the same house was dragged to jail for debt, and his wife and children came to the poet begging that he would help them. He had no money. What could he do? Quite recently he had borrowed

LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

I.

"'T is mighty rude to eat so much — but all 's so good."—*Pope*.

A GOOD housekeeper was the widow Templin, a good mother, a good mistress, a good neighbor,—a good woman in general. Among her negroes was one who had risen into some distinction in the family at quite an early age, and his name was Little Ike. From his middle upward, he was all that ought reasonably to be expected of a negro baby; but his lower extremities were not satisfactory. His legs, for some reason, although not wanting either in form or longitude, were lacking in fleshy and muscular development. So that when he was as much as two years old, he had not learned to walk, nor even firmly stand alone. He was an excellent crawler, however, the vigor and agility of his arms compensating well for other deficiencies that might have obstructed or at least delayed locomotion. Altogether, he was a rather pronounced character for a person of his age and social position. This pronouncement proceeded, for the most part, along the line of eating. He had early evinced a fondness, that in one so young might be characterized as almost remarkable, for eatables, or for whatever he took to be eatables, of every description that came within reach of his hands or within sight of his eyes. Those eyes had acquired the habit when not obscured by sleep, or the dark, of rolling themselves around almost constantly in a way which led to the suspicion that they were in search of something good. Those hands had learned, from an extremely early period in his career, to extend themselves in petitioning, and (I may as well confess), sometimes, indeed, in grabbing, often in stealing attitudes; though, in fairness, I should add that, down to this date (or up to it, whichever is proper to say), they had never stolen anything except for the purpose or with intent to eat it, or to try to eat it. It never could be accounted for that he was so tardy in learning the use of speech, for he had a voice which might be called tremendous, when put forth to its best, as it often was while he was suffering from physical pain or more frequently from anger over a disappointment. In understanding, there was not a person, white or black, on the place who did not consider him fully

the equal of any negro baby, there or elsewhere, within their acquaintance; while some old people, as well as young, were boldly outspoken in the opinion that he was superior to them all.

Upon development so irregular, Little Ike's "mammy" used much to speculate, and not infrequently would she venture to indulge in predictions as to results.

"Dat boy"—she would say in the tone of a woman who feels that she knows what she is talking about—"dat boy ain' no common chile, ner he ain' niver be'n a common chile, not since he be'n borned."

The nurse of Little Ike was his sister Till (a contraction of Matilda), some seven or eight years older. Now, instead of the ardent natural affection which ought to exist between sister and brother, Till unfortunately felt great disregard for Little Ike, and she honestly believed that this was the most just and becoming feeling for her to indulge.

Yet, after much study and reflection in the midst of a considerable number of unpleasant personal experiences, she had evolved a theory of her own, in the soundness of which she had much faith. Having to carry her charge in her arms or upon her shoulders whenever a change of base was necessary or desirable, she was wont to move with such and only such degree of tender carefulness as she supposed (often erroneously) would enable her to escape punishment for omissions in that line of duty.

Till was whipped not only for her own misdemeanors, but also for Little Ike's. If Little Ike, while in her charge, cried with violence, whether the cause was apparent or not, Till was punished for it. When his roguish hands were found to have in their grasp an item of contraband eatable property, down on Till's shoulders came the hickory or the peachy-tree switch. Consequently, after "toting" Ike until she had become much fatigued, she would set him on the ground, and address him after this manner:

"Mammy and dem need n't talk t' me en say appetite de only marter wid you. It 's dat, but top o' dat it 's laziness, en on top o' dat it 's meanness, en wusser 'n dat. You too lazy t' larn t' walk en talk, en you dat mean you des' natily love t' have me lose my bref en break myself down a-

totin' you all over queation; en den see mammy a-layin de peachy-tree on me fer your meanness. Dat time you bit me, case I tuck out your han' dat

greedy. En I tell you now," she would add, lifting her finger in solemn warning, "If you don' min', de Bad Man 'll git you fo' you knows it."



Kenn: 15

"DAT AIN' NO COMMON CHILE!"

green apple you stole out o' my pocket, you holler'd, you did, en soon 's mammy came at me wid de peachy-tree, you hushed, you did, en you went to laughin'. Can' fool me 'bout you, boy; you des' es lazy en you des' es mean as you is

Her reminder of the mirth in which he had indulged on the occasion referred to was just, and to a degree excusable was her resentment therefor. For while in general the sportive element in Little Ike's being appeared to have taken on almost no

development, yet he always seemed to feel the highest satisfaction when Till was being whipped, and evinced it sometimes by laughing aloud.

After setting him down, on such occasions, she would give him something to gnaw; and, throughout such space as she thought she might command, seek whatever amusements were to be had therein. A cry from Little Ike, or a warning call from her mammy, would make her hasten to the central point of duty. Mrs. Templin had often chided the mother for her indiscriminate inflictions upon Till, and many a time they had been prevented or lessened through her interference.

number of pebbles, from which she often selected sets for a game called "checks," of which girls of both races were fond. Growing tired of this sport after some time, she thought she might scale the garden-fence and make a brief expedition to the strawberry-bed, whose fruit had just begun to take on an appetizing redness. Little Ike showed, by several unmistakable signs, his unwillingness to be left alone; but, after one cry, he was reduced to silence in a way which, if the suspicions against Till were well founded, might be regarded as at least novel and rather remarkable. Not more than a few dozens of the young fruit had been



"'EN I TELL YOU NOW," SHE WOULD ADD, LIFTING HER FINGER IN SOLEMN WARNING, 'IF YOU DON' MIN', DE BAD MAN 'LL GIT YOU FO' YOU KNOWS IT.'"

Great as was Little Ike's voracity, even his mammy, who claimed to know him best, believed that she had found, one day, that its vastness had been underrated. The incident I am about to relate was more than sufficient, not only to alarm a parent, but to excite compassion in any person at all capable of sympathy with the sufferings of humanity.

After dinner, Till lifted Ike up, and took him out for a limited excursion about the yard. In a corner of the yard was a small thicket of plum-trees and cherry-trees, in the shade of which Till used often to rest with her charge, seated on a couple of boards. She had piled there quite a

pulled and consumed, when the mother called loudly to her from the kitchen. Till ran back in such haste that, in recrossing the fence, she fell sprawling, and did not answer the oft-repeated calls until she had risen from the ground, when she was seen by her mammy, who, breathing and uttering fiercest threatenings, ran to the thicket. To her horror, there sat Little Ike, swaying his body, kicking with utmost possible earnestness and activity, moving up and down both hands, filled with pebbles; while from his mouth protruded a stone of such magnitude that no adult, to say nothing of a baby, could have swallowed it.

Mrs. Templin, in answer to the mother's frantic screams, soon reached the scene. Lifting Little Ike from the ground, she repaired with all speed to the house, followed closely by the mother, and by the sister from afar. Mrs. Templin sat down on a front step, the mother and Till on either side.

"T'ank goodness!" said the mother. "Dat rock wuz too big for him to swaller!"

On its withdrawal, which was not effected without some difficulty, Little Ike repressed the scream he had first thought to utter, and slyly putting forth his hand he slid it into his sister's pocket, drew therefrom a half-ripe strawberry, and before he could be arrested, had plunged it into his mouth. Mrs. Templin laughed aloud.

"Well, ef dat don' beat! Dat gal wan' to leave dat boy, en go atter dem strawbays; en, ter keep dat boy from holl'in', she qwam dat big rock in he mouf; en ef dey is peachy-trees 'nough in de orchid——"

"No, ma'am, mammy, no ma'am," began Till, "I 'clar——"

"Stop, Till," said her mistress, "or you are certain to make matters worse. Take the child and go back to your play, and try to mind better what you do. You might have injured the poor little fellow, and he your own brother at that."

"Mist'ess," said the woman in a tone of remonstrance that was almost piteous, "you ain' gwine let dat huzzy off dat way, showly,—is you? Nuver you min'!" she called after Till, who was hurriedly making off, "I'll git you. You 'pen' on it. I'll git you!"

"No, Judy, you are not to whip her for that. We've all been too badly scared to feel anything but thankful. Go back to the kitchen, and try to be thankful instead of being so angry," said Mrs. Templin. And Judy went her way, muttering, "Bes' mist'ess a-livin'—but she alluz wuz too easy wid dat gal."

(To be continued.)



BETWEEN TWO LITTLE ROBBERS.
(AFTER A PAINTING BY LÉO DEHAISNE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF AD. BRAUN & CO.)

A ROMAN MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN.

A. D. 121.

BY E. S. BROOKS.



THE games for the day were over in Lyons. The vast throng had left the circus; the victors in the fight had gone to their quarters, and the wide arena was left to the workers whose duty it was to prepare the ground for the next day's games.

Old Bulbus, the master of the gladiators, lounged at his ease upon the broad bear-skin covered bench in the house of the prefect; and, stretched upon the mosaic floor at his feet, each with chin on hand, lay the prefect's two children, Antonius and Sabina.

Sturdy and healthy-looking, as became those outdoor-reared children of old France, this boy and girl of the splendid capital city of Roman Gaul showed in their flushed faces and sparkling eyes that the excitement of the day's sports had not yet fully passed away.

And it had been exciting. For grim old Bulbus, seeking for novelty, had flooded the big amphitheater with water from the river Saone, near at hand, and transformed the sawdust arena into a

miniature lake. And here, for the pleasure of the city's visitor, the great Emperor Hadrian, and for the thousands of spectators, he had displayed a *naumachia*, or sea-fight, a sight vastly different from the conflicts between beasts and men usually shown in the games.

It had been a gorgeous display. Barges and galleys, richly gilded and crowded with gladiators, had met in deadly struggle; and all the crash and terror of an old-time sea-fight had been presented before the eyes of the eager and delighted spectators.

No wonder that Hadrian, the emperor, pleased with the novelty of the display, had sent to the master, as his reward, a cup of solid silver, shaped to the form of a galley and well filled with glittering *denarii*; and no wonder, too, that the children of the prefect lay thus, almost in reverence, at the feet of the master, drinking in his every word, and worshiping his greatness even as does the boy of to-day the mighty captain of a "baseball nine."

For then, even as now, the athletic champion or the leader of champions often seemed to receive more deference and marks of honor than poet or philosopher, senator or statesman!

"A brave display, say you? Well, little ones, perhaps it seemed so to you," said old Bulbus, smiling down into the two admiring and upturned faces. "But it was as nothing to a real sea-fight, mark you that."

"And you have been in just such real sea-fights, good Bulbus?" demanded Antonius.

"Many a time," replied the master. "When scarce your age I pulled an oar on the thalamite bench in the war-galleys of Vespasian, the emperor; and man and boy for fifty years have I lived in Roman galleys. 'Tis a rare remembrance? Yes—but may the gods spare you, Little Prefect, from ever knowing a life such as mine has been."

"Nay, but tell us about it, good Bulbus," pleaded both his young listeners.

"Can I press fifty years of adventure into half that number of minutes, O insatiate ones?" laughed the master. "Nay, let me rather tell you now only of our trireme, the 'Victory'—the stanchest craft in all the war-fleets of Cæsar. Then may you gather from that some notion of a fighting-man's home on the dancing blue water of our Middle Sea."

The eyes of the children flashed their approval of this proposition, and old Bulbus went on:

"Inland-bred as you are, O children of the prefect," he said, "you must not judge of real sea-fighting from this mimic display that I did arrange for our lord, the emperor, to-day. I could tell you of war-ships that would make your eyes grow big and yet bigger with wonder. Our galleys take their names, you know, from the tiers or banks of rowers which each one holds,—the two-bank, three-bank, five-bank, eight-bank,* and so on, up to sixteen banks, and even, so I have heard, to forty banks of rowers.† But these big boats went their way long ago; smaller ones are better for close fighting and quick turning, and we call all our best fighting-ships, nowadays, triremes, whether they have three banks of rowers, or less or more. Our trireme the 'Victory' had, beneath her deck, benches for full nine-score rowers, in three tiers or banks. On the lowest bank, fifty-six rowers or *thalamites*; on the middle bank, sixty rowers or *zygites*; and on the upper bank, sixty-four rowers or *thranites*."

"And these rowers, good Bulbus, how do they live between the decks?" asked Antonius.

"Live, say you, Little Prefect? Faith, they die

oftener," replied Bulbus. "For six and twenty years did I serve as a rower, to gain my freedom and my citizenship; but, ah, how many of my comrades at the oar have I seen drop and die at their work! But there is one pride that the rower has, slave though he be. He knows that but for his labor the trireme would be of little use. Stout masts it may have, and sails and overmuch sea-gear, but none of these can help it on without the nine-score stout rowing-men that bend and pull to the measure of the pipeman's whistle."

"And were you not crowded there, good Bulbus?" Sabina, the sympathetic, inquired.

"Crowded! You say well, maiden," replied the master. "May you never know such dearth of breathing room. There was never a space for one man more, between the decks, when all the rowers were in place, cramped upon the benches, scarce three feet apart. Each bench but nine inches wide, and each man pulling a long and heavy oar,—whether one were *thalamite*, *zygite*, or *thranite*, it was weary, dreary work, little ones, such as made a man sigh for freedom and long for rest."

"But how about the fighting-men, good Bulbus?" asked Antonius, to whom the rower's toilsome life offered little attraction.

"Ah, there was less of slave work, but scarcely more of freedom, boy," the master answered; "we, who were fighting-men,—for, after my six and twenty years of service at the oar, nearly that same space did I serve as a 'marine,' or fighting-man,—were ranged along the *cancelli*, or narrow galleries above the rowers of the upper bank, and our war shields hung over the trireme's side, ready for instant service, or as a defense against darts. Look now, I will give you our trireme, the 'Victory,' ready for the sea."‡ And taking the ever-ready tablets from Sabina, the old man proceeded to sketch for the children his favorite man-o'-war.

"See," he said; "thus her bow curved upward to the figure-head. Below here, ran out the sharp and ponderous beak, bearing upon it the dolphin's head. Ah, how that beak could crash its way through the stoutest oaken sides of any hostile craft that dared withstand or could not shun the shock! Astern, as you shall see, rose the deck-house, just behind the two great oars that steered the trireme. Within this sat the captain, and here, too, the steersman moved the great steering-oars at will by means of ropes running over well-greased wheels and fastened to the great oars. Not many of the triremes are rigged with masts and sails, but our 'Victory' had three

* Bireme, trireme, quinquereme, octireme, etc.

† The *teseractonteres*, or forty-banked vessel of Ptolemy Philopator was 420 feet long; its greatest beam was 76 feet, and its burden over 17,000 tons—as large as an ocean steamer of to-day. It had over 4000 rowers, and a total crew of 7500 men.

‡ The usual size of the trireme was 149 feet long, 18 feet breadth of beam, and 232 tons burden.

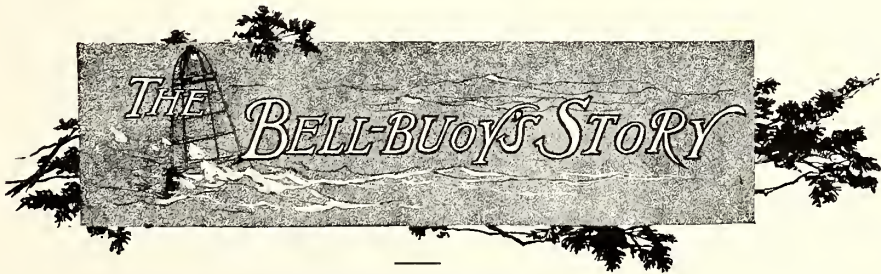
stout masts, each topped by a lookout station, and four full sails; three were square, and the hinder one was of a shifting, three-cornered cut. At the ends of each yard were the heavy grappling-irons, and there, too, hung often the ponderous dolphins' heads, which we could drop at will whenever a hostile galley ranged alongside. Sometimes, also, we reared on the 'Victory's' deck, high movable towers from which our fighting-men could send their showers of darts and arrows upon the foe; while, always, near the bows swung the heavy boarding-bridge, quickly lowered by its chains, and across which our marines would swarm to the fight upon the deck of the enemy's galley.

"So: there we are, you see, under full sail, with pennons flying and standards reared astern; our sharp beak cutting through the tossing waves; shields hung over the rail ready for instant use, and our three banks of oars pulling through the billows in quick and regular measure to the pipe-man's whistle. Ah, little ones, it was a sight to make young eyes sparkle,—aye, and old ones, too,—to look upon the 'Victory' fully manned and bounding over the sea, ready to scatter the pirates of the East or to punish the enemies of Rome."

"Oh, Bulbus, would that I might see her!" The boy's breath came fast, and his eyes kindled with enthusiasm as he followed the old sea-fighter's words, and even little Sabina showed her interest in the picture by her eager and attentive look.

"Aye, but it is a hard and cruel life, Little Prefect," said Bulbus, handing back the tablets to Sabina. "And I, who have tried it well for more than fifty years, would far rather train the gladiators in this our circus of Lyons than risk the danger and the trials of close quarters and furious tempests, hard knocks and little pay, on the best trireme the emperor has afloat. Come, let us seek your noble father, the prefect, and talk over the programme for to-morrow's games. I will turn the lake into a forest, boy, and show my Numidian fighters in a monster lion-hunt."

So Sabina and Bulbus hurried off. But young Antonius, taking the tablets from his sister, still sat studying the rude outlines of the "Victory." And, as he looked, he seemed almost to feel the sea-breeze and sniff the salt air of the Middle Sea, as he closed in fight with some hostile trireme, and dashed boldly across the lowered boarding-bridge as became a valiant sea-fighter in the navies of the Roman Empire.



BY LUCY G. MORSE.

AT Bluffanuff there are eight summer cottages and a hotel, within a stone's-throw of one another. The owners are all friends, and their young people have royal times together. There is also a ninth house, smaller and by itself, back among the pine-trees which grow all over the point.

There is nothing of which young people are more intolerant than peculiarity of dress; and because Miss Mifflin, the owner of the little cottage, wore scant, old-fashioned gowns, mitts, and a Shaker bonnet, they decided that she was a most objectionable reformer, and would lecture in the hotel dining-room on "all the missions a-going," if she were in the least encouraged.

Poor thing! she was the most timid little old

lady in the world, who performed a great many missions without saying a word to anybody about one of them. Her nephew and niece, Russell and Margaret Mifflin, called her "Aunt Phœbe"; but Ned Hooper nicknamed her "Aunt Iquity." He was such a popular fellow that he could set any fashion he pleased; and so it came about that Margaret's gowns, which were made a good deal like her aunt's, were called "Mifflin Relics," she was known as "Miss Moffit," and Russell went by the names "Patches," "Simple Simon," and "Rusty."

Margaret was sixteen, and she knew every one of those nicknames by heart. She thought they fitted remarkably well, too;—that was why she

cried about them in her favorite resting-place by the cedar bushes where Russell found her one day, and thought he made her confess everything. But she owned up only to the "Mifflin Relics," which really she did not mind a bit.

"Well now, Peggy, I call that rather complimentary," said Russell, "for it implies, at least, that they are worth preserving. So, cheer up, 'Relic,' and let me read you something,—may I? I want a 'pome' savagely criticised, and you're in just the mood."

"O Russell!" cried Margaret, springing to her feet, "wait till I get my stocking-basket, and we'll have a lovely time right here!"

She was anything but a critic, for she thought her brother's poetry perfect, and always told him so. It did no harm, though,—he suffered plenty of ridicule to balance her praise.

For the next hour, the two were in a happy little world of their own, and the cedar bushes were a paradise.

"You are *sure* to be a great poet," said Margaret, pricking her long needle through one of his stockings with eager, nervous stitches, as if she was, at that very minute, herself weaving golden fame for him. "You need n't keep saying that it never will be, for it is in you, and the world *has* got to find it out. And even without college (but I believe you'll get there, you know), you'll write such books as will make people proud of—of being your countrymen!"

"Ah no, little Peggy!" sighed Russell; "that is an impossible dream of yours. I must work for bread and butter, not for fame."

"I'm to be taken into partnership in all your bread-and-butter plans,—don't forget that," said Margaret, stoutly. "We are going to live like Tom Pinch and his sister, and have a triangular parlor. I wonder where Dickens ever saw a room of that shape? I don't know how we can get one, unless we partition an ordinary room across, 'cater-corner.' But no matter, we'll have it. You are to go to college,—you are fitted for it now, you know you are,—and you can get scholarships and things, and fellows to coach. I heard Mrs. Harding tell somebody that Brent (I think that's his name) had lots of conditions, and would have to be coached all through college. So I'm going to take care of Aunt Phœbe until you graduate with tremendous honors, and *then* we'll have the three-

cornered parlor and I shall make a beefsteak-pudding while you write poetry!"

"Yes," said Russell, looking up at her over his folded arms from the grass where he was lying, "if we begin in that way, it won't be long before you'll be taking in washing to support the family—that's the sort of thing women do. No, Meg, poetry is n't going to win either beefsteak-pudding or fame for you and me. Neither shall I ever see college. But, if I *could*—I tell you, Peggy—" Russell sat up and clenched his fist hard—"if I could go to Harvard College—well, with the education I could get there I'd be ready to fight the world."

A crackling of dry twigs close by made him stop; and both were quite still until whoever was passing by was out of hearing. Then they went back to the house.

The young people who chose to make game of Russell and Margaret and their Aunt Phœbe were not ill-natured; they were only thoughtless.

Ned Hooper, Jo Anderson, Brent Harding, and Will Burt were all going to Harvard in the fall. They had passed their examinations well—all but happy-go-lucky Brent,—and what did he care for conditions? He was "going to work 'em all off in no time!" Brent was a brilliant fellow, and could do things so easily that they never were done. He had been "going to" all his life.

Russell was the only boy in the colony who had no opportunity of going to college, and the only one whose heart ached pitifully for the privilege.

Ned Hooper had overheard his speech to Mar-



"YOU ARE SURE TO BE A GREAT POET," SAID MARGARET.

garet about going to Harvard, that morning by the cedar bushes, and had made great fun of it.

The idea of Russell's lank, ungainly figure at Harvard seemed very funny to him, and he drew a caricature of Russell crossing the college yard, while a crowd of students were looking at him through opera-glasses. Russell found it on the beach, where it had been carelessly flung away, but nobody ever knew he saw it, for he could keep

that kind of a secret as well as Margaret. Only, he avoided people rather more after that, and the boys added "Mopes" and "Moonshine" to his other nicknames.

One afternoon, Ned and his sister made up a sailing party and, under protest, invited Ned Russell and Margaret.

"Rusty won't do anything but moon, and his little brown Peggy of a sister 'll be as stupid as an oyster!" Ned growled, but his mother — it was all her doing — insisted.

Russell *did* moon at the bows, and the brown Peggy *was* as quiet as an oyster for about an hour, while they sailed in the crisp, cool air; the girls taking turns at the tiller, and imagining they were learning to steer, and all making merry with their chatter-chatter, as young folks in a boat are sure to do.

"Sing! — sing, somebody! Do!" cried irrepressible Tessa Harding. "I'm so happy, I shall die if some one does n't express it for me!"

But they were decidedly not a musical set. They started a few common airs, but nobody knew the words. In a few bars the song was sure to be spoiled, and when the "Yo, ho!" chorus of "Nancy Lee" died in a woful discord, Tessa stopped her ears and cried again, "Oh, stop! That does n't express my feelings — I'm not raging mad!"

"It's pretty bad, Tessa, we admit," said Jo Anderson; "but reflect that we did it to save your life — you said you should die, you know."

"Well, I shall yet, if you do *that* any more," she said, laughing.

"It's hopeless," said Rose Hooper; "if there was any one who could lead, there are some of us who could follow very well."

Hark! Suddenly the notes of "Nancy Lee" rang out, clear, beautiful, and true. Everybody stood or sat motionless until the verse was finished. Russell, still in the bows, had started at the first note and turned to meet the great, frightened eyes of Margaret as she looked into his face and sang.

The verse ended. She hung her head and shrank behind Mrs. Hooper's protecting shoulder. But there was a protest from everybody, and the rest of the song was demanded. So little Peggy came timidly "out of her shell," and led the singing bravely. By and by they drifted into college songs, and then the very spirit of joy seemed to possess the party.

It was a happy sail. When it was over, Captain Hull declared that he had never "seen a line of brighter, handsomer faces file along the old pier, and" — he confided to Mrs. Hooper, as he helped her to land — "it'd take a sailor with a mighty

stiff crust on, not to feel cheerfuller after being with a crowd like that!"

"There was only one sour one among 'em," he added, "and they put him up in the bows for a scarecrow, so nobody but the gulls knew he was there!"

"Never call an apple sour till you have tasted it, Captain," said Mrs. Hooper, brightly. "I heard somebody call that little nightingale who has been singing so sweetly for us, as quiet and 'stupid as an oyster'; perhaps her brother could surprise us too, if he chose."

It was no wonder the captain thought Russell was sour. Those college songs had been too much for him, and the moment the boat touched the pier he had sprung ashore and rushed hurriedly away, with his hat pulled low over his eyes.

The next afternoon the young folks were gathered on the cliff with work or sketching materials, when Jo came up, holding a little book above his head and shouting, "A prize! A prize! See what we found in the boat last night!" It was Russell's note-book, which he had dropped.

"Oh, what fun! Now we'll find out what 'Mopes's moonshine' is," cried Will Burt; and the rest, taking up the cry, demanded "moonshine" lustily.

"Oh, Rusty! Rusty! I fear this will prove an unhappy hour for you, my son!" said Jo, pretending to wipe away a tear, as he mounted an old stump.

"I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "of reading to you some rare specimens of — ahem! — poetry — written by our distinguished Harvard aspirant, Mr. Rusty Fusty Moonshine. But first I wish to offer a resolution. Miss Chairman — Nelly, you are in the chair, understand — Miss Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I move that we show the poet our appreciation of his genius by quotations which it shall be our object to make familiar to his ear —"

"Both ears — to both ears! Moved-seconded-and-carried-it-is-a-vote!" shouted Ned. "Fire away, Jo!"

"Listen, absorb and commit to memory, then!" said Jo, and with much mock solemnity he read:

“ ‘ THE BELL-BUOY.

“ ‘ Swing, swing, with thy ponderous tongue!
Thy bellmen are billows that long have swung
The great, iron hammer.
Blow on blow from the Bell-buoy rings,
And forth on the darkness of midnight flings
The hollow, wild clamor.’ ”

But the effect of Jo's reading was unexpected. The listeners could see nothing to ridicule in that.

“Thy bellmen are billows,” repeated Rose, who had a fondness for poetry and, unknown to any one, a little note-book of her own. “That is n’t bad at all. Jo, read it again, seriously, and stop your nonsense!”

Jo put his handkerchief in his pocket and read the verse once more, and, this time, pretty well. “I don’t call that a bit ridiculous; I think it is pretty,” said Rose.

“I say, fellows!” said Ned, “Rusty’s got a champion!”

“Call me another, then; for I think it’s pretty, too,” said Nelly Harding, nestling, girl-fashion, up to Rose.

“Hurrah for Rusty!” cried Ned. “Look to your colors, boys. If the girls are going over to ‘Simple Simon’ we’ll have to follow, whether or no.”

“Come!” said Rose, bristling a little, “that’s a name you’ll have to drop anyhow. No simpleton ever wrote those lines. Let’s be fair now. Begin again, and read the whole poem beautifully,—you know you can, Jo,—and, instead of trying to amuse, try to charm us with it, and we’ll give our honest opinion, without a bit of humbug.”

There was a general assent while Jo stepped down from his perch, threw himself on the grass, read the verse once more, and continued:

“The sailor listens; and as he hears
He springs to the tiller;—the tall ship rears,
And stands for the ocean.
And, long out of sight in the darkness gone,
He hears the strong bellmen still ringing on
With solemn motion.

“Thanks, good bell, for thy strange wild peal!
The wife, far off, and the children, kneel
And pray that the tolling
May never fail the brave father who sails,
When he feels on his breast the foam of the
gales
And hears the sea rolling.”

Jo finished and said, in a tone of surprise, “I say, fellows!” and the others said also to one another: “I say!”

There was a moment of silence. Then “Rusty is n’t such a fool, after all!” said Will. “Read some more.”

Jo read page after page. The boys listened and were delighted. They wanted to make up for their injustice, and so, naturally, their praise grew extravagant. The result was an overwhelming triumph for Russell.

The reading ended, Jo put the book into the pocket of his boating-shirt, gave a slap on the outside, and, rising, said:

“Miss Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I withdraw the motion made by me at the opening of this session, and respectfully submit the following in its stead: ‘Resolved, That Rusty is a trump.’”

“Hear, hear! Second the motion!” cried the boys, and Ned Hooper raised his cap in the air, and cried:

“Moved and seconded that old Rusty Miffin is a trump! Those in favor, signify by three cheers——”

The cheers interrupted him.

“Contrary-minded don’t signify; it is a vote,” cried Ned; “and I’ve got another resolution to offer—namely—‘Resolved: That we have been rather mean scamps generally, and that we’ll make it up to him, if——’” But nobody could hear any more because of the clamor of assent. After a little more talk of the same kind, the boys went to find Russell, and to return the book to him. But he was not to be found, and, after making three calls upon Margaret in the course of the evening, they decided to wait until the next day.

“It’s very queer nobody ever noticed before,” Ned remarked confidentially to Jo, “how well the ‘Miffin Relics’ suit that little Peggy. She looks like a picture, with her bonnet off.”

The next morning was cloudy, and the boys were surprised when they went in search of Russell to learn that he had gone away in his boat. If he and Margaret could have seen all that Harvard set, and heard his name repeated among them that day, the brother and sister would have been much surprised. The bantering tones had ceased, and nothing was heard excepting such questions and remarks as: “Has n’t Rusty turned up yet?” and “If we had known what he was made of, we’d have invented different names,” “I say, drop that, and let’s call the old fellow Russell,” and similar suggestions. And Brent Harding had collected his books, had a long talk with his mother, and was again “going to,” this time in real earnest, if he could try it with “Rusty.”

The day wore on, and the clouds grew heavier. Ned questioned the skippers, who predicted a storm before morning; but, slow to take alarm, said only, of Russell: “Oh, he’s somewhere or other. He’ll turn up!”

Perhaps, a week before, the boys would have thought so, too; but they were troubled now. At last they found poor Peggy at the end of the long pier, bareheaded, holding her hair back from her face, and looking anxiously over the water. When they spoke to her, she burst into tears. There was not one among them who could stand that; and in less than half an hour the “Yano,” the strongest boat in the harbor, with two skippers

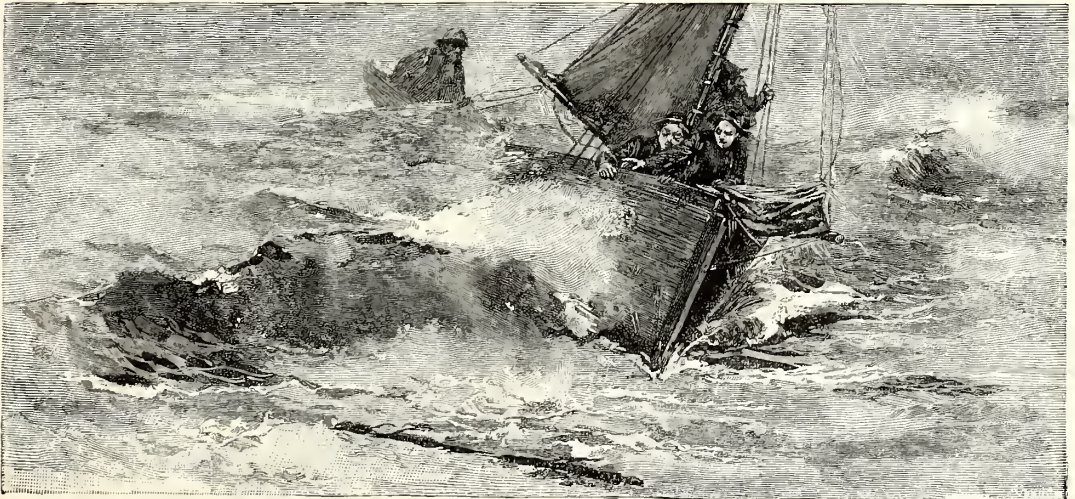


"AT LAST THEY FOUND POOR PEGGY AT THE END OF THE LONG PIER, BAREHEADED, AND LOOKING ANXIOUSLY OVER THE WATER."

and Ned and Jo on board, started out in search of Russell.

Drearly they plowed their way through the gathering mist for nearly two hours. The wind blew harder, and the white caps steadily increased. Now and then they blew a horn, and listened for some answering sound until their hearts ached.

The skippers took in reefs, and it soon became hard for them to manage the boat. They were about to go back, in the hope that Russell had returned, when Ned spied something floating on the water. Now it was hidden under a wave, now it was riding through a hollow between the caps. Again, it was sent close to the boat's side. The



"DREARILY THEY PLOWED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GATHERING MIST FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS."

boys' faces paled when they caught it at last, and found it to be the oar of a boat with a colored handkerchief tied to it. "It's the very bandanna we've made such game of, Ned," said Jo. Ned wrung it out, and fastened it in his belt, but said not a word.

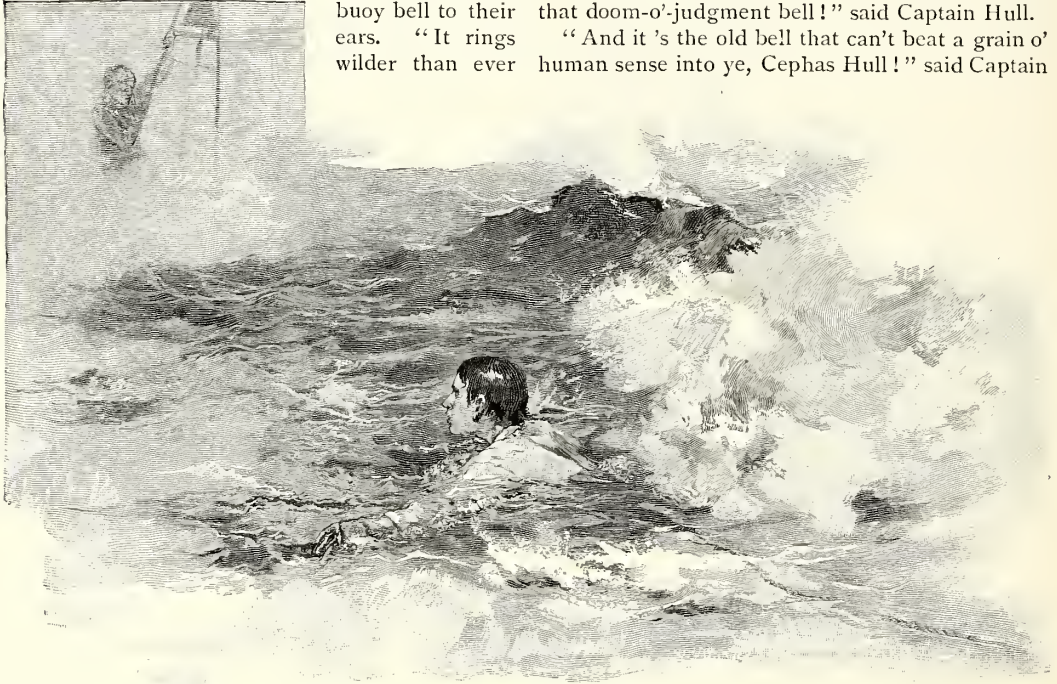
Time after time, as they tacked, the wind blew the sound of the buoy bell to their ears. "It rings wilder than ever

Every eye glared at him, and every ear was strained with listening.

"No use now," he said, "the wind makes too much racket, and it drives so. Wait for another tack." One more curve, out and back, and then they listened again, all intent for a moment or two.

"There ain't a sound in the universe except that doom-o'-judgment bell!" said Captain Hull.

"And it's the old bell that can't beat a grain o' human sense into ye, Cephas Hull!" said Captain



THE RESCUE.

to-night!" said Captain Hull, as they steered the boat backwards and forwards, away and around again, as near as possible to the buoy.

The other skipper had not spoken since they had found the handkerchief.

"It's no use staying here any longer,—steer away from that bell, for heaven's sake!" cried Ned at last. "It sounds like a ghastly funeral, and I can't stand it another——"

"Hark!" roared out Captain Grigg, and Ned stopped with the word on his lips. All were silent for a moment, but heard only the dash of waves, the wind, which was beginning to roar, and the bell steadily clanging its dismal notes.

"He's right: steer away from it,—it sounds like death!" said Captain Hull, as a peal, louder than all the rest, sounded close by, and Captain Grigg veered the vessel away from the rocks, which were dangerously near.

"Death?" roared Captain Grigg. "It's *life*, I tell ye! — Hark!"

Grigg. "Listen to *that*, and let the rest of the universe alone for a spell. Mark the waves dashing against that rock, and count the strokes of the bell *between* the breakers. One—two—three! four! There's a wave! I'll hold her near as I dare. Now, again!—one—two—three! four! five!—and there's another! Keep it up when we come back this time. If I don't know all the tricks of that bell, I don't know the tricks of my two-year-old Benny!—and I know this: In every storm ever I was here in, two strokes to the wave is the best the old bell-buoy could do. I've been doin' nothin' but count since we picked up that oar, and sure as we're alive, boys, there's a human fellow-creature that's hammerin' for life on that bell!"

Ned and Jo, motionless and scarcely daring to breathe, listened to every word. Then Ned tore off his coat and boots.

"Steady, boy!" cried Grigg; "If you want to save that life, do as I bid ye; and if ye move a finger, either of ye, I'll turn the vessel, and run

ye home!" The captain's voice was rough and stern, for Jo's coat and boots were off, too.

"Now," said Captain Hull more quietly, as they neared the bell again, "do you two boys blow the horn, and keep it up; for if Grigg's words are true, the sound of it 'll carry hope to ears that 'll nigh crack with listenin'."

But neither of the boys heard the last sentence for the noise Jo was making with the horn. Then every ear listened and every face broke into a wonderful gleam of joy as the answer came in quick, successive strokes from the bell. Jo sent back a deafening blast, and then came another answer,—fainter now, for they had steered away again. Half an hour they worked, until there came a loud ring almost at their ears; but the fog was so thick they could not see the buoy clearly.

"Down with the sail! Drop anchor!" shouted Grigg, and in a moment the vessel lay comparatively still.

"And now it 's my turn!" said Ned Hooper, already with a rope around his body. Nobody could control him then.

"Hold on to the other end of the rope, Jo, and when I pull it, haul us in," he said. Then Jo gave a cry, for Ned was overboard. There were

"Hold on to the boy, Cephas!" he cried. "He 'll go if ye don't, and he has n't the build of the other one. Haul, if ——" 'He ended in a cry, for there came a clanging from the bell.

Then they worked with a will. The horn and bell answered each other, the signal came, and all hands pulled together.

It was only a moment now before they had hold of Ned, and were lifting into the boat the unconscious form of Russell.

It was some time before Ned could speak, and the hand which held Russell's was very limp. Then he stammered: "He 's only fainted—only fainted. He spoke to me at the bell and said—he said ——"

"O Ned," cried Jo, "how you shiver! Don't try to tell us anything, dear fellow! Only swallow this ——"

But Ned put it away, and, shaking violently, gasped, "No—no! I *must* say it. He said—I asked him to, before—before I pulled the rope. He said he forgave and ——. Tell the others, Jo—and ——"

But Ned sank down, throwing his arm over Russell's neck, and both were quite unconscious now. —It was fully three weeks afterward that the



RUSSELL AND PEGGY.

a few moments — they seemed hours — while they leaned over the vessel in suspense.

Then Grigg quickly made ready to follow Ned.

boys were all together at the cliff again; Russell in the hammock which Jo had swung for him.

"So you insist upon 'Rusty,' do you, old chap?"

said Ned. "And it is n't suggestive of anything disagreeable?"

"Not a bit, Cap'n," answered Russell, brightly. "And I'll take my affidavit to it, if it'll make you any easier. It's a great deal more spicy than 'Russell.' I like it."

"'Rusty' it is, and 'Rusty' it shall be, then," said Ned. "Only if it gets you into trouble next winter, when you're a 'Fresh' at Harvard —"

"I'm not a bit worried," said Russell; "I'll risk anything *that* brings me. And, oh!" he cried,

sitting up so suddenly in the hammock that he jostled the baby-squirrels in their nest on the limb of the tree, overhead, "it will be so grand to be there, getting a *real college education*, and to think that I owe it all to your having called me 'Rusty' in the beginning, that the sound of the name will be something like a jubilee chorus to me all my life!"

"I say, fellows," he added, dropping back in the hammock again, "don't think that 's sentimental 'blow,' will you?"

An Aztec Fragment.



It is not alone the dreadful morning bath
That fills this hieroglyphic Babe with wrath.
His complacent Brother's jeers
Start those two resentful tears,—
But behold! the Father cometh with a lath.

BOB WHITE.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

LOOK! the valleys are thick with grain
Heavy and tall;
Peaches drop in the grassy lane
By the orchard wall;
Apples, streaked with a crimson stain,
Bask in the sunshine, warm and bright:
Hark to the quail that pipes for rain —
Bob White! Bob White!
Augur of mischief, pipes for rain —
Bob White!

Men who reap on the fruitful plain
Skirting the town,
Lift their eyes to the shifting vane
As the sun goes down;
Slowly the farmer's loaded wain

Climbs the slope in the failing light,—
Bold is the voice that pipes for rain —
Bob White! Bob White!
Still from the hillside, pipes for rain —
Bob White!

Lo, a burst at the darkened pane,
Angry and loud!
Waters murmur and winds complain
To the rolling cloud;
Housed at the farm, the careless swain,
Weaving snares while the fire burns bright,
Tunes his lips to the old refrain —
Bob White! Bob White!
Oh, the sound of the blithe refrain —
Bob White!

OBSERVING LITTLE THINGS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I READ a statement in this magazine not long ago, about the spiders' webs that cover the fields and meadows on certain mornings in the summer, which was not entirely exact. It is not quite true, in the sense in which it was uttered, that these spiders' webs are more abundant on some mornings than on others, and that they presage fair weather. Now the truth is, that during the latter half of summer these webs are about as abundant at one time as at another; but they are much more noticeable on some mornings than on others,—a heavy dew brings them to view. They are especially conspicuous after a morning of fog, such as often fills our deeper valleys for a few hours when fall approaches. They then look like little napkins spread all over the meadows; I saw fields last summer in August, when one could step from one of these dew-napkins to another, for long distances. They are little nets that catch the fog. Every thread is strung with innumerable, fine drops, like tiny beads. After an hour of sunshine the webs, apparently, are gone.

Most country people, I find, think they are due

to nothing but the moisture; others seem to think that the spiders take them in as morning advances. But they are still there, stretched above the grass at noon and at sunset, as abundant as they were at sunrise; and are then more serviceable to the spiders, because less visible. The flies and other insects, if any were stirring, would avoid them in the morning, but at midday they do not detect them so readily.

If these webs have any significance as signs of the coming weather this may be the explanation:

A heavy dew occurs under a clear, cool sky, and the night preceding a day of rain is usually a dewless night. Much dew, then, means fair weather, and a copious dew discloses the spiders' webs. It is the dew that is significant, and not the webs.

We all need to be on our guard against hasty observations and rash conclusions. Look again, and think again, before you make up your mind.

One day, while walking in the woods, I heard a sound which I was at once half persuaded to believe was the warning of a coiled rattlesnake; it was a swift, buzzing rattle, and but a few yards

from me. Cautiously approaching, I saw the head and neck of a snake. Earlier in my life I should have needed no further proof, and probably should have fled with the full conviction that I had seen and heard the dreaded rattlesnake. But as I have grown older, I have grown more wary about jumping to conclusions — even where jumping serpents are concerned. I looked again, and again, and drew nearer the rattler at each glance. Soon I saw that it was only a harmless black snake shaking his tail at me. Was he trying to imitate the rattlesnake? I only know that there he lay, with his tail swiftly vibrating in contact with a dry leaf. The leaf gave forth a loud, sharp, humming rattle. The motive or instinct that prompted the snake to do this seemed a suggestion or a prophecy of the threat of the rattlesnake. It evidently was done on account of my presence, probably as a warning note. Since then I have seen a small garter-snake do the same thing. He was found in the oat-bin. How he got there is a mystery; but there he was, and when I teased him with a stick he paused and vibrated the end of his tail so rapidly that, in contact with the oats, it gave out a sharp buzzing sound. He, also, was an incipient rattlesnake. Such facts were of great interest to Darwin, as showing marked traits of one species cropping out, casually or tentatively, in another.

In line with these is another observation which I made two summers ago, and was enabled to confirm last summer. Our bluebird is no doubt a modified thrush; that is, its ancestor in the remote past was doubtless of the thrush family. One evidence of this is the fact that the young of the bluebird has a speckled breast like the thrush; and Darwin established the principle that peculiar markings or traits confined to the youth of any species are an inheritance from early progenitors. In addition to this, I have noted in the song of the female bluebird — one of a pair that for two seasons have built near me — a distinct note of the thrush. Whenever I hear the voice of this bird it reminds me of that of a certain thrush — the olive-backed.

But I am wandering far from my subject. I set out to talk about spiders. Do you know that we have a spider called the wolf-spider, and one that well deserves the name, so fierce and savage is he? He is a webless spider, that prowls about seeking whom he may devour. I had not seen one since boyhood till the other day, when I met one in the path between the house and the study. He was so large and black, and was marching along so boldly, sustained upon his eight long legs, that he attracted my attention at once. I poked at him with the toe of my shoe, when he boldly charged me, and tried to run up my leg. This deepened my interest in him, and I bent down to him and chal-

lenged him with a lead-pencil. At first he tried to escape into the grass, but, being headed off, he faced me in an attitude of defense. He reared up like a wild animal, his forward legs in the air, his row of minute eyes glistening, and his huge fangs, with their sharp hooks, slightly parted, ready to seize me. As I teased him with the pencil, he tried to parry my thrusts with his arms, like a boxer, till he saw his opportunity, when he sprang fiercely upon the pencil, and, closing his fangs upon it, allowed himself to be lifted from the ground. When he had let go, two minute drops of moisture were visible where the fangs had touched the polished surface of the pencil. This was the poison they had secreted, and would probably make his bite very dangerous. After he had discharged his wrath and his venom in this way, once or twice, he grew reluctant to repeat the operation, just as a venomous snake does. His valor seemed to subside as his supply of venom diminished. Finally, he would not bite at all, but held up his arms or legs simply on the defensive. His fangs were two thick weapons, surmounted by two small black hooks, probably a sixteenth of an inch long. They were very formidable in appearance. The spider himself was an inch and a half in length, black and velvety; and, with his eight prominent legs all in motion, was striking to look upon. I captured him and kept him a prisoner for a few days in a box with a glass cover. We put large flies in his cage which he would not touch while we were present, but in the morning only empty shells of flies remained. Then we put in wasps, and to these he seemed to have a great antipathy. He probably knew that they also had venom, and knew how to use it. When the wasps buzzed about seeking to escape, he would shove up a wall of cotton (for there was cotton in the box) between himself and them. In the morning the wasps were always dead, but not devoured. We also put in grasshoppers, and their kicking much annoyed the spider, but he would not eat them. In one respect he showed much more wit than the insects which we placed in his cage; they labored incessantly to escape through the glass; but, after two or three attempts to get out, he made up his mind that that course was useless; he was capable of being convinced, while the flies and bees were not. But when the glass was removed and he felt himself in the open air once more, with what haste he scampered away! He fled like a liberated wolf, indeed, and struggled hard against recapture. When we gave him his freedom, for good and all, he rushed off into the grass and was soon lost to view.

Next in interest to the wolf-spider is the sand-spider, which you may have observed in the sand

upon the sea-coast. They sink deep wells into the sand, and lay in wait for their prey at the bottom. When you are upon the Jersey beach, notice these little holes in the sand among the coarse, scattered, wild grass. Insert a straw or a twig into one of them and then dig downward, following this as a guide. A foot or more below the surface you will unearth this large, gray sand-spider, and with a magnifying-glass you can see how fiercely his eight

eyes glare upon you. Try also to force a cricket into one of these holes and see how loth it will seem to go in.

One's powers of observation may be cultivated by noting all these things, and the pleasure which one gets from a walk or from a vacation in the country is thereby greatly increased. Nothing is beneath notice, and the closer we look the more we shall learn about the ways and doings of Nature.



LITTLE MOCCASIN'S RIDE ON THE THUNDER-HORSE.

BY COLONEL GUIDO ILGES.

"LITTLE MOCCASIN" was, at the time we speak of, fourteen years old, and about as mischievous a boy as could be found anywhere in the Big Horn mountains. Unlike his comrades of the same age, who had already killed buffaloes and stolen horses from the white men and the Crow Indians, with whom Moccasin's tribe, the Uncapapas, were at war, he preferred to lie under a shady tree in the summer, or around the camp-fire in winter, listening to the conversation of the old men and women, instead of going upon expeditions with the warriors and the hunters.

The Uncapapas are a very powerful and numerous tribe of the great Sioux Nation, and before Uncle Sam's soldiers captured and removed them, and before the Northern Pacific Railroad entered the territory of Montana, they occupied the beautiful valleys of the Rosebud, Big and Little Horn, Powder and Redstone rivers, all of which empty into the grand Yellowstone Valley. In those days, before the white man had set foot upon these grounds, there was plenty of game, such as buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and bear; and, as the Uncapapas were great hunters and good shots, the camp of Indians to which Little Moccasin belonged always had plenty of meat to eat and plenty of robes and hides to sell and trade for horses and guns, for powder and ball, for sugar and coffee,

and for paint and flour. Little Moccasin showed more appetite than any other Indian in camp. In fact, he was always hungry, and used to eat at all hours, day and night. Buffalo meat he liked the best, particularly the part taken from the hump, which is so tender that it almost melts in the mouth.

When Indian boys have had a hearty dinner of good meat, they generally feel very happy and very lively. When hungry, they are sad and dull.

This was probably the reason why Little Moccasin was always so full of mischief, and always inventing tricks to play upon the other boys. He was a precocious and observing youngster, full of quaint and original ideas — never at a loss for expedients.

But he was once made to feel very sorry for having played a trick, and I must tell my young readers how it happened.

"Running Antelope," one of the great warriors and the most noted orator of the tribe, had returned from a hunt, and Mrs. Antelope was frying for him a nice buffalo steak — about as large as two big fists — over the coals. Little Moccasin, who lived in the next street of tents, smelled the feast, and concluded that he would have some of it. In the darkness of the night he slowly and carefully crawled toward the spot, where Mistress

Antelope sat holding in one hand a long stick, at the end of which the steak was frying. Little Moccasin watched her closely, and, seeing that she frequently placed her other hand upon the ground beside her and leaned upon it for support, he soon formed a plan for making her drop the steak.

He had once or twice in his life seen a pin, but he had never owned one, and he could not have known what use is sometimes made of them by bad white boys. He had noticed, however, that some of the leaves of the larger varieties of the prickly-pear cactus-plant are covered with many thorns, as long and as sharp as an ordinary pin.

So when Mrs. Antelope again sat down and looked at the meat to see if it was done, he slyly placed half-a-dozen of the cactus leaves upon the very spot of ground upon which Mrs. Antelope had before rested her left hand.

Then the young mischief crawled noiselessly into the shade and waited for his opportunity, which came immediately.

When the unsuspecting Mrs. Antelope again leaned upon the ground, and felt the sharp points of the cactus leaves, she uttered a scream, and dropped from her other hand the stick and the steak, thinking only of relief from the sharp pain.

Then, on the instant, the young rascal seized the stick and tried to run away with it. But Running Antelope caught him by his long hair, and gave him a severe whipping, declaring that he was a good-for-nothing boy, and calling him a "coffee-cooler" and a "squaw."

The other boys, hearing the rumpus, came running up to see the fun, and they laughed and danced over poor Little Moccasin's distress. Often afterwards they called him "coffee-cooler"; which meant that he was cowardly and faint-hearted, and that he preferred staying in camp around the fire, drinking coffee, to taking part in the manly sports of hunting and stealing expeditions.

The night after the whipping, Little Moccasin could not sleep. The disgrace of the whipping and the name applied to him were too much for his vanity. He even lost his appetite, and refused some very nice prairie-dog stew which his mother offered him.

He was thinking of something else. He must do something brave — perform some great deed which no other Indian had ever performed — in order to remove this stain upon his character.

But what should it be? Should he go out alone and kill a bear? He had never fired a gun, and was afraid that the bear might eat him. Should he attack the Crow camp single-handed? No, no — not he; they would catch him and scalp him alive.

All night long he was thinking and planning;

but when daylight came, he had reached no conclusion. He must wait for the Great Spirit to give him some ideas.

During the following day he refused all food and kept drawing his belt tighter and tighter around his waist every hour, till, by evening, he had reached the last notch. This method of appeasing the pangs of hunger, adopted by the Indians when they have nothing to eat, is said to be very effective.

In a week's time Little Moccasin had grown almost as thin as a bean-pole, but no inspiration had yet revealed what he could do to redeem himself.

About this time a roving band of Cheyennes, who had been down to the mouth of the Little Missouri, and beyond, entered the camp upon a friendly visit. Feasting and dancing were kept up day and night, in honor of the guests; but Little Moccasin lay hidden in the woods nearly all the time.

During the night of the second day of their stay, he quietly stole to the rear of the great council-*teepee*, to listen to the pow-wow then going on. Perhaps he would there learn some words of wisdom which would give him an idea how to carry out his great undertaking.

After "Black Catfish," the great Cheyenne warrior, had related in the flowery language of his tribe some reminiscences of his many fights and brave deeds, "Strong Heart" spoke. Then there was silence for many minutes, during which the pipe of peace made the rounds, each warrior taking two or three puffs, blowing the smoke through the nose, pointing toward heaven and then handing the pipe to his left-hand neighbor.

"Strong Heart," "Crazy Dog," "Bow-String," "Dog-Fox," and "Smooth Elkhorn" spoke of the country they had just passed through.

Then again the pipe of peace was handed round, amid profound silence.

"Black Pipe," who was bent and withered with the wear and exposure of seventy-nine winters, and who trembled like some leafless tree shaken by the wind, but who was sound in mind and memory, then told the Uncapapas, for the first time, of the approach of a great number of white men, who were measuring the ground with long chains, and who were being followed by "Thundering Horses," and "Houses on Wheels." (He was referring to the surveying parties of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, who were just then at work on the crossing of the Little Missouri.)

With heart beating wildly, Little Moccasin listened to this strange story and then retired to his own blankets in his father's *teepee*.

Now he had found the opportunity he so long had sought! He would go across the mountains, all

by himself, look at the thundering horses and the houses on wheels. He then would know more than any one in the tribe, and return to the camp,—a hero!

At early morn, having provided himself with a bow and a quiver full of arrows, without informing any one of his plan he stole out of camp, and, running at full speed, crossed the nearest mountain to the East.

Allowing himself little time for rest, pushing forward by day and night, and after fording many of the smaller mountain-streams, on the evening of the third day of his travel he came upon what he believed to be a well-traveled road. But—how strange!—there were two endless iron rails lying side by side upon the ground. Such a curious sight he had never beheld. There were also large poles, with glass caps, and connected by wire, standing along the roadside. What could all this mean?

Poor Little Moccasin's brain became so bewildered that he hardly noticed the approach of a freight-train drawn by the "Thundering Horse."

There was a shrill, long-drawn whistle, and immense clouds of black smoke; and the Thundering Horse was sniffing and snorting at a great rate, emitting from its nostrils large streams of steaming vapor. Besides all this, the earth, in the neighborhood of where Little Moccasin stood, shook and trembled as if in great fear; and to him the terrible noises the horse made were perfectly appalling.

Gradually the snorts, and the puffing, and the terrible noise lessened, until, all at once, they entirely ceased. The train had come to a stand-still at a watering tank, where the Thundering Horse was given its drink.

The rear car, or "House on Wheels," as old Black Pipe had called it, stood in close proximity to Little Moccasin,—who, in his bewilderment and fright at the sight of these strange moving houses, had been unable to move a step.

But as no harm had come to him from the terrible monster, Moccasin's heart, which had sunk down to the region of his toes, began to rise again; and the curiosity inherent in every Indian boy mastered fear.

He moved up, and down, and around the great House on Wheels; then he touched it in many places, first with the tip-end of one finger, and finally with both hands. If he could only detach a small piece from the house to take back to camp with him as a trophy and as a proof of his daring achievement! But it was too solid, and all made of heavy wood and iron.

At the rear end of the train there was a ladder, which the now brave Little Moccasin ascended

with the quickness of a squirrel to see what there was on top.

It was gradually growing dark, and suddenly he saw (as he really believed) the full moon approaching him. He did not know that it was the headlight of a locomotive coming from the opposite direction.

Absorbed in this new and glorious sight, he did not notice the starting of his own car, until it was too late, for, while the car moved, he dared not let go his hold upon the brake-wheel.

There he was, being carried with lightning speed into a far-off, unknown country, over bridges, by the sides of deep ravines, and along the slopes of steep mountains.

But the Thundering Horse never tired nor grew thirsty again during the entire night.

At last, soon after the break of day, there came the same shrill whistle which had frightened him so much on the previous day; and, soon after, the train stopped at Miles City.

But, unfortunately for our little hero, there were a great many white people in sight; and he was compelled to lie flat upon the roof of his car, in order to escape notice. He had heard so much of the cruelty of the white men that he dared not trust himself among them.

Soon they started again, and Little Moccasin was compelled to proceed on his involuntary journey, which took him away from home and into unknown dangers.

At noon, the cars stopped on the open prairie to let Thundering Horse drink again. Quickly, and without being detected by any of the trainmen, he dropped to the ground from his high and perilous position. Then the train left him—all alone in an unknown country.

Alone? Not exactly; for, within a few minutes, half-a-dozen Crow Indians, mounted on swift ponies, are by his side, and are lashing him with whips and lassoes.

He has fallen into the hands of the deadliest enemies of his tribe, and has been recognized by the cut of his hair and the shape of his moccasins.

When they tired of their sport in beating poor Little Moccasin so cruelly, they dismounted and tied his hands behind his back.

Then they sat down upon the ground to have a smoke and to deliberate about the treatment of the captive.

During the very severe whipping, and while they were tying his hands, though it gave him great pain, Little Moccasin never uttered a groan. Indian-like, he had made up his mind to "die game," and not to give his enemies the satisfaction of gloating over his sufferings. This, as will be seen, saved his life.

The leader of the Crows, "Iron Bull," was in favor of burning the hated Uncapapa at a stake, then and there; but "Spotted Eagle," "Blind Owl," and "Hungry Wolf" called attention to the youth and bravery of the captive, who had endured the lashing without any sign of fear. Then the two other Crows took the same view. This decided poor Moccasin's fate; and he understood it all, although he did not speak the Crow language, for he was a great sign-talker, and had watched them very closely during their council.

Blind Owl, who seemed the most kind-hearted of the party, lifted the boy upon his pony, Blind Owl himself getting up in front, and they rode at full speed westward to their large encampment, where they arrived after sunset.

Little Moccasin was then relieved of his bonds, which had benumbed his hands during the long ride, and a large dish of boiled meat was given to him. This, in his famished condition, he relished very much. An old squaw, one of the wives of Blind Owl, and a Sioux captive, took pity on him, and gave him a warm place with plenty of blankets in her own *teepee*, where he enjoyed a good rest.

During his stay with the Crows, Little Moccasin was made to do the work, which usually falls to the lot of the squaws; and which was imposed upon him as a punishment upon a brave enemy, designed to break his proud spirit. He was treated as a slave, made to haul wood and draw water, do the cooking, and clean game. Many of the Crow boys wanted to kill him, but his foster-mother, "Old Looking-Glass," protected him; and, besides, they feared that the soldiers of Fort Custer might hear of it, if he was killed, and punish them.

Many weeks thus passed, and the poor little captive grew more despondent and weaker in body every day. Often his foster-mother would talk to him in his own language, and tell him to be of good cheer; but he was terribly homesick and longed to get back to the mountains on the Rosebud, to tell the story of his daring and become the hero which he had started out to be.

One night, after everybody had gone to sleep in camp, and the fires had gone out, Old Looking-Glass, who had seemed to be soundly sleeping, approached his bed and gently touched his face. Looking up, he saw that she held a forefinger pressed against her lips, intimating that he must keep silence, and that she was beckoning him to go outside.

There she soon joined him; then, putting her arm around his neck, she hastened out of the camp and across the nearest hills.

When they had gone about five miles away from camp, they came upon a pretty little mouse-

colored pony, which Old Looking-Glass had hidden there for Little Moccasin on the previous day.

She made him mount the pony, which she called "Blue Wing," and bade him fly toward the rising sun, where he would find white people who would protect and take care of him.

Old Looking-Glass then kissed Little Moccasin upon both cheeks and the forehead, while the tears ran down her wrinkled face; she also folded her hands upon her breast and, looking up to the heavens, said a prayer, in which she asked the Great Spirit to protect and save the poor boy in his flight.

After she had whispered some indistinct words into the ear of Blue Wing (who seemed to understand her, for he nodded his head approvingly), she bade Little Moccasin be off, and advised him not to rest this side of the white man's settlement, as the Crows would soon discover his absence, and would follow him on their fleetest ponies.

"But Blue Wing will save you! He can outrun them all!"

These were her parting words, as he galloped away.

In a short time the sun rose over the nearest hill, and Little Moccasin then knew that he was going in the right direction. He felt very happy to be free again, although sorry to leave behind his kind-hearted foster-mother, Looking-Glass. He made up his mind that after a few years, when he had grown big and become a warrior, he would go and capture her from the hated Crows and take her to his own *teepee*.

He was so happy in this thought that he had not noticed how swiftly time passed, and that already the sun stood over his head; neither had he urged Blue Wing to run his swiftest; but that good little animal kept up a steady dog-trot, without, as yet, showing the least sign of being tired.

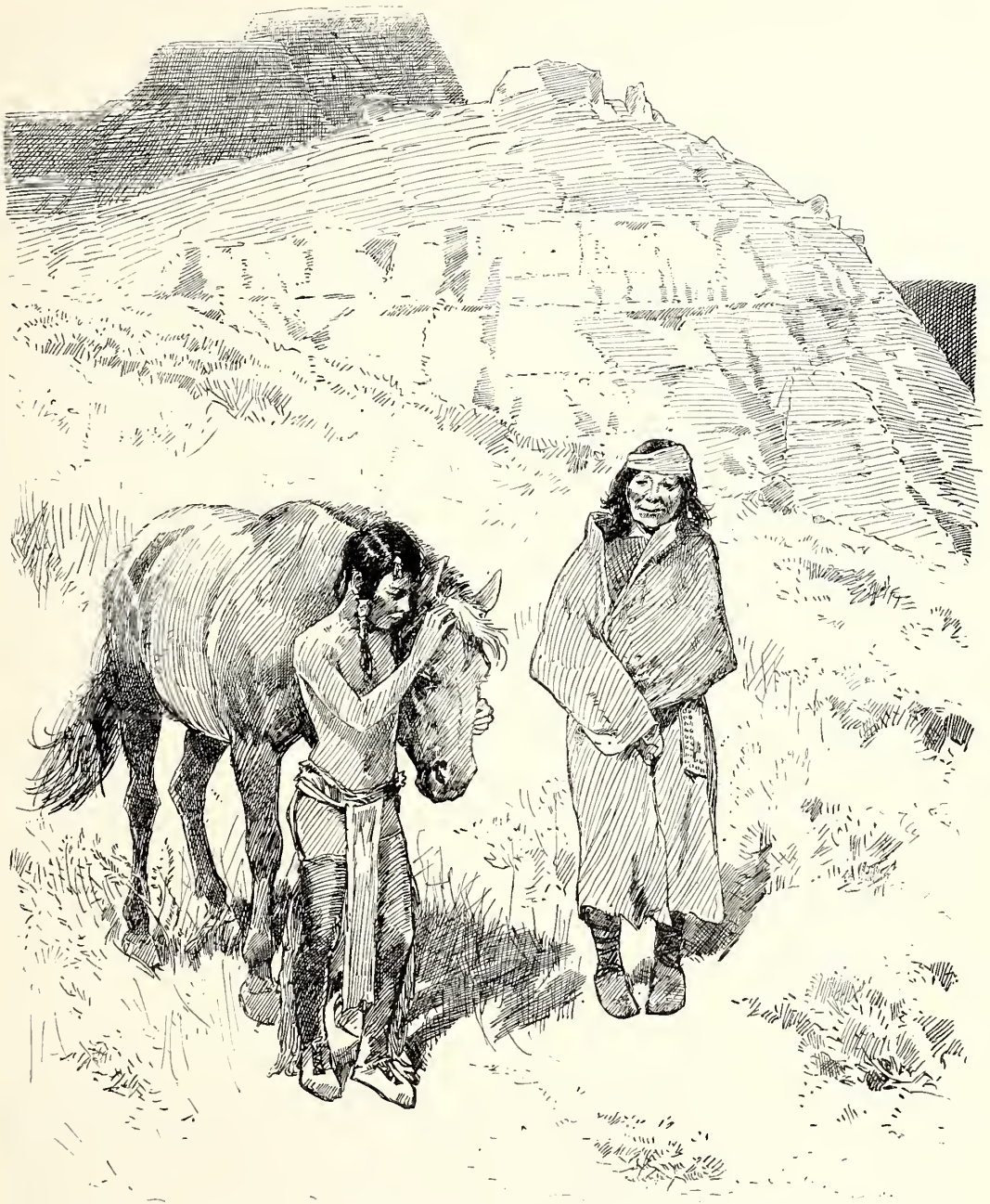
But what was the sudden noise which was heard behind him? Quickly he turned his head, and, to his horror, he beheld about fifty mounted Crows coming toward him at a run, and swinging in their hands guns, pistols, clubs and knives!

His old enemy, Iron Bull, was in advance, and under his right arm he carried a long lance, with which he intended to spear Little Moccasin, as a cruel boy spears a bug with a pin.

Moccasin's heart stood still for a moment with fear; he knew that this time they would surely kill him if caught. He seemed to have lost all power of action.

Nearer and nearer came Iron Bull, shouting at the top of his voice.

But Blue Wing now seemed to understand the danger of Moccasin's situation; he pricked up his ears, snorted a few times, made several short



"WHEN THEY HAD GONE ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM CAMP, THEY CAME UPON A PRETTY LITTLE MOUSE-COLORED PONY."

jumps, to fully arouse Moccasin, who remained paralyzed with fear, and then, like a bird, fairly flew over the prairie, as if his little hoofs were not touching the ground.

Little Moccasin, too, was now awakened to his

peril, and he patted and encouraged Blue Wing ; while, from time to time, he looked back over his shoulder to watch the approach of Iron Bull.

Thus they went, on and on ; over ditches and streams, rocks and hills, through gulches and

valleys. Blue Wing was doing nobly, but the pace could not last forever.

Iron Bull was now only about five hundred yards behind and gaining on him.

Little Moccasin felt the cold sweat pouring down his face. He had no fire-arm, or he would have stopped to shoot at Iron Bull.

Blue Wing's whole body seemed to tremble beneath his young rider, as if the pony was making a last desperate effort, before giving up from exhaustion.

Unfortunately, Little Moccasin did not know how to pray, or he might have found some comfort and help thereby; but in those moments, when a terrible death was so near to him, he did the next best thing: he thought of his mother and his father, of his little sisters and brothers, and also of Looking-Glass, his kind old foster-mother.

Then he felt better and was imbued with fresh courage. He again looked back, gave one loud, defiant yell at Iron Bull, and then went out of sight over some high ground.

Ki-yi-yi-yi! There is the railroad station just in front, only about three hundred yards away. He sees white men around the buildings, who will protect him.

At this moment Blue Wing utters one deep groan, stumbles, and falls to the ground. Fortunately, though, Little Moccasin has received no hurt. He jumps up, and runs toward the station as fast as his weary legs can carry him.

At this very moment Iron Bull with several of his braves came in sight again, and, realizing the helpless condition of the boy, they all gave a shout of joy, thinking that in a few minutes they would capture and kill him.

But their shouting had been heard by some of

the white men, who at once concluded to protect the boy, if he deserved aid.

Little Moccasin and Iron Bull reached the door of the station-building at nearly the same moment; but the former had time enough to dart inside and hide under the table of the telegraph operator.

When Iron Bull and several other Crows rushed in to pull the boy from underneath the table, the operator quickly took from the table-drawer a revolver, and with it drove the murderous Crows from the premises.

Then the boy had to tell his story, and he was believed. All took pity upon his forlorn condition, and his brave flight made them his friends.

In the evening Blue Wing came up to where Little Moccasin was resting and awaiting the arrival of the next train, which was to take him back to his own home.

Little Moccasin threw his arms affectionately around Blue Wing's neck, vowing that they never would part again in life.

Then they both were put aboard a lightning express train, which took them to within a short distance of the old camp on the Rosebud.

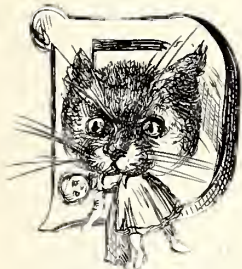
When Little Moccasin arrived at his father's *tepee*, riding beautiful Blue Wing, now rested and frisky, the whole camp flocked around him; and when he told them of his great daring, of his capture and his escape, Running Antelope, the big warrior of the Uncapapas and the most noted orator of the tribe, proclaimed him a true hero, and then and there begged his pardon for having called him a "coffee-cooler." In the evening Little Moccasin was honored by a great feast, and the name of "Rushing Lightning," *Wakee-wata-keepce*, was bestowed upon him—and by that name he is known to this day.



A YOUNG AGASSIZ.

THE DEAR DOLLS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.



DOLLS! So far as I have been able to discover, there 's not a girl, from the snow huts of the North Pole to the leaf tents of the Equator,—north, south, east, or west, who has not some sort of a doll. I doubt if there ever lived a girl in that desolate condition, for a bit of rolled-up rag or a corn-cob, a long-necked squash or a stick of wood, is easily imagined to be all that the little owner desires, and is often far more tenderly loved and cherished than the finest French wax-doll in the world. A poppy blossom or a hollyhock makes a charming doll; and I have seen a lovely one made and dressed from the tender inside husks of green-corn.

Even Laura Bridgman, born deaf and dumb and blind, who was as far as possible removed from ordinary girl-life,—even she had her doll, with a ribbon over its eyes (as though blind), and she amused herself with it, acting her own sad life as happier girls do theirs: playing it was ill and must have medicine and hot-water bottles at its feet; and insisting that the doctor should visit it, and feel its pulse.

In civilized life dolls' fashions change with the rest of the world. For a long time they have enjoyed complete outfits of clothes, jewelry, and "belongings," like their mistresses; they have been able to sit down and to stand up; to move their eyes and turn their heads, to walk, and to say "Papa" and "Mamma." If Edison is a prophet (and considering what he has done, we 're afraid to say he is not), we shall have before long little doll-prodigies who can tell stories and sing songs. Then, I dare say, the Sugar-Coated-Useful-Knowledge Society will manufacture small monsters able to teach grammar and arithmetic.

When that comes to pass, I fear dolls will go out of fashion; for these learned personages can never be the dear playmates, the sympathizing sharers of youthful griefs, that simpler creatures (who can't do a thing except lie flat on the back and stare) have been for ages.

Cosette, in Victor Hugo's story, made a doll out of a lead sword only a few inches long. She

loved it and was happy, till a pitying but unwise traveler gave her a really splendid doll. The neglected girl was very thankful, of course, and profoundly admired the grand dame; but she stood in awe of her, and "felt as uncomfortable as she would if some one had suddenly said, 'Little girl, you are Queen of France.'"

Among the wild Indians of our own country is surely the last place one would look for toys, and travelers have said they had none; but a closer look brings some to light. On the desk before me sit two dear creatures, just arrived from Da-



DOLLS FROM DAKOTA TERRITORY.

kota Territory. They were made by some loving mother of the *Gros Ventre* tribe of Indians. But the unfortunate little redskin girl for whom they were intended never received them after all, for they were bought by a white man, and sent to New York to sit for their picture for you.

They are a queer-looking pair, dressed in the most elegant *Gros Ventre* style. They are eighteen inches tall, made of cloth, with their noses sewed on, and their faces well colored; not only made red, like the skin, but with painted features. The Indian doll has a gentle expression, with mild eyes, but the squaw has a wild look, as though she were very much scared to find herself in a white man's "tepee." Both have long hair in a braid over each ear, but the brave has also a quantity hanging down his back, and a crest standing up on top—perhaps as "scalp-lock."

The dress of the lady resembles, in style and material, a bathing-suit. It is of blue flannel, trimmed with red braid, a long blouse and leggings of the same. She has also moccasins, and a string of blue beads around her neck, besides little dots of beads all over her waist. The suit of the warrior is similar in style, but the blouse is of unbleached muslin, daubed with streaks of red paint, and trimmed with braid, also red. Across his breast he wears an elaborate ornament of white beads, gorgeous to behold.

Beside these *Gros Ventre* dolls stands another pair, from a Canada tribe; the squaw dragging a six-inch-long toboggan loaded with tent and poles, while the warrior carries his snow-shoes. She is dressed in red and black flannel, with calico blouse and cloth hood; tin bracelets are on her arms, and her breast bears an ornament like a dinner-plate, also of tin. Her lord and master wears a dandyish suit of white canton-flannel, fuzzy side out, a calico shirt, red necktie, and likewise a hood and tin dinner-plate. They are made of wood, with joints at hip and shoulder, and the faces are carved and painted. Wild dolls are curious and interesting. Let me tell you of a few others I have seen.

The little Moquis girls have wooden dolls of different sizes and degrees. The best have arms and legs, are dressed in one garment of coarse cotton, and instead of hair have feathers sticking out of their heads, like the ends of a feather duster.

A lower grade of Moquis doll has no limbs, but is gayly painted in stripes, and wears beads as big as its fist would be, if it had one. This looks as you would with a string of oranges around your neck. The poorest of all, which has evidently been loved by some poor little Indian girl, has in place of a head a sprig of evergreen. How did the white man get hold of a treasure like this? Is the little owner grown up? Is she laid to sleep under

the daisies? Or was this doll left behind in a hurried flight of the Moquis village before an enemy?

It is n't an Edison doll; it can't talk,—so we shall never know.

The Sitka girls have dolls of leather; black, greasy-looking creatures, I regret to say, with beads for eyes and mouth, and dresses of fur. They have also a poorer doll, of clay, with the nose formed, when the clay was soft, by the summary process of a good pinch in the face; and a lavish display of beads made by small punches in the same soft material. The dress of these Sitka babies is simple,—a piece of coarse Indian cloth wound around the body and tied on with a rag.

Another leather doll belongs to the little Micmac girl. This is finer than the last-named, however, for the leather is light-colored; and it has a nose not pinched up in front, but punched out



INDIAN DOLLS FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

from behind, and held in shape by something hard. It has black beads for eyes, and mouth and eyebrows of black paint. In dress it is quite grand; moccasins, leggings, and calico gown, with a liberal amount of bead trimming and necklaces. The small Siouxs maiden also has a doll of leather, black, and with beads for eyes and mouth.

A *Nez Percé* girl has contributed to us—whether willingly or not—her dear doll in its cradle of

basket-work. It is a rag-baby about eight inches long, and as tightly tied into the cradle as the poor little *Nez Percé* girl herself was tied into hers. Many a long, happy journey has this eight-inch pappoose taken, slung over the back of its loving mamma; many a swing has it enjoyed, hanging from a bush; and many a greasy dinner has it shared with its little owner,—at least, so one must judge from its looks.

The dusky damsel of Alaska has an ivory doll. It is carved from walrus tusk, any length from one to six inches, with nose carved, and eyes, eyebrows, and mouth of black enamel. Even the inch-long baby has features carefully made. She has also a doll of wood, six or eight inches long, with its face carved and a curious ornament just below the corners of the mouth. This is a blue bead, and is in imitation of the fashion of her tribe, of making in the lower lip an opening like a button-hole, through which any desired ornament may be thrust. None of the Alaska dolls have joints, but this unnatural stiffness has apparently not been altogether satisfactory to the small damsels, for some are carved in a sitting posture.

The most humble doll is simply a stick with a head carved on the end. But the most elaborate of all the Indian dolls I have seen belongs also to Alaska. It is carved from dark-colored wood, with mouth open, showing three white teeth, and it has real hair, in locks six inches long, stuck into holes in the wooden head, with the drollest "patchy" effect.

After reading about these wild creatures, listen to an interesting story of the tragic fate of a highly civilized doll which belonged to a little girl called Jeanie Welsh. It was, no doubt, an old-fashioned object, for more than seventy years have passed since the tragedy happened, but little Jeanie was very fond of it.

She was also fond of study, especially of Latin, and when she reached the age of nine years, and began to read Virgil, there came a crisis in her affairs which you must read in her own words:

"It had been intimated to me by one whose wishes were law, that a young lady in Virgil should, for consistency's sake, drop her doll. So the doll, being judged, must be made an end of, and I quickly decided how. She should end as Dido ended, that doll!—as the doll of a young lady in Virgil should end! With her dresses, which were many and sumptuous, her four-posted bed, a fagot or two of cedar *allumettes*, a few sticks of cinnamon, a few cloves, and a nutmeg, I constructed her funeral pyre; and the new Dido having placed herself in the bed, with help, spoke through my lips the last sad words of Dido the First, which I had then all by heart as pat as A,

B, C. The doll, having thus spoken, kindled the pile, and stabbed herself with a penknife by way of a Tyrian sword. Then, however, in the moment of seeing my poor doll blaze up,—for being stuffed with bran, she took fire and it was all over in no time,—in that supreme moment, my affection for her blazed up also, and I shrieked, and would have saved her and could not, and went on shrieking till everybody within hearing flew to me and bore me off in a plunge of tears."

This same little girl grew up and became the wife of Thomas Carlyle, and this pathetic little incident is to be found in his *Life*, by Froude—the last place one would look for a doll story.

[The Editor is tempted to supplement Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's interesting article with brief accounts of another Indian doll and two old-fashioned dolls, which have been faithfully pictured by the pencils of ST. NICHOLAS artists.]

ANOTHER INDIAN DOLL.

By L. A. HIGGINS.



"BONITA."

"BONITA" is about a foot tall, and is dressed in the best style the wigwam could supply. She has

real skin, and real hair,—real buckskin, and real horse-hair, if I must confess it! Charming pink cheeks on her very yellow face; expressive bead eyes, and a very unique little group of beads that does service for both nose and mouth surprisingly well. Two black beads, placed in a line between two white ones, form each of the cleverly made eyes. Her raven hair is plaited in eighth-of-an-inch braids, and tied behind with a tiny buckskin ribbon. Not to be sparing of her charms, she has also two graceful braids falling in front of her shoulders.

If Bonita had stayed in her wigwam home, she probably might have had two or three dresses, put on outside of this one—to refresh her soiled toilet, after the manner of her tribe. But we think her quite fresh enough in this gorgeous red-flannel dress, bound with yellow calico! She has square sleeves that quite envelop her spare arms, and marvelous square side-breadths that dip lower than the rest. She wears six strands of milk-white beads about her throat, and others dotted over her dress yoke. An indescribable pendant of tin bangles is suspended from her buckskin belt, which is also trimmed in tin ornaments. Excelling all else in deft workmanship are her wonderful little moccasins. An Indian Goody Two-Shoes might have worn them, so soft and pliable are they. They are exquisitely embroidered in blue and red floss, and have tiny silk binding, sewed with invisible stitches. Perhaps her little mistress imagined her a dusky Cinderella, home from the ball, crouching before the ashes of the camp-fire. Alas! when the clock struck twelve, her elegant mouse-tooth necklace and doe-skin dress vanished as she evaded the Indian Prince!

TWO OLD-FASHIONED DOLLS.

HERE is, also, an engraving of two interesting and quaint old dolls which were made by other than Indian hands, and for other than little Indian children to play with.

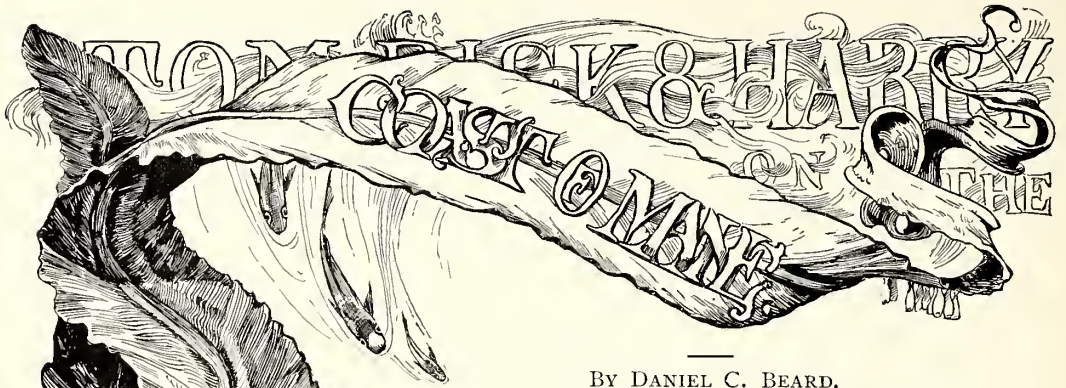
One of them, as you see, is a boy-doll. He is made of wood, and has joints at the elbows, the thighs, and the knees. The features of the face are painted. He wears a coat cut in the style of

sixty years ago, and the coat and trousers both are of black silk. The vest is short-waisted, and made of some white material. An old-fashioned "stock" and shirt-collar add a touch of elegance



to the little gentleman's costume. The hat is quite remarkable for a boy-doll. It is made upon a frame, which is covered with drab-colored muslin, and around the crown is tied a band of green ribbon, with an edging of pearl color. There is no doubt that it was in its day a very fitting hat for a gentleman puppet; but a self-respecting boy-doll of the present would regard it with scorn, and would prefer to go bare-headed if he could not be provided with a hat of a more modern fashion.

The lady-doll's hat, too, is a triumph of doll millinery. It is of a style similar to the "Gainsborough" hat, and the crown and the flaring wide brim, upon which is placed a large rosette, are covered with white silk brocade. It is held on by ribbons which are tied under the doll's chin. The dress, with its short waist and long sleeves, is made of white silk, and the whole costume appears



BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

“A stands for anchor, that hangs at our bows,
Yo, ho, blow the man down!”

“MIND the sheet, Tom; we shall have all the blow we want without singing for it, before we reach Little River. You and Harry had better sail her while I go forward on the lookout. With this tide, some of the rocks will barely be covered, and there must be quite a sea running into the mouth of the river. Christopher Columbus! what *is* that? — Hard a-port, Hal! Quick, let out sheet, Tom! Be lively!”

The excited and peremptory tone of the orders urged prompt obedience, and like a thing of life the little boat swung suddenly around before the wind, and the next moment plunged, bows on, into the first wave.

“Boys, did you see that?”

None too quickly had Harry and Tom obeyed Dick’s commands.

“See it? Well, I should say I did. And we came near *feeling* it, too!” answered Tom.

“Well, if that big black thing is a rock it has lost its anchorage and gone adrift. I never saw a rock floating about in that style, though. What is it, anyway?” asked Harry.

“It was about the size of a *whale*, I should say, was n’t it, Tom?” asked Dick.

“Yankeedom has sharpened you, Dick. It certainly was a whale; and it’s lucky for all of us, and for the boat, too, that you shouted so promptly.”

“There he blows!” cried Dick, pointing off the port bow. “Bring her up to the wind; he’s out of our course. Haul in the sheet, Tom; stea-a-dy there, steady! So! That will do; we will risk this course, professor; for, though we don’t claim to be scientific naturalists, I assume that whales do not eat cat-boats, crew and all, as a regular diet.”

