



MISS FRANCES HARRIS.

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## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME IX.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1881, TO MAY, 1882.

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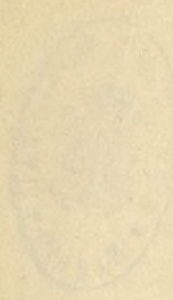
# ST. NICHOLAS:

## VOLUME IX.

### PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1881, TO MAY, 1882.





ST. NICHOLAS

VOLUME IX

PART I

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

No. 1.

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## A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

DEAR BOY AND GIRL who were the first to read the very first number of ST. NICHOLAS, where are you to-day? Right here, we hope, looking at this page; and with you, thousands upon thousands of others. You have grown older,—several years older, but not too old to play with us, though we are only eight to-day. Yes, you have grown older; and of the rest, some who were babies then are reading over your shoulders now; and some who were big brothers and sisters at that time are perhaps showing the pictures to their own little ones who were nowhere at all when this magazine first came into life.

Well, have we not all, first and last, had good times together? And do we not all know more, feel more, and enjoy more, because of each other? Certainly we do. And most certainly in the full, busy years to come the friendly, beautiful crowd shall grow larger and larger, wiser and wiser, happier and happier! ST. NICHOLAS says so. And whatever ST. NICHOLAS prophesies must come to pass, because he has a special understanding with the boys and girls.

Now, on his ninth birthday, snugly settled in his new head-quarters on Union Square, overlooking half his native city, he naturally forms brave resolutions, and thinking over the past and the future, is sure of some day becoming "the very model of a modern" periodical.

Is he joking? No. Or boasting? No, indeed. The fact is, he can not tell exactly all he feels as his ninth Christmas draws near,—that is, not word by word, any more than you know all that you mean when you cry "Hurrah!" on a happy day. He is only crying "Hurrah!"

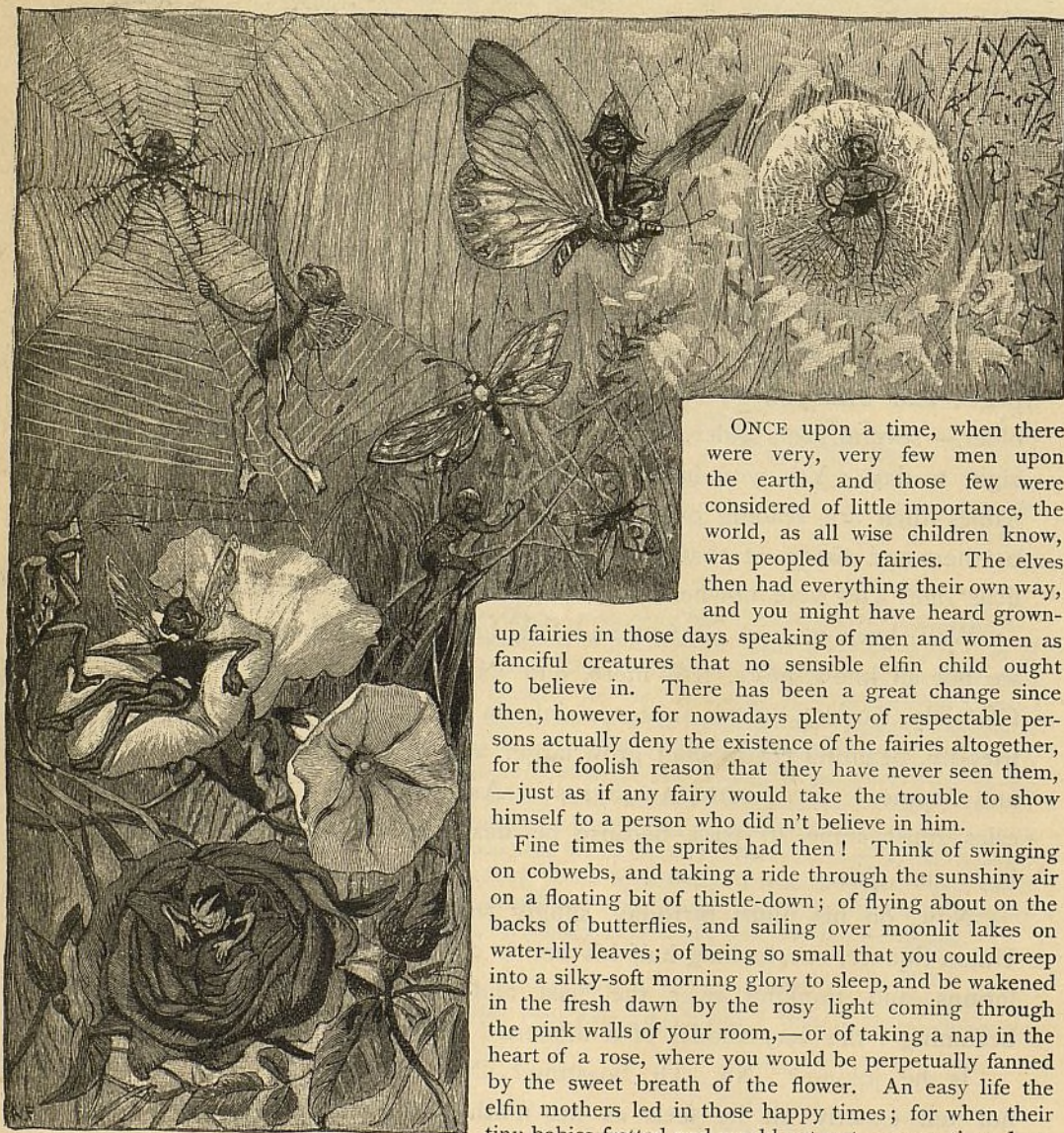
So, dear boys and girls, near and far, on the land, on the ocean, in cities, on the mountains, wherever, and whoever, you may be, so that you bear the colors of youth, ST. NICHOLAS greets you,—and wishes you many happy returns!

VOL. IX.—1.



## SPIDEREE.

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.



ONCE upon a time, when there were very, very few men upon the earth, and those few were considered of little importance, the world, as all wise children know, was peopled by fairies. The elves then had everything their own way, and you might have heard grown-

up fairies in those days speaking of men and women as fanciful creatures that no sensible elfin child ought to believe in. There has been a great change since then, however, for nowadays plenty of respectable persons actually deny the existence of the fairies altogether, for the foolish reason that they have never seen them,—just as if any fairy would take the trouble to show himself to a person who did n't believe in him.

Fine times the sprites had then! Think of swinging on cobwebs, and taking a ride through the sunshiny air on a floating bit of thistle-down; of flying about on the backs of butterflies, and sailing over moonlit lakes on water-lily leaves; of being so small that you could creep into a silky-soft morning glory to sleep, and be wakened in the fresh dawn by the rosy light coming through the pink walls of your room,—or of taking a nap in the heart of a rose, where you would be perpetually fanned by the sweet breath of the flower. An easy life the elfin mothers led in those happy times; for when their tiny babies fretted and would not rest, as sometimes hap-

pened, they had only to hang them up in hare-bells and columbines, and let the wind rock them to sleep.

Old and young spent their time in merry dancing, and in frolicking, for they were a mischievous race, and loved to play all sorts of queer tricks on one another and on the animals that lived with them in the woods and meadows. They would pull the bushy tails of the gray squirrels, and then hide in the ragged bark of a tree, to watch them stare and hunt vainly about for their tormentors. They would knock the nut out of a chipmunk's paws, just as he was going to put it in his mouth, and hop about and giggle with delight, to see the angry little fellow sit up on his haunches and scold



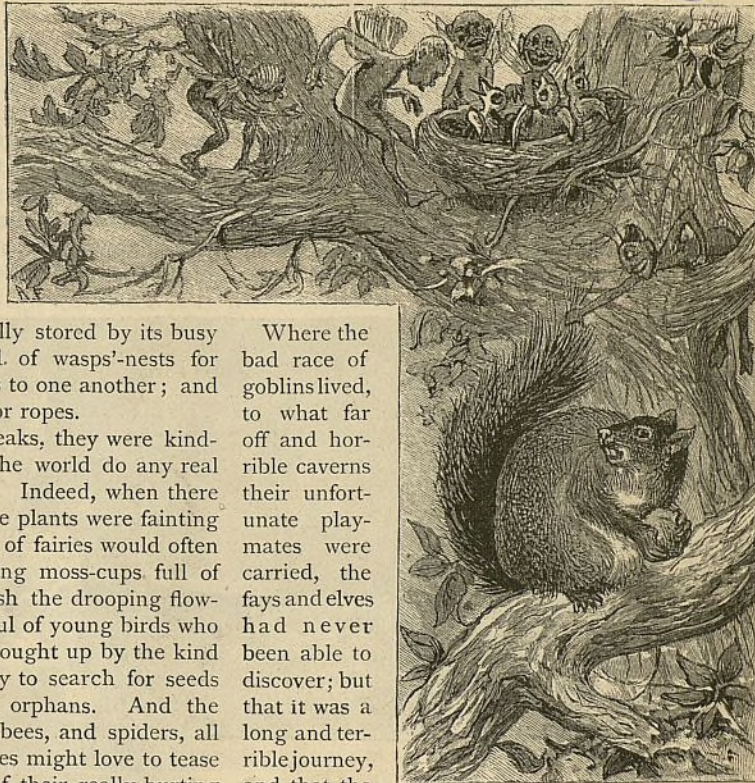


till his voice could be heard all over the woods. They used to peep over the edges of the nests, and make faces at the young birds, until the poor featherless babies screamed harder than ever for their mothers to come home and protect them from these naughty elves. They took the bees' honey from the holes in the hollow trees

where it had been so carefully stored by its busy makers; they used no end of wasps'-nests for paper on which to write notes to one another; and they stole the spiders' webs for ropes.

But, in spite of all these freaks, they were kind-hearted, and would not for the world do any real harm to any living creature. Indeed, when there was no rain, and the delicate plants were fainting for want of moisture, troops of fairies would often work hard for hours, bringing moss-cups full of water from the brook to refresh the drooping flowers; and more than one nestful of young birds who had lost their mother were brought up by the kind elves, who gave up their play to search for seeds and worms for the helpless orphans. And the squirrels and snakes, wasps, bees, and spiders, all knew that much as the fairies might love to tease them, there was no danger of their really hurting them. So, in spite of a few quarrels and scoldings, on occasions when the little people were really too troublesome, they were all good friends, and very merry and happy together.

I say that they were very happy, and so they were, but there was one thing which kept the fairies from being perfectly contented, and made them, even in the midst of their wildest gayety, keep an uneasy lookout for the danger which might be lurking near. At that time there lived another race of beings, who were no bigger than mortal children of two or three years, but who to the fairies were terrible giants. These were the goblins; and instead of playing about in moonshine and sunshine, and giving all their thought to merry tricks and little acts of kindness, they were of a cross and gloomy disposition, and spent their whole time in accumulating great heaps of gold and silver and precious stones. They thought this the only thing worth living for, and as fairy fingers were much finer than their own, and could do far more delicate work, it was the dearest desire of every goblin to catch a fairy, and set him to polishing the hard bits of shiny stone which were the pride of the goblin heart. Many and many an unhappy sprite had been snatched from his dance on the soft green moss carpet, and carried off to this hateful slavery.



"PULLING THE SQUIRREL'S TAIL AND MAKING  
FACES AT THE YOUNG BIRDS."

Where the bad race of goblins lived, to what far off and horrible caverns their unfortunate playmates were carried, the fays and elves had never been able to discover; but that it was a long and terrible journey, and that the end of it was weary labor under pitiless masters,—this at least they had succeeded in finding out.

Now, at this time, in one of the greenest and prettiest of dells, decked with ferns, and shadowed by tall forest-trees, lived, among many others, three young sprites. The oldest, who was named Spiderree, was very kind to his sister Violet, and together they both took care of their little sister Moonbeam, who was still so young and flighty that it was often a hard task to keep her out of serious mischief.

One evening, when the little people were all out enjoying the light of the full moon, which looked down with pleasure at their pretty antics, and when no one of them had any thought of danger, a dark shadow suddenly fell upon them, and the King of the Goblins, clad in strange flying-gear, swooped down like a bird of prey, and seizing Violet and Moonbeam, one in each hand, flew swiftly away with them. The shout of the whole troop of fairies, when they saw their two companions snatched away, was no louder than your faintest whisper, yet to Spiderree, who was standing a little distance off, it sounded like a deafening outcry, and he looked around, just as the goblin was

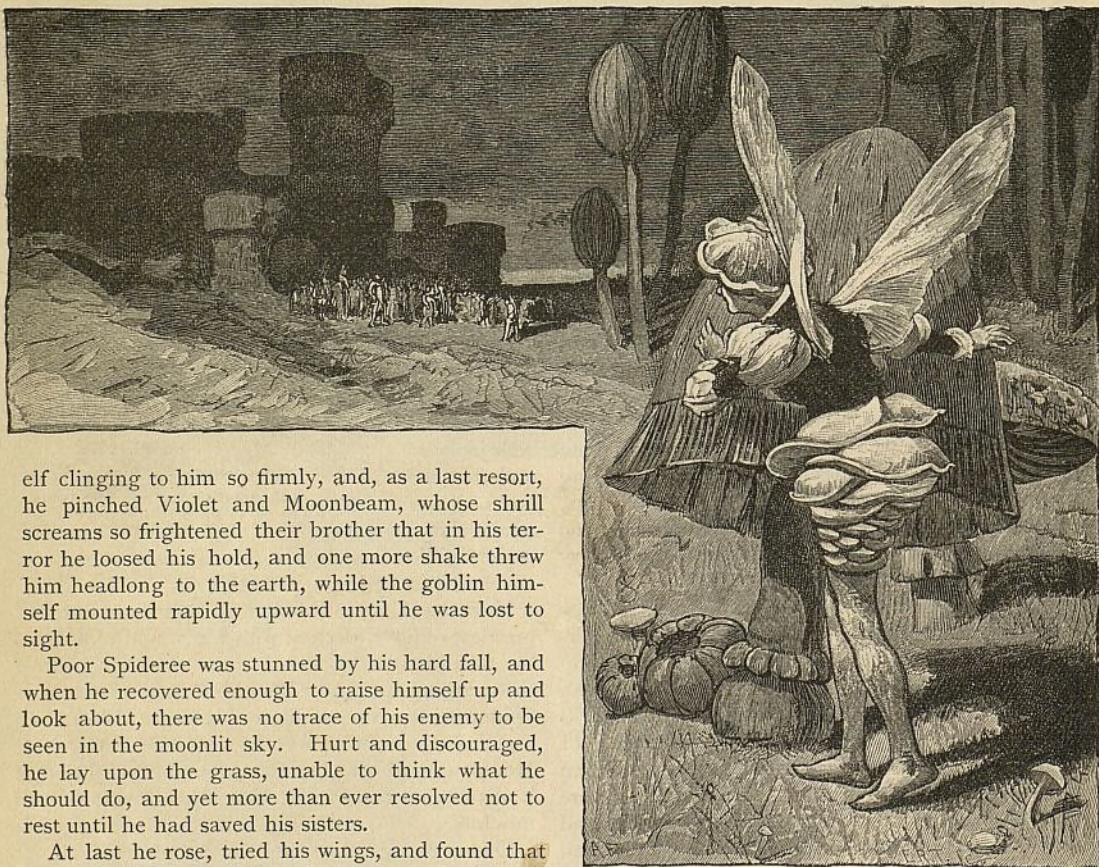


starting upward. Quicker than thought, he threw himself on the foot of the foe, grasped it tightly, and in spite of all efforts to throw him off, clung fast as they all rose together toward the sky.

On and on flew the goblin, shaking himself angrily every now and then, to get rid of Spiderree, who still hung on bravely, determined not to let go until he had found where his sisters were being taken, and in what way he could best go to work to save them from their sad fate. But the goblin was getting impatient at having this troublesome

lin-letter cut on one of the sides. This discovery delighted him greatly, for he now felt assured that the diamond must be the property of the goblin, who had dropped it in his flight, and who must have passed over the very spot where the diamond was lying. Much relieved to think he now knew in which direction to fly, he started off rapidly, and flew until he was exhausted.

For some hours he rested in the warm coils of a woolly young fern, and then he started again on his wearisome journey. Many times in his flight he



elf clinging to him so firmly, and, as a last resort, he pinched Violet and Moonbeam, whose shrill screams so frightened their brother that in his terror he loosed his hold, and one more shake threw him headlong to the earth, while the goblin himself mounted rapidly upward until he was lost to sight.

Poor Spiderree was stunned by his hard fall, and when he recovered enough to raise himself up and look about, there was no trace of his enemy to be seen in the moonlit sky. Hurt and discouraged, he lay upon the grass, unable to think what he should do, and yet more than ever resolved not to rest until he had saved his sisters.

At last he rose, tried his wings, and found that fortunately neither of them had been broken in the fall. Round and round he circled, just above the grass-tops, searching on every side for some little trace which might show him in what direction those he sought had flown. Soon, his eye was caught by a dew-drop, so bright that he bent down to see what was the cause of its singular brilliancy, and on coming close to it, he saw that, instead of a dew-drop, it was a tiny diamond. It was so finely cut that there were a thousand distinct sides, or facets, to it, and it was for this reason that it sparkled so. Spiderree picked it up, and found, on examining it closely, that there was a minute gob-

SPIDEREE HEARS THE GOBLIN HERALD PROCLAIM THE REWARD.

found bits of rainbow lying on the leaves over which he passed, and joyfully picked them up, for he knew that they were shreds of the rainbow scarf which Violet always wore, and that she must have torn them off and dropped them for the special purpose of guiding him aright. Often did he find himself astray, and forced to hunt around, until he was cheered by the sight of a rainbow-hued fragment glistening in the grass, or perhaps of a tiny diamond flashing light from a myriad points. Two more of these precious gems he



found—the second had two thousand, the third three thousand facets, and on each was the goblin-letter, so small that none but fairy eyes could see it, but which showed whose property the jewel was.