“I don’t know about that, Dick,” said Harry; “when I caught sight of that floating island coming at us, mouth on, the thought of Jonah’s journey whizzed through my mind. I had almost decided that if I had to be drowned or swallowed, I’d risk drowning as the lesser evil.”

“Well, I would, too,” said Tom, with a smile. “As a professional naturalist, I would remark that the huge fellow on our port bow seemed to be in a playful mood, and I was thinking how, with one frisky flop of his graceful tail, he could have made kindling wood and assorted

tooth-picks out of the 'Nomad,' and never known it, bless his innocent heart!"

"The whale makes a flail of the end of his tail,
Yo, ho, blow the man down!
While the shark on a lark makes the dogfishes bark,
Oh, give us more time to blow the man down.'

"Joking aside," said Harry, stopping his song, "we've had rather a narrow escape, boys, from ending our adventures by a trip to 'Davy Jones's Locker!'"

For the next few minutes the slap and splash of the waves were the only sounds heard aboard the famous cat-boat "Nomad";* but the three hearty lads who formed its crew were too full of healthy life, in mind and body, to waste time or thought over past dangers. Dick removed his thinking cap, and said:

"I say, fellows, this wind is veering around to an off-shore breeze that will flatten out these white-caps. What do you say to a sail out to Pumpkin Rock?"

"Good!" was Tom's ready response.

"Pumpkin Rock it is," assented Harry. "But—I'd like to get that whale off my mind; and before I can do it, I suppose I shall have to confess one of two things: either I was so frightened that I could not see straight, or else I saw that whale swimming upside down. Laugh as you please, Dick, but——"

"Don't apologize," interrupted Dick; "I was only chuckling to hear you speak my piece. You said just what I was going to say,—but I did n't like to show my ignorance."

"Well," continued Harry, "I think he was upside down, because I plainly saw his wicked little eye, and it was just above the water, close down by the corner of that cavern of a mouth, while his big chin was high in the air. All right, Tom, you can laugh, too; but you can't laugh me out of what I myself saw; and I say it again,—his chin *was* up and his eyes were down, 'which the same I am free to maintain.'"

"That was n't his chin," laughed Tom; "that was his bonnet."

"Spin away on your yarn, professor; but what sort of millinery is a whale's bonnet?" And as he spoke, Dick, rolling up an overcoat, made a cushion, and placed himself in a comfortable attitude for listening.

"Well," continued Tom, "what you thought was his chin, high in the air, was a sort of protuberance on the end of his upper jaw; the sailors call it his 'bonnet.' Our departed friend was a black whale, I think; there is a skeleton of one in the Museum of Natural History at Central Park, New York. I'm not much of an artist, but

if Dick will take hold of the sheet, I will take your sketching-block and try to draw you an outline."

After some labor, Tom exhibited three outline drawings.†

"There, if you can make them out, are three views of the black whale: a top view, a side view, and a front view. You fellows need not feel ashamed of your ignorance, for I venture to say there is not one landsman in a hundred who knows how a whale looks, or could tell which side goes up and which side goes down; and still fewer know the difference between a right-whale and——"

"Oh, drown your whales for a while, Tom. Here's Pumpkin Rock dead-ahead, and we will have enough to do to make a safe landing," interrupted Dick, unceremoniously.

"All right, Captain Dick," said Tom, good-naturedly. "If that whale is now off Harry's mind, as he expressed it, I'll pick up Pumpkin Rock; but it is not within reach yet."

"I'm thinking," and Harry continued his thinking aloud, "that if we reach that rock *too* suddenly, it's the crew of the 'Nomad' that will have to be picked up. I fail to see any possible landing-places. What an immense, odd, round boulder it is! It does n't look much like a pumpkin, though, does it? It looks like an advance scout for the army of islands behind it, that form the State of Maine's skirmish line in her battle with the sea."

"Quite poetic; only make them the rear-guard instead of the skirmishers, for I think geologists say that this part of the coast is in full retreat from old Neptune's repeated assaults, and that these islands are the stragglers cut off from the Maine body," answered Tom, who was a punster.

"All right, Tom; I accept your amendment. Old Pumpkin rock is all the braver, to stand out alone, and in the face of an advancing and victorious foe. Oh, my! Look at the gulls!"

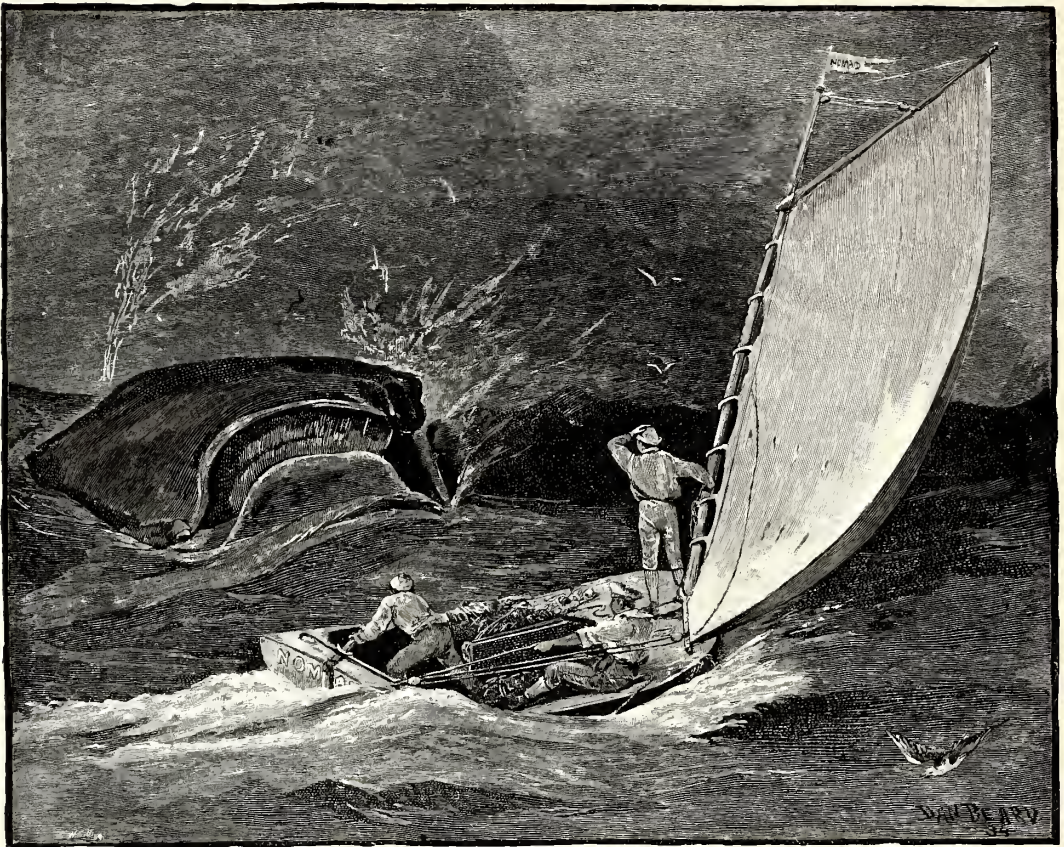
Thousands of these birds circled, wheeled, and screamed above them, as the boys carefully worked their little craft around in the lee of the apparently inaccessible rock, at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for a possible landing-place.

"We can't fetch it on this tack," said Dick. "Take another tack, and bring her in as easy as you know how; this is no boat-house float, and the unexpected too frequently happens in this style of landing——"

"I say, Dick, it's a lucky thing that you are no false prophet, for if that off-shore breeze had not done its work and smoothed out the wrinkles of the sea, we could never have landed here with dry skins," said Harry.

"That's so," assented Tom. "Even with a smooth sea and favorable breeze, any fellow who goes ashore here risks a ducking; and I think, if

* See "One Day on a Desert Island," ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1882, and "Tom, Dick, and Harry in Florida," ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1883. † See tail-piece, page 784.



"I NEVER SAW A ROCK FLOATING ABOUT IN THAT STYLE, THOUGH. WHAT IS IT, ANYWAY?" ASKED HARRY."

it were not so dangerous a locality for boats, there would n't be a single bird left on the rock. Those that were not shot, trapped, and slaughtered for millinery shops would have emigrated to more inaccessible lands."

The smooth rollers of a quiet sea washed to and fro among the long streamers and ribbons of seaweed which festooned and covered the rocks below high-water mark, as the graceful little sail-boat, with rattling of rigging and rustling of canvas folded away her one white sail, and then nosed her way gently among the sunken rocks to the only accessible landing-place, while thousands upon thousands of the beautiful tern fluttered and swarmed overhead.

Harry remained aboard, declaring he could not miss the chance of studying so novel and beautiful a "decorative theme." So Tom and Dick left him there rocked by the gentle swaying of the boat and soothed by the lullaby of a summer sea. He lay flat on his back, gazing up at the myriads of slender-winged, graceful birds that fretted the deep luminous blue of the sky with a moving net-

work pattern of silver and gray. While Harry was thus dreaming over this symphony of color, form, and sound, Tom and Dick clambered to the top of Pumpkin Rock.

Dick was a true sportsman, and could exult over a big bag of legitimate game as only a hunter can. He possessed the cool head and steady nerve necessary to the slayer of dangerous wild beasts; but he was no "pot-hunter," and never killed for the sake of slaughter. So when, at Tom's repeated request, he finally discharged one barrel and brought down three poor little tern, he felt very much as though he had done something of which he ought to be ashamed.

After the two boys had admired the pretty gray and white birds, with delicate little pink legs and feet and rose-colored bills, Tom commenced his scientific research by examining the contents of the birds' craws. Dick watched him. Tom opened the first bird, ascertained what it had eaten for its dinner, and with an amused smile gazed curiously all over the top of the rocky island; then he picked up the second bird, and, after examining its craw

carefully, once more gazed around and over the top of the barren rock with such a puzzled expression that Dick asked:

"Well, old fellow, what's up? What have you found?"

In response, Tom hastily took the third bird from Dick's hand, opened the craw, and, spreading the contents over the palm of his hand, held it out to Dick and asked, "What do you call that?"

"Well," said Dick, leisurely, "I am not sufficiently familiar with 'bug-ology' to give you Latin names, but any country school-boy could tell you that you have there a badly mused-up mess of hornets."

"Just so," said Professor Tom, "hornets; and not a sign of anything but hornets. The other two were exactly the same. Now, Dick, just look up there; there must be thousands of birds, and if each craw is filled with hornets——"

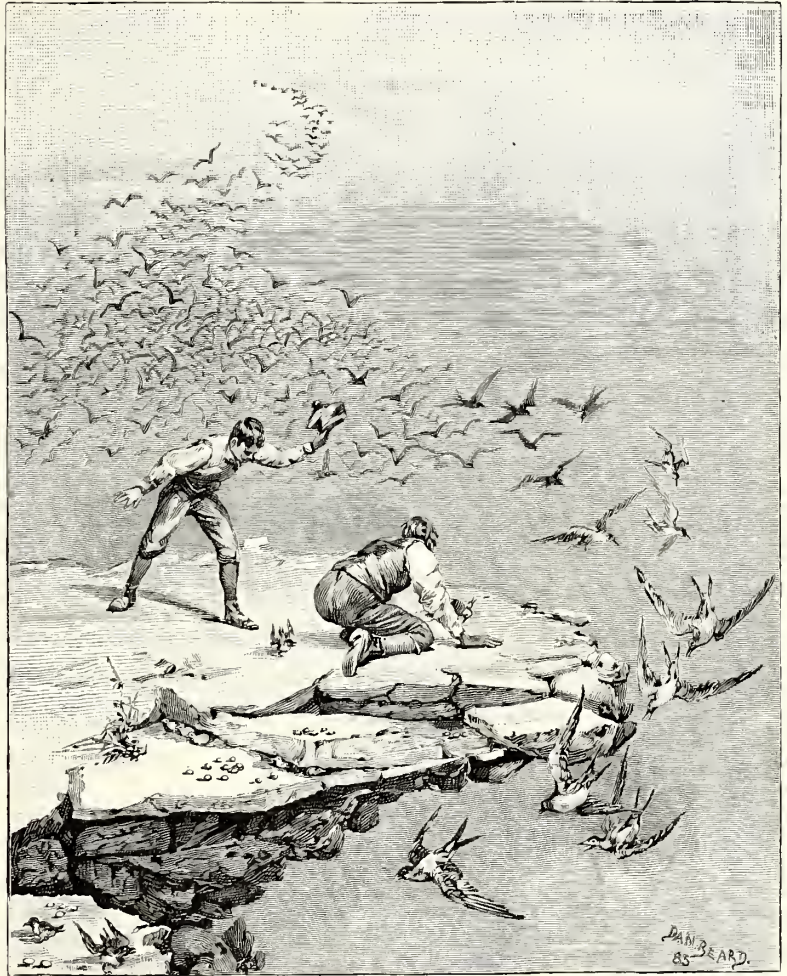
"Yes-s, I begin to see," broke in Dick. "You are wondering how many swarms of hornets it takes for one Pumpkin Rock breakfast, and where the birds get them. This seems to be about the barrenest old place we have found yet, now that we are out of sight of the boat, and surrounded by the sea in all directions. I declare I feel almost shipwrecked and lonesome.

With that last bird every living thing left this briny old rock—Oh, Jingo! Tom, where did it come from?"

While Dick was speaking, Tom had suddenly stepped forward a few paces, dropped his hat over something on the rock surface, and, picking it up, he handed Dick a young tern that pecked at him viciously.

When Tom had explained how the young birds, being just the color of the rock, would, when lying

perfectly motionless, escape the eyes of any person who did not know their ways even though he were looking for them, Dick forgot his "shipwrecked lonesomeness" and went on a young tern hunt. To his surprise he found tern everywhere, lying flat and perfectly still on the smooth rocky surface, or half hidden under shallow shelves and ledges.



TOM AND DICK AMONG THE SEA-BIRDS.

Tom strolled away to explore a patch of tall rank grass growing in a hollow of the big rock.

"Now, Tom, if you and Dick have finished your yarns about land snails, and hornets and things ten miles out at sea, and if you can leave those baby birds for a minute, I have an experience to relate."

The "Nomad" was speeding along at race-horse gait over a sparkling sea, homeward bound from Pumpkin Rock, when Harry said this, and his

speech was received with shouts of laughter from his companions, who declared that Hal had been found fast asleep when they came aboard.

"All right, Tom," said Dick; "just keep her off a little; we will go outside of Fisherman's Island. That 's it; now then, let us have 'Prince Hal's Adventures in the Land of Nod.'"



"One moment, boys. Before I say a word of what I have to tell, you must agree to take it all on trust, as I took *your* big stories; and if it sounds rather Munchausenish, why, just say nothing. It 's no matter what you *think*." Tom and Dick solemnly made the promise, and Harry began:

"After you had been gone for five or ten minutes, and the cloud of sea-gulls had flown higher into the sky, gradually everything became still around me except the 'swish, swish' of the lazy waves. The silence made me lonesome. I listened, expecting to hear you fellows talk, laugh, shout, or whistle, but not a sound could I hear,—only the quiet 'swish, swish' of the smooth waves. It usually would have made me sleepy, but somehow the stillness seemed so spread out that it made me nervous instead. I began to think that perhaps you fellows had fallen into some deep hole, stumbled over a precipice, or had slipped into the sea and been drowned. I had been lying down; I sat upright and listened. Just then I heard a sudden splash and gurgle, as though something or somebody was overboard; I was nervous, and it startled me for an instant. Then I leaned over the gunwale, expecting to see some of our traps sink-

ing. I looked down through the transparent green water; the sea-weeds streamed and waved over the white pebbles at the bottom, and I saw a few cunners poisoning themselves under a ledge of rock. In the shadow of that immense Pumpkin Rock I could see under water nearly as plainly as above it; nothing had fallen overboard, or I should have seen it. While gazing on this submarine view, suddenly there swam out from under the boat, and darted swiftly across the clear space, disappearing behind some rocks—a—
a—form—"

"A what?" asked Tom and Dick in a breath.

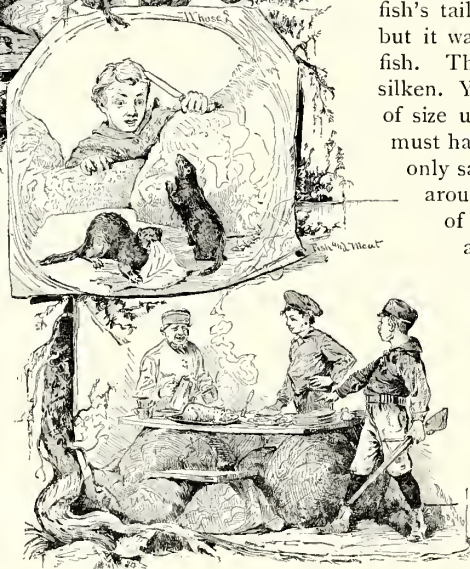
"You may well ask what," continued Harry; "I said, a *form*. I could not see very clearly, but it was not a fish, although it had a sort of fish's tail. Its motions were quick, but it was more graceful than any fish. The body seemed glossy and silken. You know it is hard to judge of size under water, but I think it must have been four feet long. I

only saw it a moment as it swam around some rocks at the stern of our boat, and I did not get a good look at its head, but in passing round a rock, I saw it, very plainly, *put out its arm* and push the sea-weeds aside."

"Arm?" shouted both his listeners. "Oh! here now! Take back the arm that thou gavest us," added Dick, appealingly.

"I was watching the spot where it had disappeared," continued Harry, paying not the

slightest attention to the interruption, "in hope that it might come back, when suddenly it seemed to me that somebody was looking at me. I *felt* the look, just as I used to feel old Professor Hall's spectacles at the Academy, when I knew he was staring at me, although my back was toward him. Well, I felt a pair of eyes watching me. I slowly turned my head, and there under the bows was the most beautiful, gentle, gazelle-like pair of black eyes, looking right at me. But just at that instant, bang! went Dick's gun. I was so startled that I nearly fell overboard; the beautiful eyes disappeared like a flash, and the same silky, wavy form shot swiftly out of sight. That was the last I saw of her. I leave you fellows to conclude anything



SKETCHES OF CAMP LIFE. (SEE PAGE 781.)

you please. I have told you exactly what I saw, and I will add only that I believe many things we laugh at and call sailors' superstitions may be possible."

Harry related his "experience" with so solemn a face and manner that his "chums" forgot to chaff him; but, after a few moments of silent reflection, Dick said, abruptly:

"Tom, unless Prince Hal was dreaming and had a nightmare, he did see something. What do you think it was?"

"Well," responded Tom, "I have my suspicions, although I am not quite sure; but I am positive that I know what he *thinks* he saw. Did you notice that the 'it' he began with, became a 'her' as he concluded? Just take a peep at his sketches when he attempts to work out the 'decorative theme' he staid aboard to study, and see if he does not introduce a Mermaid!"

It was a beat to windward against the tide; but in due course of time the "Nomad" passed the rock-guarded opening, and brought up safely at a most romantic spot on the mainland, where the boys had made their camp.

It was Harry's turn to be cook; so Tom and Dick, though hungry and tired, attended to lowering the sail, and making everything taut and snug aboard, while Harry busied himself with cleaning and skinning a mess of cunners from the fish-box (which the boys kept stored with fish and submerged in the water conveniently near their camp). After the fish were duly prepared, the fire started, and a frying-pan nicely greased with fat bacon, what was the amateur cook's surprise, as he turned to pick up the fish to put in the pan, to see the last fish he had cleaned disappearing over the rocky side of his camp-fire stove, as if alive! Hurriedly seizing it, he discovered who had hold of the other end, and followed the thief so swiftly and closely that he cornered him; and then and there, with his kitchen-knife, Harry soon put an end to Mr. Mink and his depredations.

When Tom and Dick came to dinner, their nostrils were regaled with a savory smell which made their mouths water.

"My!" exclaimed Dick, "how strange those cunners smell."

"Yes," said Tom; "but there 's no fish-smell about them. Say, Harry, what is it?"

"You know very well that we had nothing but the cunners to cook," grinned Harry.

"A four-legged cunner this one was," said Dick, gazing suspiciously at the dish held out for his inspection. "I don't think I like cunners with teeth, like that."

"Well," said Harry, "every man to his taste;

that fellow swallowed our cunners, so I skinned and cooked him. I believe he 's what you call a mink."

"A mink! Eat mink! Never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Tom and Dick.

"Nor I," assented Harry, with a smile. "But in Delaware they eat musk-rat, and I thought, so long as we had——"

"All right, Harry," interrupted Tom; "anything that tastes good, and is not poison, is fit for food; so here goes for a fore-shoulder of mink-venison." So saying, he carved himself a leg and commenced eating; he failed, however, either to help himself, or to ask to be helped, to any more mink; and both Harry and Tom developed a sudden and phenomenal liking for bacon and crackers.

"Ow-ow! Whew! Ki-yi!" shouted Tom, Dick, and Harry, as they came dashing back to "Cove Camp" one morning, after a dip in the chilly seawater.

"I 'd like to hold a thermometer here, to see if the mercury would n't burst through the bottom of the bulb," said Dick.

"Well, ice-water is warm compared to this," said Harry, rubbing his ears, slapping his hands, and jumping up and down as he talked. "I don't believe any human being could live ten minutes in water so cold as that; and I, for one, shall take no risks of going overboard while the 'Nomad' cruises in these waters."

"It *does* seem as if we had taken one bound from the Gulfstream into the middle of an Arctic current! But does n't this icy bath and bracing breeze give a fellow an appetite? 'Nature abhors a vacuum,'" laughed Tom, "and I feel as empty as a church on a week-day."

Before long breakfast was ready, and it would have made an epicure envious to see the boys eat. When the keen edge of their appetites was dulled, Dick, leaning back and leisurely sipping a second cup of Hal's famous coffee:

"Say, fellows, now what do you think of my scheme—the Maine coast for this summer's vacation?"

"It suits me, Dick," responded Tom; "everything is new to me and so entirely different. I don't know that I have made any absolutely new discoveries, but I have secured some rather rare specimens for my collection, and—see here, you know the high rocks on the point beyond Grimes's? Well, on top of those rocks, where you 'd think that the fiercest storm could scarcely dash the spray, I found some beautiful natural aquariums, one some twenty feet long, and other smaller ones; there must be very furious storms here to keep

those shallow rock-hollows so well supplied with water that they don't dry up."

"How do you know they don't? There was n't anything alive in them?" queried Harry.

"Most certainly there was," answered Tom, "that is why I called them aquariums. I found some of the most beautiful anemones that I have ever seen. Whole schools of mackerel pin-minnows swam and skipped around the pond; and besides numerous beautiful sea-weeds and plants, there are many specimens of what Dick calls 'animal vegetation.' By the way, Harry, when we were sailing past that point, you pointed out a lot of crows walking around on those rocks, and wondered what they were up to; well, I found any quantity of sea-urchins in my aquariums, and perhaps those crows were after the urchins, for I found plenty of broken shells also,—which looked as though Mr. Crow had dropped them from a height, cracked their skulls, and devoured the unfortunate lodgers."

"Prince Hal has not had a chance to put in his vote yet. What do you think of the Maine scheme, Hal?"

"Dick, old fellow," said Harry enthusiastically, "it was an inspiration. You have heard me speak of the pretty bits of meadow views along Long Island shore—do you want to know what I think of them now?"

"Yes," said Dick, "I do like to hear a fellow speak his piece, when he is in earnest and knows what he is talking about, and you are a good stump-speaker, Hal, so I say, 'Hear, hear!'"

"Well," continued Harry, with his ardor a little cooled by Dick's remarks, "I did use to make speeches about those broad, flat tracts of bottomless, treeless, jelly-like mud-meadows, fringed to the seaward by long monotonous stretches of barren, sandy beaches, but then——" and here Harry began, as Dick said, to be "in earnest"; his eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed, as rising from his seat, he emphasized his speech with appropriate gestures, and continued: "I had never imagined the wild, reckless grandeur of such a place as this—where the huge storm-waves roll in from the ocean and crash into white atoms of spray and foam against the—a—the—ragged irregularity of the shattered rocks that line this shore; where even the forest pines and vegetation catch the—a—daring spirit and audaciously venture to the very edge of the sea. Why, the other day I plucked a blushing wild-rose from a bush growing in the—a—the cleft of a huge rock which fairly overhung the waves."

"Hear, hear! Bravo!" cried Dick, clapping his hands, "I begin to like this coast of Maine, myself."

Indeed, it was a gala season for Tom, Dick, and Harry, and they thoroughly enjoyed every hour of the time.

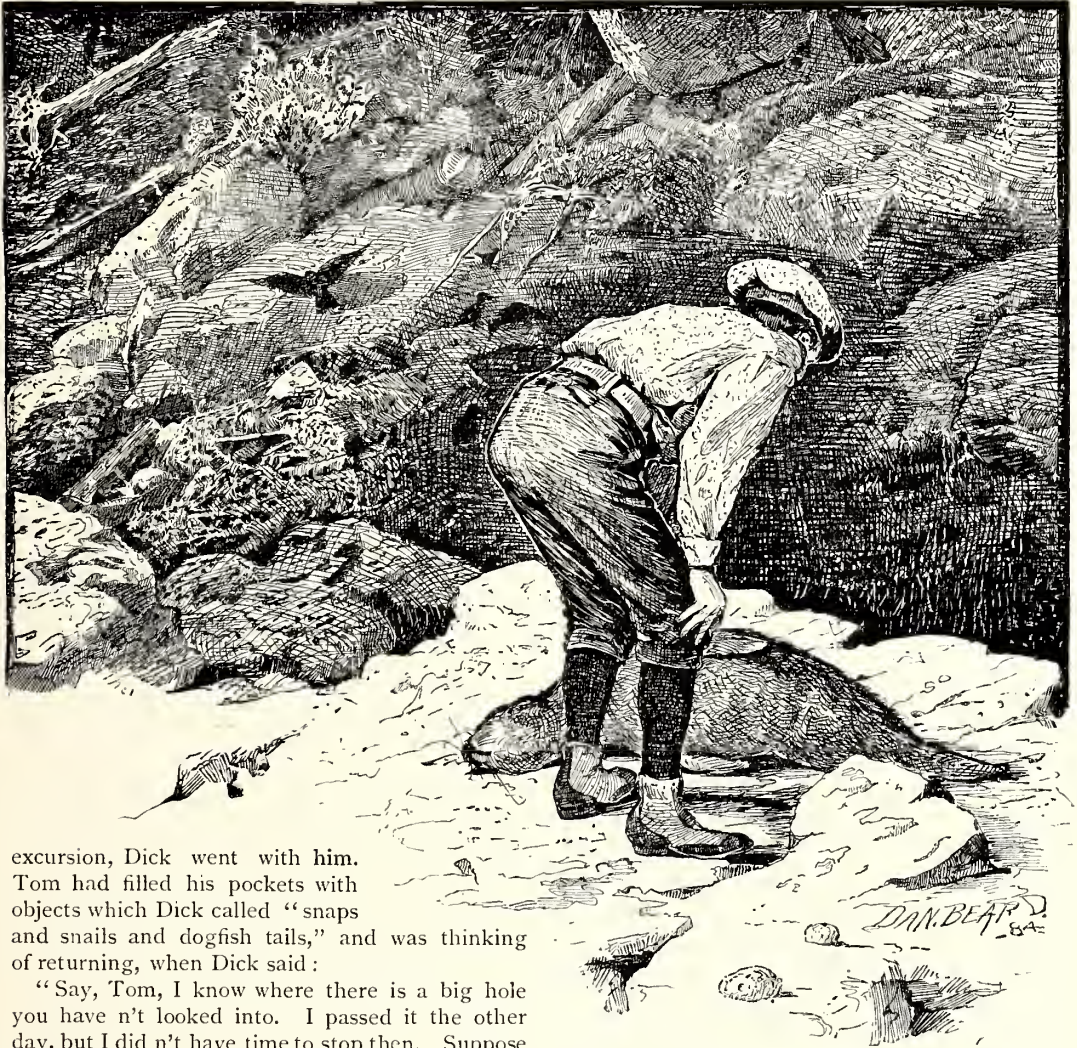
Dick's adventurous spirit kept the pennant of the "Nomad" flying, and the little boat darted back and forth from the shelter of "Cove Camp" like some new marine creature going forth in search of food and scurrying back to its cove for safety. He made friends of the captains and crews of the mackerel-fleet which was hovering about in their neighborhood; he became acquainted with all the old fishermen, heard all their best stories, and furnished game enough to keep the larder stored.

Harry found so much material for sketches that he said he wasted most of his time in trying to decide what was best worth sketching.

Tom was always finding something interesting and new, and he loved to tell his comrades the curious facts about the objects and animals that he found. At low tide he was busy poking around and under the slippery rocks, seeking curious shell-fish and marine plants. He made many discoveries and found many curious things, but in all their adventures neither he nor Dick ever had an experience to relate that would approach Harry's—the "form" which put out "her" arm to push aside the sea-weeds. This incident bothered Dick considerably; but when he mentioned it to Tom, that wise naturalist would only wink one eye and say he had an idea. What it was he would not tell; and Harry looked so solemn when the matter was mentioned, that the others, for fear of offending him by incredulity, let the subject drop.

One very quiet day Harry was perched on a high mass of rocks, sketching; he was trying to catch the hazy, lazy effect of the mackerel-fleet, idly drifting with the tide and melting away in the distance, where the sea joined the sky without a seam or sign of horizon. Drowsily sunning their sails, the fleet of graceful boats doubled their beauty on the mirroring surface of a smooth, calm sea. Harry's attention was gradually drawn from the shimmering scene to a certain hum of voices coming apparently from somewhere below his feet. He stopped work and listened. From his high perch he could see all around him. Nothing alive was in sight, and no sign of life nearer than the distant mackerel schooners. He walked to the edge of the rock and looked over. It was low tide, and the black and green slippery boulders seemed to hide nothing but a stray crab or lobster in their seaweed tresses. Harry was puzzled; he returned to where he had been sitting; even more plainly than before, he heard the hum of conversation.

The day was very calm, and there was no wind for sailing; so, when Tom started on his low-tide



excursion, Dick went with him. Tom had filled his pockets with objects which Dick called "snaps and snails and dogfish tails," and was thinking of returning, when Dick said :

"Say, Tom, I know where there is a big hole you have n't looked into. I passed it the other day, but I did n't have time to stop then. Suppose we investigate it?"

Tom was only too glad to go, so Dick led the way around the face of a huge pile of rocks. Here the boys found an opening to a cave, so situated that it could not be seen from inshore, and although dry at low tide, at high tide the water must have filled the opening entirely. Stepping inside, Dick and Tom found themselves in a circular chamber hollowed out of the solid rock. It was six or more feet high, and as many wide ; the walls were hung with drapery of sea-weed, all studded and decorated with starfish and sea-urchins, hanging and lodged where the tide had left them. The floor was fairly carpeted with the stars and prickly balls.

"Well, I never should have imagined that there was such a cave as this, under these solid

rocks. What immense sea-monster ever hollowed out such a gloomy retreat?" Dick asked ; adding with a slight shudder : "Bah ! what an uncomfortable place to be caught in by an incoming tide."

"Yes, I think it *would* be uncomfortable. I never did appreciate this diving down under rocks and coming up in submarine grottoes, that we read about so often," replied Tom.

"But what made it? How do you account for it, Tom? It seems to be so regular and round."

"Yes, it is. I have read of such places. They are supposed to have been made by some large fragment of rock which, becoming loosened, moves back and forth by the action of waves and tides. Its edges wear off more and more, and all

"DON'T YOU SEE, DICK, IT'S A FORM. SOME ONE HAS SLAIN POOR HARRY'S MERMAID!" (SEE PAGE 784.)

the time it grinds the sides of the rocks wherever it touches, until it wears a round hole for itself; and gradually, after no one knows how many ages, it is worn small enough to be washed out at the mouth of the hole it has made."

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," said Dick. "Let 's get out of here. It 's a dark and uncanny place, at best." The two boys looked at each other curiously, when they heard the last of Dick's words repeated plainly, "Best!" They were not frightened, but thought it strange that so small a chamber should have an echo. To test it, Dick called out, "Who?"

"You!" immediately responded the echo, faintly, but very plainly; and before they could try again the same faint, clear voice spoke: "Daring mortals, flee this rock; 't is sacred to the Mermaid flock."



"DICK LED THE WAY AROUND THE FACE OF A HUGE PILE OF ROCKS."

The boys were wonder-struck for a moment, and then began a hurried search, feeling around the sides for an opening under the sea-weeds. Tom, who had been examining the roof, suddenly made a dive for the entrance, and scrambled out. Dick, after glancing up, climbed after Tom. Clambering over the moist boulders, around the pile of rocks, and up on shore, he found Tom standing alone.

"Did n't you catch him?" asked Dick.

"No, but here 's the hole he talked through," and Tom pointed to a crevice in the rock, which very evidently opened into the submarine cave.

"Yes, and see,—he has left his card so that we should know him," said Dick as he picked up a small tube marked "Burnt Sienna."

"I was thinking," said Tom, looking up, "that, with a high tide, some of the biggest waves must jam into this cave with an awful force, and then this hole —"

"That 's so!" interrupted Dick. "I see your idea. This must be one of those famous spouting rocks.



DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ACTION OF A SPOUTING ROCK.

The first time there is a high tide and a heavy surf we must be sure to come again and see it spout."

When Harry heard the voices below him, he soon discovered the crevice, and, lying down, he could hear the talk of his two companions.

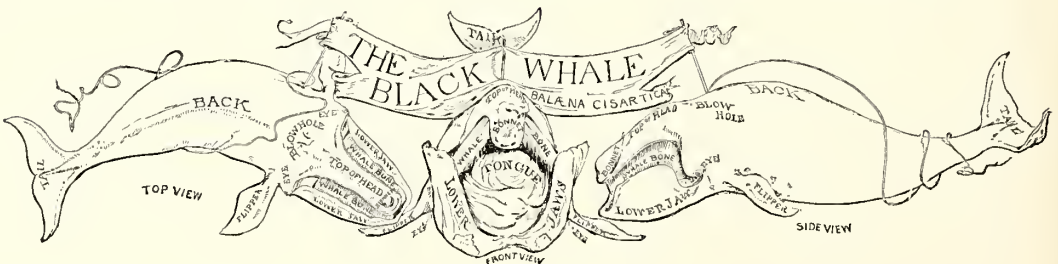
After trying to frighten them he hastily retreated, and, hiding behind a tree, awaited the result.

While Dick was exploring the crevice, Tom sauntered on, and soon shouted, "Hi! Dick, come here! I 've found it at last! Come here!"

Harry came, too; for Tom was standing on a ledge of rock below him, and he looked down from his hiding-place as Dick came running up.

"Found what?" he asked; then, as Tom straightened up from an object he was poking, Dick added, "Oh, you 've found a dead seal, have you?"

"No," said Tom, solemnly; "no, Dick. Poor Prince Hal! Don't you see, Dick, it 's a 'form.' Some one has slain poor Harry's Mermaid!"



RAMABAI.

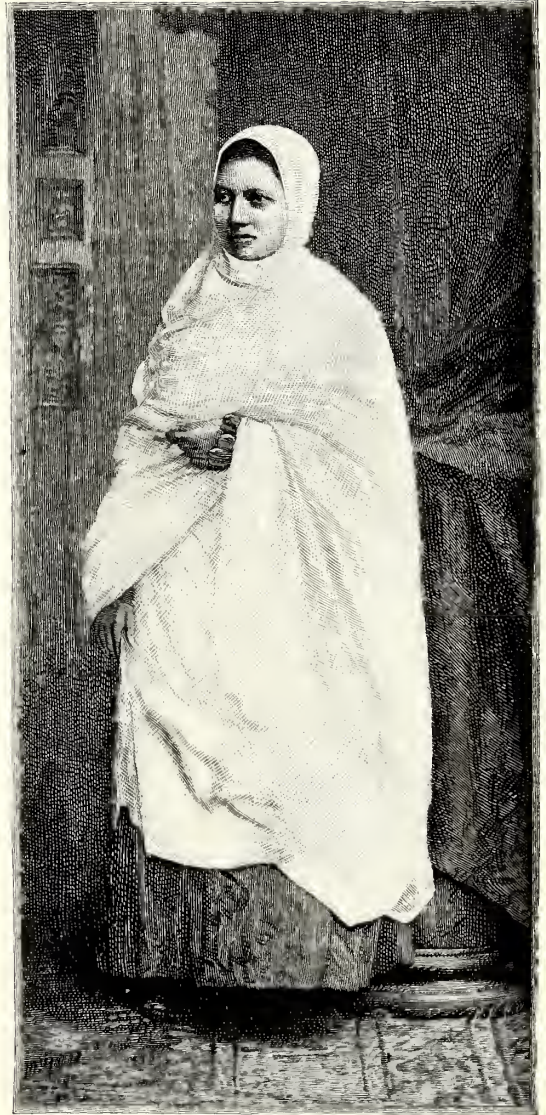
BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

YOU are used, girls and boys, to your school-rooms and black-boards, to your satchels and books, your slates and pencils. Maybe you think it hard, sometimes, that you have problems to solve, boundaries to learn, and sentences to parse. But how would it seem to you to be awakened from a sound sleep, every morning before daylight, to learn a lesson in Sanskrit, that ancient and most difficult language, familiar to but few, and those, usually, eminent scholars? To learn Sanskrit is a greater task than to learn Greek, and a much greater task than to learn Latin.

This is what a little Hindu girl named Ramabai had to do. She was awakened every morning before the day dawned, for her Sanskrit lesson; this being the only time her mother could spare from household cares to teach her little daughter.

Their dwelling was on the mountains, in a forest clearing, and there were wild animals in the jungles all about them. The first night that Ramabai's young mother spent in that solitude, before they had any house at all, she lay upon the ground, wrapped in a cotton quilt, trembling with terror; meanwhile her husband watched until daybreak, keeping off a great tiger which prowled about them uttering hideous cries. After their home was built, the husband, who was a Brahman priest, and also a very wise and good man, taught his young wife Sanskrit, because he loved the poems written in that language, and wished her to enjoy them with him. So, when Ramabai was six or seven years of age, her mother, in turn, taught her little daughter Sanskrit, from her own lips, without any book. We are told that "The little maiden, heavy with sleep, was tenderly lifted from her bed upon the earth, and aroused with many endearments and sweet mother-words; and then, while the birds in the forest about them were chirping their morning songs, the lessons were repeated."

The father's dwelling-place in the mountains came to be regarded as sacred by the people, and students and pilgrims sought out the learned priest. His hospitality and religious duties involved him in debt; and by the time Ramabai was nine years old, his property was so diminished that the family were obliged to give up their home, and to wander about from one locality to another, as pilgrims themselves. So we have to think of Ramabai, not



RAMABAI. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.)

only as the child student of Sanskrit, but as a little pilgrim girl, roaming up and down the earth, from the time she was nine until she was sixteen—homeless and often in want.

Ramabai afterward became known as a Sanskrit scholar and lecturer. She married a graduate of the Calcutta University, but in less than two years was a widow with a little daughter of her own, named Manorama, meaning Heart's Joy.

Her love of education was so great that she then went to England and entered the college at Cheltenham, where she became Professor of Sanskrit, and at the same time studied mathematics, natural science, and English literature.

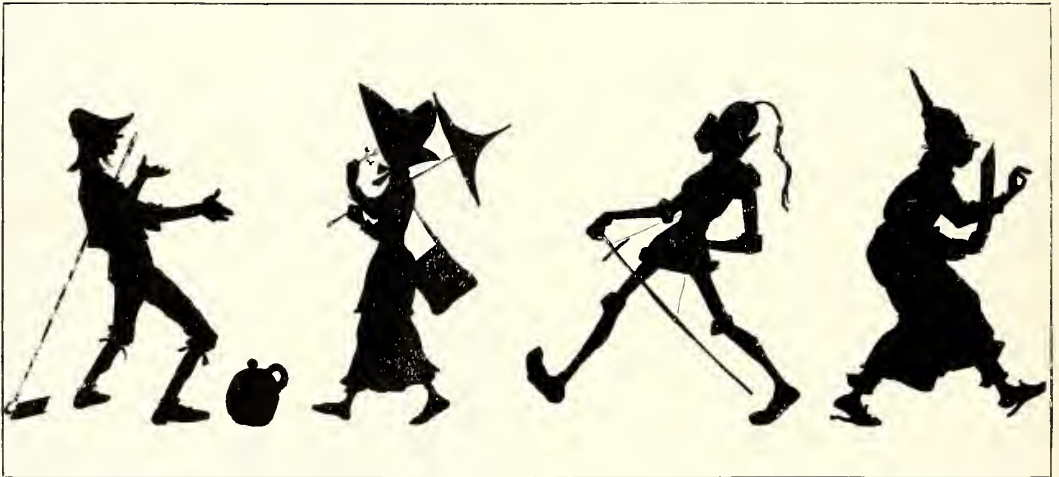
In 1886, she came to our own country, and at the time of this writing, she is still here.

She has a lofty purpose. It is that Hindu girls shall be educated—fully, amply educated; and that with their studies they shall also learn to be teachers, governesses, nurses, and housekeepers.

The girls of India have lived under a cloud of ignorance, and in bonds of caste and custom which, it has seemed, no hand could break. But Ramabai, who learned her lessons in the forest among the singing birds, has found her way into light and liberty, and will never rest content until she has thrown open the doors so that her Hindu sisters may follow her.

SHADOW-PANTOMIMES.

BY HERMAN H. BIRNEY.



YOUNG persons often wish to give an entertainment which shall be interesting, without involving too much labor in its preparation. Shadow-pantomimes, of which ST. NICHOLAS already has told you something,* answer this purpose admirably.

There are no speaking parts to be learned, and any boys and girls can do the required acting. As for objects of scenery and striking points of costume, these can be cut out of cardboard, newspaper, or anything that will cast a shadow; indeed, all the characters, costumes, and surroundings are shown only by their shadows. These are

cast upon large translucent screens, or, better still, upon a sheet so suspended as to divide the actors from the spectators.

A double doorway between rooms affords an excellent place for this screen, which should be stretched across as smoothly as possible. If the sheet be wrung out of water before being stretched, it will dry smooth and tight. Where the space requires it, two or more sheets may be stitched together to form the screen.

Next in importance is the light, which may be anything from a magic lantern down to a tallow

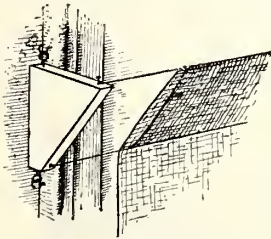
*See "The Modern and Mediæval Ballad of Mary Jane," by Henry Baldwin, a shadow-play, with directions, ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. IV., p. 202

candle. One person should be delegated to manage this light behind the screen, and another the lights in front of it, for the spectators' room must be darkened during the performance.

The best way to "drop the curtain" is to obscure the light behind the screen, and at the same time to turn up the light in the spectators' room.

The light which is to cast the shadows should be at such height and distance behind the screen as will bring the shadows of the actors into the proper places, and make them of the desired size. The actors should try to keep as close to the screen and as much in profile as possible; and care should be taken that their arms, and any objects held in their hands, such as pasteboard weapons, canes, baskets, *et cetera* cast distinct, characteristic shadows.

Let us take one performance in detail. Almost any dramatic poem, song, or story may be chosen for shadow-pantomime. It should be clearly sung or recited while the actors perform their dumb-show. I shall give you the well-known tragic story, "The Ballad of the Oysterman," written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. This has been found easy to represent, and proved to be a decided success.



While the words are being very distinctly sung or spoken, the actors do their shadow-parts to the best of their ability. The illustrations given with the ballad show some of the more striking situations, but the gestures will be found to add very greatly to their effect. In this, as in all other amusing performances, liveliness of action must be tempered by moderation, and the acting must be in perfect keeping with the story to be represented.

The effect of river-banks may be given by tables, one on each side of the stage, covered with any thick cloth. Irregularities in the contour of the shores are readily made by various objects placed on the tables under the cloth and near the screen, so as not to interfere with the actors when they are obliged to stand on the tables. Water is best represented by mosquito netting — the sort without cross-bars — or coarse tarlatan, reaching from table to table, a few inches behind the screen. If held at the upper corners by hidden assistants, and very gently waved or shaken, the effect is improved.

If it be desired to present the "tragedy" after the most approved style, the water is best arranged as follows: Suppose the screen, on which the shadows are thrown, to be stretched across a wide

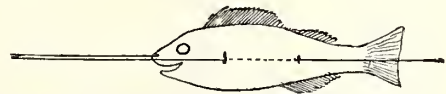
doorway. Small screw-pointed hooks should be screwed about six inches apart into the edge of the door-jamb; two on each side, at the height intended for the water-level in the first part of the performance; and two more on each side at the water-level for the last verse. A triangular block of wood should now be hung by screw-eyes to these hooks, as shown in the illustration, the base



of the block resting solidly against the wall, its apex projecting. Wires should be run from the corners of this block to a similar piece on the opposite side of the doorway. Now, the edge of a broad piece of plain mosquito netting should be sewed or threaded along the lower wire, and the rest of the netting thrown over the upper wire from behind forward, and allowed to fall to the floor, thus forming a slanting double layer of netting above, and a perpendicular single layer below. This arrangement gives, in shadow, the effect of a perspective view of the surface of the water, and a perpendicular section beneath the surface. It also makes it easy to change quickly the depth of the water for the final scene, by simply raising the blocks from the lower to the upper hooks.

The fish, and other properties cut from pasteboard, may be stationary or movable, as preferred. If fish are to swim, they may be pulled along on strings or fine thread-wire.

The moon is cut from pasteboard, and suspended by strong thread from above the door. The expression of the face can be changed when desired by a simple pivoted card, provided with threads for moving it up and down. The eye may be made to wink — the "eyelid" being held up by a weak rubber-band, which replaces it after a "wink."



As the first line of the fourth verse is read, the oysterman should leap away from the screen at an angle, so that his shadow is not seen to cross the river. If the doorway be narrow, the table on which the oysterman stood should now be pulled to one side, and the other table be brought further out to give more room to those who act upon it.

Before the last verse, there is a necessary inter- mission of a few minutes in order that the scenery may be changed. For this last scene everything should be in perfect readiness to be put in place the moment the "curtain is dropped" in the man- ner previously suggested.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.*

WORDS BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(ARRANGED FOR PANTOMIME BY H. H. BIRNEY.)

1. There was a gay young oys - ter - man lived by the riv - er side. His shop it was up -
 on the bank, his boat was on the tide, The daugh - ter of a fish - er - man, she
Ritard was so straight and slim, *Accelerando.* Lived o - ver on the oth - er shore, right op - po - site to him.
 CHORUS.
 With a Rook - che - took, che - took - che - took - che, Whack! fol - lol - did - dle - lol - la - day.

I.



THERE was a gay young oysterman lived by the river side, His shop it was upon the bank, his boat was on the tide,

III.



It was the pensive oysterman, who saw the lovely maid, Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade ;

II.



The daughter of a fisherman, she was so straight and slim, Lived over on the other shore, right opposite to him. (Chorus.)

IV.



He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say, " I 'm all alone, young oysterman, for daddy 's gone away." (Chorus.)

* The words of this ballad are printed by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The music is used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co., owners of the copyright.

V.



Then spake the gallant oysterman, and to him-
self said he,
"I guess I 'll leave the boat at home, for fear the
folks might see ;

VIII.



And there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as
soft as rain,

VI.



I've read it in the story-books, that for to kiss
his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim
this here." *(Chorus.)*

IX.



But they have heard her father's steps, and in he
leaps again. *(Chorus.)*

VII.



Then he has leaped into the flood, and swum the
shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the
moonlight gleam,

X.



Out spake the ancient fisherman, "Now, what
was that, my daughter?"
" 'T was nothing but a pebble, Pa, I threw into the
water."

XI.



“ And what is that, pray tell me now, that paddles off so fast ? ”

“ ’T is nothing but a porpoise, Pa, that’s been a-swimming past.”

(Chorus.)

XII.



Then spake the ancient fisherman, — “ Go, bring me my harpoon !
I ’ll jump into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”

Down fell that lovely innocent, as falls the snow-white lamb,

Her hair dropped ’round her pallid cheeks like sea-weed ’round a clam.

(Chorus.)

XIII.



Alas, for those two loving ones, she waked not from her swoond,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the stream was drowned ;
But Fate has metamorphosed them in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

(Chorus.)

[ON the opposite page we present a few pictures that will serve as good suggestions for scenes in shadow-pantomime. They represent several varieties of shadow-pictures from the simple silhouette of the little boy wearing the hat and boots, and carrying the cane of his father, to the more elaborate picture of the hunter and the rabbits. Although this last scene appears to be a difficult one to represent, it may in reality be prepared quite easily if

one will exercise a little patience, care, and ingenuity. For the trees, the low shrubs, the fence, and the rabbits may be cut from stiff brown paper, and the rabbits may also be made to jump and to disappear by an arrangement of threads and rubber bands similar to those shown by Mr. Birney for the management of the moon and the fish in the pantomime described in the foregoing pages.— ED.]





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AH, these are happy dog-days, my children,—when every breath of coolness is so much pleasanter than it possibly could be in winter, and when people who have nothing else of importance to say can exclaim, “Ah, how dreadfully close — how exceedingly warm!”

These expressions always seem to me especially melting. For I'm a sympathetic Jack, and one can not help feeling sorry for those who persist in being too warm in summer and too cold in winter.

Now you shall hear about

FLOWERS THAT BLOW THEIR OWN TRUMPETS.

THE deacon has remarked more than once that boys and girls never should blow their own trumpets. This strikes me as strange. Why they should borrow other folks' trumpets, when they have trumpets of their own, I cannot quite understand. But the deacon knows best. On the same principle, I suppose, somebody has told the grown folks never to use their own umbrellas if they can get borrowed ones. Now it's different with mushrooms; they hoist their own always, and do it very neatly and deliberately, I've noticed. And then, the flowers. How often you see *them* blowing their own trumpets! Silently, too; I suppose that is out of respect to the deacon. There's the morning-glory vine, and the petunia, and the trumpet honeysuckle, the many-colored bind-weed and ever so many other trumpet-blowers, all good in their way, and so fresh, winsome, and lovely that they can not be setting a very bad example to human kind, I'm sure, even if they don't care to borrow their trumpets, as good little boys and girls are expected to do.

By the way, if you watch a potato-vine in its first stage of blossoming, you will see that it, too,

blows its own trumpets — pretty, pale, purplish ones, very open at the big end, not at all like the long trumpets that some vines flourish in blossom-time, but still quite trumpet-like.

And this reminds me of a pleasant paper about potatoes, that came to this Pulpit long ago.

You shall hear it now.

HOW THE POTATO WAS INTRODUCED INTO FRANCE.

MY DEAR JACK: Though, in his time, Solomon had ceased to find anything new under the sun, I came across a small anecdote in Eugène Noël's “Life of the Flowers,” which may seem new to your little friends.

It relates to the potato — that useful, homely, and estimable every-day necessity of the American table.

Some of your young readers know, of course, how Parmentier, in the year 1779, attempted to introduce it in France among his famine-stricken countrymen. Early in the sixteenth century it had been brought there from Peru, but popular prejudice was set against it; it was accused of bringing leprosy, malarial fevers, and what not. Under Louis XVI. the academies recommended it; discourses were pronounced in its praise, and newspapers spoke heartily of it. Vain efforts! The peasants repulsed the academical plant. The king wore at his button-hole the pretty blossom that resembles the cross of St. Louis, paraded it at public entertainments, had a dish of the precious tubers daily served on his table; and finally presents of them were sent promiscuously to cultivators. The latter invariably gave the potatoes to their pigs, who, to the official recommendations, added small, approving grunts of satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Parmentier despaired of introducing the plant which would save the people from starvation. What he did in this emergency, proved to be a stroke of genius.

By his orders a field of potatoes was planted at Sablons, a sterile plain, near Paris. They were carefully cultivated until they ripened; then, at the four corners of the lot, posters were placed, in which, under heavy penalties, persons were forbidden to touch the crop; guardians were set to watch over it night and day, with orders to pursue all trespassers. Marvelous power of forbidden fruit! At the end of a fortnight, in spite of prohibition and guardians, the whole crop was carried away, eaten by the peasants, and the potato was considered delicious.

From that moment there was no difficulty in causing this vegetable to be cultivated throughout France. Yours truly, M.

BEARS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 6, 1888.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am ten years old, and have always taken ST. NICHOLAS, and I read over the old bound volumes of the dear magazine, running back to the beginning, and yet they seem as new and fresh as a June morning. May ST. NICHOLAS endure forever!

Is it too late to answer your hartshorn question? It is so named because it was first obtained from the scrapings of the horn of the hart, the male deer, and now it is called usually by the name ammonia, and is made from the bones of all animals, and in many other ways.

I must add a true story Papa tells me. He says that in Cambria Co., Pa., there is a large tree, well known as a landmark and corner-tree of adjacent tracts of land, designated in the deeds as the tree “much-scratched-by-the-bears.” In the mountain country of Pennsylvania there are yet many bears, and they play by climbing after one another on the trunks of certain trees, and thus certain trees more easily climbed than others become much-scratched-by-the-bears. I never wrote you before.

I live near Pittsburgh, Pa., which we used to call the “Smoky City,” but now it is called the “Natural Gas City.” The smoke is gone. DOLLY.

WHAT IS ROSEWOOD?

It has been a great mystery to many young persons why the dark, rich-colored wood so much used for furniture should be called "rosewood." Its deep-tinted, ruddy-streaked surface certainly does not resemble the rose, so we must seek some other reason for the name. Here it is: When the tree is first cut, the fresh wood exhales a very strong, rose-like fragrance, which soon passes away, leaving no trace of the peculiar odor. There are several varieties of rosewood trees; the best, however, are those found in South America and the East Indies, and neighboring islands.

E. M. C. told me these facts in a letter, and I take pleasure, my dears, in repeating them to you.

GRAPES AND ROSES.

PERHAPS my hearers will be interested in a big grape-vine story that my birds have told me. It is about a superb vine that grows in the graperies of Hampton Court Palace, England. It is one hundred and eighteen years old, thirty-eight inches round the stem, and often it bears two thousand clusters a year.

They have told me, too, of a big rose-tree that is growing in Germany, by the Hildesheim Cathedral. It is a foot through the stem. It covers one whole side of the large building. It was protected from the weather by Bishop Hezilo, who lived one

thousand years ago, and so it must be much older than that. Tens of thousands of roses bloom on it every year.

If the rose-bush is twelve inches through, and the grape-vine thirty-eight inches round, which is the larger? Why the vine? Because the diameter of a round section measures always about one-third of its circumference.

THE ARBUTUS AGAIN.

DO YOU wish to hear more about the ways of pronouncing arbutus?

No?

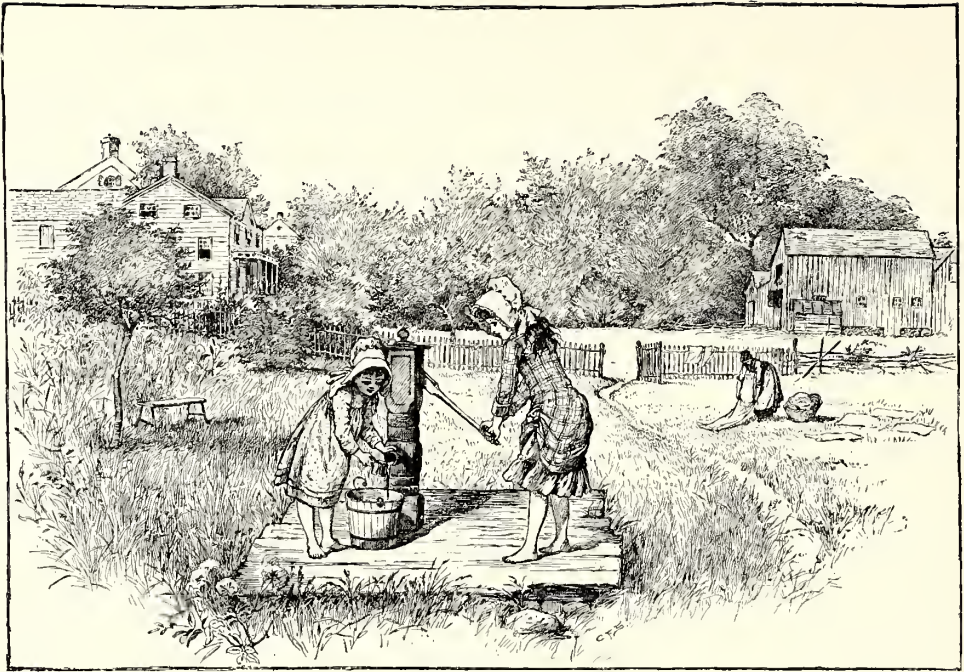
Thank you. That is just what I told the dear Little School-ma'am. So she is going to carry something on the subject to the Letter-box of your illustrious magazine, and all of you who wish to do so can jump over the fence after her and pursue the matter, so to speak.

BLUE ANEMONES.

WELL, well,—very much as the dear little anemones shake out their pretty petals in the spring—dainty little white letters have come fluttering to my pulpit in reply to Fanny—Marion—Diana—and Eleanor's question: "Are there any blue anemones?" Blue anemones!—But there is not time to show them to you now—we must wait for another day.



THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.



SUMMER BOARDERS.

OLD DICK.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

LATE roaming in the park to-day
 I met the keeper in my way,
 Who in his homely fashion said:
 "I s'pose you know Old Dick is dead?"

"Old Dick?"—a moment's vague surprise,
 Then quick tears started to my eyes,
 While in my heart a sudden shame
 Woke at the half-forgotten name.

That name, alas! brought back to me
 A lightning-flash of memory.
 I saw myself as in a dream
 Drift down the swiftly flowing stream;

I felt again the terror wild
 That overtakes a drowning child;
 And the small thrill of joy once more,
 As when he brought me safe to shore.

Poor Dick! He was not, even then,
 A match for ordinary men,—
 Dwarfed and half-witted; yet they say
 He surely saved my life that day.

And I—ah, useless, vain regrets!—
 A careless child so soon forgets!
 I grew, and thrived, and paid no heed,—
 Forgot that Old Dick lived, indeed!

My father's bounty kept him fed,
 And found a shelter for his head.
 So much I knew; how else he fared,
 I never thought, I never cared.

Now he is dead, and the keen dart
 Of late remorse is in my heart
 For things undone that might have made
 The poor soul gladder while he staid.

O children, eager, happy, strong!
 Whose days move like a merry song,
 Sweet words to sweeter music set,
 I pray you shun my vain regret.

Life brings to some but sad estate;
 Death comes to all, or soon or late,
 And takes the sunshine from the sun
 With thoughts of what we *might* have done!

WRAPPING PARCELS WITHOUT STRING.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It will surprise the reader to learn that tying up parcels is so expensive that the busiest storekeepers are endeavoring to do without it as far as possible. Have you noticed how of late years, in the great shopping stores in New York, parcels are no longer fastened with string, unless they happen to be very large or unhandy? Whatever you purchase now is handed to you securely wrapped up, yet without cord, pins, elastic bands, or apparently anything but paper to hold it. There is a knack about this work of the clerks, which it would profit every young or old person to learn.

One of the members of a firm owning a very large store said, when he was asked about it, that the discovery of this new method of wrapping parcels brought about a saving of hundreds of dollars a year in their store alone. It was not the twine that cost so much, he said, but the time consumed in adjusting it. Whenever it still has to be used,

These six pictures, showing a piece of calico during the process of being wrapped up in a sheet of brown paper, reveal precisely how the swift-fingered girls and boys, and men and women in the stores now dispense with string.

Imagine yourself behind the bundle, making it up. All that is necessary, you see, is to use plenty of wrapping-paper, taking care to have a sheet wide enough to leave a great deal of margin on the left-hand end of the goods you are wrapping up. Having half rolled up the goods the bundle is like Figure 1. Another roll having been taken, the left-hand corner is turned over, as in Figure 2. Another roll, or "twist of the wrist," as you so often hear people say, and then, as in Figure 3, you may fold in the entire spare left-hand end of the wrapping-paper. Immediately, without any more rolling, catch up the spare paper still farther, as in Figure 4. Then roll up the parcel

FIG. 1.

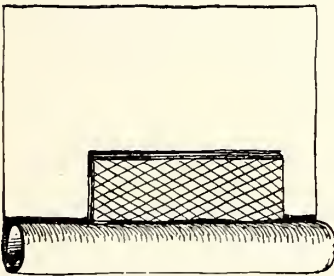


FIG. 2.

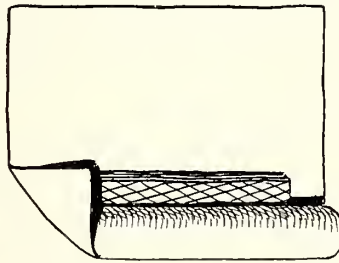


FIG. 3.

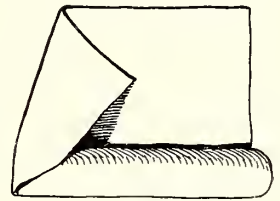


FIG. 4.

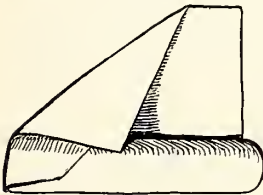


FIG. 5.

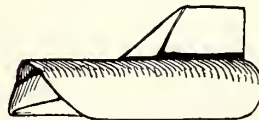


FIG. 6.



on a big or an oddly shaped bundle, it takes as long to put string around the package as it did to make up the parcel itself, so that more clerks are needed where twine is used on all parcels than where the new method is followed. This is the reason that twine has come to be regarded as costly.

as much farther than is shown in Figure 5 as will complete the rolling, stand the parcel on end, bend down toward the center and tuck in all around the loose paper at the right-hand end, and the parcel is complete and secure.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE interest shown by our readers, young and old, in the series of "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," just concluded in this magazine, has been very gratifying to us. Our thanks are due to Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, publishers, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and also to other representatives of George Eliot's copyrights in England, by whose kind permission we were enabled to quote from

the great novelist's works the interesting scenes and passages so skillfully selected by Miss Magruder.

WE are indebted to *The Century* for the fanciful pictures of the sea-serpent printed on pages 724, 725, and 727 of this number. They originally appeared in *The Century* for February, 1882.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THE Little School-ma'am wishes us to give place to the following communication which, she says, presents very cleverly the other side of the *Arbutus-versus-Arbutus* question:

HOW TO PRONOUNCE ARBUTUS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend of the School-ma'am requests in the April number that we put the accent of *arbutus* on the first syllable, "where it belongs," for "*arbutus* is wrong." The assertion seemed hard for our Class to believe, and our inquiry followed the path indicated by the following questions and answers:

Q. If *arbutus* is the right pronunciation, is it not possible for *arbutus* also to be right if used uniformly in a different sense?
Ans. It can be so. *Minute* is right, but so also is *minute* when one means a particle of time.

I. What is the *arbutus* which Cowper and Mrs. Browning name in their poetry? It is the strawberry-tree, a shrub as tall as a man, or taller, that blooms all the season in English gardens, and bears large red berries. It also grows wild in Italy, where the old Romans called it *arbutus*, or *arbootos* as they probably pronounced it.

What makes it right to pronounce the word differently from the old Roman way? The example of the English people who cultivate the tree, and talk and write about it.

II. Do Americans ever speak of the *arbutus*? As it does not grow in America, they have little occasion to do so except in describing foreign countries. In the *New York Evangelist* of May 10th, a missionary writes of seeing scrub-oaks and *arbutus* on the mountains north of Palestine. College students, after translating Horace, sometimes talk of "stretching their limbs under a verdant *arbutus*."

Do not all our poets who sing about the *arbutus* mean a different plant? Certainly; they refer to the sweet, shy, American flower, which our boys and girls search for before the snow is all gone from the woods.

Do not the children and people generally pronounce its name *arbutus*, in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and wherever it grows? Yes; except some persons who lately have begun to change.

III. What advantage is there in calling our American beauty the *arbutus*, when that name belongs to a very different plant across the ocean? None at all; it makes confusion.

Why is the change proposed? It is the fault of the dictionaries. They have been slow to recognize the American flower. Neither Worcester nor Webster refer to it under the title *Arbutus*, though one describes it under "Trailing," and the other under "Mayflower." Dr. Murray's great dictionary makes no allusion to it, and his reply to an inquirer indicates that he had never heard of it. He has received some citations now, which will be kept to appear in an appendix.

IV. Ought *arbutus* to be dropped from the dictionaries? By no means; but the new word *arbutus* should be added with the definition: "An early wild flower of America, noted as a harbinger of spring; the *Epigaea repens*; called also the trailing *arbutus* and *mayflower*."

When was the *arbutus* discovered and named? It is said to have been the first spring flower seen by the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in 1621, after their dreadful winter. A professor of botany says that there is a picture of it in a book of 1697, that it was spoken of as an *arbutus* by a botanist in 1739, and was called trailing-*arbutus* by Shecut in 1806.

V. How long has its name been pronounced *arbutus*? There is a lack of early authorities. Longfellow used the form *arbutus* in his "Poem to a Child" in 1846, and Worcester gave *arbutus* in 1860. Any person who finds proof of an earlier date would confer a favor by reporting it to
FISK P. BREWER,
Grinnell, Iowa.

SOUTH BAK, SYDNEY, C. B., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and live away down here at the jumping-off place of America. Do you know this place is six hundred miles nearer Ireland than New York is? But it takes longer to go from here across the Atlantic than it does from New York, because we have no fast ocean steamers such as you have; but perhaps we will have them some day. I am always glad when the ST. NICHOLAS comes. Your stories are always so nice. Roy McTavish's story about the coal mine I liked very much. We have lots of coal mines down here, and four shippers near where we live. As this is my first letter to the "Letter-box," I hope you will find room enough for it if it is worth printing.

Your little friend,

CHARLIE B. ROSS.

P. S.—But not the lost Charlie Ross.

HASTINGS, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not anything special to say but that I like you very much. I think that "Juan and Juanita" and "Sara Crewe" were lovely stories.

This is the second year my kind uncle has sent you to me, and I like you very much better than any other magazine. I have just returned from Philadelphia, where I heard little Josef Hofmann, and enjoyed his entertainment exceedingly. This is the first letter I have ever written to you. But there, I am getting tiresome.

From your fond reader,

MARIE V —.

BELMONT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you how I came to take you. Last summer Papa and I went to the sea-shore, and while going from New York to New Haven the newsboy came through the car with several magazines. I wanted something to read, so I bought a ST. NICHOLAS. I was so pleased with the stories that Papa sent for it for me; but he did not know when the year commenced, and he sent to have it come the first of January. I was very sorry, because there was a continued story in it, and I did not have the December number. I am fifteen years old. I live on a farm about a mile from the village. Papa carries me to school most of the time, but I have walked a few times this spring. We have five horses, but there are only three that I can drive; the others are rather too skittish. My favorite horse to drive died last winter. I felt very bad; she was full of life, but gentle.

I like very much to read the letters, especially those from abroad. It was very much interested in the one from Agnes Dale, about Bass Rock, and wish she would write another, and give a description of other things of interest in Scotland.

I remain your friend and reader,

WINIFRED J —.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for three years, and like your stories very much. I go to California almost every summer.

I have a bicycle, and I go riding every day. I have a friend across the street from me, and I have a great deal of fun with him. I get a glass of soda-water every day.

My father lives away from here; he lives in California. I must close.
Your loving reader,
LLOYD K. C. —, Jr.

DRESDEN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were sitting quietly, as usual, in school, on the 9th of March, when the sound of bells aroused our attention. As we knew the emperor was very ill, we imagined,

what proved to be the truth, that the old Kaiser had passed away. As soon as the day of the funeral was known, we made arrangements to go to Berlin. We left Dresden on the following Wednesday; the day was rather cloudy, but before twelve the sky had cleared, and the sun was shining. After taking our dinner we started out. The aspect of the city was very mournful. The flags were all at half-mast, and the houses draped with black. It seemed very odd that the shops were open, but they were made as dismal as possible; for instance, in a glove-shop, the display of gloves was all black, and so in all the shops. In Dresden, at a confectioner's shop, they showed their grief and loyalty by having nothing but chocolate in the window!

The same afternoon we tried to go into the Dom, but the crowd was much too large, so we waited until the next day. Accordingly, in the morning we started out—only to find all the streets leading to the Dom guarded, and no one, except those provided with permits, allowed to pass. After waiting quite a long time with a crowd on one of these streets, a guard said that we could go through. So we went to the Schloss Platz, where we saw another row of guards, and behind them a large crowd. We waited there three hours; the cold and wind were intense. So we were just going home when we met an officer whom we knew, and he went with us past four lines of guards, and left us at the end of a line of people, going two by two, and in half-an-hour we reached the Dom.

A kind of temporary bridge had been made in the church, over which the people passed to take a last view of the Kaiser, whom but a few months before I had seen standing at the window of his palace, "Unter den Linden."

He was lying in state, surrounded by white flowers, around which burned tall tapers. In front, and behind him, and on both sides officers were standing in most magnificent uniforms. The Kaiser himself had on a very plain uniform, and only a few decorations. The organ was playing very softly, and the whole scene was a very impressive one, and one that I shall never forget.

The next day we saw the funeral procession pass "Unter den Linden"; but I will not describe it, for fear of making this letter too long to be printed.

Your constant reader,

S. C. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write you a letter and send you some puzzles I have done. This is the first winter I have been in Washington, and I have found it most interesting. I have been to Mount Vernon, which is beautiful. The day I went, it was as warm as summer, and the place looked beautiful, especially the lawn near the house. I have been also to the White House, which is most interesting. I have taken you for seven years, and my father has bought me most of the back volumes. Hoping that my letter is not too long, I remain, your constant and faithful reader,

C. D. L.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1888, I read the story entitled "Ginseng-Hunting," which reminded me of a similar experience of my own.

It happened in this manner. I had been tramping all one afternoon through the woods, on and near the Cattaraugus Indian reservation, which is in the western part of New York State. I had my gun with me, but the game which I had intended to bring home was still alive in the woods. However, notwithstanding this, my poor luck, I had spent a pleasant afternoon, and had a hearty appetite, which is better than all the rabbits, partridges, and squirrels in the woods.

My home was about a quarter of a mile away, and I was passing through a moist piece of woodland, thinking of anything but ginseng, when I happened to cast my gaze on the ground, and there, almost under my feet, was a patch of the root. I knew it the moment I saw it, for familiarity with the woods makes one single out a rare or useful plant from worthless ones as quickly as one would notice a piece of money in a heap of stones.

This patch was about as large as a one as I have ever seen, more than I could have carried in my pockets, so I told myself the best thing to do would be to go home, get a basket and a trowel, and return and dig it up.

At home I found supper in preparation, so I decided to return and dig it then. Off I started at a leisurely walk, with my basket on my arm. On the way I stopped to throw sticks at a chipmunk that sat on a log. This sport I continued for several minutes, just missing the little creature at each throw, but not once hitting him. There he sat as still as if he were dead, not seeming in the least to mind the missiles that passed so near him; but when a stick, considerably larger than any of the others fell in a pile of leaves near him, he seemed very much frightened, and jumping off his perch with a chatter and a whisk of his tail, scampered away.

Having crossed a pasture where our cows were grazing, I came to the woods in which grew the coveted ginseng, which would bring me quite a sum of spending-money at the village store. You may imagine my surprise and disappointment when I tell you that I saw, digging eagerly at the roots, an old Indian woman. She had already

put nearly all of them into a dirty cloth bag at her side. I stopped a little way off to watch her, and in a few moments saw the last piece go into the bag. She then rose to her feet, pinned on the shawl which had fallen back from her head, and started for home. I did the same, thoroughly disgusted with myself for letting a "squaw" get the better of me. I knew she had seen me and guessed my errand, and was, no doubt, at this moment, laughing to herself over what she considered a good joke; though, from her stoical face, no one would have known she was aware of my presence. But after thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that it was better that she should have the root than myself; for I never knew what it was to lack plenty of warm clothes and enough to eat, whereas the Indians become very poor during the winter; and, although they are a shiftless, lazy race, I can not help pitying them.

The Indians are acknowledged to be the best root and herb hunters in this, if not in all countries,—a belief which I have heartily endorsed ever since the experience with my ginseng-patch.

CARLETON H. W.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, KEW, SURREY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think I have ever seen in your magazine a letter from this part of the world, so I hope you will print this, as I have never written before.

I have taken you for about eighteen months, and find you very interesting. I like your stories immensely, especially "Sara Crewe"; and although I did not take you when "Little Lord Fauntleroy" came out, I have read it.

We are just opposite Kew Gardens, and we go for very nice walks in them, although in the winter-time we find them very dreary.

I am at school here with my three sisters, and we are now having holidays; they are passing very pleasantly, but rather too quickly. We were all very much amused at the letter of Angus E. Orr in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and now I can read it and its answer with the right emphasis.

I will now end, hoping my letter will not be too long to print.

Your devoted reader,

MAY B.

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nearly eleven years old. I have never seen a letter from Nice in your columns before, so I thought I would write. I take two magazines, but like yours the best, and I wish it came every week instead of every month. I am an American child, staying in Nice for the climate. I was here last year during the earthquake. I am a great reader, and have a great many books. I think Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's stories are perfectly lovely, which I know is very mild praise. I have one little sister, a dear little thing called Louise; but, unhappily, there is a great difference in our ages. We are shortly going to Paris, thence to Geneva, and we intend to spend the summer at Thun. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will say good-bye.

From your loving friend and reader,

CAROLINE S. D.

DAGGER'S W. S. SPRINGS, BOTETOURT COUNTY, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother is a subscriber to your delightful magazine. I am very much interested in "Drill" and "Two Little Confederates." I think ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine that was ever published for young folks. We all read it, from Papa and Mamma to baby George, and send it to lots of cousins, besides. I have a pet cat, and its name is Lux. I think "Sara Crewe" is a splendid story. We live in the mountains of Virginia. It is quite cold here in winter, but delightful in the summer-time.

Your little friend,

ANNA K. B.

WE thank the young friends, whose names here follow, for pleasant letters received from them:

Hortie O'Meara, Grace Henry, Ross Hasbrouck, Margaret A. Brooke, Jack Wilson, Minna Cromwell, Elfie S., Sophie Clark, Florence King B., Alice Comly, Annie Dawson, Jennie Headley, Julius J. Ennemoser, Lyman Hodge, Lottie G. McKinney, Mabel S. Read, Theo. W., Matilda Weber, Alice C., Ida Ellis, Millard Osborn, Wilson Blue, Edith W. G., Eleanor A. Meriam, Mattie Graves, Susie T., Monica D., Amy H. Nye, Will W. Hines, Annie U. and Bessie A., Maud M. Welsh, Mary D. D., Eduard A. Burdick, Lena N. Barber, Blanche H., Florence Osborne, Eleanor F. Herbert, Elsa Behr, Lillian Bay, Ethel and Winifred, K. C. K., Reatrice Kendall, David Cardwell, Helen Bruce Story, Edward Blaine, Bessie Tousey and Elsie Woodward, P. K. T., May E., Will, Marguerite, Rosie Vesey, Katharine Glass, L. M. Oates, Florence Petrie, Ethel H., Carrie H., Anna Horneck, Ida G. Stewart and Sarah F. Garratt, Willie L., Edna G. Fletcher, Lizzie C., Jennie, Hattie, and Bessie Carter, Laurie Horton, Mages Furman, Grace E. M., Alexander R. Martin, Nina Blanche Modes, Edna H. Lord, Ann Elizabeth Jenkins, and George P. Webster.

REPORT CONCERNING "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."

THE number of answers received to any "King's Move Puzzle" printed in ST. NICHOLAS is always a surprise to the Editor. It must be even more astonishing to the maker of the puzzle. When a similar one was published in ST. NICHOLAS some months ago, the maker thought that but forty-five poets' names were concealed; yet the quick eyes of our puzzlers discovered over two hundred.

In the "King's Move" printed in May, the maker thought that the names of only thirty-seven novelists were to be found, but those names were of very well-known writers, to whom the title of "novelist" might be given "past cavil and past question." They were as follows: Eliot, Ebers, Defoe, Dumas, Dickens, Bulwer, Burney, Bremer, Burnett, Brontë, Austen, Alcott, Hawthorne, Hugo, Harte, Hunt, Sand, Hardy, Scott, Sue, Thackeray, Tolstói, Roe, Stockton, Stowe, Reade, Lever, Marlitt, Mulock, James, Irving, Verne, Howells, Cable, Ingelow, Black, and Trollope.

Many sending answers counted Nathaniel and Julian Hawthorne as two, and the three Brontë sisters, as three; whereas a name can count as but one, no matter how many writers may bear it.

We reprint a portion of the note which accompanied the longest list received, and think no one will dispute the sender's right to have her name put at the head of the roll.

"I think pseudonyms and initials legitimate, where the author's true name is not used as a signature. Many authors never write under their own names, and are not known by them. . . . I must have looked over some twenty-five thousand names, in English catalogues alone." The names sent included all used by the maker of the puzzle, and very many others, necessarily of lesser note. The list contained the names of three hundred writers, and the initials of thirty-five more.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Maud E. Palmer, 335 — Elizabeth Mary Warren-Fay, 207 — J. Ross Hardy, 156 — Emily Coit, 142 — Paul, Alice, and Dick, 127 — Jared W. Young, 116 — Laurence Arnold Tanzer, 110 — Grace Gallaher, 109 — Bessie B. Rodman, 108 — Henrietta Roebbelen, 108 — Mrs. H. W. Ruggles, 106 — Edith L. Lowe, 106 — Grace Kupfer, 102 — Agnes Callender, 102 — Nellie L. Howes, 100.

ROLL OF HONOR.

FROM 90 to 100. — A. S. Lovejoy, L. Durlacher, E. Matteson, H. and L. Schoenthal, Anna Paul, "Dentist."
 FROM 80 to 90. — "Two Little Sisters," F. M. C., G. P. Erwin, A. Fiske and Co., B. A. Auerbach, Nonbe, F. E. L. A. H.
 FROM 70 to 80. — M. C. Adams, P. Burnham, M. and N. Smyth, B. De F. Brush, J. Phinney, Mrs. R. J. Hastings, We Three, M. Reed, W. H. Foster, E. and M. McElroy, J. and D. White, M. Worsfold, C. Toothe.
 FROM 60 to 70. — L. M. Turck, Miss Flint, H. A. Homer, "The Twins," A. I. O., L. Wilson, L. A. Nicholson, Rosaline, C. G. H. and G. A., E. H. Denby, W. Fenn, A. M. Connell, R. W. Towle, M. H. G., N. Protzman, R. F., A. H. R. and M. G. R., T. P. Woodward, A. S. Read, P. Bradford, G. W. Stoughton and H. I. Whiton, M. A. G., The Cottage, Willoughby, L. F. A. Mellis, K. M. Fry.
 FROM 50 to 60. — M. E. Thornton and W. Irving, B. H. Mercur, E. T. Lewis, B. F. and B. D., E. H. Magee, R. Hathaway, A. A. Squires, "Mohawk Valley," B. and C. A. Derby, H. F. Shrimpton, Ruth and Rob, H. E. Hoyt, "Flo. Radians," E. G. Corse, D. L. Crane, Ted, S. B. Otis, "Hypatia," Fred and Blanche, F. Renton, L. I. Adams, P. Reese, Carlotta, H. O. D. L., S. Rhoades, Lottie and Dottie, E. G. Fletcher, B. McClelland, E. R. Pemnan, L. R. Little, C. C. James, G. C. Robinson, A. C. Hanson, C. W. MacHenry, M. E. Smith, M. E. Ford, E. Phelps, S. Harris, C. H. Stewart, Baby Elephant, F. B. Graves, J. T. Hewes, R. R., Alice B. L., E. Woodward, M. L. Cooper, Bertha, G. E. Follette, B. C. Beck, E. C. Higgins, F. Candee, Mabel C., B. Ramsdell, J. Christian, The Three B's, M. Oliver, F. S. G. and Co., C. and H. Condit, F. A. Cormack, E. E. Beach, W. O. Kinball, Bertha K., M. Burlingham, E. C. Kupp, L. Wainwright, Anglo-Saxon, M. S. Searls, Monogram, Monell, B. Kirkland, G. P. Lowell, "John Bull," A. Owen, Mai Pontes, Audry Ivens.
 FROM 40 to 50. — L. S. Patterson, W. M. Vibbert, L. D. Bloodgood, L. M. Simpson, E. Smith, M. A. Walker, H. Spencer, S. F. Mackintosh, S. I. Hayes, M. McKibbin, A. R., S. and B. Rhodes, D. Stevens, E. D. Wright, D. V. Meade, S. C. and C. M., G. O'Brien and G. Johnson, C. E. Trumpler, M. C. Bostwick, H. Bull, G. Olcott, Frances, Mamma and Marion, Latin School Cadet, L. B. R. Pierce, E. M., "Lehte," E. Austin, Mabel and Amy, W. G. Du Bose, A. Z. Reed and Co., F. Watkins, H. Bishop, Ellie and Susie, L. E. Haskell, K. Wolfe, H. St. John, Tom, Harry, and Hattie, M. L. Powell, M. and A. Bartlett, E. A. Hobbs, G. C. F., V. M. Holden, L. Cunningham, L. Allan, M. J. S., H. T. Bowers, H. C. McCleary, Delores, B. Smith, and M. Stearns, B. Van Doren, M. and E. King, B. Graham and M. Bush, L. Bolton, L. C. Byrd, R. Webster, H. S. Paine, E. and C. Delafield, M. G. Howard, E. A. Whiston, A. A. Crosby, E. B. Graham and Ted, W. A. Russell, Jr., M. McA., Yankee Girl, F. L. Smith, M. Bond, M. Moulton, W. B. Whittemore, H. S. Hadden, K. Moore, B. Dorris, G. V. Russell, W. A. Greene, B. Casey, M. Burdick, E. M. Hazelton, J. P. Bartlett, M. M., Barstow, E. H. Janes, C. O. Lippert, G. D. Leach, Mary, Essie, May and Bessie, H. B. Owen, M. G. B. Palmer, M. Eilers, M. M. Bain, F. T. Walker, Beth, Amo, J. Kershaw.
 LESS THAN 30. — A. Caldrine, G. J. and S. Jones, "A Riponite," Bessie M. L., A. M. Tuttle, S. I. Myers, B. Wood, Lola and Lora, H. H. Miller, F. H. Knauff, H. Haring, M. T. Jones, R. B. Richardson, A. C. Bowles, A. M. Davis, L. L. Douglass, Lill, S. M. Moore, A. O. Wright, Jr., Estelle, E. R. and M. W. R., C. Campman, Jo and Min, D. M. V. A., J. H. Davis, E. M. Tyler, Lizzie C., E. Pardee, W. M. Wackwitz, F. C. Hoyt, N. E. Griswold, Ethel E., C. G. Dickson, Essie L., Willie and Marian, C. Walz, E. H. Bamber, L. D. Drisler, K. Parker, F. Merritt, Blanche E., M. Blair, J. Browne, J. W. Mead, Angie, G. L. Farley, C. V. B. Woodward, H. and E. Westwood, W. Waughop, May and Lucy, L. M. Albertson, Emma P., G. S. Strong, R. M. Heames, S. E. Flechter, R. J. Austin, M. L. Morris, K. Slenot, J. B. Morris, C. D. W. Halsey, G. F. Gilmore, W. Keith, K. R. Howard, A. Hartich and E. Richmond, R. Neely, F. Besley, I. M. Howse, Francis W. Islip.

WHO WILL WIN IT?