At last, after many days, worn out with traveling, with tired feet and drooping wings, Spiderree arrived in sight of a great and gloomy castle, built of enormous blocks of solid stone, and surrounded by a moat which prevented any near approach to it. The draw-bridge was raised when he first came in sight of it, and he stood and gazed across the moat at the dark building which he knew must be the abode of the King of the Goblins, and in which his little sisters, he felt sure, were condemned to perpetual labor, out of sight of the bright sunlight, the flowers, and the friendly wild creatures, which make a fairy's life one long delight.

Although he had penetrated farther than any adventurous member of his race had ever gone before, and had made his way to the very castle of the goblins, yet Spiderree seemed as far off as ever from success. Disheartened, he turned toward a neighboring wood, where he took up his home in an old tree-stump, and waited to see if perhaps some fortunate chance would help him to gain his object. Every day from his hiding-place he saw, at midday, a long train of elves, chained together two by two, come sorrowfully out of the castle, cross the draw-bridge, and take their daily walk under the guardianship of their harsh keepers, who would not permit them to talk together, nor even to take a single step out of the straight path. Last among them came Violet and Moonbeam, looking the unhappiest of all, for they had not yet grown used to the hard life they were forced to lead. Their brother watched them sadly, wondering whether he should ever find it possible to release them from their servitude.

One day, when he was sitting perched on top of one of the scarlet toadstools, a number of which grew in his new home, frowning and shaking his head as he vainly tried to think out some plan for making his entrance into the big castle, he heard what to him was a terribly loud voice, crying out. As it drew nearer he recognized it as the voice of a goblin herald, coming to announce news of public importance. Carefully slipping behind his toadstool, to avoid any chance of being seen, Spiderree heard with delight the herald proclaim at the top of his voice that the King of the Goblins had lost three of his handsomest diamonds, one with one thousand, one with two thousand, and one with three thousand sides, and that whoever should find and restore these to their rightful owner should have whatever he might please to ask as a reward.

Now Spiderree was a prudent as well as a brave

little fairy, and sat down to think about it, before taking back the diamonds to the King. Goblins, he remembered to have heard, were very treacherous as well as cruel; it would be better not to trust them too far, he thought. And the end of it was that he carefully hid the diamonds under a corner of an old stump, and set out alone to see what was to be thought of the state of affairs before bringing out the treasures from which he hoped to gain so much.

He went toward the castle; the draw-bridge was down, but at the end of it, just within the gloomy door-way, stood a cross old porter, who said, gruffly:

"What do you want, Atom?"

"If you please, sir," said Spiderree, politely, "I have news of his diamonds for the King!"

"You!" said the rough old porter. "What you know can't be worth much. But come along to my master, and he'll soon find out what you have to say for yourself!"

Spiderree followed the porter through the dusky halls of the castle, until he stopped before a heavy door, and knocked.

"Come in!" some one shouted.

The porter threw open the door, and said, bowing low: "I beg pardon, Your Majesty, but here's a conceited mite of a fairy thinks he's got your precious diamonds."

"Ha, ha!" roared the King. "Got my diamonds, has he? Hand 'em over, sir, and then I'll have you and the diamonds, too!"

"Please, sir," said Spiderree's shrill little voice, "I thought I was to have anything I wanted for a reward."

"So you believed that silly story, did you?" said the King. "Well, it was n't true, as any one with any sense might have known. So give up the diamonds."

"I have n't brought them with me, please, sir," said Spiderree.

"As if I'd believe that!" growled the King, and he picked up Spiderree, and looked in all his pockets, and even inside the lining of his hat, to see if the gems were hidden anywhere about him. His Majesty flew into a terrible rage as he went on, for he thought Spiderree had been only fooling him, and at last, in a fit of anger, he tossed him out of the window, shouting:

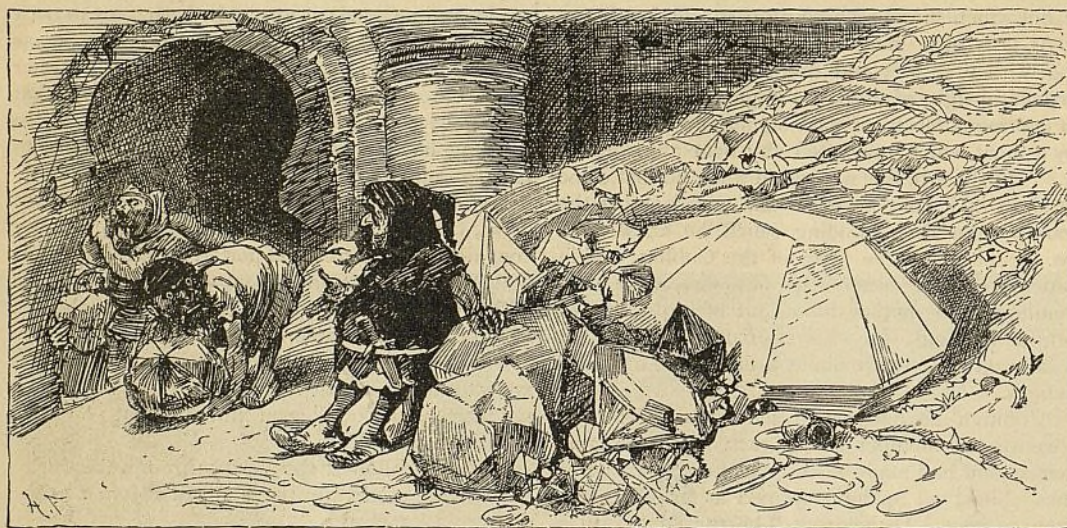
"Get out, you miserable, deceitful little mite!"

He was so angry that he threw Spiderree far across the moat, to the hard bank beyond, which for the little fellow was really very fortunate. Bruised and sore, he picked himself up and limped back to his woods. There he soon made for himself a healing salve of red cup-moss, and the juices of some wood plants, well mixed together, which in a short time restored him to his natural vigor.



For a whole day and night he sat on his toadstool, reflecting. But at last he said to himself, "Nothing

he raised his hand to rub his head, as puzzled people are very apt to do, and no sooner did a ray



"THE GOBLINS SPENT THEIR WHOLE TIME IN ACCUMULATING GREAT HEAPS OF GOLD AND SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES."

venture, nothing have!" and taking the thousand-sided diamond from its hiding-place, he started once more for the stone castle. When he reached it, all the inhabitants were out of sight, and the draw-bridge was raised.

of light from the diamond which he held fall upon the draw-bridge, than it slowly lowered itself, and then the way to the castle lay open before him. Now he felt certain of what he had long suspected, that the diamonds were magic jewels, and that it was for this reason that the King of the Goblins was so anxious to get them once more into his own possession.

Greatly pleased with this idea, Spiderree passed over the bridge, and with a single gleam from the diamond opened the huge gates which were locked across his way. But alas, although the castle gates flew open before the enchanted rays, he could not open with them the door of a single chamber, and was forced to return to the woods for the two other diamonds, before he could make his way any farther. When he came back with these, Spiderree soon found that, while the diamond with a thousand facets controlled only the draw-bridge and the great gates, the one with two thousand sides made every door in the castle fly open. Hastily he made his way to the apartment which he remembered as the King's. Here he paused a moment, and then, taking courage, let a single beam from the gem fall upon the massive door. Instantly it flew open, and within sat the Goblin King, who, the moment he saw the sparkling stone in Spiderree's hand, started up, shouting: "At last! At last, I have them!" and rushed toward the door, with his hand stretched out to seize the jewel. The light which streamed upon him from it did not seem to affect him at all, and Spiderree, in terror, just had time to draw the third



"SLOWLY THE GOBLIN KING GREW STILL AND RIGID."

"What shall I do now?" muttered Spiderree. "They will never hear such a little

voice as mine calling across the moat. How am I ever to get into their precious old cavern of a castle?"

As he stood puzzling over this difficult question,



diamond from his bosom and direct its beams upon his enemy.

As the glittering radiance fell upon the goblin, the laughter died upon his lips, the brightness faded from his eyes, and slowly he grew still and rigid before the wondering eyes of Spiderree, who now saw in front of him, instead of a raging foe, only a statue of stone, with its hand outstretched as if to grasp the empty air. Spiderree knew now that at last he had found the means of conquering the goblin tribe and undoing all the evil which their avarice and harshness had worked. Swiftly he flew from room to room, changing the inhabitants of each to stone, until he reached the apartment in which were confined the elfin work-people.

Here the diamond quickly turned the cruel keepers to stone, while all the eager fairies crowded around Spiderree to be loosed from their chains by the magic beams. Happiest among them all was Violet, to think that it was her own dear brother who had freed her and all their captive friends, while after long search little Moonbeam was found hidden far down in a dark corner, where she had been put for neglecting her work.

How they all rejoiced to be going back to their own happy world again, and how many questions Spiderree had to answer about the beautiful fairy-land, and the friends that they had all been longing so to see! Together the joyful troop left the castle, and crossed the draw-bridge. Spiderree, with Violet and Moonbeam, came last, and as he reached the middle of the bridge, softly the three diamonds slipped from his hand, and fell into the moat. No sooner were the elves all

across, than the draw-bridge lifted itself up, and the moat began slowly to spread into a wide expanse of water. A chilling wind blew from the enchanted castle, turning everything about to ice, and making the fairy band hurry still faster on their homeward



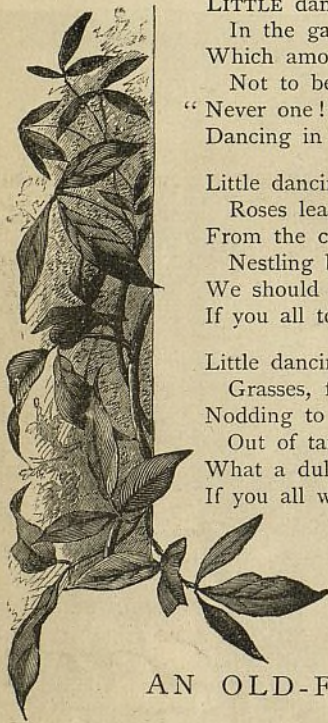
"SPIDEREE TURNING THE KEEPERS TO STONE."

way. It was not long before they were all once more in their favorite haunts, frolicking and playing at their old tricks, without any fear of the terrible goblins, from whom Spiderree's patience and bravery had saved them for evermore.



## LITTLE DANCING LEAVES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



LITTLE dancing leaves  
In the garden-bower,  
Which among you grieves  
Not to be a flower?  
"Never one!" the light leaves say,  
Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves,  
Roses lean to kiss you;  
From the cottage eaves  
Nestling birds would miss you,—  
We should tire of blossoms so,  
If you all to flowers should grow!

Little dancing leaves,—  
Grasses, ferns, and sedges,  
Nodding to the sheaves,  
Out of tangled hedges,—  
What a dull world would remain  
If you all were useful grain!

Little dancing leaves,  
Who could do without you?  
Every poet weaves  
Some sweet dream about you.  
Flowers and grain awhile are here;  
You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves,  
When through pines and birches  
The great storm-wind heaves,  
Your retreat he searches,—  
How he makes the tall trees roar!  
While you—only dance the more!

Little dancing leaves,  
Loving and caressing,—  
He most joy receives  
Who bestows a blessing.  
Dance, light leaves, for dancing made,  
While you bless us with your shade!

## AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

SIXTY years ago, up among the New Hampshire hills, lived Farmer Bassett, with a houseful of sturdy sons and daughters growing up about him. They were poor in money, but rich in land and love, for the wide acres of wood, corn, and pasture land fed, warmed, and clothed the flock, while mutual patience, affection, and courage made the old farm-house a very happy home.

November had come; the crops were in, and barn, buttery, and bin were overflowing with the harvest that rewarded the summer's hard work. The big kitchen was a jolly place just now, for in the great fire-place roared a cheerful fire; on the walls hung garlands of dried apples, onions, and corn; up aloft from the beams shone crook-necked squashes, juicy hams, and dried venison—for in those days deer still haunted the deep forests, and hunters flourished. Savory smells were in the air; on the crane hung steaming kettles, and down among the red embers copper saucepans simmered, all suggestive of some approaching feast.

A white-headed baby lay in the old blue cradle

that had rocked six other babies, now and then lifting his head to look out, like a round, full moon, then subsided to kick and crow contentedly, and suck the rosy apple he had no teeth to bite. Two small boys sat on the wooden settle shelling corn for popping, and picking out the biggest nuts from the goodly store their own hands had gathered in October. Four young girls stood at the long dresser, busily chopping meat, pounding spice, and slicing apples; and the tongues of Tilly, Prue, Roxy, and Rhody went as fast as their hands. Farmer Bassett, and Eph, the oldest boy, were "chorin' round" outside, for Thanksgiving was at hand, and all must be in order for that time-honored day.

To and fro, from table to hearth, bustled buxom Mrs. Bassett, flushed and floury, but busy and blithe as the queen bee of this busy little hive should be.

"I do like to begin seasonable and have things to my mind. Thanksgivin' dinners can't be drove, and it does take a sight of victuals to fill all these



hungry stomicks," said the good woman, as she gave a vigorous stir to the great kettle of cider apple-sauce, and cast a glance of housewifely pride at the fine array of pies set forth on the buttery shelves.

"Only one more day and then it will be time to eat. I did n't take but one bowl of hasty pudding this morning, so I shall have plenty of room when the nice things come," confided Seth to Sol, as he cracked a large hazel-nut as easily as a squirrel.

"No need of my starvin' beforehand. *I always* have room enough, and I'd like to have Thanksgiving every day," answered Solomon, gloating like a young ogre over the little pig that lay near by, ready for roasting.

"Sakes alive, I don't, boys! It's a marcy it don't come but once a year. I should be worn 'to a thread-paper with all this extra work atop of my winter weavin' and spinnin'," laughed their mother, as she plunged her plump arms into the long bread-trough and began to knead the dough as if a famine was at hand.

Tilly, the oldest girl, a red-cheeked, black-eyed lass of fourteen, was grinding briskly at the mortar, for spices were costly, and not a grain must be wasted. Prue kept time with the chopper, and the twins sliced away at the apples till their little brown arms ached, for all knew how to work, and did so now with a will.

"I think it's real fun to have Thanksgiving at home. I'm sorry Gran'ma is sick, so we can't go there as usual, but I like to mess 'round here, don't you, girls?" asked Tilly, pausing to take a sniff at the spicy pestle.

"It will be kind of lonesome with only our own folks." "I like to see all the cousins and aunts, and have games, and sing," cried the twins, who were regular little romps, and could run, swim, coast, and shout as well as their brothers.

"I don't care a mite for all that. It will be so nice to eat dinner together, warm and comfortable at home," said quiet Prue, who loved her own cozy nooks like a cat.

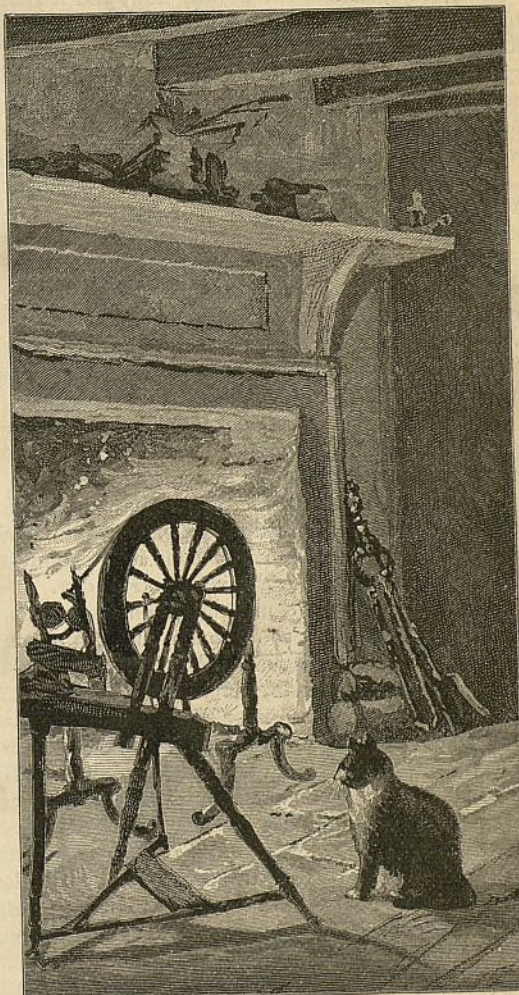
"Come, girls, fly 'round and get your chores done, so we can clear away for dinner jest as soon as I clap my bread into the oven," called Mrs. Bassett presently, as she rounded off the last loaf of brown bread which was to feed the hungry mouths that seldom tasted any other.

"Here's a man comin' up the hill lively!" "Guess it's Gad Hopkins. Pa told him to bring a dozen oranges, if they war n't too high!" shouted Sol and Seth, running to the door, while the girls smacked their lips at the thought of this rare treat, and Baby threw his apple overboard, as if getting ready for a new cargo.

But all were doomed to disappointment, for it

was not Gad, with the much-desired fruit. It was a stranger, who threw himself off his horse and hurried up to Mr. Bassett in the yard, with some brief message that made the farmer drop his ax and look so sober that his wife guessed at once some bad news had come; and crying, "Mother's wuss! I know she is!" out ran the good woman, forgetful of the flour on her arms and the oven waiting for its most important batch.