ST. NICHOLAS will pay ten dollars for the best King's Move Puzzle, received before September 1st. As the magazine has already printed puzzles of this kind based on the names of poets and novelists, these two classes are, of course, excluded. But the names of artists, musicians, generals, battles, cities or rivers may be used, — almost any set of names, in fact. And to the maker of the set contained in not more than one hundred squares, and proving, in view of the names contained, to be best adapted for use in ST. NICHOLAS, will be sent ten dollars. Who will win it, when *all* are at liberty to compete?

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

EASY ZIGZAG. Battle of Bull Run. Cross-words: 1. Bar. 2. fAn. 3. beT. 4. aFe. 5. Lag. 6. dEn. 7. leO. 8. oPt. 9. Beg. 10. pUt. 11. eLl. 12. eLk. 13. Rug. 14. hUm. 15. hN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." From Lee's Eulogy on Washington.

CHARADE. Masquerader.

Pi. First, April, she with mellow showers,
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB. That load becomes light that is cheerfully borne.

DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, United; from 3 to 4, States. Cross-words: 1. UlsterS. 2. iNsisTs. 3. grImAcc. 4. monTana. 5. reIElEct. 6. iSlanDs.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box", care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Paul Reese — Louise Ingham Adams — A. H. and R. — K. G. S. — Nellie and Reggie — Nellie L. Howes — Ruth and Rob — Grace Olcott — Latin Carolina Cadet — Willoughby — "Lehte" — Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from "Marguerite," 2 — M. H. Junmoe, 1 — W. A. J., 1 — H. C. Cushing, 1 — W. L. Diller, 1 — Mount V. S., 1 — C. D. Lodge, 1 — Helen F., 1 — E. M. Benedict, 1 — L. D. Bloodgood, 2 — "Jockey," 1 — G. Burnett, 1 — Nellie C. S., 1 — G. J. and S. H., 2 — No name, 2 — Mary B., 1 — E. A. Bessey, 1 — C. Goodman, 2 — P. J. C., 1 — G. R. Allen, 1 — H. I., 6 — L. H. Barber, 1 — Alice H. A., 1 — E. Smith, 2 — "Father G. and Mother G.," 5 — Bessie M. L., 5 — F. S. Moorhouse, 1 — A. F. Shepherd, 2 — Lola and Lora, 2 — H. and E. Westwood, 1 — T. N. Kollock, Jr., 2 — M. V. Spencer, 1 — H. H. Miller, 2 — F. H. Knauff, 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — B. F. and B. D., 1 — Little Sisters, 2 — S. I. Hayes, 1 — "The Louises," 2 — "Patty Pan," 4 — Midget, 1 — S. M. H., 1 — H. O'Meara, 1 — Pete and Janny, 4 — E. H. Magee, 2 — C. Beardman, 1 — "Mitsie and Katum," 2 — S. and B. Rhodes, 3 — A. C. Bowles, 2 — Nell O., 1 — E. M. Ferguson, 1 — A. A. Squires, 6 — Lill, 3 — A. M. C., 4 — "May and 79," 9 — A. S. Mulligan, 2 — Clarkson and Kelly, 4 — "Sally Lunn," 5 — Lillian A. Thorpe, 9 — Alice E. S., 1 — M. F. Greenman, 4 — Edna Tryon, 7 — C. D. C., 1 — A. Burr, 2 — B. Larkin, 2 — F. B. P., 2 — "Flo. Radians," 6 — Estelle, 3 — "Three K's," 2 — E. Lootz, 4 — E. R. and M. W. R., 1 — Katie and Harry, 1 — Florence, 2 — M. Corbett, 4 — Mamma and Marion, 6 — Jo and Mim, 2 — "Mistletoe," 2 — Sebah, 3 — E. Woodward, 2 — "Pussy Willow and D. D.," 8 — D. M. V. A., 5 — J. H. Davis, 2 — L. B. R. Pierce, 1 — H. R. G., 1 — L. C. Burpee, 1 — "Miss Flint," 7 — Carlotta, 3 — "Alpha Zate," 6 — L. B. H. Crawford, 1 — Pop and I., 4 — "Infantry," 7 — "Mother Goose and S. S.," 3 — M. L. and A. M. B., 2 — Coralie and Florence, 1 — Donna D., 3 — A. C. Hartich, 1 — Est and Min, 1 — Tom, Harry and Hattie, 2 — L. Durlacher, 2 — C. G. H. and G. A., 3 — E. Coit, 3 — L. G. Bass, 1 — C. V. B. Woodward, 2 — L. Jackson, 1 — H. and L. Schoenthal, 1 — E. D. and M. B. W., 3 — "The Cottage," 2 — E. C. Kupp, 1 — W. Keith, 1 — M. Eilers, 2.

FOURTH OF JULY PUZZLE. "We hold these truths to be self-evident — that all men are created equal."

OCTAGON. 1. Old. 2. Spars. 3. Operate. 4. Larmier. 5. Drainer. 6. Steed. 7. Err.

CROWN PUZZLE. 1. Ah. 2. Dialogue. 3. Grated window. 4. Congregate. 5. Senility. 6. Cycles. 7. (T)oothsome. Centrals, Aldrich and Howells.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Carlo Dolce. Cross-words: 1. laCks. 2. trAck. 3. maRry. 4. joLly. 5. brOwn. 6. ArDen. 7. crOss. 8. RaLph. 9. moCks 10. hEet.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. Are. 3. Brand. 4. End. 5. D. II. 1. D. 2. Pod. 3. Dover. 4. Den. 5. R. III. 1. D. 2. Did. 3. Diver. 4. Den. 5. R. IV. 1. D. 2. Red. 3. Debar. 4. Dab. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Now. 3. Rowed. 4. Wed. 5. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, John Hancock; finals, Samuel Adams. Cross-words: 1. Jams. 2. OceanA. 3. HaarleM. 4. NassaU. 5. HowE. 6. AdmiraL. 7. North CarolinA. 8. CumberlandD. 9. Osceola. 10. ChathaM. 11. KansaS.

EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose consumes, and make a chair. 2. Transpose parts of the hand, and make an air-breathing mollusk. 3. Transpose kitchen utensils, and make a blot. 4. Transpose methods, and make to rule. 5. Transpose an article of furniture, and make the cry of an animal. 6. Transpose an animal, and make a biped. 7. Transpose a fruit, and make to gather. 8. Transpose a flower, and make painful. 9. Transpose crippled, and make a repeat. 10. Transpose existence, and make a row. 11. Transpose to inhume, and make a precious stone. 12. Transpose to crush, and make a counterfeit.

AMY S. AND M. N., JR.

PI.

CIERJOE! ey slidef jirecoe! dna vewa hwit glod
Hewn Agustu droun reh spicerow stiffs si glängin;
O! eth shudure wina si lyswol rodhamew doller;
Eth snubturn scrapre cujdon slay rea ginsgin.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTICS.

I. THE two central rows of letters, reading downward, spell the names of two famous men; one an American admiral who died on August 14th, and the other a Swedish author who died on August 4th.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. The writer of a preface. 2. Retracted. 3. Protecting. 4. Religiously. 5. Rendered harmless. 6. A vocalist. 7. An insinuation. 8. Associates.

II. THE two central rows of letters, reading downward, spell the names of two famous men; one an astronomer who died on August 25th, and the other a general who was born on August 15th.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Temerity. 2. Disclosed to view. 3. Swindlers. 4. To disorganize. 5. To announce. 6. Garnered. 7. Halos of light. 8. Vileness.

F. S. F.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzags (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell the name of the author (born on August 7th, 1795) of the following lines. Who is the author, and from what poem are the lines taken?

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night —
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To crowd. 2. A dandy. 3. An affirmation. 4. To ask. 5. A foot. 6. An exclamation. 7. Peltry. 8. A stout horse. 9. Upoar. 10. A little demon. 11. A spring of mineral water. 12. Purpose in view. 13. A bird. 14. A boy's name. 15. Date. 16. To enlarge. 17. A very large bird. C. B.

A UNION JACK.

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| 7 | . | . | 8 | . | . | 9 |

FROM 1 to 3, to recede; from 4 to 6, to strike dumb with amazement; from 7 to 9, severs; from 1 to 7, recites; from 2 to 8, remote; from 3 to 9, offers; from 1 to 9, repals; from 3 to 7, royal seats.

F. S. F.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Ingenuous. 2. To long for. 3. A large ship, either for merchandise or war. 4. A feminine name. 5. Any orchidaceous plant. 6. Water nymphs.

The first row of letters reading downward, will spell the ferryman of the Styx; the second row, the goddess of the morning; and the last row, nymphs who preside over woods.

FRANK SNELLING.

CUBE.

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| 7 8 | |

FROM 1 to 2, a fish celebrated for its surprising changes of color when dying; from 2 to 4, the goddess of vengeance; from 1 to 3, anger; from 3 to 4, to puzzle; from 5 to 6, elevated positions; from 6 to 8, excess beyond what is wanted; from 5 to 7, a kind of linen, named after the country in which it was first manufactured; from 7 to 8, unsettled; from 5 to 1, solid; from 6 to 2, nine inches; from 8 to 4, utters; from 7 to 3, an ecclesiastical dignitary.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A small nail. 2. Any plain surface. 3. One of an ancient race of people. 4. A girl's name. II. 1. A preparation of barley. 2. The agave. 3. Solitary. 4. To be stocked to overflowing. III. 1. A curtain. 2. Comfort. 3. An island. 4. A vegetable.

T. J. BAYNES.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

(FIVE LETTERS.)

1. I 'm often on your house-top;
And often in your hand;
Sometimes I 'm finished roughly quite,
Sometimes I wear a band.
2. I must be very little,—
You can't be less, you see.
My size is by comparison;
There 's no fixed rule for me.
3. Look in your books of stories,
And surely *me* you 'll find:
I 'm short and long, and grave and gay,
Of every varied kind.
4. Against all fresh or novel things
I flatly set my face;
It 's just as well, for ne'er can I,
At my age, take their place.
5. I hope you 'll never do me;
But I have not much fear.
I 'm sure you all dislike my name,
So I will disappear.

FRANCES I. M.

INSERTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Insert a letter in small rodents, and make to chop fine. Answer, Mi-cc, mince.

I. 1. Insert a letter in repented, and make governed. 2. Insert a letter in commotion, and make a step. 3. Insert a letter in falsehoods, and make certain fruits. 4. Insert a letter in fastenings, and make the name of a famous London paper. 5. Insert a letter in revolve, and make a country in Europe. 6. Insert a letter in attitude, and make an armed power. 7. Insert a letter in a repast, and make a reward of merit. 8. Insert a letter in a grimace, and make a minute particle. 9. Insert a letter in an opening, and make an English writer on games.

The inserted letters spell a name given to the first of August.

II. 1. Insert a letter in a dissipated person, and make a knave. 2. Insert a letter in a pool, and make an inclosure for cattle. 3. Insert a letter in a name by which a certain animal is called by negroes of the South, and make a punctuation point. 4. Insert a letter in light conversation, and make to defraud. 5. Insert a letter in to tarry, and make to lean. 6. Insert a letter in certain small

animals, and make floats. 7. Insert a letter in a rabble, and make heeded. 8. Insert a letter in a flower, and make to awaken. 9. Insert a letter in a small Spanish coin, and make royal. 10. Insert a letter in an insect, and make part of a river. 11. Insert a letter in a measure of distance, and make a fine rain. 12. Insert a letter in chief, and make relating to the morning.

The inserted letters spell another name for the first of August.

CYRIL DEANE.

THREE DIAMONDS.

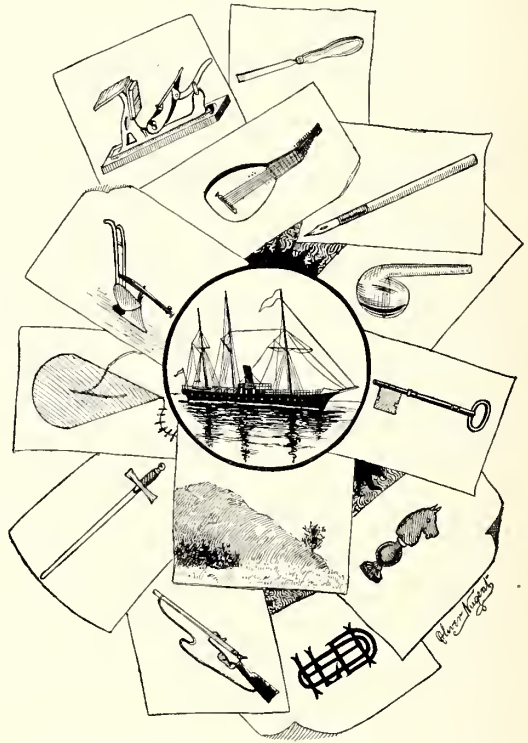
I. 1. In midland. 2. A measure of liquids among the Dutch. 3. Defensive arms for the body. 4. Satire. 5. The largest deer of America. 6. A deer. 7. In midland.

II. 1. In midland. 2. To infold. 3. Boundary. 4. A part of a lathe. 5. A Latin phrase meaning "by itself considered." 6. To descry. 7. In midland.

III. 1. In midland. 2. An insect. 3. The order of birds to which the duck belongs. 4. In the place of. 5. Very small. 6. A beam. 7. In midland.

C. B. D.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



EVERY word that is represented by figures is a noun, and all are pictured in the accompanying illustration.

Though your ambition soar like a 31-6-1-40, unless you climb the 50-23-34-5, or take the 39-29-5-44, or man the 20-17-36-24-42-34, or wield the 16-47-30-13-41, or seize the 11-3-33, or guide the 14-34-25-12-45-8, or work the 14-27-19-37-24, or handle the 22-51-4-5-21, or try the 27-35-9-15-13-49, or string the 34-32-52-43, or strike the 31-26-10, or ply the 28-46-15-5, or win the honor of a 31-18-48-7-2-38, you will prove the truth of the whole quotation, which is from Shakespeare.

J. P. B.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to switch off, and leave to follow. 2. Behead to hurt, and leave an inlet of water from the sea. 3. Behead to expunge, and leave to demolish. 4. Behead a roof-timber, and leave subsequent. 5. Behead a parent, and leave opposite. 6. Behead to be in great plenty, and leave to limit. 7. Behead very limited, and leave an old-fashioned weapon

The beheaded letters spell the name of a famous American general who was born in Ohio.

E. H. F.



"IF A BODY MEET A BODY?"

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

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NO. 11.

SUNSHINE LAND.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THEY came in sight of a lovely shore,
Yellow as gold in the morning light ;
The sun's own color at noon it wore
And had faded not at the fall of night ;
Clear weather or cloudy,— 't was all as one,
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun.
Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called this country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret ? — a simple thing
(It will make you smile when once you know) :
Touched by the tender finger of spring,
A million blossoms were all aglow ;
So many, so many, so small and bright,
They covered the hills with a mantle of light ;
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned,
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound,
What port, dear child, would we choose for ours ?
We would sail, and sail, till at last we found
This fairy gold of a million flowers.
Yet, darling, we 'd find, if at home we stayed,
Of many small joys our pleasures are made,
More near than we think,— very close at hand,
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE raiders were up early next morning scouring the woods and country around. They knew that the fugitive soldiers could not have gone far, for the Federals had every road picketed, and their main body was not far away. As the morning wore on, it became a grave question at Oakland how the two soldiers were to subsist. They had no provisions with them, and the roads were so closely watched that there was no chance of their obtaining any. The matter was talked over, and the boys' mother and Cousin Belle were in despair.

"They can eat their shoes," said Willy, reflectively.

The ladies exclaimed in horror.

"That's what men always do when they get lost in a wilderness where there is no game."

This piece of information from Willy did not impress his hearers as much as he supposed it would.

"I'll tell you! Let me and Frank go and carry 'em something to eat!"

"How do you know where they are?"

"They are at our Robber's Cave, are n't they, Cousin Belle? We told the General yesterday how to get there, did n't we?"

"Yes, and he said last night that he would go there."

Willy's idea seemed a good one, and the offer was accepted. The boys were to go out as if to see the troops, and were to take as much food as they thought could pass for their luncheon. Their mother cooked and put up a luncheon large enough to have satisfied the appetites of two young Brobdingnagians, and they set out on their relief expedition.

The two sturdy little figures looked full of importance as they strode off up the road. They carried many loving messages. Their Cousin Belle gave to each separately a long, whispered message which each by himself was to deliver to the General. It was thought best not to hazard a note.

They were watched by the ladies from the portico until they disappeared over the hill. They took a path which led into the woods, and walked cautiously for fear some of the raiders might be

lurking about. However, the boys saw none of the enemy, and in a little while they came to a point where the pines began. Then they turned into the woods, for the pines were so thick the boys could not be seen, and the pine tags made it so soft under foot that they could walk without making any noise.

They were pushing their way through the bushes, when Frank suddenly stopped.

"Hush!" he said.

Willy halted and listened.

"There they are."

From a little distance to one side in the direction of the path they had just left, they heard the trampling of a number of horses' feet.

"That's not our folks," said Willy. "Hugh and the General have n't any horses."

"No; that's the Yankees," said Frank. "Let 'em lie down. They may hear us."

The boys flung themselves upon the ground and almost held their breath until the horses had passed out of hearing.

"Do you reckon they are hunting for us?" asked Willy in an awed whisper.

"No, for Hugh and the General. Come on."

They rose, went dipping a little deeper into the pines, and again made their way toward the cave.

"Maybe they've caught 'em," suggested Willy.

"They can't catch 'em in these pines," replied Frank. "You can't see any distance at all. A horse can't get through, and the General and Hugh could shoot 'em, and then get away before they could catch 'em."

They hurried on.

"Frank, suppose they take us for Yankees?"

Evidently, Willy's mind had been busy since Frank's last speech.

"They are n't going to shoot *us*," said Frank; but it was an unpleasant suggestion, for they were not very far from the dense clump of pines between two gullies, which the boys called their cave.

"We can whistle," he said, presently.

"Won't Hugh and the General think we are enemies trying to surround them?" Willy objected. The dilemma was a serious one. "We'll have to crawl up," said Frank, after a pause.

And this was agreed upon. They were soon on

the edge of the deep gully which, on one side, protected the spot from all approach. They scrambled down its steep side, and began to creep along, peeping over its other edge from time to time, to see if they could discover the clearing which marked the little green spot on top of the hill, where once had stood an old cabin. The base of the ruined chimney, with its immense fire-place, constituted the boy's "cave." They were close to it, now, and felt themselves to be in imminent danger of a sweeping fusillade. They had just crept up to the top of the ravine and were consulting, when some one immediately behind them, not twenty feet away, called out:

"Hello! What are you boys doing here? Are you trying to capture us?"

They jumped at the unexpected voice. The General broke into a laugh. He had been sitting on the ground on the other side of the declivity, and had been watching their maneuvers for some time.

He brought them to the house-spot where Hugh was asleep on the ground; he had been on watch all the morning, and, during the General's turn, was making up for his lost sleep. He was soon wide awake enough, and he and the General, with appetites bearing witness to their long fast, were without delay engaged in disposing of the provisions which the boys had brought.

The boys were delighted with the mystery of their surroundings. Each in turn took the General aside and held a long interview with him, and gave him all their Cousin Belle's messages. No one had ever treated them with such consideration as the General showed them. The two men asked the boys all about the dispositions of the enemy, but the boys had little to tell.

"They are after us pretty hotly," said the General. "I think they are going away shortly. It's nothing but a raid, and they are moving on. We must get back to camp to-night."

"How are you going?" asked the boys. "You have n't any horses."

"We are going to get some of their horses," said the officer. "They have taken ours — now they must furnish us with others."

It was about time for the boys to start for home. The General took each of them aside, and talked for a long time. He was speaking to Willy, on the edge of the clearing, when there was a crack of a twig in the pines. In a second he had laid the boy on his back in the soft grass and whipped out a pistol. Then, with a low, quick call to Hugh, he sprang swiftly into the pines toward the sound.

"Crawl down into the ravine, boys," called Hugh, following his companion. The boys rolled down over the bank like little ground-hogs; but

in a second they heard a familiar drawling voice call out in a subdued tone:

"Hold on, Cunnel! it 's nobody but me; don't you know me?" And, in a moment, they heard the General's astonished and somewhat stern reply:

"Mills, what are you doing here? Who 's with you? What do you want?"

"Well," said the new-comer, slowly, "I 'lowed I 'd come to see if I could be o' any use to you. I heard the Yankees had run you 'way from Oakland last night, and was sort o' huntin' for you. Fact is, they 's been up my way, and I sort o' 'lowed I 'd come an' see ef I could help you git back to camp."

"Where have you been all this time? I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the face!"

The General's voice was still stern. He had turned around and walked back to the cleared space.

The deserter scratched his head in perplexity. "I need n' 'a' come," he said, doggedly. "Where 's them boys? I don' want the boys hurted. I seen 'em comin' here, an' I jes' followed 'em to see they did n't get in no trouble. But —"

This speech about the boys effected what the offer of personal service to the General himself had failed to bring about.

"Sit down and let me talk to you," said the General, throwing himself on the grass.

Mills seated himself cross-legged near the officer, with his gun across his knees, and began to bite a straw which he pulled from a tuft by his side.

The boys had come up out of their retreat, and taken places on each side of the General.

"You all take to grass like young partridges," said the hunter. The boys were flattered, for they considered any notice from him a compliment.

"What made you fool us, and send us to catch that conscript-guard?" Frank asked.

"Well, you ketched him, did n't you? You 're the only ones ever been able to catch him," he said, with a low chuckle.

"Now, Mills, you know how things stand," said the General. "It 's a shame for you to have been acting this way. You know what people say about you. But if you come back to camp and do your duty, I 'll have it all straightened out. If you don't, I 'll have you shot."

His voice was as calm and his manner as composed as if he were promising the man opposite him a reward for good conduct. He looked Mills steadily in the eyes all the time. The boys felt as if their friend were about to be executed. The General seemed an immeasurable distance above them.

The deserter blinked twice or thrice, slowly bit his shred of straw, looked casually first toward one boy and then toward the other, but without the slightest change of expression in his face.

"Cun'l," he said, at length, "I ain't no deserter. I ain't feared of bein' shot. Ef I was, I would n' 'a' come here now. I'm gwine wid you,

then himself arose and laid his hand on Tim Mills' shoulder.

"All right," he said.

"I got a little snack M'lindy put up," said Mills, pulling a substantial bundle out of his game-bag. "I 'lowed maybe you might be sort o' hongry. Jes' two or three squirrels I shot," he said, apologetically.

"You boys better git 'long home, I reckon," said Mills to Willy. "You ain't 'fraid, is you? 'Cause if you is, I'll go with you."

His voice had resumed its customary drawl.

"Oh, no," said both boys, eagerly. "We are n't afraid."

"An' tell your ma I ain' let nobody tetch nothin' on the Oakland plantation; not sence that day you all went huntin' deserters; not if I knowed 'bout it."

"Yes, sir."

"An' tell her I'm gwine take good keer o' Hugh an' the Cunnel. Good-bye!—now run along!"

"All right, sir,—good-bye."

"An' ef you hear anybody say Tim Mills is a d'serter, tell 'em it's a lie, an' you know it. Good-bye." He turned away as if relieved.

The boys said good-bye to all three, and started in the direction of home.



TIM MILLS MAKES A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER crossing the gully, and walking on

through the woods for what they thought a safe distance, they turned into the path.

They were talking very merrily about the General and Hugh and their friend Mills, and were discussing some romantic plan for the recapture of their horses from the enemy, when they came out of the path into a road, and found themselves within twenty yards of a group of Federal soldiers,

an' I'm gwine back to my company; an' I'm gwine fight, ef Yankees gits in my way; but ef I gits tired, I's comin' home; an' tain't no use to tell you I ain't, 'cause I is,—an' ef anybody flings up to me that I's a-runnin' away, I'm gwine to kill 'em!"

He rose to his feet in the intensity of his feeling, and his eyes, usually so dull, were like live coals.

The General looked at him quietly a few seconds,

quietly sitting on their horses, evidently guarding the road.

The sight of the blue-coats made the boys jump. They would have crept back, but it was too late — they caught the eye of the man nearest them. They ceased talking as suddenly as birds in the trees stop chirruping when the hawk sails over; and when one Yankee called to them, in a stern tone, "Halt there!" and started to come toward them, their hearts were in their mouths.

"Where are you boys going?" he asked, as he came up to them.

"Going home."

"Where do you belong?"

"Over there — at Oakland," pointing in the direction of their home, which seemed suddenly to have moved a thousand miles away.

"Where have you been?" The other soldiers had come up now.

"Been down this way." The boys' voices were never so meek before. Each reply was like an apology.

"Been to see your brother?" asked one who had not spoken before — a pleasant-looking fellow. The boys looked at him. They were paralyzed by dread of the approaching question.

"Now, boys, we know where you have been," said a small fellow, who wore a yellow chevron on his arm. He had a thin mustache and a sharp nose, and rode a wiry, dull sorrel horse. "You may just as well tell us all about it. We know you've been to see 'em, and we are going to make you carry us where they are."

"No, we ain't," said Frank, doggedly.

Willy expressed his determination also.

"If you don't, it's going to be pretty bad for you," said the little corporal. He gave an order to two of the men, who sprang from their horses, and, catching Frank, swung him up behind another cavalryman. The boy's face was very pale, but he bit his lip.

"Go ahead," — continued the corporal to a number of his men, who started down the path. "You four men remain here till we come back," he said to the men on the ground, and to two others on horseback. "Keep him here," jerking his thumb towards Willy, whose face was already burning with emotion.

"I'm going with Frank," said Willy. "Let me go." This to the man who had hold of him by the arm. "Frank, make him let me go," he shouted, bursting into tears, and turning on his captor with all his little might.

"Willy, he's not goin' to hurt you, — don't you tell!" called Frank, squirming until he dug his heels so into the horse's flanks that the horse began to kick up.

"Keep quiet, Johnny; he's not goin' to hurt him," said one of the men, kindly. He had a brown beard and shining white teeth.

They rode slowly down the narrow path, the dragoon holding Frank by the leg. Deep down in the woods, beyond a small branch, the path forked.

"Which way?" asked the corporal, stopping, and addressing Frank.

Frank set his mouth tight and looked him in the eyes.

"Which is it?" the corporal repeated.

"I ain't going to tell," said he, firmly.

"Look here, Johnny; we've got you, and we are going to make you tell us; so you might just as well do it, easy. If you don't, we're goin' to make you."

The boy said nothing.

"You men dismount. Stubbs, hold the horses." He himself dismounted, and three others did the same, giving their horses to a fourth.

"Get down!" — this to Frank and the soldier behind whom he was riding. The soldier dismounted, and the boy slipped off after him and faced his captor, who held a strap in one hand.

"Are you goin' tell us?" he asked.

"No."

"Don't you know?" He came a step nearer, and held the strap forward. There was a long silence. The boy's face paled perceptibly, but took on a look as if the proceedings were indifferent to him.

"If you say you don't know —" said the man, hesitating in face of the boy's resolution. "Don't you know where they are?"

"Yes, I know; but I ain't goin' to tell you," said Frank, bursting into tears.

"The little Johnny's game," said the soldier who had told him the others were not going to hurt Willy. The corporal said something to this man in an undertone, to which he replied:

"You can try, but it is n't going to do any good. I don't half like it, anyway."

Frank had stopped crying after his first outburst.

"If you don't tell, we are going to shoot you," said the little soldier, drawing his pistol.

The boy shut his mouth close, and looked straight at the corporal. The man laid down his pistol, and, seizing Frank, drew his hands behind him, and tied them.

"Get ready, men," he said, as he drew the boy aside to a small tree, putting him with his back to it.

Frank thought his hour had come. He thought of his mother and Willy, and wondered if the soldiers would shoot Willy, too. His face twitched

and grew ghastly white. Then he thought of his father, and of how proud he would be of his son's bravery when he should hear of it. This gave him strength.

"The knot — hurts my hands," he said.

The man leaned over and eased it a little.

"I was n't crying because I was scared," said Frank.

"Now, boys, get ready," said the corporal, taking up his pistol.

How large it looked to Frank. He wondered where the bullets would hit him, and if the wounds would bleed, and whether he would be left alone all night out there in the woods, and if his mother would come and kiss him.

"I want to say my prayers," he said, faintly.

The soldier made some reply which he could not hear, and the man with the beard started forward; but just then all grew dark before his eyes.

Next, he thought he must have been shot, for he felt wet about his face, and was lying down. He heard some one say, "He 's coming to"; and another replied, "Thank God!"

He opened his eyes. He was lying beside the little branch with his head in the lap of the big soldier with the beard, and the little corporal was leaning over him throwing water in his face from a cap. The others were standing around.

"What 's the matter?" asked Frank.

"That 's all right," said the little corporal, kindly. "We were just a-foolin' a bit with you, Johnny."

"We never meant to hurt you," said the other. "You feel better now?"

"Yes, where 's Willy?" He was too tired to move.

"He 's all right. We 'll take you to him."

"Am I shot?" asked Frank.

"No! Do you think we 'd have touched a hair of your head — and you such a brave little fellow? We were just trying to scare you a bit and carried it too far, and you got a little faint, — that 's all."

The voice was so kindly that Frank was encouraged to sit up.

"Can you walk now?" asked the corporal, helping him and steadying him as he rose to his feet.

"I 'll take him," said the big fellow, and before the boy could move, he had stooped, taken Frank in his arms, and was carrying him back toward the place where they had left Willy, while the others followed after with the horses.

"I can walk," said Frank.

"No, I 'll carry you, b-bless your heart!"

The boy did not know that the big dragoon was looking down at the light hair resting on his arm, and that while he trod the Virginia wood-path, in fancy he was home in Delaware; or that the press-

ure the boy felt from his strong arms, was a caress given for the sake of another boy far away on the Brandywine. A little while before they came in sight, Frank asked to be put down.

The soldier gently set him on his feet, and before he let him go, kissed him.

"I've got a curly-headed fellow at home, just the size of you," he said softly.

Frank saw that his eyes were moist. "I hope you 'll get safe back to him," he said.

"God grant it!" said the soldier.

When they reached the squad at the gate, they found Willy still in much distress on Frank's account; but he wiped his eyes when his brother reappeared, and listened with pride to the soldiers' praise of Frank's "grit" as they called it. When they let the boys go, the little corporal wished Frank to accept a five-dollar gold piece; but he politely declined it.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE story of Frank's adventure and courage was the talk of all the Oakland plantation. His mother and Cousin Belle both kissed him and called him their little hero. Willy also received a full share of praise for his courage.

About noon there was great commotion among the troops. They were far more numerous than they had been in the morning, and instead of riding about the woods in small bodies, hunting for the concealed soldiers, they were collecting together and preparing to move.

It was learned that a considerable body of cavalry was passing down the road by Trinity Church, and that the depot had been burnt again the night before. Somehow, a rumor got about that the Confederates were following up the raiders.

In an hour, most of the soldiers went away, but a number still stayed on. Their horses were picketed about the yard feeding; and they themselves lounged around, making themselves at home in the house, and pulling to pieces the things that were left. They were not, however, as wanton in their destruction as the first set, who had passed by the year before.

Among those who yet remained were the little corporal, and the big young soldier who had been so kind to Frank. They were in the rear-guard. At length even the last man rode off.

The boys had gone in and out among them, without being molested. Now and then some rough fellow would swear at them, but for the most part their intercourse with the boys was friendly. When, therefore, they rode off, the boys were allowed by their mother to go and see the main body.

Peter and Cole were with them. They took the

main road and followed along, picking up straps, and cartridges, and all those miscellaneous things dropped by a large body of troops as they pass along.

Cartridges were very valuable, as they furnished the only powder and shot the boys could get for hunting, and their supply was out. These were found in unusual numbers. The boys filled

sleeves bagging down with the heavy musket-cartridges. They left the Federal rear-guard feeding their horses at a great white pile of corn which had been thrown out of the corn-house of a neighbor, and was scattered all over the ground.

They crossed a field, descended a hill, and took the main road at its foot, just as a body of cavalry came in sight. A small squad, riding some little



Ken He.
1864.

"THE BOY FACED HIS CAPTOR, WHO HELD A STRAP IN ONE HAND."

their pockets, and finally filled their sleeves, tying them tightly at the wrist with strings, so that the contents would not spill out. One of the boys found even an old pistol, which was considered a great treasure. He bore it proudly in his belt, and was envied by all the others.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they thought of turning toward home, their pockets and

distance in advance of the main body, had already passed by. These were Confederates. The first man they saw, at the head of the column by the colonel, was the General, and a little behind him was none other than Hugh on a gray roan: while not far down the column rode their friend Tim Mills, looking rusty and sleepy as usual.

"Goodness! Why here are the General and

Hugh! How in the world did you get away?" exclaimed the boys.

They learned that it was a column of cavalry following the line of the raid, and that the General and Hugh had met them and volunteered. The soldiers greeted the boys cordially.

"The Yankees are right up there," said the youngsters.

"Where? How many? What are they doing?" asked the General.

"A whole pack of 'em — right up there at the stables, and all about, feeding their horses and sitting all around, and cver so many more have gone along down the road."

"Fling the fence down there!" The boys pitched down the rails in two or three places. An order was passed back, and in an instant a stir of preparation was noticed all down the line of horsemen.

A courier galloped up the road to recall the advance-guard. The head of the column passed through the gap, and, without waiting for the others, dashed up the hill at a gallop — the General and the colonel a score of yards ahead of any of the others.

"Lct 's go and see the fight!" cried the boys; and the whole set started back up the hill as fast as their legs could carry them.

"S'pose they shoot! Won't they shoot us?" asked one of the negro boys, in some apprehension. This, though before unthought of, was a possibility, and for a moment brought them down to a slower pace.

"We can lie flat and pcep over the top of the hill." This was Frank's happy thought, and the party started ahead again. "Let 's go around that way." They made a little detour.

Just before they reached the crest they heard a shot, "bang!" immediately followed by another, "bang!" and in a second more a regular volley began, and was kept up.

They reached the crest of the hill in time to see the Confederates gallop up the slope toward the stables, firing their pistols at the blue-coats, who were forming in the edge of a little wood, over beyond a fence from the other side of which the smoke of their carbines was rolling. They had evidently started on just as the boys left, and before the Confederates came in sight.

The boys saw their friends dash at this fence, and could distinguish the General and Hugh, who were still in the lead. Their horses took the fence, going over like birds, and others followed,— Tim Mills among them,— while yet more went through a gate a few yards to one side.

"Look at Hugh! Look at Hugh!"

"Look! That horse has fallen down!" cried

one of the boys, as a horse went down just at the entrance of the wood, rolling over his rider.

"He 's shot!" exclaimed Frank, for neither horse nor rider attempted to rise.

"See; they are running!"

The little squad of blue-coats were retiring into the woods, with the grays closely pressing them.

"Let 's cut across and see 'em run 'em over the bridge."

"Come on!"

All the little group of spectators, white and black, started as hard as they could go for a path they knew, which led by a short cut through the little piece of woods. Beyond lay a field divided by a stream, a short distance on the other side of which was a large body of woods.

The popping was still going on furiously in the woods, and bullets were "zoo-ing" over the fields. But the boys could not see anything, and they did not think about the flying balls.

They were all excitement at the idea of "our men" whipping the enemy, and they ran with all their might to be in time to see them "chase 'em across the field."

The road on which the skirmish took place, and down which the Federal rear-guard had retreated, made a sharp curve beyond the woods, around the bend of a little stream crossed by a small bridge; and the boys, in taking the short cut, had placed the road between themselves and home; but they did not care about that, for their men were driving the others. They "just wanted to see it."

They reached the edge of the field in time to see that the Yankees were on the other side of the stream. They knew them to be where puffs of smoke came out of the opposite wood. And the Confederates had stopped beyond the bridge, and were halted, in some confusion, in the field.

The firing was very sharp, and bullets were singing in every direction. Then the Confederates got together, and went as hard as they could right at them, up to the wood all along the edge of which the smoke was pouring in continuous puffs and with a rattle of shots. They saw several horses fall as the Confederates galloped on, but the smoke hid most of it. Next they saw a long line of fire appear in the smoke on both sides of the road, where it entered the wood; then the Confederates stopped, and became all mixed up: a number of horses galloped away without their riders, another line of white and red flame came out of the woods, the Confederates began to come back, leaving many horses on the ground, and a body of cavalry in blue coats poured out of the wood in pursuit.

"Look! Look! They are running — they are

beating our men!" exclaimed the boys. "They have driven 'em back across the bridge."

"How many of them there are!"

"What shall we do? Suppose they see us!"

"Come on, Mah'srs Frank 'n' Willy, let's go home," said the colored boys. "They'll shoot us."

The fight was now in the woods which lay between the boys and their home. But just then the gray-coats got together, again turned at the edge of the wood, and dashed back on their pursuers, and — the smoke and bushes on the stream hid everything. In a second more both emerged

the point in the road where the skirmish had been and where the Confederates had rallied. They stopped to listen to the popping in the woods on the other side, and were just saying how glad they were that "our men had whipped them," when a soldier came along.

"What in the name of goodness are you boys doing here?" he asked.

"We're just lookin' on an' lis'nin'," answered the boys meekly.

"Well, you'd better be getting home as fast as you can. They are too strong for us, and they'll



"LOOK! LOOK! THEY ARE RUNNING — THEY ARE BEATING OUR MEN!" EXCLAIMED THE BOYS."

on the other side of the smoke and went into the woods on the further edge of the field, all in confusion, and leaving on the ground more horses and men than before.

"What's them things 'zip-zippin'' 'round my ears?" asked one of the negro boys.

"Bullets," said Frank, proud of his knowledge.

"Will they hurt me if they hit me?"

"Of course they will. They'll kill you."

"I'm gwine home," said the boy, and off he started at a trot.

"Hold on! — We're goin', too; but let's go down this way: this is the best way."

They went along the edge of the field, toward

be driving us back directly, and some of you may get killed or run over."

This was dreadful! Such an idea had never occurred to the boys. A panic took possession of them.

"Come on! Let's go home!" This was the universal idea, and in a second the whole party were cutting straight for home, utterly stampeded.

They could readily have found shelter and security back over the hill, from the flying balls; but they preferred to get home, and they made straight for it. The popping of the guns, which still kept up in the woods across the little river, now meant to them that the victorious Yankees

were driving back their friends. They believed that the bullets which now and then yet whistled over the woods with a long, singing "zoo-ee," were aimed at them. For their lives, then, they ran, expecting to be killed every minute.

The load of cartridges in their pockets, which they had carried for hours, weighed them down. As they ran they threw these out. Then followed those in their sleeves. Frank and the other boys easily got rid of theirs, but Willy had tied the strings around his wrists in such hard knots that he could not possibly untie them. He was falling behind.

Frank heard him call. Without slacking his speed, he looked back over his shoulder. Willy's face was red, and his mouth was twitching. He was sobbing a little, and was tearing at the strings with his teeth as he ran. Then the strings came loose one after the other, the cartridges were shaken out over the ground, and Willy's face at once cleared up as he ran forward lightened of his load.

They had passed almost through the narrow skirt of woods where the first attack was made, when they heard some one not far from the side of the road call, "Water!"

The boys stopped. "What's that?" they asked each other in a startled undertone. A groan came from the same direction, and a voice said, "Oh, for some water!"

A short, whispered consultation was held.

"He's right up on that bank. There's a road up there."

Frank advanced a little; a man was lying somewhat propped up against a tree. His eyes were closed, and there was a ghastly wound in his head.

"Willy, it's a Yankee, and he's shot."

"Is he dead?" asked the others, in awed voices.

"No. Let's ask him if he's hurt much."

They all approached him. His eyes were shut and his face was ashy white.

"Willy, it's *my* Yankee!" exclaimed Frank.

The wounded man moved his hand at the sound of the voices.

"Water," he murmured. "Bring me water, for pity's sake!"

"I'll get you some,—don't you know me? Let me have your canteen," said Frank, stooping and taking hold of the canteen. It was held by its strap; but the boy whipped out a knife and cut it loose.

The man tried to speak; but the boys could not understand him.

"Where are you goin' get it, Frank?" asked the other boys.

"At the branch down there that runs into the creek."

"The Yankees 'll shoot you down there," objected Peter and Willy.

"I ain' gwine that way," said Cole.

The soldier groaned.

"I'll go with you, Frank," said Willy, who could not stand the sight of the man's suffering.

"We'll be back directly."

The two boys darted off, the others following them at a little distance. They reached the open field. The shooting was still going on in the woods on the other side, but they no longer thought of it. They ran down the hill and dashed across the little flat to the branch at the nearest point, washed the blood from the canteen and filled it with the cool water.

"I wish we had something to wash his face with," sighed Willy, "but I have n't got a handkerchief."

"Neither have I." Willy looked thoughtful. A second more and he had stripped off his light sailor's jacket and dipped it in the water. The next minute the two boys were running up the hill again.

When they reached the spot where the wounded man lay, he had slipped down and was flat on the ground. His feeble voice still called for water, but was much weaker than before. Frank stooped and held the canteen to the man's lips, and he drank. Then Willy and Frank, together, bathed his face with the still dripping cotton jacket. This revived him somewhat; but he did not recognize them and talked incoherently. They propped up his head.

"Frank, it's getting mighty late, and we've got to go home," said Willy.

The boy's voice or words reached the ear of the wounded man.

"Take me home," he murmured; "I want some water from the well by the dairy."

"Give him some more water."

Willy lifted the canteen. "Here it is."

The soldier swallowed with difficulty.

He could not raise his hand now. There was a pause. The boys stood around, looking down on him. "I've come back home," he said. His eyes were closed.

"He's dreaming," whispered Willy.

"Did you ever see anybody die?" asked Frank, suddenly, in a low tone.

Willy's face paled.

"No, Frank; let's go home and tell somebody."

Frank stooped and touched the soldier's face. He was talking all the time now, though they could not understand everything he said. The boy's touch seemed to rouse him.

"It's bedtime," he said, presently. "Kneel down and say your prayers for Father."

"Willy, let 's say our prayers for him," whispered Frank.

"I can say, 'Now I lay me.'" But before he could begin —

"'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" said the soldier, tenderly. The boys followed him, thinking he had heard them. They did not know that he was saying — for one whom but that morning he had called "his curly-head at home" — the prayer that is common to Virginia and to Delaware, to North and to South, and which no wars can silence and no victories cause to be forgotten.

The soldier's voice now was growing almost inaudible. He spoke between long-drawn breaths.

"'If I should die before I wake.'"

"'If I should die before I wake,'" they repeated, and continued the prayer.

"'And this I ask for Jesus' sake,'" said the

boys, ending. There was a long pause. Frank stroked the pale face softly with his hand.

"'And this I ask for Jesus' sake,'" whispered the lips. Then, very softly: "Kiss me good-night."

"Kiss him, Frank."

The boy stooped over and kissed the lips that had kissed him in the morning. Willy kissed him, also. The lips moved in a faint smile.

"God bless —"

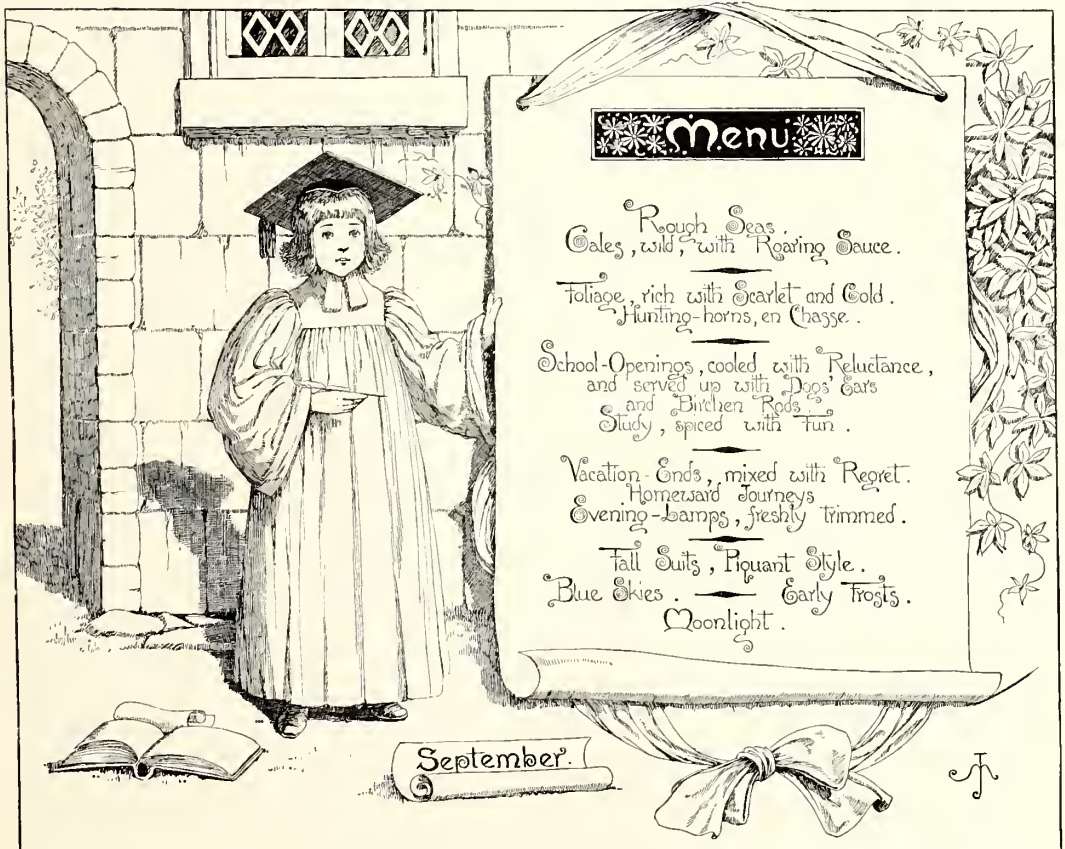
The boys waited, — but that was all. The dusk settled down in the woods. The prayer was ended.

"He 's dead," said Frank, in deep awe.

"Frank, are n't you mighty sorry?" asked Willy, in a trembling voice. Then he suddenly broke out crying.

"I don't want him to die! I don't want him to die!"

(To be continued.)



ALL A-BLOWING.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

WHERE the shadows pass he lies on the grass,
Like a little pink rose a-glowing,
And watches still how the wind's sweet will
Keeps the green leaves all a-blowing.

Rustling they sway the livelong day,
And like a river flowing
By a pebbly beach, sounds their ripply speech,
Oh, the leaves a-blowing, blowing!

When next they leap from bud-brown sleep,
Their gay green banners showing,
And over the grass where the shadows pass,
Keep blowing and a-blowing —

They 'll look for him, dear little Tim,
But will see underneath them, maybe,
A boy who can walk and a boy who can talk,
Instead of a bit of a baby.

He lies on the grass where the shadows pass
With thoughts too deep for knowing,
While the sunlight weaves its gold through the
leaves,
And they keep a-blowing, blowing!

SOME STORIES ABOUT "THE CALIFORNIA LION."

BY E. P. ROE.



only the jaguar), or who have encountered it, have related to me experiences which may prove interesting to others. But a few years since, these lions were abundant in the mountain-ranges back of Santa Barbara, and many still prowl around, chiefly at night, in search of prey. As a rule, they are extremely sly and cowardly. The hunter, without

ON the Pacific coast the cougar (our panther, in the East) is called "the California lion"; while in the interior it is more generally known as "the mountain lion." People who have seen this animal (the most formidable of the cat species on this continent excepting

trained dogs, rarely sees them, even though the signs of them are plentiful. It is probable, however, that from close coverts the hunter himself is well watched. Hunger leads them to occasional reckless ventures in search of food.

A few years ago, one of these immense cats, weak and emaciated, made its way into the heart of the city of Santa Barbara, and looked into the breakfast-room windows of a fine brick dwelling. The poor beast received a lump of cold lead instead of a piece of hot steak. It could scarcely expect any better treatment, however, for all its kind have justly earned a very bad reputation. One has been known to kill fifty sheep in a single night, so insatiable is this prowler's thirst for blood. Pigs, calves, lambs, colts, and even cows and bullocks are devoured by these lions, and therefore they are well hated by the ranchmen. Every means is used to destroy them, and many annually are poisoned.

This wily and agile beast when closely pursued by dogs takes to a tree, like a wild-cat. A friend who owns a ranch in the Santa Inez valley told

me of the narrow escape of a boy employed by him. The dogs had treed a lion not far from the house. So the boy, who was known by the classic name of "Prospero," procured a gun from the house and with more courage than discretion advanced boldly and fired. The wounded animal sprang toward him, and a second leap would have brought it to the boy, but the hounds diverted its attention. A terrible fight followed, and it might have been one of doubtful issue had it not been for the fact that the lion was growing weak from loss of blood. At last the lion sought again to climb the tree, but the boy succeeded in dragging

just as the animal sprang to climb the tree. The noose fell over its head, one shoulder and one leg. First sheering off, to tighten the fatal noose, the ranchman never relaxed his speed a moment; but kept on, out into the road, then a half-mile to the ford of the Santa Inez river, and across the river to the further bank. The end of the lariat was fastened to the strong pommel of the Mexican saddle, and the snarling, writhing lion was dragged pell-mell along the dusty highway, and through the rapid stream. The ranchman, however, knew that the creature had the proverbial nine lives of a cat; so, having no fire-arm, he was puzzled how



"SPURRING HIS HORSE IN PURSUIT, HE THREW HIS UNERRING LASSO, JUST AS THE ANIMAL SPRANG TO CLIMB THE TREE."

it down and killed it. Had it not been for the hounds, undoubtedly the boy would have been torn to pieces: for the cougar of this region is enormously strong, and its ferocity is terrible when it is injured or compelled to fight.

A short time since, another lion was captured near this ranch in a manner which illustrates the remarkable skill acquired by western cattle-raisers in the use of the lariat. A mounted ranchman was proceeding along the Santa Inez road, when his dogs started this lion in the open ground. It bounded away, seeking a tall tree, but the ranchman was too near and too quick for it. Spurring his horse in pursuit, he threw his unerring lasso,

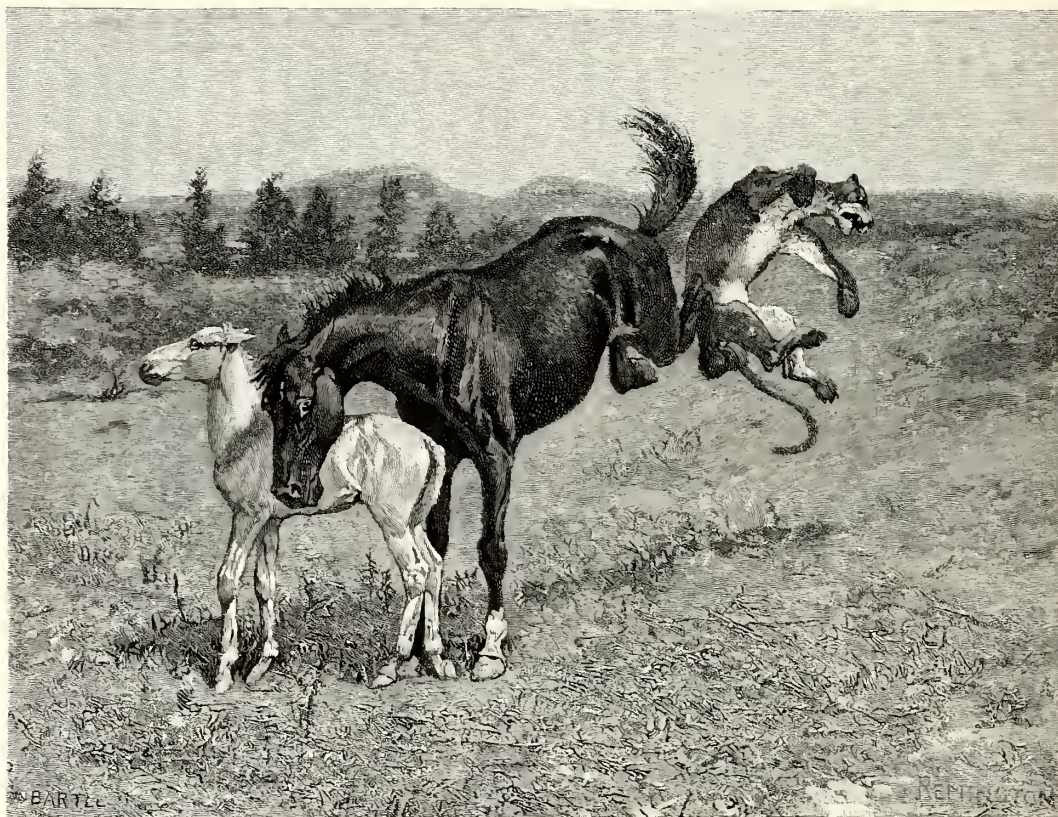
to dispatch the beast without danger to himself or his horse. A tree, standing by itself, gave him the opportunity he sought. At a gallop he dragged his victim to the foot of the tree, whereupon the animal made such effort to cling to the trunk as it was still capable of exerting. Instantly the captor began to ride in a circle around the tree; and after a few circuits, the lion was wound up hard and tight. It was then a safe and easy matter to end the bruised, battered, and half-drowned creature's existence with a hunting-knife.

A very interesting scene in which a lion figured, was related to me by a gentleman who was on a hunting expedition with two or three friends in the

range beyond the Santa Inez mountains. Late one afternoon they were sitting on a crag, overlooking a grassy valley which was already in shadow. Almost beneath them a mare was grazing, with her foal gamboling about her. While the hunters were watching the graceful little creature's antics, it gave a startled whinny and sped toward its mother, and then it was seen that a mountain lion was in pursuit. The mare at once offered battle, showing surprising agility and courage. She always kept between the foal and

ended it is hard to say, for the hunters, after watching the strange scene a few moments, hastened down the mountain side in the hope of having a shot at the marauder, but on the approach of these new foes, the great cat at once made off, defying all pursuit among the steep cliffs.

A very common trait in all intelligent animals is curiosity; and on one occasion a young lion, nearly grown, indulged its thirst for knowledge in a way which unpleasantly suggested a thirst of a more sanguinary character. A few years since



THE MARE DEFENDS HER COLT.

the lion. Whenever the lion sought to spring upon the colt, she would interpose herself with incredible swiftness, whirl around and let fly both heels.

As usual with horses out at pasturage the mare was unshod, but more than once was heard the thud of her hoofs against the tawny side of the lion. In her unhesitating devotion to her young, she made a fine, inspiring picture. Her neck was arched, her action most courageous; and whenever she struck out with her feet, the force of the blows was tremendous. How the contest would have

a well-known artist of Santa Barbara was sketching in Glen Annie, on the famous Hollister ranch. This glen, with its superb live-oaks, forms the beginning of one of the numerous cañons running up into the mountains, and is but a few miles from the city. The artist, without a thought of danger or interruption, was painting busily, when happening to look up he saw a lion but a few yards away. Here was a critic which any artist might justly dread; and the worst of it was, that however indifferent he was to the sketch, he might find the painter only too well suited to his taste. A prob-

able brush, of a nature very different from the brush with which he had been laying on color, now occupied the artist's mind, and he feared that it might be one which would leave crimson hues in plenty. What course to take, he scarcely knew, and for a moment the artist and his visitor eyed each other. The only weapon at hand was his camp-stool, which would close up into something like a club. He dropped his brush and put down his hand to draw the three legs together; whereupon the creature began to withdraw, a few steps at a time, often looking back as though undecided in mind. It can scarcely be credited with a wish to become a part of the sketch, or with any profound interest in the pict-

to spring upon the painter if he could have been taken at complete disadvantage. Probably the quiet worker had at first merely excited the lion's curiosity. A lion, however, never needs any one to jog its elbow as a hint that a dinner may be had, with or without leave.

A gentleman, a graduate of Yale College, who came here years ago for his health, told me of a remarkable experience with this same stealthy animal. With a friend he was out trout-fishing in a wild cañon among the mountains. The gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A., had taken his friend, a stranger to the region, into the mountains, intending to give him a chance to catch some speckled beauties and perhaps to shoot a deer or



"THE LION STOPPED SHORT, BRACED ITSELF, AND GLARED AT ITS HUMAN FOE."

ure itself. The artist, however, interested the beast deeply; and how far it would have carried investigation if unobserved it is hard to say. These creatures rarely attack an armed man, or one who is alert; but, possessed of unusual cunning, this particular lion might have deemed it safe

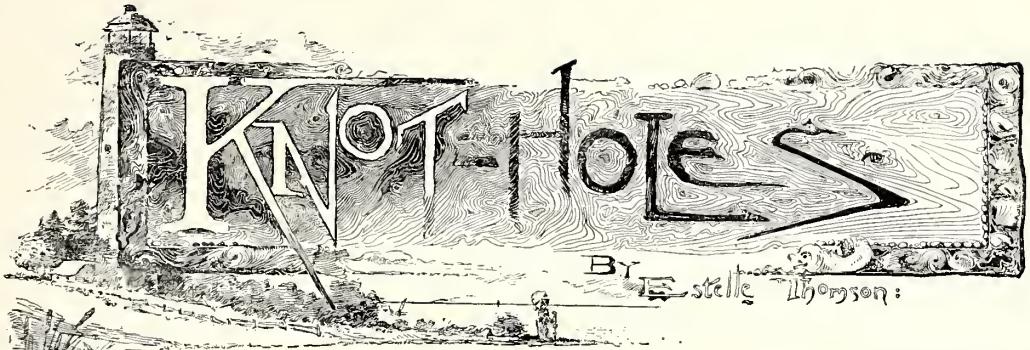
two. They had their rifles with them, and the friend was sitting on the bank of the stream with his gun across his lap. It should be said in his behalf, however, that he was not accustomed to use the weapon. It was early in the morning, they had just reached the stream, and Mr. A. sat on a little sand-

spit on the farther side of the brook, engaged in fastening a fly-hook to a line. His rifle was leaning against a tree several feet away. A little cur dog, called "Lady," had accompanied them, and she was indulging in a hunt on her own account. She soon found the dog's proverbial enemy, a cat, but one for which poor little Lady would have made scarcely two mouthfuls. Yelping, she ran and jumped into Mr. A.'s arms; when, to his astonishment, an enormous mountain lion came bounding out of the woods after her. He sat motionless and almost petrified, but did not lose his presence of mind. The beast was too near for him to get to his rifle, and, by a sort of instinct, he felt that his only chance was to keep his eyes on those of the lion. Evidently it had been so intent on the pursuit of the dog that it had not seen him at first, and three or four bounds brought it to within about five feet of Mr. A. Then it stopped short, braced itself, and glared at its human foe. Mr. A., with his hand on a long hunting-knife in his belt, looked the enraged animal steadily in its eyes, while Lady cowered in his lap. Every hair on the lion seemed to stand out

straight, which gave it a most ferocious appearance. For a moment it was difficult to say what the creature would do; although if Mr. A. had made the slightest movement, especially a motion as if intending to shrink away, or had failed for a moment in his stern, steady gaze, the lion would undoubtedly have sprung upon him. It is wonderful how the mind acts at such a time and how swift and curious are its impressions. While intensely conscious of an extremity of danger, he was also aware of the ludicrous action of his friend who, instead of shooting the beast, was jumping up and down in an ecstasy of terror, shouting "shoo!" "scat!" as though the lion were nothing more formidable than a big tom-cat. It was well, perhaps, that he took this course, for unless a cool, steady aim had put a bullet through the creature's brain, it would have been so infuriated by a wound that Mr. A. would have had no chance whatever. As it was, the lion's eyes faltered and wavered before the fixed gaze of man, the bristling fur went down, and then the creature wheeled and bounded off into the nearest cover! By the time Mr. A. reached his rifle it had disappeared finally.

PICTURES FOR LITTLE GERMAN READERS. No. V.





POOR Trurie! Everybody told him that he was stupid, and too small to earn his living, and always in the way; and that it did not pay to keep a boy to go mooning around the lumber-piles and among the saw-logs.

"Everybody" meant Uncle Jim and Aunt Nancy, who lived at the mill in the lumber-camp; though why they should call it "mooning" Trurie could not understand, since he never was out except in broad daylight. The truth is, Uncle Jim hated to be bothered with his questions, which really were numerous, and sometimes hard to answer; and Aunt Nancy said he ate too much. So one day they packed him off to Uncle Nat, in the big city where the school was, and Miss Violet. Uncle Nat did not want him either, but there was no one who did; so he sent him to school as the easiest method of getting him out of the way.

One day Miss Violet said:

"Boys, I am going to the sea-shore, to Crab Island, for my vacation, and I don't like to go alone. It's much pleasanter to have some one for company to run along the beach and find shells, to pull flowers on the marshes, and go out in the sailing-gig and dip into the sea. I've no little brothers of my own, so I want one of you to go with me, and this is how we will decide which it is to be: you must each bring a collection of something selected by yourselves, either from your own homes, or the shops, or from what your friends give you—whatever you choose; but it must be a collection of articles all belonging to one class, and you must be able to tell something about each one: where it was found, or made, or grown, or what it is good for. I will give you three weeks to make ready; and then on a Friday afternoon we will invite the trustees, and your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and friends, and they shall form a committee to decide which collection is best, and which boy is entitled to the prize—and the prize, in this case, shall be a stay of two weeks with me at the island."

How their eyes shone!

"What is the sea like? Did you ever see one?"

asked Trurie, wistfully, of the boys at luncheon-time.

"Oh, lots of times," said Tommy Needles grandly, as if oceans were common where he had lived. "They're more like a pot of suds when it's boiling, than anything; only there's a great deal of it."

"Does it smell like that?" Trurie asked. He thought he should not care much for it, if it did.

"No, it smells salty; because there's codfish in it, I s'pose."

"It sounds like a buzz-saw, when it's going," remarked Ned Cantline, with an air of wisdom, "and it always *is* going."

Trurie was used to suds. Aunt Nancy was in the habit of calling him from the mill very often to help her carry out the steaming pot; and he was used to codfish,—they had it picked-up for breakfast at Uncle Nat's; and he was used to buzz-saws,—Uncle Jim had one in his mill; and that was always going, too, tearing the great timbers. He could almost hear Uncle Jim now, calling: "You, Trurie! keep away from that thing, you young rascal!" Would he have to "keep away" from the ocean if he was where it was? It was somewhat of a puzzle in his mind what the strange thing could really be, after all; but he *would* like to see one—and with Miss Violet! He loved Miss Violet.

The boys were wild with plans; all talked at once; and each one, it seemed, already had enough beginnings to keep him making collections until he was a grown man. Trurie had nothing.

"Uncle Nat would n't let me have anything," he thought, disconsolately. "He's got enough to do to keep me. Uncle Jim wouldn't either. It's no use trying; but, oh! I would like to find something."

He stared hard at his desk, and squeezed several big drops out of his eyes and shook them off when no one saw him. As he stared and stared, trying to wink back some more drops that tried to come, his gaze centered on a funny brown knot-hole in the wooden desk-top. He had seen it many a time before; he used to call it his fish-pond, and

often fished around its edge, with a bit of string for a line and a bent pin for a hook, until one day Miss Violet suddenly exclaimed, "Trurie!" in such a disappointed way; as if she thought *he* was a boy who studied his lesson, even though her back was turned. After that he did not fish any more. And now, as he stared and stared at the little brown hole, a big thought grew and grew. It grew so big, presently, that it shone right through his eyes, and laughed over his lips, and made his heart beat faster, and caused him to look almost as proud as Tommy Needles.

"He 's the handsomest boy on the bench," thought Miss Violet, looking across at him at that moment. "Strange that I never noticed it before." She did not know that it was the big thought growing and growing which made him look handsome.

"What are you going to bring?" asked Bobby Biglow the next day, as they sat all in a row on the doorstep at recess and swung their feet. They were little chaps, and the feet did not reach the ground. "Let 's tell each other."

"Corals," said Ned Cantline, with a snap of his eyes. "They 're uncommon, and we 've got a lot. Gramper 'n' Grammer gave Mammer a box full once, when Gramper went to Injy, or somewhere — combs and neck-chains, and locketts and bracelets, and breastpins and ear-rings, and heaps of things. I 'm studying 'm up."

Everybody seemed discouraged, — corals were so uncommon, — everybody but Trurie.

"Well, I 'm picking up candies," said Tommy Needles, somewhat recovering. "You 've no idea what a lot of kinds there are: balls, gums, lozenges, mints, kisses, mottoes, sheets, sticks — more than I can begin to think of. And it 's easy to tell about them: they 're made of sugar, and come from the confectioners, and feel sticky, and taste sweet."

"My! but don't they?" Each boy smacked his lips.

"I 'm going to choose Pins." So said Bobby Biglow, with great solemnity. (From the way it sounded each letter ought to be a capital.) "It takes seven men to finish one and put its head on; sister Lil said so. I 'm going to have all kinds — black heads, white heads, brass heads, coral tops, real gold, some garnets, and the finest little pearl you ever saw. They 'll be awful pretty."

"You can't say 'awful pretty,' Bobby Biglow. Awful means not nice, and pretty *is* nice; Miss Violet 'splained that. What are you going to have, Trurie?"

They all grinned. They knew very well there was nothing in Uncle Nat's house that he could have; and he never had any money to buy with.

What do you think Trurie answered, when he

looked up with such a happy thought in his heart that it laughed right out before he spoke?

"Knot-holes!"

How the boys did crow! They laughed till they rolled off the doorstep and over and over, and one of them — a little fellow — rolled all the way down to the gate before he could stop.

But Trurie did not mind. He laughed, too, and said "We 'll see!"

The corals were lovely; all the sisters said so, and the aunts and the cousins, as they walked round them softly, and spoke with exclamation points after each word. The pieces were laid out on the palest blue velvet — just like the sky sometimes when the clouds are blown out of it — and how pretty they were! They cost hundreds of dollars, "Gramper" said proudly, nodding at them as if he knew each one personally; and they had to have a glass case over them to keep them safe.

The candies *were* sweet, indeed.

"It took every cent I 've saved this quarter to buy them," Tommy informed his friends with much satisfaction, "besides what was given me. Are n't those bouncing, striped fellows beauties, though? And see that little nibble out of that one! I just *had* to taste, to see what it was like. I 'm going to eat 'em all, some time. Maybe I 'll give Miss Violet some, when we get down to the shore." The others looked blank. "I made those little shelves, myself," he continued loftily. "Uncle Henry gave me the black velvet strip to cover them, when he knew what they were for. Uncle Henry keeps a store. All sugary things need money to buy 'em; but when it comes to Cupids and gimcracks like those over there, they *cost*, I tell you."

To Bobby Biglow's friends there was nothing so nice as his pins; and really you never would have thought pins could display so well. But Pamela Biglow, who gave painting lessons, had suggested what colors to put together. Blues and greens, she said, killed each other; so Bobby stuck delicate little pink heads next the blues, and lemon-color ones beside the greens, and lovely pearls, and filigree silver, and cut-steel, between golds and garnets and jets; and the effect was beautiful. It was such a novel idea, too, having the large ones set in a rim around the outer edge of a great stuffed placque — it was of velvet, and white — with the center filled in with the small kinds arranged to look like flowers and butterflies.

Little Berger had fans, which made a nice display; and Geoffrey Towers had buttons; and Charles Ames had soap-cakes, in a beautiful smelling-box (his father was in the business); and Harry Crofts had sponges of all kinds and sizes, on

a pink cotton-flannel table-scarf; and there were ever so many others.

Trurie's came last, away down at the end of the room, where a ray of yellow sunshine slanted in through a crack in the blinds. It was only knot-holes — nothing else; some empty, and some with their knots in them; but, oh, if you could have seen those knot-holes! He had coaxed Uncle Nat, one Saturday, when there was no school, to let him go over to Uncle Jim's mill; and no miner picking gold nuggets out of a gold mine could have been happier than the boy who during those few hours poked among chips and saw-logs in that lumber-camp, picking up knot-holes. If you don't believe they were pretty, go out to a saw-mill yourself some time, and see what lovely things you find. Pamela Biglow never put on canvas such soft colors as Nature lays around the edge of a knot, in streakings and shadings so lovely that no one color shows distinctly, but all run together in a beautiful hazy way that would make an artist fling down his brush in despair.

Trurie had an eye to effect, too. He would have liked — well, he had thought of a plush mat, or a "perfectly elegant" strip of bronze felt that one of the boys brought and then discarded for something else, but he was too proud to ask for favors. He had his own jack-knife, and Uncle Nat let him use the glue-pot, finding it would keep the boy out of mischief, and Uncle Jim permitted one of his men to saw out each knot in the center of a little square block. When this was done Trurie evened the edges and joined each one firmly to its mate, and so carefully that it was hard to tell where the joined place was, except by the difference in color. It took two weeks' nights and mornings to finish the whole to his liking; but at the end of that time it was the neatest and oddest kind of mosaic-work. There were red knots and yellow knots, brown knots and black knots; smooth knots and twisted knots; knots with bark on, and knots with bark off; knots that were like animals or faces; knots with tracings like spider-webs across; knots like forests and mountains, and windmills and villages; and one was so very like the picture of Niagara Falls in the Geography, that Trurie gave it that name, carving the letters with his jack-knife underneath. One showed so good a likeness of Bobby Biglow's dog, Spotty, that Bobby himself recognized it and cried, "Hello, Spot!" It had the same shaggy head, and wise eyes, and long, drooping ears, and a collar around its neck; indeed, as trustee Crapper — who was a jolly old man — said, it was all there but the bark. Then how the whole roomful laughed when Trurie spoke up innocently: "Why, it *is* bark, Mr. Crapper!" And sure enough it was, just as it came from the outside of a log;

and the puckered hole in the center made Spotty's nose. There was one little frosty-colored knot that was like a country church with a spire, in winter, with bare trees sticking up around it. Trurie thought it must have been in a board that was whitewashed sometime, to make it look so. Then there was a very high, steeply one, that he liked best of all, for Miss Violet told him it was an excellent representation of the lighthouse on Crab Island, and showed him something that was like waves dashing up against it at the bottom. He thought of that one a great deal, and placed it more carefully than all the rest.

Well, after everybody had looked and looked, and said what a splendid idea it was of Miss Violet's, and how neatly the boys had arranged their collections, and how much the dear little fellows were learning, — this was after they had told some very interesting facts about the articles displayed, — they all sat down, and Miss Violet remarked, with a heightened color in her cheeks, "We will listen now to the trustees' report, if you please."

There was then so deep a silence that you could hear a faint munching sound of candy-balls somewhere in the inner recesses of Tommy Needles's mouth. And poor Trurie was so wrought up by the day's events that he imagined he heard buzzsaws going everywhere; and once he thought Aunt Nancy was calling him, and he whirled about so suddenly to run and help her take off the kettle of suds, that he nearly upset a curly-haired trustee who was just rising to speak.

"Beg your pardon! I did n't mean to," apologized Trurie, so prettily that the trustee actually beamed with pleasure as he said, before he thought how it sounded:

"I 'm glad you did it! — I mean, I am glad you are the boy I thought you were; for you are the boy who collected the knot-holes, are n't you? And you have won the prize."

There was a little hush. The boys stared at each other. Ned looked at his coral-case and sighed; Tommy glanced at his candy-shelves and reached over and picked out a peppermint lozenge; Bobby gazed at his pin-placque, and felt a lump swelling up in his throat but choked it down. Miss Violet did not look up at all.

Trurie had to catch his breath quickly to keep it from slipping away. He looked straight up into the trustee's eyes, and the trustee thought, — as Miss Violet had, — "He's the handsomest one of them." He thought as Miss Violet did about a great many things. But he saw that the boy's shoes were patched, that his trousers were too short, and his jacket too small. His cheeks were thin, too; they needed sea-air and plenty of food, and kindness, in order to fill them out.

And then how the sound of the buzz-saws whizzed in his ears! Or was it the people cheering? Yes, they *were* cheering; though he did not know why. But he reached out his arms with a swift impulse toward them, as though he would take them all in. His eyes filled with tears, and when he tried to speak his voice was husky.

"You are so good! You have all been so nice to me; and Miss Violet most of all!" he cried.

"Well, well, well!" laughed old Mr. Crapper. "I finished school long ago, but I have learned a pretty good lesson to-day in the Primary."

"To think he won the prize with nothing but knot-holes!" said Tommy Needles, munching another peppermint lozenge. "But you're a fine little fellow, Trurie, and I like you; we all do. And we hope you'll enjoy yourself tip-top at Crab Island!"

AN EAVESDROPPER.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.



A DEAR little eavesdropper listened and smiled —
(I believe there is mischief a-brewing!)

For the gay, young cadet
Left his new wagonette

At the foot of the hill; and he seemed to forget
That his high-stepping courser perchance might
upset

His wagon while he went a-wooing.

A dear little eavesdropper listened and laughed —
(My sakes! to think dolls are so silly!)

Yes, she heard the boy say,

"My sweet Mistress May,

If you'll marry me now, we will hasten away
To a far-distant clime where 't is cooler by day
And where the nights never are chilly."

A dear little eavesdropper listened and sighed —
(Oh! what if their necks should be broken?)

Then she peered round the tree,
But all she could see

Was two dolls, very stiff and as dumb as could be,
And never a sign in the faintest degree
Of so much as one word being spoken.

WHAT DORA DID.

A TRUE STORY OF A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

By MRS. M. P. HANDY.

I WONDER how many of you, outside of the North-west (and the city of New York!), know exactly what a "blizzard" is. Probably you think that it is simply a very heavy snow-storm. That was my idea of it until Colonel Donan, of Dakota, told us all about it one evening last winter, while the children and I listened breathlessly to his story. "Why don't you write that out for ST. NICHOLAS?" I asked, when he was through.

"I don't know," he answered. "I never thought of it. You can do it, if you like."

In the first place, then, little or no snow falls in Dakota, from November to April. It is too cold to snow, and the blizzard is not a snow-storm (in the ordinary sense of the word), but a cold wind which comes sweeping down from Behring Strait, with a velocity of from fifty to sixty miles an hour, bringing with it a shower, or, more correctly, a blast, of finely powdered ice. Imagine a thick fog, all of ice, blown along by a high wind; the tiny particles, coming with such velocity, sting like a blow from a whip-lash.

Nothing can stand before it.

Those buffalo and cattle, who are used to it, make for the lee side of the nearest hill, haystack, or building, and huddle close together for safety, trusting to being covered by the snow, and thus kept warm; when, if the storm does not last too long, they may escape alive.

You can not see across the street from one house to another, and men have been frozen to death within a few feet of home and safety. The thermometer falls many degrees below zero, beyond the power of mercury to measure it; only the best



"I AM GOING TO THE BARN TO SEE WHAT KEEPS FATHER AND THE BOYS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

spirit-thermometers can be used for these low temperatures. When going with the wind you are driven along with resistless force; if against it, you are knocked down and buffeted about; unless you

are so fortunate as to find speedy help and shelter, you are almost sure to be frozen to death.

One bright morning in January, 1886, Dora Kent, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a farmer living near Devil's Lake, Dakota, was busy in her kitchen, preparing the dinner. She had no mother, and being the eldest girl in the family, the charge of the household fell on her shoulders. Her two sisters, one ten the other four years old, were with her, helping and hindering; while her father and three brothers, one being older and the other two younger than herself, were at work in the barn, some twenty yards away.

The thickly frosted window-panes did not admit of seeing out, and the great stove kept the room comfortable; so that it was not until the room suddenly grew darker, and there came a rattle of ice against the windows, as though handfuls of sand were flung sharply against them, that she was aware of the change in the weather. A blizzard had come upon them in all its fury.

It was not her first experience of one, and, feeling thankful that father and the boys were safe in the barn, she quietly went on with her preparations, until just as the kitchen clock struck the noon hour she placed the smoking dishes on the table, and took down the dinner-horn.

All well-built Dakota farm-houses have double doors, and she closed the inner door carefully after her, before opening the outer one. Standing in the recess between the two, she blew the horn loudly and long.

Sheltered as she was, the snow blew thick against her, and the wind was so strong that her stout young arms could with difficulty hold the horn. She went back to the kitchen and waited,—fifteen minutes—half an hour. By this time the dinner was as cold as a stone; she set it back on the stove to warm, and going to the door tried to blow the horn again. This time the snow drove into the horn, and choked the sounds so that she, herself, could not hear them. Back to the kitchen for fifteen minutes more of anxious waiting; then she said to her ten-year-old sister:

"Alice, take care of Molly and look after dinner. I am going to the barn to see what keeps father and the boys."

"Don't, Dora—*please* don't," begged Alice, who knew, from having seen frozen cattle and men, what it meant to be out in a blizzard. "They are only waiting till the blizzard is over. You can't do any good, and will be frozen to death just for nothing!"

But Dora answered:

"I must. I feel it in my bones that something is wrong, and I *can't* stay here!"

So, though Alice and Molly sobbed in concert, she heaped fresh coal on the fire, wrapped herself in her warmest clothing, drawing on high fur-lined rubber boots, put a flask of brandy in her pocket, and took the compass from the mantel-shelf to show her the way; for not even a shadow of the barn (although it was larger than the house) was visible through the storm. Then, taking the clothes-line, she tied one end of the rope tightly around her waist, and, making the other fast to the knob of the outer door, set out upon her perilous journey of twenty yards due north, where she knew the barn must be. Again and again she was beaten down to the ground by the violence of the wind; but she struggled on, keeping the direction of the needle of the compass, and at last reached the side of the barn. Thence she carefully felt her way—fortunately taking the right course—and, finding the door, beat on it with all her might. It was opened by her brothers, and, in the same breath, all asked the same question, she of them, and they of her:

"Where is father?"

"I don't know. I came to see!" and "He started for the house half an hour ago, telling us to stay here until he came back," were simultaneous answers.

"Did n't he take a rope?" asked Dora, eagerly.

"Of course he did. It is tied outside somewhere," said the oldest boy, a year or two her senior.

"Then we must follow it and find him. Alice begged me not to come, but I felt sure something was wrong. Come, Joe, we must n't lose a minute. Harry and Jack must stay here. Do you hear, boys?"

The younger lads begged hard to come too, but Dora and Joe did not stay to listen. "We must n't risk their lives, too," she said, huskily. They found the rope covered with snow, and to their surprise stretched taut.

"He must have got to the house, safe," said Joe, joyfully.

But Dora shook her head. "No, it does n't point south, as it would if he were at home. Besides, I shouted all the time as I came along, and we could n't have passed each other. He has gone the wrong way."

Meanwhile, clinging to each other, they were following the rope, which slanted lower and lower until, a few feet away, they found it wrapped around the root of a small tree. It was harder to keep hold of it now, but Joe had brought a snow-staff with a sharp hook at one end, and with this it was possible to follow the rope's course. They shouted again and again, at the top of their clear, young voices. There was no answer. Still they

toiled on, and it was not long (though it seemed an age) before they stumbled over a snow-covered heap.

It was the body of their father lying where, exhausted by cold and fatigue, he had fallen helplessly to the ground.

Raising his head, Dora poured part of the contents of the flask down his throat. He moaned faintly. He was alive! They lifted him, and

had gone around the tree, unconsciously crossing his rope. Thence he had gone to the end of his tether, and in trying to get back to the barn, had found the rope frozen fast to the ground. In his efforts to free it, he had been blown down, and thus dropped the end which he held—for he had not taken Dora's wise precaution of tying it around the body. He was unable to find it with his numb fingers. He shouted vainly for aid, and, afraid to



DORA AND JOE FIND THEIR FATHER.

dragged him along, vainly trying to make him walk, since exercise was the best means of saving his life. Guided by Dora's rope, which she had wound up after a fashion, thanks to her thick fur gloves, they at last reached the warm kitchen, where a vigorous course of rubbing with snow soon restored their father to perfect consciousness, and brought him out of danger.

He had lost his way, and in his bewilderment

move in any direction, wisely remained where he was. He tried hard to keep in motion, but was overcome by cold, and beaten down by the force of the storm. He must inevitably have been frozen to death but for Dora's heroic search for him.

And the boys in the barn? Oh, Joe went back for them as soon as their father was safe, and they all ate dinner together, but some three hours later than usual.

THE PINTAIL.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.



DOUBTLESS many older readers will know that the pintail is a common kind of wild-duck, and they may also know that its name is derived from the long and pointed shape of its tail. Some are perhaps familiar with the bird itself as a museum specimen, but probably very few have had opportunities of seeing it undisturbed, and in its native haunts.

Those readers who are members of the Agassiz Association will have learned that no one can safely undertake to identify any strange bird or beast, without having it in hand to measure and to examine; but it must not therefore be forgotten that valuable knowledge may be acquired by watching the living creatures from a distance, by means of a telescope. The pintail standing stuffed in mu-

seums, and the pintail lying all mangled and bloody, were perfectly familiar to me, but it was long before I had any idea of the perfect gracefulness of the living bird. Nor was it until I began to use the telescope, as well as the gun, in making my researches, that my eyes were opened. And then I found that a new and a delightful field of study was before me, yet untouched. Ducks far distant on some pond were brought apparently within arm's length by the magic of the field-glass; and shy birds, familiar, while living, only as far-away blots of black and white on the quiet water, now were seen to be graceful creatures, full of animation, quietly pursuing their ordinary way of life, seemingly by my very side.

Many times since have I thrown myself in the grass by some reedy lake, and delighted my eyes with such a scene as that suggested above. All the drawings, all the dead birds I had ever seen, and all the descriptions I had ever read, failed to give me any idea of the beauty and symmetry of this, the most elegant of all our ducks, the delicate arrangement of whose colors so added to the effect of the perfect form as to make the bird even more strikingly graceful than Queen Swan herself,—whose form, indeed, is so closely copied by her smaller cousin with the lengthy train.

In my Manitoban home, I had many good chances to study the pintail, and so great was my admiration for its appearance that I had determined to attempt to tame some for the barn-yard, and welcomed the opportunity at length afforded by finding a nest not far from the house. It was formed of marsh-grass and feathers, and was placed under a willow-bush, close to the water.

The eggs, nine in number, I took home, and placed under a hen. In the course of a few days they were hatched, and the ducklings were at once given their liberty in company with their foster-mother, whom they followed closely thenceforth, and thus learned quiet, domestic habits, before their wild natures had an opportunity to develop. When hatched, they were clad in golden-yellow down, spotted with black. According to my experience, this is the usual color for the young of the river duck, whilst the first covering of the sea duck is, distinctively, black and gray.

They showed marvelous dexterity as fly-catchers, and would make marvelous leaps to secure these tidbits. Almost as soon as they were hatched they could leap out of a common water-bucket, so great was the length of their legs, even from the very first. They soon grew so large that the hen was kept standing all night in an attempt to cover them, and so tame that they were a perfect nuisance about the house. But the intense satisfaction of seeing them thrive so well, amply repaid me for all the trouble incurred by the experiment.

Alas!—just as they were beginning to put on the swan-like beauty and the adult feathers of their kind, some miserable thief broke into the hen-house, and took them all in a single night. That was the end of my tame pintails, for I have not since had a fitting time to repeat the experiment.

I am satisfied, however, that it would be quite easy to add this graceful bird to our parks and ornamental waters, if not indeed to make it a common sight upon our farm-ponds and in our barn-yards everywhere.

CIRCUMVENTION.

BY REV. C. R. TALBOT.

I.

ONCE I knew a little maid
Who declared she 'd not be weighed,
Though we tried full half an hour to persuade her.
No entreaties would avail;
She would *not* go on the scale.
Shall I tell you how, in spite of her, we weighed
her?

Says Papa: "At any rate,
I must ascertain *my* weight";
So, with Bessie in his arms (who never guesses
What it is he 's going to do)
He steps on. We weigh the two;
Then we take Papa's weight out, and that leaves
Bessie's.

II.

Once I knew a little lad,
Who the funniest notion had
That 't would, somehow, *hurt* to have his picture
taken;
And although we plead and plead,
Still he only shook his head.
Shall I tell you how his firm resolve was shaken?