The man said old Mr. Chadwick, down to Keene,



"PUSSY SAT BLINKING HER EYES IN THE CHEERFUL GLOW."

stopped him as he passed, and told him to tell Mrs. Bassett her mother was failin' fast, and she'd better come to-day. He knew no more, and having delivered his errand he rode away, saying it looked like snow and he must be jogging, or he would n't get home till night.

"We must go right off, Eldad. Hitch up, and



"I'll be ready in less 'n no time," said Mrs. Bassett, wasting not a minute in tears and lamentations, but pulling off her apron as she went in, with her head in a sad jumble of bread, anxiety, turkey, sorrow, haste, and cider apple-sauce.

A few words told the story, and the children left their work to help her get ready, mingling their grief for "Gran'ma" with regrets for the lost dinner.

"I'm dreadful sorry, dears, but it can't be helped. I could n't cook nor eat no way now, and if that blessed woman gets better sudden, as she has before, we'll have cause for thanksgivin', and I'll give you a dinner you won't forget in a hurry," said Mrs. Bassett, as she tied on her brown silk pumpkin-hood, with a sob for the good old mother who had made it for her.

Not a child complained after that, but ran about helpfully, bringing moccasins, heating the foot-stone, and getting ready for a long drive, because Gran'ma lived twenty miles away, and there were no railroads in those parts to whisk people to and fro like magic. By the time the old yellow sleigh was at the door, the bread was in the oven, and Mrs. Bassett was waiting, with her camlet cloak on, and the baby done up like a small bale of blankets.

"Now, Eph, you must look after the cattle like a man, and keep up the fires, for there's a storm brewin', and neither the children nor dumb critters must suffer," said Mr. Bassett, as he turned up the collar of his rough coat and put on his blue mittens, while the old mare shook her bells as if she preferred a trip to Keene to hauling wood all day.

"Tilly, put extry comfortables on the beds to-night, the wind is so searchin' up chamber. Have the baked beans and Injun-puddin' for dinner, and whatever you do, don't let the boys git at the mince-pies, or you'll have them down sick. I shall come back the minute I can leave Mother. Pa will come to-morrow anyway, so keep snug and be good. I depend on you, my darter; use your judgment, and don't let nothin' happen while Mother's away."

"Yes 'm, yes 'm—good-bye, good-bye!" called the children, as Mrs. Bassett was packed into the sleigh and driven away, leaving a stream of directions behind her.

Eph, the sixteen-year-old boy, immediately put on his biggest boots, assumed a sober, responsible manner, and surveyed his little responsibilities with a paternal air, drolly like his father's. Tilly tied on her mother's bunch of keys, rolled up the sleeves of her homespun gown, and began to order about the younger girls. They soon forgot poor Granny, and found it great fun to keep house all alone, for Mother seldom left home, but ruled her family in the good old-fashioned way. There were

no servants, for the little daughters were Mrs. Bassett's only maids, and the stout boys helped their father, all working happily together with no wages but love; learning in the best manner the use of the heads and hands with which they were to make their own way in the world.

The few flakes that caused the farmer to predict bad weather soon increased to a regular snow-storm, with gusts of wind, for up among the hills winter came early and lingered long. But the children were busy, gay, and warm in-doors, and never minded the rising gale nor the whirling white storm outside.

Tilly got them a good dinner, and when it was over the two elder girls went to their spinning, for in the kitchen stood the big and little wheels, and baskets of wool-rolls, ready to be twisted into yarn for the winter's knitting, and each day brought its stint of work to the daughters, who hoped to be as thrifty as their mother.

Eph kept up a glorious fire, and superintended the small boys, who popped corn and whittled boats on the hearth; while Roxy and Rhody dressed corn-cob dolls in the settle corner, and Bose, the brindled mastiff, lay on the braided mat, luxuriously warming his old legs. Thus employed, they made a pretty picture, these rosy boys and girls, in their homespun suits, with the rustic toys or tasks which most children nowadays would find very poor or tiresome.

Tilly and Prue sang, as they stepped to and fro, drawing out the smoothly twisted threads to the musical hum of the great spinning-wheels. The little girls chattered like magpies over their dolls and the new bed-spread they were planning to make, all white dimity stars on a blue calico ground, as a Christmas present to Ma. The boys roared at Eph's jokes, and had rough and tumble games over Bose, who did n't mind them in the least; and so the afternoon wore pleasantly away.

At sunset the boys went out to feed the cattle, bring in heaps of wood, and lock up for the night, as the lonely farm-house seldom had visitors after dark. The girls got the simple supper of brown bread and milk, baked apples, and a doughnut all 'round as a treat. Then they sat before the fire, the sisters knitting, the brothers with books or games, for Eph loved reading, and Sol and Seth never failed to play a few games of Morris with barley corns, on the little board they had made themselves at one corner of the dresser.

"Read out a piece," said Tilly from Mother's chair, where she sat in state, finishing off the sixth woolen sock she had knit that month.

"It's the old history book, but here's a bit you may like, since it's about our folks," answered Eph, turning the yellow page to look at a picture



of two quaintly dressed children in some ancient castle.

"Yes, read that. I always like to hear about the Lady Matildy I was named for, and Lord Bassett, Pa's great-great-grandpa. He 's only a farmer now, but it 's nice to know we were somebody two or three hundred years ago," said Tilly, bridling and tossing her curly head as she fancied the Lady Matilda might have done.

"Don't read the queer words, 'cause we don't understand 'em. Tell it," commanded Roxy, from the cradle, where she was drowsily cuddled with Rhody.

"Well, a long time ago, when Charles the First was in prison, Lord Bassett was a true friend to him," began Eph, plunging into his story without delay. "The lord had some papers that would have hung a lot of people if the king's enemies got hold of 'em, so when he heard one day, all of a sudden, that soldiers were at the castle-gate to carry him off, he had just time to call his girl to him, and say: 'I may be going to my death, but I won't betray my master. There is no time to burn the papers, and I can not take them with me; they are hidden in the old leathern chair where I sit. No one knows this but you, and you must guard them till I come or send you a safe messenger to take them away. Promise me to be brave and silent, and I can go without fear.' You see, he was n't afraid to die, but he *was* to seem a traitor. Lady Matildy promised solemnly, and the words were hardly out of her mouth when the men came in, and her father was carried away a prisoner and sent off to the Tower."

"But she did n't cry; she just called her brother, and sat down in that chair, with her head leaning back on those papers, like a queen, and waited while the soldiers hunted the house over for 'em: was n't that a smart girl?" cried Tilly, beaming with pride, for she was named for this ancestress, and knew the story by heart.

"I reckon she was scared, though, when the men came swearin' in and asked her if she knew anything about it. The boy did his part then, for *he* did n't know, and fired up and stood before his sister; and he says, says he, as bold as a lion: 'If my lord had told us where the papers be, we would die before we would betray him. But we are children and know nothing, and it is cowardly of you to try to fright us with oaths and drawn swords!'"

As Eph quoted from the book, Seth planted himself before Tilly, with the long poker in his hand, saying, as he flourished it valiantly:

"Why did n't the boy take his father's sword and lay about him? I would, if any one was ha'sh to Tilly."

"You bantam! he was only a bit of a boy, and could n't do anything. Sit down and hear the rest of it," commanded Tilly, with a pat on the yellow head, and a private resolve that Seth should have the largest piece of pie at dinner next day, as reward for his chivalry.

"Well, the men went off after turning the castle out of window, but they said they should come again; so faithful Matildy was full of trouble, and hardly dared to leave the room where the chair stood. All day she sat there, and at night her sleep was so full of fear about it, that she often got up and went to see that all was safe. The servants thought the fright had hurt her wits, and let her be, but Rupert, the boy, stood by her and never was afraid of her queer ways. She was 'a pious maid,' the book says, and often spent the long evenings reading the Bible, with her brother by her, all alone in the great room, with no one to help her bear her secret, and no good news of her father. At last, word came that the king was dead and his friends banished out of England. Then the poor children were in a sad plight, for they had no mother, and the servants all ran away, leaving only one faithful old man to help them."

"But the father did come?" cried Roxy, eagerly.

"You 'll see," continued Eph, half telling, half reading.

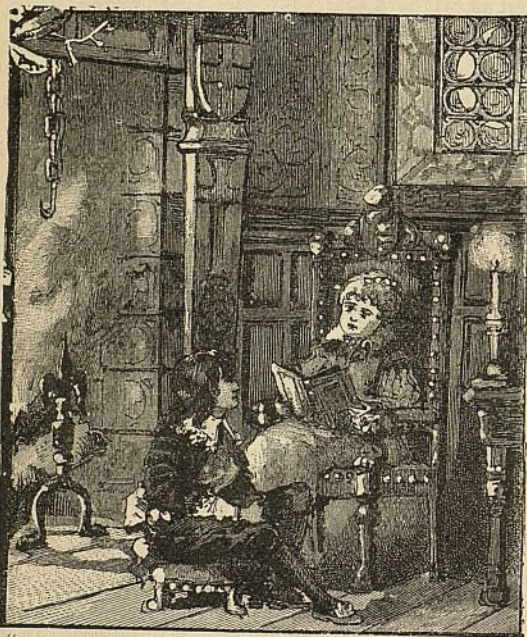
"Matilda was sure he would, so she sat on in the big chair, guarding the papers, and no one could get her away, till one day a man came with her father's ring and told her to give up the secret. She knew the ring, but would not tell until she had asked many questions, so as to be very sure, and while the man answered all about her father and the king, she looked at him sharply. Then she stood up and said, in a tremble, for there was something strange about the man: 'Sir, I doubt you in spite of the ring, and I will not answer till you pull off the false beard you wear, that I may see your face and know if you are my father's friend or foe.' Off came the disguise, and Matilda found it was my lord himself, come to take them with him out of England. He was very proud of that faithful girl, I guess, for the old chair still stands in the castle, and the name keeps in the family, Pa says, even over here, where some of the Bassetts came along with the Pilgrims."

"Our Tilly would have been as brave, I know, and she looks like the old picter down to Gran'ma's, don't she, Eph?" cried Prue, who admired her bold, bright sister very much.

"Well, I think you 'd do the settin' part best, Prue, you are so patient. Till would fight like a wild cat, but she can't hold her tongue worth a cent," answered Eph; whereat Tilly pulled his hair, and the story ended with a general frolic.



When the moon-faced clock behind the door struck nine, Tilly tucked up the children under the "extry comfortables," and having kissed them all around, as Mother did, crept into her own nest, never minding the little drifts of snow that sifted in upon her coverlet between the shingles of the roof, nor the storm that raged without.



"LADY MATILDA AND HER BROTHER RUPERT ALL ALONE IN THE CASTLE."

As if he felt the need of unusual vigilance, old Bose lay down on the mat before the door, and pussy had the warm hearth all to herself. If any late wanderer had looked in at midnight, he would have seen the fire blazing up again, and in the cheerful glow the old cat blinking her yellow eyes, as she sat bolt upright beside the spinning-wheel, like some sort of household goblin, guarding the children while they slept.

When they woke, like early birds, it still snowed, but up the little Bassetts jumped, broke the ice in their jugs, and went down with cheeks glowing like winter apples, after a brisk scrub and scramble into their clothes. Eph was off to the barn, and Tilly soon had a great kettle of mush ready, which, with milk warm from the cows, made a wholesome breakfast for the seven hearty children.

"Now about dinner," said the young housekeeper, as the pewter spoons stopped clattering, and the earthen bowls stood empty.

"Ma said, have what we liked, but she did n't expect us to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, because she wont be here to cook it, and we don't know how," began Prue, doubtfully.

"I can roast a turkey and make a pudding as well as anybody, I guess. The pies are all ready, and if we can't boil vegetables and so on, we don't deserve any dinner," cried Tilly, burning to distinguish herself, and bound to enjoy to the utmost her brief authority.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the boys, "let's have a dinner anyway; Ma wont care, and the good victuals will spoil if they aint eaten right up."

"Pa is coming to-night, so we wont have dinner till late; that will be real genteel and give us plenty of time," added Tilly, suddenly realizing the novelty of the task she had undertaken.

"Did you ever roast a turkey?" asked Roxy, with an air of deep interest.

"Should you darst to try?" said Rhody, in an awe-stricken tone.

"You will see what I can do. Ma said I was to use my judgment about things, and I'm going to. All you children have got to do is to keep out of the way, and let Prue and me work. Eph, I wish you'd put a fire in the best room, so the little ones can play in there. We shall want the settin'-room for the table, and I wont have them pickin' 'round when we get things fixed," commanded Tilly, bound to make her short reign a brilliant one.

"I don't know about that. Ma did n't tell us to," began cautious Eph, who felt that this invasion of the sacred best parlor was a daring step.

"Don't we always do it Sundays and Thanksgivings? Would n't Ma wish the children kept safe and warm anyhow? Can I get up a nice dinner with four rascals under my feet all the time? Come, now, if you want roast turkey and onions, plum-puddin' and mince-pie, you'll have to do as I tell you, and be lively about it."

Tilly spoke with such spirit, and her last suggestion was so irresistible, that Eph gave in, and, laughing good-naturedly, tramped away to heat up the best room, devoutly hoping that nothing serious would happen to punish such audacity.

The young folks delightedly trooped away to destroy the order of that prim apartment with housekeeping under the black horse-hair sofa, "horseback-riders" on the arms of the best rocking-chair, and an Indian war-dance all over the well-waxed furniture. Eph, finding the society of peaceful sheep and cows more to his mind than that of two excited sisters, lingered over his chores in the barn as long as possible, and left the girls in peace.

Now Tilly and Prue were in their glory, and as soon as the breakfast-things were out of the way, they prepared for a grand cooking-time. They were handy girls, though they had never heard of a cooking-school, never touched a piano, and knew nothing of embroidery beyond the samplers which



hung framed in the parlor; one ornamented with a pink mourner under a blue weeping-willow, the other with this pleasing verse, each word being done in a different color, which gave the effect of a distracted rainbow:

"This sampler neat was worked by me,  
In my twelfth year, Prudence B."

Both rolled up their sleeves, put on their largest aprons, and got out all the spoons, dishes, pots, and pans they could find, "so as to have everything handy," Prue said.

"Now, sister, we'll have dinner at five; Pa will

"It's all ready but the stuffing, and roasting is as easy as can be. I can baste first-rate. Ma always likes to have me, I'm so patient and stiddy, she says," answered Prue, for the responsibility of this great undertaking did not rest upon her, so she took a cheerful view of things.

"I know, but it's the stuffin' that troubles me," said Tilly, rubbing her round elbows as she eyed the immense fowl laid out on a platter before her. "I don't know how much I want, nor what sort of yarbs to put in, and he's so awful big, I'm kind of afraid of him."

"I aint! I fed him all summer, and he never gobbled at me. I feel real mean to be thinking of gobbling him, poor old chap," laughed Prue, patting her departed pet with an air of mingled affection and appetite.

"Well, I'll get the puddin' off my mind fust, for it ought to bile all day. Put the big kettle on, and see that the spit is clean, while I get ready."

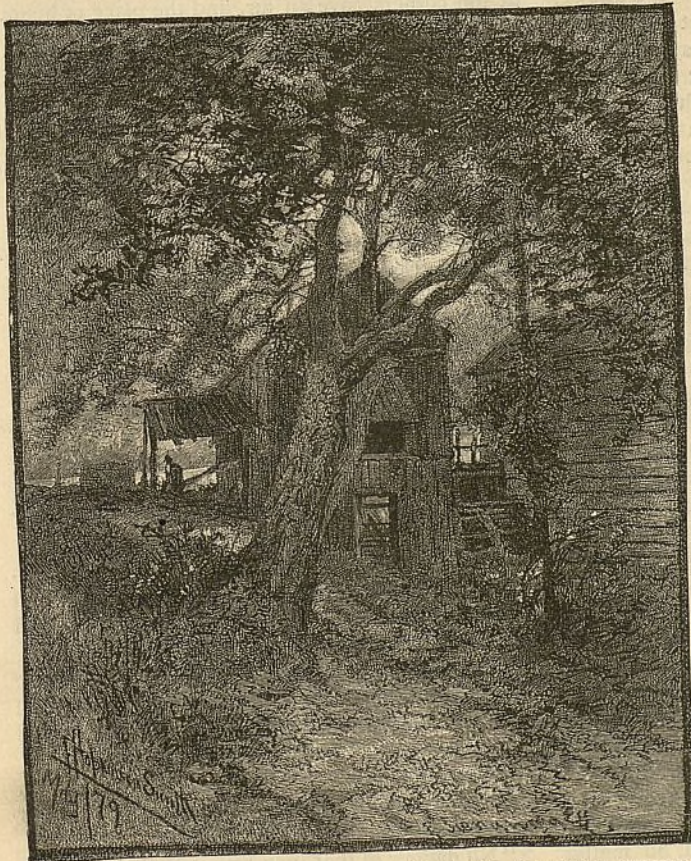
Prue obediently tugged away at the crane, with its black hooks, from which hung the iron tea-kettle and three-legged pot; then she settled the long spit in the grooves made for it in the tall andirons, and put the dripping-pan underneath, for in those days meat was roasted as it should be, not baked in ovens.

Meantime Tilly attacked the plum-pudding. She felt pretty sure of coming out right, here, for she had seen her mother do it so many times, it looked very easy. So in went suet and fruit; all sorts of spice, to be sure she got the right ones, and brandy instead of wine. But she forgot both sugar and salt, and tied it in the cloth so tightly that it had no room to swell, so it would come out as heavy as lead and as hard as a cannon-ball, if the bag did not burst and spoil it all. Happily unconscious of these mistakes, Tilly popped it into the pot, and proudly watched it

bobbing about before she put the cover on and left it to its fate.