Says Mamma: "Just wait a bit.
Here 's old Rover; *he* will sit."
So, while Jamie (never dreaming what the game
is)
Holds his paw, brimful of glee,
"Just to keep him still, you see,"—
Lo, in taking Rover's picture, we get Jamie's!

Dick's Farm Hand.

By Anna S. Reed.



LITTLE boy was looking wistfully up at a large farmhouse. For he had learned, poor child, to judge of

people by the outsides of their houses. "Where there are children," he said slowly, "the folks are kind;—sometimes," he added, since the best of rules admit of exceptions.

There were no children in sight; but Paolo could read signs as well as another. No grown person had thrown that battered straw hat on the piazza, or tumbled the hay on the lawn. Grown people seldom use swings; and never, so far as I know, leave a child tied in one, in great danger of sunstroke, as some heedless little mother had here left her doll. The little Italian trudged up the shady lane to the side yard, and there were the children. Four of them; the eldest about Paolo's age, but tall and sturdy, and busy with a large slice of bread and butter.

Paolo had not much English, but such as he had was plain enough.

"Please give me something to eat."

"It's all gone," said the boy, tossing a piece to the dog and holding out the empty plate with a flourish. He did not know that he was mocking real hunger.

"Please give me some bread," repeated the stranger; "I work for it."

"You will? That's a good joke. Come on, then, there's plenty of work here," and Dick Mercer led the way to the corn-field. He offered a hoe to the boy, who shook his head. "Going to back out, eh? I thought so."

With many earnest gestures Paolo explained that he wished to be shown how to work.

"You don't know how to hoe?" exclaimed Dick, with hearty scorn. "Why, where were you brought

up?" With a few vigorous strokes he destroyed forever the hopes of some flourishing smart-weed.

The other was quick to learn, and the two worked side by side, and were soon in brisk conversation. Paolo's share was confined to sundry shy glances and monosyllables.

An hour had passed, when a tall, broad-shouldered man strode out of the woods, gave a kindly look at the stranger, and an inquiring one at his son. Dick explained in an undertone.

"You may as well come, now," said Mr. Mercer; "I see Eliza has the dinner-horn."

The three walked down the hill together.

"Who's that vagabond?" muttered John, the hired man, as he was washing his hands at the pump.

"It's some of Dick's doings," replied the farmer, with a chuckle. "I did n't hire him."

Dick had hard work to persuade his boy to enter the house. He would have preferred to eat with the dog and chickens, but the stronger will at last prevailed.

Paolo did not lift his eyes from his plate all dinner-time, except once when Dick's mother spoke a pleasant word to him. But shyness did not spoil his dinner. How the boy did eat, to be sure!

Dick, whose own appetite had not been hurt by his hearty luncheon, was fairly appalled to see how the beef and vegetables, baked apples, and pie disappeared.

Mr. Mercer kept on passing the dishes as if he enjoyed it, but could not catch his son's eye.

"Richard, I want to speak to you," said the father, as he passed his son on the doorstep.

The boy followed to a seat under the trees, where the noon hour was often spent in comfort.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked the farmer, with a nod of his head toward the house.

"Oh, he'll be moving along, now he's had his dinner."

"Probably not, if he knows when he's well treated. What do you propose to do with him, Richard?"

Dick was digging his bare toes into the earth with an embarrassed air. Suddenly he looked up.

"You don't care, do you, Father? I did n't think you would. You were n't here to be asked, and—I did n't think he'd eat such a lot," Dick concluded, much abashed under his father's steady gaze.

The hearty laugh which he had half dreaded, half longed for, broke out now, but ended in a sigh.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Mercer, "I did n't think he ate any too much for a boy who has n't had any breakfast, and does n't know whether he will have any supper. He's welcome to the food, you know that, Dick!"

"Are you vexed with me, Father?"

"No, my boy; but I shall be if you don't answer my question."

"What? Oh,—I don't know, I'm sure. I'll put him in your hands, Father. Do anything you like."

"No, no! I did n't hire him; you must manage this, yourself! I like to have you do a kindness, my boy; but I want you to think what you're

the little ones, or teach you anything wrong. He has a sly look that I don't like. I would n't have him about the place at all, only I know I can trust my son, if I can't trust a stranger."

The look with which this was said, made Dick determined to deserve his father's confidence.

Paolo followed him to the corn-field as a matter of course. Presently he made a false stroke and hurt his foot. A torrent of angry Italian followed. It might have been swearing. Dick was not sure, but he took prompt measures. Seizing the hoe, he pointed to the road. "You can go. We don't allow that sort of talk here!" said Dick.

Then followed humblest entreaties, and most beseeching looks; and the young master relented.

"I'll try you again; but you must mind what you're about!"

They worked in silence after that, Paolo vaguely wondering at the sudden anger of the queer little American—for it was not *his* foot that had been hurt.

Mr. Mercer came by, stopped a moment to give his son an order, and went on.

The stranger looked admiringly after the man who had spoken so pleasantly.

"He no beat you?"

"I should hope not," said Dick, hotly; "I'm thirteen years old."

"No very old," said the other, with his swift sad smile.

"How old are you, then?"

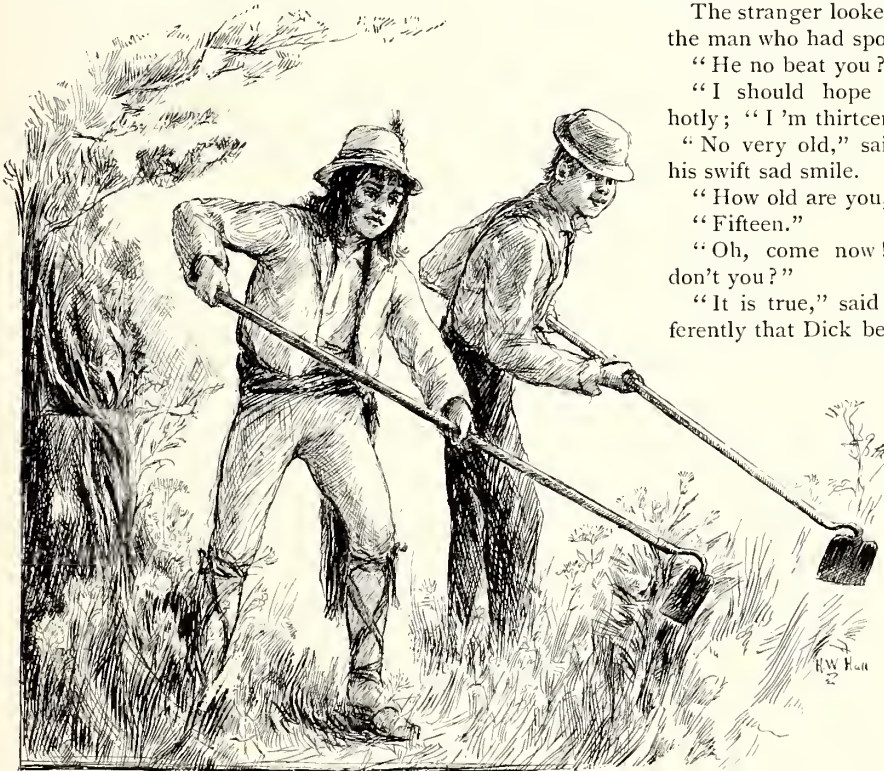
"Fifteen."

"Oh, come now! You look it—don't you?"

"It is true," said the boy, so indifferently that Dick believed him. "My

father, he beat me," he went on, "oh, many times! And I ran away. I hate him."

Angry lightning out of a clear sky would not have startled Dick so much as the sudden flash of those beautiful dark eyes. He shrank away. It was bad enough to be a beggar



DICK AND PAOLO IN THE CORN-FIELD.

doing. I shall hold you responsible for that child while he stays. You'd better keep an eye on your mother's spoons. You must n't let him play with

and friendless; but to have a father whom one hated,—Dick could not understand that. To be sure he had not had much experience.

At dusk that day Mr. Mercer, with folded arms, was leaning against a tree watching a game of hide-and-seek, when he was surprised by a bear-hug from his eldest.

"What have I done, now?" he asked, with a laugh. He always had played with his children, but Dick was of an age to be chary of caresses.

"Nothing," murmured the boy, "only you're so good to me." He darted away before anything more could be said.

"Poor child!" exclaimed the father, guessing his thoughts. "He has n't much idea of what it would be to be homeless. Dick!"

"Sir? No fair, Matt, Father's calling me;" and Dick ran back to the maple.

"Where's your boy to sleep?"

"Oh, Father! I wish you would n't plague me!"

"I'm in earnest. You can't expect John to share his room with a vagabond."

"Would n't Mother make him a bed on the floor?"

"I suppose so, but she's had extra work to-day. I would n't ask her if I were you. He can sleep in the barn. You'd better tell him so now. He's tired, I've no doubt."

Dick obeyed, but he did not like it at all. It was not his idea of hospitality. He would have given up his own bed and slept on the hay, and would have thought it no hardship; but he knew that it would not be allowed.

People look at things so differently. While Dick was apologizing for the quarters offered for the night, Paolo seized his benefactor's hand and covered it with kisses.

Dick drew back in dismay, and it was an effort to keep himself from saying, "Get out!" as he might have done to a fawning dog. His face was so hot with blushes when he returned to the house that his father guessed how matters stood, and for once forebore to tease him.

Day after day the stranger lingered, and seemed perfectly content. He did as much hoeing as could be expected from a beginner, and full justice was always done to the well-spread table.

"I can't get rid of him," Dick confessed, at last. "Father, won't you send him away?"

The only answer to this was a laugh, and the words, "I did n't hire him!"

Saturday night came, and Dick was called into the north room, as usual, to receive his week's wages. It had been a proud day for the boy when, about a year before, his father had said to him: "Richard, I think you earn more than your board and clothes. You work steadily, and see to a great many things that I could n't trust to any one else. I'm going to give you fifty cents a week, and we'll increase it, by and by. It's your

own money, of course, but I don't wish you to spend it foolishly. You must keep an account, and let me look it over. To every dollar you save I will add another. I can't do as much for you as I'd like, when you're of age, but perhaps in this way we'll be able to save quite a sum, together."

The plan had worked well. The account-book was carefully kept, and duly inspected. Mr. Mercer wisely made no comment on one or two purchases of trifling cost and no value. Only by occasional mistakes could the boy learn. Dick had a bank account of his own now, and was anxious to add to it. When a calf or a colt was given him, the gift was not the farce that it sometimes is — beginning in delight and ending in a heart-wrench. It was a regular business arrangement. It would be like this:

"Dick, if you'll teach this blundering fellow to eat, you shall have half the price when he's sold." Now, that calf was part Alderney, and brought twenty dollars. When half of Dick's share went to his cherished hoard, three dollars for school-books, and two for a pair of skates which he had long desired, his father had reason to think that Dick was learning both the use and the value of money.

To-night he looked at his half-dollar, turned it over, looked at his father, hesitated a little, and finally said:

"I'd like to give this to Paolo. May I?"

"It's your own money. Do whatever you think best."

"Would you do it, Father?"

"I don't know, my boy. I did n't hi——"

A little hand was laid on the father's lips, and the talk ended in a merry scuffle. Dick did not wish to hear that remark again.

But Dick thought it over, and when he wished his boy good-night put the silver into his hand; then he drew back quickly, fearing that hand-kissing ceremony. But the little vagabond had too much tact to repeat a blunder. He poured forth his thanks in his own musical language, but at least the looks and tones were understood.

Dick was made very happy by this gratitude, and went to bed to dream of Paolo's future. He would get him a place in the village, where he might attend school in the winters, and grow up a good and useful man.

On the morning of the peaceful Day of Rest, Dick happened to be the first astir. He found the barn deserted. This surprised him, for his boy had been hard to rouse in the mornings. At the barn-yard gate there was another surprise.

"Why, she looks like a picture!" he exclaimed.

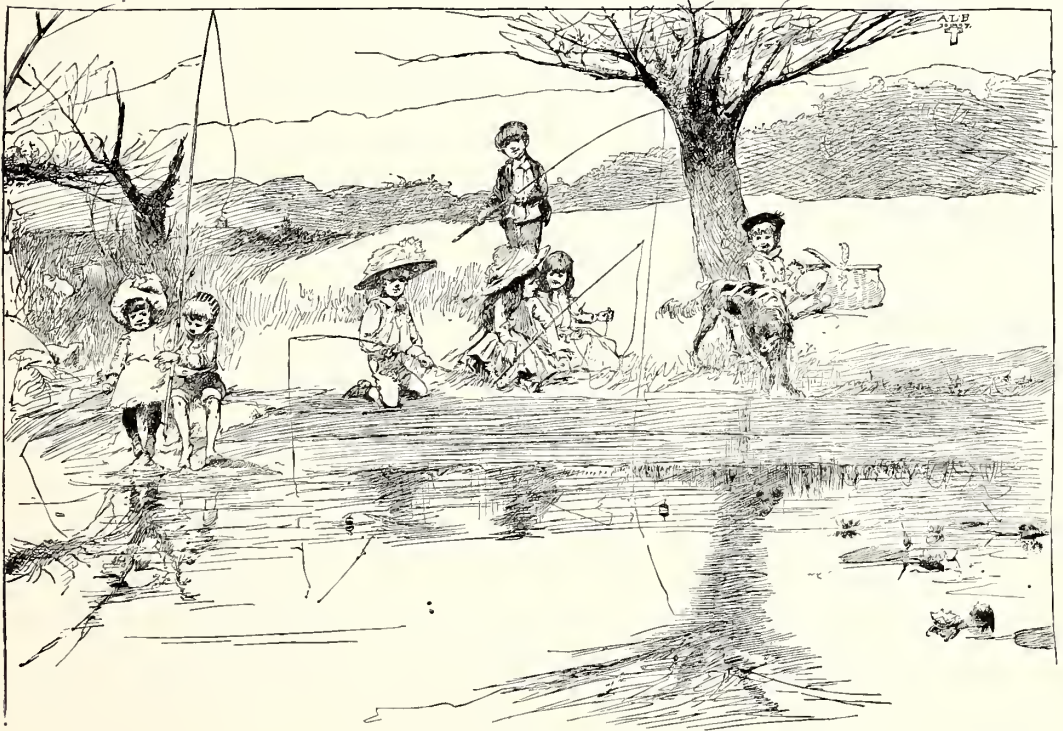
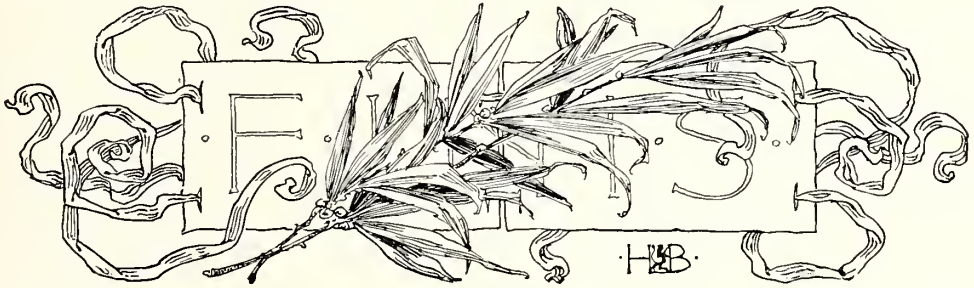
His favorite cow was decked with a wreath of

the reddest clovers, the whitest daisies. She looked up at him with an air of mild surprise, and tossed her horns impatiently in disapproval of her adornment.

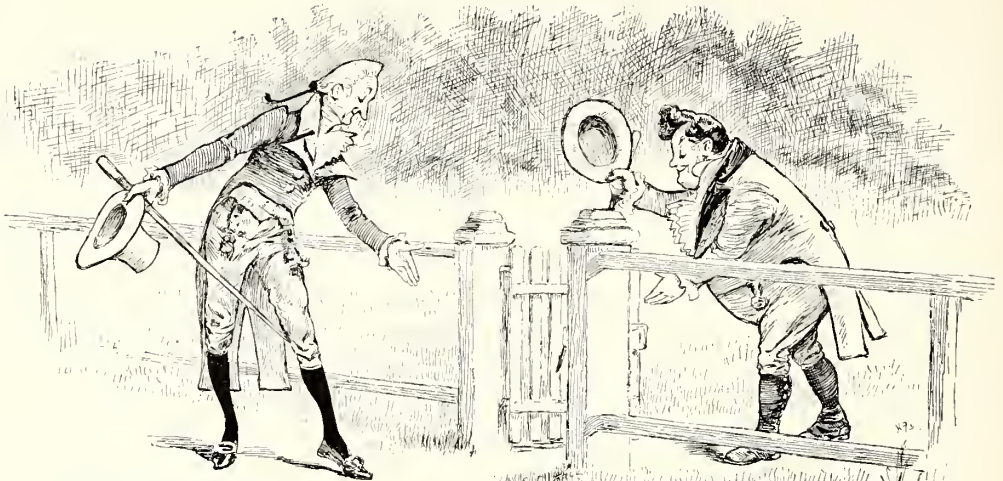
"What a babyish thing to do!" thought matter-of-fact Dick; but at heart he was touched, for

something told him that this was Paolo's farewell. "If that boy's anywhere around," he said aloud, "he 'd better come in to breakfast."

Dick never saw the pathetic dark eyes again, but it was some time before he heard the last about his "farm hand."



FUN FOR THE FISHES.

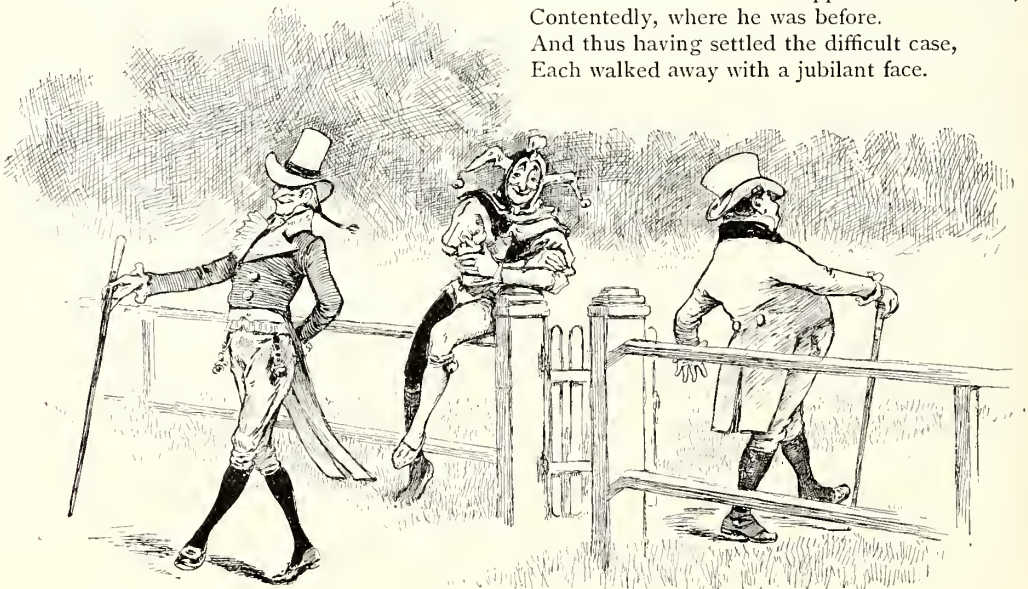


A COMPROMISE.

BY A. R. WELLS.

ONCE two little gentlemen, very polite,
 Stepped up to a gate that was narrow — quite.
 The one (who was very well bred and thin)
 Was plainly intending to pass within.
 The other (remarkably bland and stout)
 Was just as surely resolved to pass out.
 Now what could the two little gentlemen do?—
 But say with a bow, “After you!” “After *you!*”
 And there they stood bowing, with courteous smile,
 Their hats in their hands, for a marvelous while;
 For the thin little man was very well bred,

And the stout man had not a rude hair in his head.
 But there chanced that way a philosopher wise,
 Who sagely effected a compromise:
 That each in turn should go through the last;
 Thus might the troublesome gate be passed.
 So first the courteous gentleman thin,
 With greatest reluctance passed within.
 And then the well-mannered gentleman stout,
 With polished obeisance made his way out,
 But sadly turned and went back that he
 Might share in the breach of courtesy!
 Then the thin little man stepped out once more,
 Contentedly, where he was before.
 And thus having settled the difficult case,
 Each walked away with a jubilant face.



LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

II.

WHATEVER may have been the causes that retarded Little Ike Templin's normal growth, every one was becoming tired. If weakly people in general could only know and would only reflect how tiresome it is to others to wait on them, perhaps a larger number of them would do their very best to get strong and make no more ado about it. At least, Till daily indulged these thoughts about the charge that had been imposed upon her by some malign influence or other, Till did n't know what. He continued to devour all edible, and not a few inedible, substances within his reach, and he seemed to take even an added enjoyment in the punishments which Till got for her and his own misdemeanors. If Till's mind was ever troubled by thoughts that she ought to be a better girl, she doubtless was consoled by the belief that both personally and vicariously she was continually making more than satisfactory expiation.

But Till was destined for better tasks, and she hailed their advent with delight. About a year after the scene described in the preceding paper, she was installed one of her mistress's housemaids. Her mammy also appreciated the honor of the promotion, and impressed upon Till that she owed it all to the manner in which she had been raised. "You see now whut 't is to have a mammy dat lights on you 'casion'ly wid de peachy-tree, ter stop *some* o' yer badness. An' I s'pose I got to go thoo the same 'long o' Neel. Well, de Scriptor say dem dat has chillun got ter have trouble. Yet, if people kin raise 'em right, den dey kin git some sat'sfaction outn 'em. Now, you min' an' ten' to Miss' business, 'ca'se you know she wan' no laziness an' no meanness o' no kine."

Till expressed in becoming terms her gratitude

for the admirable training that she had received from the parental hand. Yet she availed herself more than once, or twice, of opportunities to let Little Ike understand, as far as possible, her satisfaction at being withdrawn from his intimate companionship, and to try to devolve upon him some part of the gratitude to herself that her mammy had exacted.

"Laws o' massy, but I 's glad to let my shoulders an' back git some res' from totin' you roun', an' from bein' whoop' fer your badness. Ef you wus to live a hundid year, you could n't pay me back, ef you wus to try,—an' which you ain' gwine try. An' es fer you, Neel, I 'm t'ankful time come fer you to git yo' share. Fer you laugh at me, same as Ike, an' you boy in de bargain, an' kin stan' it, an' kin see how 't is. An' now I gwine in Miss' house, I is, an' I wan' bofe un you to mine how you ev'n speaks ter me, fer I speeks to hav might' little ter do wid sech es you. You heerd me?"

Ike, though yet he had learned to utter only a few words, fully understood these valedictory remarks of his sister; and she was pleased to note that he regretted the separation, for though their relation had been wanting in cordiality, he doubted whether that with Neel would not be less so.

Neel was a stout, vigorous fellow, a year or so younger than his sister. He fully shared in her estimate of Little Ike; but he well knew that his discomfiture at succeeding to her position need not be expressed; and so he set to work to discharge its responsibilities with as little trouble to himself as possible, and only in order to evade a trouble of another kind connected not remotely with the peachy-tree.

That some improvement had been made in Little Ike, it would be wrong to deny. His head and body had developed to the satisfaction of everybody. Not only so, but his legs had correspondingly lengthened, and lately had begun to take on a roundness that gave hopes of pleasant results at some indefinite future period. They even could be stood on alone, but this was the extent.

Notwithstanding the announcement, hereinbefore recorded, of an intention to withdraw from the society of her brothers, Till's interest in them was preserved to such degree that she was always prompt to report to her mammy whatever of Neel's



derelictions she happened to observe while engaged in, or resting from, her new duties; for she seemed disposed that Neel should succeed to the incumbencies as well as the emoluments (whatever the latter might be) appurtenant to his office. Neel, therefore, thought well to keep out of sight of Till, so far as possible, until he was relieved of her surveillance. One day, when upon an exaggerated report by Till his mammy had punished him more severely than was just, Mrs. Templin, having ascertained the facts, threatened Till with expulsion to the field if she did not cease altogether from tale-bearing. From that time Till meddled no more.

In process of time, it was admitted that Neel was an improvement on Till. Little Ike cried much less than formerly. Neel early discovered that it was worth his while to conciliate Ike and gain his confidence and make him, as far as possible, a recipient of his own. Little Ike was labored with in order to be convinced of the meanness, even the enormous wickedness, of everlastingly telling on people, whether by language or signs. In time the invalid was made fond of excursions more extended than those indulged in during the sister's administration. He was taken into the lanes fronting, and in the rear of, the yard; to the horse-lot; to the spring and other interesting resorts. Often, by silent, unobserved circuits, visitations were made to the back parts of the garden where the fruit trees were and the turnip patch. Whenever Ike took the notion to cry, it had already been contrived by Neel that this exercise should take place out of hearing from the kitchen. Afterward, when drawing nearer home, the crier was given something good that had been specifically reserved until then. Then they would come back, both in jolly mood. Neel had taught Ike to play that Neel was his horse, and to give in magisterial tones words of command, prompt obedience to which pleased the rider much.

Yet, Ike would not learn to walk. At least he did not; and, as intimated before, people were growing tired of waiting for an event so cordially desired.

During this period of anxiety, Mrs. Templin thought one day that she would go to the length of offering to Neel a reward of a new silver dollar as soon as Little Ike was able to walk, without falling, a—she kindly named a reasonably limited—number of consecutive steps.

The announcement of this munificent offer made Neel's very blood tingle through and through him. He said to several of his companions that he felt it in his bones that he would win, and that in shorter time than people expected. His mind began to revolve big thoughts regarding suitable investment of the reward he was destined to realize.

It came to pass, before a very long time, that a friendship, or something like it, rose between them. A boy can manage a boy, at least in the case of such management as Little Ike needed, better than a girl can.

Difficult as the case was, yet the feeling in Neel's bones continuing to encourage and urge, he sought with persistence for expedients whose repeated failures may have fretted, even disgusted him, but never drove him even to a thought of remitting them. Sometimes, when both were in hilarious mood, Neel would sing and dance jigs with utmost vigor, and, standing his audience upon its legs, invite and tempt it to imitate his own ecstatic agility. The said audience occasionally would take two or three steps, but then, frightened by this temerity, it would stop and totter. Then the exhibitor, dreading the discouraging effects of a fall, would snatch his audience into his arms, and praise it to the very skies.

"You does beat queation!" muttered Neel one day, in disgust at such long-continued delay in the realization of his hopes. "Boy, you des' like a t'yarpin, dat won' movc 'cep'n' folks put coal o' fire on his back,—an' dat whut I gwine do wid you."

Though remembering his mistress's injunction that he was always to see to it that the child should not be hurt, yet it occurred to him to turn his discipline from the sportive to the serious, with prudent intention, however, to stop far on this side of the tragic. Luxurious as Little Ike was, he was not insensible to fear. Various objects of fright, some real, others imaginary, Neel had purposely exaggerated; and sometimes when his pupil would be standing with his face toward the house and his back to the rest of the world, Neel would suddenly ejaculate, "Dar dey come now, dis minute!" and then start as if in utmost terror he were going to flee away alone. Then Little Ike, lifting his voice to its highest, would plunge forward, and just before he would have fallen, Neel would rescue him and scamper away with his precious charge.

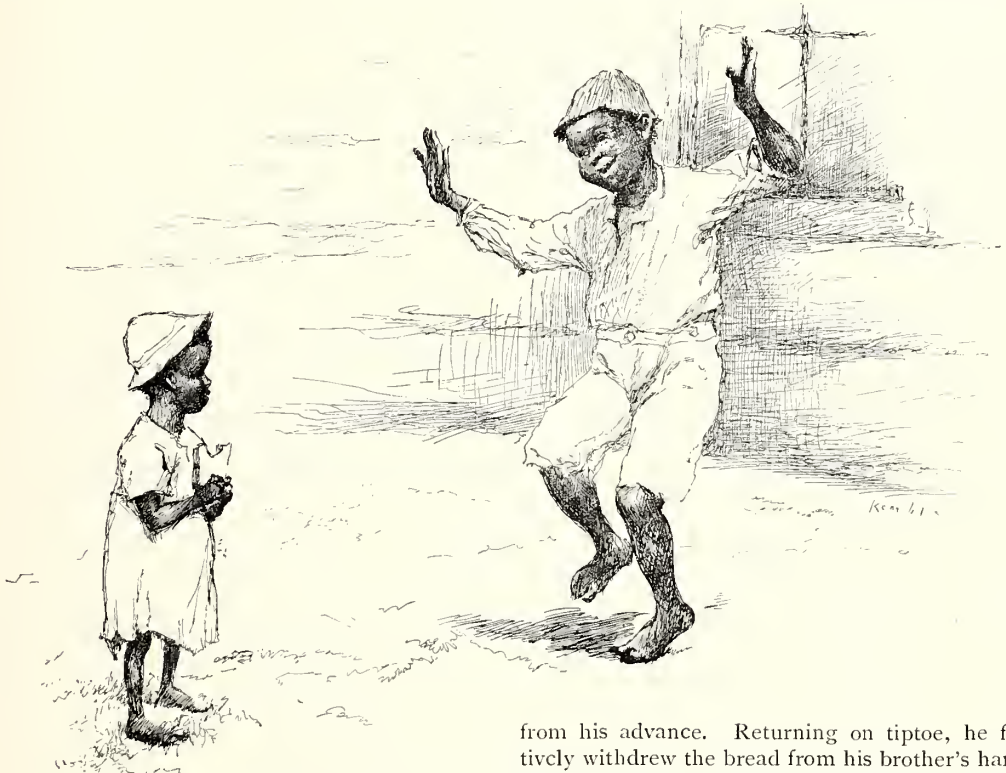
What he meant by "dey" Little Ike well understood to be a very large pig of the breed called "razor-back," which nosed about the horse-lot, and, whenever possible, entered the yard. Its normal state seemed to be one of raging hunger. A convicted, reckless thief, even a robber, time and time again, and that in the broad daylight, had it been run out of, not only the yard, the garden, the patches around, but the kitchen,—yea, the very piazza of the white house. Little Ike stood, perhaps I should more properly say sat, in mortal fear of "Ole Flop-ear," as this beast was named.

Neel congratulated himself on the superior efficacy of the new method over those that he had been employing theretofore.

"I 'm boun' fer dat dollar, mist'ess," he said to Mrs. Templin, one day. "Li'll' Ike don' lack but seb'n steps fer dem you laid off."

"All right, Neel," she answered. "I 've a brand-new dollar, so bright you can see your face in it. But mind, you are not to let him get hurt."

projecting roots of a large oak that stood near the walk, about midway between the gate and the white house. It was but a brief while before Little Ike, yet holding in hand his bread, was dozing. Neel rose. Just at that moment Old Flop-ear appeared at the gate and sent inquiring looks through the pales. Casting his eyes cautiously all around, Neel moved softly to the gate, silently lifted its latch, threw it a few inches ajar, and in a low voice called back the pig, which had retreated



"SOMETIMES NEEL WOULD SING AND DANCE JIGS WITH UTMOST VIGOR."

"Oh, no 'm, he sh'a'n' git hurted."

Like other luxurious *bons vivants*, Little Ike was accustomed to take, for an hour or two after dinner, a siesta. Dinner over, he would be dismissed by his mammy with a piece of bread sauced with gravy, and afterward set down by Neel in a comfortable place where he soon dropped asleep. One afternoon the mammy ordered Neel not to go beyond the reach of her own call and that of Little Ike, and directed that as soon as the latter should fall asleep, he should return in order to draw and bring to her from the well several pails of water.

Neel bestowed his charge snugly between two

from his advance. Returning on tiptoe, he furtively withdrew the bread from his brother's hand, and wrapped it in a fold of his garment. This he did in order to prevent Old Flop-ear from snatching it, if the pig should set eyes upon it while passing that way. His hope was that the child might be awakened by its movements and gruntings, and, finding none near to deliver from its jaws, avail himself of those legs (touching which it was Neel's settled opinion that it was high time that Little Ike knew what they were made for), and would accomplish at least the steps that were yet lacking to the complement so eagerly desired.

Then Neel went rapidly to the kitchen, took the water-pail and repaired to the well. The bucket had just reached the bottom when was heard the first of a series of shrieks that sounded as if Little Ike was doing his best. Kitchen-broom in hand,

mother Judy ran to the door and rushed out, doing her best also, in that line. Mrs. Templin, dropping her sewing, came forth, and she ran screaming. Neel left the well-bucket where it was, and he ran screaming. The hands who were at work in a field near by came running, the women screaming in concert, although having no conception what it was all about. Above all, as well it might, rose the voice of Little Ike.

This is what had happened.

Old Flop-ear, having been actually invited within the yard, marched in. Following Neel a few steps, hoping he had something, the beast turned from the walk and began on a search. When within a few feet of the white oak, attracted by the smell of the bread, it approached, and after a second's nosing, suddenly snatched the tempting morsel, folded as it was in Ike's clothes. On Little Ike's awakening and uttering his first scream, the pig

treat. As the animal made its first grab, one of its feet was planted upon another part of the boy's clothing, and the part already seized was torn away. Holding to this, Flop-ear ran on.

Now what would you guess was done by Little Ike then and there? No sooner did he find himself aloof from the spoiler than — being convinced that the pig, after devouring what it already had, would return for the rest of him, and feeling throughout his whole being that his only hope of rescue lay in his legs — he rose, and yet screaming, made for the kitchen. Past Neel, past his mammy, past his mistress who called to him in vain in the midst of his rush, he halted not until he had reached the kitchen step. Quickly climbing this, he entered, and was in the act of shutting the door — and that with a slam! — when overtaken by his pursuers.

The mistress had to sit idle for a while, until



"THE PIG WHEELED, AND YET HOLDING TO ITS PRIZE, SOUGHT THE GATE, DRAGGING AFTER IT THE VICTIM OF THE AUDACIOUS ROBBERY."

wheeled, and yet holding to its prize, sought the gate, dragging after it the victim of the audacious robbery. The scene was appalling. By good luck however, it happened that Flop-ear, having cleared the gate, paused a moment for the purpose of getting a surer grip preparatory for more rapid re-

she could recover from her laughter. In this every one joined heartily, except the mother. Indignation, and not mirthfulness, was now agitating her.

"Ef I had o' known dat, I 'd o' sot Ole Flop-ear atter yer a year ago! Whut der marter wid your

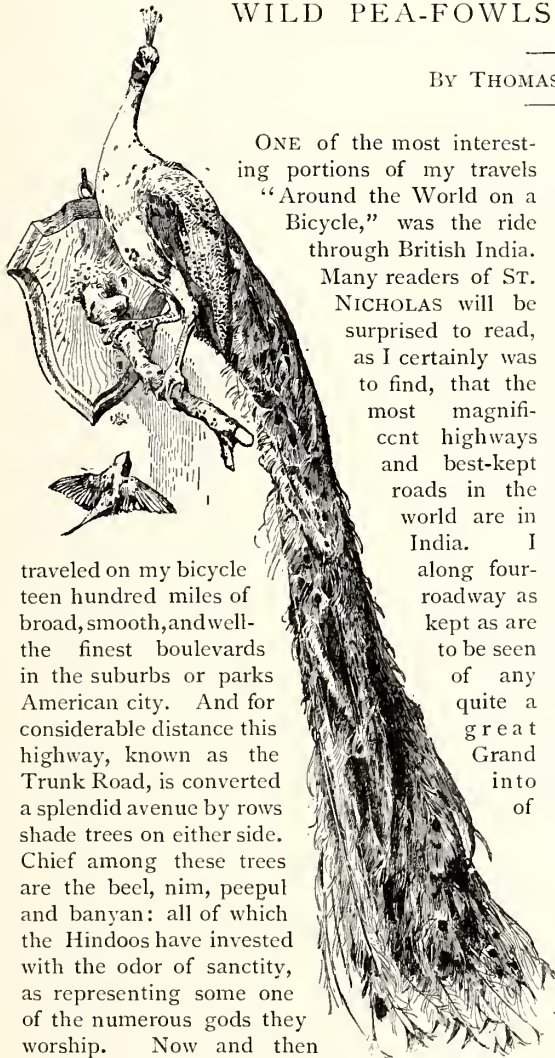
not bein' able to walk, eh? You wan' de peachy-tree; an' ef I'm spared I gwine see you git it."

Possibly it is due to entire candor to state that not until some time afterward were accurately known

in the family *all* the circumstances attending Flopear's ingress through the yard-gate. And the silver dollar had been in Neel's possession for some time before full revelation was made.

WILD PEA-FOWLS IN BRITISH INDIA.

BY THOMAS STEVENS.



ONE of the most interesting portions of my travels

"Around the World on a Bicycle," was the ride through British India.

Many readers of ST.

NICHOLAS will be surprised to read, as I certainly was to find, that the most magnificent highways and best-kept roads in the world are in India. I

along four-roadway as kept as are to be seen

of any quite a great Grand into of

traveled on my bicycle teen hundred miles of broad, smooth, and well-the finest boulevards in the suburbs or parks American city. And for considerable distance this highway, known as the Trunk Road, is converted a splendid avenue by rows shade trees on either side. Chief among these trees are the beel, nim, peepul and banyan: all of which the Hindoos have invested with the odor of sanctity, as representing some one of the numerous gods they worship. Now and then I came to a tree, the trunk of which was fantastically streaked with red paint. These were trees especially selected for worship; and often a number of natives would be ranged in a circle about such a tree, bowing themselves to the ground and offering up their prayers to the

spreading tree and, through it, to the god whom it represented.

Roosting and perching among the branches of these sacred trees, I sometimes saw large numbers of pea-fowls. These birds of brilliant plumage run wild in the Indian jungles, strut freely about the rice-fields, and frequent the sacred trees along the Grand Trunk Road. Those that frequent the Grand Trunk Road and stroll about in the vicinity of the villages, are almost as tame and fearless in the presence of man as the domesticated ones that so proudly strut about the lawn of an American country-house.

The reason for their tameness is found in the fact that they also, in common with many things in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are held sacred by the Hindoos. The natives never hunt, frighten, nor molest the peacocks in any way, because they are held sacred to their war-god Kartikeya. In mythological times, when the gods made war upon each other, this deity, the "God of War, and Generalissimo of the Armies of the Gods," was believed to ride to battle upon a peacock. In consequence of this tradition, the pious Hindoo thinks it sacrilege to harm the martial fowl, or in any way to show it disrespect.

The Rajput warriors used to go to war wearing peacock-feathers in their turbans, and even now they believe that these fowls scream when they hear thunder, because the noise is mistaken for the din of battle. It was to me a pretty sight to see these brilliant-plumaged birds stalking about on the Grand Trunk Road, half-tame in their sacred security from molestation. As they strutted proudly about, or stood still and spread their gorgeous tails, it seemed to me fit and proper that such bright ornaments of the jungle should be protected from wanton violence at the hands of man.

In certain districts the British government has made laws forbidding the shooting of pea-fowls by

English hunting-parties, or by soldiers from the garrisons. This is done from the respect that the government always desires to show to the religious prejudices of the natives. In other provinces, however, the natives, while they refrain from molesting the sacred fowls themselves, offer no objections to the shooting of them by English sportsmen.

Where there are no native prejudices to be consulted, the government rather encourages the sport than otherwise. The officers and soldiers of the garrisons are usually keen sportsmen, and every facility is granted them for pea-fowl hunting, because the sport is considered excellent training in the use of fire-arms. The true Anglo-Indian sportsman scorns to shoot pea-fowl with anything but a rifle, because, with a shot-gun, the sport is little else than mere slaughter. With a rifle, however, the killing becomes a matter of skill, and soldiers who spend a good share of their time in shooting at flying peacocks with their rifles, would be sure to acquit themselves all the

tails were generally spread out upon the barrack-wall, each above the cot of the soldier who had brought it in. The officers' mess-room, the canteen, library, and other public quarters, were usually decorated with several splendid tails, presented by the successful peacock-hunters of the garrison. If I had so desired, I might have packed a good-sized box with the fine tails offered me as presents by the soldier sportsmen of various garrisons.

Wild pea-fowls are very good eating. When the soldiers shoot a plump young fowl, they generally bring it home and turn it over to the mess cooks. I had the pleasure of making a dinner of a fine young pea-hen at an up-country cantonment one day. The meat was dark, not unlike the flesh of the prairie-chicken, and of excellent flavor; but, like the prairie-chicken, rather deficient in juiciness. It reminded me very much of the flesh of a tender wild-turkey.

The only time I took part in a pea-fowl hunt was for an hour or so, one evening. I was staying overnight at the bungalow of an English civil-engineer, on the banks of the great Ganges Canal, near Shikababad. Several young Englishmen were also staying with my host to enjoy a few days' pea-fowl shooting and wild-boar baiting. Near the bungalow was an extensive tract of luxuriant tiger-grass, in which both wild-pigs and pea-fowls were found in great abundance. The young gentlemen had beaten the tiger-grass every day for a week previous, so that the game had become rather wild and wary. Pea-fowls were still there in plenty, however, and scarcely a minute passed without our catching a glimpse of a golden and blue form gliding swiftly through the rank grass.

We were armed with small-bore rifles, and made a point of never shooting at our lovely game unless we felt pretty sure of bringing them down. Numbers escaped without a shot being fired, because we always objected to shooting random shots, which might maim the pea-fowls without our being able to bag them. The size and the bright plumage of the game, made them an easy prey to our bullets, whenever we obtained a good shot; and, by taking proper precautions, we bagged seven fowls, without letting a single wounded bird escape.



A SCENE IN BRITISH INDIA.

more creditably as sharp-shooters on the field of battle.

In some of the garrisons I visited, a subject of great rivalry among the soldier-sportsmen was the bringing in of the finest tails. A soldier who could boast of having, by the prowess of his own rifle, secured a very fine peacock-tail, was as proud of the trophy as an American backwoodsman of the finest pair of antlers. The choicest

It seemed to me a great pity to kill the gorgeous pea-fowls; and this is invariably the feeling at first experienced by young Englishmen in India. The squeamishness soon wears off, and in time one learns to shoot pea-fowls with as little compunction as though they were partridges.

Some of my readers may often have heard the assertion that pea-fowls can never be made to stay about a poor man's house, but will invariably seek some place where the buildings and surroundings are superior. Remembering to have had my attention called to this circumstance, in certain cases

in England and America, I kept my eyes open to ascertain, so far as possible, whether there is any foundation for this supposition. The result of my observations was, that where the country was the loveliest, the jungle most luxuriant, and wherever were found splendid groves, water-tanks, and rajahs' palaces — there did the fastidious pea-fowls love best to congregate; and, consequently, there was one most likely to find them, strutting pompously about, spreading their plumage, and awakening the echoes of the jungle with their discordant, strident cries.

A CHINESE STORY.

BY W. J. BAHMER.

Two young, near-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,
 Over their chopsticks idly chattering,
 Fell to disputing which could see the best;
 At last, they planned to put it to the test.
 Said Chang, "A marble tablet, so I hear,
 Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,
 With an inscription on it. Let us go
 And read it (since you vaunt your optics so),
 Standing together at a certain place
 In front, where we the letters just may trace;
 Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,
 The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."
 "Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:
 Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."
 "Nay, not so soon," said Chang; "I'm bound
 to go
 To-morrow a day's ride from Hoang-Ho,
 And sha'n't be ready till the following day:
 At ten A. M., on Thursday, let us say."

So 't was arranged; but Ching was wide-awake:
 Time by the forelock he resolved to take;
 And to the temple went at once, and read
 Upon the tablet, "To the illustrious dead,
 The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."
 Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,
 Who read the same; but, peering closer, he
 Spied in a corner, what Ching had failed to see,
 The words, "This tablet is erected here
 By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

So on the appointed day — both innocent
 As babes, of course — these honest fellows went,
 And took their distant station; and Ching said,
 "I can read, plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,
 The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'" "And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang.
 "I see what you have read, but furthermore,
 In smaller letters, toward the temple door,
 Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here
 By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was
 dear.'" "My sharp-eyed friend, they are not there," said Ching.
 "They are," said Chang, "if I see anything;
 And clear as daylight." "Patent eyes, indeed,
 You have!" cried Ching. "Do you think I can't
 read?" "Not at this distance as I can," Chang said,
 "If what you say you saw is all you read."

In fine, they quarreled, and their wrath increased,
 Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;
 Lo! here he comes to meet us." "It is well,"
 Said honest Ching, "no falsehood will he tell."

The good man heard their artless story through,
 And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few
 Blessed with such wondrous eyes as those you wear.
 There is no tablet with inscription there!
 There was one, it is true; 't was moved away,
 And yon plain tablet placed there yesterday."



BY CHARLES BARNARD.

ELIZA HAMILTON was born on the Hudson River, somewhere between Albany and Catskill. Her mother's home was the good boat "Betsey Jane," of Buffalo, New York, whereof Mr. Thomas Hamilton was owner and sailing-master. Eliza and the "Betsey Jane" began life about the same time, for the boat was on her first trip down the Hudson when the little child came to live on board. So it happened that Eliza had always been upon a canal-boat, and had hardly ever spent a night in a house on shore.

The "Betsey Jane" was her home, and her little chamber was a state-room. The boat was a large and fine one, ninety-seven feet long and eighteen feet wide on deck. It was eight and a half feet deep, and, when empty, stood more than seven feet out of water. The bows were high and very full, or round, and the stern was nearly square, and there was a great square rudder behind. Near the bows was a windlass, and a small raised deck which made the roof of a cabin used as a stable for the two horses. At the stern was another house, or raised deck, about three feet high. This had two square windows in front, looking toward the bows, and three on each side; and there were green blinds, made to slide before the windows. Inside the windows were lace curtains fastened back with blue ribbons; but each window was so small that, when Eliza looked out, her round face nearly filled it. At the back of the house was a door, a very strange door; one half opened on hinges and the other half slid back over the roof. Before this door was the great wooden tiller for the rudder; and near it a hatch opening down into the hold of the boat. The top of the house was flat and made a big outdoor table, where, in pleasant weather, the family often had dinner and supper. In summer, there was also an awning, or big flat tent, covering the after part of the deck, house and all. The great clear deck, with its two hatches, was Eliza's playground, while inside the house, below the deck, was the strange little home where

she lived a happy life with her father, mother, and baby brother.

From the door you went down five steps to the kitchen, parlor, and sitting-room, all in one,—the queerest place that ever was seen. It was a square room, with windows near the ceiling on two sides, and two narrow doors opposite the entrance. There was a tiny stove tucked away under the deck, and there was just room for one table and four chairs. Around the walls, on three sides, were drawers and closets,—lockers they were called,—so that while the room was too small for much furniture, the lockers were really bookcase, bureau, sideboard, and all. The two doors opened into the tiny state-rooms—one for Eliza, and one for her father and mother and the baby. Her bed was the oddest thing imaginable; only one foot high, and tucked away under the deck like a berth in a ship. There was a carpet, and pictures, and a clock, nice curtains, and a chair; and it was home, if it was afloat. You may be sure Eliza thought it was as sweet a home as any in the world.

Although Eliza Hamilton lived on a canal-boat, and her home was always afloat, she went to school, in Jersey City, half of every year. From April to November, she sailed and sailed, backward and forward, hardly stopping more than for a day at a time, between Buffalo, on Lake Erie, and New York, by the sea. From November to April, the "Betsey Jane" lay at anchor in the basin of the Morris and Essex Canal, at Jersey City. Here were scores of other boats just like this one, and each with a family aboard, all closely side by side in the water, thus making a great floating village. Eliza could walk from boat to boat all through the fleet; she could visit the other girls at their boats, or cross the planks to the shore and go with them to school in the city.

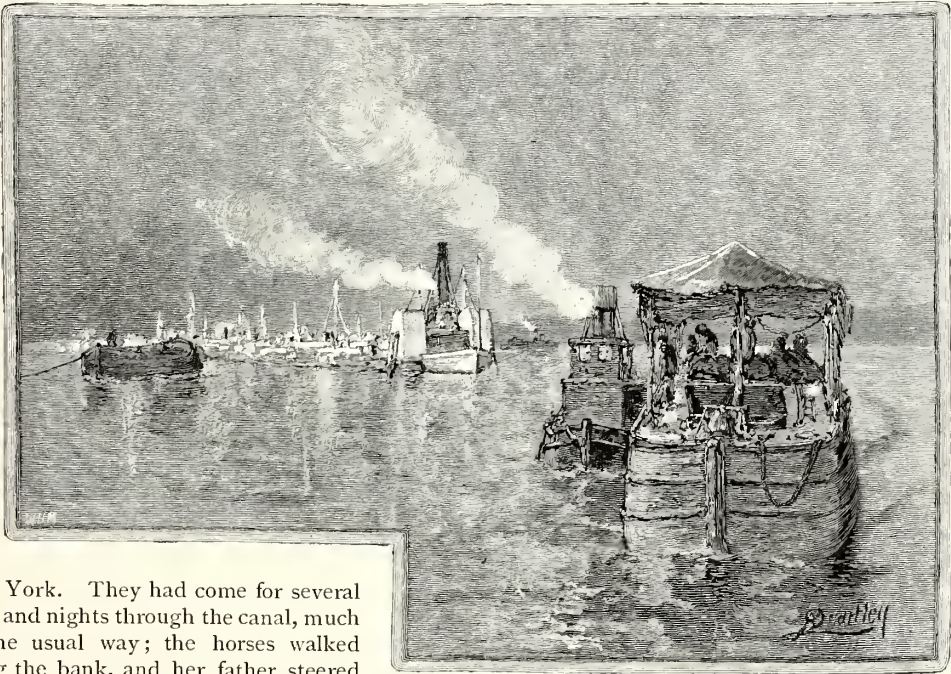
Thus, for her, every year was divided into two parts: the summer, when the boat sailed and sailed, day and night, always going on and on through daylight and dark; and the winter, when

it rested for months in a vast fleet of other boats, snugly anchored out of the way of the storms. Eliza liked the summer best. The life on board her moving home was delightful; plenty of fun with the other children on the neighbors' boats, or those living along the banks of the canal, and much to see every day,—ships, steamboats, the river, the winding canal, towns and cities, great mountains, and the sea. Once she made a long voyage, through as far as New Haven, on Long Island Sound; and twice she went up the canal to Lake Champlain, and then on to Montreal, in Canada.

It was in June when it all happened. It was just before Eliza's twelfth birthday, and on the second trip of the "Betsey Jane" from Buffalo to

number of the canal-boats that had come through from the West with the "Betsey Jane," and arranged them on the river in a kind of procession. An enormous tow-boat took her place at the head of the line, and then great cables were run out, binding all the fleet together, and making what was called a "tow."

The tow was a strange affair, a village afloat; men, women, children, horses, dogs, and cats, living in thirty-nine canal-boats, and all dragged along by the tow-boat ahead. The tow-boat was formerly a passenger-steamer, but it had retired from that business, and all its lofty decks and balconies were gone. There was nothing left but the great frames, the tall smoke-stack, the engine, and the pilot-house. Behind the engine on the



"THERE WERE SCORES OF CANAL-BOATS, MAKING A GREAT FLOATING VILLAGE."

New York. They had come for several days and nights through the canal, much in the usual way; the horses walked along the bank, and her father steered the boat. Sometimes Eliza rode the horse, or held the tiller to steer, while her father went down to dinner or supper. At other times she sat on top of the house, played dolls upon the deck, or helped her mother take care of baby. The steering was sometimes hard, but she could always manage the boat, and knew how to move the rudder to make the "Betsey Jane" keep just the right place in the canal, neither bumping her fat nose into the bank, nor running it into the passing boats.

At Troy, the plank was laid to the bank, and the horses walked on board, and went to their stateroom at the bows. Tug-boats brought together a

low deck were massive timbers, and about these were coiled four great cables that stretched astern over the water to the four canal-boats at the head of the tow.

The first four boats were loaded with lumber from Lake Champlain. Behind these came sixteen boats, four abreast, loaded with lumber, wheat, oats, and grain. Next came eighteen more, two and two; and then one more, trailing behind them all. The "Betsey Jane" was the right-hand one of the last pair; and as the odd boat was fastened to the other boat, there was clear water in her wake.

As the boats were lashed side by side, with the bows of one close to the stern of the one in front, and as there were planks laid from boat to boat, it was easy to go from one end of the tow to the other. There were quite a number of children on board, and Eliza had plenty of playmates. Two hours a day she studied with her mother in the cabin, and part of the time she took care of her baby brother. The rest of the day she was at liberty to roam at will all over the fleet, leaping lightly from boat to boat. She visited the two nice girls on the "Sunrise," of Syracuse; played dolls with the lame girl on the "Ticonderoga," of Whitehall; or joined the boys and girls who played school on the white deck of the "Polly Stevens," of Troy. Of course, they could not play

and played with the other girls all the way down to Poughkeepsie. After supper, it was said, there would be a concert on board the "Schoharie," of Buffalo. Everybody was anxious to go, and Eliza got out her blue frock with the white bows, to go with her father. But she could not go, for Mother had been ironing all the afternoon on deck, and needed a change; so Eliza must stay at home and take care of the baby brother. She was dreadfully disappointed, and perhaps, when she put away the blue frock in its locker, there was a tear or two on its white ribbons.

It was eight o'clock when her parents took a lantern to go, over the boats, to the concert. Eliza sat at the side of the deck-house looking wistfully after them, and as they crossed to the boat ahead she heard her mother say that the tow-line ought to be repaired, as it was nearly worn out. Her father said he would mend it in the morning, and then they were gone. Eliza watched the lantern, dancing over the decks for a few moments, and then, with just a little sigh, she went downstairs to the cabin. Sarah Tuttle, of the "Flying Fish," had lent her a story-book, and she sat down to read it. The door over her head was open, and once in a while she caught a note of the music as it came floating over the water.

She had been reading for some time when she heard the deep droning whistle of the tow-boat. Then, after a little pause, came another whistle. She knew by this that there was a steamer coming up the river. Presently she heard the beating of the steamer's paddles, and knew from the sound that it was a large boat. She heard it pass quite near; and then, as the sound died away, the boat slowly rolled from side to side. She looked up from her book to see if baby brother had stirred. Not much danger. He had slept through many a long voyage, and the waves seemed to make his home all a rocking-cradle.

Then, for a long time, it was very still; but as the story-book was interesting, she did not notice how the time was passing. When she finished the book she looked up at the clock. Half-past ten. She must go on deck to see if Father and Mother were coming.

Why, what was this? No lights! had everybody gone to bed? No. That could not be, for there were always lights burning on the deck of the last boat. No tow in sight anywhere. Not a boat to be seen. She ran along the deck to the bow. She was adrift! The tow-line was broken, and the "Betsey Jane" had separated from the



"ELIZA SAT AT THE SIDE OF THE DECK-HOUSE LOOKING WISTFULLY AFTER THEM."

tag, use roller-skates, or trundle hoops on the deck of a canal-boat; but they often played jump-rope, jackstones, and "housekeeping."

The weather was beautiful; and, while they were playing, the tow moved steadily forward with a smooth and easy motion that was delightful. They had passed the Catskills at sunrise. Eliza helped wash the dishes at Saugerties, studied at Rondout,

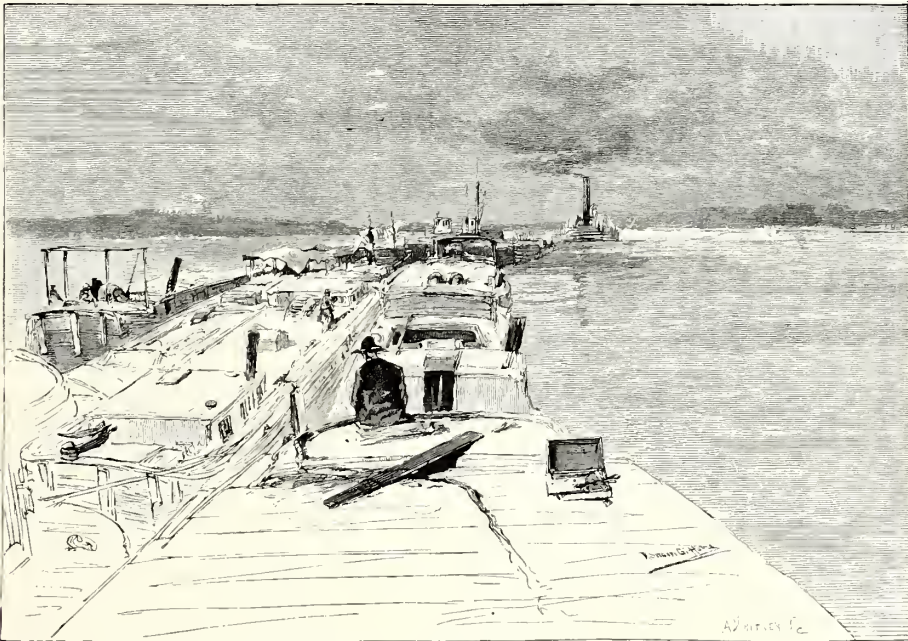
tow. The line had probably parted when the boat was rolled by the wake of the passing steamer. She called her father again and again. Not a sound in reply. She was lost on the great river. She looked all about her over the gray and silent water. Far away astern were the twinkling lights of a town. Here and there on each side were lights, and just ahead were gigantic shadows blotting out half the sky. She knew at once where she was. The lights astern were in Newburgh; the great shadows were mountains, for she was just entering the Highlands, drifting along on the current. The tow, after the "Betsey Jane" broke adrift, had gone on, and was now out of sight beyond West Point.

What did she do? Run back to the cabin and hide herself in fright,—or fall on the deck and

daylight came. There were two dangers. The boat might go ashore and be wrecked, or it might be run down by some passing steamboat. She knew she must give the boat headway or it would not steer. There was a cool, fresh breeze blowing, and as quick as thought she had contrived a plan to take advantage of the wind.

"If she drifts, this way, she may go ashore! I must rig up some kind of sail."

She picked up a boat-hook from the deck and pried open the forward hatch. She went back to the cabin and pulled out from a locker a large sheet. She made a knot in one corner, took the sheet on deck, and pushing the point of the boat-hook into the knot, she thrust the handle snugly into one corner of the forward hatch, and then closed the heavy sliding hatch-cover against it, to



"AS THE BOATS WERE LASHED SIDE BY SIDE, AND AS THERE WERE PLANKS LAID FROM BOAT TO BOAT, IT WAS EASY TO GO FROM ONE END OF THE TOW TO THE OTHER."

cry for help? Not at all. She said, with a brave heart, though her voice was shaking:

"Mother will come back for me, and perhaps if I try my best to take care of the boat, and baby, and the horses, God will take care of me."

Eliza Hamilton was the captain's daughter. She could handle an oar like a sailor, and she knew just how boats behaved, and what must be done to control them. The "Betsey Jane" was her father's boat, her mother's home. It was worth, with the horses and cargo, thousands of dollars. She must take it safely down the river till help or

keep it steady. She fastened a piece of rope to the opposite corner of the sheet, and tied it to the boat-hook near the deck. With a longer piece of rope she made what sailors call a "sheet," or line to control the sail, and by fastening this to the side of the boat, she had a "leg-o'-mutton" sail. It was a small affair, but it did the work. She went to the stern and pushed the tiller over as far as she could, and in a few moments the "Betsey Jane" obeyed her helm, came round, and headed down-stream straight for the black portals of the Highlands.

Just then "Nig," the cat, came on deck and began to howl piteously.

"Hold your tongue!" said Eliza, "or I'll throw you overboard!"

Poor child! She did not often speak so harshly, but she was excited and perhaps terrified at the creature's mournful cries. She would have caught the cat and locked her up in the cabin, but did not dare to leave the helm. The cat wandered all over the deck, moaning and crying. Perhaps a

Ah, there were the lights of the hotel at West Point! She knew the way pretty well; and she thought it best to keep as close to the east shore as was safe, in order to steer clear of the steamers. Though the breeze was strong, the "Betsey Jane" moved very slowly. Still, it did move, for she could see the mountains that towered above her on either side slowly change their shapes against the sky. There were lights on the shore, as she passed Cold Spring, though she could not



"SARAH TUTTLE, OF THE 'FLYING FISH,' HAD LENT HER A STORY-BOOK, AND SHE SAT DOWN TO READ IT."

tear or two came into Eliza's eyes while she clung to the heavy tiller. She brushed them away, for she must see plainly in order to steer clear of the rocky shores.

see the houses nor the iron foundries. The town and the mountains behind it seemed one solid wall of blackness.

After a while, Nig seemed to think better of her

fright, and came and nestled close to Eliza as she stood leaning against the tiller. Ah! What's that? A bright light was shining directly ahead. Thinking it was a steamer's light, Eliza pushed the tiller over with all her might,

ward and found the sail quite limp and useless. She took up an oar to pull the boat off into the stream, and when she put it into the water it struck rock. In a fright she pushed against the rock with the oar and the boat slowly swung off into deep water.



ELIZA RIGS A "LEG-O'-MUTTON" SAIL FOR THE "BETSEY JANE."

the purpose of turning the boat shoreward. Then came a deep roar, making the mountains echo, and she knew that a train was passing on the railroad. It was the locomotive headlight, which she had mistaken for a steamer, and in a moment the whole train swept past her, close to the water.

"I thought it was a steamer, sure! If only I had a lantern, I would n't care, for I might wave it as a signal. If a steamer *does* come, I'll hug the shore and keep out of the way."

The train passed on, the roar and rumble died in the distance, and the echoes seemed to go to sleep; for it was very calm and still.

"I do believe the wind's gone down."

No. The boat had sailed into a calm corner under the shelter of the mountains. Eliza ran for-

"That was lucky. A little more, and I should have been aground."

The boat drifted sluggishly along for a few minutes and then the wind seemed to spring up again. Ah, there was the light-house! She would steer straight across the point and run the risk of meeting a steamer. She listened intently to hear the beating of paddles, but the night was still,—not a sound anywhere. The boat passed close to the friendly light-house, and then went clear across the bend to the opposite side of the river.

She now ran forward and altered the sheet of her leg-o'-mutton sail, bringing it back farther, for now the wind would be abeam. She must now sail side to the wind, and as the boat had no keel, it kept drifting in toward the shore; but she felt

she must take the risk, in order to keep out of the way of the steamers.

A steamboat hove in sight around the next bend below, just as she had fixed the sail. She could see its red and green lights, and she gave it a wide berth,

many pieces repeated. It was late when the company broke up and scattered over the tow to their various boats. Twice, on the way home, Mrs. Hamilton stopped at cabin doors to speak to friends, and at one place she even waited to have a cup of tea. Mr. Hamilton said he would go on and look after the boat, and Mrs. Hamilton sat down on the deck of the "Flying Fish" with Mrs. Tuttle and two other women. While they were quietly sipping their tea, they heard loud shouts from the direction of the boats astern, and in a moment Mr. Hamilton came running back over the boats.

"The man on the last boat has been asleep. The 'Betsey Jane' is adrift — lost!"

The news spread over the entire tow in an instant. Where did it happen? When did she break away? It might have happened hours and hours ago, and perhaps the boat was then drifting about, miles astern.

Eliza's mother heard the news calmly, without a word. She merely picked up a lantern and resolutely started off over the tow as fast as she could walk toward the tow-boat.

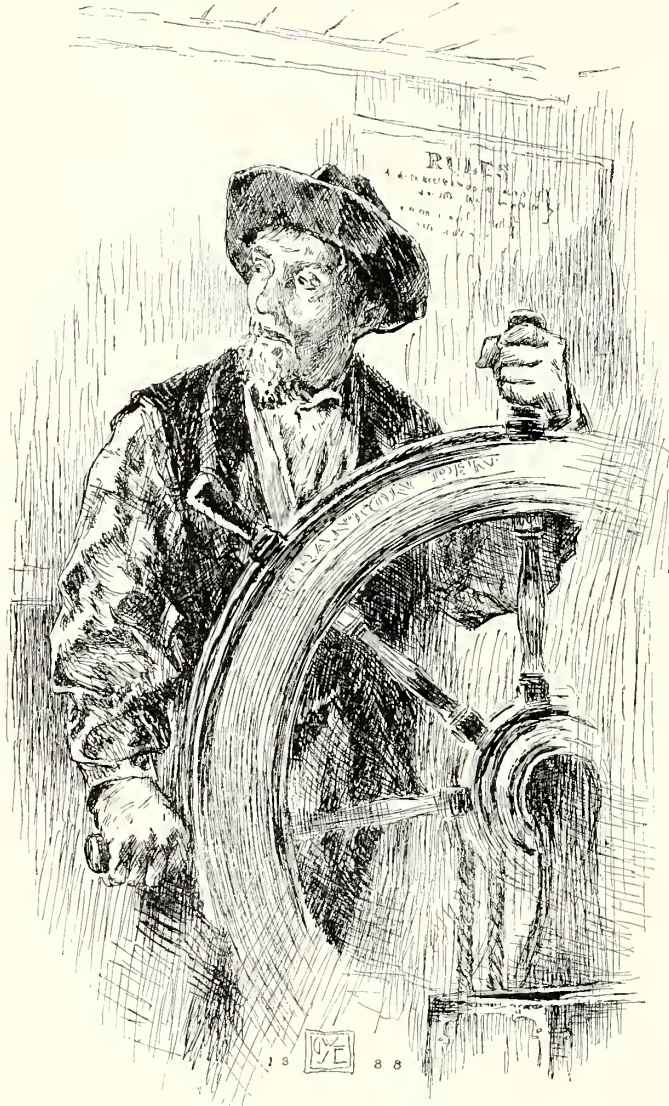
"Where are you going and what are you going to do?" said the people.

"I'm going to take the steamboat if it is possible, and go back for my children."

All the men said it could not be done. The captain would not stop for the lost boat. The "Betsey Jane" would certainly drift ashore. No harm would ever come to it, stranded high and dry, and they could take a boat and row back and find it.

"My children are on board. Some steamer will run them down in the dark."

This seemed only too likely, and they all ran on toward the head of the tow; and in a moment or two there were half a hundred men and women gathered on the great piles of lumber on the forward boats. The tow by this time had passed West Point, and was approaching the great bend just above Iona Island. The men shouted and called to the steamer, but there was no reply. The noise of the



THE CAPTAIN OF THE TOW-BEAT.

keeping close under the shadow of the mountains. It passed swiftly and without paying any attention to her. In the dark, she could not make out what it was. She guessed it might be a night passenger-boat, and was glad it had gone past in safety.

The concert was a fine one, and as nobody was in any hurry to get home, the audience wished

engine drowned their voices and the steamer went steadily on, dragging them all farther and farther away from the lost boat. The steamer was two hundred feet ahead, and the water was beaten into creamy waves by her great paddles. They were just then rounding the curve, and every one said the captain would not stop in such a dangerous place; so the poor mother had to stand there in the cold night-wind, while the long, snake-like, tow crept round the bend in the black and silent river.

At last a boat was lowered overboard, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and two men started to catch up with the steamer. By holding on to the towing-lines they managed to drag themselves up to her low stern and climb aboard, leaving the boat dancing on the creamy water in the wake of the steamer.

In a moment the poor mother climbed the winding stairs to the lofty pilot-house where the captain stood at the wheel.

"Oh, sir! The boat is lost."

"Well, marm, I can't help it. The man on board must look out for her."

"There 's nobody on board but two little children."

The captain did not say a word for a moment, and then he lowered the window and looked all about over the black river, as if searching for something.

"We can't stop here. I'll go on to the bay at Peekskill, and——"

"Oh, sir, can't you take the steamer back?"

"Just what I was thinking o' doing,—but we must find a place to anchor the tow, first."

"The night-boats will be coming up. They will run into the children's boat."

"No, marm. They are not due here yet."

It took more than an hour to reach the wide place in the river, opposite Peekskill, and to swing the long tow close inshore out of the way of the passing steamers; and half an hour more to make the boats fast to a rock on the shore, to free the steamer from her charge and start her upon the search for the missing boat.

Two men were placed on the bows below. There were four more on the upper deck, and from the windows of the pilot-house the poor mother looked out with straining eyes into the vast blackness ahead.

How the firemen piled their roaring fires! The engineer urged the great machine to full speed, and his men ran to and fro, oiling every joint. Showers of sparks poured out of the tall smoke-stack, and the woods and mountains re-echoed with the furious beating of the paddles. The crazy old boat seemed to awake to some remembrance

of her famous speed in the days when she was the fast passenger-boat on the Albany day-line and was the pride of her captain.

"Ah! what 's that? See that black thing close under the shore!"

"That 's not the boat, marm. She could n't get way down here by this time. We will not find her this side of Cold Spring, for I reckon she broke loose at the time the 'Poughkeepsie freighter' passed us."

On and on they went, rushing round the sharp bend at West Point, and steaming straight ahead through the Highlands. The boat would be drifting about somewhere above Cornwall. They would soon find it.

Nothing to be seen. Not a sign of a boat anywhere. They went up even as far as Newburgh, and crossed the river, and crept slowly down stream close inshore. The wind would drive her over to that side, and she might be aground somewhere along the bank. Then they saw the lights of a steamer coming up-stream, and they turned out into the middle of the river to meet her. It was the "Saratoga," of the Troy night-line. There were warning whistles, and the two boats stopped and met in the darkness. Black figures came out on the lofty decks of the passenger steamer, and the captain of the tow-boat shouted through his hands:

"Boat lost. Two children on board. Seen her, as you came up along anywhere?"

No; they had seen nothing. The Albany boat was just behind; perhaps she had sighted it. The great white boat moved on again, and left the tow-boat to continue her search. The Albany boat was stopped, too, and the same report was made and the same question asked.

No; they had seen nothing.

"I 'm thankful," said the mother, as she leaned out of the pilot-house window and saw the monstrous boat move slowly away in the darkness; "I 'm thankful,—for that danger is past. I 'm glad they did n't see it. They might have gone right over it in the darkness."

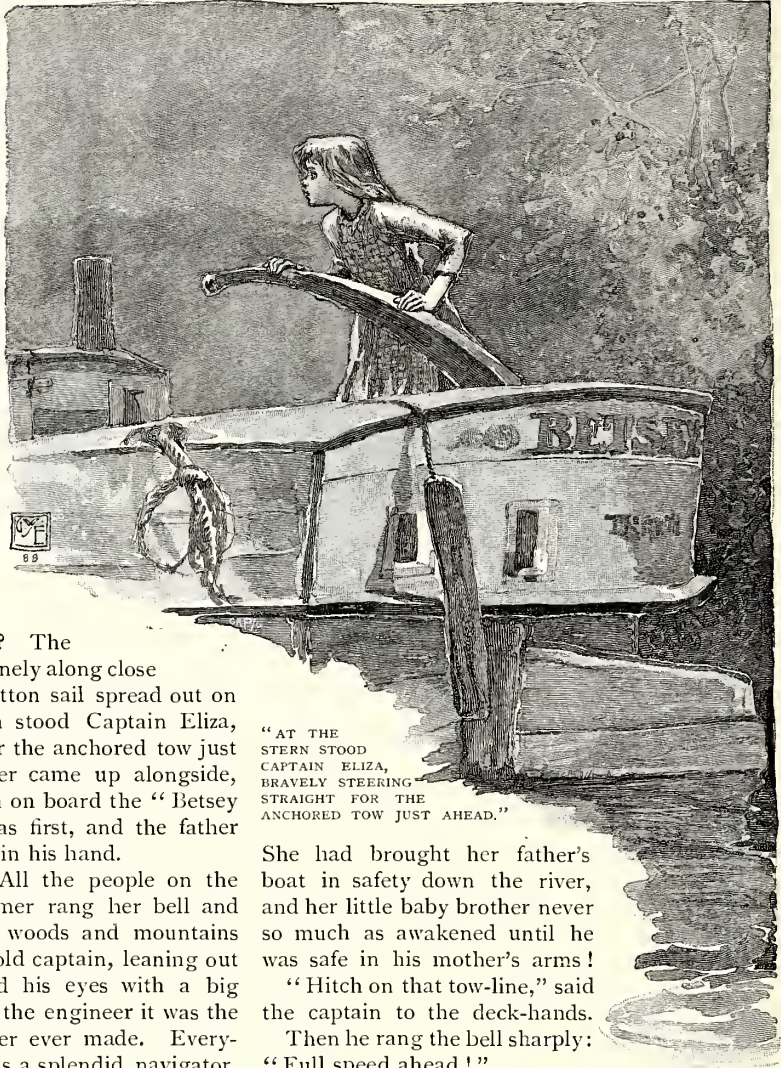
So there was one of the perils escaped. The "Betsey Jane" had not been run down, and there would be no more steamers till daylight. Round and round went the tow-boat, crossing and re-crossing the river, poking her slender nose into every nook and corner; stopping here and there, blowing her whistle furiously, and listening for any answering shouts or calls. The sentinel, high on the bluffs at West Point, paused in his lonely tramp, and leaned on his gun to look down on the river, wondering what the strange steamer was about. He called the corporal; and the corporal, too, looked down on the black river. He even

called out the guard, and sent men down to the shore with a lantern. They thought the captain of the steamer must be crazy. Then there appeared a pale glow in the eastern sky, and the steamer turned down-stream. The soldiers went back again to their posts upon the heights, for there was no solution of the mystery.

It grew lighter, for it was morning. Now they would be sure to find the lost boat. The steamer kept the middle of the stream, steaming slowly along, with every one on the lookout. On and on they went, round the next bend, past Iona Island, and into a bay near Peekskill.

What 's that near shore? The "Betsey Jane," sailing serenely along close inshore, with her leg-o'-mutton sail spread out on the breeze! At the stern stood Captain Eliza, bravely steering straight for the anchored tow just ahead. Swiftly the steamer came up alongside, and there was a grand rush on board the "Betsey Jane"; but the mother was first, and the father came next, with a tow-line in his hand.

How they did cheer! All the people on the tow saw them. The steamer rang her bell and blew her whistle, till the woods and mountains echoed again. The grim old captain, leaning out of his lofty window, wiped his eyes with a big red handkerchief, and told the engineer it was the biggest trip the old steamer ever made. Everybody said Captain Eliza was a splendid navigator.

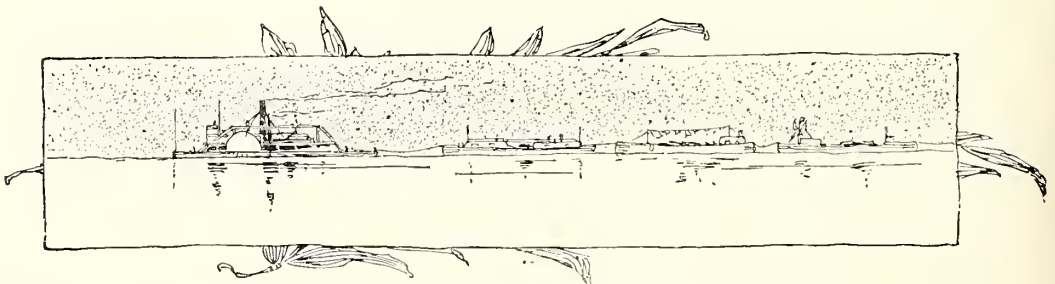


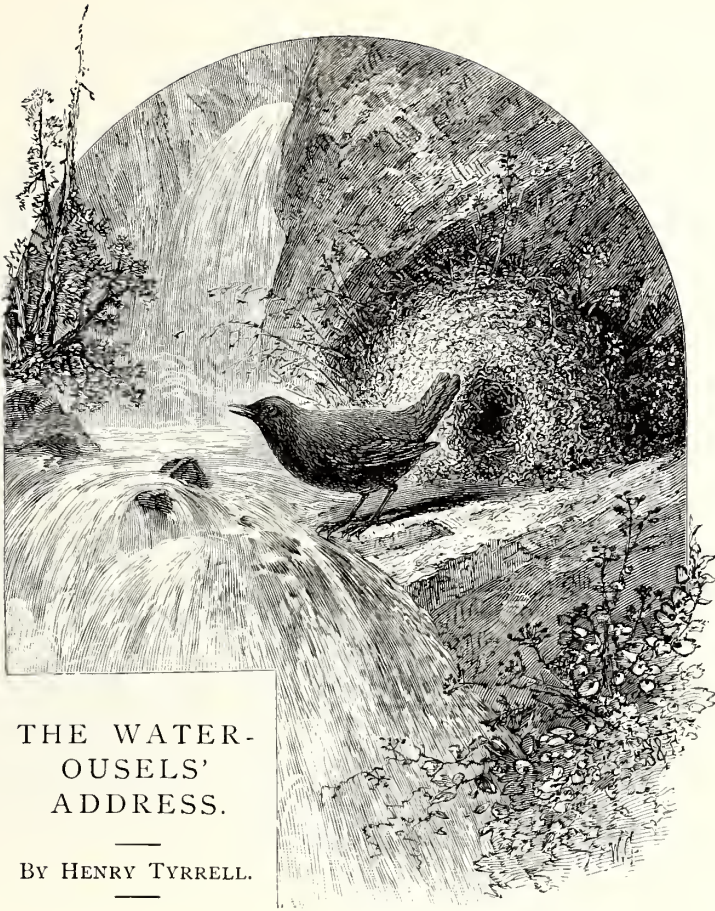
"AT THE STERN STOOD CAPTAIN ELIZA, BRAVELY STEERING STRAIGHT FOR THE ANCHORED TOW JUST AHEAD."

She had brought her father's boat in safety down the river, and her little baby brother never so much as awakened until he was safe in his mother's arms!

"Hitch on that tow-line," said the captain to the deck-hands.

Then he rang the bell sharply: "Full speed ahead!"





THE WATER-
OUSELS'
ADDRESS.

—
BY HENRY TYRRELL.
—

I.

FRIENDS, since moving-time has come,
We have changed our little home.
We have left the mill-dam meadow
That the trailing elms o'ershadow,
And to find us, you must look
Further up the stony brook :

II.

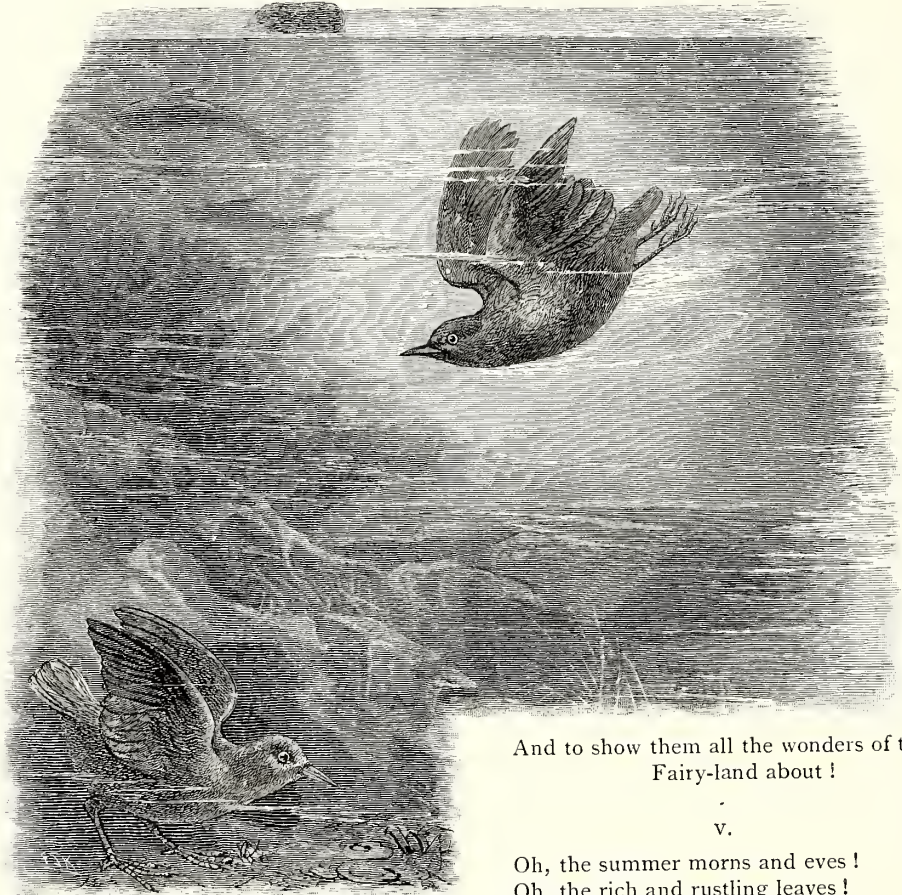
Where the waters swirl and hurry,
Where the twinkling minnows scurry,
Where, the limpid ripples brushing,
Bend the margin-grasses tall ;
Where the narrowed current, rushing
Down a pathway steep and mossy,
Plunges o'er the brink, a saucy,
Tiny, tinkling waterfall.

III.

You would never guess, 't is certain ;
But behind the crystal curtain
That by every breeze is swayed,

Like a liquid window screening,
 All the golden sunshine greening,—
 There our cosy nest is hidden !
 There our trusted friends are bidden,

When their glossy wings grow stronger,
 To fly out !—
 Through the shimmering door to lead them,
 On the wavy marsh to feed them,



There our treasures are displayed
 That we watch o'er, night and day-time,
 On a bed of mosses laid —
 Eggs, you know !
 Pale and dainty as a May-time
 Apple-blow.

IV.

While the buds and blooms are waking,
 We shall see
 Tiny beaks and talons breaking
 From those shells, and hear the *cheep*-ing
 Of our baby-ousels, peeping,
 Wondering what this world may be.
 Never dippers' son or daughter
 Will be frightened at the water !
 Then, oh then, a little longer,
 And what glee,

And to show them all the wonders of the
 Fairy-land about !

V.

Oh, the summer morns and eves !
 Oh, the rich and rustling leaves !
 And, at noon,
 When the locust's lulling croon
 On the throbbing air is heard,
 And when man and beast and bird
 Fall asleep,
 Oh, the dashing
 And the plashing
 Through the shower and the foam,
 To the shadow, cool and deep,
 Of our home !

VI.

Come, then, friends, and make a call
 Here behind our waterfall,
 If you do not mind a sprinkling !
 [You can dive through in a twinkling.]
Cascade Ingle, nothing less,
 Is our permanent address.

HOW SOME BIRDS ARE CARED FOR.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

LOVERS of animals delight in making comparisons between their pets and those of others, and, indeed, in drawing parallels between animals' intelligence and that of human beings, often, it must be said, to the disadvantage of the latter. The so-called "lower" animals suffer pain from heat or cold, know the pangs of hunger, have their likes and dislikes, their times of work and times of play, and experience both the bright and sober sides of life in other respects; and very naturally the emotions provoked by these different conditions find expression in voice and manner. When happy, we sing; and, in a similar frame of mind, the bird carols its song; the cat purrs; the hens have their peculiar clucking, and the horse neighs and gallops about. As we distort our visages and scowl when in rage, so also does the cat and so do various other animals. When hungry we are sometimes irritable; and this is likewise true of many of our humble friends. Thus we might easily show that all animals, from man downward, have the same emotions and feelings as ourselves, but in a different degree, and that these emotions find expression — every class of animals having its own peculiar language.

Some of these strange resemblances bring the lower animals nearer to the human standard than others; and perhaps in acts of devotion to their young, they not only resemble but at times exceed us. Their affection, tenderness, and heroic self-sacrifice to protect their little ones, are proverbial, and stand in marked contrast to the habits of many savage human tribes. What reader of ST. NICHOLAS ever saw a motherly old hen destroy one of her chicks because it was in the way, or was one too many? The larger the brood the prouder this fussy old mother becomes; and we rarely hear of her killing a chick because it is weak or sickly. The weak chicken receives as much care as the most robust of the brood. Yet the cruelties suggested, and many more, have been customs in ancient times among savage tribes of men in various parts of the world.