"I can't remember what flavorin' Ma puts in," she said, when she had got her bread well soaked for the stuffing. "Sage and onions and apple-sauce go with goose, but I can't feel sure of anything but pepper and salt for a turkey."

"Ma puts in some kind of mint, I know, but I forget whether it is spearmint, peppermint, or pennyroyal," answered Prue, in a tone of doubt.



"THE OLD MILL, WHERE THE GREAT WHEEL TURNED AND SPLASHED SO MERRILY IN THE SUMMER-TIME."

be here by that time, if he is coming to-night, and be so surprised to find us all ready, for he wont have had any very nice victuals if Gran'ma is so sick," said Tilly, importantly. "I shall give the children a piece at noon" (Tilly meant luncheon); "doughnuts and cheese, with apple-pie and cider, will please 'em. There's beans for Eph; he likes cold pork, so we wont stop to warm it up, for there's lots to do, and I don't mind saying to you I'm dreadful dubious about the turkey."



but trying to show her knowledge of "yarbs," or, at least, of their names.

"Seems to me it's sweet marjoram or summer savory. I guess we'll put both in, and then we are sure to be right. The best is up garret; you run and get some, while I mash the bread," commanded Tilly, diving into the mess.

Away trotted Prue, but in her haste she got catnip and wormwood, for the garret was darkish, and Prue's little nose was so full of the smell of the onions she had been peeling, that everything smelt of them. Eager to be of use, she pounded up the herbs and scattered the mixture with a liberal hand into the bowl.

"It does n't smell just right, but I suppose it will when it is cooked," said Tilly, as she filled the empty stomach, that seemed aching for food, and sewed it up with the blue yarn, which happened to be handy. She forgot to tie down his legs and wings, but she set him by till his hour came, well satisfied with her work.

"Shall we roast the little pig, too? I think he'd look nice with a necklace of sausages, as Ma fixed him at Christmas," asked Prue, elated with their success.

"I could n't do it. I loved that little pig, and cried when he was killed. I should feel as if I was roasting the baby," answered Tilly, glancing toward the buttery where piggy hung, looking so pink and pretty it certainly did seem cruel to eat him.

It took a long time to get all the vegetables ready, for, as the cellar was full, the girls thought they would have every sort. Eph helped, and by noon all was ready for cooking, and the cranberry-sauce, a good deal scorched, was cooking in the lunc-to.

Luncheon was a lively meal, and doughnuts and cheese vanished in such quantities that Tilly feared no one would have an appetite for her sumptuous dinner. The boys assured her they would be starving by five o'clock, and Sol mourned bitterly over the little pig that was not to be served up.

"Now you all go and coast, while Prue and I set the table and get out the best chiny," said Tilly, bent on having her dinner look well, no matter what its other failings might be.

Out came the rough sleds, on went the round hoods, old hats, red cloaks, and moccasins, and away trudged the four younger Bassetts, to disport themselves in the snow, and try the ice down by the old mill, where the great wheel turned and splashed so merrily in the summer-time.

Eph took his fiddle and scraped away to his heart's content in the parlor, while the girls, after a short rest, set the table and made all ready to dish up the dinner when that exciting moment

came. It was not at all the sort of table we see now, but would look very plain and countrified to us, with its green-handled knives, and two-pronged steel forks; its red-and-white china, and pewter platters, scoured till they shone, with mugs and spoons to match, and a brown jug for the cider. The cloth was coarse, but white as snow, and the little maids had seen the blue-eyed flax grow, out of which their mother wove the linen; they had watched and watered while it bleached in the green meadow. They had no napkins and little silver; but the best tankard and Ma's few wedding-spoons were set forth in state. Nuts and apples at the corners gave an air, and the place of honor was left in the middle for the oranges yet to come.

"Don't it look beautiful?" said Prue, when they paused to admire the general effect.

"Pretty nice, I think. I wish Ma could see how well we can do it," began Tilly, when a loud howling startled both girls, and sent them flying to the window. The short afternoon had passed so quickly that twilight had come before they knew it, and now, as they looked out through the gathering dusk, they saw four small black figures tearing up the road, to come bursting in, all screaming at once: "The bear, the bear! Eph, get the gun! He's coming, he's coming!"

Eph had dropped his fiddle, and got down his gun before the girls could calm the children enough to tell their story, which they did in a somewhat incoherent manner. "Down in the holler, coastin', we heard a growl," began Sol, with his eyes as big as saucers. "I see him fust lookin' over the wall," roared Seth, eager to get his share of honor.

"Awful big and shaggy," quavered Roxy, clinging to Tilly, while Rhody hid in Prue's skirts, and piped out: "His great paws kept clawing at us, and I was so scared my legs would hardly go."

"We ran away as fast as we could go, and he come growlin' after us. He's awful hungry, and he'll eat every one of us if he gets in," continued Sol, looking about him for a safe retreat.

"Oh, Eph, don't let him eat us," cried both little girls, flying upstairs to hide under their mother's bed, as their surest shelter.

"No danger of that, you little geese. I'll shoot him as soon as he comes. Get out of the way, boys," and Eph raised the window to get good aim.

"There he is! Fire away, and don't miss!" cried Seth, hastily following Sol, who had climbed to the top of the dresser as a good perch from which to view the approaching fray.

Prue retired to the hearth as if bent on dying at her post rather than desert the turkey, now "brown-ing beautiful," as she expressed it. But Tilly boldly stood at the open window, ready to lend a hand if the enemy proved too much for Eph.



All had seen bears, but none had ever come so near before, and even brave Eph felt that the big brown beast slowly trotting up the door-yard was an unusually formidable specimen. He was growling horribly, and stopped now and then as if to rest and shake himself.

"Get the ax, Tilly, and if I should miss, stand ready to keep him off while I load again," said Eph, anxious to kill his first bear in style and alone; a girl's help did n't count.

Tilly flew for the ax, and was at her brother's side by the time the bear was near enough to be dangerous. He stood on his hind legs, and seemed to sniff with relish the savory odors that poured out of the window.

"Fire, Eph!" cried Tilly, firmly.

"Wait till he rears again. I'll get a better shot then," answered the boy, while Prue covered her ears to shut out the bang, and the small boys cheered from their dusty refuge up among the pumpkins.

But a very singular thing happened next, and all who saw it stood amazed, for suddenly Tilly threw down the ax, flung open the door, and ran straight into the arms of the bear, who stood erect to receive her, while his growlings changed to a loud "Haw, haw!" that startled the children more than the report of a gun.

"It's Gad Hopkins, tryin' to fool us!" cried Eph, much disgusted at the loss of his prey, for these hardy boys loved to hunt, and prided themselves on the number of wild animals and birds they could shoot in a year.

"Oh, Gad, how could you scare us so?" laughed Tilly, still held fast in one shaggy arm of the bear, while the other drew a dozen oranges from some deep pocket in the buffalo-skin coat, and fired them into the kitchen with such good aim that Eph ducked, Prue screamed, and Sol and Seth came down much quicker than they went up.

"Wal, you see I got upstot over yonder, and the old horse went home while I was floundering in a drift, so I tied on the buffalors to tote 'em easy, and come along till I see the children playin' in the holler. I jest meant to give 'em a little scare, but they run like partridges, and I kep' up the joke to see how Eph would like this sort of company," and Gad haw-hawed again.

"You'd have had a warm welcome if we had n't found you out. I'd have put a bullet through you in a jiffy, old chap," said Eph, coming out to shake hands with the young giant, who was only a year or two older than himself.

"Come in and set up to dinner with us. Prue and I have done it all ourselves, and Pa will be along soon, I reckon," cried Tilly, trying to escape.

"Could n't, no ways. My folks will think I'm

dead ef I don't get along home, sence the horse and sleigh have gone ahead empty. I've done my arrant and had my joke; now I want my pay, Tilly," and Gad took a hearty kiss from the rosy cheeks of his "little sweetheart," as he called her. His own cheeks tingled with the smart slap she gave him as she ran away, calling out that she hated bears and would bring her ax next time.

"I aint afeared—your sharp eyes found me out; and ef you run into a bear's arms you must expect a hug," answered Gad, as he pushed back the robe and settled his fur cap more becomingly.

"I should have known you in a minute if I had n't been asleep when the girls squalled. You did it well, though, and I advise you not to try it again in a hurry, or you'll get shot," said Eph, as they parted, he rather crestfallen and Gad in high glee.

"My sakes alive—the turkey is all burnt one side, and the kettles have biled over so the pies I put to warm are all ashes!" scolded Tilly, as the flurry subsided and she remembered her dinner.

"Well, I can't help it. I could n't think of victuals when I expected to be eaten alive myself, could I?" pleaded poor Prue, who had tumbled into the cradle when the rain of oranges began.

Tilly laughed, and all the rest joined in, so good-humor was restored, and the spirits of the younger ones were revived by sucks from the one orange which passed from hand to hand with great rapidity while the older girls dished up the dinner. They were just struggling to get the pudding out of the cloth when Roxy called out: "Here's Pa!"

"There's folks with him," added Rhody.

"Lots of 'em! I see two big sleighs chock full," shouted Seth, peering through the dusk.

"It looks like a seminary. Guess Gramma's dead and come up to be buried here," said Sol, in a solemn tone. This startling suggestion made Tilly, Prue, and Eph hasten to look out, full of dismay at such an ending of their festival.

"If that is a funeral, the mourners are uncommon jolly," said Eph, dryly, as merry voices and loud laughter broke the white silence without.

"I see Aunt Cinthy, and Cousin Hetty—and there's Mose and Amos. I do declare, Pa's bringin' 'em all home to have some fun here," cried Prue, as she recognized one familiar face after another.

"Oh, my patience! Aint I glad I got dinner, and don't I hope it will turn out good!" exclaimed Tilly, while the twins pranced with delight, and the small boys roared:

"Hooray for Pa! Hooray for Thanksgivin'!"

The cheer was answered heartily, and in came Father, Mother, Baby, aunts, and cousins, all in great spirits, and all much surprised to find such a festive welcome awaiting them.



"Aint Gran'ma dead at all?" asked Sol, in the midst of the kissing and hand-shaking.

"Bless your heart, no! It was all a mistake of old Mr. Chadwick's. He's as deaf as an adder, and when Mrs. Brooks told him Mother was mendin' fast, and she wanted me to come down to-day, certain sure, he got the message all wrong, and give it to the fust person passin' in such a way as to scare me 'most to death, and send us down in a hurry. Mother was sittin' up as chirk as you please, and dreadful sorry you did n't all come."

"So, to keep the house quiet for her, and give you a taste of the fun, your Pa fetched us all up to spend the evenin', and we are goin' to have a jolly time on 't, to jedge by the looks of things," said Aunt Cinthy, briskly finishing the tale when Mrs. Bassett paused for want of breath.

"What in the world put it into your head we was comin', and set you to gittin' up such a supper?" asked Mr. Bassett, looking about him, well pleased and much surprised at the plentiful table.

Tilly modestly began to tell, but the others broke in and sang her praises in a sort of chorus, in which bears, pigs, pies, and oranges were oddly mixed. Great satisfaction was expressed by all, and Tilly and Prue were so elated by the commendation of Ma and the aunts, that they set forth their dinner, sure everything was perfect.

But when the eating began, which it did the moment wraps were off, then their pride got a fall; for the first person who tasted the stuffing (it was big Cousin Mose, and that made it harder to bear) nearly choked over the bitter morsel.

"Tilly Bassett, whatever made you put worm-wood and catnip in your stuffin'?" demanded Ma, trying not to be severe, for all the rest were laughing, and Tilly looked ready to cry.

"I did it," said Prue, nobly taking all the blame, which caused Pa to kiss her on the spot, and declare that it did n't do a mite of harm, for the turkey was all right.

"I never see onions cooked better. All the vegetables is well done, and the dinner a credit to you, my dears," declared Aunt Cinthy, with her mouth full of the fragrant vegetable she praised.

The pudding was an utter failure in spite of the blazing brandy in which it lay—as hard and heavy as one of the stone balls on Squire Dunkin's great gate. It was speedily whisked out of sight, and all fell upon the pies, which were perfect. But Tilly and Prue were much depressed, and did n't recover their spirits till dinner was over and the evening fun well under way.

"Blind-man's buff," "Hunt the slipper," "Come, Philander," and other lively games soon set every one bubbling over with jollity, and when Eph struck up "Money Musk" on his fiddle, old and young

fell into their places for a dance. All down the long kitchen they stood, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett at the top, the twins at the bottom, and then away they went, heeling and toeing, cutting pigeon-wings, and taking their steps in a way that would convulse modern children with their new-fangled romps called dancing. Mose and Tilly covered themselves with glory by the vigor with which they kept it up, till fat Aunt Cinthy fell into a chair, breathlessly declaring that a very little of such exercise was enough for a woman of her "heft."

Apples and cider, chat and singing, finished the evening, and after a grand kissing all round, the guests drove away in the clear moonlight which came out to cheer their long drive.

When the jingle of the last bell had died away, Mr. Bassett said soberly, as they stood together on the hearth: "Children, we have special cause to be thankful that the sorrow we expected was changed into joy, so we'll read a chapter 'fore we go to bed, and give thanks where thanks is due."

Then Tilly set out the light-stand with the big Bible on it, and a candle on each side, and all sat quietly in the fire-light, smiling as they listened with happy hearts to the sweet old words that fit all times and seasons so beautifully.

When the good-nights were over, and the children in bed, Prue put her arm round Tilly and whispered tenderly, for she felt her shake, and was sure she was crying:

"Don't mind about the old stuffin' and puddin', deary—nobody cared, and Ma said we really did do surprisin' well for such young girls."

The laughter Tilly was trying to smother broke out then, and was so infectious, Prue could not help joining her, even before she knew the cause of the merriment.

"I was mad about the mistakes, but don't care enough to cry. I'm laughing to think how Gad fooled Eph and I found him out. I thought Mose and Amos would have died over it when I told them, it was so funny," explained Tilly, when she got her breath.

"I was so scared that when the first orange hit me, I thought it was a bullet, and scrambled into the cradle as fast as I could. It was real mean to frighten the little ones so," laughed Prue, as Tilly gave a growl.

Here a smart rap on the wall of the next room caused a sudden lull in the fun, and Mrs. Bassett's voice was heard, saying warningly, "Girls, go to sleep immediate, or you'll wake the baby."

"Yes 'm," answered two meek voices, and after a few irrepressible giggles, silence reigned, broken only by an occasional snore from the boys, or the soft scurry of mice in the buttery, taking their part in this old-fashioned Thanksgiving.



## MURILLO'S MULATTO.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.



NEARLY three hundred years ago, in the city of Seville, lived one of the greatest of Spanish painters—Bartolomé Estéban Murillo.

Many beautiful pictures painted by this master

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adorn the palaces of the Old World, while a few may be found in the possession of wealthy art-lovers upon this side of the water.

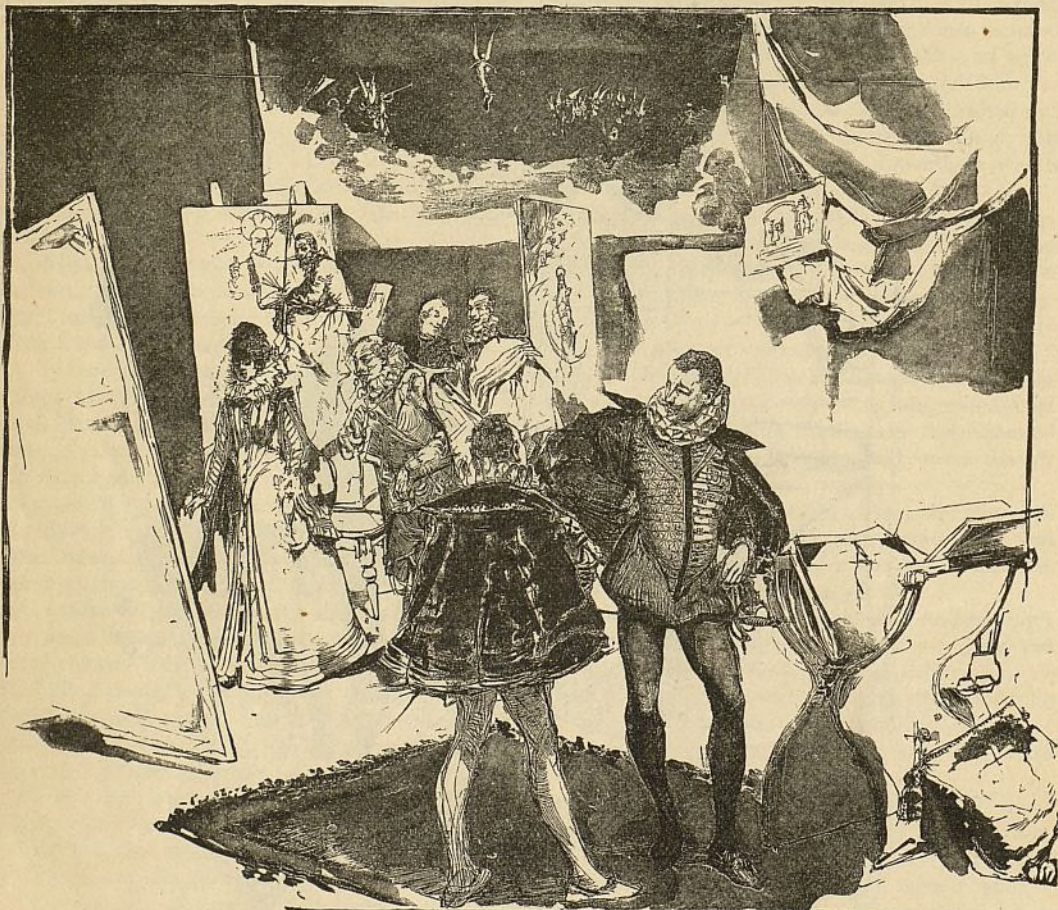
In the church of Seville one may see four beau-



tiful paintings—one, a picture of Christ bound to a column, St. Peter in a kneeling posture at His feet, as if imploring pardon; another, a superb painting of St. Joseph; one of St. Ann; and a fourth, an exquisite picture of the Virgin Mother holding the infant Jesus in her arms. These paintings are largely sought for and long gazed

of six in the morning to take their lessons in drawing and painting in the studio of the great Murillo; to prepare and stretch canvas, run errands, and be ready at all times to answer the capricious demands of these high-born and imperious youths.

The poor mulatto boy had, however, in addition to a generous heart and amiable temper, a quick



GRANDEES OF SPAIN ADMIRING THE MULATTO'S PAINTINGS, IN MURILLO'S STUDIO.

upon by all art-lovers who visit Spain, and are particularly admired by artists for their truthful beauty, delicate tints, and natural coloring.

But they are not Murillo's.

These noble paintings, the pride and glory of Seville to-day, were conceived and executed by a mulatto, Sebastian Gomèz, who was once the slave, then the pupil, and in time the peer of his illustrious and high-minded master.

The childhood of Sebastian Gomèz was one of servitude. His duties were many and constant. He was required to grind and mix the colors used by the young señors, who came at the early hour

wit, bright intellect, and willing hands. His memory also was excellent; he was not without judgment, and, what was better than all, he was gifted with the power of application.

Intellect, wit, memory, judgment are all good endowments, but none of these will lead to excellence if one has not a habit of industry and steady application.

Sebastian Gomèz, at the age of fifteen, found himself capable, not only of admiring, but also of appreciating, the work of the pupils who wrought in his master's studio.

At times he even fancied that he could detect



errors and blemishes which they failed to note in their studies.

It chanced, sometimes, that he would drop a hint of his thoughts, when handing a maul-stick, or moving an easel for some artist student.

"How droll it is that the sly young rogue should be so nearly correct in his criticisms!" one of the pupils would perhaps remark, after over-hearing some quiet suggestion of the mulatto lad.

"Aye. One might think the slave a connoisseur," would laugh another.

"Truly, it was owing to a cunning hint of his that my St. Andrew's arm was improved in the foreshortening."

"It was Gomèz who detected first the harshness in my coloring of this St. Catherine's hands, and noted the false curve of the lower lip. The mulatto has the true eye for color, and in truth he seems to guess at form as readily as some of his betters."

Such were the remarks that often followed the lad's exit, as the young señors lightly commented upon his criticisms. There came a time, however, when the poor mulatto received from their lordly lips far other than light comment.

One day, a student who had been for a long time at work upon a "Descent from the Cross," and who, but the previous day, had effaced from the canvas an unsatisfactory head of the Mater Dolorosa, was struck dumb with surprise at finding in its place a lovely sketch of the head and face he had so labored to perfect. The miracle—for miracle it seemed—was inquired into, and

examination proved that this exquisite head, which Murillo himself owned that he would have been proud to have painted, was the secret work of the little slave Sebastian. So closely had he listened to his great master's instructions to the pupils, so retentively stored them in his mind, and so industriously worked upon them while others slept,—his custom being to rise at three in the morning and paint until five,—that he, the servant of the young artists, had become, unconsciously to himself as to them, an artist also. Murillo, upon discovering the genius of Gomèz, was enraptured, and declared that the young mulatto should be in his sight no longer a slave, but a man, his pupil, and an artist.

"Other masters leave to posterity only pictures," exclaimed the glad master. "I shall bequeath to the world a painter! Your name, Sebastian, shall go down to posterity only in company with mine; your fame shall complete mine; coming ages, when they name you, shall call you 'Murillo's mulatto'!"

He spoke truly. Throughout Spain to-day that artist who, of all the great master's pupils, most nearly equals him in all his varied excellences, is best known, not as Sebastian Gomèz alone, but as "Sebastian Gomèz; The Mulatto of Murillo."

Murillo had Gomèz made a free citizen of Spain, treated him as a son, and, when dying, left him a part of his estate. But Gomèz survived his illustrious master and friend only a few years, dying, it is said, about the year 1590.

## THE KNIGHTS OF THE EXTENSION TABLE.

BY NELLIE G. CONE.

THE Tournaments began one winter day, in the midst of a snow-storm. Dick and Belinda sat by the dining-room fire. Belinda was reading "Ivanhoe." She was a small girl, with large, innocent eyes. Dick was older than she, and a great deal wiser, but he condescended to play with her. Just then he wanted amusement; and he asked Belinda, in an injured way, why she was always reading.

"What else is there to do?" said the meek Belinda.

"We might play War," said Dick, rather slyly.

They had often played War on the extension table, setting up the tin and wooden armies opposite each other, and throwing an India rubber ball at each side by turns. But once Dick had

proposed to "draft," as he said, the animals from the Noah's Ark, and call them cavalry. Then he had drafted into his own army the otters, and other ugly but very little creatures which Belinda could not hit with the ball. Belinda, on the other hand, had chosen the giraffes and elephants because they looked so stately. Dick had won in a short battle of two minutes, and Belinda never forgot it.

"No, Dick," she said, firmly, "I don't want to play War."

"Well," said Dick, "there's Tournament. May be that's nicer than War."

"Beautiful!" cried Belinda. "Then we need n't have any animals."

She brought out at once all her battered toys,



and the two began to choose their knights, deciding that each should have six men.

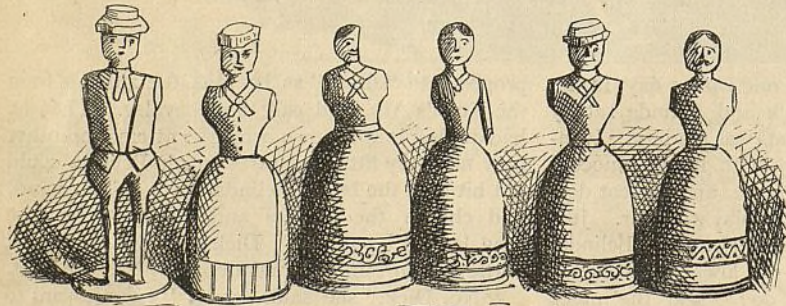
First, Belinda selected hers, naming most of them after the heroes in Sir Walter Scott's stories and poems, which both she and Dick liked to read. She made up her mind to have James Fitz-James, the disguised king in "The Lady of the Lake." She took to represent him a jointed cavalier, with buff jacket and gauntlets; but unfortunately he had lost both his legs (including a handsome pair of boots), and had to lean back upon his arms.

"Now," she said, "I think I'll have Wilfred of Ivanhoe," and she found a mild-looking wooden soldier with a piece of tin-foil tied around him.

She had a market in a box, with stiff green poplar-trees and tables full of fish and fruit; and out of this she took a man on a round yellowstand, wrapped him also in tin-foil, and named him Richard Cœur de Lion.

Then she remembered Tennyson's gentle Sir Galahad, and how he had a habit of riding about in the moonlight, and wearing silver armor, and always winning in tournaments because he was so good; and she got him from the market, too. He was a woman who had formerly kept a vegetable stand.

Next, in order that another wooden soldier might look like King Henry of Navarre, she made a pin-hole in the top of his black cap, or "helmet," as she called it, and put a white feather in the pin-hole. This looked so fine that she gave plumes to Ivanhoe, King Richard, and Sir Galahad, also.

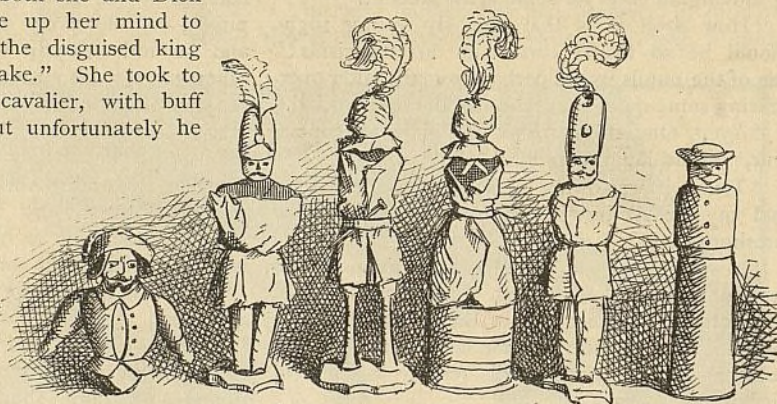


DICK'S BAND OF HEROES.

Lastly, she chose Ferrand of the Forest Brown. He used to be Shem, in the Ark. Dick never knew where Belinda found his new name, but evidently she was proud of it.

You will notice that Belinda selected only one of the market-women.

"I don't like them," she said. "They have aprons on, and they don't look nice."



"BELINDA'S GROUP HAD A MORE MILITARY APPEARANCE THAN DICK'S."

"Oh, I'll take the rest," said Dick, in the most obliging manner. "This," he went on, lifting a plum-colored fish-woman with half a head, "shall be Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf, known as the Savage Baron. This striped one is Lord Mar-mion."

"Why, he forged a letter!" said Belinda, with contempt.

"Never mind," said Dick. "He was a splendid soldier, and the book says he had a blue flag with a falcon on it; and his hair was all grizzly, except in front, where his helmet wore it off——"

"I don't think I'd have a knight that was bald," said Belinda.

"This other striped one," Dick continued, "is Sir Roderick Dhu, the chieftain of Clan Alpine. This red one is Sir William of Deloraine, good at need."

"Why!" said Belinda, again. "He was a robber! They were both robbers!"

"So they were," said Dick, cheerfully, seizing a brown woman as he spoke. "This is Bertram Risinghame, who burned the castle in 'Rokeby.'"

"But he was a pirate!" cried Belinda.

"Yes," said Dick, taking no notice of his sister's

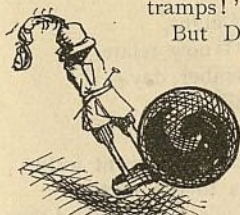
horror, "and if you'll give me a lead-pencil, I'll make him a big mustache. Pirates always wear mustaches. There! This fish-seller, the only real man I have, shall be Brian de Bois-Guilbert,





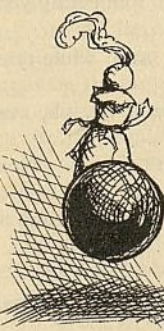
the Templar, who carried away Rebecca of York."

"Dick," said Belinda, solemnly, "you never will win one tournament with such knights as those. They're just a set of tramps!"



SIR WILFRED FALLS.

But Dick only said he "guessed" he liked them pretty well. When all were chosen, Belinda, who liked to draw, made a sketch of each group, and was pleased to see that her own had a more military appearance than Dick's. "Now," she inquired, when the knights had been placed at opposite ends of the table, "how does a tournament begin?"

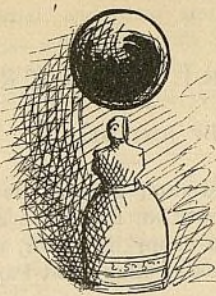


SIR GALAHAD IS OVERCOME.

"In the first place, you of course must be the herald for your knights, and I'll be the herald for mine," explained Dick. "First, the herald sounds a trumpet, just like this: Tra-la-la-la! Then you say, 'This blow is from Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf,' for instance, 'to Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe,' for instance; and if you can think of a war-cry, or anything of that kind, you say that, too." At this point he flung the ball, and Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe fell headlong. "When they fall like that," Dick continued, "they are unhorsed; and you know when a knight is unhorsed, he must n't fight again till next day."

Belinda sorrowfully removed Sir Wilfred, and then, with a feeble crow that she meant for a trumpet-blast, aimed the ball at the Savage Baron. She said that the blow was from Richard Cœur de Lion, who, she added, was Front de Bœuf's lawful king and master. The ball passed over Sir Reginald's head, and, after a few defiant remarks, he rolled his lawful king and master off the table.

Would you believe that, in this tournament, Dick did not use (until the last) one of his wicked



FRONT DE BŒUF STANDS UNSCATHED.

knights, excepting Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf? Would you believe that the royal James Fitz-James, the gentle Sir Galahad, and the brave King Henry of Navarre were all "unhorsed" by that plum-colored rebel? When they attacked him, the ball, owing to the nervousness of the "herald," Belinda, generally struck either the mantel-piece or the coal-scuttle.

Once or twice it grazed him, but he only spun about and settled down into his old position with a clatter. The artful Dick, when he obligingly chose the market-

women, had foreseen that their heavy wooden skirts would hold them steady.

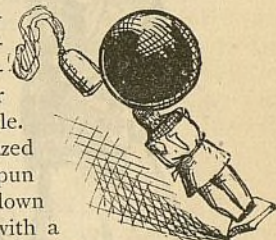
Belinda was almost in despair. Of all her goodly company of knights, Ferrand alone remained. She shut both eyes, shouted, "Ferrand of the Forest Brown to the rescue, ho!" and let the ball go where it would. To her great surprise there was a sharp crack, and in an instant Sir Reginald

Front de Bœuf lay on the hearth-rug in two pieces.

Belinda felt almost as if she had won the day. To be sure, the piratical Bertram Risinghame "unhorsed" Sir Ferrand soon after. But that did not mend Front de Bœuf. Neither would glue, although they tried it. They laid him in a broken match-box that had a Crusader on the cover, and they played no more tournament until next day, all Belinda's knights being prevented from fighting again by Dick's rule about "unhorsing."

"Dick," said Belinda, as she tried to fasten on the helmet of Navarre, which had been knocked from his head by the Savage Baron, "don't you think we ought to call them the Knights of the Round Table?"

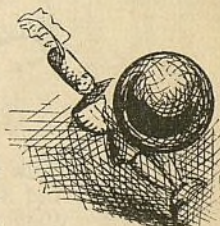
But Dick said he thought the Knights of the Extension Table would be better. And that was their name as long as they lasted.



THE FALL OF CŒUR DE LION.



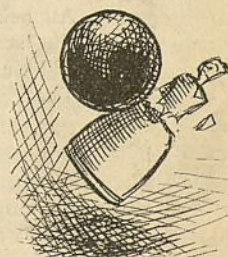
FERRAND OF THE FOREST BROWN.



HENRY OF NAVARRE IS UNHORSED.



JAMES FITZ-JAMES IS WORSTED.



THE SAVAGE BARON'S FATE.



## THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TRIED TO MIND.

BY JOEL STACY.



SUSAN, good sister Susan! was a gentle girl of eight,  
And Totty was but four years old, when what I now relate  
Came to the happy little pair, one bright November day—  
A Sunday, too—while good Papa was many miles away.

"Good-bye, my darlings! don't forget." The little ones went forth,  
Their hearts all in a sunny glow, their faces to the north—  
Their faces to the chilling north, but not a whit cared they  
Though the pretty church before them stood full half a  
mile away.

For Mother, with her smiling face and cheery voice, had said:  
"I can not go to church to-day, but you may go instead.  
Baby will need me here at home—the precious little pet!  
But babies grow in time, you know. She'll go to meeting yet."

"Take care of sister Sue!" she said, while tying  
Totty's hood,—

"And, Tottykins, I'm sure you'll be, oh, *very*  
still and good!

Good-bye, my darlings! Don't forget. Now,  
Sue, you know the pew!

And, Tot, be Mamma's little mouse, and sit  
up close to Sue."

A pretty sight it truly was, to see the rosy pair  
Walk down the aisle and take their seats, with sweetly solemn air.  
And Susie soon was listening, her manner all intent,  
While little Tot sat prim and stiff, and wondered what it meant.

The quaint, old-fashioned meeting-house had pew-seats low and bare,  
With backs that reached above the heads when they were bowed in prayer.  
And thus it was when suddenly a scratching sound was heard,  
Faint at the first, then almost loud—but not a person stirred.

All heads were bowed; and yet it rose—that scratching, puzzling sound,  
The staidest members rolled their eyes and tried to look around;  
Till Susie, stately little maid! felt, with a startled fear,  
That, whatsoe'er its cause might be, the noise was strangely near.

Out went her slyly warning hand, to reach for Totty there;  
When, oh, the scratching rose above the closing words of prayer!  
An empty mitten on the seat was all poor Susie felt,  
While on the floor, in wondrous style, the earnest Totty knelt!

Poor Susie leaned and signaled, and beckoned, all in vain;—  
Totty was very much engaged and would not heed, 't was plain.  
When suddenly a childish voice rang through the crowded house:—  
"DON'T, Susie! 'cause I've dot to be my mamma's 'ittle mouse!"



Many a sober face relaxed, and many smiled outright,  
 While others mourned in sympathy with Susie's sorry plight;  
 And Totty, wild with wrath because she could be mouse no more,  
 Was carried soon, a sobbing child, out through the wide church-door.

Now parents ponder while ye may upon this sad mishap,  
 The mother, not the mouse, you see, was caught within the trap.  
 And lest your little listening ones may go beyond your reach,  
 Be chary of your metaphors and figurative speech.

## ALL-HALLOW EVE MYTHS.

BY DAVID BROWN.

AS THE world grows old and wise, it ceases to believe in many of its superstitions. But, although they are no longer believed in, the customs connected with them do not always die out; they often linger on through centuries, and, from having once been serious religious rites, or something real in the life of people, they become at last mere children's plays or empty usages, often most zealously enjoyed by those who do not understand their meaning.

Still other customs have been parts of a heathen religion, and when that religion was supplanted by Christianity, the people held on to the old customs, although they had lost their first significance.