Among the birds, we find perhaps the most striking acts of affection; and, strange to say, most frequently among the very birds which we would least expect to show affection. Some of you are familiar with the uncanny night-hawk, the boon companion of the bat, which appears at twilight

and prolongs its revels far into the night. Rarely seen and little known, though the night-hawks are a large family and of wide distribution, this bird shows remarkable attachment for its young, and in protecting them really exhibits more intelligence than many of our domestic birds.

The term night-hawk is commonly applied to several species, all of which have certain peculiarities. From its curious cry one is called chuck-will's-widow, this call being uttered so loudly by the bird that it has been heard for nearly a mile. About the middle of March they come back from their winter pilgrimage; and, unlike most of the birds, they have no housekeeping to keep them busy, as they build no nests. While the robins, humming-birds, thrushes, and others, are busily scouring the country for material with which to build their nurseries, the chuck-will's-widow is fast asleep in some out-of-the-way corner, only coming out in the afternoon and evening to gather its supply of food.

When the time comes for laying, our seemingly-lazy bird selects some secluded spot, and deposits her eggs anywhere on the ground; and the very first glimpse, if we are fortunate in finding them at all, explains why she builds no nest. The eggs are almost the exact color of the surroundings, and so mottled and tinted that only by the merest accident are they discovered; and when the two little chuck-will's-widows finally come out they are even more difficult to find than the eggs. Being very sleepy little fellows they rarely move, and, though standing within a few inches of them, the observer might suppose them to be two old brown leaves or a bunch of brown moss, so deceiving is their mimicry.

Though the eggs and young are so perfectly protected by nature, the parents are no less zealous in caring for them, and have been seen to go through remarkable performances in the defense of their home. When an intruder is first discovered the mother-bird throws herself upon the ground, ruffles up her feathers, and limps or flutters, always moving away from the nest; and when the credulous follower is safely out of the way, the wily mother, who has led him to think she can be easily caught, suddenly recovers from her lameness and darts away to regain the nest from another direction. If, however, the nest be

found and the eggs disturbed, the birds show the greatest distress. A naturalist, who had merely handled the eggs, without removing them, and then concealed himself in a neighboring thicket,

object of superstitious fear to the Indians. These birds also lay their eggs anywhere upon the ground, and have been observed to roll them along with their bills; but perhaps the most remarkable sight is to see the anxious parent seize her shapeless chick by the downy feathers of its back, as a cat seizes a kitten, and carry it away over grass and sedge to some more secluded spot.

According to Azara, the naturalist, some curious beliefs are entertained in South America concerning the "ibijan," a night-hawk. It is a large bird, but instead of laying its eggs on the ground, it deposits them in a hollow tree, and, according to the natives, fastens the eggs to the wood with a gum, which the old bird breaks off when the eggs are hatched and so liberates the chicks. But this gumming process is probably an accidental occurrence.

There is one of this tribe, and the largest, the tawny-shouldered pogardus of Australia and New Guinea, which takes the young birds in its mouth, but with a very different purpose from that of the whip-poor-will. Generally, these birds live upon



A NIGHT-HAWK CARRYING ITS YOUNG TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

saw the parent-birds come skimming over the grass, alighting by the eggs in apparent distress, and uttering curious cries as if greatly frightened. Finally, after a consultation, each bird opened its great mouth (generally used as an insect trap), took in an egg, and, to the amazement of the naturalist, disappeared, carrying the object of solicitude to a safer spot.

The same habit has been observed in the collared goat-sucker of the Cape of Good Hope, which, like the night-hawk, has an enormous mouth. They also form no nest, relying upon the difficulty of discovering their eggs, which are like the surroundings where they are deposited; and when the eggs are threatened by any great danger the parents take them in their mouths and fly away — certainly a convenient method of moving the household!

The well-known whip-poor-will, which is often heard in Central Park, and at once recognized by the cry from which it is named, appears at dusk, and at one time was an



THE WOOD-DUCK CONVEYING ITS YOUNG TO THE GROUND.

insects which they catch readily with their enormous mouths, but during the mating-season, the great fluffy fellows become veritable cannibals and

attack the nests of other birds, taking out the young, and devouring them, perhaps under the impression that they have discovered a new kind of insect.

The demure duck, although a conscientious mother, and careful of her brood, has never been

ducklings), there is a constant jumping and scrambling to obtain a look at the outer world. The water is so near that they can hear the old folks diving and splashing about—an aggravating situation, surely; but the serious question of moving has been considered by the old birds, for on



A FAMILY OF GROUSE.

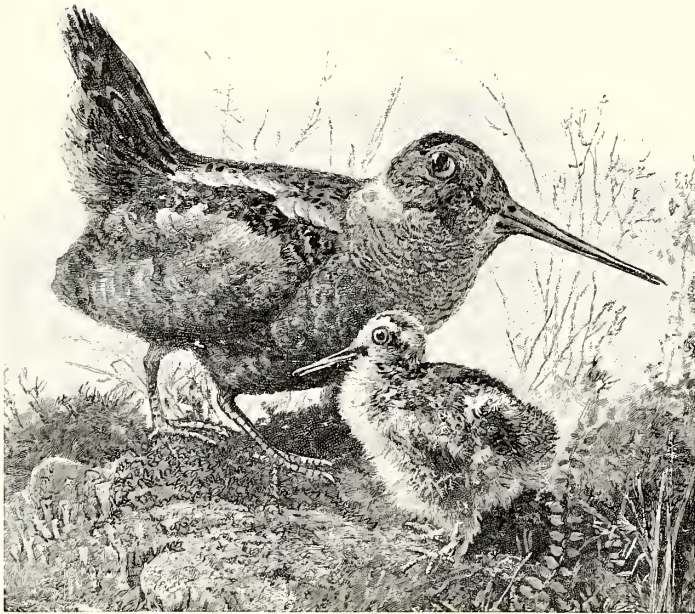
considered as especially solicitous for her offspring; but there is one of the family that performs a remarkable feat—at least, remarkable for a duck. This is the summer duck—*Aix sponsa*, one of the most beautiful of its kind. The plumage of these birds is exceedingly rich and gaudy, marked with streaks of white and black; the entire coat in different lights displaying differing tints of bronze, blue, and green; while its head, the bill being red, is surmounted by a crest of glossy bronze-green, tipped with violet, so that among the green leaves and branches it forms a striking spectacle.

Unlike most of its tribe, the wood-duck—as it is also called—builds its nest, often many feet from the ground, in hollow trees near streams. Here the oval, shiny eggs are laid, and covered with down taken from the mother's breast. After a time, the young appear. For a while they are fed by the parents; and then comes the momentous question, asked, perhaps, by the little ducklings themselves, "How shall we get down?" Sometimes they are a foot or more below the window of their house, which is fifty feet from the ground, and being very restless little fellows (as are all

the very day that the ducklings are large enough to be trusted they are released in a very remarkable manner. The male duck takes his place as a sentinel on some neighboring branch, uttering a low "*peet-peet*," while the mother flies to the nest, stretches in her neck, and as one of the ducklings jumps toward her, she seizes it gently between her bill, either by its soft, fuzzy neck or wing, and boldly flies off, notwithstanding its objection to this strange treatment. She deposits it safely on the ground, at the foot of the tree. Up she goes, without pausing, and another bird is fished out of the nest in the same way, and then another, until in a very few minutes the entire brood are running about on the ground, wagging their downy tails, and poking their little bills into every attractive spot. It is a proud moment for the parents. The male descends from his watch-tower, and the pair waddle away to the pond, followed by the entire family of ducklings, who are soon enjoying the delights of free, rollicking life on the water. The nest is from this time deserted until the ensuing year; the young brood being led at night to some deep thicket in the woods.

The ruffed-grouse — a well-known species — often start up at our feet and dash away with a loud whirring noise which is extremely startling to the novice. Their nest is formed upon the ground, of grass and small sticks, generally at the foot of a bush or tree, under cover; and a description of

the very appearance of the cliffs to dark or light. On these crags, at a dizzy height above the water, breed the guillemots, shapely birds with black back and head, and white breast; standing on the rocks, they appear like pigmy men decked out in white waistcoats. Their eggs are often placed on



WOODCOCK AND YOUNG.

the maneuvers adopted by the mother to protect her brood in time of danger would almost make a book.

Sometimes a grouse loses all her brood but one; and, on one such occasion, the mother's actions were much like those related of the chuck-will's-widow. At the appearance of the gunner, she threw herself at his feet as usual, and for a moment exercised all her arts and wiles; but the little one, not daring to leave her, rendered them useless. Seeing this, she hesitated a moment, then seizing the chick by its down-feathers, with her bill, and rising, she flew away with it. She disappeared in a thicket, leaving the gunner wondering at her ingenuity. The hunter who noted this was Wilson, the famous American ornithologist, and he says, "It would have been impossible for me to have killed this affectionate mother, who had exhibited such an example of presence of mind, reason, and sound judgment as must have convinced the most bigoted advocates of mere instinct."

In the far northern countries, innumerable birds find homes on high cliffs, utterly inaccessible from the sea; so numerous are they that, as their white or black feathers are turned seaward, they change

the very appearance of the cliffs to dark or light. On these crags, at a dizzy height above the water, breed the guillemots, shapely birds with black back and head, and white breast; standing on the rocks, they appear like pigmy men decked out in white waistcoats. Their eggs are often placed on the rocks,—there being little semblance of a nest,—and when the young bird appears it is confronted with a leap far more to be dreaded than that already described as being before the young ducks; but in this case also the old bird sometimes comes to the rescue and bears it safely down to the welcome water. This, however, is not done with the bill, the young guillemots being probably too heavy for such transportation; so the mother crouches down upon the rock, and by threatening or coaxing, persuades the young bird to mount upon her back, between her wings, and boldly launches off, dropping gently down, perhaps several hundred feet, upon the water.

In the year 1867, six pairs of English skylarks were brought to this country, and released on the meadows in Central Park,

and since then the descendants have become very numerous. Hardly an English poet but has praised the song of the skylark. It is a glorious melody, and perhaps it would be difficult to find a bird better known or more widely appreciated; yet but few are aware of the intelligence it sometimes displays when rearing its young.

The nest is generally placed in the high grass of meadows; and a naturalist, in wandering through a field one spring, came by chance upon an entire family. Anxious to observe their movements, he withdrew a few paces, and there witnessed a curious proceeding. The old birds seemed greatly agitated, and were making a loud noise, and darting about as if undecided what to do. Finally, the mother popped into the nest, seized one of the birds, and lifting it upon her back, rose, and flew away. Her mate almost immediately attempted the same feat; but whether because he was unused to the operation or not, the little bird would slip off. He succeeded with much difficulty in balancing his load, and flew after his mate. In a few moments both returned and repeated their former action, until they had removed every bird from the discovered nest.

The same observer on another occasion saw a skylark, when startled from its nest, seize an egg in its claws and dart away. Possibly it had had some experience with nest-robbers, and was determined to foil them this time at least. An examination of the lark's foot, with its enormously long toe and fourth nail, will make it clear how this feat was easily performed.

Not long ago a professor in one of the Western colleges observed an interesting exhibition of motherly affection in the woodcock. He was out walking when the bird started up almost at his feet and flew away over the bush. Pointing his gun, he was about to fire, when he observed that she held something between her claws. Curious to see what it was, he laid down his gun and followed in headlong pursuit through the bushes. As her flight was somewhat labored, he came near enough to distinguish a downy little woodcock,—a mere bunch of fuzz with a long beak and bead-like eyes,—resting between the mother's claws; but then, with her precious load, the cunning mother suddenly darted into cover and disappeared.

Several other observers have witnessed similar occurrences, in this country and in England; their testimony shows that these birds undoubtedly have



SKYLARK CARRYING AN EGG IN ITS CLAWS.

able. Some of the cuckoos deposit their eggs in the nests of other birds, among the eggs already there, thus shirking maternal cares; but they are tolerably sure that their offspring although thus abandoned will be well lodged, as no sooner are the young cuckoos hatched than the little interlopers throw out the other eggs, or even the young birds, and thus obtain the food rightfully belonging to the dispossessed brood.



GUILLEMOT WITH THE YOUNG BIRD UPON ITS BACK.

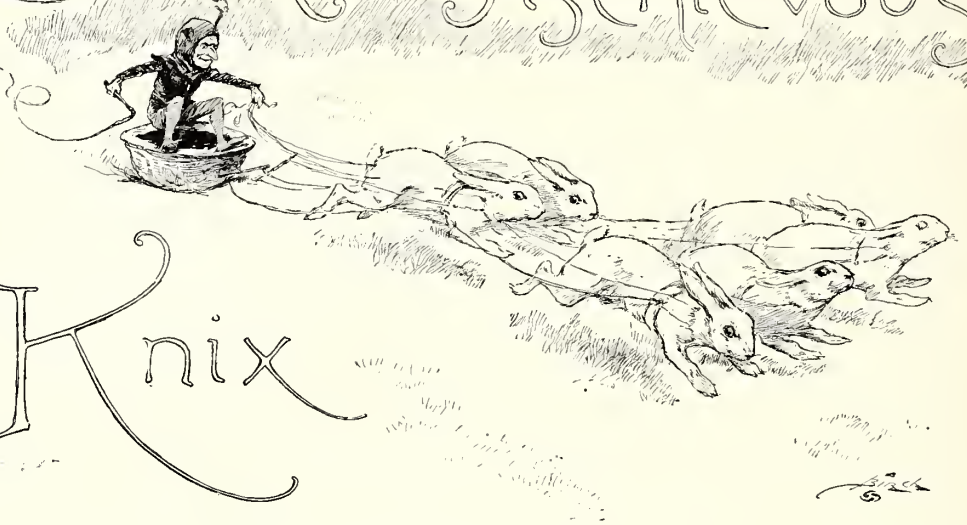
much more intelligence than is usually credited to them.

The remarkable devices of various bird-mothers for protecting their homes and young are innumer-

able. Some of the cuckoos deposit their eggs in the nests of other birds, among the eggs already there, thus shirking maternal cares; but they are tolerably sure that their offspring although thus abandoned will be well lodged, as no sooner are the young cuckoos hatched than the little interlopers throw out the other eggs, or even the young birds, and thus obtain the food rightfully belonging to the dispossessed brood. The great-crested-fly-catcher, and several others, adopt an exceedingly novel method to frighten away other birds or lizards that would prey upon their eggs. They wind into their nests one or more of the old skins which have been shed by snakes, so that these appear to be live snakes coiled about the nests. So confident are these birds in this protection that we believe a nest of the great-crested-fly-catcher has never been found without one of these sham snakes as a protection against marauders.

The Mischievous

Knix



BY LANGDON E. MITCHELL.

THERE was once a knix who lived in the grass and did nothing but harm.

He had come from the mountains a long time ago—so long that he had almost forgotten why he came; but he never forgot to wish himself back there. For in the mountains he had been the color of the gold sand that lies in shelves on the bottoms of the brooks; and very happy, too, for there he had a great deal to do; but now he lived in the hill-country, and was idle and morose, and no color at all, but like a little black Shadow.

One day, as he was in a very ill-humor, he scrambled up the bed of a stream that wound through the thick woods. As he went he swung his hammer in his hand, and with it he gave a blow to everything he saw.

“Good little stones!” he said, savagely; “I know you like to be cracked!—and you, little diamond brook!—I will shatter *you* to pieces!” When he hit the stones they answered with ringing voices, and some of them sparkled in anger; but the stream, where he struck it, only burst into a peal of silvery laughter, and dashed about him in a shower of spray.

This made the knix very angry.

“I will see where you come from,” he said.

Then he stumbled along over the roots of the trees, and cried to himself, “Yes! all the world

is ugly! The sky is dirt color, and the sun is a yellow mud-ball, and the grass looks to me like little, ugly, flimsy green worms, and the water here was made just to laugh at me; and everything is so arranged that it is the most difficult thing in the world to make mischief. I will stop *you*, though,” he thought, as he heard the brook murmuring peacefully to itself.

Then at length he found himself at the headwaters of the brook. Here there was a little green circle of grass, as perfect and round as a full moon, and in the center a spring bubbled up into a deep wooden box, which had been placed there to receive it; over the spring spread a great sycamore-tree.

Scattered about the green ring of grass grew many beautiful violets, and above the spring stood a stone spring-house, with two windows and a low roof; below the house were some boards thrown over a well with stone sides, and at the bottom of this well there was about an inch of water and a ram, or force-pump to force water up to a house.

“Oh!” thought the knix, “this is the place for me to live in; I can stop up the spring every morning!”

So, climbing upon the boards, he peeped into the well. It was all very dark, but at length he saw a queer-looking object at the bottom. This was the ram. It was made of iron and shaped

like an inverted pear. A little rod in the middle of it sprang up and down, and forced the water from the spring up through pipes to the house. But about this the knix knew nothing. He thought only that he had found the best place in the world for making mischief and that he would like to live there; so he moved in. But as he dared not live in the spring for fear of being seen, he climbed up the spring-house roof; the very next morning, however, he was awakened from a nap behind the chimney by hearing voices.

Some men had come from the house on the hill above,—the house to which the spring belonged. They went over to the shed that covered the ram, and, going inside, worked at it for some time with their tools.

There was an early drought, and they wished to have water without the daily trouble of sending so far. So they set the ram to work, and then cleaned out the spring, which the spiteful knix had filled with stones the night before.

"This is, indeed, exactly the place for me," said the knix, as the men departed. He arose, and taking his hammer, knocked a number of bricks from the chimney and threw them into the spring. Then he went to the well and climbed down into it, and there he found the queer little rod bobbing excitedly up and down in its iron pot, sending the water in four directions at once.

"Stop it!" said he, and gave it a blow with his hammer. Then, climbing out, he sat on the shed and laughed.

The next morning the men came again, and mended the ram as before.

"It is such an old thing," they said, "that we can hardly expect it to do more than go for a little while and then stop. But who could have thrown the bricks into the well?" They cleaned out the well and went away.

The knix spent that day in trying to keep the spring from flowing, and it was evening before he remembered to crack the little iron bobber with his hammer.

"Take that!" he said.

The third day the men came early, and stayed a long time. On account of the drought, there was no water in the well. When they went away the knix descended into the well as usual.

"Take that, Bobber!" said he. But this time the bobber's courage was gone; it snapped short off, and became silent. The knix felt his heart swell with happiness. He was so happy that he went to sleep in the sunshine on the green grass. From his sleep there he was awakened early in the day by the men who had come back from the house. They passed so near to him that they could have almost touched him. "Well," thought

he, "that 's the oddest thing in the world! They must be stone-blind—they have n't seen me at all." Then he became quite bold, and followed them down the well.

"Ah!" said they, "some rascal has been here, and broken the rod!"

"He, he!" laughed the knix; "that is you, Bobber!"

Stealing the monkey-wrench one of the men had laid on a stone, he climbed out.

"I thought I brought a monkey-wrench down here," cried the fellow from whom it was stolen. "I must be losing my wits!" he continued. "Anyhow, let 's give up this job,—the girl can come down in the morning and fetch water enough for drinking."

So they went away and the knix, who was very deft with his fingers, descended into the well again, and taught himself how to use the monkey-wrench. Then he unscrewed all the nuts and opened the



"HE GRIMACED AT A SQUIRREL WHO CHATTERED IN THE TREE ABOVE WHERE HE WAS PERCHED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ram. "What an ugly inside you have!" said he, when he could look into it. Then he scattered the things all about, cunningly hid the monkey-wrench, and after he had filled the mouth of the spring with stones he went to sleep again on the spring-house roof.

The next morning he was awakened by singing. At first, he thought it was the oriole who had his

hammock swung from the branches of the sycamore, but he soon saw it was a child with golden hair, who came down the path the cows had made. She carried a pail in each hand.

"Ah!" said the knix to himself; "she seems to be something I never have seen before."

When she was nearer, he saw that she had blue eyes and flaxen hair, and that her skin was so delicate that it seemed as though one could quite easily see what she was thinking about.

"If I were as beautiful as she," thought the knix, "I would sit down and think about it a long time before I did anything at all."

The little girl danced along the path singing to herself as she went; and the song she sang was all about how, when the spring came, the cold white snow melted away and sank into the ground, and you thought it was gone forever; and then how it suddenly came up again out of the ground, only this time in little white and blue flowers; and how the reason that April never had any flowers but white and blue ones, was because they were only the white snow and its blue shadows, come back once more.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said the knix from behind his chimney, as the little girl passed under the eaves of the spring-house. "She is as good as gold. Now what will she do?" The child went straight to the spring. But there was no spring left,—only a box full of stones and a piece of soggy ground around it.

"Ah,—what a pity!" said the child. "What shall I do? The spring is stopped up, and there is no one to help me! What bad thing did this?"

"Bad thing!" said the knix to himself, "why did you do it?"

Then he began to laugh, for he was wonderfully pleased to have done so much mischief.

The little girl next went to the well, and looked in; but it was too deep for her to draw water from, and the spring-house door was locked.

"If she goes in there," thought the knix, "I shall certainly shut the door and put the boards on top!"

But the little child did not go in; she only looked down hopelessly, and then came back and sat down on the green bank near the spring.

"What shall I do?" she cried; "what shall I do?—little tin pail, can you tell me what to do? There 's no use in having such a loud voice if you can't tell me what to do in affairs of importance!"

"Rocks and Ridges!" cried the knix. "Did one ever speak so to a tin pail before? Now, if she had but asked me,—I am such a good little knix!"—and here he grimaced at a squirrel who chattered in the tree above where he was perched.

Then he remarked: "It is quite curious though. Those mortals have eyes like flowers, but can see less than nothing,—they are all as blind as bats. I wonder why they never see us? At any rate," he continued, "I 'd like to see if her hair is made of straw or sunshine; or perhaps it is made of fine beaten gold."

So he climbed down from the tree, and came out close behind her.

"It is made of fine straw," he said. Then he put his arm slyly under one of the pails and began to trot off, but as he ran the pail swung to and fro on its handle; and when pails swing to and fro on their handles, they are very apt to cry out loudly,—and that was just what happened.



"AH! OH!" CRIED THE LITTLE GIRL, FOR SHE SAW THE KNIX RUNNING OFF WITH THE PAIL."

"Hi-hee! Hi-hee!" cried the pail as though in an agony of terror.

"Ah! Oh! Ah! Oh!" cried the little girl, for she was really surprised; then she looked around inquiringly and saw the knix running off with the pail.

"Oh!" she cried; then she recovered herself and said:

"Don't go any farther! I see you!"

The knix stood stock-still with astonishment.

"Bring it back!" said the child.

"Can she see me?" thought the knix.

"Come!" said she, "it is not at all nice of you to run away with it!"

"Well, I never!" said the knix, aloud; for he was thunderstruck at being seen for the first time.

"Never what?" said the little girl.

"Never was seen before!" he replied.

"Nonsense!" cried the child; "you are as big as my cat, and I won't have you run away with my pail; besides, I believe you have been doing all kinds of wicked things. Have n't you now?"

"I never was seen before," thought the knix to himself, "and it makes me feel very queer!"

"Come, come!" cried the child, "don't stand there like that! You look as glum as a puddle on a rainy day."

"Do I?" said the knix, very meekly, for he found it humiliating to be seen.

"Yes, you do!" said the little girl; "and what's more, you've been very naughty, and you'd better come right here and sit down and tell me all about it." The knix obeyed; but he came to her very cautiously, and at length put the pail down on its rim, about ten feet away, and sat down upon it. The child did not know exactly what to say. It was so hard to keep up a one-sided conversation with a knix she had never seen before, and who looked so desperately gloomy. So she began again: "Yes! you have been very naughty, and I don't believe you know your catechism!"

"What is it to be 'naughty'?" said the knix; "and who is my catechism?"

"It is naughty to do naughty things," said the child; "and—'what is your name?'"

"Knix."

"Very good," said the child,—"that begins with an N. 'Who gave you this name?'"

"I have forgotten," replied the knix. "It was so long ago!"

"Dear me!" said the child. "I never thought of that before! How old are you?"

"Seven thousand years!"

"Dear me! Perhaps there *were* no sponsors, then."

"No," said the knix, who began to feel more at home, "there was nothing but rocks." This did not seem very promising, so there was a pause in the conversation. The little girl looked at the knix, and the knix looked at the little girl. Presently he said:

"I feel very queer when you look at me. I never was looked at before. What is your name?"

"My name is Faith."

"What is your hair made of?" continued the knix.

"Made of?" cried the child.

"Yes," said the knix, a little irritably, "made of! Sunshine or straw?"

"Oh! Now I see," said she. "I suppose it must be made of—pretty thoughts!"

"If I had pretty thoughts," said the knix, very gloomily, "do you think I would have hair like straw?"

"Perhaps," said Faith, laughing. Presently she added, "Where did you come from?"



"INDEED, YOU'RE NOT AT ALL A GOOD KNIX," SAID FAITH."

"From the mountains," said the knix, and thought how much he wished himself back there again.

"What did you do there?" said Faith.

"Let loose the streams, toppled down the cliffs, and cut free the ice."

"What for?"

"To hear the noise and see the smoke!"

"Who told you to do it?"

"Oh, we all do that—that's what we are. The world could n't get on without us."

"Well, I don't think it 's very nice to topple over rocks on people."

"Oh, no! we don't. We topple them over on — on warm days!"

"Oh, I see!" said Faith. "And why are you not there now?"

"They drove me away," said the knix, "and I felt very sad and came here."

"And then?"

"Then I had no rocks to topple over, and no streams to loosen, and I was much discouraged; and all the streams laughed at me, and there was no ice, nor thunder, nor anything!"

"And then?" said Faith.

The knix looked very much embarrassed, and began to drum on the tin pail with his heels.

"Then you were just naughty and made mischief?" said Faith. "I know! I 've been like that, *myself*, ever so many times."

"Have you?" cried the knix, gleefully, and sprang up from the pail.

"Sit down again," said Faith. "Yes, I have. I was very naughty this very day, for I wanted so much to read about you; and Mamma said I must go to school, and I would n't, and ——"

"Dear me! dear me!" said the knix, breathless with excitement. "And — and ——"

"And Mamma said that only good little girls who believed what they were told — for she had told me that school was very important, far more important than knixes or anything else — saw knixes or anything, and that good knixes would hate me — and so I went, but I did n't like it any more; and indeed nurse said I was very 'contrarious.'"

"I 'm not a good knix!" said the knix, thoughtfully.

"Indeed, you 're not at all a good knix," said Faith.

Then she suddenly remembered that she had no water to take home.

"Why did you throw stones in the well?"

"It was such fun!" pleaded the knix, with a face full of merriment; "and I broke the little bobber, too!" He nodded his head knowingly.

"Oh, you wicked knix!" cried Faith.

"Ain't I?" said the knix, gleefully.

"How could you?" she continued. "You are *so* naughty!"

"I know," said the knix, a little less contentedly.

"And you are so unhappy, you make a little black spot wherever you go!"

"Ah!" said the knix sadly, "do you think if I thought pretty thoughts that I would have golden hair like yours?"

"You must be good, to think pretty thoughts," said Faith, "and you are still,—oh, so bad!"

"I never felt so bad before," said the knix; "I think it is because you are looking at me; and I don't, to this minute, see how you can see me."

"Then you are very blind, indeed," cried the child. "My name is Faith, and I see everything; and now, bad knix, you must be good; wont you? Just as good as gold!"

"As good as gold! — that 's just what I asked you," said the knix. "Yes, perhaps I 'll be good; but I don't know how yet, and I don't see why. And I shall never see the mountains again, and the beautiful snow, and the rocks and cliffs, and the streams that roar like thunder! — and, oh! I shall never be happy, and I don't know why I should, after all."

The knix looked very black whenever he thought of the mountains — it made him feel so hopelessly wicked.

"You must n't mind that, little knix," said the child cheerfully. "You must just be good."

"How shall I?" said the knix.

"Oh, just try," cried the child. "It 's ever so easy!"

"If I do," said the knix, "then perhaps I shall be happy, and have hair like gold?"

"Yes!" said the child, "and at any rate you have me!"

The knix was satisfied. He felt happier already than he had in a great while.

"It 's so comforting to be seen," he said, — and then, to the child, he continued disconsolately: "But is there much good to do in the world, little girl? I am afraid there is not. It is very hard after a while to find enough mischief to make."

"Oh, dear!" said Faith, "there 's no end of good. I have been doing good ever so long, much longer than you can think, and really there seems to be more to do every day! And now, little knix, please fetch me some water, for it is not at all good of me to have stayed so long when they needed me at the house."

The knix jumped up, and seizing the pail, climbed down the well; then he filled it with water and brought it back to Faith.

"And now, knixie," she said, "will you mind cleaning the spring out and mending the well? And when you have mended it you must make it go, so that we shall have water at the house. So good-bye, and I think, after a while, you will very probably get as good as gold."

"Good-bye," said the knix sadly, but he was very happy, and at once went to work, opening the mouth of the spring; — and replacing the bricks of the spring-house chimney. While he was doing this, the squirrel on the bough said: "Grrrrrr! — ha! ha!"

The knix made a grimace at him, but this time it was so kind a look that the squirrel dropped a nut, and said: "Well, what 's the world coming to!—even *you* are getting pretty."

"Ah!" thought the knix, "perhaps I am getting as good as gold."

Then he went to the well, and there was the broken ram. "You are certainly a broken bobber," said he, "and your inside is very much deranged, for it has no lid—and all your ribs are unfastened. I must put you together again."

The knix worked away all the afternoon and night, and at length he got it together, and set it going.

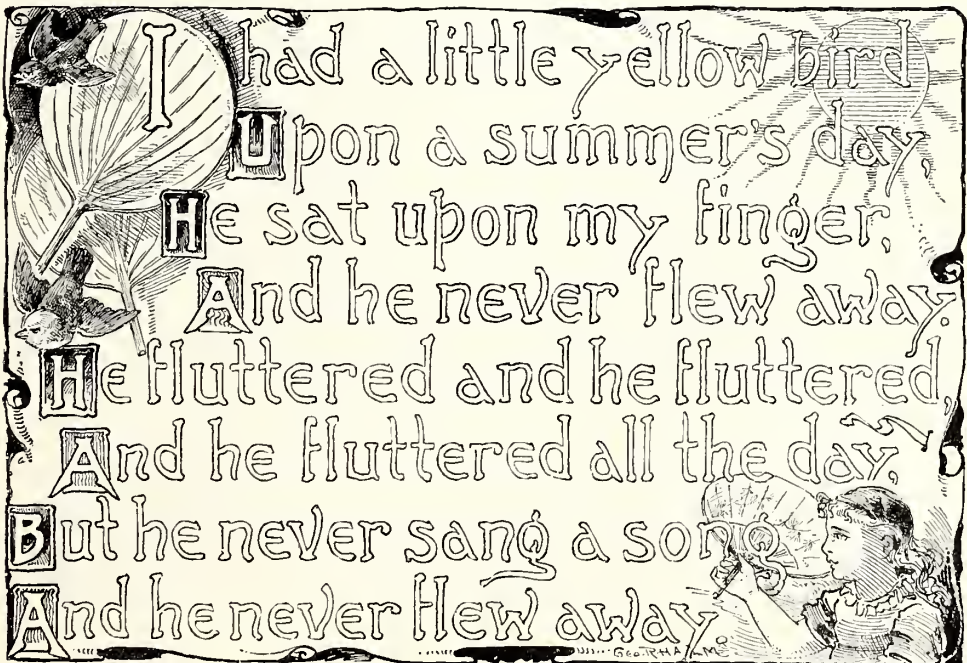
The next morning the men came again, and this time were much surprised. The ram was working, and there were no stones in the box.

"Well," said one, "she is a strange child! She said she had somebody to help her, and certainly she must have had, for there it is a-going; but it is old, and won't last long."

The knix chuckled to himself, and, when they were gone, climbed down the well, and spent the rest of the day in making a passage-way to the spring-box, so that he might live under it, and keep the ram in order.

And if you were to go there to-day, I do not doubt you'd find the same moon of green grass, and the sycamore-tree, and the spring-house with low caves; and on one side you'd see the well with the ram; and if you looked inside, there you'd see the bobber jumping excitedly up and down in the iron pot, and squirting water four ways at once. But then if you are quiet, and go over to where the spring runs into the wooden box, you will see three feet of cold clear water, with shining pebbles at the bottom, and below the bottom you will hear the strangest sound—"Klink, klink,—klink, klink!" as if a wiry little arm were wielding a pudgy hammer on an anvil—and that is the knix at work! He is forging a new bobber for the old one. Or perhaps it is his blows which are making the bobber jump so in the well; or perhaps he has taken to making garnets that the spring may have pretty red gleams in it, when it runs over the sandy shallows. But whichever he is doing, if you are lucky enough to catch a glimpse of him—and for that you may have to wait a long time—you will find that he has turned to a wonderful rusty gold color, like golden-rod in the autumn.

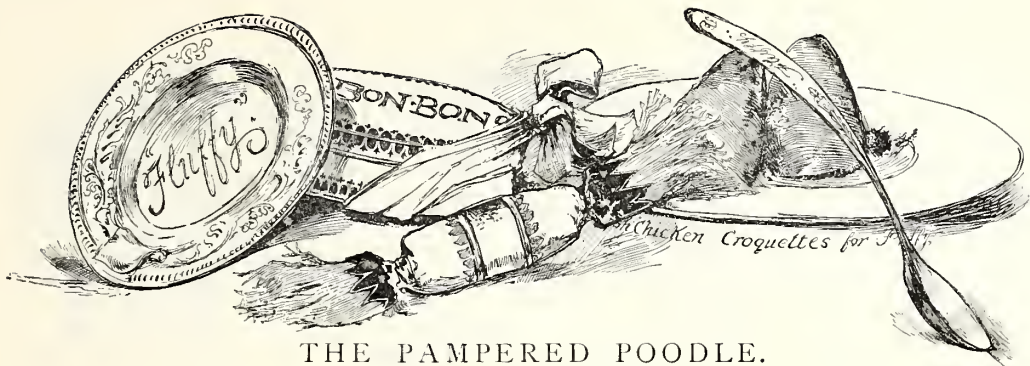
In fact he has become as good as gold!





A LIONESS OF SENEGAL.

AFTER THE ETCHING BY AUG. LANÇON. BY PERMISSION OF J. ROUAM, PARIS.



THE PAMPERED POODLE.

BY JOEL STACY.

THERE was once a little poodle, who so lost his self-respect,
That his honest tail refused to do his wagging.
“For in truth”—the tail explained—“I can not but object
To the petting he submits to, and the nagging.

“I scorn to wag for any dog who can not gnaw a bone
Without whining for a nurse to come and chop it,
And who sits all day, be-ribboned, like a puppet on a throne,
And I'll never wag again if he don't stop it.

“What with bibs, and bows, and baskets, and mummery forlorn,
And laziness, and nonsense, he's a noodle!
And, now you know my reasons, can you wonder that I scorn
To wag for so ridiculous a poodle!”



II.

Pit, pat, pat!
 Ne'er was a finer clear-starching than that?
 Kerchiefs and stomachers fit for a queen,
 Daintiest laces that ever were seen.
 Pit, pat, pit, pat,
 Pit, pat, pat!

III.

Spink, spank, spank!
 Roll them up tightly and let them lie dank.
 Snug! or the collars and cuffs will be limp;
 Smooth! or your furbelows never will crimp.
 Spink, spank, spink, spank,
 Spink, spank, spank!

TILTING.

BY A. DEF. L.

TILT away, my little men,
 Out on Grandpa's lawn again;
 Jack is up, and Fred is down,
 It makes one laugh, the other frown,—
 Like our changeful summer weather.

“ Well, never mind, just tilt it back,
 Up comes Fred, and down goes Jack!
 Up and down, this is the way
 The sport goes on, the livelong day,
 When two little boys would tilt together.”



WHAT TO DO WITH OLD CORKS AND OF CORK-WORK AND BARK-WORK IN GENERAL.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

AN old bottle-cork may seem to most people to be an utterly useless article. But there are few things which the ingenuity of man can not turn to some good use. Sea-weed for many ages has been believed by all mankind to be quite worthless, as we may judge by the name itself; but modern chemistry has discovered that it is very valuable. While as to corks, it is true that negro-minstrels, and, I might add, many small boys, use them for blackening their faces, and to make imitation mustaches. But there are many other ways of turning these articles to account, and that, too, at very little expense.

A cork, if cut into a cube or small brick, bears a close resemblance in miniature to many kinds of stone. When a number of these are combined they look like old speckled and indented masonry. They abound in brown, or brownish-gray, spots and little cavities. Therefore, if you take a number of such cork-bricks, and construct from them a model of a small house or any similar object, with care, it will present a very pretty appearance. They are easily fastened together, by passing wire or small rods through them, or by gluing them together. Good ordinary mucilage, or strong gum, will answer for this purpose.

It often will be desirable to give the cork some other shape, or to round the corners. This can generally be effected with a sharp penknife and sand-paper; but artists who make elaborate imitations of buildings in cork, use a new, keen file. With a very little practice one can work the cork into any shape. Sometimes it is scorched with a hot iron, to shape it, and to give it darker shades.

I have seen a model of the entire city of Paris, including a tolerably accurate representation of every house in it, made all of cork. Many museums in Europe contain models of celebrated cathedrals, made of this material. Such work would be beyond the skill or time at the command of any of my readers; but with bricks made from single corks, one may very easily construct many objects, beautiful to look at, and which will sell readily.

Small houses, or other imitations of architectural work, are much used by artists as models. If the reader can draw, he has but to make one to ascertain by experience that he can copy it, to his advantage, from many points of view. A house and a round or square tower can be combined in many ways. When these are neatly made of cork, photographs of them can hardly be distinguished from those of real buildings.

The foregoing paragraphs were written in the town of York, in England; and it happened, very oddly, that, after they were penned, I went out to walk and by chance found the first shop I can remember to have seen in which miniature buildings of cork were made and sold. There were beautiful and elaborate specimens of these, and also groups of human figures and animals. The young reader himself, to do all this well, has but to persevere. Any one can learn to design and to model in clay, and when this is achieved, no kind of art need be too perplexing or difficult.

In the Great Exhibition of 1862 there was a marvelous piece of handicraft executed by a poor man in the country, a model of one of the cathedrals cut in cork—"Cork Cathedral, most likely," says the writer from whom I take the story. Every detail was accurately reproduced. It excited a

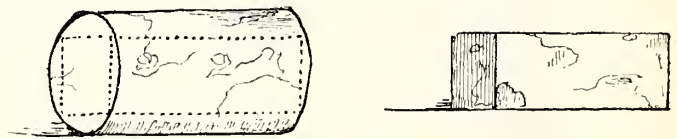


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW A MINIATURE BRICK MAY BE CUT FROM A CORK.

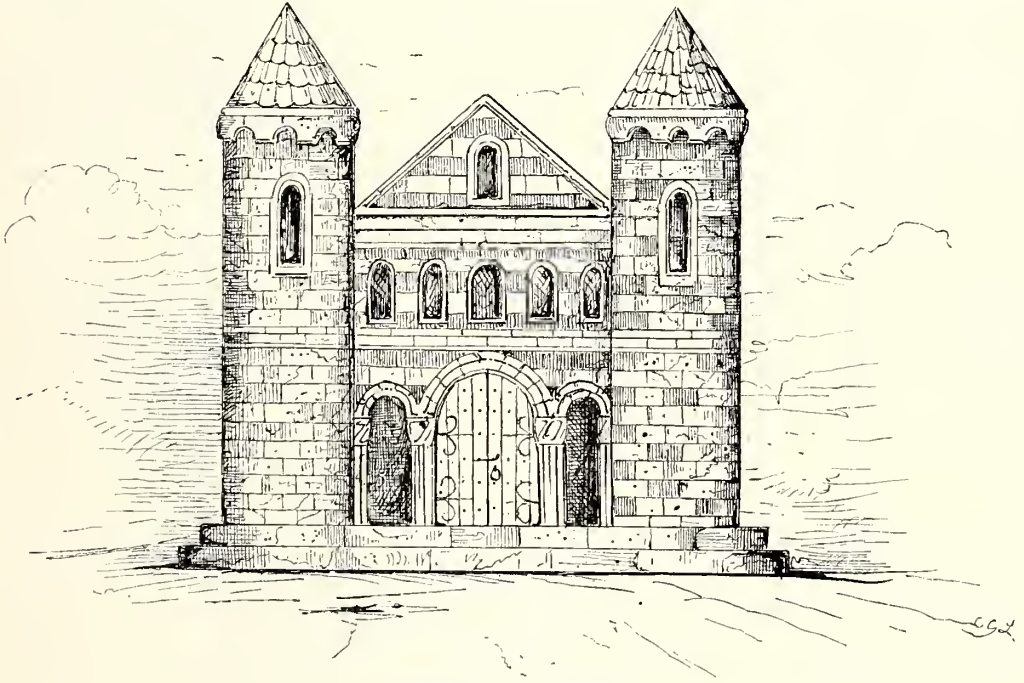
great deal of admiration, and some wealthy people collected eight hundred pounds—or four thousand dollars—and bought it. The artist was a very sensible man, and instead of "playing my lord" for a few days with his money, he built a row of cottages, and on them put the following inscription:

"Perseverance, cork, and glue
Built these cottages you view;
See what these three things can do,
1862."

One day in Brighton, Sussex, I met a poor man who also got his living from a cork cathedral. He had made it, and went round the country on foot, carrying it, and collecting small sums from those who looked at it.

The dust made by filing cork should be carefully kept. The finished cork model of a building may, here and there, as taste may dictate, be touched with a thin coat of gum, and the dust strewed upon it. This gives the surface a finely granulated appearance. More of the dust, mixed to a paste with the gum, both being well rubbed together or combined, serves to fill cracks or cavities. When this is done, some of the dry powder may be pressed on the surface to make an appearance uniform with the rest of the cork.

There is, however, a kind of ornament which may be added with very good effect. If, when a building is finished, we take a tooth-brush and charge it not too heavily with yellowish-brown or dark-brown paint and spray this in dots on the surface, it will give a mottled, lichen-like, or mossy appearance. Spraying is effected by holding the handle of the brush with the fingers and thumb of the left hand. Then by drawing the back of the blade of a penknife, or any small stick, along the bristles, the paint will spatter, or fly off in small dots. With a little practice, one will soon master the art. It may be remarked, incidentally, that this spraying or throwing color is well worth learning, since it is very effective for backgrounds in many kinds of designs, such as



A CORK MODEL OF A CATHEDRAL.

Columns are easily imitated by simply *broché*-ing, *i. e.*, stringing corks on a stick, as birds are skewered for cooking. To make the hole, bore with a thick iron wire, or small round iron rod heated till it will burn its way through. If a wire be used instead of a stick, the piercing is not necessary. An easy way to build a wall of cork-bricks is to stick a pin through each, as it is put in place; but rather long pins are advisable, or such as will go entirely through two of the bricks. It is not well, in buildings, to paint cork-work, or varnish it, or to change in any way the original character of the material.

those for wood-carving, metal-work, and stenciling. In spraying cork-work, other colors — yellow, reddish, rusty brown, gray, etc. — may be used, the object being to imitate the minute mosses, marks of decay, and other signs of age to be seen on old buildings.

Rough cork, in large pieces, is very cheap, and may be bought in all cities. It is much used to cover flower-boxes and ornament arbors. It is simply sawed or broken into pieces, which are nailed upon the wood. When there are holes or defects of any kind, they are easily concealed by gluing small pieces of bark over them, or by fill-

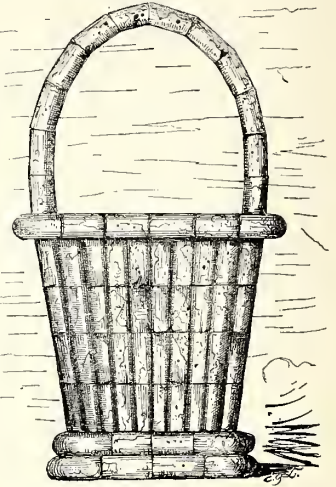
ing up with glue and cork-dust mixed. I have often made a curious and pretty object from a piece of rough cork, or the bark of a pine-tree, in



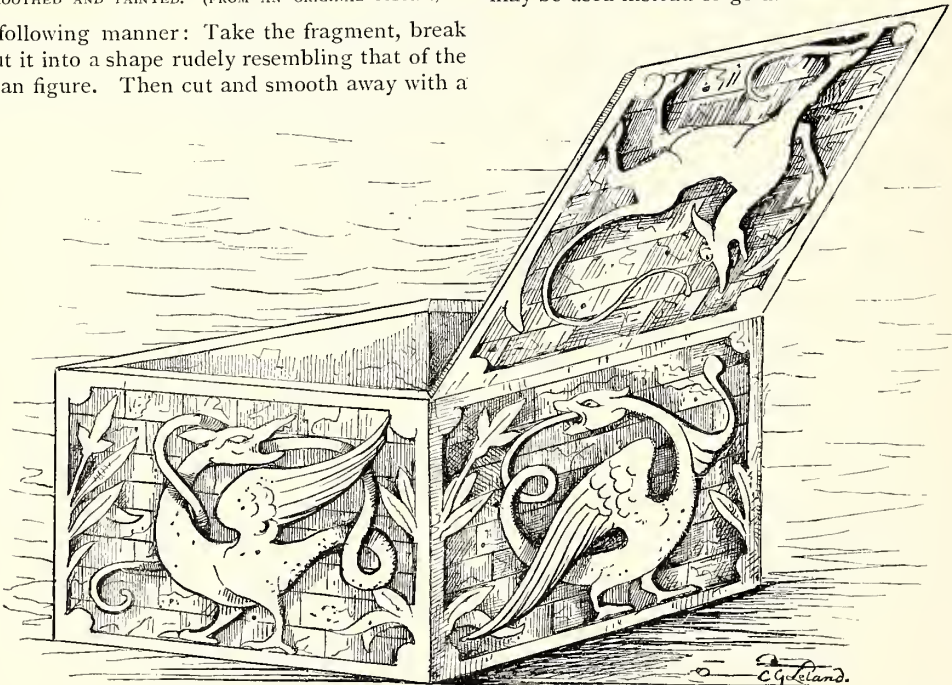
IMAGE MADE OF ROUGH CORK, OR PINE-BARK, THE FACES SMOOTHED AND PAINTED. (FROM AN ORIGINAL FIGURE.)

the following manner: Take the fragment, break or cut it into a shape rudely resembling that of the human figure. Then cut and smooth away with a

then varnish it. Next take a large brush with gold paint—or, if you have no gold, white paint or red may be substituted—and lightly go over the bark, so that only the more prominent points or ridges of the bark will take the gold, thus leaving all the hollows and cracks in their natural colors. The effect of this is sometimes very fine. In like manner, a picture-frame may be covered with the large square pieces of either cork or pine-bark, or, indeed, any covering of rough, crusty, and ragged wood or other substance, and the projections gilded. Bronze powder, or bronze paint, may be used instead of gold.



A BASKET MADE OF CORKS.



A BOX OF WOOD DECORATED WITH FIGURES CUT FROM CORK AND GLUED ON.

knife and sand-paper that portion which is to form the face. Rub over this a thin coating of putty, and let it dry. Paint the face with oil-colors, and

Of course an ingenious workman, by fastening pieces of cork together in the way which I have described, may make an endless variety of objects;

for example: vases, cups, baskets, and boxes. Such work would be greatly aided by using large pieces of cork bark. The red bark of the common pine, which may generally be obtained in pieces an inch thick, wherever pine logs are to be found, is perfectly adapted to such work, and I have used it for a great variety of small art-purposes.

Boys sometimes make an amusing toy of old corks by cutting them across so as to make round slices. A whole cork is carved into the likeness of a snake's head, and a sufficient number of the slices are bored through the center, and strung on an india-rubber cord or "elastic." Of course, as the object is to make a snake, the pieces diminish in size toward the neck and tail. Another small boy's toy is made by putting corks together, end to end, by means of a very small stick, so as to form an imitation candle, which is painted white. I need not say that when lighted it burns much more rapidly than is expected.

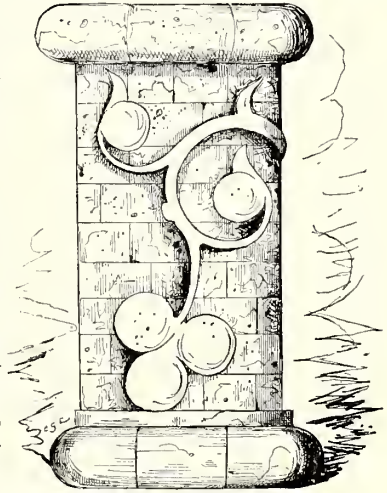
A rather singular application of a cork is to take it, wet the end, and rub it on the side of a glass bottle. This will produce a chirping or whistling sound, and with very little practice one may thus fairly imitate the singing of a bird.

A pretty cup or match-receiver may be made by ornamenting with cork the outside of a round tin can. Cut corks into slices, say an eighth of an inch in thickness. Using strong glue, cover the cup with these. The ornaments to be applied to this coating are to be carefully cut with a sharp penknife from somewhat thicker slices. Of course, they need not all be in one piece, since different parts of an ornament are very easily joined together. Thus, to make a trefoil, one need only cut a cork into thin slices and glue them together. Corks split or divided lengthwise are also useful for ornament. After attaching the ornaments, they can be rubbed into shape with a fine file and sandpaper. If one has only old corks, and these are broken or full of holes, it need make no difference. After shaping them, take the cork-

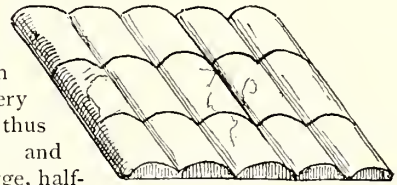
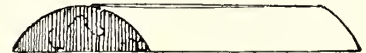
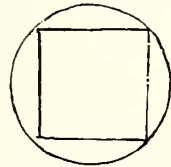
spheres are easily made from a cork, and these can be glued on boxes, tankards, etc., with good effect. As a rule, simple, easy shapes are just as beautiful in such ornaments as the more difficult, though beginners always commence with the latter.

I have shown that a cork may be cut into the shape of a brick. If the four pieces thus cut away, one from each side, are neatly removed, they may be made to serve as tiles for the roofs of miniature edifices.

There is yet another way in which the corks may be cut so as to be used for such work. Slice them in two,

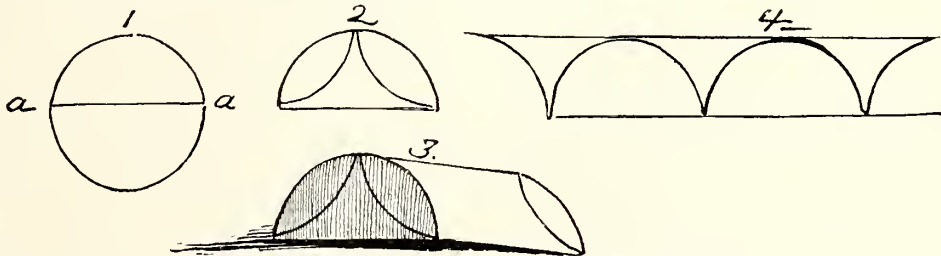


A MATCH-RECEIVER MADE OF A TIN CAN COVERED AND DECORATED WITH CORK



STRIPS OF CORK USED AS TILES.

lengthwise. Then take every other half thus obtained, and with a large, half-round file, make two grooves in it, in the manner indicated in the diagrams below.



dust made by the file, work it into a paste with glue or mucilage, and with this fill and smooth all cavities and breaks. Round knobs or half-

1, represents the cork as cut in two at *a, a*; 2, shows one half when it has been grooved with a round file; 3, the half, sidewise; 4, the pieces

joined with glue to the round halves, so as to make a slab, or flat surface. Instead of a file, a *very* sharp gouge may be used to cut the groove. This is most easily effected, not by pushing or shoving the gouge, but by giving it short turns to the right and left, and, so to speak, working it along.

Every fragment of cork, however small or irregular, may be used in making models (especially those representing ruins), for filling crevices, imitating broken stone, and giving a fragmentary, broken appearance to the whole. In this art, as in every other, the one who practices it should *try to invent* or to *think*, and not merely repeat what has been told or shown him. "Fancy-work" is the execution of a minor art without the exercise of thought. Thus, people make wax flowers, work in embroidery, paint on china, or model clay blossoms and stick them on vases, just as they see others do, without attempting to do better or differently. *Art* demands a display of skill influenced by thought. No true or real work of *art* can be made by machinery, and people who work like machines do not produce art-work. But if you, even in work so simple as making up old corks into small models of buildings, study the originals, and think out or invent some new way to give effects, you may create a work which will be more artistic than the "showiest" or most expensive object made without invention.

It should be borne in mind that by taking flat slabs of cork, great or small, and fastening layers of them, one to the other, any thickness whatever may be built up, and then anything may be cut or shaped. This may seem a very simple idea to many; yet it is mentioned in books on wood-carving, as a great invention of Grinling Gibbons, the celebrated artist, that he obtained a high, or additional, relief, not by cutting all his work out of one block, but by gluing on additional layers of boards as he needed surface.

A curious curtain, to be hung before a door so as to shade and screen the room, yet which permits air to pass, and through which one may walk by separating it, is made as follows: String corks lengthwise on a cord. If the cork be half an inch in diameter by one inch in length, and the door to be curtained be, let us say, three feet wide and six feet high, you will need sixty-four strings, each holding seventy-two corks. Take a round, narrow stick, place it across the top of the door, and hang the strings of corks from it. The corks may be colored. Simple black and red make the best contrasts with their natural brown hue. These curtains are also made of differently tinted pieces of straw, of seeds in great variety, or of sticks of lightwood. There are many plants, and even weeds, whose stems or shoots may be used for

this work. It is, however, most advisable to use corks, because it is hardly possible to break them, and because they make no noise. When window-curtains are thus made, the continual tap-tapping of the lower end against the sill is often annoying. To obviate this, the edge of the curtain should either swing clear of the sill or be made of a fringe of cloth or tassels.

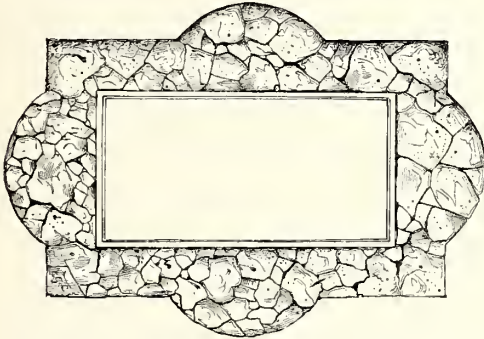
A festoon of corks, every other one dyed black in ink, with a pendent tassel, has been used for a frieze. The effect, though odd, is not ungraceful. And here I would give a reason why such ornamenting, though it be only with strings of old corks, or any such "rubbish," as many would call it, is in the highest degree sensible. It is very sensible in this world to try to find the beautiful or agreeable—that is, to discover some means of enjoyment—in everything. There are too many people who have the idea firmly fixed in their minds that by the fine arts is meant nothing but pictures and statues, and that no species of ornament is really legitimate or safe unless it has been regularly supplied by a regular manufacturer, and has cost money. That it shall have cost a great deal of money is, in the eyes of the really vulgar, its sure proof of merit.

Of late years, since everybody who wishes to be "cultured," or well educated, studies decorative art and learns that a house may be made beautiful without pictures, and even without much outlay of money, people are beginning to find real enjoyment in artistic ingenuity. There was nothing in old-fashioned upholstery to attract thought. But in every new decoration which causes the beholder to observe that a good effect has been produced at little expense, and without wearisome toil, there is an incentive to observe and think for one's self.

Since this article was begun, I have visited Rievaulx Abbey, or rather its ruin, in Yorkshire. There, in the porter's lodge, I saw a piece of cork-work done in a way which was new to me. A common picture-frame of any kind is made—a clever boy could make one by shaping a frame out of a thin board—and on this, bits of broken cork, of all sizes and shapes, are stuck with glue. Some were half an inch long, and some like grains of rice, and so on down to dust. The effect was very good. I was puzzled at first to know of what material it was made. With plenty of old corks, cork bark, or bark of any kind, this rough incrusting could be carried out on a large scale with good effect.

Curious toys may be made of cork. One of these is the well-known little tumbler, such as is generally constructed of pith; but cork, especially if it be hollowed, will answer the purpose. Make the puppet of three or four corks, shape and paint

it as skillfully as you can, and glue to the feet, or under them, a hemisphere of lead. When thrown into any position, the figure of course rights itself, and, like a cat, always falls on its feet. It is quite possible to make a cat, also of pith or cork, which will indeed always fall upon its feet.



A PICTURE-FRAME ORNAMENTED WITH BITS OF BROKEN CORK.

Another toy is a duck of cork, which is also ballasted with lead, and which can outride any storm. These are made by gluing square pieces of cork together, and then shaving the whole into shape with a sharp knife. These ducks would meet with a ready sale at the water-side in any place where summer visitors congregate. A duck or swan of cork, containing a piece of iron, can be placed on a sheet of paper, etc., and made to move by a magnet concealed beneath the paper.

A more difficult toy is the "walking man." A puppet is made from cork, the legs being movable at the hips, yet so constructed that the body does not fall backward or forward. The soles of the figure are shod or plated with iron. A horse-shoe magnet is then moved under a tambourine or other frame covered with paper or parchment, and as the soles follow the poles of the magnet, the figure, of course, may be made to walk over it.

While writing this article, I have seen in the museum of Whitley, England, a model of the Cathedral of York, made entirely from cork. It is truly a work of art, and a critical examination of it convinced me that there is probably no material whatever which is so easy to work, yet at the same time so much like old stone, in miniature, as that from which it is made. Yet there is nothing in the whole of it which any boy, who is a tolerably

clever whittler, could not have cut. Such a model would be a treasure to any architect.

It is worth while for people to know that there is an immense and profitable field, not only of fancy-work, but of decorative art, which any boy or girl of from nine or ten to fourteen or fifteen years of age can enter and in which either can succeed, as well as a grown person. Boys and girls can cut cork, as I have said, into artistic shapes; but they can do more. They can carve wood, model in clay, stamp sheet-leather for covering furniture, cut stencils for ornamenting walls, break stone into small pieces with a hammer, and set the pieces in mosaic pavement. They can work sheet-brass into beautiful and salable objects. During the last week that I passed in America, I paid to three boys, of fourteen years of age each, from ten to twelve dollars for brass-work, made to order, which they had executed at odd hours during a week or ten days. I have had perhaps a thousand pupils



CORK PUPPETS, WITH BASES OF LEAD.

in the decorative-art schools of which I was director, but I never had one among all those boys and girls who was incapable of mastering any of the minor arts, so soon as they knew how to design and draw at all. And what these children learned to do any child can learn.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY to you, my friends, from the very littlest to the almost very big. And now draw near; here comes a poet, one Henry Moore, with a rhyme for your pleasure:

REVERIES OF AN APPLE.

“MY cheeks are plump, my glowing skin
Is flecked with red and yellow dapple,
And lofty hopes arise within,—
I am a most ambitious apple.

“Shall I, puffed up and high of heart
With pride I feel but may not utter,
Rise glorious into regal tart,—
Or sink in shame to apple-butter?”

“Shall I in rare roast-goose’s train
As dainty sauce bid joy betide her,
Or by some churlish rustic swain
Be sucked up through a straw as cider?”

Alas! the pretty hopes were spoiled
Which used its reveries to sweeten,—
’T was in a vulgar dumpling boiled,
And in a dumpling it was eaten.

Well, well! No one likes to end one’s days in a dumpling. Of course not, though it must be rather an easy death, I should say. Yet, if I were an apple I’d rather have almost anything happen to me than to be placed upon the top of a boy’s head and shot at. They say you live in history after meeting a fate like that—but what of it?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FRUIT AND A VEGETABLE.

So many letters in reply to Anna Talcott’s question concerning the distinction between fruit

and vegetables have come to this pulpit, that I can not attempt to show them all to you. However, here are a few of the leading answers, and I thank the writers, one and all, in A. T.’s name; but whether they have settled the matter or not, I do not pretend to say: and the dear Little School-ma’am is off on her “Vacation.”

ANNA J. H., of Geneva, N. Y., thinks that the differences between a fruit and a vegetable are: A fruit contains more sugar and less starch than a vegetable, when ripe; therefore, vegetables and unripe fruits have to be cooked before eating. The fruit is the ripened seed-vessel of a plant, and the vegetable is the root.

ARTHUR J. SLOAN, of Groveton, Trinity County, Texas, says: I think that fruit is the edible covering of the seed formed from the flower, as pease, tomatoes, and corn. The fruit of the potato-plant is the little ball formed from the flower; but the vegetable part is the root which we eat. Custom has made us very careless in expressing the difference between fruit and vegetable.

JESSIE T., of Chicago, fears that her answer hardly will satisfy Miss Talcott, but she notes a few “differences.” She adds: For instance, you never find a vegetable on a tree, and never a fruit under the sod [Are peanuts vegetables, Jessie?], and you find both fruits and vegetables on bushes. I think, too, that vegetables are more useful than fruits, for if you were compelled to be without fruit, I think you still could live; but if compelled to be without vegetables, I think one could not live any very great length of time.

Fruit, she says, is generally very beautiful, while very few vegetables have any great beauty. After all, fruit differs in appearance, growth, flavor, and everything else.

NEXT, Winifred Johnson writes from Bay City: Fruit is that part of the plant which contains the seed, especially the juicy, pulpy products of certain plants, covering and including their seeds, as the apple, plum, pear, peach, berries, figs, melons, and others.

AND the latest letter comes from a little New York girl. You shall see it word for word:

DEAR JACK. I think my School teacher is quite as nice as the Little School Ma’am any way she is lovely.

I asked her about the fruit and vegetable question in the May number and she said that the difference is pricibly this,

The fruit contains the seed of the plant and takes its nourishment from the tree or vine, while the vegetable takes it from the ground. Some vegetables can be eaten raw such as the salad redish and tomatoe.

Dear Jack do you think this will suit Anna Talcott?
I hope the Little School Ma’am will not be offended.

I remain your admirer
ELSIE M. R.

MY robins tell me that cherries are fruit and trees are vegetables; and my sparrows had quite a squabble the other day as to under which head one should class bread-crumbs. But in point of fact, for real, straightforward, solid satisfaction, I’d rather put a question to you, children, than to my birds. When you are wrong, you are so very wrong, you know; but birds are always pluming themselves on their own experiences.

DEAR LITTLE RABBITS!

THIS is what the children of the red school-house call them, whether the shy, brave, frisky, motionless little creatures are white, or gray, or dusky as the night. Not so are they called to-day in Australia, in California, or in New Zealand. In these countries rabbits have become so numerous and, like all of their kind, are so destructive in their ways that they are truly a scourge. Everybody in Australia is interested in the hoped-for discovery of a method of overcoming the rabbit-pest. Trapping and shooting afford little relief; the great majority escape, and still their numbers

increase and increase, till the plague baffles all efforts to conquer it. During the past eight years, I am told, eleven millions of dollars have been spent, in New Zealand alone, in this war with the rabbits; and in some parts of California, men, dogs, and horses by hundreds are engaged in the rout; thousands of rabbits are killed, and still the trouble grows. The shy, innocent-looking tormentors peel fruit-trees, overrun and destroy the crops, and attack the vineyards without mercy.

TOO MANY CRICKETS.

AND right in the wake of these stories come accounts from Algeria of a plague of crickets! According to the Deacon's pet newspaper, their dead bodies may be found on the ground in some places to the depth of a foot, and railway trains have been stopped by them. The only way to stop approaching swarms of these insects is to dig a long and deep trench and erect on its farther side a fence of cloth. The advancing insects strike against the cloth, fall into the trench, and they are then covered with lime. The Algerian authorities have already spent seven hundred thousand francs, or about one hundred and forty thousand dollars, in destroying them; and they intend, if need be, to spend two hundred thousand dollars more.

Dear! dear! What with rabbits and crickets and poor little pugnacious sparrows (by many men denounced as a fell nuisance), there seems to be sore need of a new Pied Piper of some kind.

But if one *should* arise, my children, beware of him! These pied pipers are very dangerous folk, I am told.

THE STORMY-PETREL.

DEAR JACK: I want to show you what I saw about the stormy-petrel in "Wood's New Illustrated Natural History."

"It is mostly on the move in windy weather, because the marine creatures are flung to the surface by the chopping waves, and can be easily picked up as the bird pursues its course. . . . The name of petrel is given to the bird on account of its powers of walking on the water, as is related of St. Peter.

"This bird possesses a singular amount of oil, and has the power of throwing it from the mouth when terrified.

"The inhabitants of the Faroe Islands make a curious use of the bird when it is young and very fat, by simply drawing a wick through the body, and lighting it at the end which projects from the beak. . . . JULIAN.

My birds are quite excited over Julian's letter, and I feared at first they would not allow it to be read. They wish to know whether the young petrels that are thus made into lamps are gently put to death first—or not. Who can answer them?

A SERPENT IN THE ROCK.

DEAR JACK: I am eagerly expecting my August ST. NICHOLAS, because I've heard that it is going to have in it an article about the sea-serpent. Once I read in dear ST. NICK a letter from Professor Proctor about a sea-serpent (it is in my bound volumes now, on page 700 of Vol. IV), and I always read everything I see on such subjects. Now, I'll tell you chicks something queer that

I read in the *Portland Transcript* some weeks ago. It says that off the Lizard coast in Cornwall "a freak of nature has been re-discovered which may have something to do with the name of that part of the coast. In the lime-rock is a picture of a gigantic serpent, coil after coil reaching down to the sea, just above the surface of which the scaly head, and even the eyes, can be seen." Is n't that wonderful?

Tell your girls and boys, dear Jack, to look out for this tremendous serpent—as I shall, if ever an opportunity offers.

Your little Maine friend, AMY T. N.

MORE ABOUT HENRY OF BLOIS.

A KINDLY Londoner writes to you and your Jack, my children, about the hospital of "St. Cross," of which I told you last January.

"KNOWING that the city of Winchester, in Hampshire, sixty miles south-west of London, is full of time-honored customs," he says, "I took down a volume of John Timbs's 'Abbeys, Castles,' etc., and found the identical custom mentioned in 'Jack-in-the-Pulpit.' "Henry of Blois—Bishop—was King Stephen's brother, and founded the Hospital of St. Cross between the years 1132 and 1136 'for the subsistence of thirteen resident poor men, in every necessary of life, and for affording one ample meal in each day to one hundred other indigent outboarders, who were fed in the apartment still called "Hundred Men's Hall," as likewise for the support of a master, steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers.' There were other pensioners, to the number altogether of seventy persons, who were here entirely supported, besides nuns who tended the sick.

"The present institution consists only of a master, chaplain, steward, and thirteen resident poor brethren. 'Certain doles of bread are distributed to the neighboring poor at particular times, and a piece of bread and a horn of beer are given to every person who knocks at the porter's lodge and calls for relief.'

"There are many of these ancient charities still existing in England. But that I have already trespassed too far on your time, I could mention particularly those of Coventry and Warwick.

"Yours truly, E. C. TRAICE."

SEARCHING QUESTIONS.

Is an eel a water-snake? Is an oyster a fish? Is a crab a back-slider? And under what general term can you group the turtle, the seal, and the frog?

THE EGG AS A TOP.

J. S., of Sag Harbor, Long Island, requests me to ask you a question: "I should like to know," he says, "why a hard-boiled egg will spin around upright on the large end and a raw egg will not."

Who can answer the gentleman? The Deacon says it is quite a rest, after the old Columbus story, to hear of an egg set spinning at last.

Now, what *does* he mean by that?

A GOLDEN NEST.

DEAR JACK: Is n't this a very pretty true story? I read it in a paper called the *Swiss Cross*, and Mamma said I might tell it to you:

THE girls in the Philadelphia Mint, last spring, made a favorite of a sparrow that was permitted to pick up their lunch crumbs. A little boy stole its nest one day, and upon drawing his hand from the box it was found full of shining particles. An examination of the box showed it to be flecked not only with gold-dust, but that it was carpeted with sparkling, soft, yellow gold. The sparrow had been regularly carrying away gold-dust in its feathers, which it shook out when making its toilet.

THE SCENT OF DOGS.

BY THEO. B. WILLSON.



OUR sense of smell is hardly keen enough to enable us to understand how it is possible for the dog to do all he can do with his nose. We can not, for instance, distinguish by the smell a rabbit's foot from a piece of bark, which it seems most probably because the bark is the strongest-smelling substance with which the foot usually comes in contact.

But not so with the hound, or even with many common cur-dogs. Not only will they recognize the scent of the foot itself, but, hours after the rabbit has passed along, they can follow him unerringly by the scent of the spots where he touched his light feet to the ground. What proportion of the odor of the foot can there be left upon a spot where it has merely rested for an instant? And yet a dog with a good nose first will find an invisible track, and then will determine, by snuffing for a few yards back and forth, which way the animal passed. Then he will follow all the windings and doublings which the animal has made, either in searching for food, or, after he is "up," in escaping his pursuers.

If this be wonderful, what is to be said of a dog's never confusing the track of one rabbit with that of another? After a dog has once seen that a rabbit is dead, he will never notice its track again, but will set off upon some other track, which often is much fainter than that of the one just killed, though the two may cross each other and be intermingled in innumerable places. The bloodhound, which is the keenest-scented of all dogs, can follow his master or his victim, no matter how many others may tread in the same path.

We can hardly believe that these things are done solely through the sense of smell; but that is the best that science can make of it as yet.

There are many other facts which demonstrate

the power of the dog's scent. I once knew a hound which would never eat bread, and yet was quite fond of raised biscuit, the same thing in every respect, save that it contained a little shortening. One might take in one hand a piece of bread half the size of a pea, and in the other the same amount of biscuit, and the hound would smell of both, and never make a mistake in selecting the biscuit.

The power of scent of even the keener-nosed common dogs, such as the bull-dog, can be tested by fastening a bit of meat to a string and dragging it about the yard when the dog does not see you, hiding it at the end of the trail, and then afterward putting him on the search for it where you started. If he has a good nose, he will go over the same path you took and find the meat. Leave no string on the meat, however, as it might injure him to swallow the string.

All hounds save the greyhound run entirely by scent. When they come upon the faint scent of a track they will work along it until it grows fresher, and then begin to bay or "give tongue." There is always a correspondence between the baying and the trail. An experienced hunter can tell by the baying not only where the dog is, but, by the frequency and confidence of the sound, how fresh the trail is — that is, how close upon his game the dog is. All hunted animals have a way of doubling, or running in circles. Hence, if a hunter observes by the baying that his dog is going away from him, he waits patiently, sometimes for minutes, sometimes for hours, until the circle is made, and he hears the dog approaching. Then he is on the alert for a shot, for the game is probably not many rods in advance of the dog.

A hound is seldom lost. His nose is his compass. Whenever he pleases, he can take up his master's track and find him, or he can retrace his own steps homeward.

Dogs do not seem to enjoy those odors that please us. A dog will turn away disappointed and indifferent from the finest of perfumes. Except the scent of those things which he would like to eat, I have never found anything that seemed to delight a dog's sense of smell.

A SCHOOL LEGEND.

BY EDWARD R. SHAW.



THE teacher of our school was called from the room one morning by a man who drove up to the door.

"Study your lessons, scholars, while I 'm gone," he said. "I shall be back

in five or six minutes."

I was in the A, B, C class, and sat upon a low bench. My only work was to be called up three times a day to read to the teacher what were then called the *a*, *b*, *abs*. The page of my book was filled with words like these: *ab*, *eb*, *ib*, *ob*, and so on. Each one was to be spelled, and then pronounced. There were no pictures that I could look at and think about, and the school hours were very dull and very uninteresting to a little boy. Of course, I could not study as the larger pupils could, but I did my best to imitate them, and looked steadily on my book.

For the first two minutes after the teacher went out there was brisk study; then the pupils began to look around and to whisper. Some of the larger boys dared even to leave their seats. One of them slipped away from his desk, came around, and sat down on the low bench beside me.

Why a larger boy should take any interest in me, I did not then know. But I have since noticed that larger boys do take interest in smaller boys, and show them many bits of knowledge they would never otherwise learn, for their parents or grown-up men would never think to teach them such trifles.

Well, the larger boy who had seated himself beside me, took my book from me, and turned to some reading in the very first part of it, which I had never noticed.

"There 's something," he said, pointing to a long word printed in large capital letters, "that you 'll find in every book."

There it was, like this:

PREFACE.

Then, pointing to each letter, he read out of that word a very funny story. It ran, "P-eter R-ice E-ats F-ishes A-and C-atches E-cls."

And when he had read through the word in that way, he began at the other end, and read backward a still funnier story:

"Ecls Catch Alligators, Fish Eat Raw Potatoes."

He read it but once, and then slipped back to his desk, for the teacher was coming.

Then I read it over. I had not the least trouble to remember it. I do not know how many times I read it over that day; but a great many. Every time I was tired or wished recess would come, I would read over the story of Peter Rice. And I read it many a day afterward. It never lost its charm.

Whether that large boy really knew he was doing a kindness, or whether his coming to my seat grew out of the feeling of comradeship which a big boy has for a little boy, I never really knew. I half suspect, though, it was the latter. But one thing is clear to me. From that morning I began to learn to *read*. I could see that "P" was a part of the word Peter, and that "R" was a part of the word Rice, and I got an idea of their sounds, and was no longer misled by their names.

When I grew to be a large boy, I told the story to a small boy, just, of course, as it had been told to me. He, I have no doubt, told it to others, and they to many others, and in that way the story is going yet.

The story, though, did not start with the boy who told me, for he had been told by an older boy; and that boy, when small, by a boy who was older than he. So you see the story or legend of Peter Rice is a very old one, and runs away back to the time when little boys first had books in school.

When I grew to be a man, and visited widely separated places in many different States, I had some curiosity to know whether, in the schools of those places, the legend of Peter Rice was being handed down from older boys to younger ones. It was still being told, I found.

Thousands upon thousands then, you see, know it; yet this is the first time, so far as I know, that it has been told in print.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of St. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

KIOTO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We enjoy you very much. A friend, who takes you, lends you to us.

I am an American boy, born in New England, and am fifteen years old.

One thing that amuses us greatly is "English as she is spoke and writ" by the Japanese. They are very ambitious, and many shops in the city are decorated with sign-boards in "idiomatic English." The following is one over a hardware shop: THINGS OF METABS MANUFACTURE. Another over a book-store: ALL COUNTRIES BOOK-SELLING. And on a bakery: BAKING THE CAKES FOR HEALTH.

It is very lonely out here, but we see many strange and interesting sights, which I can not now stop to describe.

Yours truly, JOHN M. G.—

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Japan, so I thought I would write to you, and as this is the first letter I have written to you, I hope you will print it.

I am a little girl twelve years old and have never been out of Japan in my life, but I expect to go to America next year, and stay there four years, and then go to Germany for two years, to study music, which is my favorite study.

I like your magazine very much; we take several others, but I shall never like any so well as dear old St. NICHOLAS.

Believe me, your constant reader, EDITH H. H.—

DAMASCUS, SYRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been what seems to me a long while away from home, and most of the time in countries where its comforts and pleasures are greatly lacking; but aside from my friends, I think I miss St. NICHOLAS more than anything else, for it is not to be found in the mountains and deserts of Asia and Africa.

I am not yet twelve, but have taken it for over three years, and like it very much, especially its nice stories, such as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and the campaigning stories of the Civil War.

Now as I am deprived of its company for a time, I will do as old friends sometimes do in such cases—that is, write.

I came here to this far-away land with my papa, and have seen a great deal of the world for a little boy, I think.

My home is in Detroit, Mich., and we left there last November, first going through England, spending a month in France and Switzerland; then to Rome and Naples, where we saw the many beautiful works of art, and the ruins and antiquities of those countries, including Pompeii and Vesuvius.

From Italy we went to Egypt, visiting Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Snez Canal, etc.

The Pyramids are wonderful relics. Think of their being four thousand years old, and still well preserved!

They are almost five hundred feet high, and the largest ones cover twelve acres of ground each.

Just consider how large that is, and how it was possible to build them out of such immense stones as were used, and how they got these from the quarries, which are nine or ten miles away. And the great big Sphinx is there, seventy feet high, just as natural as its picture. From Egypt we came to Palestine, visiting Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, Dead Sea, river Jordan, Bethany, etc.

Jerusalem is a wonderful and interesting city. We visited there the tomb of Christ and the place where he suffered. The spot is covered now by an immense church, called the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where thousands of pilgrims go to worship every year.

In crossing the desert and mountains, I rode on horseback all the time; in fact, I had to, because there are no carriages nor carriage roads, and all the traveling is done on horses, donkeys, or camels.

In Damascus the streets are narrow (as in all Eastern cities) and very dirty, and are thronged with Turks and Mohanmedans.

The most interesting features of Damascus are its bazars and

mosques. In the bazars they have one long street devoted to one thing, and another to some different line of business, and it is very convenient for those who wish to buy.

Some of the stores are about as big as good-sized dry-goods boxes, and the merchant sits cross-legged in them, smoking, and is apparently indifferent to all the world around him; but, when a customer comes, he is very quick to show his goods, and generally asks twice as much as he expects to take.

Turkish and Oriental goods are the principal articles for sale, and most of them are very curious to us. Silk is manufactured in great quantities in the houses of the workmen, many of which we visited; also, silver and brass are worked by expert hands into rare and curious articles.

From Damascus we shall go back to France on our way home, and I expect to send this to Marseilles by a steamer that will leave in a day or two from Beyrout.

Good-bye, WILLIE C.—

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write to you to tell you that I think the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine that I have ever read; for I read a great many papers and magazines. I am greatly interested in ornithology, and have a large collection of birds' eggs. Mother says that if any of our hens want to set she will buy the eggs, and I may let them set, and that I may have the little chickens, if any hatch. I am very much interested in the story of "Drill." I can not say which story that has appeared I like best, for they are all good. My letter is getting too long to be printed, I am afraid, so I will close. Your true friend, WM. PAUL G.—

WASHINGTON, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from this county in your magazine, so I will send you one.

I am ten years old, and I have to ride two miles and a half to school on my pony, Fan. I found a wolf's den in our pasture last week, and I saw a big rattlesnake there, asleep.

I am reading "The Life of Frederick the Great"; but I like the "Scottish Chiefs" best of all our books. I read so much that I hurt my eyes, and had to stop for a while.

I like the St. NICHOLAS so well, and wish I could get one every week. Your friend, "a farmer's boy," LESLIE M.—

PATERSON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: During the intervals between the times of your appearances I can hardly wait for you. We think you are delightful. When you are delivered to us my brother and I always have a scramble for you, and the result is that Mother takes the magazine from us, and will not give it to us until the next Sunday. Hoping you may continue to bring happiness to many young people, I remain, MICH'L W. H.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "He [the dog] can tell by the scent which way the animal is going, and he is never known to run backward on a trail."—St. NICHOLAS for March, 1888.

When my father and uncles were young men their favorite deer-hound, a black-and-tan, was a fine hunter, but, like his human friends, he had his moods. When Old Tyler's humor suited, no one of the party could manifest more pleasure in the preparation for the chase, nor could any of his fleet-footed companions do more than follow where he led. But how different his behavior on mornings when he did not wish to hunt! In vain were the horses and guns brought out; in vain was the mount, the winding of the horn, the frolic of the younger dogs, and all the bustle incident to the occasion. Old Tyler surveyed it all as if it were to him a scene utterly devoid of either interest or meaning. He followed at the heels of the horses, ears, head, and tail, all down, the very personification of "dogged" sullenness. Woe betide any one hunting with Old Tyler

on such a day, who was unacquainted with his peculiarities; for if a "cold" trail was struck, he invariably *took the back track*. No amount of whistling, of coaxing, of riding or maneuvering sufficed to change him from his obstinate posture of traileering *away from* the game. No resource was of any avail save to dismount and, holding him by the back of the neck, lay on a severe whipping with the hunting-horn. Then release him, mount, and away! For Old Tyler, even on the days when hunting was his greatest joy, worked not nearly so hard, and brought to bay not nearly so much game as on those when, in his young master's expressive phrase, "his contrariness had to be thrashed out of him."

No matter how far he might have gone on the back track, the moment he was released from his chastisement he took the nearest course at full speed to the place where he first had struck the trail, and there went to work the other way as if his life depended on his success.

This story of Old Tyler's peculiarity has too often gratified my childish fondness for stories of the time "when Papa was a boy," and too deeply roused my childish sympathy for Old Tyler (who, I verily thought, ought to have been allowed to stay at home when he did not wish to hunt) for me to make a mistake as to his actually *trailing backward*. His singular action is thus explained by my father: It is the flock of the deer which leaves the scent on the grass. As the feet come down, it brushes that side of the leaves and grasses which is toward the direction the deer is taking. Hence in working up a cold trail the dog must continually pass around the clumps and tufts of grass to find the scent (faint from the lapse of time since the passing of the deer), which of course is more time-consuming, awkward, and troublesome to him than to trail backward, when his nose as he runs would come first in contact with that side of the herbage bearing the scent. So Old Tyler, by going away from the deer, was making his present work light, and if we may allow him the sagacity accorded by his young master, he well knew that in this direction lay no hard running for the future.

Your very truly, H. F.—

DRESDEN, SAXONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and have lived in Dresden three years; all that time I have attended a German school. Ever since I left America I have been intending to write you a letter, for you are an old and dear friend. Last Monday was the birthday of the King of Saxony and, as usual, there was a grand review of the troops before him, which took place on a very large platz, opposite to which we had a window, and could see everything beautifully. When it was one o'clock all the bands struck up "God save the King," and just then the royal party drove in. The king rode a very black horse, and the queen was with a princess in a beautiful state-carriage drawn by four horses, with postillions and outriders; there were many other carriages, and lots of officers in splendid uniforms, on horseback. There were thousands of soldiers who marched in small regiments, and then in large ones, and always in such perfect time that each line moved like one man. The large regiment of cavalry looked very handsome, for the horses were all the same color, brown, and the officers wore light-blue uniforms, all new for the occasion.

The bands on horseback were funny, for the drummer, needing both his hands to play with, had to guide his horse by reins attached to his feet.

The Crown Prince of Germany was expected to command one regiment, but owing to the serious illness of the emperor, of course he did not come. It was a pretty sight, and I wish all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls could have seen it.

Your friend, LEILA F.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how very, very much I enjoyed the two articles about dear little Josef Hofmann, that appeared in the May number of the magazine. I enjoyed them both so much that it is impossible to say which I liked best. He is such a wonderful little fellow, and seems so unspoiled by his great genius and by all the attention he has received, that I think no one can help caring for him who has seen him and heard him play. I had the great privilege of seeing him for a few minutes at his own house. He spoke French to me, and he has a perfect accent. I felt so ashamed of my French beside his. They say that his sister, who is twelve years old, can play beautifully, and paints very well indeed. She is, however, too timid to play in public. Josef is very fond of her, and missed her very much while over here. Her name is Wande. Does it not seem strange that Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Josef have all had sisters a little older than themselves for whom they cared very much?

I can not believe that Otto Hegner, the new musical prodigy, can play as well as little Josef, although they say he plays better. I have two of the little musician's autographs. He signs his name Józio. I could write a great deal more about him, but I am afraid of tiring you.

An admirer of Josef, LOUISA B.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was delighted when you replied to my note to you, saying that an article about Josef Hofmann, the won-

derful boy-musician, would appear in the May number of the magazine. My friends and I were still more pleased when the ST. NICHOLAS appeared at our respective houses, for we all admire Josef so much. I have a good many photographs of the little fellow, and among them is the one which was reproduced to accompany the article you published.

A very pretty story was told me of the complete absence of pride and vanity in his character. When he was coming over here in the steamer he kept running to play such airs as "Yankee Doodle" on the piano, until at last his father forbade his playing any more until they landed. One day he heard a gentleman playing a waltz of Chopin's, which Josef renders beautifully. He was attracted by the music and came and stood by the player. When the latter had finished, Josef said:

"That 's not right."

"Well," cried the gentleman, not knowing to whom he spoke, "I should like to hear you play it better." Josef received permission for "just this once," so he sat down, and the stranger could hardly believe his ears. He, of course, praised him a great deal, but the dear little fellow only said, quite simply:

"Yes, but I have a sister who plays much better than I do."

He could not help knowing his own great talent, but he was willing to acknowledge that some one else had more.

I wish you would print this, as I have a book in which I paste articles about the little pianist, and I would so like to add this to them.

Your friend, M. M.—

TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must write to tell you how I enjoy your nice magazine. I take several others, but would rather give them all up than lose ST. NICHOLAS. I like the story, "Drill," very much, and am interested in the skate-sailing, which I, much to my cost, tried on the bay. I had read a good deal about the sails, and at last constructed one on the triangular plan; and one day last winter a party of us went down to skate, and I carried my sail. The ice had heaps of snow drifted on it, which was troublesome, for when I was going at full speed I would bring up suddenly in a snow-drift, for I did not know how to manage the sail at my first trial. Unfortunately, this day was the one when a blizzard struck Toronto, and the thermometer was 15° below zero in the city; and you can imagine what it was on an unprotected bay. The result was that we all were frozen more or less badly, and had to stop often to rub some unlucky comrade's ears or face with snow. This happened on our return trip, which we made in the teeth of a fierce north wind. I felt the results of that freezing for a long time, and did not try another sail. I hope this will not be the fate of other beginners, but such was mine.

I belong to the "Young Men's Christian Association," and our "Outing Club" had a hare-and-hounds run on Saturday last, which we all enjoyed.

HERBERT M.—

AMERICUS, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old, and am very fond of reading ST. NICHOLAS; and have a little sister, six, and nearly seven; she is also fond of it, and can hardly wait to eat when Papa comes home and announces that he has ST. NICHOLAS. We hope to be able to take it as long as you publish it. I wish all my little friends would subscribe for it. I know they would like it, and be improved by it.

Your little friend, BESSIE W.—

LEXINGTON, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in "the dark and bloody ground," but I don't think it is as bad now as people think it is; anyhow, we have some of the prettiest scenery in old "Uncle Sam's" domain, in our mountains.

Last summer I went up on the Cumberland river, and you don't know how much fun I had; but this summer I am going out camping with Father. He says he can't get along without the mountains, so he goes up on the Cumberland every summer; but this is the first time he has taken me.

I must close now, as my letter is too long already.

Your devoted reader, J. H. MCC.—

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, six years old, and I think you are *splendid*, especially the "Brownies." My papa and mamma have taken you for my elder brother almost ever since you were first published.

I want to tell you about a dog and a turkey we used to have. We had a pointer-dog named Hector, and also a cat, and they played together hour after hour; and the cat, as she was dainty and nice, was allowed in the house, but the dog was so large and rough he could not come in. So the dog would chase the cat until she was in close quarters, when she would just run over the doorstep and sit down, about three feet away; and doggie would sit down on the other side and look at her wistfully, and whine and turn his head from side to side, but never think of disobeying orders and crossing

the doorstep. Sometimes he would pretend to run away, but would creep back and hide at one side of the door, and wait patiently until kittie came out, when he would jump out and catch her. Sometimes she would run up the door and sit on top of it, and he would try his best to shake her down by shaking the door with his forepaws; but kittie would hold on, and seemed to wink at him. They were great friends, slept together and ate together, and *never* quarreled. Poor Hector was shot by a farmer for chasing his chickens.—And now about the turkey. We had an old "turkey-gobbler" and a bantam hen; and the hen had a brood of chickens, and one of them fell in a slop-bucket and was eternally disgraced in the eyes of its mother, who would have nothing whatever to do with the poor little half-drowned chicken; and what did Mr. Turkey do but take the chicken and raise it. He scratched food for it, and picked seeds for it, and carried it on his back through the tall grass, and at night flew upon the fence to roost, with the little chicken on his back.

The little chicken thrived under such good treatment, and grew to be the *saucest*, *fattest* little one among the whole brood; and what seemed strangest of all, the turkey seemed to take delight in driving the hen and her brood away from their food, and giving it to his nursling. The turkey took care of the chicken until he himself was killed for a Christmas dinner. The chicken seemed to miss his protector, although he did not need him, as he was quite capable of taking care of himself. My mamma has written this for me to amuse me, as I have often wanted her to tell you about these smart creatures, and I am now sick.

Your loving friend, HOMER ALMON H—.

NORFOLK, VA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having heard this little incident of the Crown Prince's life through the Rev. Mr. R. M. Saunders, Principal of the Norfolk Female College, who is my teacher, and who was in Germany at the time, I send it to you thinking you might like it.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

Little princes and princesses are thought to be given up very much to the care of nurses, who have full control of them; but the way the present Crown Prince was sometimes managed is very different, as you will soon admit. Every day as the royal carriage passed through the street all the people saluted it, and the guard at the gate presented arms. Of these honors the little boy was very proud. One morning the nurse came to the empress and told her that the crown prince positively refused to let her wash and dress him. The emperor, being in the room, said "Let him wash and dress himself." The little boy was very proud to think he was to wash and dress himself, though he made very poor work of it. The emperor then sent an orderly to tell the guards at the gates not to salute or take any notice of the royal carriage as it passed in going to the park; he also ordered the marks of royalty to be taken from the carriage. When the royal children passed through the streets no salutes were made, and the carriage was not noticed at the gates. Coming back, there was the same neglect, and the crown prince was so enraged that when he reached home he wished his father to have all the people punished. But the emperor replied, "My son, do you suppose any one would recognize you as the son of the Emperor of Germany? Never, until you are properly washed and dressed, and your hair is combed." After that his nurse had no more trouble with him.

BLANCHE C—.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In one of your numbers I read the story of the "Piasau" bird, and it interested me very much, because Mamma and Papa were married in that very Alton, and have often told me the story of the bird.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since "Under the Lilacs" was begun in it, and I was quite a small girl then. I have read it all along ever since. I enjoyed it as a little girl, and I enjoy it as a big one. When Deacon Green gave prizes for illustrating those three poems (or was it four?), I drew a picture of "Christina Churning," but didn't get the prize. I had never taken any lessons. I hope to study at an Art School next year. Please print my letter.

Your devoted reader, E. M. D—.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy, fourteen years old. I have never seen a letter from Barrow in your "Letter-box," so I thought I would write to you. My favorite sports are cricket and foot-ball. I enjoy reading the letters very much, and we all thought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was splendid. I like the "Brownies" very much, and wish Mr. Palmer Cox would publish something more about them. For my summer holidays I am going to the Isle of

Man and the Windermere lakes. I am learning to play the violin, and like it very well.

I remain, your friend and reader, HARRY T—.

SHASTA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having never seen a letter from this place in northern California, I thought I would write to you. I do not take ST. NICHOLAS, but borrow it; but the school here took it for a year. I read your story of "Diamond-backs in Paradise," and was interested in it. We do not have diamond-backs here, but have the regular "rattlers"; they have been more numerous this year, and several have been killed already. One that had ten rattles and a button.

Shasta is twelve hundred feet above the sea, but the thermometer is sometimes 108° in the shade. It is three miles from the railroad at Middle Creek, but that does not help Shasta any; and the county-seat having been removed to Redding, poor old Shasta will soon be deserted. There are many mines in Shasta county, silver and gold, although there are more of gold. The Iron Mountain silver mine is the largest in the county. It is eight miles from here, located in a canyon. I have been up there once, but it was not fully developed, and I did not see the reduction works. They formerly shipped the ore to Colorado for reduction; but now the company have works of their own, and crush, roast, and reduce the ore, and cast it into bricks.

Hoping that I may take ST. NICHOLAS myself, I remain,
NEIL N—.

"TWO JAP. GIRLS," of Yokohama, Japan, send the names of thirty-eight novelists which they found in the "King's Move Puzzle," printed in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS. The list arrived too late to be acknowledged in an earlier number.

ARLINGTON, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second year we have taken ST. NICHOLAS, and we like you very much.

I do not know what my brother and I would do without you. The way we came to get you, was not to eat pie for a whole year, and Mamma gave you to us for a prize. We like "Sara Crewe" very much, and the story of "Juan and Juanita," also, and we were glad when they got home. My brother is seven and I am nine.

FLORENCE W—.

W—, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The picture and story in the June ST. NICHOLAS reminded me of a cat we had once. A hen had stolen her nest on the hay-mow, and but two or three chickens hatched. One of them got upon the floor in some way. We supposed that the cat took the chicken into her nest, where she had two kittens, for we found it there. It would run around the barn-floor, and when it was tired would go back and nestle in her fur. She kept it with her kittens from Monday until Friday, when it was killed. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for several years, and like it very much.

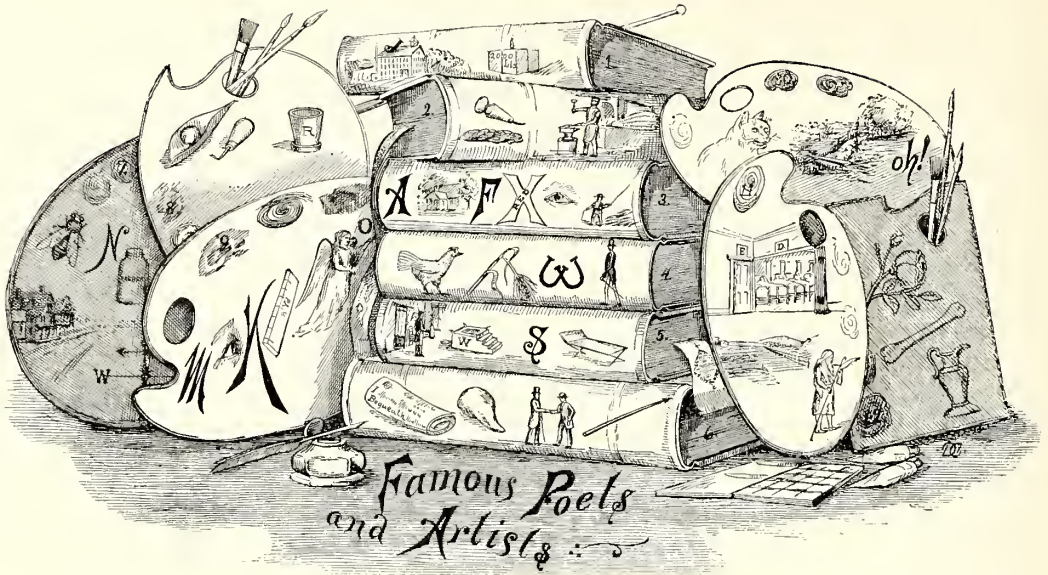
Yours truly, FRANCES A. P—.

OAKLAND, HANOVER COUNTY, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for three years. I am now staying at Oakland, the home of the "Two Little Confederates." The author is my cousin, and he is coming up to spend next Sunday with me. We see old "Balla," the carriage-driver, very often; he is over eighty years old.

Your affectionate reader, ROSA N—.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Florrie M. K., Mary E. Hinkle, Mary, Essie, May and Bessie, Katherine C. Porter, Helen S., Edward Crosby, "John Bull," Geoffrey B., "Mai Pontes," Mamie B., Florence M. Beach, Mary B. Jenkins, Ella Sadler, Edith A. D., Berenice Lauder, Louise Jackson, Grace G. S., Harold S. P., Kate E. Butters, Hattie D. Fellowes, Robert K. C., Roger M. Newbold, G. M. M., Lilian H., H. G. J., Helen E. B., Elsie B., S. L. K. and E. D. L., Clifford M. T., Julia Gillespie, Nina F. Jackson, Lilian Bartlett, Millie D., L. M. S., Henry F., May K., Anna A., Mabel Palmer, Florence May B., Maud O., Amy Humphrey, Chattie Miner, Edna Shipp, May S. Meserole, Martha M. Bassett, Cosie B. and Anna S., L. S. J., Charles Barrows, Cecil R. N., Lillian M. Marsh, Frances, "Zigzag," Edgar H., Lulu S. Grimm, and Edith L. Gould.



THE above rebus contains the names of six authors (one on each book) and six artists (one on each palette). Who are the twelve famous people?

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the third row of letters will spell a certain religious festival occurring in September; the seventh row will spell a certain dish very frequently partaken of in England on that day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to a substance which is not liked by moths. 2. The study of language. 3. To behead. 4. Recital. 5. One who fought in a Roman arena. 6. Determines beforehand. 7. The dark-colored resin obtained by the distillation of turpentine. 8. The commander of a squadron. 9. One who practices. 10. Those who animate.

CYRIL DEANE.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

BY starting at the right letter in one of the following words, and then taking every third letter, three familiar words may be formed:

TIPS, SHAKERS, HAUTOBY, NO, CLIMBER, IDE, SKATE, SHAM, ALERT, ARID, IMPS, BROKEN, CRAVEN, ADDER, MANOR, ERECT, ADO, ANNOUNCE.

CUBE.

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| . | . | . | . | . | . | . |
| 7 | . | . | . | . | . | 8 |

FROM 1 to 2, the youngest daughter of King Lear; from 2 to 4, tempered; from 1 to 3, a knight; from 3 to 4, bent downward or backward; from 5 to 6, drifted from shore; from 6 to 8, crowned; from 5 to 7, to feign; from 7 to 8, accomplished; from 1 to 5, coverings for the head; from 2 to 6, dry; from 4 to 8, exploit; from 3 to 7, hoar frost.

X. Y. Z.

HALF SQUARES.

I. 1. THE name of a distinguished English statesman who died on September 3, 1658. 2. To take. 3. The eighth tone in the

scale. 4. The number of five hundred. 5. To marry. 6. The latter part of the day. 7. A French article. 8. In tilting.

II. 1. A distinguished traveler and discoverer, who was born on September 14, 1769. 2. Not assisted. 3. Defaced. 4. A certain class of bipeds. 5. Lyric poems. 6. Conducted. 7. Two letters which may sometimes be added to the names of professional men of a certain class. 8. In tilting

FRANK SNELLING.

PI.

ETH krictec pirchs lal yda,
 "O steifer Semrum, yast!"
 Eht quilsyer seey skenaca eth stunchest bringown;
 Eth wldflow fyl faar
 Oveab eht yamfo rab,
 Dan tenhas thawrouds ree eth sikes rea grownfn.

ANTONYMS.

1. BEHEAD the opposite of to deny, and leave the opposite of to speak calmly. 2. Behead the opposite of to scatter, and leave the opposite of an enemy. 3. Behead the opposite of to honor, and leave the opposite of a summit. 4. Behead the opposite of always, and leave the opposite of at no time. 5. Behead the opposite of to hold aloft, and leave the opposite of to speak gently.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a very famous man.
 "PRINCESS."

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a person having peculiar ideas, and leave exuberant. 2. Behead reluctant, and leave a solemn affirmation. 3. Behead to consume slowly, and leave was conveyed. 4. Behead to boast, and leave a relation. 5. Behead lifted up, and leave slow. 6. Behead smallest, and leave toward the rising sun. 7. Behead use, and leave a thin cover. 8. Behead the present occasion, and leave formerly. 9. Behead a bill of exchange, and leave a float. 10. Behead rapidly, and leave a measure of distance. 11. Behead Roman dates, and leave belonging to an individual. 12. Behead to pierce, and leave a brook. 13. Behead to weave in ridges, and leave purpose. 14. Behead a thicket of bushes, and leave the brink. 15. Behead useful, and leave a piece of baked clay. 16. Behead turbid, and leave greasy. 17. Behead virtuous, and leave spoken. 18. Behead to shun, and leave unoccupied. 19. Behead an Indian fig, and leave a gem.

The beheaded letters spell three very familiar words.

A. B. HUNT.

ANAGRAMS.

(Articles of Apparel)

I. CORA votes. 2. Sanoo plant. 3. Rose rust. 4. It was a cot. 5. We mark nets. 6. Sole piano. 7. A gnarl.

"FOUR BEANS."



THE FIRST MINUET.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

OVER the field where the brown quails whistle,
Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle.
Is it the soul of a butterfly?

See! how they scatter and then assemble;
Filling the air while the blossoms fade,
Delicate atoms, that whirl and tremble
In the slanting sunlight that skirts the glade.

There goes the summer's inconstant lover,
Drifting and wandering, faint and far;
Only bewailed by the upland plover,
Watched by only the twilight star.

Come next August, when thistles blossom,
See how each is alive, with wings!
Butterflies seek their souls in its bosom,
Changed thenceforth to immortal things.



SEA-GULLS—FROM THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY LOUIE LYNDON.

DURING summer I seek in vain for the gulls which thronged the harbor in the colder days. A crowd of gay little land-birds sings in the scattered trees on the island; but the grave, silent gulls have slipped away while we welcomed the summer so gladly. But few remain, and those we rarely see.

Though they do not come near us, or sweep through the sky in clouds as in winter, still a little company gathers on the bar, when the tide is out, coming unnoticed and from no one knows where. In the inner harbor one always sees them among the docks, and hovering near the surface of the water quite fearlessly, in summer as well as in winter. From my perch on the cliff, farther out at sea, I can not find my winter friends in the fair warm days. When they are close around me, I love to watch them with a spy-glass, following their flight to see the pretty bent head that turns from side to side, to balance danger against the temptation to swoop down upon a bit of floating food.

The wind buffets them, but not to turn them from their course; they fly before the wind or against it in the same strong, deliberate way, bent ever upon some errand that calls for their most persistent effort.

Although they are such Quaker-birds, in soft dull coloring and sober ways, as one commonly sees them, it is true that they have a very real delight in giving themselves up to a frolic. But they are fond of being alone and quite motionless. I have seen a solitary gull stand on the top of a bar over which the tide was slowly rising, watching the little waves break over his toes, not moving to a higher and drier point till his feet were quite covered with water. I hoped the little fellow would wait till the tide lifted him, as it floats a stranded boat.

The shoals in the harbor are their common meeting-places, and they gather there in large companies, turning their dazzlingly white breasts to the sun as they stand. The contemplative mood follows a successful hunt, I think; for at other gatherings their energies are spent in digging clams, screaming and fighting, too, over their work. They know very well that the clam-shell will break if it be dropped from a height upon the rocks below, and as the clam is quite beyond their reach till the shell is broken, they rise and dart

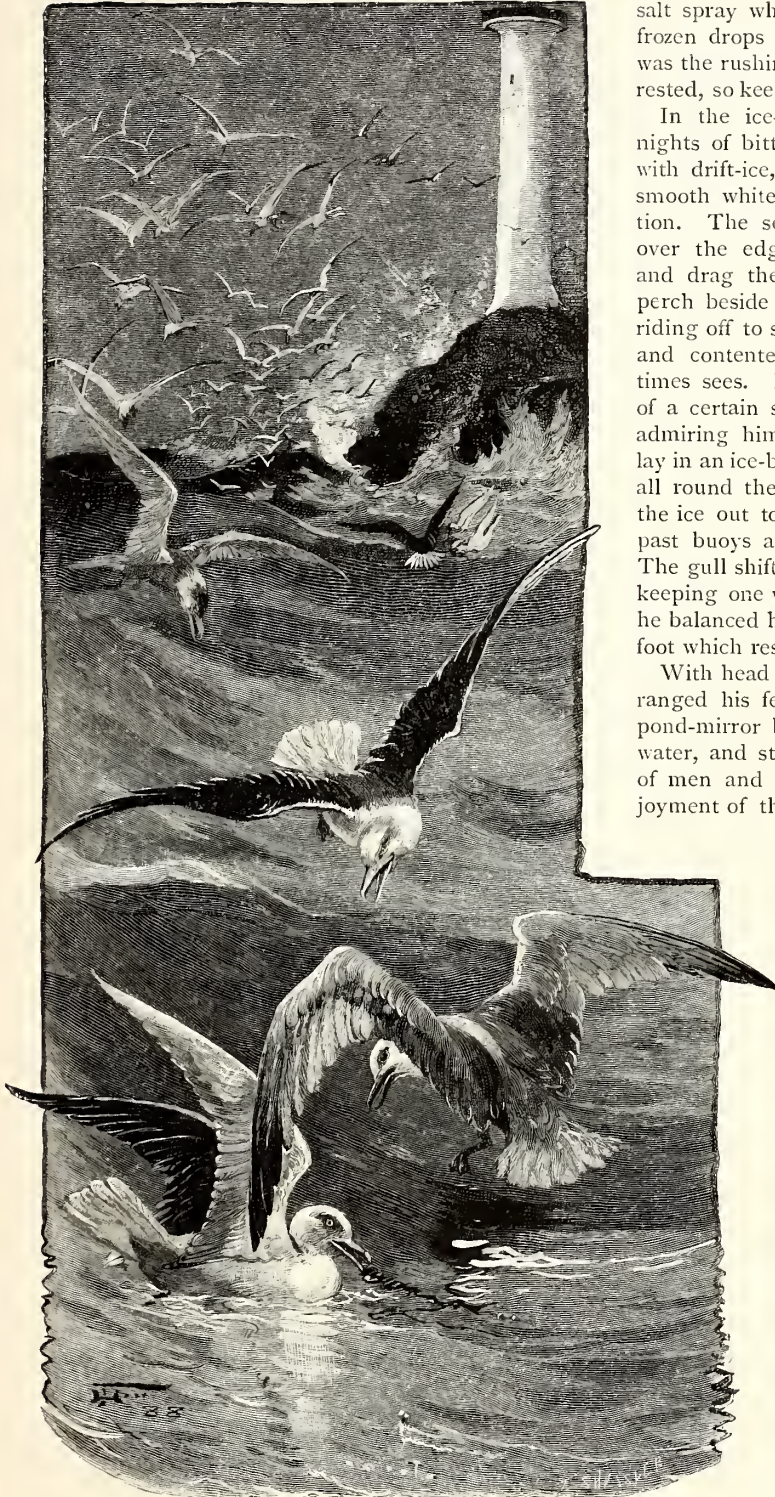
down, one after the other, clams and gulls together falling through the air.

A lazy and wily gull is sure to be among them, watching for an opportunity to seize the clam opened by his neighbor's efforts. Clam-digging is always done far from the mainland and larger islands—unless on hungry days, when they are less wary. The broad mud-flats at low tide, are their chosen fishery grounds, and very pure and dainty they look against the dark moss and mud. I often wonder how they know at what time it is ebb-tide, and how they let one another know, scattered as they are in the inner harbor and bay, that the rocks are bare. But surely as the hour comes, a snow-storm of gulls drifts down upon every shoal.

They chatter and scream in a noisy chorus. Indignation and complaint one hears, but little else. It is often a mournful sobbing, and never by any chance a merry or musical note that they sound. It is quite unusual for them to cry when on the wing, always eager about their living and anxious for their safety. So it seems as if at resting times they spoke of all their experiences at once, and as if complaint were the burden of all their speech.

In these quiet times, when the sun is shining and the wind still, it is easy to forget that the gulls are, of all other birds, "storm-swift," and happiest in the wildest gale that blows. There is a long bar, not far from my window, where the breakers roll in from the sea, tumbling and rushing with foam in a storm. At the end of the bar they dash against a breakwater with a force that sends a cloud of spray into the air. This is a favorite haunt of the gulls. Perhaps they come for the drift-stuff that the sea washes up; but, looking from my window, I can see nothing that they may get; only that the cloud of birds hovers over the surf, and one by one they sweep among the billows and are lost to view. After the mist falls, and while the air is clear before another billow breaks, the soft white gull, lost in the surf before, rests calmly on broad wings, quite unhurt, poising and swerving as the wind sweeps fiercely by.

Once, in a winter storm, I walked under the cliff to find out how strong was the wind they rode on so calmly, creeping close to the rock for fear the awful waves should drag me down in their backward swing. The stinging cold wind beat against me, and the



A FLOCK OF SEA-GULLS.

salt spray which fell around me tingled in frozen drops against my cold cheeks. This was the rushing storm-wind; in this the gulls rested, so keen-eyed and strong of wing.

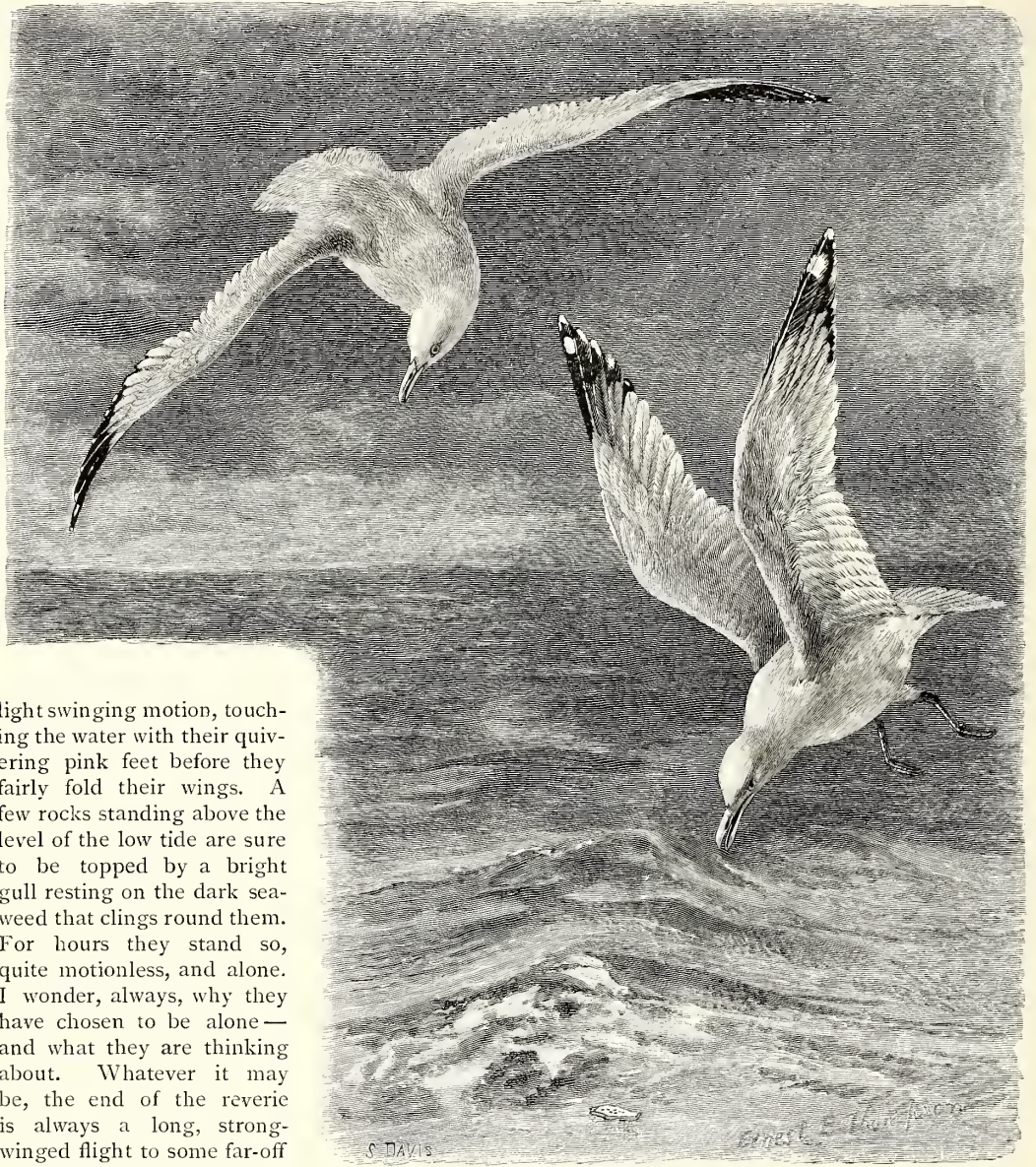
In the ice-time, when many days and nights of bitter cold have filled the harbor with drift-ice, the gulls walk about upon the smooth white surface with evident satisfaction. The seals lift brown heads to peer over the edge with wondering baby-faces, and drag their soft, shapeless bodies to a perch beside the gulls. A gull and a seal riding off to sea on a block of ice, in serene and contented companionship, one sometimes sees. I have a very pleasant memory of a certain stately, solemn gull I once saw admiring himself in a pond of water that lay in an ice-block. The water was very dark all round the ice, and the tide was carrying the ice out to sea, drifting its pretty freight past buoys and beacons and passing vessels. The gull shifted from one foot to another, keeping one warm under his plumage, while he balanced himself on the other little pink foot which rested on the bare ice.

With head bent this way and that, he arranged his feathers, looking into the little pond-mirror before him. He took a sip of water, and still another, having lost all fear of men and eagerness for food, in full enjoyment of this happy hour of gull-hood. A

steamer passed so close as almost to crush the little ice-craft in its wheels—but the gull did not flinch or look up. Though the raft tipped uneasily in the wake of the steamer, and the swell rolled over it, even then he did not put down his tucked-up foot. At last, in the climax of restfulness of soul and body, he nestled down on the ice, and rested his soft white breast on the cold slab without shivering.

They are so often quite alone in their rest or amusement that they have about them a dignity and reserve quite peculiar to themselves.

I have watched what might have been a little fairy-boat, rocking on the waves—but always fascinated to wait till it slowly spread broad white wings and rose out of the sea. They drop down to rest with a



SEA-GULLS SWOOPING FOR FOOD.

light swinging motion, touching the water with their quivering pink feet before they fairly fold their wings. A few rocks standing above the level of the low tide are sure to be topped by a bright gull resting on the dark seaweed that clings round them. For hours they stand so, quite motionless, and alone. I wonder, always, why they have chosen to be alone—and what they are thinking about. Whatever it may be, the end of the reverie is always a long, strong-winged flight to some far-off point to which it seems their fancy must have called them.

In the upper harbor, where they skim along the water, and drop low in their flight among noisy tow-boats and moving craft of all kinds, the gulls are peculiarly fearless and tame. Farther out, the same gulls are so fearful as to make the entire circuit of an island rather than cross it in flying. But there is a wharf they venture to approach, perhaps because, in their eagerness to seize food thrown from it, they forget how near they are coming. Old men at the almshouse drop bread-crusts into

the sea at high water, and the gulls gather to seize them as they go out on the tide. On a calm, fair day in April, I counted a hundred and more, venturing nearer and nearer shore till I could see quite plainly the markings on the wings. It was not so easy to get the bread as it had seemed to me it would be, for in swooping they sometimes miscalculated, and many turns and twistings in the air brought them to the surface just a little away from the sailing bread-crust. No gull rested on the water

till he had secured a piece of bread; so, while some rested, many still swept to and fro over the tantalizing prizes. Many pecks at one piece, while still on the wing, gave each only a mouthful of the water-soaked bread. Those at rest, as well as those on the wing, clamored noisily, and fought vigorously among themselves. The water and sky were deep blue and the air quite warm and still; and the bright gulls, poising and swooping, filled all the noonday picture of the sea. No vessels were in sight; only the noisy, busy gulls claimed one's attention, drifting with spread or folded wings out to sea with the tide.

I remember wishing once, many years ago, that I could have a gull in my hands. The old fisherman to whom I spoke brought two which, with much skill, he had taken on the wing. For the

moment I was eager and glad over my prizes. But when I lifted their soft white heads, and held them all blood-stained and drooping in my arms, I reproached myself for the careless wish that had caused their death. The dull, half-closed eyes reproached me, too. I have wished that I might hold one, alive, and frightened, and struggling, just to let it go again, as I catch and then make free the little cliff-sparrows that tumble in at my window.

The sailors say that gulls go out to sea to sleep on the waves; and I have watched them at day-break, lazily rising out of the path of a steamer, far out at sea, as if wakened from sleep. There are some rocky islands far out in the bay that may give them shelter. But the night hides them, and the morning brings them, so we may keep the pretty fancy that they sleep on the waves.

THE BOY BEARS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

ANYBODY would have thought Ben Parley's age to be about fourteen. His coarse tow trousers were rolled up to his knees and his bare feet were dangling in the water. He sat on an old log, a little out from shore, while two other boys, of about the same age but very differently dressed, did their part of the fishing from a nice dry spot on shore.

"I say, Andrew," exclaimed Ben, as he pulled up a very pretty speckled trout, "what do you and Sam think of this for a lake?"

"'T is n't so big as Quinnebunk." said the larger of the boys on shore. "Is it, Sam?"

"Well, no," said Sam; "there is n't so much water, but there's a great deal better fishing."

"It used to be different," remarked Ben. "The Quinnebunk Hotel has caused the change. Too many summer-folks from the city fish there nowadays. Did n't I tell you I'd show you better luck up here?"

"Well, ye-es, you did," replied Sam, a little sulkily. "What of that? You've done nearly all the catchin'."

"I ought not to be blamed for that. Both of you have had bites enough; and you've used up all your bait and half of mine. Why don't you jerk 'em,—so,—and pull 'em in?"

"I rather think I know how to catch fish," grum-

bled Sam. "'T is n't that. They seem somehow to get away while I'm landing 'em."

"That's bear-catcher's luck," chuckled Ben as he felt another tug at his line; but it was his turn to miss, and only a bare hook came out of the water.

"Bear-catcher's luck?" exclaimed Andrew. "What's that?"

"This kind of luck," said Ben, as he squirmed around on the log to bait his hook. His yellow hair was only a shade or two darker than his ragged straw-hat, and his merry brown face had as many freckles as the speckles on the finest trout that he had caught.

"What's a bear-catcher?" asked Sam.

"Bear-catcher? Don't you know what a bear is? Neither one of you fellers? I'm glad I'm not a city boy. I'd rather have been brought up here, in the mountains."

"Bears?" almost shouted Sam. "Not know bears? We know what bears are as well as you do. We've seen all sorts of bears in the menageries. Black ones and white ones. Grizzlies, too, and all sorts and sizes. We've seen more bears than ever you saw up here."

"Well, now, I think not. Why, these woods are the places where they catch 'em for you city people to look at——"

"How do they catch 'em?" asked Andrew suddenly.

"I thought you did n't know that. I know where there 's a bear-trap."

"A bear-trap?"

"A real bear-trap?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Where is it?"

"Show it to us!"

"Certainly. Haul in your line, Sam. Something 's on it——"

"Trout! Good one!" shouted Sam as he lifted his neglected rod; but the charm of the fishing had been broken, for he added, "Is it far from here to where that trap is?"

"Far? No. It's only a mile from here, along the mountain."

"A mile, Sam," said Andrew. "Do you feel like walking another mile and back, before we set out for the Quinnebunk Hotel?"

"I'd like to see a bear-trap. Maybe we'd find a bear in it."

"Not a bear," said Ben. "'Tis n't the right time of year. It's in the fall they catch 'em. Even then they're not easily caught. That's what 'bear-catcher's luck' means."

The three boys together had secured a good string of fish, but it would have been twice as large if Ben Parley's friends from the city had caught as many as he had.

That would have been a little too much to expect of them; for they had never in their lives, till then, spent a summer among the lakes and mountains, while Ben had been born and brought up in the very midst of all the trout-fishing and hunting. Perhaps, however, Andrew and Sam Butterworth could have shown him some things to puzzle him, if he had been as near their father's house in the city as they were to Ben's log-cabin home, on the shore of Quinnebunk Lake, just beyond the big new summer-hotel.

"No bears?" said Sam, disappointed. "Well, let's go and see the trap, anyhow. It won't do us any harm to walk a mile or two further."

"I don't care for just a mile," said Andrew, for the interest of it was growing upon him. He and his brother had quite a number of questions to ask while they were winding up their lines.

"Are there really many of 'em?" said Andrew, doubtfully, at last.

"Burnie! Burnie! Burnie!" shouted Ben at that moment, as loudly as he could. But he replied, "Bears? Oh, yes. This is a great country for bears, in the fall. That dog——"

"But in winter——" began Sam.

"Burnie! Burnie! Burnie! What's become of that dog? Burn—ie!—In winter? Oh, the bears

all go to sleep in hollow trees in winter.—I wish I knew about that dog——"

"All winter?" exclaimed Andrew unbelievably. "Come, now! What do they live on? Don't they eat?"

"Burnie! Burnie! Burnie!—Eat? No, nobody eats when asleep. They don't get hungry. They're as fat as pigs when they crawl into the hollow trees and they just stick their forepaws into their mouths and go to sleep.—Where 's that dog——"

"Go to sleep!" exclaimed Sam. "They can't sleep all winter?"

"Burnie! Burnie! There he comes!—Oh, yes, but they do, though. And they come out thin as fence-rails in the spring."

"Here 's your dog," said Andrew. "*He's* fat enough to go into a hollow tree, now."

"He's always fat. But he used to be a good bear-dog. You'll see him show interest when we get to the trap."

"Let's hurry," said Sam. "It's near noon now, and we're more than five miles from Quinnebunk."

"Yes, we are," said Ben; "but what of it? It's all the way down-hill and there'll be some supper when we get there."

"Supper!" groaned Andrew. "I'd like some *dinner!*"

"There's lunch in the basket," said Sam, "but let's keep it till we see the trap."

"And we'll cook some fish," said Ben. "We can make a fire."

"Can you cook?"

"Of course I can. I'd be ashamed of myself if I could n't. I'll show you. Come along. Come on, Burnie. Bears, Burnie!—bears!"

Ben's dog was large and fat; but for all his overfed and clumsy appearance, he had reached them at very fair speed. He was of no special breed, but had many characteristics of the Mastiff family. He now stood looking in the face of his young master, with an expression which seemed to say:

"Bears? Now, Ben, do you mean to say bears to an old dog like me, at this time of the year? Don't I know you came up here to catch fish?"

He was a dog of sound mind. He knew those three boys were unprepared for bears. There was not a gun among them. It was of no use to try to agitate *him* by any wild talk about game and hunting; but, when they set out, he was willing to trot along dignifiedly behind them. There was, at least, no danger that any wild animals known to those woods would try to run away with a dog of his size and weight.

Ben Parley's "mile," to where he was to show his friends the trap, was one of those long, full-grown miles that are to be found only in a

very rough country. Andrew Butterworth and his brother began to wonder if the show would be worth the hard work it was costing them. They were just about to say this, when Ben led them out from under the dense forest on the mountain-side, into a long, grassy, open space leading down to the shore of a very small lake. It was scarcely bigger than a pond; and Sam said so, at once.

"Ye-es," replied Ben; "it 's little, but it 's deep. Some folks say there is n't any bottom to it. They can't find any."

"There must be one, though, somewhere."

"Of course," added Andrew. "There must be *something* to hold the water up."

"Folks have sounded for it," said Ben.

"I don't care," said Sam with great energy. "It 's too small a lake to go all the way through."

"But you don't know where it goes to, nor what keeps the water up.— There 's the trap, anyhow."

"Where? Where?" exclaimed the other two, at the same instant.

"Up there, among the rocks."

"I can't see it," said Sam.

"Come along; I 'll show you. It 's a fine old trap.— Bears, Burnie! Bears!"

The long walk was all forgotten as they followed Ben across the slope. Even Burnie seemed to arouse himself to something like an interest in the proceedings, and he actually sniffed at several trees and bushes.

They had to pass quite near to the shore of the beautiful little sheet of water, but they hardly looked at it. Then, just as they began to climb a gentle slope, Ben pointed straight ahead and shouted:

"There 's the trap!"

There was a great mass of broken, tumble-down rocks above the slope, and right before them, in the face of the shattered ledge, was a sort of cleft, or opening. It was about ten feet wide at its mouth, and six feet high; and somebody had taken the trouble to roof it over with logs. It was a queer roof, and it jutted out at least six feet, straight from the rock, with a very heavy log at its outer edge.

"It 's a sort of house," said Andrew; "but I 'm sure nobody would live there who could help it."

"That 's so," said Sam. "Now, Ben, where 's your trap?"

"Why, there it is."

"I don't see any trap."

"Why, don't you know? That 's the bear-trap. All of that."

"Now, see here," said Andrew indignantly, "we 're city boys, but you can't make us believe *that*. Do you mean to say the bears go in there

in the fall and go to sleep, and that men can come and catch 'em before they wake up? We 're not so stupid as that."

"Bears have some sense, too," said Sam.

"I did n't say any such thing," exclaimed Ben. "I only said that was a trap. So it is. Bears have been caught in it, too. All the trouble about it, is the drop. It don't work well. Sometimes it gets stuck. It 's stuck now."

"What 's the 'drop'?"

"Don't you know? Why, that 's what catches 'em. Come around on top and I 'll show you."

Burnie had taken several good sniffs at the outside of that trap. He had whined, too, through sorrow at finding it empty, and he now sat down before the mouth of the cave, as if contented to remain outside for the present.

The boys clambered up the ledge till they could look down upon the log roof.

"There," said Ben, "do you see that long pole?"

What Ben called a pole was a long, stout hickory sapling, with the bark left on. It was strongly fastened, at its outer end, to the log at the edge of the jutting part of the roof. It lay, from the middle of that log, directly back across the middle of the roof. There did not seem to be any need of a ridge-pole to so flat a roof; but there it was, and Sam remarked:

"That 's to hold the logs down."

"Hold 'em down?" said Ben. "Why, that 's the spring-pole. The catch is hung to it, down inside. All that frame of logs beyond the edge of the rocks, works on hinges— wooden hinges. Don't you see them now? That 's what they call the 'fall.' When it falls, it shuts up that place in there as tight as a drum."

"Ye-es," said Andrew. "But who 's a-going to wait up here and watch for bears, till they come crawling in so he can let that down on 'em?"

"Nobody, of course. Come on down, now, and I 'll show you the catch."

Down they went, and in a moment they were inside.

"Now don't you see?" said Ben. "That stick hanging down through the roof is notched to the spring-pole. They just bait it at the lower end and leave it. Then a bear comes and gets hold of the bait, and it 's tied on tight, and he pulls. Bears are very strong. As soon as he pulls hard, he jerks the spring-pole loose, down comes the 'fall,' and then he 's caught."

"I see," said Andrew. "It 's only a great big rat-trap."

"That's all. Nobody stays around, or the bears would scent danger and be scared away. The men who are trapping don't come near it for days

and days; and then they only come in the morning, to see if the bait's all right or if anything's been caught."

It was all very clear, now they knew it was a "rat-trap" on a large scale, made of rocks and logs, and Sam suddenly remembered that he was hungry.

"All right," said Ben, the moment Sam mentioned this. "I'll start a fire and we'll do some eating."

"Ben," asked Andrew, "is n't that trap set now?"

"Yes. It's been set ever since last fall. It would n't go off very easily, though."

"I wish we had something to bait it with—we might catch a bear."

"If we waited till next fall, perhaps. Only I've heard it's so hard to set off the trap that the bears sometimes pull the bait from the hook and walk away with it. I'll make the fire in here, against the rock. Then we'll go down near the lake and clean some fish."

"We might catch some more," said Sam, but he forgot this purpose in the excitement of gathering dry wood and bark for the fire.

Ben had matches, and the side of the rock made a good fire-place. There was a bright blaze flashing up in a few minutes. It was easy work to clean a few fish, and it was capital fun to cook and eat them.

"Those Quinnebunk Hotel folks," said Sam, "won't mind if we don't bring 'em home. There are any number of boarders out a-fishing for 'em, all the time."

"They're real good, though," said Ben. "I say, look at old Burnie. You could n't get him to put his head in here."

"Why won't he?"

"He? He's the wisest old dog you ever saw."

"But he is n't a bear; and then the trap is n't baited."

Ben was putting more wood on the fire just at that moment, and Burnie opened his mouth with a long whine. Then he pawed the grass and looked very uneasy.

"He does n't like it," said Ben. "He's afraid we might bait it for him."

"We've no bait," said Sam; "but I can hit the catch."

He picked up a rather heavy piece of stone, as he spoke, and before Ben or Andrew knew what he was about, he had thrown it. It was a good straight throw, too, for a boy of Sam's size, and considering that the stone was so large. It struck the hook on the trigger of the catch, fair and square.

Only a stone, to be sure, but it was as good as a bear, for it sprung the trap.

Snap—crack—crash—bang!

The crackling overhead sounded, for a moment, as if the roof were falling. Then all that part of it which jutted beyond the rock and made the "fall" came swinging down against the open front with a loud slam, and the three boys were caught!

They were trapped, like so many bears—or rats—or mice.

"Well! Now you've done it!" exclaimed Ben.

Andrew gave a frightened scream when the fall came down, and Sam turned pale.

They all jumped up and stood looking at the catch for a moment; then they turned and made a rush for the fall.

Burnie was outside pawing at the bottom log and whining as if trying to get in. Ben could hardly help saying to him:

"Bears, Burnie!—bears!"

Burnie threw up his heavy old head and uttered a long, mournful howl, and then stood staring at his young companions and wagging his stumpy tail as if in pity for their misfortunes. He must have been studying the situation, too, for just as Ben repeated, "Bears, Burnie!" he gave a yelping bark and trotted briskly away toward the woods.

"He's gone to find somebody to help us out," said Andrew.

"He's scared, I think," said Sam. "Ben, what'll we do?"

"Let's eat our dinner first. Then we'll see. I'm hungry as a bear."

They could eat, but even while a fish was broiling, or while they were eating it, they continued to walk around their prison and study the predicament they were in.

"We won't get out of this in a hurry," said Ben.

"Let's keep some of our fish for supper."

"There's plenty of 'em," began Andrew bravely, but Sam was depressed because he was the cause of the mischief, and he almost whimpered.

"What would Father and Mother say, if they knew we were caught in a bear-trap? Can you open it, Ben?"

"No, nor can anybody else, from inside. The biggest bear in the mountains would have to wait here and keep house till somebody came to let him out."

"Yes, but we *must* get out!"

"That's the way bears always feel when they're caught. It spoils their appetites. Sometimes they won't even eat the bait after the fall comes down—unless they're left a good while in the trap."

Sam and Andrew felt that the same sort of feeling, or the broiled trout, had spoiled their own appetites. It was hard to take it so coolly as Ben did, but they tried their best to be cheerful.

All the machinery of that trap was studied again and again, until they knew only too well how heavy and strong it was.

"How can we ever get out?" said Andrew mournfully, at last.

"Oh, the folks will come for us."

"Nobody knows where we are."

"Burnie does. He'll show them."

"Do you suppose he's gone to tell?"

"I should n't wonder. Why, that dog knows more than most men. He's not a city dog. He was raised among the mountains."

Andrew and Sam had their doubts of Burnie's wisdom, and they made another effort to stir the fall. They could only shake it a little.

"Don't you see the latches at the sides?" asked Ben.

They looked, and at either side of the opening they saw a log on the ground with a deep notch in it. When the fall came down, its outer log fell just into those notches so as to be wedged against the rock by them. It was very rude work, but, as Ben said:

"No bear ever could shove it open. They're cunning old fellows, too. If the floor was n't rock, it would have to be of logs, just like the roof."

"What for?" asked Sam.

"If it was n't, the bears would dig their way out. *We* would, too. I wish those cracks between the roof logs were just a few inches wider."

"All they're good for now is to let out smoke," said Andrew. "Oh, dear!"

"Oh, dear!" echoed Sam.

Ben Parley tried to put a bold face on it. He knew a good many stories about bears, and he told several of them, one after another; but it was not of much use. All three of them were beginning to understand sympathetically how a bear feels when trapped.

"Ben!" exclaimed Sam at last, suddenly, "there's Burnie!"

There he was, indeed, down on the shore of the lake, lapping the water. He had been rambling, perhaps, and had become thirsty.

"Burnie! Burnie!" shouted Ben.

The old dog turned from the water and trotted slowly up to the front of the trap, but he only sniffed all along the lower log of the fall, lifted his head, and howled.

"That's of no use, Burnie," said Ben. "We'd all howl if that could do any good."

"I feel just like it," Sam said mournfully.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ben, suddenly springing to his feet.

"What's the matter? Do you see any one coming?" asked Andrew.

"No, I don't; but —"

"I wish you did. I'm getting thirsty. Why did you hurrah?"

"Because I can unlatch the trap!"

"Can you? How?"

"Why, we can burn off the latches. And then we can pry the logs open. Fire, boys,— fire!"

Burnie answered him, outside, with a great bark, and pranced up and down as if he expected something joyful to happen.

"We'll do it. Come on!"

Fire will burn wood, especially if the wood is very dry. The boys pushed out some blazing brands, first, and placed them against the log latches. They had gathered a great heap of dry stuff for their own fire, and it followed these brands, piece by piece, till Ben's new idea was "all in a blaze," at each end of the fall. There was fun in it, as well as hope, and Burnie barked a vigorous approval.

"Won't the men who own this trap be angry?" asked Sam.

"Perhaps they will," said Ben calmly. "It'll cost 'em some work to set it to rights again."

This seemed likely, for the fire was now rapidly burning the latches. Fire, however, is a queer sort of tool, and it can not be handled so safely as an ax or a saw. Other tools stop working when a man lets go of them; but a fire is apt to continue upon its own account as long as it finds anything at hand.

So it was with that fire. The log latches burned away nicely, and the boys thought that was the right place to stop; but the fire went to work on the logs and framework of the fall.

"I say, boys," exclaimed Ben, "if it spreads all over them and gets to the roof, this cave will be an oven."

"We'll be roasted alive!" groaned Sam.

"Oh, dear!" said Andrew, "it's getting warmer every minute!"

The fire was climbing, climbing, and Burnie's bark, heard through the flames, was turning into something like a whine.

The smoke went up nearly straight, for there was no wind to blow it in upon them, but what Ben Parley called "the weather in the trap" very soon grew uncomfortable.

Hotter and hotter; but at last the heavy lower log of the fall was suddenly loosened and rolled a little.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ben. "The pins are burned through!"

"Pins?" said Sam. "Was that thing fastened with pins?"

"Wooden pins— See?— held the logs to the the frame. More logs will tumble soon. Then we can crawl out."

"Crawl out? How?"

"In the middle. The fire 's at the ends. We 'll have room enough. Only, it 'll be a hot creep."

"See old Burnie dance around," said Sam.

"He does n't mean to get himself singed."

"Trust him for that. I wish he was a man with an ax."

"This oven 's getting warmer," said Andrew.

"The smoke is terrible."

Sam, who came last, barely got through in time to escape the fall of another burning log.

Oh, how good it seemed to draw a long breath of fresh air, and then to take a draught of cool, fresh water from the lake!

"We're not roasted this time," said Ben.

"That oven 'll be hot enough to roast a bear, very soon," said Andrew. "See the roof blaze!"



"SAM BARELY GOT THROUGH IN TIME TO ESCAPE THE FALL OF ANOTHER BURNING LOG."

They were already crouching down at the back of the trap, to be as far as they could from the fire.

"Boys," shouted Ben, "See! See! The fire has reached the roof! We're in for it, now!"

Crash! — down came the second log of the fall, and a shower of sparks was followed by a smudge of smoke. Another log followed and rolled away a little. It looked as if there was to be one bonfire in the mouth of the trap and another over their heads.

"Now, boys," shouted Ben Parley, suddenly, "Get ready. There 's room to go through in the middle."

"Follow-ugh-my-ugh-leader," coughed Andrew very bravely, but Sam's mouth and eyes had too much smoke in them for any uncalled-for exertion.

"Hands-ugh-and-ugh-knees!" said Ben, as he scuttled across the rocky floor. Out they went, and

"No more bears will be caught in *that* trap," said Ben. "They're cunning, though. If they knew how we got out they'd all carry matches, so as to be ready."

Burnie now marched back and sat down in front of the fire, at a safe distance, as if the whole affair were a puzzle to be studied out and whined over.

"Boys," said his master, "that thing will burn all night. Let 's go home."

"They will find it pretty hard to believe us, though," remarked Sam,

"when we tell 'em we trapped ourselves for bears and then burned our way out."

The walk home seemed much shorter for having such an adventure to talk about; but when they came to the turn of the road near the Quinnebunk Hotel they felt that they had been through a great deal that day.

At that very moment, there was Ben's father, on the steps of the hotel piazza, talking with a very anxious-looking lady and with a gentleman who was trying hard not to seem anxious.

"No, ma'am," Mr. Parley said, "they won't get lost. My Ben was born in the mountains. He kin find his way anywhere."

"Mr. Butterworth and I were thinking somebody should go —"

“There, Parley,” exclaimed the gentleman, “there they are now, with that dog of yours——”
 “I’m so glad!” exclaimed his wife. “Where can they have been?”

“Oh, they’ve been roaming over the mountain,” began Ben’s father; but the boys had hurried a little, with all that story to tell, and were now near enough to cause Mr. Butterworth to exclaim:

“Sam! Andrew! Why are your faces so blackened?”

“And your clothes covered with ashes!” added their mother. “Oh, boys, where have you been?”

“Mother,” shouted Sam, “we’ve been playing bears!”

“We got trapped, too,” said Andrew. “And Ben Parley set fire to us and burned us out.”

“Ben,” said his father sternly, “what have you been up to?”

There were other people on the piazza, and several men who were in the road joined the little group that gathered so quickly to hear those three sooty boys tell their story.

Ben told it, with frequent interruptions from Sam and Andrew, and he told it very well, for Mr. Butterworth remarked:

“Maria, he came near burning them up; but he saved their lives!”

A tall, weather-beaten man at the bottom of the steps then slapped Mr. Parley on the shoulder and said:

“It’s all right, Parley. That trap belonged to me and my partner, but it’s all right. I’m glad the young boy-bears got away. It’s the first time I ever heerd of three young bears a-trappin’ themselves at our fall, and then burnin’ down the trap over their own heads. I won’t charge you a cent!”





"I WIS' ZEY 'D LET ME EAT DAT WAY!"

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

BY JESSIE C. GLASIER.

"GOOD-BYE, Eunicc," said Mrs. Primwell, in a business-like tone, stooping low to kiss her small seven-year-old daughter, as she drew on her neat cashmere gloves. "Be a good girl. Don't hinder Sarah at her work, or idle away the hours yourself. Remember 'Time lost can never be regained,' and 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'"

A lonely look crept into the child's face. "When will you come home, Mother?" she asked, raising her dark eyes to the clear-cut, practical face set in bands of reddish-brown hair beneath a plain black velvet bonnet.

"That I can not tell you," returned her mother, in her precisely modulated tones. "We go first to the special meeting of the Good Samaritan Society,

on Twenty-third street. I shall learn there where my duty lies for the afternoon. I am never sure what work is before me when I leave the house; and this week I am also on the Visiting and Relief Committee." Mrs. Primwell gave a sigh of virtuous and highly enjoyable martyrdom. "At our last meeting, there was some talk of our visiting the Home for Indigent Inventors to-day. In that case, I may not return before seven this evening. But I have told Sarah not to delay tea, and I have left work for you, my dear; there are six examples set down ready on your slate. See in how many cases you can obtain the correct result at the first working. Then you will find another pillow-case, ready basted, on the work-stand in my room. Try to take the over-and-over stitches a

trifle closer together than you did on the first one. When your lessons and sewing are done, you may amuse yourself with the illustrated paper your father brought you last night. That is all, I think. No!—I had very nearly forgotten my Quarterly Report. Run up quickly, Eunice, and bring me the small black note-book on my table.”

The little girl obeyed promptly. Then she said “Good-bye” again, rather wistfully, and stood at the window, her small face pressed close to the pane, watching her mother, who walked briskly down the street in the spring sunshine, hailed a car at the corner, and sailed jingling out of sight. Then Eunice turned away, the corners of her mouth drooping with patient resignation, and brought her slate and pencil.

Poor little Eunice hated arithmetic, and made such sad work of it that Mrs. Primwell, who had always had a “wonderful head for figures” herself, groaned in spirit over this sad deficiency in her only child. But, as Miss Lydia Hatcher, she had been a most thorough and efficient teacher for eleven years, before she finally resigned to become Mrs. Primwell and take charge of a docile class of one; and the habit of years was yet strong upon her. She untiringly explained and re-explained the points that puzzled Eunice’s little head; heard her repeat her multiplication-table regularly every morning, and said to herself that by the time the spring term opened and the child began to attend school again, she should understand thoroughly everything as far as she had gone—which was more than could be expected from the ordinary instruction of a country school.

It was now six weeks since the Primwells had moved into the city from the far-away village of Turnersville, which had been home to Eunice all her little life. The morning lessons had gone on regularly so far; but Mrs. Primwell, having been at the head of half-a-dozen societies, benevolent or literary, in Turnersville, had brought letters of introduction to the foremost “workers” here at her new home; had been speedily recognized and welcomed as a lady of “great executive ability,” and already held an active place on the staff of a temperance society, two city missions, and a literary and scientific circle; and the days were growing more and more frequent when little Eunice was left alone, as upon this day, to puzzle through her tasks as best she might.

The six examples were done at last. Only two had come out right the very first time. It was almost 11 o’clock, a full hour since Eunice had watched her mother out of sight. She supposed she ought to go upstairs after the pillow-case, but she sat still a few moments longer in her low chair, her little hands folded over the slate in her lap, and looked

wistfully about the room. Here were the same carpet that had covered the floor of the Turnersville sitting-room,—only turned now, and re-sewed to fit the long, narrow room,—the same chairs and lounge, and the walnut table on which lay the same books that had been there as long ago as Eunice could remember: “Pope’s Poems,” in gaudy red and gold; Goldsmith’s “Traveller,” in contrasting dinginess of black covers and rusty edges; “Bacon’s Essays,” “Young’s Poems,” and the great brown leather photograph-album. Between these, on the polished surface of the table, Sarah’s duster had left little streaks and dabs of dust; but Eunice did not see this. She was looking up at the square, yellowed diploma that had been presented to Miss Lydia Hatcher on her successful graduation from the Turnersville Female Seminary. Opposite this, and similarly framed in narrow gilt molding, hung something even more precious in Mrs. Primwell’s eyes,—her “Teacher’s Life Certificate,” a wilderness of wonderful curves and flourishes, wherein little Eunice could make out only a long word here and there.

She turned her eyes from the scroll, this bright April morning, and looked straight before her out of the window again. For some reason she felt more lonely just now than she had ever felt before.

“I wish,” she said slowly, aloud to herself, “I wish I was back in Turnersville. I wish I could see Molly Merriman, or Jeanie Appleby, or even Judy Ketchum! I have n’t anybody to go to see here, or to play with. We don’t know even the people next door, and we’ve been here—six—weeks. It’s dreadful! There was dear old Auntie Briggs lived next us, at home. She used to tell stories, such nice ones. Oh, I wish I could go to see her this afternoon. I wonder who does live in this next house, anyway! I suppose my mother would know if she did n’t have to go to the asylums and societies and things, so much.”

Eunice was standing at the window now, looking over at the neighboring house of neat red-brick. A canary, swinging in the bay-window, just then began to trill his joyous little song; the maples which lined the sidewalk waved their branches, laden with tiny swelling buds, gently to and fro in the soft spring air, and seemed to beckon to the lonely little figure at the window; and, with a sudden burst of sunshine, an idea came to her which made her clasp her two hands tightly together. A faint flush tinged the clear pallor of her cheeks, and her brown eyes grew larger than ever.

Suppose she should start out, herself, this very morning and become acquainted with some of these people!

She opened the window and leaned out, her

heart beating fast with unaccustomed daring. "I have n't done the pillow-case," she thought. But at that very moment a hand-organ, away down the street, struck up the jolliest and most inviting of jigs. "Come out into the sunshine, sunshine, sunshine!" it seemed to say; and in less than two minutes a dozen children came dancing and skipping along to the sound of the music. Eunice shut the window and ran upstairs.

Lady Jane, then, should go calling, too. Eunice would take her in the black velvet work-bag that Mrs. Primwell carried to the Helping Hand Sewing Society. Eunice ran into her mother's room after it, and spied a small pile of tracts on the writing-stand, on top of five or six Chautauqua books and "Ebenezer Evans, D. D., on Self-Culture," in two volumes.

"My mother would like to have them 'stributed,"



"'IT WAS VERY KIND OF YOU TO COME TO SEE US,' SAID THE PRETTY SISTER." (SEE PAGE 898.)

"People don't stay long the very first time," she said to herself. "I can go to a good many places before luncheon-time. I shall begin right next door, and go from house to house, as my mother and the other ladies do when they carry tracts and things. My mother'll be so pleased to have me pay some 'tention to our neighbors, when she can't."

The neglected sewing, the picture-paper,—everything was forgotten, as Eunice hurriedly smoothed and braided her thick dark locks afresh, and brought out her best brown felt sailor-hat, with the long ribbons, and her Sunday gloves. Then a new thought came.

"Maybe there will be a little girl to play with, somewhere. I will carry Lady Jane."

Pulling open the lowest drawer of her own small bureau, she took out a blue-eyed china doll some six or eight inches in height. Poor dear! the doll had lost both feet in an accident long ago, and had been put into long dresses and trains to hide the deficiency; but no less was she the darling of her little mother's heart.

thought the child. So half-a-dozen of the tiny pamphlets went into the velvet work-bag. Then Eunice marched, with a very dignified but noiseless step, downstairs and out at the door. She stopped at the bed of early spring-flowers before the parlor windows, and snipped off three daffodils. Then, with the yellow blossoms in one little hand, and the work-bag on her arm, her head very erect, and the toes of her small boots turned out in proper position, she made her stately way out of the gate and down the street.

Eunice rang at the red-brick house and waited politely two, three,—four minutes, perhaps. No answer. Again she pulled out the creaking white knob, and far away in the basement a bell tinkled faintly. But nobody came to open the door. At last, after the third,—a very vigorous ring,—the window directly over the door was thrown up, and out came a somewhat frowsy head, belonging to a pretty, youngish woman, wearing no collar in the neck of her loose wrapper, which she held together at the throat with one hand, while she called in a high-pitched voice:

“What do you want, little girl?”

Eunice was so startled that she nearly fell backward from the top step, in trying suddenly to look up into the speaker's face.

“I wish to see the lady of the house,” she answered simply.

“Well, I'm the lady of the house,” was the somewhat impatient answer; “but I'm awfully busy up here, and I don't want to come down unless it's very necessary. Did you come to borrow something, or what?”

The child's face lost a shade of its bright expectancy.

“No, ma'am. I live in the next house, and I came over to get acquainted. I did n't know but I'd find a little girl—somewhere, somebody I could play with.”

“Well, if I ever—!” laughed the lady, looking Eunice over from head to foot, and evidently much amused by the child's grave little face and grown-up air. After pausing a moment, she said:

much disappointed and perplexed, went slowly down the steps. Then she turned, and flung up her head, carrying it with its usual proud, independent turn.

“I don't believe she's very nice,” she said to herself. “I'll just leave her a tract,—that's what I'll do! Maybe it will make her behave better to people who come to see her.”

She stopped and selected “True Repentance Explained” from the velvet bag, and, running lightly up the steps, poked it under the door. This done, she skipped down again and tripped with a hop-and-jump to the gate; then, recollecting herself, turned out her toes once more and fell into her stately little walk, determined not to be dismissed so unceremoniously from the next house.

Here a very different experience awaited her. The door was opened before the bell had half done jingling, and she was shown into a charming parlor, where three pretty young ladies in becoming morning costumes were playing at fancy-work to the accompaniment of lively remarks from a young



“OH, I WISH I COULD READ ABOUT IT!” SHE CRIED, LOOKING AT THE PICTURE.” (SEE PAGE 901.)

“No, there are n't any children in this house. Besides, I've so much on my hands this morning that I think you'd better run home now, and come some other time to 'get acquainted.'”

She lowered the window, and, laughing to herself, sat down again to her sewing. Little Eunice,

gentleman in a huge easy-chair opposite them. Eunice looked from one to another of the merry little company, feeling rather bewildered for a moment; but, not being shy by nature, she promptly explained that she was making calls from house to house to get acquainted.

The three young ladies looked at their small visitor, and then at one another with laughing eyes, but they politely begged her to be seated. When she had taken a chair with a manner as much like her mother's formal-call air as she could assume, the dark-haired sister in blue said (just as though she were speaking to a grown-up visitor, Eunice thought proudly):

"I am sorry not to have the pleasure of your acquaintance. What is your name, please?"

"Eunice Primwell," the little girl answered simply; whereupon, the young lady introduced herself as Miss Temple, and her two sisters as Miss Adelaide and Miss Helen. Then she said:

"Allow me to present Mr. Dudley, Miss Primwell."

At this, the young gentleman rose, and, laying one hand to his heart, made a most impressive bow, and declared himself "delighted to have the honor"; which made little Eunice regard him very earnestly for a moment with her serious, questioning eyes, and then, holding her head a trifle more erect under the big sailor-hat, turn to golden-haired Miss Adelaide, with a wise remark about the weather.

"It was very cold when we came away from Turnersville," she observed reflectively. "My mother said it was not any time to move, but Papa said we'd have to, 'count of business, and he had his way for once. But I 'most wish he had n't. I do get so lonesome when my mother's gone to the Dorcas, or the Orphan's Home, or some of those places."

"Did you ever! The dear little thing!" said Miss Helen, aside, to her sister, who was bending over her crocheting to hide the smile that would come as she looked at their quaint little visitor, whose small feet were so very far from the floor as she sat bolt-upright in the big chair.

"Miss Primwell, won't you be so kind as to give me one of those flowers for a boutonniere?" begged Mr. Dudley, with great gravity. "I dote on yellow." But Eunice shook her head.

"I brought them for sick people," she said with decision.

Miss Helen's bright eyes danced.

"And what has the little lady in the bag, I wonder? May I see?" she coaxed, gently laying one hand on the velvet work-bag. Something rustled inside.

"Tracts, most likely," suggested Mr. Dudley, idly rolling his cane back and forth across the knees of his gray spring trousers.

"Right for once, I declare!" cried Miss Helen, as she drew out a small pamphlet. "Of all things! Just listen!" And as gravely as she could, for laughing, she read the title, "'What do our Young Men Most Need?'" The very thing for you, Mr.

Dudley!" And she handed it over to him, in the general laugh that followed.

Eunice was the only one who did not join in the merriment. She had been thinking fast. Her heart beat harder, and her eyes blazed. They were laughing at her! They had only made believe to treat her like a grown-up lady!

She slid down from her chair, her face pale, and her lips compressed. At the same moment Miss Helen, the youngest and gayest of the sisters, drew Lady Jane from the velvet bag, and held her up before the rest.

"And if here is n't the dolly! How delicious!" she cried. But Eunice, with the air of an offended princess, put out her hand for her treasure.

"I think I shall go now," she said stiffly. "I don't think I care to get acquainted with people who laugh and make fun."

"Oh, you dear little thing," interrupted Miss Helen, impulsively drawing the small figure toward her. "No, don't go. Why, we were n't laughing at you. We would n't do that for anything."

"No, indeed, my dear child. You must n't think of it; and it was very kind of you to come to see us," chimed in the eldest pretty sister.

"And you must come again," said Miss Adelaide, bending to kiss the grave, puzzled little face.

The proud, hurt look softened. "Thank you, ma'am, but I think I will go now," the child repeated with a doubtful air. She could not feel quite sure, after all, that the young ladies really wished her to stay. She hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that she had started out to make friends with her neighbors.

"You can keep the tract. I brought them to give away," she added over her shoulder to Mr. Dudley. Nobody laughed this time. All three sisters kissed her warmly, and made her promise to come again to see them; but as little Eunice shut the gate behind her, she looked down the street and hesitated whether to go on, or turn back toward home. But the thought of the lonely house brought no charm, and just then, glancing across the street, she saw at a window a cheery old lady's face, bordered with wavy white hair, so like the silvery bands about dear old Auntie Briggs's placid forehead, that her mind was made up in an instant.

The old lady herself came to open the door. But, alas!—she was so very deaf that the little girl almost despaired of making her understand a word.

"Lady of the house?" she repeated, when Eunice had stood on tiptoe and shouted the sentence close to her ear. "Oh, yes. That's me, just now, I s'pose, for 'Lizabeth's gone out this morning. She's my son's wife, 'Lizabeth is. Come in, deary; I was right tired o' setting here alone. I'm glad to see you." And she led the little girl into a cosy

room where a wood-fire snapped and crackled in an open stove, pussy dozed undisturbed on the mat, and several geraniums in full bloom made a pink and scarlet glory in the sunny south-window.

If only it had not been so hard to make the old lady hear her, Eunice was sure she might have en-

the saw-mill there." She had heard all about the place from Mrs. Jonas Purcell's daughter Clarinda, when she visited 'Lizabeth last Christmas-time. And how was Jonas's folks getting on, anyhow?

When Eunice had shouted, for the third time, that she did n't know Mrs. Jonas nor her daughter Clarinda, the old lady looked disappointed for a moment. But she went on chattering and asking questions as brightly as ever; and when Eunice, tired of saying the same thing so many times in so loud a tone, rose to go, the old lady slipped a scalloped cooky into her hand, and kissed her heartily. In return, Eunice gave the old lady one of the three daffodils — rather wilted now from being clasped so long in her small warm hand. "For if she is n't sick," she said to herself, "it must be just as bad not to hear anything."

The old lady had no trouble in understanding this kind little act. She took the blossom, and patted the small giver's shoulder; and, promising to come another day soon, Eunice tripped away with a bright face, to try her fortune at the next house.

This was of fine gray stone, so imposing that the little maid's face grew rather doubtful as she looked up the long

flight of steps, only to see in one of the corner windows a card with "To Rent" printed on it in large letters. She dropped down on the lowest step, and looked back along the street.

"One — two — three; this makes only four houses I've been to! And my mother goes whole squares, some mornings!" she said in astonishment. She was beginning to feel hungry as well as tired. She took the old lady's cooky from the velvet bag, and nibbled off the scallops, one by one.



"THE OLD LADY HERSELF CAME TO OPEN THE DOOR."

joyed visiting her almost as well as if she had been Auntie Briggs. She was very friendly, and asked a great many questions. What was Eunice's name? Where did she live? How long had they been there? Where did they move from? Did they know a Mrs. Jonas Purcell — she that was Viola Starkins — who lived at Turner's Mill? When Eunice, looking puzzled, cried, "Turnersville!" very loudly in her ear, she only smiled more cheerily than ever, and said, "Oh, yes; it was named for

Suddenly the notes of the "Blue Danube" waltz came from an organ around the corner. Eunice forgot her weariness. She sprang up and ran toward the music. Maybe there would be a monkey, and she could give him the rest of her cooky.

But just then the waltz was broken off in the middle of its gayest strain, and the organ-grinder, without a monkey, and with a frown on his dark face, shouldered his instrument, and slouched off down the street. A servant in a white cap and apron was standing in the doorway of the house before which he had been playing. Evidently she had been sent to order him away.

"Oh, somebody is sick," thought little Eunice, walking more slowly and gazing up at the windows of the beautiful house. She had passed it before, and thought how lovely it must be to live in such a home. The avenue on which it stood was much broader and finer than the street in which the Primwells lived, and this house, to Eunice's eyes, was the most beautiful she had ever seen. It was a pale primrose-yellow, and it had a tower, and bay-windows all the way up to the third floor, and piazzas at the front and side; and at one end a conservatory full of blooming plants. There was a beautiful lawn all around the house, with an arbor surrounded by the evergreens and shrubs. Most of the other houses had only a narrow strip of green in front.

Eunice stopped short, and looked hard at the two stone lions that guarded the wide gateway. Should she go in, up the broad paved walk, and try her fortune once more, this sunny morning? The maid was still standing in the doorway, looking away down the street. She had a good-natured face. Eunice closed the gate behind her with a resolute click, and marched boldly up the path.

"I've come to call on the sick person, if you please," she began, politely.

The puzzled expression, which had appeared on the girl's face, deepened. She hesitated for a moment; then, as she looked into the sweet earnest eyes raised to hers, she seemed re-assured.

"Ef it's Master Guy ye mean," she said kindly, "he's in the liburry, an' much good may ye do him; fur it's the worst way he's in, this marnin',—till it's meself can do nothing at all with him," she added, half under her breath, as she paused at the end of the wide hall, threw open a door, and vanished precipitately.

Eunice had a glimpse of rows and rows of books, and pictures looking down at her from the tops of the shelves; but she hardly noticed them, for across the room in a great invalid's chair, with one bandaged ankle resting on a pile of cushions, and his pale thin face turned wearily toward the window, sat a lad of thirteen, who glanced over his shoulder

impatiently at the sound of her footsteps, and then, wheeling slowly around, regarded her with silent astonishment from a pair of very blue and very eager eyes.

What he saw, standing irresolute just inside the doorway, was a slight, small figure all in soberest brown, with a world of sympathy in the sweet demure face and pitying eyes, and two yellow daffodils clasped in one little hand,—the only bit of bright color in the picture.

"I've come to see you, and give you these," said the clear childish voice, as the little visitor advanced and held out the daffodils half shyly. "I suppose you are Guy? And how did you hurt yourself? I am so very sorry!"

"Yes, I'm Guy,—more's the pity," said the boy, impatiently brushing his tumbled curls back from his high white forehead. "Thank you for the flowers. You're very kind, I'm sure. Just bring them here, please; you see I can't stir from this chair," and he waved his hand with another quick nervous gesture toward his bandaged ankle. "Pony shied and threw me,—a week ago yesterday, it was. Might have been worse, I suppose, for it's only a sprain; but the doctor *did* say he'd rather have had a break. It's bad enough, I can tell you. But now sit down—there's a low rocker—and tell me what your name is," he added gently, but with the air of one quite unused to being denied.

"And so you came on purpose to see me, Miss Primrose?" he asked with a smile, when Eunice had obeyed him. "Shake hands."

The child put her right hand in his. "I said *Primwell*," she remarked with some dignity.

"I know. But it ought to be Primrose; that just suits you!" He drew her gently toward him. "I say, just let me try one of these yellow daffys—so. You don't mind, do you?" He was pinning the blossom at her throat with nervous fingers while he talked, and now he tipped back his head to look at her with an artist's pleasure in his eyes.

"You've no idea how that bit of color lights you up. You look as pretty as a pink!"

Eunice regarded him gravely.

"You must be mistaken," she said, drawing back slightly. "I'm not pretty. My mother tells me that often. She says little girls should think of their manners and not of their looks, and 'handsome is that handsome does.'"

Master Guy seemed to find this very amusing. The corners of his mouth twitched in spite of himself, and the blue eyes grew very merry. He even forgot his pain. What a deliciously quaint little study she was, to be sure! He had not found anything half so amusing for many a long weary day. Where had this sweet, sober little piece of prim-

ness started from, to walk into his life so unexpectedly? Guy studied her again in silence. The little girls he was used to seeing, wore jaunty little blue and scarlet caps and bright-colored cloaks and dresses. Their wavy hair floated free around their rosy laughing faces, as they skipped and ran and rolled hoops down the avenue, and played hide-and-seek among the evergreens in the park. They did not talk like grown-up people. They lisped, or made deliciously funny blunders over long words. They could not sit demurely, with folded hands, looking at you so seriously with the faint pink color coming and going in their cheeks.

"I wish," he said aloud, "that you would take off that big hat. Won't you, please?—I want to see your face."

Eunice obeyed again.

"But I must n't stay very long," she said, as if suddenly remembering something, "because it must be most luncheon-time. And my mother may come home—and there 's the pillow-case."

"The pillow-case!"

Eunice nodded. "I did n't do one stitch!" she said, with a gleam of daring mischief in her face. And then she related all her morning's adventures. "I get so lonesome," she said, "when my mother's gone to the Z. W. E. A."

"To the what?"

"Why, don't you know? To the Z. W. E. A. That means Zealous—Women's—Employment—Agency," she said slowly, as though reciting something learned by rote. "My mother goes every Wednesday. There 's a Band of Burden Bearers, too. And the Helping Hands——"

The merriest laugh that the library had echoed for many a day interrupted her.

"I beg your pardon," cried Guy, as soon as he could recover himself; "but you 're such a dear little mite, you know, and those long words—oh, it's too jolly!" and he laughed again, but so kindly that Eunice joined in, at the last, though she could not quite understand his merriment. His next question puzzled her still more.

"And so you started out to seek your fortune, little Una? And where is your snow-white palfrey?" he asked playfully, his face growing fanciful.

"I don't know what you mean," said she, with wonder in her brown eyes. "What is a palfrey? And you should n't call me Eunie; my mother does n't approve of nicknames."

"But Una is n't a nickname at all," protested the boy, "and you 'd like me to call you that, I'm sure, if you knew the story. Una was a lovely princess who went to seek her Red-Cross Knight."

The child's eyes had been growing larger and darker than ever. She clasped her hands together and bent forward eagerly.

"Oh, who was the Red-Cross Knight?" she interrupted softly. "It sounds like a fairy-story."

"That 's just what it is,—the best one I know. The knight wore a red cross on his shield—that 's how he got his name; and he fought dragons and killed them, and Saracens. And nothing could hurt him because he wore the Red Cross. See,—here 's the book; I was reading it over only yesterday." He fumbled among the books and papers scattered over a table within easy reach from his chair, and brought out a large thin volume, full of the most exquisite illustrations, which he held open for Eunice's delighted gaze.

"O—oh!" she sighed softly, as, leaning over his chair, she spelled out the title at the head of the page, *The Fairy Queen*. "And is this Una, the princess? And did she walk along—so—beside a lion? Oh, I wish I could read about it!" she cried, pointing to the picture before her. "My mother thinks fairy-stories are foolish—but I don't," she declared, in a burst of confidence, drawing another long breath, her face glowing with delight.

Guy laughed again at this. He put his arm around the little girl and drew her nearer to the great arm-chair.

"You shall read it. Yes, that 's Una. Is n't she beautiful? And see how *protecting* the grand old lion looks. See how she lays her little hand on the old fellow's back without a bit of fear. That 's one of the prettiest parts of the story, I think," and the boy's fine, pale face grew dreamy again. "The lion came upon Una resting in the wood, and when he saw her, so innocent and beautiful and helpless, with no one to take care of her, instead of rushing at her and eating her up, he grew as mild as possible in a moment, and fawned at her feet; and after that he was her protector—that is, till he was killed, poor old beast! They traveled miles together. He would not leave her, and nobody dared to molest her. You shall hear all about it. And now don't you like me to call you Una? I declare," he added suddenly, looking from the picture to the child's face. "she has eyes like yours! Just so big and soft. And there 's another thing; I was feeling as savage as a wild beast this morning, cooped up here, with nobody to say a word to, and this confounded ankle,—I beg your pardon, but you can't know how it pains me,—but just see how you 've tamed me. Princess. I don't look now as if I wanted to devour anybody, do I?"

They both laughed merrily at this, and in the midst of their fun the astonished maid appeared at the door.

"And will ye want your lunch now, Master Guy?" she began.

"Of course we do," interrupted the boy gayly. "I had n't thought of it, Mary, but I'm actually hungry. And, Mary, bring us something particularly good; you know I don't have company every day," he added as the kind-hearted servant obeyed joyfully, wondering "what had come over Master Guy, to be sure!"

Little Eunice tried to protest that she could n't stay — she must go home; but she was so happy with her new-found friend in this delightful world of books and pictures and fairy-tales, that she could not hold out long, and Guy would take no denial.

"Do you think I am going to sit here alone and pick at a chicken-bone and a mouthful of toast? Nonsense! My mother is out, too. She won't be home till dark. Aunt Marcia's sick, away at the other end of town, so she had to go to see her. I should be all alone again. I can't think of letting you go," he cried, and then he leaned forward and his blue eyes grew suddenly wistful. "I had a little sister once," he said slowly. "She died years ago. I've missed her ever since. I wish — Could not you make believe to be my sister and come to see me often — every day? Will you, little Una?"

"I've always wished I had a brother, just about as big as you are," said kind-hearted little Eunice. "I'll be the best sister I know how."

Such an afternoon as that was! First came the luncheon. Eunice herself poured the chocolate into the dear, wee, pink-and-white cups, hardly larger than those of her best doll's-tea-set; and Guy ate sandwiches and fruit, and two pieces of cake, and declared nothing had tasted half so good since he was hurt. And then they laughed and chattered, and told stories and looked at pictures, and Una — as he always called her — took her dear new play-fellow into her entire confidence, and showed him Lady Jane, and told him about the tiny arithmetic and spelling-book which she had printed, and bound in scarlet paper for the use of the dolls, when she kept school for them.

In return, Guy told her all his dreams and fancies — how he hoped to be a wonderful poet some day, or an artist; how he had never been strong like other boys, and so had amused himself with books and drawing-paper while they ran and wrestled and played all sorts of outdoor games.

It was four o'clock before Eunice ran home at last, her little head so filled with thoughts of Guy and the lovely library, and princesses and lions and Red-Cross Knights, that she could not have told whether she was skipping over common bricks or over shining rubies. She was brought out of her enchanted world by the sight of her mother standing in the doorway, with anxious eyes and firm-set mouth.

Mrs. Primwell prided herself upon knowing

"how to govern children judiciously," as she expressed it. She never allowed herself to scold, or otherwise betray anger. Her voice was clear and steady, and her forehead smooth, as she interrupted her little daughter in the midst of her eager story.

"That will do, Eunice. I do not care to talk with you any longer at present. Of course, you can not expect such unjustifiable conduct to be passed over with no punishment whatever. Go upstairs now. Brush your teeth thoroughly, and give your hair one hundred strokes. Be sure to see that your window is down two inches at the top. Then undress and go to bed at once."

The child's sensitive face flushed, and she choked back a sob; but she held her head proudly, and only said, "Yes, ma'am," with her lips as tightly compressed as her mother's own.

"I was so lonesome!" she said to herself, as she turned away. "And I thought my mother would be pleased." The little face was pale now, and her whole figure drooped dejectedly as she slowly climbed the stairs. But, short as the distance was, little Eunice had not reached the top of the flight before her tender conscience stirred reproachfully. She recalled the anxious, troubled look her mother's face had worn as she stood on the step, looking up and down the street.

"It was naughty," she confessed, "to go away so — and stay such a long time. Oh, how would I feel to come home some day and find you gone, my own Lady Jane," — she hugged her treasure closer with penitent tenderness — "and look, and look — in every room — and go upstairs — and ask Sarah — and not find you anywhere! And my mother had been standing in the door a long time, waiting to see her little girl come home. But oh, it was so beautiful!"

Her eyes grew bright again and her heart beat faster as she crept into bed, and, cuddling Lady Jane close to her cheek, lay with wide-open eyes, living over and over every incident of the day, till at last she fell asleep.

Early next morning, while Mrs. Primwell sat absorbed in the day's Chautauqua reading, Sarah brought in a note. Shutting the book over an Ancient History topic, to keep the place, her mistress read the creamy sheet with several unusual changes of expression. At the first glimpse of the signature, Helen Cary Kingsbury, in the round, graceful hand she well remembered, a vision rose before Mrs. Primwell's astonished gaze. She was Lydia Hatcher again, teaching in the old, brick school-house, and fair-haired Helen Cary, with her blue eyes and gentle, persuasive manners, was just across the hall, with her own class of boys and girls. How they all loved her! How they tried to please her! She herself, the renowned Miss

Hatcher, never had better order in her own room, and yet their methods were so different! She remembered there had always been a bunch of roses or pinks, or a rosy-cheeked apple, on Miss Cary's desk. Her own pupils — they did not fear her exactly, — but did they love her? Mrs. Primwell turned to the beginning of the note and read it through, slowly, a second time :

"Your dear little daughter has done wonders for Guy already. He seems thoroughly roused from his listless, despondent mood. Lend her to us often — every day, if you can spare her. Her bright sweet friendship will do my poor boy more good than any other medicine. What an unspeakable treasure she must be to you, dear friend. I can well imagine how full your hands and heart are with your home-duties, and the outside-work in which you are so active. It is a noble work, but one I have never been able to engage in, my time has been so filled with a mother's cares. Perhaps when I see you, you can show me how to reconcile the two. How much there will be to talk about, after all these years of separation! But I write hurriedly to ask that you will let dear little Eunice come to us again to-day. I have a friend with me this morning, or I should have gone myself to make the request. But I shall see you very soon."