For instance, when a party of boys and girls are out in a sail-boat, and the wind dies down, some one says, "Whistle for the wind." A boy whistles, and they all laugh, for it seems a good joke to think of raising the wind by a whistle. But it was a serious thing to the sailors of old time, for to them the whistle was an imitation of the sound of the winds, and their intention in making it was that the gods might hear, and make the real winds blow. But a better illustration of all this is our All-hallow Eve festival. Its history is that of a custom which has passed from the worship of heathen gods into the festivities of the Christian church, and has sunk at last into a mere sport.

All-hallow Eve is now, in our country towns, a time of careless frolic, and of great bonfires, which, I hear, are still kindled on the hill-tops in some places. We also find these fires in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and from their history we learn the meaning of our celebration. Some of you may know that the early inhabitants of Great Britain, Ireland, and parts of France were known as Celts, and that their religion was directed by strange

priests called Druids. Three times in the year, on the first of May, for the sowing; at the solstice, June 21st, for the ripening and turn of the year; and on the eve of November 1st, for the harvesting, those mysterious priests of the Celts, the Druids, built fires on the hill-tops in France, Britain, and Ireland, in honor of the sun. At this last festival the Druids of all the region gathered in their white robes around the stone altar or cairn on the hill-top. Here stood an emblem of the sun, and on the cairn was the sacred fire, which had been kept burning through the year. The Druids formed about the fire, and, at a signal, quenched it, while deep silence rested on the mountains and valleys. Then the new fire gleamed on the cairn, the people in the valley raised a joyous shout, and from hill-top to hill-top other fires answered the sacred flame. On this night, all hearth-fires in the region had been put out, and they were rekindled with brands from the sacred fire, which was believed to guard the households through the year.

But the Druids disappeared from their sacred places, the cairns on the hill-tops became the monuments of a dead religion, and Christianity spread to the barbarous inhabitants of France and the British Islands. Yet the people still clung to their old customs, and felt much of the old awe for them. Still they built their fires on the first of May,—at the solstice in June,—and on the eve of November First. The church found that it could not all at once separate the people from their old ways, so it gradually turned these ways to its own use, and the harvest festival of the Druids became in the Catholic Calendar the Eve of All Saints, for that is the meaning of the name "All-hallow Eve." In the seventh century, the Pantheon, the ancient



Roman temple of all the gods, was consecrated anew to the worship of the Virgin and of all holy martyrs. The festival of the consecration was held at first on May 13th, but it was afterward changed to November 1st, and thus All Saints Day, as it is now called, was brought into connection with the Druid festival. This union of a holy day of the church with pagan customs gave new meaning to the heathen rites in the minds of the common people, and the fires which once were built in honor of the sun, they came to think were kindled to lighten Christian souls out of purgatory. At All-hallow-tide, the church-bells of England used to ring for all Christian souls, until Henry VIII. and Elizabeth forbade the practice.

But by its separation from the solemn character of the Druid festival, All-hallow Eve lost much of its ancient dignity, and became the carnival-night of the year for wild, grotesque rites. As century after century passed by, it came to be spoken of as the time when the magic powers, with which the peasantry, all the world over, filled the wastes and ruins, were supposed to swarm abroad to help or injure men. It was the time when those first dwellers in every land, the fairies, were said to come out from their grotts and lurking-places; and in the darkness of the forests and the shadows of old ruins, witches and goblins gathered. In course of time, the hallowing fire came to be considered a protection against these malicious powers. It was a custom in the seventeenth century for the master of a family to carry a lighted torch of straw around his fields, as shown in the picture, to protect them from evil influence through

the year, and as he went he chanted an invocation to the fire.

Because the magic powers were thought to be so near at that season, All-hallow Eve was the best time of the year for the practice of magic, and so the customs of the night grew into all kinds of simple, pleasant divination, by which it was pretended that the swarming spirits gave knowledge of the future. Even nowadays, it is the time, especially, of young lovers' divinations, and also for the practice of curious and superstitious rites, many of which were described to you in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1879. And almost all of these, if traced to their sources, lead us back to that dim past out of which comes so much of our superstition and fable.

But belief in magic is passing away, and the customs of All-hallow Eve have arrived at the last stage; for they have become mere sports, repeated from year to year like holiday celebrations.

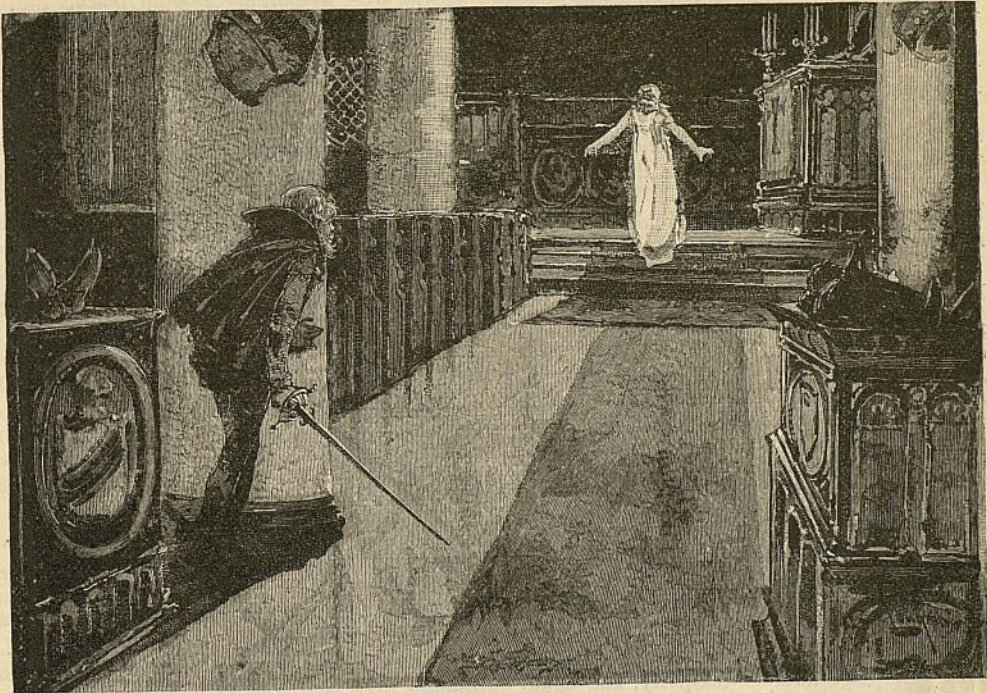
Indeed, the chief thing which this paper seeks to impress upon your minds in connection with All-hallow Eve is that its curious customs show how no generation of men is altogether separated from earlier generations. Far as we think we are from our uncivilized ancestors, much of what they did and thought has come into our doing and thinking,—with many changes perhaps, under different religious forms, and sometimes in jest where they were in earnest. Still, these customs and observances (of which All-hallow Eve is only one) may be called the piers, upon which rests a bridge that spans the wide past between us and the generations that have gone before.





## WALLACE OF UHLEN.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.



BRAVE old Wallace of Uhlen dwells  
On a castled crag of the Drachenfels.

White of hair and of beard is he,  
Yet holdeth his own right manfully.

Oft and oft, when his limbs were young,  
Out from its scabbard his good sword  
sprung;

In castle hall, or in cot of thatch,  
With Wallace of Uhlen none might match.

The brave old baron one day had heard  
The peasants round by a legend stirred,

Of a ghostly lady, that watched till light  
In Keidenloch Chapel every night.

So to his seneschal quoth he:  
"Go watch, and tell me if such things be."

"My lord, I'd fain take many a knock  
Than watch in the Chapel of Keidenloch;

"I'll stand the brunt of many a fight,—  
But ghosts are another matter, quite."

Then up old Wallace of Uhlen stood,  
And stoutly vow'd by the holy rood,

And all things holy, all things bright,  
He'd watch in the chapel that very night.

With only a sword, from his castled rock  
Down he strode unto Keidenloch;

And with the twilight, dusk and brown,  
Deep in the chapel he sat him down.

Wallace of Uhlen watched awhile  
The pale moonbeams in the middle aisle,

The glimmer of marble here and there,  
The oriel painting the dusky air.

Over his feet a something drew;  
"Rats!" quoth the baron, with sudden  
"shoo!"—



Then from the stair-way's darkness bleak,  
Sounded a most suspicious creak.

Out from the stair-way's darkness came  
A creak that should put a ghost to shame!

"Spirits, I fancied, were airy matter;  
Hush!" spake the baron, "now, have at her!"

Lo! the chancel was all aflame,  
And past the altar the lady came.

Sank the flame with many a flicker,  
Till ever the darkness seemed the thicker.

Nearer and nearer stole the maid—  
A ghastly phantom—a fearful shade!

His blade old Wallace uplifted high:  
"Now, which is stronger, thou or I?"

But lo! affrighted, the lady dread  
Back through the chapel turned and fled;

And hasting after with many a blow,  
Old Wallace of Uhlen laid her low.

He drew her into a moonlit place,  
And gazed undaunted upon the face—

Gazed on the face so pale and dread,  
And saw no maid, but a robber dead—

The scourge of many a fertile plain,  
By Wallace of Uhlen lying slain.

So up to his castle striding back,  
He pledged the ghost in a cup of sack,

And roared with laughter when from his rock  
He looked to the Chapel of Keidenloch.

## THE PETERKINS GIVE A FANCY BALL.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



RIGHT not something be done by way of farewell before leaving for Egypt? They did not want to give another tea-party, and could not get in all at dinner. They had had charades and a picnic. Elizabeth Eliza wished for something unusual, that should be remembered after they had left for Egypt. Why should it not be a Fancy Ball? There never had been one in the place.

Mrs. Peterkin hesitated. Perhaps for that reason they ought not to attempt it. She liked to have things that other people had. She, however, objected most to the "ball" part. She could, indeed, still dance a minuet, but she was not sure she could get on in the "Boston dip."

The little boys said they would like the "fancy" part and "dressing up." They remembered their delight when they browned their faces for Hindus, at their charades, just for a few minutes; and what fun it would be to wear their costumes through a whole evening! Mrs. Peterkin shook her head; it was days and days before the brown had washed out of their complexions.

Still she, too, was interested in the "dressing up." If they should wear costumes, they could make them of things that might be left behind,

that they had done wearing—if they could only think of the right kind of things.

Mrs. Peterkin, indeed, had already packed up, although they were not to leave for two months, for she did not want to be hurried at the last. She and Elizabeth Eliza went on different principles in packing.

Elizabeth Eliza had been told that you really needed very little to travel with—merely your traveling dress and a black silk. Mrs. Peterkin, on the contrary, had heard it was best to take everything you had, and then you need not spend your time shopping in Paris. So they had decided upon adopting both ways. Mrs. Peterkin was to take her "everything," and already had all the shoes and stockings she should need for a year or two. Elizabeth Eliza, on the other hand, prepared a small valise. She consoled herself with the thought that, if she should meet anything that would not go into it, she could put it in one of her mother's trunks.

It was resolved to give the Fancy Ball.

Mr. Peterkin early determined upon a character. He decided to be Julius Cæsar. He had a bald place on the top of his head, which he was told resembled that of the great Roman, and he concluded that the dress would be a simple one to get up, requiring only a sheet for a toga.



Agamemnon was inclined to take the part which his own name represented, and he looked up the costume of the Greek king of men. But he was dissatisfied with the representation given of him in Dr. Schliemann's "Mykenæ." There was a picture of Agamemnon's mask, but very much battered. He might get a mask made in that pattern, indeed, and the little boys were delighted with the idea of battering it. Agamemnon would like to wear a mask, then he would have no trouble in keeping up his expression. But Elizabeth Eliza objected to the picture in Dr. Schliemann's book; she did not like it for Agamemnon—it was too slanting in the eyes. So it was decided he should take the part of Nick Bottom, in "Midsummer Night's Dream." He could then wear the ass's head, which would have the same advantage as a mask, and would conceal his own face entirely. Then he could be making up any face he pleased in the ass's head, and would look like an ass without any difficulty, while his feet would show he was not one. Solomon John thought that they might make an ass's head if they could get a pattern, or could see the real animal, and form an idea of the shape. Barnum's circus would be along in a few weeks, and they could go on purpose to study the donkeys, as there usually was more than one donkey in the circus. Agamemnon, however, in going with a friend to a costumer's in Boston, found an ass's head already made.

The little boys found in an illustrated paper an accurate description of the Hindu snake-charmer's costume, and were so successful in their practice of shades of brown for the complexion, that Solomon John decided to take the part of Othello, and use some of their staining fluid.

There was some discussion as to consulting the lady from Philadelphia, who was in town.

Solomon John thought they ought to practice getting on by themselves, for soon the Atlantic would lie between her and them. Mrs. Peterkin thought they could telegraph. Elizabeth Eliza wanted to submit to her two or three questions about the supper, and whether, if her mother were Queen Elizabeth, they could have Chinese lanterns. Was China invented at that time? Agamemnon was sure China was one of the oldest countries in the world and did exist, but perhaps Queen Elizabeth did not know it.

Elizabeth Eliza was relieved to find that the lady from Philadelphia thought the question not important. It would be impossible to have everything in the house to correspond with all the different characters, unless they selected some period to represent, such as the age of Queen Elizabeth. Of course, Elizabeth Eliza would not wish to do this, when her father was to be Julius Cæsar.

The lady from Philadelphia advised Mrs. Peterkin to send for Jones, the "caterer," to take charge of the supper. But his first question staggered her. How many did she expect?

They had not the slightest idea. They had sent invitations to everybody. The little boys proposed getting the directory of the place, and marking out the people they didn't know, and counting up the rest. But even if this would give the number of invitations, it would not show how many would accept; and then there was no such directory. They could not expect answers, as their invitations were cards with "At Home" on them. One answer had come from a lady, that she, too, would be "at home," with rheumatism. So they only knew there was one person who would not come. Elizabeth Eliza had sent in Circumambient ways to all the members of that society—by the little boys, for instance, who were sure to stop at the base-ball grounds, or somewhere, so a note was always delayed by them. One Circumambient note she sent by mail, purposely omitting the "Mass.," so that it went to the Dead-Letter Office, and came back six weeks after the party.

But the Peterkin family were not alone in commotion. The whole town was in excitement, for "everybody" had been invited. Ann Maria Bromwich had a book of costumes, that she lent to a few friends, and everybody borrowed dresses or lent them, or went into town to the costumer's. Weeks passed in preparation. "What are you going to wear?" was the only question exchanged, and nobody answered, as nobody would tell.

At length the evening came—a beautiful night in late summer, warm enough to have had the party out-of-doors, but the whole house was lighted up and thrown open, and Chinese lanterns hung in the portico and on the pillars of the piazzas.

At an early hour the Peterkins were arrayed in their costumes. The little boys had their legs and arms and faces browned early in the day, and wore dazzlingly white full trousers and white turbans.

Elizabeth Eliza had prepared a dress as Queen Elizabeth, but Solomon John was desirous that she should be Desdemona, and she gave up her costume to her mother. Mrs. Peterkin therefore wore a red wig which Ann Maria had found at a costumer's, a high ruff, and an old-fashioned brocade. She was not sure that it was proper for Queen Elizabeth to wear spectacles, but Queen Elizabeth must have been old enough, as she lived to be seventy. As for Elizabeth Eliza, in recalling the fact that Desdemona was smothered by pillows, she was so impressed by it that she decided she could wear the costume of a sheet-and-pillow-case party. So she wore a white figured silk that had been her mother's wedding-dress, and over it



draped a sheet as a large mantle, and put a pillow-case upon her head, and could represent Desdemona not quite smothered. But Solomon John wished to carry out the whole scene at the end.

As they stood together, all ready to receive, in the parlor at the appointed hour, Mr. Peterkin suddenly exclaimed: "This will never do! We are not the Peterkins—we are distinguished guests! We can not receive."

"We shall have to give up the party," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Or our costumes," groaned Agamemnon from his ass's head.

"We must go out, and come in as guests," said Elizabeth Eliza, leading the way to a back door, for guests were already thronging in, and up the front stairs. They passed out by a piazza, through the hedge of hollyhocks, toward the front of the house. Through the side windows of the library, they could see the company pouring in. The black attendant was showing them upstairs; some were coming down, in doubt whether to enter the parlors, as no one was there. The wide middle entrance hall was lighted brilliantly, so were the parlors on one side and the library on the other.

But nobody was there to receive! A flock of guests was assembling,—peasant girls, Italian, German, and Norman; Turks, Greeks, Persians, fish-wives, brigands, chocolate-women, Lady Washington, Penelope, Red Riding-hood, Joan of Arc, nuns, Amy Robsart, Leicester, two or three Mary Stuarts, Neapolitan fisher-boys, pirates of Penzance and elsewhere,—all lingering, some on the stairs, some going up, some coming down.

Charles I. without his head was entering the front door (a short gentleman, with a broad ruff drawn neatly together on top of his own head, which was concealed in his doublet below).

Three Hindu snake-charmers leaped wildly in and out among the throng, flinging about dark, crooked sticks for snakes.

There began to be a strange, deserted air about the house. Nobody knew what to do, where to go!

"Can anything have happened to the family?"

"Have they gone to Egypt?" whispered one.

No ushers came to show them in. A shudder ran through the whole assembly, the house seemed so uninhabited, and some of the guests were inclined to go away. The Peterkins saw it all through the long library-windows.

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Peterkin. "We have said *we* should be 'At Home.'"

"And here we are, all out-of-doors among the hollyhocks," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"There are no Peterkins to 'receive,'" said Mr. Peterkin, gloomily.