Mrs. Primwell's usually methodical and well-disciplined thoughts were dancing and whirling in wild confusion by this time. So the lame boy — the Guy — about whom Eunice, her "unspeakable treasure," had been trying to tell her yesterday, was Helen Cary's son! And Helen lived on the next street, and was coming soon! Would they find each other greatly changed since the days when they had eaten their luncheon together in the brick school-house, and talked over their hopes and ambitions for the future? How confiding Helen used to be! She could see the sweet fair face raised to her in appealing deference. And she — Helen Kingsbury — was coming to her for advice, now, as in the old days! A strange sensation of uneasiness crept over Mrs. Primwell as she

sat with thoughtful eyes fixed on the friendly little note. "Active in outside-work" — that she had always been — and she truly had been an instrument of good to many. But how about her "home-duties," her "mother's cares"? Had she not trusted too much to rules and precepts in directing little Eunice's life so far? Did not the child need more of her companionship, her home example and loving counsel? Suppose, instead of falling into kind hands yesterday, Eunice had strayed into the homes of want and wretchedness she herself knew only too well? Mrs. Primwell rose abruptly, and went to the foot of the stairs.

"Eunice," she called gently; "come here, dear; mother wants you."

I know a rosy, dark-eyed little maid of sixteen, whom all her friends call Una. She is a trifle old-fashioned, and very womanly in her own demure way; but her face is a very bright and happy one, and her mother's eyes often rest on it with a smile of tenderest love and pride. There is a certain stalwart young Harvard student, who seems to be on the best of terms with both mother and daughter.

"What a little Home Missionary you have been, Una, though you never dreamed of such a thing when you began," he said once, his mischievous blue eyes full of affectionate gratitude.

"Have I?" she replied gayly. "Well, it did not all come from that baby-attempt of mine to do good by going 'from house to house.' It came from our mothers' thinking so much of each other. But you were really 'awfully cross' before that day," she added, with a happy little laugh, "for everybody says so."



THE MYSTIC SIGN.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

- “ O GORGEOUS poppy, of rich renown,
Show us the way to Sleepy Town.
Baby must go—he ’s tired of play;
But yet I think we have missed the way.”
Then tranquilly up and down
Waved the flower of rich renown,
And softly it seemed to say,
“ This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town.”
- “ O ripening wheat, all golden-brown,
Show us the way to Sleepy Town.
How shall we find where the starlight gleams,
On the City of Sleep in the Land of Dreams?”
Then soothingly up and down
Went the wheat, all golden-brown,
And whispering seemed to say,
“ This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town.”
- “ O little one, with the curly crown,
Have you learned the way to Sleepy Town,
Where faintest music, and softest light,
And sweetest blossoms enchant the night?”
Then drowsily up and down
Went the beautiful curly crown,
While the tired eyes seemed to say,
“ This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town.”

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN the boys reached home it was pitch-dark. They found their mother very anxious about them. They gave an account of “the battle,” as they called it, telling all about the charge in which, by their statement, the General and Hugh did wonderful deeds. Their mother and Cousin Belle sat and listened with tightly folded hands and blanched faces.

Then they told how they found the wounded Yankee soldier on the bank, and about his death.

They were startled by seeing their Cousin Belle suddenly fall on her knees and throw herself across their mother’s lap in a passion of tears. Their mother put her arms around the young girl, kissed her and soothed her.

Early the next morning their mother had an ox-cart (the only vehicle left on the place) sent down to the spot to bring the body of the soldier up to Oakland, so that it might be buried in the grave-yard there. Carpenter William made the coffin, and several men were set to work to dig the grave in the garden.

It was about the middle of the day when the cart came back. A sheet covered the body. The little cortege was a very solemn one, the steers pulling slowly up the hill and a man walking on each side. Then the body was put into the coffin and reverently carried to the grave. The boys' mother read the burial service out of the Prayer-Book, and afterward Uncle William Slow offered a prayer. Just as they were about to turn away, the boys' mother began to sing "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide." She and Cousin Belle and the boys sang the hymn together, and then all walked sadly away, leaving the fresh mound in the garden, where birds peeped curiously from the lilac-bushes at the soldier's grave in the warm light of the afternoon sun.

A small packet of letters and a gold watch and chain, found in the soldier's pocket, were sealed up by the boys' mother and put into her bureau drawer, for they could not then be sent through the lines. There was one letter, however, which they buried with him. It contained two locks of hair, one gray, the other brown and curly.

The next few months brought no new incidents, but the following year deep gloom fell upon Oakland. It was not only that the times were harder than they had ever been — though the plantation was now utterly destitute; there were no provisions and no crops, for there were no teams. It was not merely that a shadow was settling down on all the land; for the boys did not trouble themselves about these things, though such anxieties were bringing gray hairs to their mother's temples.

The General had been wounded and captured during a cavalry-fight. The boys somehow connected their Cousin Belle with the General's capture, and looked on her with some disfavor. She and the General had quarreled a short time before, and it was known that she had returned his ring. When, therefore, he was shot through the body and taken by the enemy, the boys could not admit that their cousin had any right to stay upstairs in her own room weeping about it. They felt that it was all her own fault, and they told her so; whereupon she simply burst out crying and ran from the room.

The hard times grew harder. The shadow deepened. Hugh was wounded and captured in a charge, at Petersburg, and it was not known whether he was badly hurt or not. Then came the news that Richmond had been evacuated. The boys knew that this was a defeat; but even then they did not believe that the Confederates were beaten. Their mother was deeply affected by the news.

That night at least a dozen of the negroes dis-

appeared. The other servants said the missing ones had gone to Richmond "to get their papers."

A week or so later the boys heard the rumor that General Lee had surrendered at a place called Appomattox. When they came home and told their mother what they had heard, she turned as pale as death, arose, and went into her chamber. The news was corroborated next day. During the following two days, every negro on the plantation left, excepting lame old Lukey Brown. Some of them came and said they had to go to Richmond, that "the word had come" for them. Others, including Uncle Balla and Lucy Ann, slipped away by night.

After that their mother had to cook, and the boys milked and did the heavier work. The cooking was not much trouble, however, for black-eyed pease were about all they had to eat.

One afternoon, the second day after the news of Lee's surrender, the boys, who had gone to drive up the cows to be milked, saw two horsemen, one behind the other, coming slowly down the road on the far hill. One horse was white, and, as their father rode a white horse, they ran toward the house to carry the news. Their mother and Cousin Belle, however, having seen the horsemen, were waiting on the porch as the men came through the middle gate and rode across the field.

It was their father and his body-servant, Ralph, who had been with him all through the war. They came slowly up the hill; the horses limping and fagged, the riders dusty and drooping.

It seemed like a funeral. The boys were near the steps, and their mother stood on the portico with her forehead resting against a pillar. No word was spoken. Into the yard they rode at a walk, and up to the porch. Then their father, who had not once looked up, put both hands to his face, slipped from his horse, and walked up the steps, tears running down his cheeks, and took their mother into his arms. It *was* a funeral — the Confederacy was dead.

A little later, their father, who had been in the house, came out on the porch near where Ralph still stood holding the horses.

"Take off the saddles, Ralph, and turn the horses out," he said.

Ralph did so.

"Here, — here 's my last dollar. You have been a faithful servant to me. Put the saddles on the porch." It was done. "You are free," he said to the black, and then he walked back into the house.

Ralph stood where he was for some minutes without moving a muscle. His eyes blinked mechanically. Then he looked at the door and at the windows above him. Suddenly he seemed to come to himself. Turning slowly, he walked solemnly out of the yard.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE boys' Uncle William came next day. The two weeks which followed were the hardest the boys had ever known. As yet nothing had been heard of Hugh or the General, though the boys' father went to Richmond to see whether they had been released.

The family lived on corn-bread and black-eyed pease. There was not a mouthful of meat on the plantation. A few aged animals were all that remained on the place.

The boys' mother bought a little sugar and made some cakes, and the boys, day after day, carried them over to the depot and left them with a man

land. One day the boys were walking along the road, coming back from the camp, when they met a little old one-horse wagon driven by a man who lived near the depot. In it were a boy about Willy's size and an old lady with white hair, both in deep mourning. The boy was better dressed than any boy they had ever seen. They were strangers.

The boys touched their limp little hats to the lady and felt somewhat ashamed of their own patched clothes in the presence of the well-dressed stranger. Frank and Willy passed on. They happened to look back. The wagon stopped just then and the lady called them :

"Little boys!"

They halted and returned.

"We are looking for my son; and this gentleman tells me that you live about here, and know more of the country than any one else I may meet."

"Do you know where any graves is? — Yankee graves?" asked the driver, cutting matters short.

"Yes, there are several down on the road by Pigeon Hill, where the battle was, and two or three by the creek down yonder, and there 's one in our garden."

"Where was your son killed, ma'am? Do you know that he was killed?" asked the driver.

"I do not know. We fear that he was; but, of course, we still hope there may have been some mistake. The last seen of him was when General Sheridan went through this country, last year. He was with his company in the rear-guard and was wounded and left on the field. We hoped he might have been found in one of the prisons; but there is no trace of him, and we fear ——"

She broke down and began to cry. "He was my only son," she sobbed, "my only son — and I gave him up for the Union, and ——" She could say no more.

Her distress affected the boys deeply.

"If I could but find his grave. Even that would be better than this agonizing suspense."



"HERE, — HERE 'S MY LAST DOLLAR."

there, to be sold. Such a thing had never been known before in the history of the family.

A company of Yankees were camped very near, but they did not interfere with the boys. They bought the cakes and paid for them in greenbacks which were the first new money they had at Oak-

“What was your son’s name?” asked the boys, gently.

She told them.

“Why, that’s our soldier!” exclaimed both boys.

“Do you know him?” she asked eagerly.

removed the shock was terrible. She gave a stifled cry, then wept with uncontrollable grief.

The boys, with pale faces and eyes moist with sympathy, turned away their heads and stood silent. At length she grew calmer.



THE BOYS SELL THEIR CAKES TO THE YANKEES.

“Is—? Is—?” Her voice refused to frame the fearful question.

“Yes, ’m. In our garden,” said the boys, almost inaudibly.

The mother bent her head over on her grandson’s shoulder and wept aloud. Awful as the suspense had been, now that the last hope was

“Won’t you come home with us? Our father and mother will be so glad to have you,” they said, hospitably.

After questioning them a little further, she decided to go. The boys climbed into the back of the wagon. As they went along, the boys told her all about her son,—his carrying Frank, their

finding him wounded near the road, and about his death and burial.

"He was a real brave soldier," they told her, consolingly.

As they approached the house, she asked whether they could give her grandson something to eat.

She was much impressed by the appearance of the place, which looked very beautiful among the trees.

"Oh, yes, they 're big folks," said the driver.

She would have waited at the gate when they reached the house, but the boys insisted that all



"SOME OF THE SERVANTS CAME BACK TO THEIR OLD HOME."

"Oh, yes, indeed. Certainly," they answered. Then, thinking perhaps they were raising her hopes too high, they explained apologetically:

"We have n't got much. We did n't kill any squirrels this morning. Both our guns are broken and don't shoot very well, now."

should come in at once. One of them ran forward and, meeting his mother just coming out to the porch, told who the visitor was.

Their mother instantly came down the steps and walked toward the gate. The women met face to face. There was no introduction. None was needed.

"My son—" faltered the elder lady, her strength giving out.

The boys' mother put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I have one, too;—God alone knows where he is," she sobbed.

Each knew how great was the other's loss, and in sympathy with another's grief found consolation for her own.

CHAPTER XX.

THE visitors remained at Oakland for several days, as the lady wished to have her son's remains removed to the old homestead in Delaware. She was greatly distressed over the want which she saw at Oakland,—for there was literally nothing to eat but black-eyed pease and the boys' chickens. Every incident of the war interested her. She was delighted with their Cousin Belle, and took much interest in her story, which was told by the boys' mother.

Her grandson, Dupont, was a fine, brave, and generous young fellow. He had spent his boyhood near a town, and could neither ride, swim, nor shoot as the Oakland boys did; but he was never afraid to try anything, and the boys took a great liking to him, and he to them.

When the young soldier's body had been removed, the visitors left; not, however, until the boys had made their companion promise to pay them a visit. After the departure of these friends they were much missed.

But the next day there was great rejoicing at Oakland. Every one was in the dining-room at dinner, and the boys' father had just risen from the table and walked out of the room. A second later they heard an exclamation of astonishment from him, and he called eagerly to his wife, "Come here, quickly!" and ran down the steps. Every one rose and ran out. Hugh and the General were just entering the yard.

They were pale and thin and looked ill; but all the past was forgotten in the greeting.

The boys soon knew that the General was making his peace with their Cousin Belle, who looked prettier than ever. It required several long walks before all was made right; but there was no disposition toward severity on either side. It was determined that the wedding was to take place very soon. The boys' father suggested, as an objection to an immediate wedding, that since the General was just half his usual size, it would be better to wait until he should regain his former

proportions, so that all of him might be married; but the General would not accept the proposition for delay, and Cousin Belle finally consented to be married at once.

The old place was in a great stir over the preparations. A number of the old servants, including Uncle Balla and Lucy Ann, had one by one come back to their old home. The trunks in the garret were ransacked once more, and enough was found to make up a wedding trousseau of two dresses.

Hugh was to be the General's best man, and the boys were to be the ushers. The only difficulty was that their patched clothes made them feel a little abashed at the prominent rôles they were to assume. However, their mother made them each a nice jacket from a striped dress, one of her only two dresses, and she adorned them with the military brass buttons their father had taken from his coat; so they felt very proud. Their father, of course, was to give the bride away,—an office he accepted with pleasure, he said, provided he did not have to move too far, which might be hazardous so long as he had to wear his spurs to keep the soles on his boots.

Thus, even amid the ruins, the boys found life joyous, and if they were without everything else, they had life, health, and hope. The old guns were broken, and they had to ride in the ox-cart; but they hoped to have others and to do better, some day. The "some day" came sooner than they expected.

The morning before the wedding, word came that there were at the railroad station several boxes for their mother. The ox-cart was sent for them. When the boxes arrived, that evening, there was a letter from their friend in Delaware, congratulating Cousin Belle and apologizing for having sent "a few things" to her Southern friends.

The "few things" consisted not only of necessities, but of everything which good taste could suggest. There was a complete trousseau for Cousin Belle, and clothes for each member of the family. The boys had new suits of fine cloth, with shirts and underclothes in plenty.

But the best surprise of all was found when they came to the bottom of the biggest box,—two long, narrow cases, marked "For the Oakland boys." These cases held beautiful, new double-barreled guns of the finest make. There was a large supply of ammunition, and in each case there was a letter from Dupont promising to come and spend his vacation with them and sending his love and good wishes and thanks to his friends—the "Two Little Confederates."



OCTOBER WOODS.

WATSEKA.

BY JOHN DIMITRY.

THIS is a tradition of the Illinois Indians.

It was a tale told by their old men to the young warriors in whispers, so that the women might not hear. It was a tale their old women cackled shrilly to the young maidens, so that no wigwam might lose it. For it was a tale, as each heard it, to shame their young warriors, and to make proud the hearts of their young maidens. The Illini have

passed away forever. Under mighty mounds, grass-covered and flower-crowned, their bones are laid, yet not forgotten. They have given their names to the streams, lakes, and towns of the white race that came after them; and through these their traditions live, to this day, in the memories of white men.

Four hundred years ago, when all this new world

was for the red man, a bright stretch of that prairie land, which now forms so large a part of the State of Illinois, once attracted the fierce eyes of a roaming party of Iroquois. These had come from the East. There had been no need for them to stray so far away from their villages. Their hunting-grounds at home were vast; their skies were filled with birds; their rivers teemed with fish. But the Iroquois, coveting the vaster hunting-grounds toward the setting sun, found the Illini across their way. So they hated them.

A peaceful band of Illini had built their lodges on a beautiful stream. On its bank were ancient oaks and stately walnut-trees, shaded by which they could lie and dream in the hot hours of a summer's day. From the edge of the wood, and as far as the eye could see, extended the grassy prairie, gay with scarlet lilies, phloxes, and morning-glories. Dear was this prairie to the very heart of the Illini. The Great Spirit had given it to their fathers for them to enjoy its sweet breath, and to their children after them. There, for uncounted moons, had they passed their days in a careless, happy, lazy fashion.

But one day—long-remembered as full of the Sun and his glory, of the sweetness of flowers, of the song of birds, and of the hum of bees—while warriors, squaws, and children were rejoicing in their plenty and fancied peace, yells that curdled the blood echoed from the prairie on one side, and the forest on the other. Too well were those cries known in the villages of the Illini. Too often had they been the signal which presaged massacre, torture, and slavery. Too often, when the echoes died away, had their wigwams and their fields been left in smoking ruins. What they said was, *We Iroquois are come!*

It was a band of this tribe which, creeping from the neighboring prairie, had swept upon them with such fierce and sudden slaughter that the unprepared Illini were driven for refuge farther into the woods on the other side of their village. There, in the shadows which hid them from danger, the fugitives gathered, one by one, to unbend their bows, to dash them in despair upon the ground, to curse the Iroquois, and to mourn this new shame which had fallen upon them. Among them all, there was but one—a girl—who refused to mourn with her people.

Watseka was her name.

Although young, Watseka was well known for her proud spirit and her beautiful face. As was fit in her sex, this young girl had stood with the crowd of weeping women and children a little apart from the gloomy warriors. She read their hearts, saw their tears, and heard their moans. The cowardice of the men made her eyes dry,

kept her lips closed, and roused all the fierceness of her wild nature. Who would take revenge on these grim-painted, scalp-loving warriors,—upon these who had swept upon her people, to kill them as they would deer, and to drive them from the land the Great Spirit had given them? She gave no heed to the cries of the women. She frowned as she saw that the warriors, with brave curses still upon their lips, were creeping farther and farther back into the shadows.

Then Watseka burst into heroism. Forgetting that, among warriors, no talking squaw had right to a place, she sprang forward and put herself in the path before them. With flashing eyes and curling lips she spoke:

“Men of the Illini, right are the Iroquois when they boast that they have put the dress of squaws upon you, and hoes into your hands. Turn back to your village. You can not miss the path—your burning wigwams have made it clear. Your women and children are here—to-day. Do you know where they will be when the sun shines to-morrow? Have no fear! The Iroquois will know how to make your wives cook their corn, and your daughters fetch them water. To-night, they count the scalps and feed at *your* fires on the deer they have killed on *your* hunting-grounds. What! You will not go, then? Good! Watseka will show you how to be men. Come with me, women of the Illini! We have not gathered our corn to feed the Iroquois.”

All the women turned to Watseka. Grandams saw in her bright eyes that spirit which, when young, they themselves might have had, and loved her for it. Each mother looked upon her through tearful eyes, wishing that the Great Spirit had spoken to her daughter instead. The hearts of the young girls beat proudly because one of themselves had been called upon to rouse their tribe against the thieving Iroquois.

No second call was needed. Old and young crowded eagerly around her, each woman arming herself with the first hatchet or stick that fell in her way. And even the boys—who, with black looks and bent heads, had been following their fathers—left the braves, and ranged themselves with flashing eyes beside their mothers and their sisters.

Watseka's spirit was over them all.

But, as it turned out, the women of the Illini were not to fight that day. Watseka's bitter words brought back the blood into the warriors' veins.

Slowly from darkness they came into the light like owls: but upon the sleeping Iroquois they fell like wolves!

So they won back their wigwams.

It is good to know that the chief of her tribe did

not forget to honor Watseka. Her exploit was long told among their traditions, and in the summer brightened many a weary hour in the wig-

Nor has the race, which arose when her own people were fallen forever, wished her story to be forgotten. The river by which the Iroquois were



"WATSEKA SPRANG FORWARD AND PUT HERSELF IN THE PATH BEFORE THEM."

wams when the braves were on the war-path. After Watseka had passed away, so long as the Illini were a people, her name was handed down in every generation to the most beautiful and the bravest girl of the tribe.

routed is still known by their name; and a fair town, rising in the land so loved by her, proudly bears the name of the heroic girl who in the day of despair redeemed her tribe, and turned their shame into honor.

A FLOATING HOME.

WHAT I FOUND ON A PIECE OF SEA-WEED.

BY EDMUND WILSON.

YOU all remember having read in your histories about the first voyage of Columbus, and have not forgotten that when the three little vessels were only halfway across the broad expanse of the Atlantic, they sailed through great masses of floating sea-weed. The sailors thought these sea-weeds must have been torn by the waves from some neighboring coast, and therefore believed their voyage was nearly ended. But, as they sailed onward, anxiously straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of land, all the sea-weed was left far behind; and it was not until many long days had passed that the distant line where the sky and water met was broken by the shore of the New World.

Now, the naturalists who study sea-weeds have given the name of *Sargassum* to the kind that misled Columbus. They have found that the *Sargassum* (which is also called Gulf-weed) probably does not need to grow fast to the shore like the common sea-weeds you have seen at the sea-side in summer, but has little round air-bladders, or floats, which buoy it up so that it seems able to grow and flourish at the surface of the sea, even many hundreds of miles from land. Vessels in the very middle of the Atlantic Ocean often sail for days through the floating meadows formed by this curious plant, and sometimes even powerful ships have hard work to push their way through.

One calm September day, I was cruising about in a little steamboat, off the Southern coast of the United States. The sky was cloudless, and the bright sunlight streaming down into the clear water enabled us to see far below the surface.

We could see great jelly-fishes lazily flapping along; and now and then a shark would dart by, making the small fishes scatter in every direction as he passed. Presently we saw masses of this Gulf-weed floating about us, and seizing a long-handled net, I fished up a piece as we steamed along.

I suppose many people would have thrown it away as a useless piece of weed; but we knew better than that; for, when we came to examine it carefully, we found that the *Sargassum* was the home of a number of strange creatures which were

so curious and interesting that I must tell you something of them. Here is a picture of the *Sargassum* just as it looked after being fished up, and put into a big glass jar full of pure sea-water.



THE SARGASSUM.

The round knobs on the stem are the air-bladders, which keep the plant afloat so that it rises and falls with the waves, and drifts along on the tides and currents. Perhaps this piece had drifted hundreds of miles, for the Gulf Stream,

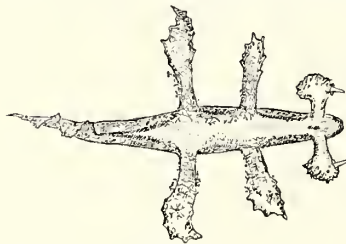
which flows northward like a mighty river from Florida and the West Indies, may have borne it onwards for many weeks.

Our sea-weed may therefore have been a great traveler, and may have had some strange adventures on its way. We may be sure it has weathered some great storms, and has been well tossed and shaken about by the big waves. The white gulls have wheeled about in the air above it, or even brushed it with their wings as they paddled along beside it. Perhaps some savage shark has given it a slap with his huge tail, as he darted by in pursuit of his prey.

Could the *Sargassum* speak, it might tell us whether there really is a sea-serpent or not! But it tells no tales; it floats there in the jar very quietly and unconcernedly, and so we must see what we can find out from it for ourselves. If you look closely at the picture, you will see some very odd things indeed. After we had fished up the *Sargassum*, one of my friends was watching it in the jar. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Why, the sea-weed is *alive*! It is moving its leaves."

We could hardly believe our eyes, and yet some of the leaves certainly were waving to and fro, though the water in the jar was perfectly quiet. What could it mean? All at once we became aware that there, crawling on the plant, were two large sea-slugs, which had entirely escaped our notice. And the curious part of it is that their bodies were of exactly the same color as the stem of the *Sargassum*; and that each one had growing from its body three pairs of things shaped and colored precisely like the leaves of sea-weed, but really parts of the animal. These were the "moving leaves" which had excited our wonder. To make the illusion more perfect, the leaf-shaped appendages were covered with little, branching, tufted outgrowths, closely resembling something growing on the real leaves of the plant, about which I shall tell you presently.

Here is a picture of one of these curious animals when separated from the sea-weed. It is really

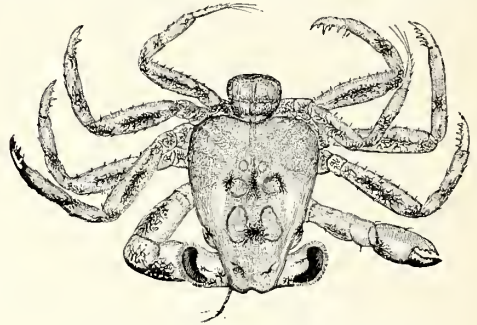


A SEA-SLUG.

very similar to a snail without any shell, or like any one of the slugs you may have seen on damp, decaying wood, or upon apples lying beneath the trees in the garden, — only, the imitation-leaves disguise its real character. The pointed end is the tail, and the other end is the head. The front pair of false leaves are short

and blunt, and look very much like some of the dead or imperfect leaves of the plant. The conical structures on the front sides of them are feelers, or tentacles, of which the sea-slug has great need, for it has no eyes and must guide itself in another way.

The two sea-slugs are easily seen in the illustration, because they are not colored. But I can hardly tell you how perfectly they resembled the sea-weed when alive. Their bodies were a beautiful, reddish-brown color, exactly like the stem of the *Sargassum*,



A LITTLE CRAB FOUND ON THE SARGASSUM.

speckled with pure white and dark brown, imitating the spots and patches on the latter. The imitation leaves were olive-green, precisely like the real ones, with a few darker blotches to imitate the stains and decayed spots. Altogether, you can hardly help fancying that the sea-slug has dressed himself up in the sea-weed's clothes and is playing a sort of masquerade.

But the sea-slug has been disguised as a plant for a good reason. For the sea is full of hungry fishes, always roving about on the lookout for just such a tidbit as a sea-slug. The sea-slug therefore has been colored and shaped like the sea-weed it lives on, in order that, when some sharp-eyed fish comes swimming along, he may never dream so tempting a morsel to be near. I suppose he looks at it and turns up his nose, saying to himself, "Pooh! that's nothing but an old sea-weed!" and off he goes, while our sea-slug no doubt laughs in its sleeve and says, "Sea-weed, indeed!"

This wonderful resemblance is an example of what naturalists call "Protective Resemblance," which in this case is so perfect as to merit the name of "Mimicry." Because, you see, the animal *mimics* the plant, and is thus *protected* from its enemies.

Now, let us see what else we can find on the *Sargassum*. In the first place, you see a queer little crab on one of the leaves. He is such a little fellow that we must magnify him a great deal to see just what he is like.

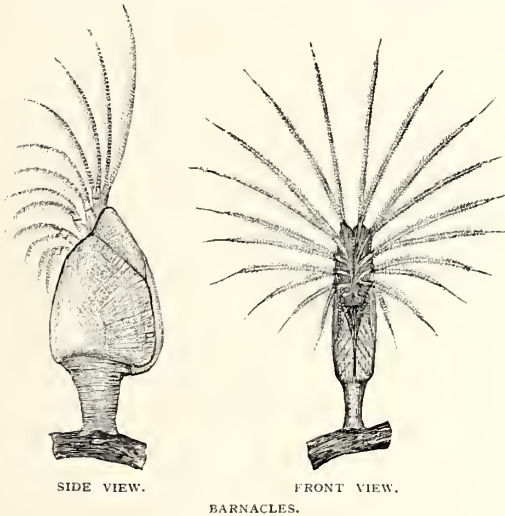
Here he is as he looked under my magnifying

glass. He has two huge black eyes, with which he keeps a good lookout, and at the least alarm he whisks around to the other side of the leaf in a twinkling, just as a woodpecker dodges behind a tree. When alive he was beautifully marked with red and black, and so transparent that you could look into his body and see that his heart was beating and his stomach digesting his last meal.

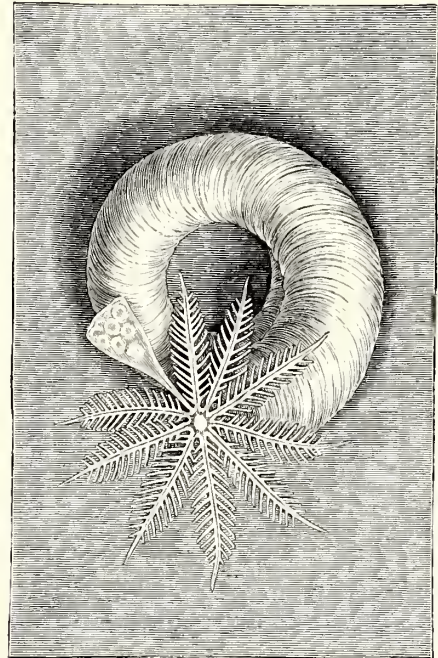
A little higher up, two barnacles are grown fast to the stem, with their arms spread out in the water. You can see them better in the two separate pictures, one of which shows the barnacle from the side and the other from in front. What does he do with the long, hairy arms? If we watch him for a few moments, we see the arms suddenly pulled entirely in — they shut up just as you close your hand by folding your fingers together. In another instant the arms are put forth again, and

lucky fisherman begins to throw his deadly net again.

Now look carefully at the picture, and you will see two or three little star-shaped objects attached to some of the leaves. If we magnify one of these, here is what we see. There is a little coiled tube, as hard as stone, within which lives a little worm, which the naturalists call *Spirorbis*. When he puts out his head he spreads out in the water a star-shaped circlet of feathery arms, which looks very much like a delicate flower. A very dangerous flower it is though, this pretty star of feathers, for it is another fishing-net like that of the barnacle, — only, the feathers are held quite still, and move only when the animal is alarmed or when they close upon some unlucky little creature which ventures too near. If the *Spirorbis* is alarmed, he instantly pulls in his head with its fishing-net, and when he goes into the tube he securely corks up the opening with a kind of stopper or plug, which he pulls in after him. You can see the stopper in the picture, occupying a position opposite to one of the arms. A curious fact is, that the stopper is hollow, and in this cavity the mother *Spirorbis* carries her eggs until the young ones are



make a grasping or clutching movement in the water, after which they are again withdrawn. So the barnacle goes on, continually grasping in the water, and, of course, you have guessed what he is doing. Yes, he is fishing — he is trying to make a meal of the microscopic creatures which are swimming about in the water. You see, the barnacle is grown fast at one end to the sea-weed, so that he can not swim about in pursuit of his tiny prey. He must wait for the unlucky little fellows to come within his reach. And as he is stone-blind, having no eyes, he can not keep watch, so as to throw his net at just the right moment; he has to keep grasping away at hap-hazard, and be content if he makes a catch only now and then. But woe betide the little shrimp or worm that is unwary enough to come within reach! The long arms instantly close on it; it is dragged down into the terrible jaws, torn to pieces, and eaten. And then the



THE SPIRORBIS.

hatched. The eggs are shown in the figure as little round balls.

Are you getting tired of the sea-weed? Well, I will tell you of just one more thing, and then we will leave it. You will see little dark patches on some

of the leaves. In the real sea-weed these patches look like small tufts of moss. But these moss-like growths are really colonies of microscopic animals, which have been called *Bryozoa*, the zoölogical name for "moss-animals." Under the microscope we see a most curious sight, which I have tried to show you in this drawing. Each one of the tiny specks has become a flower-like creature, looking not very unlike a dandelion or field-daisy. But you would think them very wide-awake flowers, for they are all swaying back and forth, moving the arms about in the water, and every now and then one of them disappears in a twinkling. In its place is left an oval opening; and, if you watch carefully, the flower gradually and cautiously comes forth from the opening again, and spreads out in the water its graceful crown of arms.

You see, each moss-animal has a little stony house, or cell, in which it lives, and from the mouth of which it can spread out a flower-like fishing-net, not so very unlike that of the *Spirorbis*. All these cells are so joined together, that they form a kind of coral, somewhat like that of real coral-animals which make the vast coral-reefs or coral-islands. The fishing-net is interesting in its structure. Every slender arm is covered with little vibrating hairs or paddles (too



"MOSS-ANIMALS."

small to see in the drawing), which are constantly waving to and fro when the arms are spread out. All the paddles move together, and in such a way that a little whirlpool is made in the water around each animal, and the bottom of the whirlpool leads right into the creature's mouth, which is in the middle of the flower.

You have read the stories (which you must not be too ready to believe, though) of the great maëlstrom, or whirlpool, off the Norway coast, into which boats and men are said to be drawn, and after circling round and round, faster and faster, and ever approaching the middle, are at length sucked in and swallowed up by the mighty waves. Well, the whirlpool about each moss-animal is equally terrible, in its way, to the little creatures swimming in the water; for if they once come within reach there is no escape — they are sucked in and swallowed *alive* before you could say Jack Robinson. And here I must tell you something curious. The bodies of all the moss-animals are joined together, like a lot of Siamese twins; so that whatever each one eats benefits all the rest, and there can be no quarreling among them over their dinners.

The little feathery tufts on the lower leaves are animals, too, and are called *Hydroids*; and, under the microscope, they much resemble the moss-animals. Like them they have separate heads and mouths, but their bodies, and even their stomachs, are all joined together.

Besides the sea-slugs, crabs, barnacles, *Spirorbis*, *Bryozoa*, and *Hydroids*, many other little creatures grew fast to the sea-weed. But I must not try to tell you about these, for very likely you have had quite enough sea-weed for one time.

It is a curious thought that there are countless thousands of these sea-weeds in mid-ocean, drifting about at the surface of the sea, every one the home of a little society more or less like the one I have told you about.

A poet once said:

"There 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace."

And no doubt our little crabs and barnacles, with their queer traveling companions, are quite happy and well content in their floating home, though a thousand miles from land and buffeted about by winds and waves.



HYDROIDS.

THE CIVILIZED KING AND THE SEMI-BARBAROUS GIANT.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



THE KING'S MINISTERS.

THERE was once a civilized King, who governed a highly-improved kingdom. His father and grandfather before him had been men of intelligence and enterprise, and when he came to the throne he found affairs in a most comfortable condition. His palace was lighted by electricity, and had elevators, electric bells, and all modern conveniences. He was anxious to complete the work begun by his ancestors, and to make life the easiest possible business for himself and all his subjects. He therefore encouraged inventors to perfect new plans for labor-saving machines of every kind. He formed the Royal Council into a Committee on Patent Rights, and for a long while its members were kept exceedingly busy. But by and by nearly everything was invented and patented—more contrivances, of course, than you or I ever heard of or imagined. The whole country was one whiz and whirl of machines and engines, and most people had nothing at all to do. They could not even shell peas, or catch fish, or play chess. Then the King was nearly contented. But there were two things still on his mind. He saw that there was too much time on hand among his subjects, and nobody had yet invented a machine to use up time; in fact, there was great need of a machine to kill the time saved by the other machines. And, besides this, there was a region just beyond the northern border of his kingdom, governed by a certain Count, who happened to be a semi-barbarous Giant. This region remained almost entirely unimproved, and the King could not rest until he had made some effort to civilize it. He thought that it would be better to persuade the Giant than to command him, especially as the territory was really his. So he determined to invite this Giant to his court, and for that purpose sent a messenger boy with a polite note, requesting the pleasure of Count Burlybear's company.

This messenger boy's name was Jimmy, and he was a very small, bright lad, with short, sandy hair and a great many freckles. He proceeded as rapidly as possible, by train, to the border of the kingdom, and enjoyed the journey, as he bought a

quantity of roasted peanuts in the cars, and looked out of the windows and whistled most of the time. By and by he came to the terminus of the last railroad, and after that he was obliged to travel by stage-coach. The coaches were immense in the Giant's country, and when there happened to be no other passengers, the messenger boy felt very lonely after the novelty of the thing wore off, and bounced about when the road was rough, like a single little grain of corn popping in an unusually big popper. He was glad when the coach stood waiting a while at some village inn, as this gave him an opportunity to get out and play marbles with the boys of the neighborhood. The marbles and the boys were inconveniently large, but Jimmy generally won in spite of that, and could also teach them some novelties and improvements in the game.

In his own good time he came to the Giant's castle, but found difficulty in getting admitted. He had expected merely to have to ring loudly, and when the bell was answered, to say "Burlybear?" and hand in the note, and his book, and the pencil which he kept dull on purpose. But as there was a horn to wind instead, hung very high, he had to sit down on the edge of the moat, swing his feet, and pitch pennies, until somebody happened to come. They were improved pennies, quite different from any coin which we have seen.

All this took days and days, and meantime the King had leisure to attend to the other matter which was worrying him. He summoned the Noblemen of the Royal Council, and proposed to them that they should at once consider some plan for using up the waste time of his people.

"Your Majesty," said the First Nobleman, "I would suggest that as we have improved nearly everything else, we now devote ourselves to improving the Public Mind. If the minds of the people were improved, they could use up a great deal of time with *them*."

"That is a very good idea," said the King thoughtfully; "but, after all, we already have plenty of schools; improved ones, too, in which the condensed extract of all knowledge is introduced into the ears of the children by our new process."

"If Your Majesty will permit me to explain," said the First Nobleman, putting his glass in his eye, "I am not speaking of schools; schools, in

the ordinary sense of the term, have really nothing at all to do with my proposition, which is simply, by some means, to so improve what I might call the thinking-machine of every boy, and even every girl, in the land, that all waste time might be used up in thinking."

"That is not bad," said the King doubtfully. "But what would all this thinking produce?"



THE KING CALLS FOR THE COURT LIBRARIAN.

"I am afraid, Your Majesty," said the Second Nobleman in a low tone,—“I do not wish to make needless objections,—but I am afraid it would be likely to produce Books.”

“That would be most unfortunate,” said the King, “as there are already so many books that we were talking about an act for the suppression of literature. Let us, however, have the exact facts of the case. I will call for the Court Librarian.” And His Majesty stepped briskly to the telephone.

He had rung up the Royal Central Office and had just been put into communication with the Library, which was at some distance from the palace, when the semi-barbarous Giant, Count Burlybear, entered the apartment unannounced, the footmen having been so exhausted by pulling off his boots, which were as tall as themselves, that they really had no breath left. The clever King pretended not to see him, for he felt that it was an excellent opportunity to show off the telephone system, seemingly by chance. The noblemen of the Royal Council of course could not see him if the King did not, and made themselves very busy with their portfolios.

“Hallo! hallo!” said His Majesty; and applying the little cup to his ear, he awaited with a quiet smile the response of the Court Librarian.

Now the Librarian was a nice old gentleman who did not care for telephones, or indeed for anything modern; and the King had bothered him

considerably about card-catalogues, patent indexes, and other things which he thought unimportant. He was quite absent-minded, besides being deaf; and at present he was deep in an immense folio, preparing for a treatise in which he intended to prove that nothing really new was of any real consequence, and that everything which was of any real consequence was not really new. So the King “hallohalloed” until he became tired, and received no reply whatever. The Giant Burlybear did not altogether understand, but he could see that the King was provoked and disappointed, and as it seemed to him quite ridiculous that anybody should be talking into a little cup, and saying nothing but “Hallo!” he burst out laughing. This made a tremendous noise, but the Royal Council did not dare to notice it. Then the King became very angry, and ordering the Royal Central Office to connect him with the Chief of Police, instructed the latter instantly to confine the Court Librarian in the most improved dungeon. After smoothing his countenance, he next turned to the Giant, and started as though he saw him for the first time. “Why, my dear Count!” he exclaimed, holding out his hand, “I am delighted to see you. Pray, how did you travel?”

“In my boots, of course,” said Count Burlybear gruffly. He was a neat-looking Giant, being, as I have said, only semi-barbarous. He used soap, and dressed in the English style, except that his overcoat and cap were furred like a Russian’s.

“H’m,” said the King. “You would probably have reached here earlier, if you had taken one of our numerous railroad lines.”

“Don’t know what they are, and don’t care,” said the Giant. “Magic boots are good enough for me.”

“But surely,” said the King, “you must have seen —”

“Can’t pay any attention to such things,” said the Giant. “I go over the tops of the hills with my magic boots, and don’t stop to look at such nonsense.”

The King smiled indulgently, for it had been proved long ago that there never were any magic boots in all the world.

“My dear fellow,” said he, “your boots, if you will allow me to say so, are stupid, heavy, old-fashioned, slow-going articles. Now I’ll tell you what we’ll do. We’ll have a go-as-you-please race to my city of Balderdash, five hundred miles away; and the one that comes in second shall perform any labor the winner may command.” This was very cunning of the King, as it would be an easy way of getting the Giant to do exactly what he wished. “If you have confidence in your boots,” he concluded, “you will agree to this.”

"Confidence in my boots!" cried the Giant. "I should think I had. It's a bargain; we'll start now. Bring my boots, there!" he roared; and in came the poor footmen, staggering and tugging with his great boots.

"Oh, wait a little, wait a little," said the King soothingly. "You have n't dined." And before dinner he secretly ordered his pet locomotive, his special car, provided with all the luxuries you can imagine, and a single baggage-car stored with the necessary machines which now took the place of a personal retinue, to lie in waiting in a tunnel not far from the palace.

At dinner (which was wonderfully good,—they had raisin-puffs and whipped cream for dessert), Count Burlybear got into a better humor; and the two started upon their race in a perfectly friendly way. The Giant had taken off his furred coat, and the King had put on a light crown. His Majesty

was flying smoke. He took no more interest in these things than if they had been the shiny threads of spider-webs, or the openings of ant-hills. The King sauntered on till the Giant was out of sight, and then quietly got into his special car, sat down in a plush-covered revolving chair, and unfolded an improved newspaper. He felt peaceful and happy, and after a few minutes, lulled by the rapid motion, he fell into a doze. Soon, however, he was awakened by a shock and a great crashing noise. He sprang up; there was loud, confused talking outside, and the train did not seem to be moving.

"What 's this? What 's the matter?" cried the King; and he rang for the porter.

The porter did not come at once, and when he did appear his face, though polite, was troubled.

"May it please Your Majesty," said he, "a strange and unfortunate occurrence——"

"Collision?"



THE COURT LIBRARIAN.—HE OBJECTS TO TELEPHONES.

began to walk along at an ordinary pace, with a walking-stick in his hand, as though he intended to go the whole distance on foot. The Giant looked at him with a good-natured, but rather contemptuous smile; for he could see that the King was nothing of a walker. Indeed, most of the people of that country were weak, because, nearly everything being done by machinery, they took little muscular exercise.

The King, on the other hand, could hardly keep from laughing, as he thought of the special car, lying in the tunnel, and how much faster his pet locomotive could go than poor ignorant Burlybear's boots.

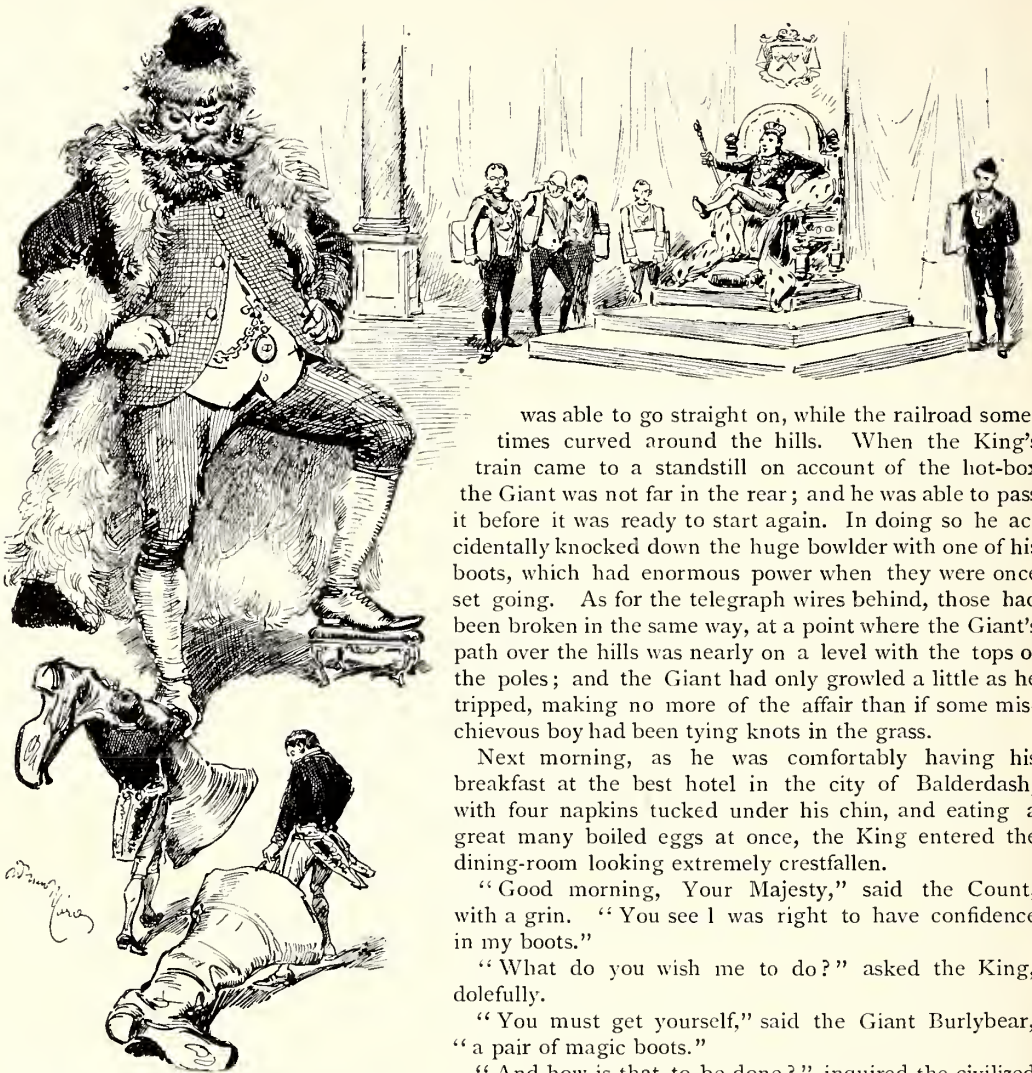
Off went the Giant, striding away at a rapid rate over the hill-tops, and paying no attention to the shiny steel rails that ran in all directions through the land, the trestles and tunnels and whistles and

“Nay, sire,” replied the porter. “We are now, as Your Majesty doubtless perceives, at the entrance of the great Cinderchoke Tunnel. During a trifling delay, caused by a hot-box, a huge boulder of rock fell from the hillside with great violence, slightly damaging our locomotive, and obstructing the track.”

“Of course they have telegraphed back for assistance?” said the King in some excitement.

“That, Your Majesty,” said the porter regretfully, “is the worst of it; something mysterious has happened behind us, and the telegraph wires are down.”

The King lost his improved temper, and for several minutes made it very unpleasant for the porter. He would, perhaps, have been still more excited, had he known how it all happened. The Giant's magic boots were really quite fast; and besides, he



THE SEMI-BARBAROUS GIANT CALLS FOR HIS BOOTS.

was able to go straight on, while the railroad sometimes curved around the hills. When the King's train came to a standstill on account of the hot-box the Giant was not far in the rear; and he was able to pass it before it was ready to start again. In doing so he accidentally knocked down the huge boulder with one of his boots, which had enormous power when they were once set going. As for the telegraph wires behind, those had been broken in the same way, at a point where the Giant's path over the hills was nearly on a level with the tops of the poles; and the Giant had only growled a little as he tripped, making no more of the affair than if some mischievous boy had been tying knots in the grass.

Next morning, as he was comfortably having his breakfast at the best hotel in the city of Balderdash, with four napkins tucked under his chin, and eating a great many boiled eggs at once, the King entered the dining-room looking extremely crestfallen.

"Good morning, Your Majesty," said the Count, with a grin. "You see I was right to have confidence in my boots."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked the King, dolefully.

"You must get yourself," said the Giant Burlybear, "a pair of magic boots."

"And how is that to be done?" inquired the civilized King.

"I'll tell you all about it after breakfast," said the Giant, spreading half a loaf of bread like a biscuit. "It's rather a difficult matter. You have to kill a wild bull with one blue eye and a frizzly tail by moonlight, without assistance or weapons; and you must tan his hide and make the boots yourself. But I'll give you the full particulars later."

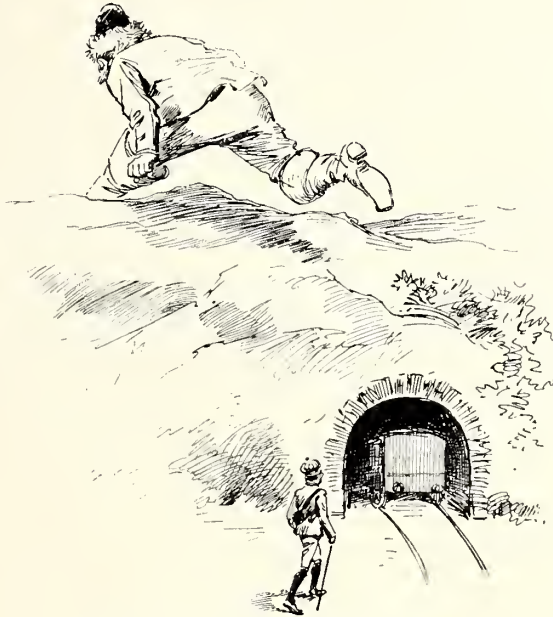
"But how long will this take?" said the King, in distress; for he did not like to think of meeting that kind of an animal by moonlight, and he did not know what would become of his kingdom while he was away on the expedition.

"Oh, about a year and a day," said the Count. "Perhaps you had better appoint a regent."

The King thought a while. He did not like to choose any of the members of his Council, because they would be likely to do new things, which he preferred to do himself. Then he remembered the messenger boy who had so faithfully done his duty in delivering the note to the Count, and the Court Librarian, who had been so hastily imprisoned without trial, and who would at least be certain not to do anything new. He tore two pieces of paper from an old letter which he had in his pocket; one was long and the other was short. He shut them up in a railway guide, with the ends showing, and asked Count Burlybear to pull one out. The Giant drew out the short one.

So the messenger boy reigned over the improved kingdom for a year and a day. And the Court Librarian was just as well pleased that it had not fallen to his lot to be regent, for in the improved dungeon he had everything heart could

wish, and plenty of time to work at the great treatise in which he intended to prove that nothing really new was of any real consequence, and that everything which was of any real consequence was not really new.



THE KING AND THE GIANT START IN THE RACE.

RAIN.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

“ Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day ! ”

OH, the dancing leaves are merry,
And the blossoming grass is glad,
But the river 's too rough for the ferry,
And the sky is low and sad.

Yet the daisies shake with laughter
As the surly wind goes by,
For they know what is hurrying after,
As they watch the dim, gray sky ;

The clovers are rosy with saying —
(The buttercups bend to hear)

“ Oh, be patient, it 's only delaying —
Be glad, for it 's very near ! ”

The blushing pimpernel closes,
It is n't because it grieves —
And down in the garden, the roses
Smile out from their lattice of leaves !

Such gladness has stirred the flowers !
Yet children only complain :
“ Oh, what is the use of showers ? ”
“ Oh, why does it ever rain ? ”



BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I used to know a Bilged Midshipman. He was rather a nice sort of fellow, and we got along together very well. But we should have liked him much better, at first, I think, if he had not been so dismal a character. I never did know any boy (except a boy whom we named the "Sea-Calf," because he was all the time blubbing) who seemed to be so thoroughly miserable. Why, I've known that Bilged Midshipman to refuse to join a swimming party of five as good fellows as ever walked—I was one of them, myself—and to spend all the afternoon of a half-holiday in moping.

None of us knew much about him except that he had been a midshipman and had been bilged. This much he said himself, when Clarence Detwiler, by virtue of seniority, asked him about himself on the first day that he came to the school. He didn't begin regularly, but in the middle of the term, and so he was something of a curiosity.

"Yes," he said sadly, "I was a midshipman at Annapolis, but I was bilged!" Then he turned away and looked as if he might take to crying—blinky about the eyes, you know.

Now, not one of us had the least idea of what

"bilged" was, or how it felt to be in that condition. But as he seemed to take it hard we concluded that it must be an uncommonly bad thing to have, and we came to an understanding among ourselves not to bother him by talking about it. I think that he understood our good intentions and was grateful to us for trying to do the handsome thing by him. Anyhow, he certainly tried to make himself agreeable, in a cheerfully-dismal sort of fashion; and sometimes he succeeded.

His first success was won by splicing the clothes-line. In the interest of Science, a lot of us had borrowed the clothes-line from the laundry and had begun a series of very interesting experiments on the Levitation of Solids. For want of better solids to work with, we were using ourselves—each one of us knew about how much he weighed—and we were levitating ourselves up into some remarkably fine chestnut-trees. In the midst of an interesting experiment—we had Pud Douglass up in the air—the clothes-line broke. It was a new line, but Pud was too much for it. Luckily, he was only about ten feet up, and the tumble did n't hurt him. But the clothes-line separated into two pieces; and what made it worse was that the break was just about in the middle.

We were in something of a dilemma. We knew

that a knot in the middle of the new line would excite critical comment, and probably would lead to very unpleasant consequences. For, apart from the fact that we had obtained the line rather informally, the chestnut-trees were quite out-of-bounds. We felt low in our minds. Then we all went back to the school and were as dismal as possible. However, we comforted ourselves a little by abusing Pud for being so inordinately fat.

Close by the wood-shed we fell in with the Bilged Midshipman. He was in his usual mournful mood; but we were mournful too, so we stopped to tell him of our tribulations.

“Pooh!” said the Bilged Midshipman, when we had told our tale of woe. “Is that all?”

We said that it was, and that we rather thought it was more than enough.

“Pooh!” said he again (he was a great fellow to say “Pooh!”). “Just you let me have the line and I’ll splice it so its own mother won’t know it’s been broken!”

We were too much pleased to stop for argument with him over a clothes-line’s having a mother, and we all sat down in a row behind the wood-shed, and little Billy Jenks pulled the line out from under his jacket. What Billy wished to do, was to go straight to the Doctor and tell him all about it and offer to pay for the clothes-line—but that always was Billy’s way.

The Bilged Midshipman really seemed almost cheerful for once; and he went to work with a will. He made what he called a “long splice.” It was a wonderful piece of work. He untwisted two strands of the rope for three or four feet, and then he “crutched them together,” as he called it. Then he untwisted some more from one of the ends, and into the space where the strand had been he twisted a strand from the other end. He did this both ways from the “crutch,” and ended up by tucking all the ends snugly away. When he had cut the ends off smoothly and had rolled the rope under his foot, it would have taken a pretty good pair of eyes to see that it ever had been broken! It seemed almost a miracle to us, and only pruden- tial reasons kept us from giving the Bilged Midshipman three cheers on the spot. But we all shook hands with him and told him solemnly that we thought that he was “a brick.” For a minute or two he seemed really pleased. Then he subsided suddenly and his countenance grew as dismal as Clarence Detwiler’s on the day when he ate more green apples than were good for him.

“What’s the use of it all?” he said, half to himself. “I’m bilged,—bilged!” Then he went sorrowfully away.

After that he often did bits of knotting and

splicing for us, and seemed to find it rather comforting. But he always ended by going moping off, muttering to himself something about bilging. It was very mysterious.

We looked up “bilged” in the dictionary, and found that it was “nautical” and meant “having a fracture in the bilge.” As applied to a midshipman, the “nautical” was good; but the rest was n’t. To cut things short, I may say that we all were completely puzzled. Finally, we concluded to have the matter settled definitely. It was growing too rasping to be borne. So we called a meeting of the school and elected Clarence Detwiler Chairman, and little Billy Jenks Secretary—not because there was anything in particular for a secretary to do, but because we wanted to make things pleasant for Billy. You see, Billy’s father had just failed and he was naturally a little cut up about it.

When the meeting was fairly under way, the chairman appointed Pud Douglass and me, a Committee of Two to bring in the Bilged Midshipman. As he was just around the corner of the wood-shed, waiting to be brought, this did not take long—and he could have been brought even sooner if “Clumsy” Skimples had n’t tumbled down from above among the rafters just as the procession was entering, and so spoiled the effect. But “Clumsy” was always tumbling down from somewhere or other,—he generally kept himself bumped black and blue,—so nobody minded it much.

Detwiler made a speech, in which he explained that we all were curious to know how a fellow who seemed to be all right could be bilged, if the dictionary gave the true meaning of the word; that we did not wish to press him too hard upon a delicate subject; but that, as we now cherished a very high esteem for him as a companion and as a— a boy, we should be very much obliged to him if he would explain this mysterious matter once and for all. Detwiler was a capital hand at speech-making, and this speech was even better than usual. When he concluded, we all clapped our hands, and then we looked at the Bilged Midshipman and waited for him to begin.

He blinked his eyes for a minute or two, in his queer, sorrowful way, and then he braced up and said he supposed he might as well tell about it, and have done with it;—we’d all been kind to him and we had a right to know.

“You see,” said the Bilged Midshipman, “down at Annapolis ‘bilged’ is what they call it when a cadet fails to pass his examinations, or is sent adrift for misconduct. It’s a sea term, and means that a barrel, or cask, is stove in and done for; a cadet is done for when the Academy throws him overboard, and so the sailors say that he is bilged.



THE BILGED MIDSHIPMAN TELLS HIS STORY.

That's all; — *I* was bilged — terribly!" Then he hitched up his trousers in sailor fashion — he was as fond of this action as Dick Deadeye — and looked dismaler than ever.

"If you don't mind telling," said Clarence Detwiler, "the meeting would like very much to know what bilged you. Everybody in favor of his telling what bilged him, will please say 'aye.'" (Of course we all said "aye.") "The ayes have it, gentlemen."

"Well," said the Bilged Midshipman, in a most forlorn and solemn way, "it was a cat; a big, black Tom-cat! Yes, I know it sounds queer, but it's true, all the same; that cat finished my naval career — *bilged* me! You see, it happened in this way: It was the beginning of my second year at the Academy, and my prospects were bright. I had passed the examinations and stood well up in

my class, and the professors seemed to like me. But I could n't get along comfortably with the Commandant of Cadets. He was a peppery sort of a man, a Commander in the service; and he had a way of snapping a fellow up short and setting him down hard, that made it uncomfortable to get along with him. And then he never would listen to what a fellow had to say. He was always talking about discipline. His pet speech was: 'The discipline of the service demands, my boy, that when I give an order you are to obey it, instantly and implicitly. Discipline and argument are utterly incompatible.' He'd say this over a dozen times a day: and so we always called him 'Old Discipline.'

"Well, I had a way of sliding into scrapes and Old Discipline had a way of catching me. At last things began to look squally. The Admiral — who was a trump — sent for me and gave me a good

talking-to, just such a talking-to as my father gives me sometimes; and he made me see that it really would n't do for me to be careless, if I 'ever hoped to be an officer and a credit to the service,' as he put it. He was just as kind as he could be, but he wound up by telling me that I must steer a straight course or take the consequences; and, to give me a clear idea of what the consequences would be, he said that if I was reported to him again for misconduct during the term I certainly would be sent adrift from the Academy. I promised him with all my heart that I would turn over a new leaf then and there. And then the old gentleman, in his kind way, shook hands with me and said that he was sure I really meant to be steady, and would live to be as good an officer as ever trod a deck."

The Bilged Midshipman stopped for a minute or two and seemed very low in his mind. "It makes me feel dismal," he said presently, "when I think what the Admiral must think of me now. But it was n't my fault that I was bilged—at least, not entirely.

"For a week or two after I was 'warned,' I was the best-behaved cadet in the Academy. 'Old Discipline' was on the lookout to catch me tripping, but I was on the lookout not to trip, and he could n't. Two or three times he thought he had me, for the cadets were always playing tricks on him, but every time it turned out to be somebody else, and I was not in the wrong.

"But he did catch me at last, and that wretch of a black Tom-cat was at the bottom of it. The cat was a good-for-nothing sort of a cat that used to drift about the Academy grounds by the kitchen. It was forever getting picked up by the cadets and put into places where a cat did n't belong—such as the professors' desks and the officers' hat-boxes.

"Well, one day it happened that the Commandant had to go down to the Norfolk Navy Yard for some stores, and a detail of cadets was told off to go with him. On the strength of my recent good conduct I was put in the detail; and I was glad enough to have the little cruise. Just as the tug was pushing off from the Academy wharf, 'Old Discipline' found that he had forgotten his valise—and as he was going to stay all night at Norfolk and go to a ball, and as the valise contained his dress-uniform, leaving it behind was not to be thought of. So he ordered the tug back to the wharf and, as I had the bad luck to be standing close by him, he directed me to jump ashore and run up to the Academy and get it. It was in his room, he said, all ready. Now this was orderly-service, and he had no business to send me on it. But I did not dare to hesitate; and I feared, too, that if I made the least objection, he would order me ashore and

go off without me. I did n't like to give in when I knew I was right, but neither did I like to lose the cruise; so away I went as fast as my legs would carry me.

"I found the valise all right, seized it and bolted back to the tug—but I had n't taken a dozen steps before I thought I felt something alive, squirming around inside the valise. Then it flashed upon me, all in a minute, that one of the fellows had stowed the old black Tom there, in a coil with the Commandant's dress-uniform. When I found that the Commandant, in his hurry, had left his keys hanging in the lock of the valise, the whole business was clear to me, and I just chuckled with delight. I put the keys into my pocket and hurried toward the wharf. But before I reached the tug I had stopped chuckling, and was thinking over the matter seriously. Of course I had n't much sympathy with the Commandant, but I could not help worrying over my promise to the Admiral that I would keep out of scrapes. I stopped and attempted to open the valise; but either I mistook the key or failed to understand the lock, for I really could not open it. I tried faithfully until I dared delay no longer, and then feeling I had done my best, I ran for the tug. Still, I was very uneasy, and afraid of blame or something worse. To be sure, I had n't put the cat in the valise, and I did n't even know, positively, that there was a cat in it at all. It was n't my valise and it was n't my cat; and, finally, the Commandant had no right to send me on orderly-duty. This was one side of the case. On the other was my promise to the Admiral that I would do my best to behave like an officer and a gentleman while I remained at the Academy—and I could n't help admitting to myself that a cadet reasonably suspected of having anything to do with stowing a cat in the same valise with a dress-uniform might well be thought neither officer-like nor gentlemanly.

"Well, the long and short of it was that by the time I got down to the tug, I had made up my mind to tell the Commandant about the cat, and thus to clear my conscience of breaking my promise to the Admiral; and I must confess that I thought it would be rather good fun to see the Commandant open his valise and let black 'Tommy' come bouncing out of it on the deck, while all the sailors and cadets would be grinning at the jolly lark and at the way 'Old Discipline' would rage over it. But, as things turned out, I did n't have a chance to tell, after all,—more's the pity!" Here the Bilged Midshipman stopped for a minute or two to be miserable.

"When I got down to the tug," he went on, "the Commandant was hurried and flurried—for the Admiral had come down to the dock in the

interval, and had asked why the tug had not started—and so, as I tumbled on board and handed him his keys, he blazed away:

“‘Now, sir, I should like to know where you have been spending the morning. Are you so utterly incapable of all useful duty that you can not run an errand without dawdling over it all day? Take the valise below, at once, and remain below until we reach Norfolk! Boatswain, see that the

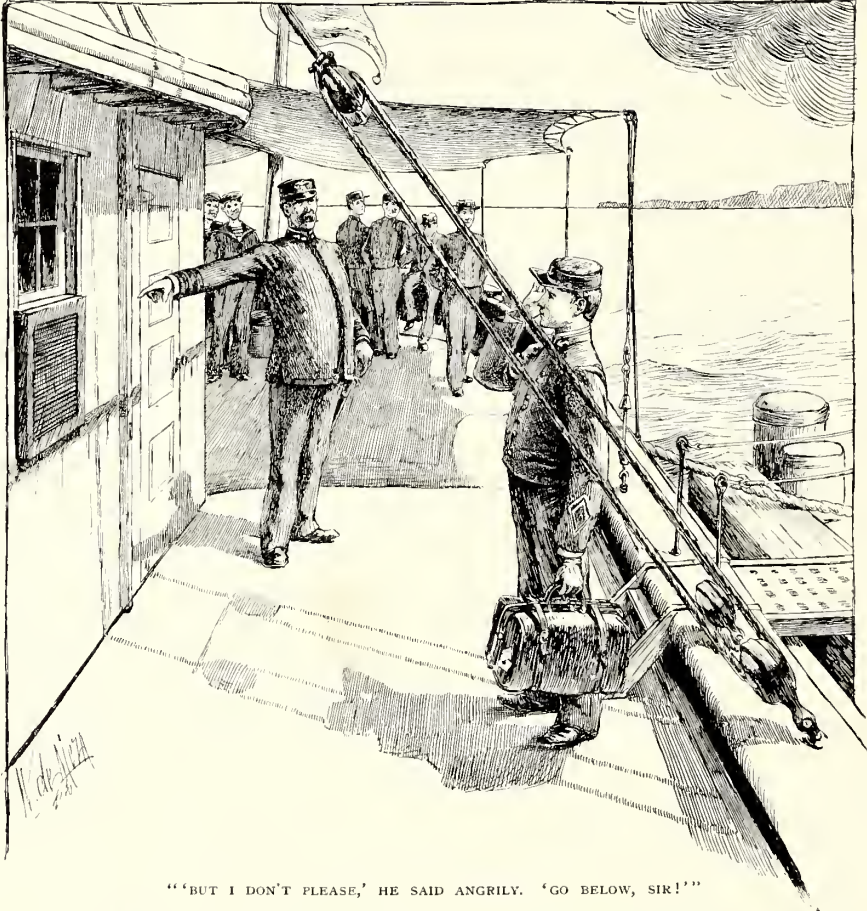
“‘But somehow, right in the thick of it I remembered my promise to the Admiral. So I gulped down the lump, by a great effort, and began:

“‘If you please, sir, I——’

“‘But I don’t please,’ he said angrily. ‘Go below, sir!’

“‘If you please,’ I began again, for I was determined to do my duty, ‘in the valise there’s——’

“‘I don’t think he heard what I was saying, he



“‘BUT I DON’T PLEASE,’ HE SAID ANGRILY. ‘GO BELOW, SIR!’”

lines are cast off. Mr. Pivot, you will oblige me by getting under way immediately.’

“‘I was all in a rage at this unfair attack. It was n’t my fault that the Commandant had come off without his valise, that he had ordered the tug to wait while he sent back for it, and that the Admiral had come down and caught him at the dock when he ought to have been well down-stream; and I knew that I had n’t dawdled a bit. Then, to crown it all, he had ordered me below for the cruise, and so spoiled every bit of my fun. A big lump came up in my throat, and I felt rather wicked.

was in such a passion. He burst out: ‘How *dare* you reply! The discipline of the service demands that when I give an order you are to obey it instantly and implicitly. Discipline and argument are utterly incompatible. Go below, this instant! You are under arrest. I shall report you to the Admiral for gross misconduct!’

“‘That settled the whole thing. There was nothing more to be said. I went down into the cabin and—I hope you fellows won’t think it mawkish—I just burst out crying. The whole business was so wretchedly full of injustice. Here

I was trying my best to do my duty as an officer and a gentleman, and, for no fault of mine, I was under arrest and was to be reported for misconduct."

A sort of sympathetic thrill ran around the woodshed. Clarence Detwiler formulated the sense of the meeting by observing that the Commandant was "a terror"; and little Billy Jenks crossed over from the secretary's seat — on the saw-horse — and put his arm over the Bilged Midshipman's shoulder. Billy always was a good-hearted little beggar.

After a while the Bilged Midshipman went on with his story: "After all," he said, "I don't believe that the Commandant would have reported me, when he came to think the matter over quietly, if it had n't been for the cat — and he certainly had a right to raise a row over that part of the performance. You see, there was a stiff east-wind blowing that kicked up a heavy swell in the bay, and the tug rolled and tumbled about so that you fairly had to 'hang on with your teeth to keep your footing,' as one of the cadets said. Down in the cabin, things went bumping around in a very reckless sort of way, and I had to stow myself between a locker and the after-bulkhead to keep from bumping about, too. The valise was down in the cabin; and as it was not clewed fast it had the range of the whole place — sailing away first to starboard and next to port, and then taking a long roll up and down amidships, as the tug pitched in the short seas. Of course no cat was going to stand such nonsense as that without remonstrance; especially such a determined old scoundrel as Tommy. At first he sent up a lot of plaintive 'me-ows!' but presently, when he found that 'me-owing' did n't do any good, he took to howling at the very top of his voice, and trying to scratch his way out. I could hear the sound of tearing cloth as he rattled his claws through and through the Commandant's dress-uniform. and — as I was in a rather wicked frame of mind by that time — I did n't object. If ever poetical justice got hold of a fellow it was then and there — and the fellow was 'Old Discipline' and the poetical justice was that ripping and raging cat who was tearing those ball-room clothes to scraps and tatters. I felt in my bones that there was a tremendous storm ahead for me; but I was so angry that I had n't much sympathy with the Commandant."

The woodshed responded promptly to this sentiment, Clarence Detwiler leading a roar of laughter at the Commandant's expense. Only little Billy Jenks looked solemn. When we had got through laughing he said that he thought it was all right so far as the Commandant was concerned, but he could n't help feeling that it was rather rough on

the old cat. (You see, Billy was a very soft-hearted little chap about animals. Why, that little fellow once wanted to fight Clarence Detwiler, who was three years older and a whole head taller and who had taken boxing lessons, because Detwiler was going to drown a stray puppy so as to see whether or not he could bring it to life again by a plan that he had been reading about in some scientific paper. Detwiler was angry at first, but Billy was so much in earnest about it that he wound up by shaking hands with Billy and letting the puppy go — "sacrificing Science to Friendship," as he explained in his clever way. But that has nothing to do with the story.)

When we were all through laughing, the Bilged Midshipman continued:

"Well, the Commandant did not go to the ball! He came back to the Academy the next day, raging, and the storm which I knew to be brewing burst out at once. I have never heard what he said to the Admiral, but the case against me was black enough. The upshot of the matter was that I was dismissed from the Academy right out-of-hand — just 'bilged' without being summoned or having a chance to say a word in my own defense. This seemed to me the crowning injustice of all. I did not think that the Admiral would have treated me in that way, and I had expected to make it all right when I was summoned: for, you see, I really had tried to do my duty, and could have explained the whole matter so that the Admiral and all other officers would have seen that I was not to blame. But I had been in mischief several times since I entered the Academy and so everybody believed I had been larking again: and so I came to grief. Instead of believing me innocent until I was proved guilty, I was believed guilty from the start, — for there certainly seemed to be plenty of evidence against me, — and I was n't given even an opportunity to prove my innocence.

"But I did n't see all this as plainly then, as I do now, and I was angry at the clear injustice which had been done me, and concluded that the sooner I got away from the Academy the better. If the Admiral did not believe in me after my promise, it was he who was not behaving like an officer and a gentleman, this time. I hated him, and I hated everybody, myself included; and I was eager to get away, and so I did n't even try to explain matters and have my dismissal canceled. The Admiral had lost faith in me, and that settled the whole matter.

"And so, the short and long of it was, that I was 'bilged' — kicked out of the service in disgrace — all because some other fellow had put that miserable black cat in with 'Old Discipline's' dress-uniform! That's all there is to tell. And the reason

I'm so miserable is that I can't help thinking all the time that if I'd kept reasonably steady from the start I should not have been dismissed at all. It was the cat that finished me, but the root of the whole wretched business was my bad name.

"I did love the service with all my heart, and I'd give almost anything to get back into it again; but I'm out of it forever — and I've nobody but myself to thank for my bad luck!"

The Bilged Midshipman sat down on the pile of kindling-wood just behind him and blinked his eyes quickly. I'm not sure that he would n't have broken down altogether, but just then Clumsy Skimples managed to tumble from the top of the wood-pile, bringing a whole load of wood down with him, and this raised a general laugh, and gave the Bilged Midshipman time to recover. When Clumsy had finished piling up the wood, and things were quiet again, Clarence Detwiler made a very handsome speech, in which he told the Bilged Midshipman how sorry we all felt for him and how badly we thought that he had been treated "while in the service of our common country" (Detwiler said that over twice, and we all applauded); and how, in short, we all hoped that it would n't happen again. Others of us made sympathetic speeches, and the meeting wound up by adopting a preamble and resolutions in which we just gave it to the United States Government in general and to the Commandant at the Naval Academy in particular.

But what seemed to please the Bilged Midshipman more than anything else, was the way in which little Billy Jenks got up from the saw-horse, walked across the wood-shed and said that he thought the Bilged Midshipman was a "gentleman, all the way through!" and he would like to have the honor of shaking hands with him. So Billy and the Bilged Midshipman solemnly shook hands, and then the small chap, in his dignified way, walked back across the wood-shed and sat down on the saw-horse again. Billy was such a queer little dick! He was always doing odd, old-fashioned things in the most natural sort of a way; — and yet, when you came to think about them, you always saw that they

were just the right things to do, and you could n't help respecting Billy for doing them. It is a solemn fact that there was more real, downright dignity about that little fellow than there was about Clarence Detwiler himself — though, of course, nobody at the school would have dared say so. And so the Bilged Midshipman seemed better pleased with Billy's shaking hands with him that way, than he was with our vote of censure upon the National Government.

Then the meeting broke up.

Now perhaps you think that this is the whole story of the Bilged Midshipman. But it is n't. At least, it has a very short sequel that is a great deal pleasanter than the story itself.

When the Bilged Midshipman was sent home, it seems, he told his father just how the whole thing happened, and his father, without saying anything to his son, wrote it all out and forwarded it to the Admiral. The Admiral immediately began an investigation of the case, and the result of it all was that the cadet who put the cat in the valise was found out, and was "bilged" in no time. Then the Admiral wrote back that he thought it would be a good plan to let our Bilged Midshipman stay at school quietly until the next term at the Academy began, without telling him that he was all right, so as to give him a good opportunity to think over what had happened and see what his failure to maintain a good record at the Academy had cost him, — it was to give him a sort of moral lesson, you see. And that was just what his father had concluded to do. Next year he was reinstated at the Academy, and two years later he was graduated, almost at the head of his class. He is an Ensign now, cruising around out on the East India Station. I had a letter from him the other day, telling how he had been in a rumpus with a Malay pirate, and had ridden on an elephant, and had eaten mangoes.

And so, the short and long of it was, you see, that the Bilged Midshipman was not really bilged, after all!



BY E. H. LIBBY.

INNOVATIONS are likely to be feared, or at least misrepresented. When tea was first used in Europe it was bitterly attacked by many writers. In 1640 Simon Pauli, physician to Frederick III. of Denmark, in an essay against the beverage, speaks of the "raging, epidemical madness of importing *tea* into *Europe* from *China*." But it found advocates and was believed to be a sovereign remedy for many diseases.

In 1664 the East India Company presented to King Charles II. a package of two pounds and two ounces of tea purchased in Holland, at a cost of ten dollars a pound. His idle majesty seems to have sipped his fragrant cup with pleasure, for the next year he graciously accepted a second tribute of twenty-two pounds, at twelve dollars and a half a pound. In 1676, when the times were turbulent and the people impoverished by long years of civil disturbances, the importation was nearly four thousand pounds, which supplied the demand of the next six years and sold at an average price of five dollars a pound. But by 1710 the elegant society of Queen Anne's court had made tea fashionable, and the importation reached a million pounds, of which three-quarters were exported by England to other lands. Slowly but surely the delicate herb made its way into popular favor also, though Dr. Johnson, at ninety, thought it necessary to apologize for himself as a "hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle was hardly allowed to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

The tea-plant grew for endless centuries in Central Asia, and the guileless Celestials blandly assert that the drink was invented by Chin Nong some five thousand years ago. A poetic version makes it sixteen hundred years ago, and gives the following account of its earliest appearance: "In

the reign of Yuen Ty in the dynasty of Tsin, an old woman was accustomed to proceed every morning at daybreak to the market-place, carrying a cup of tea in her hand. The people bought it eagerly, and yet from the break of day to the close of evening the cup was never exhausted. The money received was distributed among orphans and beggars. The people seized and confined her in prison. At night she flew through the prison windows with her little vase in her hand." If you care to do so you can read this story and enjoy it in the original Chinese of the "Cha Pu," or "Ancient History of Tea," and will no doubt find the translation exact.

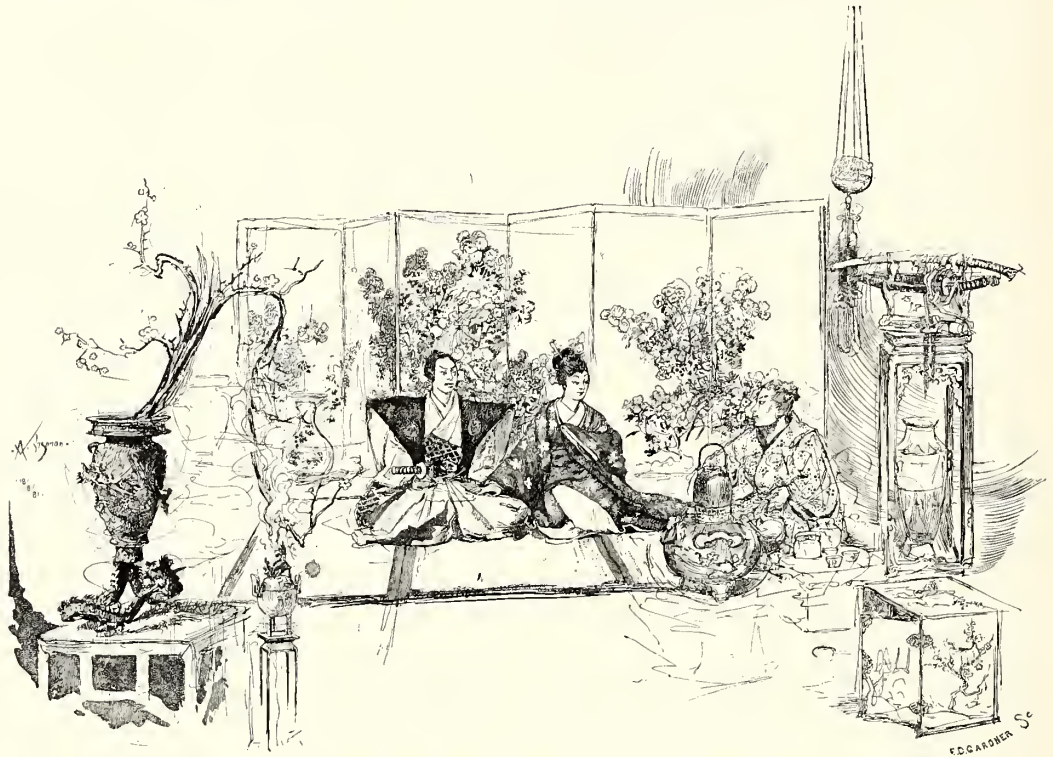
Tea was not heard of in China again for three centuries and a half, when a "Fo hi" priest is said to have advised its use as a medicine. In the ninth century, an old beggar from Japan took some of the seeds and plants back with him to his native land. The Japanese relished the new drink, and built at Osaka a temple to the memory of those who introduced it. This temple is still standing, though now almost seven hundred years old. Gradually the people of Tartary and Persia also learned to love the drink, and serve it at all hours of the day.

The honor of introducing the herb into Europe may be considered due equally to the Dutch and Portuguese. Early in the seventeenth century tea became known among "persons of quality" in Europe, and in 1602 some Dutch traders carried a quantity of sage (which was then used to make a drink popular in Europe) to China, and by some ingenious device succeeded in making the almond-eyed tea-drinkers think it a fair exchange for an equal quantity of very good tea, which was brought home in safety and without the loss of a single Dutchman. It is probable that the Dutch traders put to sea immediately after handing over the

sage and without waiting for the Chinese to express their opinion of sage-tea.

Tea now began to arrive in England in small packages from India and Holland, and was considered a choice present and a great luxury, as it sold for twenty-five dollars a pound.

The plant, when growing naturally, is a small tree, sometimes attaining thirty feet in height. In cultivation it is pruned down to about three feet, giving it a flat top, because in this shape it produces many twigs and a plentiful growth of leaves at a height convenient for picking.



A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN MAKING TEA FOR HIS FRIENDS.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the East India Company began importing tea from China as a part of their regular trade. Tea-culture has since been introduced in many other countries, — we may instance Mexico, Brazil, Chili, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, Java, and Ceylon, — while many experiments have been made, and are now being made, to cultivate the plant in other places, and especially in the southern States of our own country. During the war the experiments were postponed, but have since been renewed with some very encouraging results. Portions of the Carolinas, Tennessee, and westward to the Missouri river, and southward to the Gulf of Mexico, including Texas and Mexico, doubtless will be found to offer the most favorable conditions that the United States afford for tea production, as these regions furnish a long growing-season and a high degree of moisture.

The botanical name of the tea-plant is *Camellia Thea*, and its original home was India.

The best soil is a rich, sandy loam, well drained and well watered. Hill-sides were formerly considered the proper home for the plants, and Chinese pictures usually represent tea-gardens as located among impossible hills; but flat ground, if well drained, serves equally well. The herb flourishes best in partial shade, and though it matures in eight or ten years, it lasts for more than a generation. Many of the best gardens in India were planted forty years ago.

The Chinese process of preparing tea is somewhat shorter than a Chinese play, and includes twelve operations and three days' time. The youngest leaves are believed to make the finest teas.

The Indian processes are as follows: (1) withering the leaf in the sun; (2) rolling the leaves, by hand or machine, without breaking them; (3) fermenting, which is caused by piling the leaves up together and leaving them to ferment; (4) sunning on mats, until the color is darkened; (5) firing or

roasting over a fire until the leaf is crisp. To make green tea, the withering and fermentation are omitted.

The English prefer black tea, and the Americans green tea.

The Chinese, Russians, and Persians receive their tea pressed into bricks, which are often used as money in Asia. There are rare teas which none but princes drink, the product of particular gardens under the most careful culture. They are cured by slight firing and are still damp when in best condition for use. In fact, all teas lose so much of their quality by exportation that we can never hope to taste the best until we either drink it in Asia, or raise it upon our own soil.

The annual consumption of tea, outside of Asia and the overland trade, is now over three hundred million pounds, of which England takes more than half, while America takes but one-quarter. This is less surprising, however, if we reflect that America consumes about seven times as much coffee as tea. The Russians drink nearly as much tea as the English. The Dutch and Germans are great tea-drinkers. The French, like the Americans,

of Moscow are universally patronized, and the quantity consumed is enormous.

Considered in relation to mankind, we see that *Camelia Thea* has many virtues and a few faults. Properly prepared, the infusion dispels fatigue, relieves drowsiness, and stimulates mental activity. Like coffee and cocoa, it tends to diminish the distress and faintness caused by hunger. Tea in moderation is not a harmful stimulant. To the aged, to the very poor, and during any scarcity of good food, it is really a great blessing; for it contains a little nourishment, and owing to its volatile oil, to the heat of the drink, and to the sugar and milk usually added, its revivifying effect is often very marked.

A Chinese writer says: "To make tea, it is an old custom to use running water boiled over a lively fire. That from springs in the hills is best, and river water next, while well-water is the worst. . . . Do not boil the water too hastily; as, first, it begins to sparkle like crab's eyes, then, somewhat like fishes' eggs, and lastly it boils up, like pearls innumerable springing and waving about. This is the way to boil the water."



A TEA-PARTY IN COLONIAL DAYS.

prefer coffee, consuming twice as much coffee as the English.

The Russians receive the best tea, as it is transported to them overland, retaining all the flavor of the slightly fired brick-teas. The tea-houses

There are other ways of preparing tea,—perhaps you may find one more to your liking. In China, salt and ginger are sometimes added. The Japanese powder the delicate leaves and beat an infusion of them to a foam with chop-sticks. The



GATHERING TEA-LEAVES IN JAPAN.

Russians drink the liquor clear,— as do the Chinese ordinarily,— often adding a slice of lemon, or lemon juice. In Switzerland, cinnamon is added, while the Persians prefer to flavor with fennel, anise-seed, cloves, and sugar. Tartars enjoy a soup of brick-tea, salt, milk, and flour-dumplings fried in oil; and a salad of tea, tallow, fat, cheese, and salt.

But, after all, the unflavored draught, in pretty cups, with cream-jug and sugar-bowl, arrayed on a spotless cloth, thin slices of bread, cold meat prettily garnished, and fresh fruit, will make one wonder, with Sydney Smith, what the world did before tea was known, and thankful for having been born in these happier days.

THE BABY'S CREED.

BY CHARLES H. LUGRIN.

I BELIEVE in my Papa,
 Who loves me — oh, so dearly !
 I believe in Santa Claus,
 Who comes to see me yearly.
 I believe the birdies talk
 On the boughs together ;
 I believe the fairies dance
 O'er the fields of heather ;

I believe my dolly knows
 Every word that 's spoken ;
 I believe it hurts her, too,
 When her nose is broken.
 Oh ! I believe in lots of things, —
 I can't tell all the rest —
 But I believe in you, Mamma,
 First, and last, and best !

OUR FIVE O'CLOCK TEA



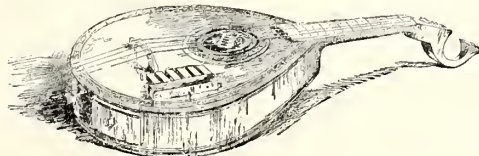
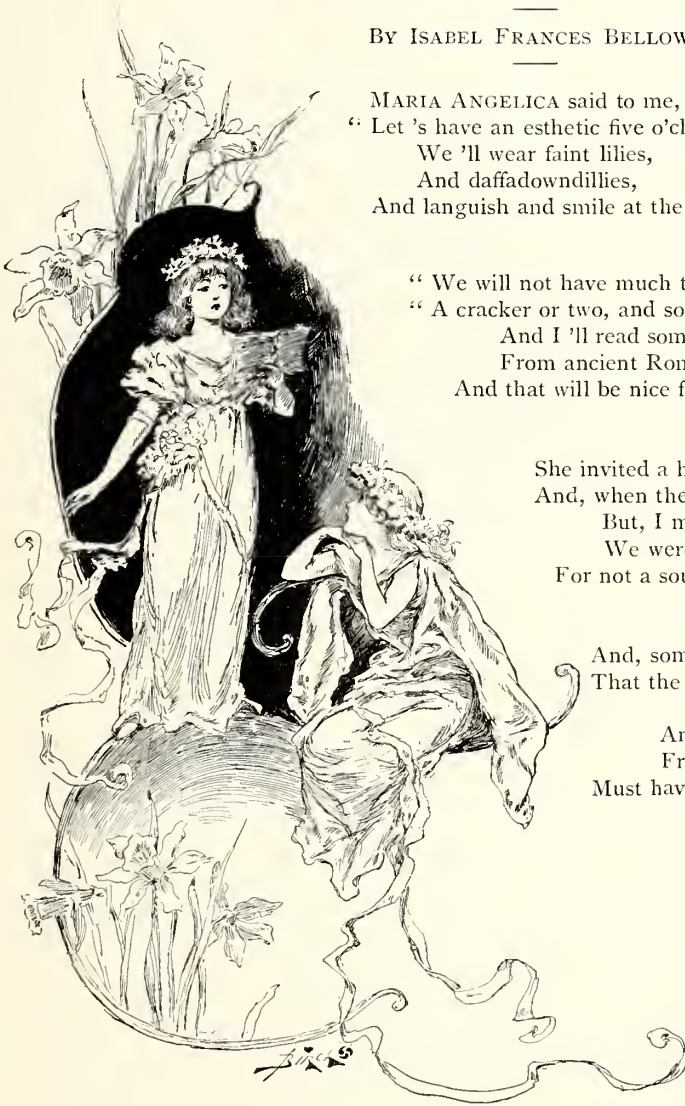
BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWS.

MARIA ANGELICA said to me,
"Let's have an esthetic five o'clock tea;
We'll wear faint lilies,
And daffadownillies,
And languish and smile at the company."

"We will not have much to eat," said she,
"A cracker or two, and some very weak tea;
And I'll read some stanzas
From ancient Romanzas,
And that will be nice for the company."

She invited a hundred and thirty-three;
And, when the time came, quite ready were we.
But, I mention with pain,
We were ready in vain,
For not a soul came of the company!

And, somehow or other, it seems to me
That the cracker or two, and the very weak
tea,
And the beautiful stanzas
From ancient Romanzas,
Must have come to the ears of that company!



THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

(Being Leaves from His Early Diary.)

BY MARY W. PORTER.



"I SEE THAT FEMALE ORPHAN-ASYLUM GO BY."

I AM only a little boy, and have caused great regretment in the family owing to not being a girl. I have heard Uncle Jack say so a hundred times; indeed, I try to feel sorry myself, and just when I'm getting a little sad, I see that female orphan-asylum go by in pink calico, and suddenly I grow so glad about it that I could cry with joy.

I am writing my life because I am to be a great man when I grow up, and then it will please people to read it. I am the last of a great many boys, so many that I generally count them on my fingers, and they have really turned out very well. They have become men and are hard at work, and there's only me left, at present, except when Thomas gets lazy and comes home (his name is really Tom, but I believe in Biography the whole name is generally used). I made him very angry once when he came, by saying that if all our boys were such prodigals the price of veal would go up. I heard him tell Father, afterward, that he thought I was a changeling; so I asked Uncle Jacket what that meant, and he said he believed it was a sort of gosling. (I call him "Uncle Jacket" for Biographical reasons, though he is generally known as Uncle Jack.)

Mother used to say that I was more anxiety to her than all the rest of her boys put together,

and that worried me so I could n't help crying about it sometimes when I was alone. I asked Uncle Jacket why it was and he said, "Folks nebber knows when dey's well off," and 'lowed, "Mis' was frettin' 'cause I did n't wear out de knees 'er my trousers, like dem udder chil'ren"; but that was n't it, because when I took the scissors and cut the knees quite out of my best pair, Mother was very angry about it, and made me wear them as a punishment, for ever so long. When I was much littler, people used to say I could n't live long, I was so dreadfully old-fashioned; and though I had some curiousness to know what dying really was like, yet it was very depressing to feel it so near.

One day, being low in my mind, I went to the garden to see Uncle Jacket to consult with him how I could weather the storm; then somehow I could n't find him, and that was the last straw on the back of the — I forget now which animal, but I will ask Thomas; sometimes he knows those little bits of Natural History quite unexpectedly. Well, I sat down and put my apron over my face and wept bitterly. I was very little, you see, and wore such things then; indeed, I think they must have wished for a long time that I was a girl, for I can remember quite well when they dressed me like one.

To resume our narrative : While I was weeping, I heard some one say quite decidedly, "Hallo, young un, what 's the matter with you?" I dropped my apron quickly, and looking up, saw a rather pleasant peddler standing by me, with a large pack on his back and another on the ground. He was hot and dusty, but was looking at me cheerfully.

"You 're a poor little babby to be crying here all by ye'self," he repeated. "What 's the matter?"

"Please, I 'm dying of old-fashion'ness," I said, sobbing again at the thought.

He gave a long whistle, notwithstanding that it is impolite to do so in company. That is all I



AN OLD-FASHIONED PORTRAIT OF THE HERO.

remember quite well, but I know that he somehow got the idea that what I had eaten had made me sick, and insisted on my taking some pills at once. He said they would cure me of anything. I remember how long I hoped they would cure me of old-fashion'ness, but they did n't, for even after that people often said I had it. He gave me also a yellow handkerchief with the Declaration of Independence in the middle, and Uncle Jacket and I did enjoy that eloquent burst exceedingly. But when I took it out at the table that night, my brothers shouted at it, and made such fun of it that I hid it; and not one of them has seen it since. Even Mother laughed at it.

I have read the lives of a great many people, and most of them are bound in red, and are by Mr. J. Abbott, Esq. They are beautiful and thrilling and made me think of writing my own life. They used to belong to the boys, who must have used them with very grimy hands, and who made pictures of Mary Queen of Scots dancing with Xerxes, and such things, on the empty pages; but I have my doubts about their having read them, for once when

I was thinking it over and did n't have the book I asked Edward (that 's Teddy, you know) how many battles Napoleon averaged a year, and he told me I was getting perfectly unbearable. I said, "Alas! I have been that for many a long year," and he muttered something quick, under his breath, and rushed off, as if I had hit him. Indeed, it is very queer, they often seem more afraid of me than I am of them; perhaps it 's because they know I am going to be a great man! However, it is a melancholy fact.

One day my brother Robert (the lawyer of the family) asked me, when I came home from a visit, what I had been doing, and when I said, "I have spent all the long hot hours making mental reservations," he cried, "Do you know you frighten me, child?—you absolutely frighten me!" Then a big lump came in my throat, for I liked Bo—I mean Robert, the best of all, and I crept away to my study, and after a while I thought I would write to him, and that comforted me a little, and this is what I wrote :

MY DEAR BOB: I regret exceedingly having frightened you just now and I can not think how I did it; but it was quite accidental. I would not hurt you for the world.

Your affectionate HUGH.

Robert was always kind to me after that. He called me up and gave me a long lecture about using big words, and spelling too well; and said I must play like other boys, and fish, and ride, and shoot, and not look at a book for two years, and I was sorry when he went from home, though he interfered sadly with my studies. Uncle Jacket is perhaps the best companion I could have; he is not much of a scholar, but he appreciates learning highly in others, and rather likes not understanding what you say to him. He is quite familiar with Mr. Abbott's great people, though he is not always respectful in his way of speaking of them. For instance, he calls Queen Elizabeth "Lizbeth," and Xerxes, "Jerks"; but he means well. He was much interested when I acted the death of Mme. Roland—though he dozed off; but he says he always does that when he is interested.

Thomas, I am sorry to say, laughed at me one day because I was bowing to the pump and saying, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" and since then he is always bowing about the house—to the hat-rack, the big clock, and the bed-posts, till I have been tempted to wish that Mme. Roland had perished otherwise.

I have been sadly disturbed in my mind, and by a most unexpected cause. My eldest brother, whom I never saw but once, is going to send one of his sons to pass the winter with us, to get ac-

quainted. How curious it will be to have a nephew in the house! But will it be pleasant? To be sure I can read him "Abbott" and "Headley," "Vicars and Mosheim's Universal History," and "Gibbon" — indeed, all my best treasures. How strange it will seem to have a fellow-student in these interesting pursuits!

Uncle Jacket does not take at all kindly to the idea; indeed, when he first heard of it, was painfully sarcastic.

"My stars!" he cried. "Is we never had 'nuff boys in dis here house, dat Missus am lookin' 'bout fur mo'? Mark my words, Honey, dey jes wants some pusson to put over yo' head. If you 'd ebber tuck up wid any er Mas' Tom's onpurlite tantrums dey 'd ha' let you 'lone. Boy, indeed! A boy! Mas' John's eldest boy!" And Uncle Jacket began to hoe so furiously that I knew it would not last long, and sat down to meditate on what he had said.

Thomas, who was enjoying one of his many rests at home, made me still more uncomfortable that night at tea.

"Well, Hugh," he cried, "there is a good time a-coming; a time of black eyes and bruised noses. John says his Frank is a perfect little filibusterer."

My heart sank. I said to myself, "Will he care for the Abbotts?"

They have put another little bed in my room, for I am now to share it with Francis. Oh, if they would only let me be alone! What shall I do with a strange boy in my room?

Uncle Jacket is furious; he says it reminds him of the persecutions of the Rev. Moses Gillial for setting fire to a circus-tent — a most interesting recollection of "before the war," which I never tire of hearing. I wish Mr. Abbott had known about it, and had written his life. He was tarred and feathered, and Uncle Jacket says it was only because he was — something or other. Later on he was hung. I believe he set fire to a house and the people could not get out quick enough.

It is strange that they should have put Francis into my room, for I have known seven of my brothers to be here at once, and yet it was not at all crowded. I have had to put Varus and his

Legions on top of the *armoire* to make a place for that bed — Varus himself is tin, but the Legions are acorns, and it was so interesting when they were formed in battle array. I do not know the exact number of men in the Legion. I would have looked it up, but the family have a prejudice against my using the dictionary, and Father has positively forbidden me to touch his Unabridged.

I think if I ever get to heaven the first thing I shall ask there will be, "Please to let me have a dictionary of my own." Uncle Jacket was disgusted when I mentioned it to him, and said, "Some folks is gettin' mighty close in dere ole age"; and muttered something about camels threading cambric-needles, that I did n't quite



"THOMAS LAUGHED AT ME ONE DAY BECAUSE I WAS BOWING TO THE PUMP AND SAYING, 'O LIBERTY! LIBERTY! HOW MANY CRIMES ARE COMMITTED IN THY NAME!'"

catch; but he was called off to cut stove-wood, so he could not explain.

Francis has come! He is taller than I, though triflingly younger, and is greatly admired by all the family.

Uncle Jacket says "Handsome is as handsome does, when it 's boys on a visit"; but Mother says that he is beautiful, and that he reminds her of all her sons except me, and everybody except Uncle Jacket wishes I was more like him.

I was immersed in study when he arrived, and they called me down, and the first thing I heard when I entered the parlor was a great shout and "Hallo! Are you the last of my ninety-nine uncles? I'm afraid all my respect and good behavior will have to end with Uncle Tom."

"Indeed, then, you are mistaken, Master Frank," said Thomas, before I had sufficiently recovered to consider what Robespierre would have said under the circumstances (I was then reading his life).

"Allow me to introduce you to the great man of the family, your famous, world-renowned Uncle Hugh!"

Mother cried, "Tom!" reprovingly, and Francis laughed and seemed surprised that I did n't. I could have shed a few tears—Thomas often makes me weep; but it is unmanly, so I kept them back, and shook hands with Francis.

He never seemed to feel like a "stranger within the gates," at all. Mother said, "Shall Hugh show you to your room now?" and he cried, "In one moment, dear Grandmamma!" He was leaning against Father's knee, and I saw with surprise that he was examining the seals on his watch-chain,—those seals about which I have always felt such secret curiosity, but which I have never had in my hand in my life.

I took him up to our room, and he was delighted. "Is n't this jolly!" he cried, looking around. "I'm so glad they put us together; I have always had one of my brothers with me, and it would have been dreadfully poky alone." I said nothing. But he did not seem to mind my silence. He went on about his "people at home," splashing his head in a basin of water, and taking it out in a most reckless way. I think he spoiled three clean towels drying that one head! When I spoke of it to Uncle Jacket afterward he thought it a bad sign, and looked gloomy. "Some folks," he said, "has mighty little respect fer water; dey 's fur too fond er foolin' wid it fer my taste."

At tea that night, Thomas and Francis went on in a wild way, exchanging remarks—which were, however, unworthy of a place in a Biography. Mother said she had n't had so gay a meal since the last six boys left home.

When we went to our room again, I must say Francis was very pleasant. He never said anything about, "O Liberty! Liberty!" though

Thomas had acted it for him many times that evening; but sat down on the floor, and pulled the things out of his trunk to show me what he had.

All his little brothers and sisters had given him something when he came away; and he had a photograph of his mother, in a frame. That he put on the table; and it made him sad for a little while. He said she was "such a dear, sweet, jolly little mother," which I fear was not quite a respectful way to speak of her. But I was much astonished to find how young she was; she did not look any older than our Thomas, and Francis assures me that she has not a gray hair in her head!

I was grieved to see how few books he had. I had hoped so for an Unabridged. There were some school-books, but none so advanced as mine were when Robert put an end to my regular studies last year.

"I brought those old things," Francis said, "to please Papa; and," he added, tossing them into a corner, "they'll be rather handy for throwing at each other. I hope that'll be the only use they'll ever be put to."

I smiled faintly, and my heart would have sunk lower, had it not already descended as far as was anatomically possible. I began, "I have never tried the effect of an outward application of knowledge—" but he looked so astonished that I stopped. You may be sure I refrained from all mention of Mr. Abbott.

"I say," he remarked, when we were at last in our beds and when the candle had been put out in the most extraordinary way I ever saw. I must digress here to tell about it: Francis left it on the table, and when I offered to get up and blow it out he said, "Pshaw, I'll show you how to do it without *that* trouble," and threw a shoe at it. The shoe missed the candle and knocked over the picture of his mother.

"Dear little Mammy," he cried, "it 's not your first mishap,—is it? Now, Hugh, it 's your turn."

I cast a look of dismay at my neatly-arranged clothes and hesitated, but I did not like to acknowledge that I had never thrown a shoe at anything in my life; so I picked up one, and threw it quickly and very crookedly, for it hit the wash-stand, and upset the pitcher, and there was the sound of breaking china. I started up, but before I could see what damage had been done, Francis threw his other shoe, struck the candle, and we were in total darkness!

"There!" he cried triumphantly, "is n't that a great deal more amusing than blowing it out?"

"But the pitcher?" I asked anxiously. "Did it break?" "Only the handle," he answered, yawning, "and that 's of very little use, after all."

But I thought the handle was of great use, and lay listening sadly to the water trickling from the washstand down upon my pretty blue carpet.

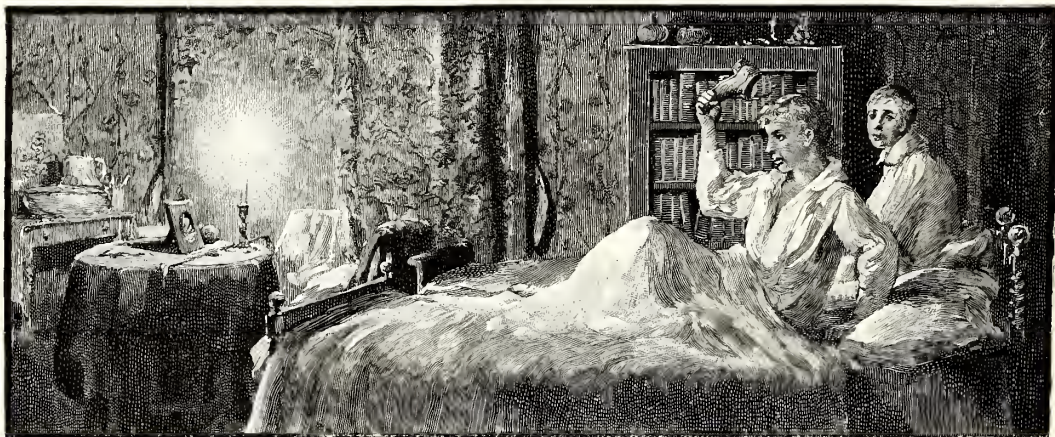
Then it was that Francis began, "I say, you're a very queer little chap, are n't you?"

"I don't know," I said. "Why?" "Oh, I heard Papa telling Mamma about you. He said he did n't doubt that you were the swan in the duck's nest, if your people only knew how to manage you. But from all accounts they did n't, and he was afraid you would not amount to much, after all."

I did n't answer this. I lay still, reflecting how mistaken my brother John was, and how he did n't know that I was going to be a great man some day, and how surprised he would be when he read it in the newspaper. I believe Francis wished me good-

my executioners to change it.) Frank said, as we went along, "Papa told me that Uncle Jacket was the most conceited old ducky that ever lived." That was not kind in John; but Uncle Jacket always told me that none of my brothers had a proper respect for age, and I am afraid it is too true. I saw at once that Uncle Jacket was in a distant mood: he looked over Frank's head and said, "Sarvant, sir," as if he were speaking to an elderly person and was n't quite sure whether it was a visitor or a tramp. Frank was pleasant enough—he always is; but as Uncle Jacket would n't open his lips about anything except the crops, we soon got tired and came away.

I could see that Frank was not at all impressed by Uncle Jacket; so I soon led him away to my



"FRANCIS THREW HIS OTHER SHOE AND STRUCK THE CANDLE."

night, and made a few commonplace remarks; but the last thing I remember distinctly was thinking that I was Robespierre, and was throwing stones at the King and Queen, while every one was crying, "Is n't he a great man!"

The next day the family seemed much pleased to hear about our throwing our shoes at the candle, and Mother only regretted a little that she had n't given us plainer china.

"The truth is, Hugh might have had old Dresden, without any danger of his spoiling it, and I forgot that there was a real boy with him. Today I will take out everything too fine for you, and then you may do what you please."

Now our room looks not unlike a barrack, so that we may throw shoes for our amusement!

When breakfast was over, the interesting meeting took place between Uncle Jacket and Frank. (I am sorry to say I find it difficult to remember to call him Francis. I will leave a private note for

Siege of Troy, in mud. This interested him deeply; but I was aghast to find that he knew nothing about it, and I don't believe he could have named a hero on either side to save his life. He was surprised to find I knew so much of it without the book; and when I found it was unusual, I begged him not to speak of it; for I greatly feared that the family would immediately level the walls of this second Troy.

I was uneasily considering this danger when I saw Thomas coming, evidently looking for us; but I was by no means pleased to hear him suggest our taking a ride.

Frank was delighted, and all my excuses were pooh-poohed. Before long I found myself upon the back of a hateful little Creole pony, that always does with me just whatever it pleases. My brothers have been trying to induce me to ride ever since I wore girl's clothes; but the first attempt resulted in convulsions, and the second in a broken arm, after which their ardor abated for a few years. Then Robert resumed, and made many unpleasant ex-

periments, which ended in my being able to keep on when they let me hold the mane with both hands; but against this they have a most unaccountable prejudice.

The ride that day was very pleasant to Frank, who took to it, Thomas said, "like a duck to water." I was generally going sideways somewhere in the rear. When they galloped, my horse galloped; and when they stopped, it stopped too. Thomas very kindly looked around from time to time to see if I was still on, and shouted back instructions about the reins, which I had wrapped around the pommel and held all together. When we reached home I had to be lifted down, for I was quite too stiff to move; and then I was assured it was good for me, and would toughen me, but I did n't feel any of that result just then.

Well, Frank has been here for a month now, and altogether I have enjoyed it very much. His ideas of amusement are a little strange, but the family think them all right. He turned up his nose at Varus and his Legions, and said he liked live soldiers; so first he drilled me, because he said I could n't be an officer till I had been a private; and then he drilled a whole lot of little darkies. He has also originated an exhausting sport called "Hare-and-Hounds," in which Thomas sometimes joins, always to my regret, as we get a much longer run with him than with any one else.

I have had to give up reading in my room at night, for Frank knocks the candle out as soon as he sees me open a book. I do not protest as much as I would if I were not so sleepy after such hard exercise.

My heart is broken! What do you think Frank has done? It is perhaps unkind to tell of it, but how would my Biography be complete without it? Perhaps I *did* mention Mr. Abbott too much, but only because I wished Frank to appreciate him; so I was quite unprepared for the dreadful shock that awaited me on returning yesterday from town, where I had been undergoing dentistry. Frank was in high spirits, and as soon as we went to our room, led the conversation to Mr. Abbott, in whom he seemed unusually interested. I launched forth as I never before have done to any one but Uncle Jacket, and soon seized the "Life of Cortez." Heavens! it would not open. I grew perfectly cold, and grasped the "Mme. Roland"—that was likewise a sealed book! I caught them all in my arms, and sank upon the floor in such an agony of tears that Frank was frightened, and said a great deal to which I could not listen. Indeed he was terribly distressed about it. He said he never

knew people cared so much for books, and that he only meant it as a joke; and as he had spent his whole day in carefully pasting them together, page by page, it did seem unkind in me to take it so hard; but I loved those books like people, and I took them up into the garret and laid them in a corner. I just could not bear the sight of their red backs.

Frank wrote to his mother to send him his edition of Marryat to replace them, though I begged that he would not. This is his letter which I copy (Biographies are generally full of them):

DARLING MAMMA: Please pack and send me the whole lot of my Marryats. I want to give them to Hugh in place of his old red Abbots, which I stuck up with paste, till not a one of them would open. It was too funny seeing him trying to get into them, but he grieved himself just almost sick over them, and then I felt bad enough, I can tell you! So please send me the Marryats as quick as ever you can. Your lovingest son, FRANK.

Uncle Jacket has been speaking very disrespectfully of Frank, which made me so angry. He began by indirect remarks, which were of course not easy to answer, such as, "I am t'ankful none of my wives ever had red hyar. It's de wuss kind of sign."

Now, Frank's hair is not red, but a beautiful gold color. I've heard Mother say so, and I told Uncle Jacket, but he only sniffled scornfully and made no reply.

After a while he made more remarks, such as saying that the Rev. Moses Gillial had told him never to trust "a blue-eyed man, nor a yaller-haired gal." Not thinking him pleasant, I rose to go, when he burst out with so many unkind things that I would not stand it, and told him at last that if he ever spoke so of Frank again I would cut him. Then he was unhappy, and apologized so often that I grew quite tired of forgiving him; but he would not believe me until I gave him fifty cents, which I did at last, glad to purchase peace so cheaply.

I have been thrown more than ever with Frank, since my affair with Uncle Jacket; and we have been riding till I am getting along much better as to stiffness, and am no longer decrepit the next day. We have also fished, and I have got over a little of my feeling for the creatures themselves; but never about the worms, so Frank put them on till Father heard of it, and forbade him. Now I fish without any bait at all, which I much prefer, as it grieves me dreadfully to catch those poor unsuspecting animals. Sometimes, after we are in bed, Frank politely asks me what was in "Abbott," and he is much interested in the

stories of great generals, though he occasionally shows his interest, as Uncle Jacket did, by going to sleep. He does not care at all about the women, and calls Mme. Roland "a regular old school-marm"; but I think, in his head, he likes the story of the Rev. Moses Gillial most of all. He chuckles and chuckles over that just as long as he can keep awake.

The Marryats have arrived, and Father was so surprised at the size of the package that he asked what it meant, and we had to tell him. He seemed rather pleased than otherwise, and said that Frank should not have pasted the books, yet we had both behaved so well since, that he would make each of us a present of a gun.

Frank was wild with delight, but I have a great dislike to fire-arms, and summoned courage enough to ask Father which cost more, the gun or a set of Abbott.

"No, no, my son," he said at once, positively, "there are books enough in the house. I shall get each of you a gun because it's quite time that both you boys were learning to shoot. Why, sir, you had n't a brother who did n't beg me for one fully two years before I thought he could be trusted with it!"

Frank was so glad that I tried to be glad too,—but oh! they are such noisy things and do smell so of powder!

We took the Marryats up to our room, and Frank wrote my name in every volume (only he spelled it wrong three times), and I did my best to look as if I preferred them to Abbott. Frank showed me his mother's letter, which was so sweet that I wished I had a pleasant young parent at a distance who wrote me such nice letters (besides my own mother, of course).

The guns have come, and are very pretty to look at. Thomas took us out and we had a fine day, though tiresome. I found my gun and the cartridges very heavy to carry, and the old furrows in the fields made dreadful walking. I fired several times, but it made me fearfully nervous; and as I always shut my eyes, I did not hit anything worth mentioning;—though I must state that, to my great regret, I did, as Thomas angrily expressed it, "pepper the dog." But fortunately it was from some distance, and except that he left and went hurriedly home, there was no harm done.

Frank killed two partridges, each of which was served on a dish by itself, and they were eaten by Father and Mother. I humorously offered to bring the dog to Thomas, on another dish; but he failed to see the joke, and I was lectured pretty generally

about carelessness with fire-arms. If they would but let me lay them aside and return to my plow-shares!

Uncle Jacket considers it a great waste of good powder and shot, to give us guns, and is always telling of the 'possums he could shoot with one, and the owls, and the hawks, till I feel that it is indeed a mistake to keep such a sportsman in the garden, and put me into the field.

We have shot now pretty frequently, and I have only killed one bird; it must have flown across the muzzle of my gun, for, my eyes being shut, I did not see it. I could n't eat anything all day. I hope I may *never* kill another bird! As Thomas leaves to-night, our next day's sport will be under the charge of Uncle Jacket.

Well, we have had our first day with Uncle Jacket, and if I had not known what a shooter he was, I should have thought him timid. He made us walk in Indian-file: Frank first, me next, and himself last; and told us on no account to turn around and fire. I did not shoot at all, but Frank killed a good many poor little birds, and one rabbit, which I took to be a cat as it ran past.

How can I ever write the dreadful thing that has happened! Instead of being a great man, I am nothing but a murderer! I have shot Frank! He is dead! It was weeks ago; but I have been ill all the time since,—and I am afraid they would n't like to have me write now, if they knew it. I will try to tell how it happened: It was the next time we went out with Uncle Jacket, and we were walking in Indian-file, as before. I did not shoot—I never did with Frank so near in front of me; but I stumbled over the rough ground, and my dreadful gun went off, apparently by itself. I heard Frank scream, saw him throw out his arms and fall, and as I ran to him he smiled and said, "You've shot big game this time, old fellow, and no mistake"; and then I don't know what happened, as my senses left. There! that was all. It seems so little to tell, and I go over it and over it, till sometimes I'm afraid something has gone wrong with my feelings, because I can't cry at all, though it used to be so easy.

Well, I will go on with my story. The first thing I remember is seeing Mother come to the foot of my bed with a strange man whom I supposed to be a doctor, till I heard him call her "Mother," and then I knew it was my brother John, and I hoped he had come to put me to death as Queen Tomyris did Cyrus after the loss of her son. They did not know I saw them, and he said in a low voice:

"Poor Mother, it will be hard to have your Benjamin taken from you, but I honestly believe that the only hope for him is my nurseryful of children."

Who was mother's "Benjamin"? None of the boys are called Benjamin. She answered, "Oh, John! do you think Alice would really like it?"

"Why not?" he said quickly; "you can't suppose we have any feeling toward that poor child?" "No indeed," Mother said, burying her face in her hands in the saddest way. "It is we who are to blame, not poor little Hugh."

I did n't like to see Mother grieve, so I tried to rouse myself; but they noticed that I was disturbed and hastily went out. Were they talking

go down stairs. I had never met John, but I knew why. I heard the doctor tell Mother in a low tone, one day, that it would be dangerous to bring him in; perhaps they thought I would try to murder *him*, too. As I went slowly down the stairs — for my legs were so trembly that I could scarcely balance upon them — I met Thomas coming up, and expected to hear him revile me bitterly; but to my surprise he did n't. He only patted me on the head and called me "poor little chap!" Perhaps he feared me as a desperate character.

When I got to the door of the library, I steadied myself as well as I could, and then crept anxiously in. I saw Father sitting by the fire, and John on a

low chair by the sofa; and as I drew nearer he saw me and smiled, but held up his finger and said, "Hu-sh! he is asleep!" I looked toward where John pointed, and there, lying with his head on a pillow, very white, but living, breathing, lay Frank!

I can never tell how I felt at that moment. The walls of the room whirled around, and I fell — I fear I would have made a noise, but that John caught me. It was some hours before I came to. When I did, I was on my own bed, and both Mother and John were there beside me. I am not generally a reproachful person, but I could not refrain from asking bitterly:

"How could you all let me think I had killed Frank!"

I must say I never saw two people look more astonished. They both assured me that they had no idea I thought him dead, as when hurt he had never lost consciousness, and, indeed, though somewhat seriously wounded, had not at any time been so ill as I. They had never referred to his accident because the Doctor had forbidden them, my ailment having retired to some contingent part — the brain, I believe.

They left me to be quiet, but I cannot rest till I



"WE WERE WALKING IN INDIAN FILE."

about me? Have they changed my name to Benjamin to conceal my identity? I wondered then and have often wondered since; but they still call me "Hugh" when speaking to me.

Such a strange, wonderful event has happened since I last wrote, I can hardly hold my pen to put it down.

At last I was better, and they let me dress and

write it down as well as the tears will let me, that Frank is alive! alive! alive!

Oh, what it was to wake this morning to the feeling of not being Frank's murderer! At first I could n't think what made me so happy; and then it suddenly came over me, and I felt quite weak and giddy. I am sorry to say I did not act at all like a great man, for instead of saying anything pretty, like "O Liberty! Liberty!" I was seized with a wild desire to throw something at the pitcher, as we had done that first night. I reached out, and took up a shoe, and gave it a little pitch into the air, about as far as the foot of my bed. Just then I heard a laugh, and the voice I never expected to hear any more said, "Are you practicing to hit me better another time, Hugh?" And the next moment Frank was at my side.

Since last I wrote I have become a great deal better; and, except for a little lameness, Frank is as well as ever. As we both have to keep very quiet, and I am not allowed to read to myself, Frank is reading Marryat aloud to me. The family feared at first that even this would be too much for me; but as my dear Frank skips all the words he does n't know, and mispronounces many he thinks he knows, I have not been over-excited as yet. He is very kind; he stops at the end of every chapter, and tells me all I have missed, and in that way I manage to follow. It is wonderfully like real history.

As soon as we are both quite well, we are going home with my brother John; that was what he and Mother were talking about when I was ill.

I felt unhappy at deserting Father and Mother, but Thomas at once offered to stay quietly at home till I came back. Then there are all those awful little children of John's; but Frank was so hurt when I seemed to think the number large, that I have never dared to tell him how I dread them. My only comfort is that Frank and I are not to be separated; for I don't think I could stand that, now.

John has been so kind to me, and has never

uttered a reproachful word — indeed, no one has except Uncle Jacket. I have not seen him, but the cook's little boy says he blames me most severely; and says it was all my fault for not minding him; that he told me as plain as anything not to shoot at "pussons"; and, most unkind of all, he adds: "It 's sumpin' Mars' Hugh larned out er dem horrid, red, murderin' ole hist'ry books."

To-night is our last evening at home. Frank is wild with delight at the thought of seeing his mother; but he is so sweet and affectionate that all the family feel dreadful at having him go. Strange to say, however, they seem to mind most about me, and are as polite to me as if I were already a great man. Thomas, indeed, said the house would be quiet without me; and I think he meant it for satire, for Father cried "Tom!" quite sharply, and Mother began to wipe her eyes. She said it was only smoke from the tea-kettle, and I have no doubt it would have been, only the spout was turned the other way. It was more natural for it to be from smoke than from me.

A number of the boys are at home to see John, and they talked to me so pleasantly about what I am reading. Why, at one time, even Mr. Abbott was discussed with great interest.

After tea I slipped out to say good-bye to Uncle Jacket. He was very sorry that I was going, and gave me a little bag on a string to wear for good luck. I think he said it had a snake's tooth and a rabbit's foot, and other things of that kind, in it, and his mother had put it on him fifty years ago for luck; but it never brought him any, so now he kindly gave it to me.

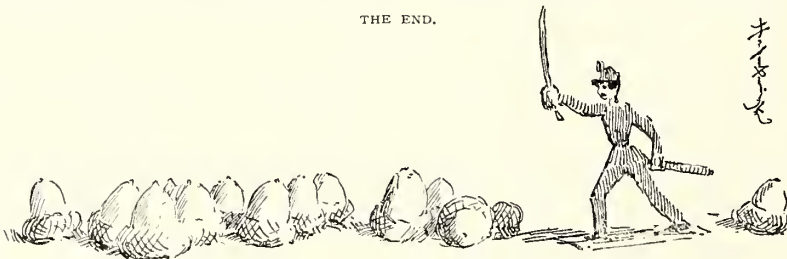
I thanked him, and gave him my only gold-piece, and took no revenge for his unkind remarks behind my back, except to hope, just as I left him, that he would n't have to take any boys out to shoot for a long time to come. I think he felt it.

I must stop now and pack my journal, so this is all — for the present.

John says there is no reason why I should give up hoping to be a great man; but that there are many kinds of greatness, and he will see if he cannot help me to win the best kind.

Frank is calling me. I must stop.

THE END.



TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES



BY H. MAUD MERRILL.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
In the self-same cottage lived day by day.
One could not be happy, "because," she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread";
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song.
She had not time to be sad, she said,
When hungry children were crying for bread.
So she baked, and knitted, and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay;
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?



THE KING'S DWARF AND HIS DOG.

ETCHED BY LOUIS LUCAS AFTER VELASQUEZ. BY PERMISSION OF J. ROUAM, PARIS.

LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

III.

LITTLE IKE'S DRINK AT THE WELL.

AFTER the first extended walk that little Ike had accomplished, with such unexpected success, interest in his career subsided considerably. Frequent allusions were made to the scene described last month, but instead of being gratified by rehearsals of his notable achievement, Little Ike showed that he would prefer to have it blotted from the memory of mankind. His appetite for victuals in every form underwent no apparent diminution.

In the midst of his supper, one day, it occurred to him to resort to the well for a drink of water. In time his mammy grew tired of stopping her work whenever he was thirsty, to hand him down a gourd from the pail that rested on a shelf beyond his reach. Finally she said to him :

“Boy, what ail you, anyhow? G' 'long outdoors an' try to be some use to somebody, 'stid o' eat'n' up an' drink'n' up ev'ything Mis's got on her plantash'n !”

Judy was a woman who fondled her children much while they were babies and helpless. After that, neither her husband, nor always her mistress, could mitigate her harsh rule ; although whenever any person except the latter even threatened to touch them angrily at any age, Judy was instantly fired with resentment. It was charged among the negroes that Till and Neel sometimes wantonly provoked grown people for the sole purpose of enjoying, if only temporarily, returns of maternal fondness.

Little Ike, thus driven out, stood for a moment near the door and looked at the well, which was a few rods distant, situated diagonally to both kitchen and “the white house.” But he turned his back upon it instantly, as if it were too painful to be thus reminded of the source of his most recent disappointment, and began to walk in the opposite direction. When he had reached a spot on a line with the end of the kitchen, he filed to the left, and again to the left when he had reached the rear side ; and pursuing this line until he had gone some distance beyond the well, turned again and came to the latter. Stepping upon a hewed log that lay there to enable the younger drawers of water to manage

the bucket, he was pleased to find this utensil, as it was resting upon the ledge, half full of water. Conscious that his time was short, he clambered up to the ledge, got upon all-fours, grappled with one hand the rim of the bucket, and with the other the well-rope, and, first taking an anxious glance toward the kitchen and a fond one toward the contents of the bucket, plunged in his head. He had taken only a few sips, when the call of his mother at its accustomed pitch sounded from the door of the kitchen.

And here I find myself under the painful necessity of recording a most terrible scene. I suppose that it will never be known precisely how it happened, although no one, as well as I remember, ever suspected Little Ike of a deliberate intention to commit the awful crime of suicide. It may have been that he had not known the use of his legs long enough for the present extreme need, and that his knees may have given a tilt to the bucket,—or, in his haste, he may have pressed too hard upon the rope, and that the rope yielding, obedient to the pull, destroyed both his balance and that of the bucket. At all events, down they went together to the bottom, a distance of nearly thirty feet.

The mother, who had seen him at the moment when the descent began, ran shrieking to the well, where she was joined by Mrs. Templin the moment after.

“Oh, Mis's, Mis's, *Mis's!* My po' *orphing* chile have fell in de well, an' broke he naik, an' drowned hese'f on top o' dat,—an' he my precious baby,—an' de las' one I got !”

Mrs. Templin, after dispatching Till to the field for the men, said :

“I 'm sorry in my heart for you, Judy. But maybe he has been mercifully saved from drowning. Lean over and look down as I turn the windlass.”

After a few turns, she knew by the feeling that the bucket had risen to the surface of the water, which was some four feet deep.

“Now call him,” she said.

“Li'll' Ik'y ! Li'll' Ik'y !” shouted Judy.

“Ma-a-a-me !” came up a sharp, plaintive answer from the great deep.

“Is you down dar, precious ?”

“Eth, e-eth, 'm.”

"Well! Is you killed?"

"No-no-no, 'm."

"Well, well! Is you drowned?"

"No-no-n-n-no, 'm."

"Well, well! Is you done gone all ter pieces?"

the child to hold fast to the rope, while she herself would turn the windlass.

"Dar now, you hear dat? Missus say she wan' my nice little darky to ketch tight holt ter de rope,—tight es a tick; an' she say she gwine



"STILL HOLDING HIM, SHE BEGAN STRIDING TOWARD THE KITCHEN."

"No-n-n-n-no, 'm."

"Is anyt'ing de marter wid Mammy's precious boy-baby?"

"I-k-k-k-co-o-old!"

"Well, well! Whar is yer now?"

"In — in de — b-b-bucket!"

Mrs. Templin then directed the mother to urge

draw him up wid her own blessed hands. Missus say she can't 'ford to lose likely little fellow like my Little Ike, dat she can't. Yer hear, Mammy's precious sugar-lump?"

"E-e-e-eth, 'm."

The winding began, and the mother being urged to encourage Ike as much as possible during the

ascent, she did as well as she could by such cheering remarks as these:

“Jes’ look at dat! Missus givin’ her little nigger *sech* a nice ride! En Mis’s done tole Mammy ter kill six chick’ns, an’ fry one o’ ’em, an’ brile one, an’ make pie out de res’, an’ all fer Li’l’ Ik’y’s dinner. An’ she say she gwine make Daddy barb’cuc two pigs dis very evenin’, an’ nobody ain’ to tech a moufe on ’em ’cep’n’ Li’l’ Ik’y, ef he ’ll holt on ter de well-robe. An’ she say, Mis’s do, she jes’ know her gweat big Little Ike ain’ gwine let dat rope loose an’ not git all dem goodies!”

It is probable that in so brief a while never was promised a greater number of luxuries to a child, even one born to loftiest estate. Chickens, ducks,—indeed, the whole poultry-yard was more than exhausted; every pig on the plantation was barbecued to a turn. During the ascent Little Ike was informed, with solemnest assurance, that eatables of every description would be at his disposal forever. The time does not suffice to tell of other rewards, promised in the name of the munificent mistress, in the way of cakes, pies, tarts, syllabubs, gold and silver, and costly apparel. All this while Mrs. Templin, without uttering a word, turned the windlass slowly, steadily.

When the bucket with its contents reached the top, and was safely lodged upon the ledge, the mother seized her precious darling, his teeth chattering the while with the chill, and dragging him fiercely forth, said in wrathful tones:

“A-cold, is yer? Well, ef I be bressed wid strength, an’ ef dey is peachy-trees ’nough in de orchid, an’ in de fence-corners, I ’ll warm yer. You, dat has skeert me inter fits, an’ made me tell all dem big stories,—an’ dem on mist’ess,—dat I jes’ knows I never ken git fergive fer ’em.” And still holding him, she began striding toward the kitchen.

“Judy!” called her mistress sternly, “Judy, put that child down this minute! Are n’t you ashamed of yourself? Instead of being thankful that he was n’t killed, there you stand and are so angry with him you look as if you wished to kill him, yourself. Now take him to your house and put

some dry clothes on him. Then send him to me in the house where I ’ll have Till make some coffee ready for him. And mind you now, Judy, if you lay your hands on that child in anger, that won’t be the last of it.—Do, for goodness’ sake, try to learn some reason about your children!”

Judy led him off sullenly, and, in spite of her mistress’s injunctions, muttered direful threatenings, louder and louder as she proceeded, ending thus, as, having clothed him, she dispatched him to the white house:



“Never you min’, sir; wait tiil Sunday, when mist’ess go ter meetin’, an’ *you* ’ll sec. An’, boy, ef you ever skeers me dat way ag’in, I ’ll put you whar yer won’ wan’ no mo’ water an’ no mo’ meat, an’ no mo’ noth’n’. *Idee!* People all talk’n’ ’bout my chile git’n’ drownded same as puppies an’ kitt’ns! Ought ter be ’shamed o’ yourself. *I* is. I jes’ ’spises ter took at yer! *G’* ’long out my sight!”

Ten minutes afterward, while Little Ike was in the kitchen luxuriating in coffee, biscuit, and fried chickens, she was singing in cheerful voice one of her favorite hymns.



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. VI.

WASHING DISHES.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Animato.

mf

1. With a skip and a hop And a jol - ly dish - mop And a
 2. She has marshaled each ware With an or - der - ly care, And she

pan of bub - bling wa - ter, With the lin - en so dry And her
 dain - tily dips it un - der; Not a drop, not a dint, Not a

erese.

fin - gers so spry, On - ly look at lit - tle daugh - ter!
spec - kle of lint, For her cleans - ing is a won - - der!

III.

See the tinkling glass,
In a sparkling mass,
And the shining silver round it;
For, you know, there's a way,
To turn work into play,
And the thrifty lass has found it.

IV.

So the plates and the knives,
Lead hilarious lives,
And the cups and saucers rollic;
Even kettles and pans,
In her generous plans,
Take the scraping for a frolic.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

OH, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows,
Of ten little fingers and ten little toes,
Of two pretty eyes and one little nose,
And where they all went one day.

Oh, the little round nose smelled something sweet,
So sweet it must surely be nice to eat,
And patter away went two little feet
Out of the room one day.

Ten little toes climbed up on a chair,
Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where
Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair,
Made by Mamma that day.

The mouth grew round and the eyes grew big
At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig;
And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig,
Into the cake that day.

And when Mamma kissed a curly head,
Cuddling it cosily up in bed;
"I wonder, was there a mouse," she said,
"Out on the shelf to-day?"

"Oh, Mamma, yes," and a laugh of glee
Like fairy bells rang merrily—
"But the little bit of a mouse was *me*,
Out on the shelf to-day!"

HOW A LITTLE BOY CAMPED OUT.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

ONCE there was a little boy who all summer long had been very anxious to camp out over night. Behind his mother's house was a large garden—as large as a whole city block—and at the far end of it was a little knoll, or hill, with rocks cropping out. It was behind this hill that little Paul wished to camp, for from there the house would be out of sight, and it would be “just like truly camping.” So his mother gave him a large old crumb-cloth for a tent; a pair of blankets and a sofa-cushion for a bed; a tin pail full of bread, cold meat, and hard-boiled eggs, and some gingerbread and apples for his breakfast; also a bottle of milk, a tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small package of pepper and salt. She then gave him some cotton to put in his ears—to keep out little

brought from the barn a large bundle of hay to spread under the blankets, so as to make a comfortable bed. By twilight everything was ready, and Paul kissed his mother, his aunt, and his big sister good-bye, and, shouldering his cross-bow, marched away to the “Rocky Mountains”—as he called the little knoll.

He pinned back the doors of his tent with big catch-pins, and then sat down on the ground. Everything was dreadfully still; but the bright tin pail and the bottle of milk looked very comfortable in the soap-box cupboard; the brave cross-bow, with its pin-pointed arrows, promised safety; while the blankets, sofa-cushion, and the soft hay were all that any reasonable camper could ask for.

But it was so *dreadfully* still! Not even the smallest baby-breeze was stirring; through a hole in the crumb-cloth shone a star, and the star made outdoors seem stiller yet. Paul unbuttoned one shoe and then the other, and sat for a while listening. Then, suddenly kicking off his shoes, he scrambled under the blankets and lay quite still. He was a very small boy, and somehow camping out was n't delightful in *every* way.



PAUL SCRAMBLED UNDER THE BLANKETS AND LAY QUITE STILL.

bugs and things. She had the hired man help him drive the stakes and fasten the crumb-cloth over them. The hired man, of his own accord,

and the tiny feet gostealing upstairs. When the elocution exercise was over, Mamma said she must go and find the mate to the stocking she was knitting.

So she went upstairs; but, before looking for the stocking, she went into Paul's room. There, in the starlight, she saw the brown curly head cuddled into its customary pillows. She was a good and faithful mamma, and so she did not laugh—out loud. She stooped over the half-hidden head and whispered, "Were you lonesome, dear?" and Paul whispered back, "Kind of lonesome,—and I heard something *swallowing*, very close to my head. And so I came in. And—you won't tell, will you, Mamma?"

Faithful Mamma did n't "tell,"—not until long afterward when Paul had grown to be so old and so big that he went "truly camping" far away to the Rocky Mountains.



And what was the "swallowing" that Paul heard so close to his head? I think it must have been an imagined noise. Don't you?

SOMEBODY.

BY MARIA J. HAMMOND.



"SOMEBODY" was a little girl
Who had a curious way
Of ordering all her friends about,
Ten—twenty times a day.

"Oh, Mary," she would say, "come here,
And brush my hair for me!"
And "Jennie, please hang up my dress—
See, here 's the wardrobe key!"
And, "Oh, I 've left my fan downstairs;
Jo, fetch it,—that 's a duck!"

And, "Where 's my glove? Do find it, dear.

Oh, mercy!—just my luck!"

Or, "Horrors! there 's no water here.

Oh, won't you fetch some, Kate?"

Or, "Here 's a pin; just catch my dress.

Please hurry, I am late!"

Or, "Lend me, quick, a pen, a stamp;

I 've got this note to write!"

Or, "Whisk my dress off, will you, Bet?

This shoulder 's almost white."

"Come here! go there! do this, or that!"

To every one she 'd say;

And yet she was a charming girl

But for this curious way!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NOW for a good long talk. October is at hand, rustling her bright leaves softly, as is her wont. Some of you young folk are in the cities, more are in the mountains, a few linger by the sea, and the rest are a-meadowing somewhere, watched by the stars and the daisies, and wading barefoot in murmuring brooks and streams. But what of that? All who hear me are near me, and we shall speak of many things to-day in the warm light of changing oaks and maples.

First, you shall hear this pretty verse story, written on purpose for you by your friend, Mattie B. Banks. She very properly calls it

A PUZZLING VISIT.

"I went out to Dreamland last evening," said Sue.
 "I looked all about me, and there I saw you;
 We gathered sweet flowers, and built pretty bowers,
 We laughed with the brooklets and cried with the showers;
 The air was so fresh and the sky was so blue,
 We'll go there, most surely, this evening," said Sue.

"Oh, no!" answered Lulu. "Why, I went there, too;
 I looked all about me, and there I saw you.
 We slid down the hillside, and rode by the rill-side,
 And skated and slipped on the pond by the mill-side;

'T was frosty, and chilly, and white, it is true,
 But still we will haste back this evening," said Lu.

"I really can't see through this puzzle," said Sue.
 "You know you saw me, and I know I saw you;

We both went to dreamland, but mine was a streamland,
 And yours, I should say, was a freezing, ice-creamland;
 I don't understand it;—do you?" said Sue.
 "I don't understand it at all," said Lu.

WAS IT THE SEA-SERPENT?

HERE is a letter which will at least startle the sea-gulls, if it does not succeed in scaring my dear nineteenth-century boys and girls.

DEAR JACK: Some of your "chicks" who are specially interested in the sea-serpent, about which ST. NICHOLAS has just printed a most interesting article, may not be aware that the monster has lately shown himself again. The *New York Times* and the *New York Herald* of July 21st gave us telegraphed accounts from Boston of how Captain Trant and his First-Officer of the steamer "Venetian" saw, or felt sure that on the morning of June 21st they saw, the monster disporting in the waves off George's Shoals, not very far from Newfoundland.

Captain Trant, after landing, said that what appeared to be about thirty feet of the serpent's back was out of the water. First-Officer Muir, in speaking of the incident, said:

"We were heading to the westward. There was a mirage that day. There were a number of whales about, and just ahead a large shark had been showing himself for some time.

"Suddenly I saw, about five hundred or six hundred feet away, a large round body that showed just above the surface. I brought the long-glass to bear, and distinctly saw a rough, scaly skin that could have belonged to nothing else than a sea-serpent. I called the captain's attention, and he saw it also; but while he was reaching for the double-glass to see it better, the serpent sank out of sight. The captain and I both saw about thirty or forty feet of the creature's body. It seemed to be about one foot thick across the back. The head and tail were both under water, so I can't tell how long the whole thing was; but I am sure it was a serpent, and a big one."

So, dear Jack, you see the story is vouched for, at least.
 Yours truly, ROBERT G. B.

BLUE ANEMONES.

YOUR Jack has received many answers to the question asked by "Fanny, Marian, Diana, and Eleanor," in the May number: "Are there blue anemones?" The answers all say, "Yes," and they come from the four points of the compass, north, south, east, and west.

From Canada, Gertrude Bartlett, of Toronto, says: "Often have I found blue anemones in the woods near Oswego, by old Ontario; also, in the groves near Toronto; and in both localities they are quite as common as their pink and white sisters." And Cora Rose says: "I have gathered beautiful bunches of the blue variety from 'The King's Garden,' in Palermo, Sicily."

C. D. M. Houghton, of Faribault, Minnesota, declares that the anemones analyzed by the botany class there "were of all shades from blue to light purple."

Edna Hardeman, of Aspen, Colorado, writes: "Here in the mountains, where I live, there are many blue anemones. I gather them every day, and they bloom very early in the Spring, and are often seen coming through the snow." Sarah G. Spalding, also of Colorado, confirms Edna's testimony, while Charles B. Wooster, of Eureka, Kansas, says: "There are a great many blue anemones in Kansas. We children call them 'Daisy Wind-flowers.'"

A. Scott Ormsby, of Summit, N. J.; Mabel Brunz, of Mount Vernon, New York; "H. S. A." of New York City, all write me that there are blue anemones. "Green Cricket," of Monroe, N. Y., says: "They are quite common where

I live, in Orange County, about fifty miles from New York City." Alice B. writes: "They grow wild in the South of France"; Lillie A. Cutter sends word from Paris that she has picked many pale blue anemones in the woods of Bavaria; and Jessie Robb learned, "by looking in the cyclopedias, that there are, besides pink and white ones, blue, yellow, purple, red, striped, and creamy violet anemones. Their native regions are, in order of prevalence, Southern Europe, North America, Siberia, the rest of Asia, South America, and South Africa."

Letters have come, also, from Grace G., Cornelia Tremaine, Grace S. of Tremont, N. Y., Annie Babcock, and Lillie Watkins, about blue anemones. Nearly all say that the shade of blue is dark, often purplish, and many contain nicely pressed specimens of this lovely wild flower — differing in shade and ranging from the size of a large crocus to that of the smallest violet—for all of which your Jack tenders his hearty thanks.

THE WATCH-DOG BATTALION.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1888.

DEAR JACK: In the June number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, a question is asked as to the watch-dog battalion of the Prussian army.

It is now about three years since the Germans began to train dogs for outpost service in time of

war; the first experiments were so successful that a regular dog-corps is now in existence.

The dogs all are Pomeranians. Each dog wears a light iron collar and a pouch for letters. He is taught to detect a foreign soldier and to know the difference between a foreign uniform and that of his own land.

By certain sounds and gestures he is taught to give his master notice of his discoveries, and he has to run from post to post with letters in his pouch, besides looking up the wounded and stragglers of the regiment to which he belongs. Every company has two or three dogs, so that the corps numbers two score at least.

France and Russia have followed the example of the Germans, and are training dogs in the same manner. I am indebted for this information to an English periodical.

Yours truly,

MARGARET WALPOLE.

"BOUND" IS RIGHT.

DEAR JACK: I think that the Little School-mistress's strange word with its contradictory meanings is "bound." The boy was "bound" to go swimming, but had he been "bound" he could not have gone. She held a book which was handsomely "bound." The school-girl could "bound" every State in the Union.

JEAN B. G.

[CORRECT answers have been received also from "Mugwump"—Bessie Scott and her friends—Lila F. Heath—Etta R.—Gwendolen Reid—F. W. D.—Alice W., and a young girl of Ludlow, Vt. who does not give her name.]

BABY'S LAST DAY ON THE SANDS.



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

THE BROWNIES IN THE ORCHARD.

BY PALMER COX.



THE autumn nights began to fill
The mind with thoughts of winter
chill,
When Brownies in an orchard
met,
Where ripened fruit was hanging
yet.
Said one, "The apples here,
indeed,
Must now be mellow to the seed ;

And, ere another night, should be
Removed at once from every tree.
For any evening now may call
The frost to nip and ruin all."

Another quickly answer made :

" This man is scarcely worthy aid ;
'T is said his harsh and cruel sway
Has turned his children's love away.
If this be true, 't would servc him right
If frost should paint his orchard white."

" It matters not who owns the place,

Or why neglect
thus shows its
face,"

A third replied.
" The fact is
clear

That fruit should
hang no longer
here.

If worthy people
here reside

Then will our
hands be well
applied ;

And if unworthy
folks we serve,
Still better notice
we 'll deserve."

" You speak our
minds so full
and fair,"

One loudly cried, " that speech we 'll
spare.

But like the buttons on your back,
We 'll follow closely in your track,
And do our part with willing hand,
Without one doubting *if or and.*"



Then bags and baskets were brought
out
From barns and buildings round
about,
With kettles, pans and wooden-ware,
That prying eyes discovered there ;
Nay, even blankets from the beds,
The pillow-slips, and table-spreads
Were in some manner brought to light
To render service through the night.

If there 's a place where Brownies feel
At home with either hand or heel,
And seem from all restrictions free,
That place is in a branching tree.

At times, with balance
fair and fine

They held their stations
in a line ;

At times, in rivalry and
pride

To outer twigs they scat-
tered wide ;

And oft with one united
strain

They shook the tree with
might and main,

Till, swaying wildly to
and fro,

It rocked upon the roots
below ;

And apples that were forced to bide
A shock like this, from every side,
And through the trial held their own,
Were green enough to let alone.

So skilled at climbing were they
all

The sum of accidents was small :
Some hats were crushed, some
heads were sore,
Some backs were blue, ere work
was o'er ;

For hands will slip and feet will
slide,

And boughs will break, and forks
divide,

And hours that promise sport sublime
May introduce a limping time.



So some who clambered up the tree
With ready use of hand and knee,

For neither tramps nor thieves were here,
But Brownies, honest and sincere,



Found other ways they could descend
Than by the trunk, you may depend.
The startled birds of night came out
And watched them as they moved about,
Concluding thieves were out in force
They caved around the place till hoarse.
But birds, like people, should be slow,
To judge before the facts they know;

Who worked like mad to strip the trees
Before they felt the morning breeze.
And well they gauged their task and time,
For ere the sun commenced to prime
The sky with faintest tinge of red
The Brownies from the orchard fled,
While all the fruit was laid with care
Beyond the reach of nipping air.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I wrote to you once before, and were delighted to see our letter in print.

We still take you, and think there is no nicer magazine or paper in the United States. I enjoyed "Sara Crewe"; or, "What Happened at Miss Minchin's," "Little Rosalie," and "Trudel's Siege" very much, and the other stories are interesting too.

Papa gave my brother Clifford and me a pony on our birthday (for it comes the same day, as we are twins) and we have lots of fun riding on the boulevard to Forest Park with Papa every pleasant evening. I go riding one evening, and Clifford goes the next; but we can't do that now, for Papa sent the pony to pasture last week, because we are going to New York soon, and then sail for Europe. I don't want to go and leave my pony and all my dogs, a bit, and begged Mamma to leave me at home with my aunt; but she said she could not do without me a whole year, and I don't believe I could do without her either.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.
Your true friend,

CLARENCE S.—

LINCOLN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about our "Young Ladies' Military Company" at the State University of Nebraska. There were already three companies, A, B, and C, of boys, and the band, which we think is the best part.

We organized our company of girls about the first part of April. Our uniforms are much the same as those of the "Girls' Military Company" which you told about in your January number.

The boys were very incredulous when we told them we were going to drill with their guns, and declared we could n't do it. The guns were very heavy at first, but we persevered until we could drill the whole hour without any inconvenience. The first time we drilled in public we only had about half-an-hour's notice, and were, consequently, very nervous. But we got along splendidly, and everybody was astonished to see us do so well. After that we, with the rest of the battalion, were reviewed by the governor, and he paid us some very pretty compliments.

We had a great deal of honor given to us, as Company D, and several invitations, one especially of which we felt quite proud, from the 1st Regiment, to visit them in camp and join them on dress-parade, assuring us that we should have every attention shown us and be well cared for by the wives of the officers, etc.

We have a splendid captain, and we are all very proud of her. We have had our photograph taken as a company, and they are going to have one framed and hung in the new Armory, or "Grand Memorial Hall," as it is called.

Next year we expect to have a much larger company, for every one is anxious to join, now that it has been proved a success.

I remain, yours truly, A "CADETSS."

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen no letters from here. Morristown is a very pretty and healthful place. I have five hundred paper dolls, and I make them grow; that is, I cut off the heads and put them on older bodies. Some of them look very funny, but others look better than they ever looked before. I know most of their names, and I do not know what I would do without paper dolls. I like the story "Aimée" the best, in the July number; but think "Juan and Juanita" about the best story I have ever read. I go to Sunday-school here, and like it very much. I am a little girl only eleven years old. I hope you will print this letter, as I want very much to see it in the "Letter-box."

Your very interested little reader, MOLLIE K.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I saw in a recent ST. NICHOLAS an account of a boy going to the top of the Capitol, I thought I would tell you about my going up to the top of the Washington Monument. It was a hot day, but it was very cool inside the walls. It was so dark that we had to take a candle to see. There were over nine hundred and thirty steps, and we were very tired when we got to the top; but we were well repaid for our walk, because the view was so beautiful. We could see almost fifty miles in all directions.

We have bought the ST. NICHOLAS ever since you began. The stories I like best are "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Sara Crewe."

I remain your constant reader, W. T. T.—

BARNESTON, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Uncle Will has sent you to me for about two years, and I could not do without you. My favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita," "Drill," and "The Two Little Confederates."

This place used to be the Indian Reservation. The Indians moved away from here seven or eight years ago. Barneston is built right on the Indian grave-yard. In digging cellars many queer things, such as knives, revolvers, bracelets, beads, thimbles, and other articles are found. They were buried with the Indians.

I have not got any pets but a little two-year-old sister, and she is the best pet I ever had.

From your loving reader, WILLIE T.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy five years old, and I can't write yet, but my sister is writing this letter for me. I enjoy hearing all your stories, but my favorites are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Driven Back to Eden," and "His One Fault"; and I think "Davy and the Goblin" is the best of all. Yesterday was the Fourth of July, and we had a splendid time. We shot off a great many fire-crackers, and I never had so much fun in my life. I will say good-bye, and perhaps I will write again.

Your friend, THOMAS W.

MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not suppose you have ever before had a letter from here, as there have not been many children here since the days of the Washington family. We are spending a few weeks with our father, who is the superintendent. Last fall, the old deer-park was restored. There are nine old deer and seven fawns. The fawns have a reddish-brown coat, with white spots and stripes down the back. Two of the deer have twins; and they look so beautiful, frolicking and jumping through the green grass and honeysuckles.

This year the buildings of the old slave-quarters are to be restored. I was delighted with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I have read it over again and again. "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," was a lovely story, and so was "Prince Fairy-foot."

I think that you are the nicest magazine there is, and I thank you ever and ever so much for sending it to us.

I am your faithful twelve-year-old reader,
LUCRETIA WOLCOT D.—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Your pages have gladdened our household for several years, but I could not express to you how much you have been enjoyed. I stopped taking you for a few months, three years ago, but soon discovered what a necessary factor to my happiness you were, for I really felt lost without "OLD ST. NICK."

One of your chief attractions, to me, is your "Letter-box"; for there I receive information from ST. NICHOLAS readers, all over this great wide world, and become almost acquainted with them. I have never seen a letter from our city, so I propose to send my mite in its behalf.

Indianapolis is the greatest railroad center in the world, and has the largest number of side-tracks. Our Belt Road, by means of which transportation is carried on without going through the city, completely incloses the place. Though a girl, I am interested in such things, partly because three of my brothers are railroad men. We are proud of our grand new State-house, our Court-house, our new Union Depot, and have reason to boast also of our public institutions, our machine-works, our fine residence and business houses, and, last but not least, our newly-acquired natural gas. Our city's most recent elation is, however, in view of the fact that the Republican candidate for President, General Harrison, lives at Indianapolis.

I was deeply interested in your article concerning Miss Alcott. Her death was truly a great loss to all. I have read all her books, many of them several times, and consider them the best of any I have read.

Your devoted admirer, ROSE.

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since "Juan and Juanita" began; that was December, 1886. I like that story very much; before it finished, another one began ("Jenny's Boarding-house"). So I have kept on till now. The "Two Little Confederates" and the "Brownies" are very nice.

I have neither brother, sister, nor father. Only Mamma and I. I will be twelve years old next September.

I remain, your loving reader, A. J. D.

CANDLER, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for over three years, and like you very much. We liked "Juan and Juanita," "The Kelp-Gatherers" and "Drill," the best. We also thought "Jenny's Boarding-house" was nice. We hope J. T. Trowbridge will write another story soon.

We have two large volumes of you bound. We are studying telegraphy and are getting along very well.

Your constant readers, IRENE AND JIM.

HALIFAX.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, nine years old. I write from Halifax, down by the water. We used to live in the country; we had six cows, two calves, and two horses named Frank and Harry. I liked Harry best because I could drive him; they were both white. We used to have a brown horse called Dick, but Papa sold him because he bit my brother. We had lots of hens and chickens, and one beautiful dog called Fido; he was a beauty, and would follow us every place we went. We live in Montreal, which is a beautiful city; and we are down here only on a visit.

I got you in September. My papa gave you to me for a birthday present. I like "Sara Crewe," but I like the "Brownies" best of all.

Your loving reader, MARY G. K.

WOODBURY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little American girls. Our father is Greek, our mother is American. We have a beautiful fawn which our big sister named Donatello, after Hawthorne's Fawn. We have a donkey with seventeen names, but we call him Tanto.

We expect to go back to Greece this summer. Donatello is crying for us, so we must stop.

ZANTZA AND HELLE V.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of eleven years. I have four sisters, one older, and the other three younger than I. We are spending the summer at Squirrel Island, in Maine. This island has the ocean on one side and Booth Bay on the other. We can go in bathing later in the summer; the water is now too cold. The wind blows very hard here sometimes.

Your magazine is the very best out. I must stop now for fear of taking up too much room.

Wishing you very long life, I remain your constant reader, J. S. D.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are living on a ranch, and we thought we would write and tell you about some of the good times we are having. We go riding horseback, and enjoy it ever so much, especially when we go on the mountains. Sometimes when a large party go out riding we have cavalry lessons from a man who used to be in the army. We have very fine horses on the ranch; some of them are very spirited. We like to ride them and go tearing along.

One day we took a long walk up the mountains. Coming home we came upon a colony of tarantulas. Some of them were large, and we did not stop to play with them.

There is a beautiful creek in front of our house, and we have a boat there. We like rowing very much. We have to work some, too, for we have to keep the weeds out of the garden.

The story we like best is "Drill." We are very sorry it has ended. The boys were real nice boys, we think. We like the "Two Little Confederates" and "Tom and Maggie Tulliver" very much also. We have Shetland ponies to ride and to drive; so, of course, we enjoyed the story of "Jumbo" very much. We have a very, very small one that we think must look like Jumbo.

Your three friends, LISA, FLOSS, AND ROYAL.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASHINGTON TERR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from this place, and as I have just seen something very interesting I thought you would like to hear from me.

From this place we have a fine view of the beautiful snow-clad Mt. Hood which is over 14,000 feet high.

At 11 o'clock on the night of the 4th of July it was illuminated with 200 pounds of red powder; it could be seen quite plainly from here, although it is 70 miles away. After the red-fire had burned out, a salute of 13 bursting-bombs were fired from this place.

The afternoon of the 4th was devoted to the amusement of the enlisted men of the command. They had all kinds of athletic sports and games, consisting of foot-races, sack-races, wheelbarrow-races, jumping, etc., concluding with a very exciting game of base-ball.

Prizes were awarded for all these things. The evening was devoted to fireworks, and altogether it was a very pleasant day.

At half-past 4 in the morning, a salute was fired of 13 guns and at noon 38 guns were fired. I hope this will be of some interest to you as you give me so much pleasure every month.

Most sincerely, H.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I buy you at the book store every month and I think your stories are the best I ever read. I liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and my sister Marian had a good cry when we heard that Miss Alcott was dead. I was awful sorry, because I think her books are just splendid; but I did n't cry.

I was born in Scotland, but I have lived in America ever since I was three years old, so my education has been purely American.

We went to Scotland and England last year, and I enjoyed visiting the ruins of castles and the places Sir Walter Scott tells about. I have read all his books, but I liked Ivanhoe and Rob Roy best. I have a little Scotch collie that I brought home with me, and his name is "Ivanhoe." I also have a large Newfoundland dog named "Rob Roy," and he is a true outlaw in nature, for he is never at home, and he prefers to get his dinner at some neighbor's rather than at home.

We live in the suburbs of Memphis and we each have a pony. Mine is named Hero, Marian's is Vivian, and Ellen's (she is my little sister only three years old, but she can ride) is named "Brownie." She thinks the Brownies in ST. NICHOLAS are the "nicest 'tittle boys," Marian and I call her pony "Ellen's Tree," the name "Jo" gave to the tree-branch, in "Little Women."

I am your admiring reader, ALAN A.

SAN MIGUEL, AZORES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have come out to the Azores to spend the summer. One of my uncles sends you to me. I am always very glad to get you. I enjoy best the stories called "Two Little Confederates" and "Drill." The others I like too. I am always very much interested in the Letter Box. We see very funny things here. The women wear very large hoods called capotes, and the men, a hat with a large cape to it, called a *carapuca*. For a pet I have a little white dog. He came from Demerara in the West Indies. He is full of fun but will be quiet when told to. I call him Scamper. I have a brother and sister. They are both older than I. My brother likes very much to tease me, but I love him for all that. He has a Newfoundland puppy named Baron. A friend on the island gave it to him. We go often on donkey-excursions and have plenty of fun.

Good-bye, from MARIAN N. (10 years old).

PEKIN, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in China. Although so far away the ST. NICHOLAS comes to my sister and me, and we enjoy it very much. As I looked at the beautiful moon to-night, I wondered if you would not like to hear the Chinese story about the sun and the moon. They say they are brother and sister. The moon is the elder brother, who thinks it is his duty to look after the sun, his younger sister. One day the sun asked the moon if she could go out at night. The moon answered, "You are a young lady; it would be imprudent for you to go out at night." Then the sun said, "But people keep looking at me when I go out in the day-time." So the moon told her to take the golden needles she wore in her hair, and stick them into the people's eyes when they looked at her. This, the Chinese say, is the reason why you can not look at the sun without hurting your eyes. I am twelve years old, my sister is eleven, and we have always lived in Pekin. Your admiring friend,

HELEN M. W.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your letters with a great deal of interest, and have often wondered whether you would find one of my letters worth publishing. I am fortunate enough to have a good uncle, who makes life delightful to me. One of the good things that he has done was to take me to Europe last summer, and as I look back over the three months that I spent in traveling there I hardly know which day of pleasure to select for you. I have decided, however, to tell you about my visit to Windsor Castle, and as you prefer our letters should be brief, I must omit many little incidents.

Through the influence of a lady, whose daughter had formerly been maid-of-honor to the Queen, and who knew one of the present maids-of-honor, we were admitted to the Castle while the Queen was

there. An attendant escorted us at once to the apartment of one of the maids-of-honor, which we reached after mounting several flights of stairs. I was really disappointed to find a room which was only large enough to hold our party of three, and the three ladies-in-waiting. It was very simply furnished, which was rather surprising, as one expected to find everything very splendid in Windsor Castle.

Lady Evelyn M., to whom we were presented, was graceful, pretty, and attractive, in a simple white dress with white ribbons; her only ornament being a pin representing a trumpet of gold with a crown of diamonds and pearls above it. The pin, which was in memory of the Jubilee, was given to her by the Queen, who had also given others similar to it to all her maids-of-honor with a request that they would always wear them in her presence. They told us a little about their life, and that it was always a great pleasure to do anything for the Queen, as she expressed so much gratitude for their slight services. The King of the Belgians, and other royal visitors, were in the Castle, and the maids-of-honor would look about anxiously at times, fearing to cross their pathways. They then led us through the state apartments of the Castle, which were very gorgeous.

From a corridor we entered some magnificent rooms. In the Green Drawing-room, with green-silk hangings, we saw the rare Sevres china arranged in glass cupboards around the walls, some beautiful bronzes, &c. In the Red Drawing-room were the portraits of the Queen's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent; the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others. This was a very brilliant room, with its red hangings and crystal chandeliers. We saw a most interesting room, containing a fine collection of portraits by Van Dyck, the celebrated painter, who was born at Antwerp in 1599, and who was much encouraged by Charles I., and painted many portraits of him, his children, and his wife Henrietta Maria. Many of these portraits are in this room, and were painted between 1632 and 1641. One picture contains portraits of his eldest son, Charles II., his eldest daughter Mary, and his daughter Elizabeth. This is the picture which all the children who have studied Miss Yonge's little history know so well. Another group contains Anne (who died young) holding the baby James II., Charles II. who is in the middle, and at his left are Elizabeth and Mary.

In the Throne-room there are pictures by Benjamin West, an American artist, who showed talent in drawing at the age of seven, and, self-taught, began portrait-painting at sixteen, making his brushes from hairs stolen out of a cat's tail. The throne is of carved ivory, and stands under a canopy of blue velvet, with the rose (England), the shamrock (Ireland), and the thistle (Scotland) embroidered upon it. The Waterloo Chamber contains many portraits of the hero of the Battle of Waterloo. A portrait of the Duke of Wellington was especially fine. I wish that I could tell you of all the things that I saw in a great hall containing many presents which had been given to the Queen. Among them were the bullet that had killed Lord Nelson, beautiful swords, shields, and rare guns. I was greatly interested in the Queen's private chapel, which was very pretty, although small.

It was a little circular chamber fitted with pews. The Royal Library had a great many illuminated books, and drawings by celebrated artists. A little corner of this library was particularly interesting, as it was the place where Queen Anne was sitting when she heard of the victory of Blenheim. From this window there is a beautiful view of Eton, Stoke Poges, &c. The state bedrooms were gorgeous, with their beautiful gilt bedsteads, and bed-coverings and canopies of rare embroidery. We passed through the room which the King of the Belgians had occupied the night before.

I am afraid that I have made my letter too long to ask you to listen to my story about the outside of the Castle and its surroundings. The towers were very impressive; the round tower especially, which was built in the time of Edward III., for the Round Table of the Order of the Garter. The cloisters and ivy-covered walls were beautiful. We finished the day by a luncheon at the Deanery, and a look into the Albert Memorial Chapel, where we saw the monument to the Queen's youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. The statue of the prince is of white marble, and there is a carving of his favorite dog at his feet. About the tomb there were fresh flowers, which the Queen sends there every day. We had but little time to give to the beautiful Saint George's Chapel, which we visited hurriedly, and then joined the family at the Deanery, at afternoon-tea on a picturesque little piazza, buried in ivy and roses, with red-cushioned couches,

against the old, gray stone walls; and the attractive little tea-table with its bright silver and pretty surroundings was very charming. A drive to the end of the Long Walk, planted two hundred years ago, brought us to the statue of George III., to which we bade farewell and then turned toward London.

GERTRUDE P.—

MACKINAC ISLAND, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have found great enjoyment in my leisure hours in following out the suggestion, in your March number, of pasting colored figures on large pieces of cardboard. My pieces were 17 x 14, with borders of gold or silver, and presented a very fantastic appearance. I am sure many more than those who have testified have found pleasure and profit in the employment, not to mention the children who were benefited by the pretty gifts.

Yours very truly,

FANNY S. E.—

HAMPTON, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family has taken you different years since 1878, but during all that time I have never written to you. I have never seen a letter from here, so I think I would like to write to you and tell you about my dogs.

I had two of them. I had bits and harness for them, and drove them just as I would a span of horses. They made a well-matched team. One was more intelligent than the other. His name was Jack, and I thought a great deal of him. I taught him to bring in wood from the barn. One morning we found him dead in the barn. He had been poisoned. I felt very sad over his death. It spoiled my dog-team forever. I did not take ST. NICHOLAS for the year containing "Juan and Juanita," but saw so much about the story in the "Letter-box" that I regret not having done so.

Your sincere reader,

G. T. M.—

STUDYING BIRDS.

AS TWO weeks this summer on a farm was spent,
I saw many birds as I came and went.

I saw the wild canary and her eggs of blue,
And also the king-bird, who with nesting all was through.

And a robin in the apple tree had just hatched out her brood;
And I often liked to watch them as they went to gather food.

And the swallow, with her nest so high up in the loft,
With their eggs in nests made by feathers so very soft.

And the chippy with her nest in the honeysuckle near,
That would eat crumbs on the porch without showing any fear.

I saw the blue-bird in the stump as she sits and waits and waits,
Till by the time the eggs are hatched her ardor all abates.

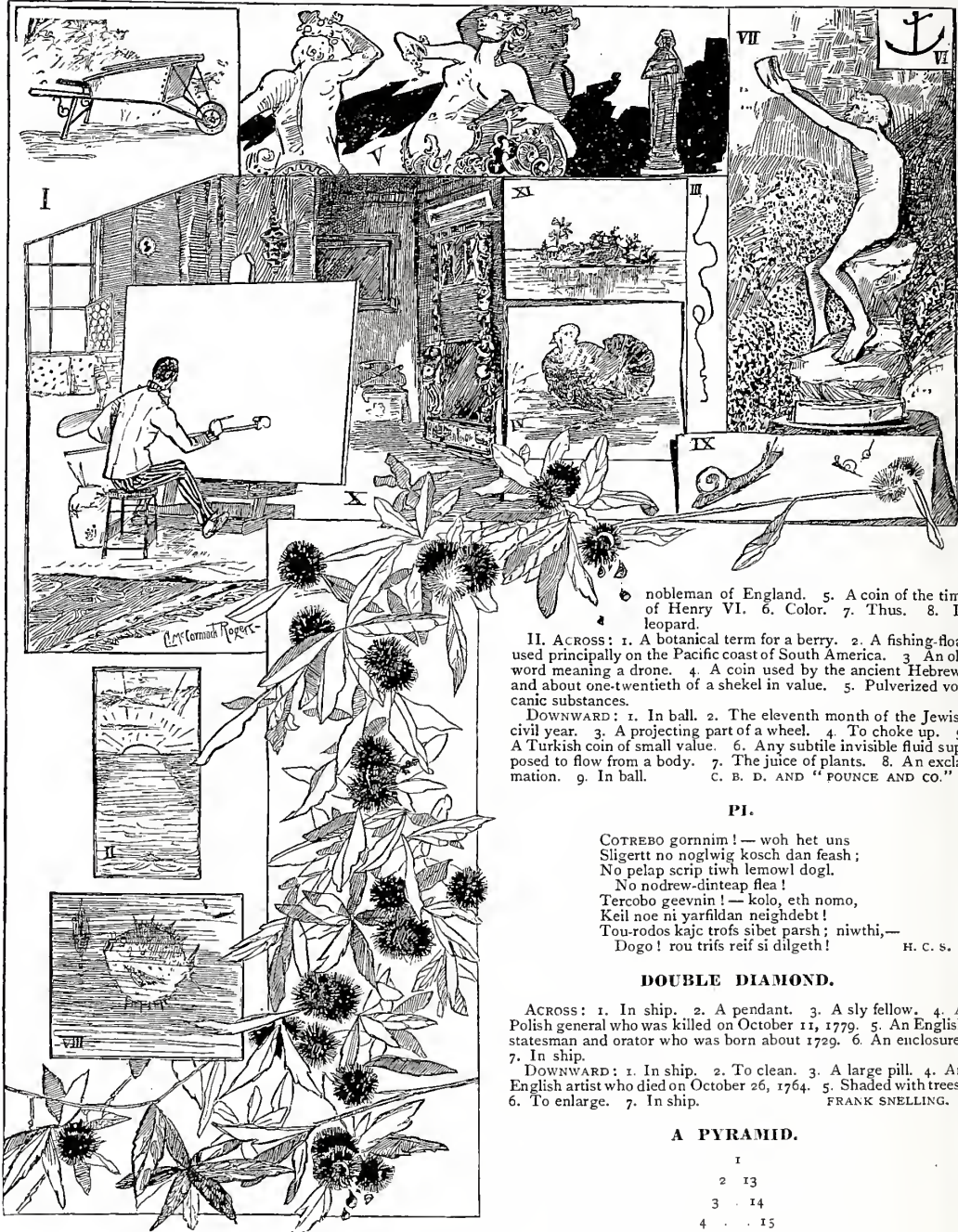
KITTY G. SLENOU.

WE thank the young friends, whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them:

Lucy L. Eastman, Clare L. B., David E. W., Charlotte R., Little Ritchie, A. B. and F. S., Dorothy M. and Jacqueline A., F. M., Eunice M. S., Grace S. and Evelyn G., Margot and Ellen Champlin, E. M. H., Bertram Holmes, S. P. E. and S. B. E., W. M., Lloyd R. Coleman, Jr., Laura M. Hadley, Alice Richardson, Grace Hecht, Lizzie B. Ritchie, A. R. A. and G. W. M., Nellie C., Lillie Mast, John Oppie, Barbara D., Ella M. D., Lila Heath, Ida C. Hubbard, Hattie Goodwin, Ned Devlin, Adèle and Fanchon, Jessie A., Helen F. Douglas, Patty D. Adams, Jennie M. Wells, Bell Farrar, Kitty L. R., Mary Ellen Sigbee.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE regret to say that the verses in our September number, entitled "A Chinese Story," and there credited to W. J. Bahmer, by whom they were offered to ST. NICHOLAS, prove to have been written years ago by Mr. C. P. Cranch. The discovery was made too late for us to withdraw the poem, as the number containing it was already off the press. We are sincerely sorry that, through the imposition practiced upon us, ST. NICHOLAS has attributed Mr. Cranch's clever poem to the person who plagiarized it.



ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.

EACH OF THE eleven objects pictured above may be described by a single word. When the words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the second row of letters will spell what now may be seen on all sides.

RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. The head. 2. Adjacent. 3. Parched with heat. 4. Songs. 5. A nation.
 DOWNWARD: 1. In leopard. 2. An article. 3. A drink. 4. A

nobleman of England. 5. A coin of the time of Henry VI. 6. Color. 7. Thus. 8. In leopard.

II. ACROSS: 1. A botanical term for a berry. 2. A fishing-float used principally on the Pacific coast of South America. 3. An old word meaning a drone. 4. A coin used by the ancient Hebrews and about one-twentieth of a shekel in value. 5. Pulverized volcanic substances.

DOWNWARD: 1. In ball. 2. The eleventh month of the Jewish civil year. 3. A projecting part of a wheel. 4. To choke up. 5. A Turkish coin of small value. 6. Any subtle invisible fluid supposed to flow from a body. 7. The juice of plants. 8. An exclamation. 9. In ball. C. B. D. AND "FOUNCE AND CO."

PI.

COTREBO gornnim! — woh het uns
 Sligertt no noglwig kosch dan feash;
 No pelap scrip tiwh lemowl dogl.
 No nodrew-dinteaap flea!
 Tercobo geevnin! — kolo, eth nomo,
 Keil noe ni yarfidan neighebt!
 Tou-rodos kajc trofs sibeit parsh; niwthi,—
 Dogo! rou trisf reif si dilgeth!
 H. C. S.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: 1. In ship. 2. A pendant. 3. A sly fellow. 4. A Polish general who was killed on October 11, 1779. 5. An English statesman and orator who was born about 1729. 6. An enclosure. 7. In ship.

DOWNWARD: 1. In ship. 2. To clean. 3. A large pill. 4. An English artist who died on October 26, 1764. 5. Shaded with trees. 6. To enlarge. 7. In ship. FRANK SNELLING.

A PYRAMID.

I
 2 13
 3 . 14
 4 . . 15
 5 . . . 16
 6 17
 7 8 9 10 11 12 18

FROM 1 TO 7, a vagrant; from 13 to 8, a Saxon king; from 14 to 9, a species of hard wood; from 15 to 10, peril; from 16 to 11, three-fourths of mild; from 17 to 12, a conjunction; 18, in letter; 7, in letter; from 6 to 8, a boy's nickname; from 5 to 9, to make regular trips; from 4 to 10, a recluse; from 3 to 11, came up; from 2 to 12, a species of madness; from 1 to 18, pertaining to heat. JENNIE M. THOMAS.