"We might go in and change our costumes,"

said Mrs. Peterkin, who already found her Elizabethan ruff somewhat stiff, "but, alas! I could not get at my best dress."

"The company is filling all the upper rooms," said Elizabeth Eliza; "we can not go back."

At this moment the little boys returned from the front door, and in a subdued whisper explained that the lady from Philadelphia was arriving.

"Oh, bring her here!" said Mrs. Peterkin. And Solomon John hastened to meet her.

She came, to find a strange group half-lighted by the Chinese lanterns. Mr. Peterkin, in his white toga, with a green wreath upon his head, came forward to address her in a noble manner, while she was terrified by the appearance of Agamemnon's ass's head, half-hidden among the leaves.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin. "There are no Peterkins, yet we have sent cards to everybody that they are 'At Home'!"

The lady from Philadelphia, who had been allowed to come without costume, considered for a moment. She looked through the windows to the seething mass now crowding the entrance hall. The Hindu snake-charmers gamboled about her.

"We will receive as the Peterkin family!" she exclaimed. She inquired for a cap of Mrs. Peterkin's, with a purple satin bow, such as she had worn that very morning. Amanda was found by a Hindu, and sent for it, and for a purple cross-over shawl that Mrs. Peterkin was wont to wear. The daughters of the lady from Philadelphia put on some hats of the little boys and their India rubber boots. Hastily they went in through the back door and presented themselves, just as some of the wavering guests had decided to leave the house, it seeming so quiet and sepulchral.

The crowd now flocked into the parlors. The Peterkins themselves left the hollyhocks and joined the company that was entering, Mr. Peterkin, as Julius Cæsar, leading in Mrs. Peterkin, as Queen Elizabeth. Mrs. Peterkin hardly knew what to do, as she passed the parlor door, for one of the Osbornes, as Sir Walter Raleigh, flung a velvet cloak before her. She was uncertain whether she ought to step on it, especially as she discovered at that moment that she had forgotten to take off her rubber overshoes, which she had put on to go through the garden. But as she stood hesitating, the lady from Philadelphia, as Mrs. Peterkin, beckoned her forward, and she walked over the ruby velvet as though it were a door-mat.

For another surprise stunned her—there were three Mrs. Peterkins! Not only Mrs. Bromwich, but their opposite neighbor, had induced Amanda to take dresses of Mrs. Peterkin's from the top of the trunks, and had come in at the same moment with the lady from Philadelphia, ready to receive.



She stood in the middle of the bow-window at the back of the room, the two others in the corners. Ann Maria Bromwich had the part of Elizabeth Eliza, and Agamemnon, too, was represented, and there were many sets of "little boys" in India rubber boots, going in and out with the Hindu snake-charmers.

Mr. Peterkin had studied up his Latin grammar a little, in preparation for his part of Julius Cæsar. Agamemnon had reminded him that it was unnecessary, as Julius Cæsar in Shakespeare spoke in English. Still he now found himself using with wonderful ease Latin phrases such as "*E pluribus unum*," "*lapsus lingue*," and "*sine qua non*," where they seemed to be appropriate.

Solomon John looked well as Othello, although by some he was mistaken for an older snake-charmer, with his brown complexion, glaring white trousers, and white shirt. He wore a white lawn turban that had belonged to his great-grandmother. His part, however, was more understood when he was with Elizabeth Eliza as Desdemona, for they occasionally formed a tableau, in which he pulled the pillow-case completely over her head.

Agamemnon was greeted with applause as Nick Bottom. He sang the song of the "ousel cock," but he could not make himself heard. At last he found a "Titania" who listened to him.

But none of the company attempted to carry out the parts represented by their costumes. Charles I. soon conversed with Oliver Cromwell and with the different Mary Stuarts, who chatted gayly, as though executions were every-day occurrences.

At first, there was a little awkwardness. Nuns stood as quiet as if in their convent cells, and brave brigands hid themselves behind the doors, but as the different guests began to surprise each other, the sounds of laughter and talking increased. Every new-comer was led up to each several Mrs. Peterkin.

Then came a great surprise—a band of music sounded from the piazza. Some of the neighbors had sent in the town band, as a farewell tribute.

This added to the excitement of the occasion. Strains of dance-music were heard, and dancing was begun. Sir Walter Raleigh led out Penelope, and Red Riding-hood without fear took the arm of the fiercest brigand for a round dance.

The various groups wandered in and out. Elizabeth Eliza studied the costumes of her friends, and wished she had tried each one of them. The members of the Circumambient Society agreed it would be always well to wear costumes at their meetings. As the principles of the society enforced a

sort of uncertainty, if you always went in a different costume you would never have to keep up your own character. Elizabeth Eliza thought she should enjoy this. She had all her life been troubled with uncertainties and questions as to her own part of "Elizabeth Eliza," wondering always if she were doing the right thing. It did not seem to her that other people had such a bother. Perhaps they had simpler parts. They always seemed to know when to speak and when to be silent, while she was always puzzled as to what she should do as Elizabeth Eliza. Now, behind her pillow-case, she could look on and do nothing; all that was expected of her was to be smothered now and then. She breathed freely and enjoyed herself, because for the evening she could forget the difficult rôle of Elizabeth Eliza.

Mrs. Peterkin was bewildered. She thought it a good occasion to study how Mrs. Peterkin should act; but there were three Mrs. Peterkins. She found herself gazing, first at one, then at another. Often she was herself called Mrs. Peterkin.

At supper-time the bewilderment increased. She was led in by the Earl of Leicester, as principal guest. Yet it was to her own dining-room, and she recognized her own forks and spoons among the borrowed ones, although the china was different (because their own set was not large enough to go around for so much company). It was all very confusing. The dance-music floated through the air. Three Mrs. Peterkins hovered before her, and two Agamemnons, for the ass's head proved hot and heavy, and Agamemnon was forced to hang it over his arm as he offered coffee to Titania. There seemed to be two Elizabeth Elizas, for Elizabeth Eliza had thrown back her pillow-case in order to eat her fruit-ice. Mr. Peterkin was wondering how Julius Cæsar would have managed to eat his salad with his fork, before forks were invented, and then he fell into a fit of abstraction, planning to say "*Vale*" to the guests as they left, but anxious that the word should not slip out before the time. Eight little boys and three Hindu snake-charmers were eating copiously of frozen pudding. Two Joans of Arc were talking to Charles I., who had found his head. All things seemed double to Mrs. Peterkin as they floated before her.

"Was she eating her own supper or somebody's else?" Were they Peterkins, or were they not?

Strains of dance-music sounded from the library. Yes, they were giving a fancy ball! The Peterkins were "At Home" for the last time before leaving for Egypt!



## SLUMBER SONG.

BY EDWIN OSCAR COOKE.

HUSH, baby, hush!  
 In the west there 's a glory,  
 With changes of amethyst, crimson, and gold:  
 The sun goes to bed like the king in a story  
 Told by a poet of old.

Hush, baby, hush!  
 There 's a wind on the river—  
 A sleepy old wind, with a voice like a sigh;  
 And he sings to the rushes that dreamily quiver,  
 Down where the ripples run by.

Hush, baby, hush!  
 Lambs are drowsily bleating  
 Down in cool meadows where daisy-buds grow,  
 And the echo, awary with all day repeating,  
 Has fallen asleep long ago.

Hush, baby, hush!  
 There are katydids calling  
 "Good-night" to each other adown every  
 breeze:  
 And the sweet baby-moon has been falling and  
 falling,  
 Till now she is caught in the trees.  
 Baby, hush!

Hush, baby, hush!  
 It is time you were winging  
 Your way to the land that lies—no one knows  
 where;  
 It is late, baby, late—Mother 's tired with her  
 singing,  
 Soon she will follow you there.  
 Hush! Baby—Hush!

## SOME BALLOON EXPERIENCES.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

NEARLY all of us have read and heard so much about balloons that it is not necessary now to consider their construction or their history. All that is intended in this article is to give an idea of some of the unusual experiences of balloonists.

It is nearly a hundred years since the first balloon was sent up in France by the brothers Montgolfier, and yet very little advancement has been made in the science of ballooning. It is true that we can make balloons that will rise as high as human beings can bear to go, but this is proved to be of little practical use. In 1862, two English gentlemen, Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, ascended to a height of seven miles above the surface of the earth. At this immense height the air was so thin and light that they could scarcely breathe; it was intensely cold, the mercury in the thermometer going down below zero. One of the gentlemen very soon became insensible, while the other was so nearly exhausted that he was barely able to seize with his teeth the rope which opened a valve in the top of the balloon. In this way a portion of the gas was allowed to escape, and they came down very rapidly. If they had gone up much higher, it is probable that both would have perished in that cold and dangerous upper air. This ascent

proves that seven miles is too high above the surface of the earth for human beings to live in comfort or safety.

Although, as we have just seen, it is perfectly possible to make balloons go up into the air to a great height, no means have yet been discovered by which they can be made to move in any required direction. Until this is done, balloons can never be of much practical use.

Many attempts have been made to devise methods by which balloons can be propelled and steered, but, up to this time, none of them have been found to answer the purpose. In *Scribner's Monthly* for February, 1879, Mr. E. C. Stedman described an aerial ship which he invented. His theories and plans seem to be quite practicable, and when a ship of this kind is made, it is to be hoped that we shall be able to navigate the air in any direction we please. But this is all in the future.

Not many years ago there was made in New York a balloon in which three gentlemen intended to try to cross the Atlantic Ocean. This great balloon was not to be propelled by any machinery, but to be carried on its course by a current of air which it is believed continually moves at a certain altitude from west to east, across the Atlantic. But this



balloon was made of poor materials, and it burst before it was entirely filled with gas. It is fortunate that this accident happened when it did, for if the balloon had burst when it was over the ocean, it would have been a sad thing for the three gentlemen. If this attempt had succeeded, it is probable that by this time there would be balloons making regular trips to Europe; still I do not know of any breeze or current that would blow them back again.

But, although we are not yet able to direct the

connected with the ground by a rope. From this balloon the men could see what the enemy was doing, and how his forces were disposed, and were high enough to be out of gunshot.

But the most important use to which balloons were ever applied was during the siege of Paris, in the late war between France and Prussia. It was impossible for any one to get out of the city, excepting in a balloon, and a number of persons availed themselves of this way of leaving Paris.\*

Monsieur Gambetta, the distinguished French statesman, was among those who escaped in a balloon. These ascents were very important, because the balloons not only took persons, but carrier-pigeons, and these pigeons afterward flew back to Paris bearing news from the outside world; and in no other way could the besieged citizens get such news. Some of the balloons came down in the French provinces, some were blown over to England, and one was carried across the North Sea into Sweden. Some of them came down among the Prussians, and their unfortunate occupants were captured by the enemy. Out of the sixty-four balloons which left Paris during the siege, only two were lost and never heard of after.

One of the advantages enjoyed by balloonists is, that they can in a measure choose their own weather, especially in the summer-time. By this I mean that they can rise above the clouds into clear sunlight, no matter how dreary or stormy it may be near the earth, and they can go up high enough to be just as cool as they could possibly wish.

In one of their ascensions, Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, of whom I have before spoken, left



A SNOW-STORM ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

course of balloons, they have, in late years, been put to some practical use. During our late war, balloons were used by the Union army for the purpose of making military observations. Two of them were attached to General McClellan's army, and, with the gas generators and other apparatus, were drawn about in wagons from place to place. When it was desired to make an observation of the works or position of the enemy, a balloon with several men was sent up to a sufficient height, and

the earth in a balloon on a cloudy, sultry day in June. They passed through cloud after cloud, fog after fog, expecting every moment to come out into sunlight, and to see the blue sky above them; but they went upward through this vast mass of fog and cloud until they had attained a height of four miles; and still they were not out of the clouds. It was not considered prudent to go any higher, and so they very reluctantly began to descend without having penetrated through these immense

\* See the story of "Puck Parker," in *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, 1878. Page 416.





LOOSING A PIGEON FROM A BALLOON, AT NIGHT.

layers of cloud and fog. On coming down, they passed through a fall of rain, and then, some distance below that, through a snow-storm, the air all about them being thick with snow-flakes. This, it must be remembered, was in the summer-time, when the people on the earth had no idea that a snow-storm was going on above them, or that the clouds they saw over them were four miles thick. On another occasion, three balloonists went upward through a snow-storm very much like the one which Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell passed through during their descent.

People who make balloon voyages very often take birds with them, especially pigeons, which

they let loose at a great height. When not too high above the earth, pigeons frequently fly directly to their homes, but at a height of three or four miles they sometimes seem bewildered, and act as if they did not know how to find their way back to the ground. They fly around and around, and occasionally alight upon the top of the balloon, and stay there. Sometimes, when the height is very great, the air is too thin to support a flying bird, and the pigeon drops like lead until it reaches denser air, when it is able to fly.

Dogs and cats are often taken up. They are sent down attached to a parachute, which is a contrivance like an immense umbrella, and is

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intended to prevent the rapid fall of anything suspended beneath it; the resistance of the air under the wide-spreading parachute causing it to descend very slowly and gradually. In this way, cats and dogs have come to the ground from balloons without receiving any injury, although it is not to be supposed that they fancied the trip.

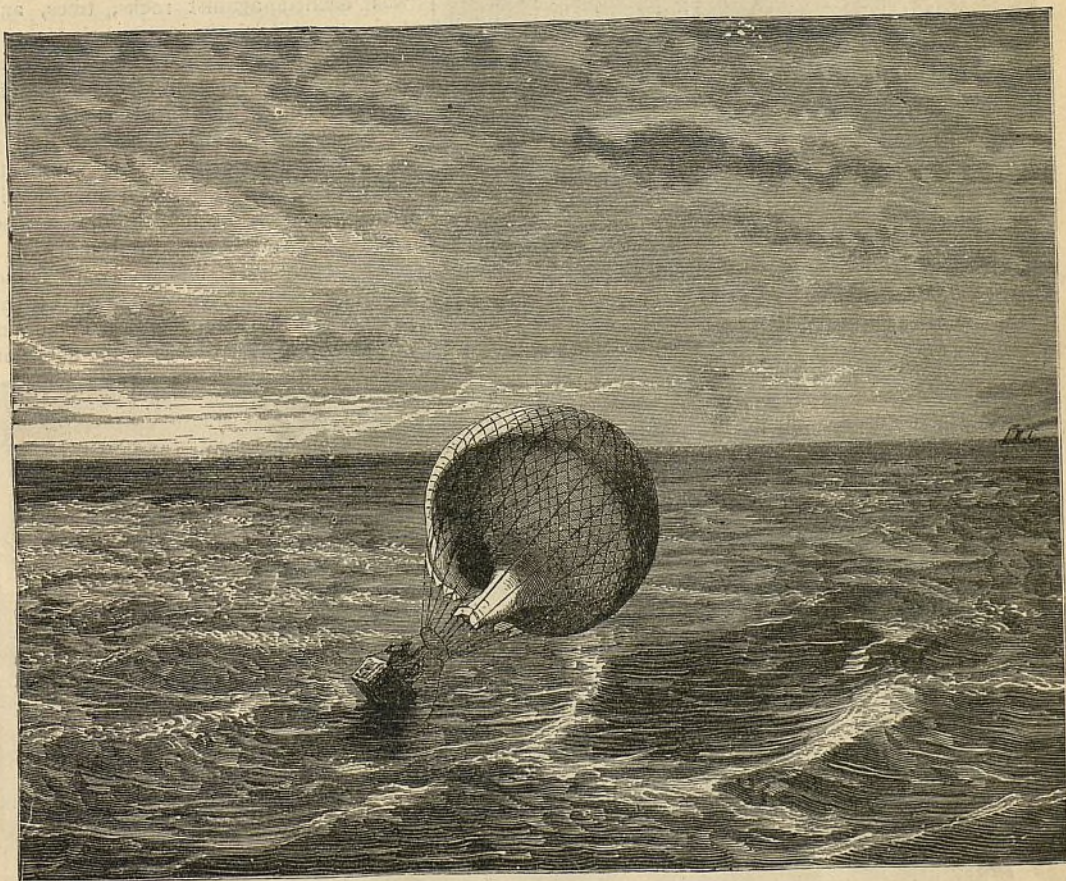
Balloonists themselves have frequently come down to the earth in parachutes, descending from a height of one or two miles. Generally these descents have been made in safety, yet there have been cases when the parachutes were not properly constructed, and when the unfortunate balloonists came down too fast, and were killed.

Not only when they descend by means of a parachute, do air-voyagers, or *aéronauts*, as they are called, run great risks of injury or death, but also when they come down in their balloons. In fact, it is much easier and safer to go up in a balloon than

perienced balloonists frequently manage to come down very gradually and gently, but sometimes the car of the balloon strikes the earth with a great shock; and if the wind is strong, the balloon is often blown along just above the surface of the ground, striking against trees, fences, and rocks, until its occupants, or some persons on the ground, manage to stop it.

But a descent into a river, a lake, or an ocean is one of the greatest dangers that a balloonist can expect. As I have before said, there has been no way devised by which a balloon may be made to move in any desired direction. Consequently when one comes down over the water the *aéronaut* generally endeavors to throw out all his sand-bags and other heavy things, in order that the balloon may rise again, and not come down until it has been blown over the land.

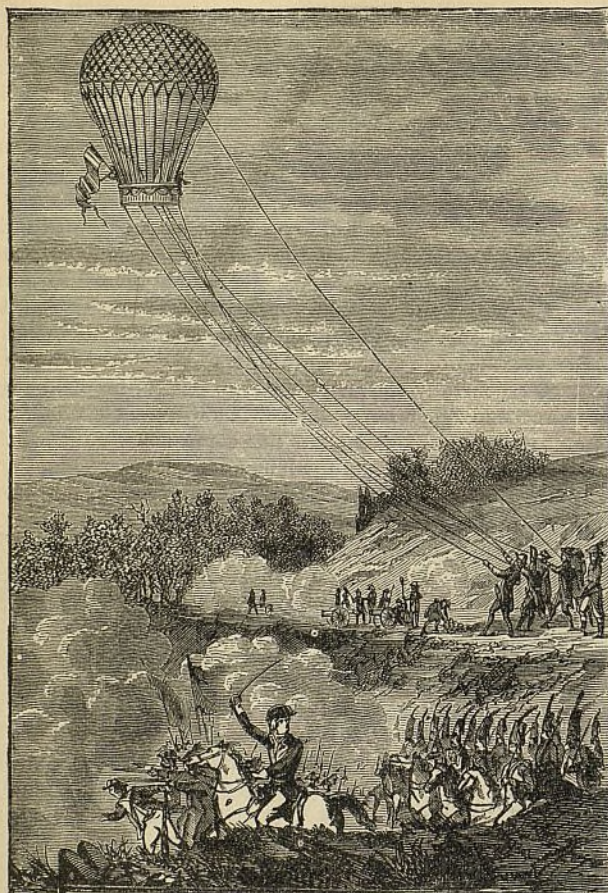
With regard to rivers and small lakes, this plan



"SOMETIMES DIPPING THE CAR INTO THE WAVES."

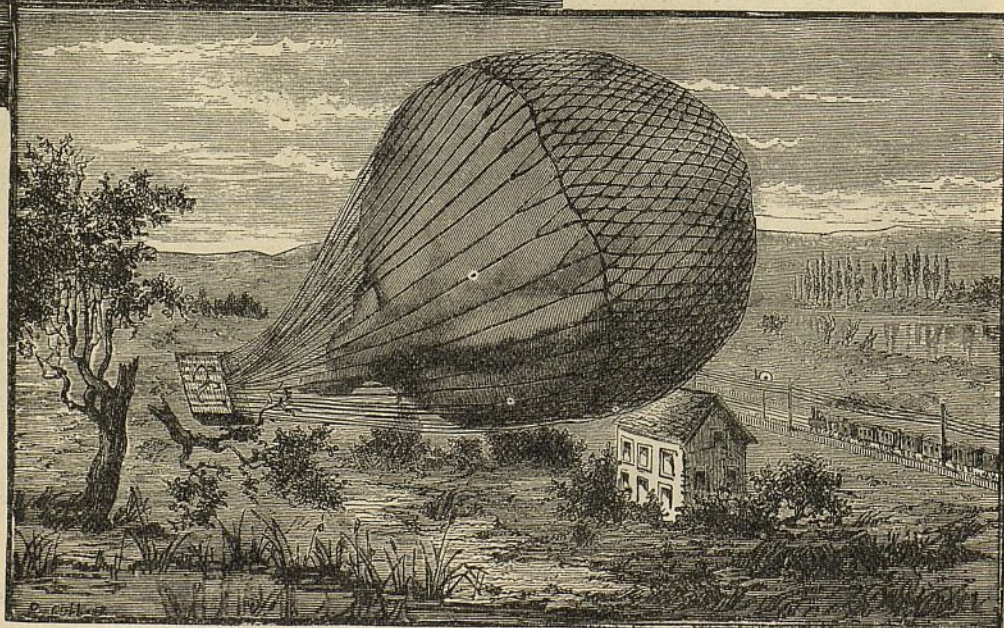
to come down in one. It is seldom possible for the *aéronaut* to know exactly, or to regulate just as he would wish, the rapidity of its descent. Ex- may often be successful, but when the balloon is being carried out to sea, it generally comes down into the water sooner or later, and if the balloonists





are not rescued by some passing boat or vessel, they are almost certain to be drowned. In cases such as these, the balloons are often blown for a long distance over the surface of the ocean, sometimes dipping the car into the waves, then, perhaps, rising a little and sailing for a short distance above them, and then dragging the car and its occupants with great rapidity through the water. The lower picture on this page shows an incident that occurred on the land in October, 1863. An immense balloon, built by M. Nadar, and appropriately named "Le Géant" [The Giant], rose from Paris and made a pleasant voyage in the air. But when it neared the earth again, the vast ball was seized by the wind, and for hours the two-story car of wicker-work was dashed against rocks, trees, and houses, until the nine travelers, with broken limbs and many bruises, were rescued near Rethem, in Hanover. Many people would be frightened to death, even if they were not actually killed, during such adventures as these; but aeronauts must, of necessity, be brave men, for if a man is easily frightened, it is a wise thing for him to keep out of a balloon.

As I have said, balloons were found useful during the Civil War in the United States, but the first time a balloon was employed in warfare was at the battle of



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Fleurus, Belgium, in 1794, between the French and the Austrians. Upon this occasion the balloon was managed as a kite, in the manner shown in the upper picture on the preceding page.

Sometimes balloonists have had very curious ideas. Mr. Green, one of the most distinguished aëronauts of England, once made an ascent on the back of a pony. The animal was so fastened on a platform beneath the car that he could not lie down nor move about. His owner then got upon his back, and the balloon rose high into the air. They came down in perfect safety, and the pony did not appear to have made the slightest objection to his aërial flight. Other aëronauts have made successful ascents on horseback and in various dangerous ways, but some of them lost their lives while performing these fool-hardy feats.

Occasionally balloonists make long voyages. Mr. Wise, our greatest American aëronaut, once made a trip of one thousand one hundred and twenty miles in a balloon. He was a very successful balloonist. He made several hundred ascents, and was one of the few aëronauts who possessed a scientific knowledge of his profession.

He made a study of air-currents, and all matters relating to ballooning, and wrote a book on the subject. It is not long, however, since he lost his life during a balloon journey, so we see that even the most experienced navigators of the air are not free from danger.

But the practiced balloonist does not seem to fear danger any more than does the sailor, who steers his ship across the stormy ocean. There seems to be a fascination about ballooning, and some persons have made a great many ascents. Mr. Green made more than five hundred ascents in balloons. He, however, escaped all serious dangers, and died at a good old age.

The incidents which I have described show that, although balloons have, so far, been of little practical service to mankind, the people who are fond of rising two or three miles into the air very often meet with curious experiences, and that these unusual things generally occur when they are descending to the earth. If any of us could feel certain that it was not necessary for us to come down again, it might be a very pleasant and prudent thing to go up in a balloon.



"MISTER BROWN TAKES SISTER ANNIE VIDIN' 'MOST EVVY DAY. 'CAUSE SHE 'S A BID DURL, I S'POSE. WONDER WHAT MADE ME BE SO YOUNG. ONLY FREE YEARS OLD! I 'D RAVVER BE FOUR. BUT DEN, A DOOD MANY FOLKS 'S FREE. 'MOST ALL 'TITTLE DIRLS AINT ANY OLDER 'N 'AT."



## SIR JOSHUA AND LITTLE PENELOPE.

By E. S. L.

ST. NICHOLAS already has given to its readers a paper telling "About the Painter of Little Penelope," but there is one interesting incident in the history of that same little Penelope and her noble artist-friend which was not told in the former article, and which, I think, you may like to hear. And first let me say that aside from his renown as a painter of hundreds of glorious pictures, Sir Joshua has left many pleasant memories of his kind and noble nature. It was shown very often in his great love for children, whose portraits he was so wonderfully successful in delineating. Perhaps none of his paintings are more famous than the two pictures of little "Lady Penelope Boothby" and "The Strawberry Girl," both of which ST. NICHOLAS already has shown you;\* and still another of his beautiful pictures of this kind is the portrait of little Miss Frances Harris, given as the frontispiece of the present number. Sir Joshua had many girl and boy friends to whom he was very much attached, but perhaps he was most fond of the sweet-faced Penelope Boothby, the only child of Sir Brook Boothby. He was never too busy with palette and brush to grant admittance at the tiny knock of little Penelope, who often would be taken by her faithful nurse to Sir Joshua's studio, and left there for hours, to beguile her "own, ownest friend" by her sweet ways and her pretty turns of speech. The little one was always ready to quietly pose for him, whenever he wished to "take her picture." His favorite way of portraying her was as she looked when she was "dressed up" in a fine old cap of his grandmother Reynolds, from which her baby face beamed out upon him "like a ray from Heaven."

And now comes the story of the wonderful June day when this little girl—scarcely then in her sixth year—was missing from her pleasant home. "High and low," all over the house, and all about the lovely grounds, had her anxious mamma, her young aunt Hester, and every servant, looked after, and called for, their little Penelope. She was nowhere to be found—at least so it seemed—certainly not in the fine old house, even in the most unused nook or corner. Her own devoted nurse was very sick in bed that day, and they did not, at first, venture to disturb her with news of her missing pet. But, as the vain search continued, they could not delay any longer seeking wise Joan's advice and sympathy. "Go to the studio for her," said the sick woman,

at once; "this is one of the days when I take her there." It seemed incredible to the distressed family that their little child, hitherto so tenderly guarded, could have attempted to thread her way through the crowded streets of London! Yet, they hastened to follow poor Joan's counsel without delay, their hearts all the while filled with most fearful forebodings. So, as soon as the carriage and horses could be brought to the door, Mrs. Boothby and her sister were off at a quick pace, you may be sure, for Leicester square, where Sir Joshua had his studio.

They never forgot how long that summer morning's drive seemed to them, or how breathlessly they each looked up and down every street they passed through; or how, several times during the ride, now the mother, and again the aunt, would fancy, for the moment, that she had *surely* caught a far away glimpse of the lost Penelope!

Their keen anxiety, however, was all over the moment they stepped within the painter's rich octagonal studio. For there, safe and happy enough, they found the little runaway, under the watchful care of Sir Joshua and his beautiful niece, Offy Palmer. She was snugly curled up, fast asleep after her long walk, in the elevated mahogany arm-chair where dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, and very many children, had sat for their portraits.

Upon his little friend's unattended arrival, Sir Joshua had immediately sent a messenger to her home, to tell her parents of the child's safety.

But this messenger the mamma and aunt had missed, unhappily, on account of their coachman's having driven by a shorter route than the usual one. But they were glad to feel that even before they could reach home the sick nurse Joan, who tenderly loved her little charge, would receive the good tidings that little Penelope was safe.

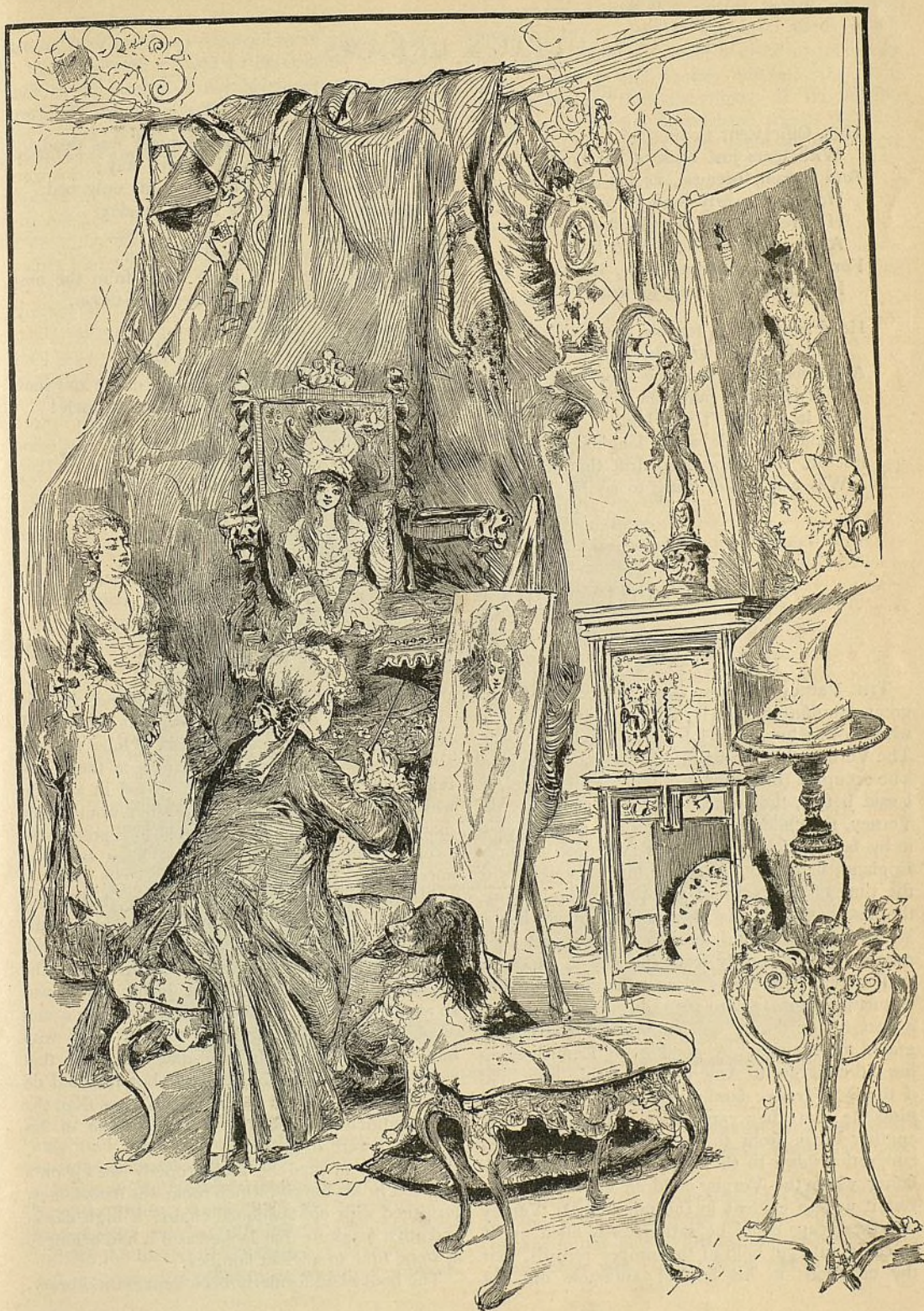
You may well suppose that there were great and wondering rejoicings at the large round tea-table of the Boothbys, that same evening, especially when the young daughter's remarkable promenade was once more told anew to her doting papa,—Sir Joshua at the same time dwelling with renewed delight upon his astonishment and pleased surprise at the entrance of his little morning caller.

A very precious memory, too, did this incident become to the loving heart of the great painter, when, not long after, his sunny visitor passed on before him into the better life.

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1875, and April, 1876.







Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## OLLIE'S DREAMS.

BY EUDORA M. STONE BUMSTEAD.

OUR Ollie went to his bed  
 With tears just back of his eyes,  
 And a pain, because, as his sister said,  
 He was "overly fond of pies."  
 He dreamed the dreadfulest dreams—  
 As dreadful as they could be;  
 For a big, big piece of pie, it seems,  
 Is a bad, bad thing for tea.

He dreamed of a terrible snow  
 That fell from an inky sky,  
 And every flake that the winds did blow  
 Was big as a pumpkin pie!  
 All in a heap 't was laid,  
 While the rude winds laughed in glee,  
 But oh, the deep, deep drift that it made  
 Was a sad, sad thing to see!

Then he thought the Summer was dead,  
 And Winter would always stay;  
 That an iceberg ledge was his only bed,  
 And a glacier his home by day.  
 And the Sun, too late he rose,  
 And he went to bed too soon,  
 And a long, long icicle hung from the nose  
 Of the cold, cold Man-in-the-moon.

He turned to his sister; oh,  
 How lonely and sad he felt  
 When he found she was made of ice and snow  
 Which a hug would be sure to melt!  
 Just think of the dreams he had,  
 As dreadful as dreams could be!  
 Oh, a big, big piece of pie is bad  
 For a small, small boy at tea!

## THE VERNEY ANCESTOR.

BY PAUL FORT.

THE Verney children were very proud of their great-grandfather. It is not every boy and girl who knows who his or her great-grandfather was. The Verney children knew all about the individual who occupied this position in their family; and, as I said before, they were very proud of him. Mr. Verney, the children's father, took a great interest in his family history; and once, when on a visit to England, had traced back his line of ancestors to the time of the Norman Conquest. To be sure, the family name was then De Vernaye, but it is well known that our forefathers often spelt their names very differently from the way in which we spell ours. There was also a break in the line of ancestry from 1590 to 1670, during which period a part of the family was supposed to have emigrated to America. A good many English families did emigrate to America about this time, and if the De Vernaye family were coming at all, it is probable that they came then. There was also another break from the period of this supposed emigration down to the time of the great-grandfather whom the Verney children knew all about. But it was so evident in the mind of Mr. Verney that these gaps could be satisfactorily filled up, if he could only get hold of the proper records, that the omissions in his line of ancestors did not

trouble him at all. While in England, he had visited the old castle of the Guysters, into which family the De Vernayes were said to have married about the time Mr. Verney lost track of them. In this castle was a mailed figure, seated in a chair, which figure, Mr. Verney was positive from certain marks on the armor, was intended to represent Sir Leopold De Vernaye, who must have been his ancestor.

Mr. Verney would have been very glad to buy this figure and set it up in his library at home, because very few, or none, indeed, of his friends had mailed figures of their ancestors. But the idea of having a mailed figure in his library was so attractive to Mr. Verney that he bought a suit of old armor in England and took it home with him. It was not such handsome armor as that worn by the proud Sir Leopold, but it would do very well, and was far better in his eyes than the old Continental uniforms of which some of his neighbors were so proud.

This suit of mail he had properly set up on a pedestal in his library, which room was handsomely furnished with old-fashioned chairs, a high clock, and other furniture that looked as if it had belonged at some time to ancient families.

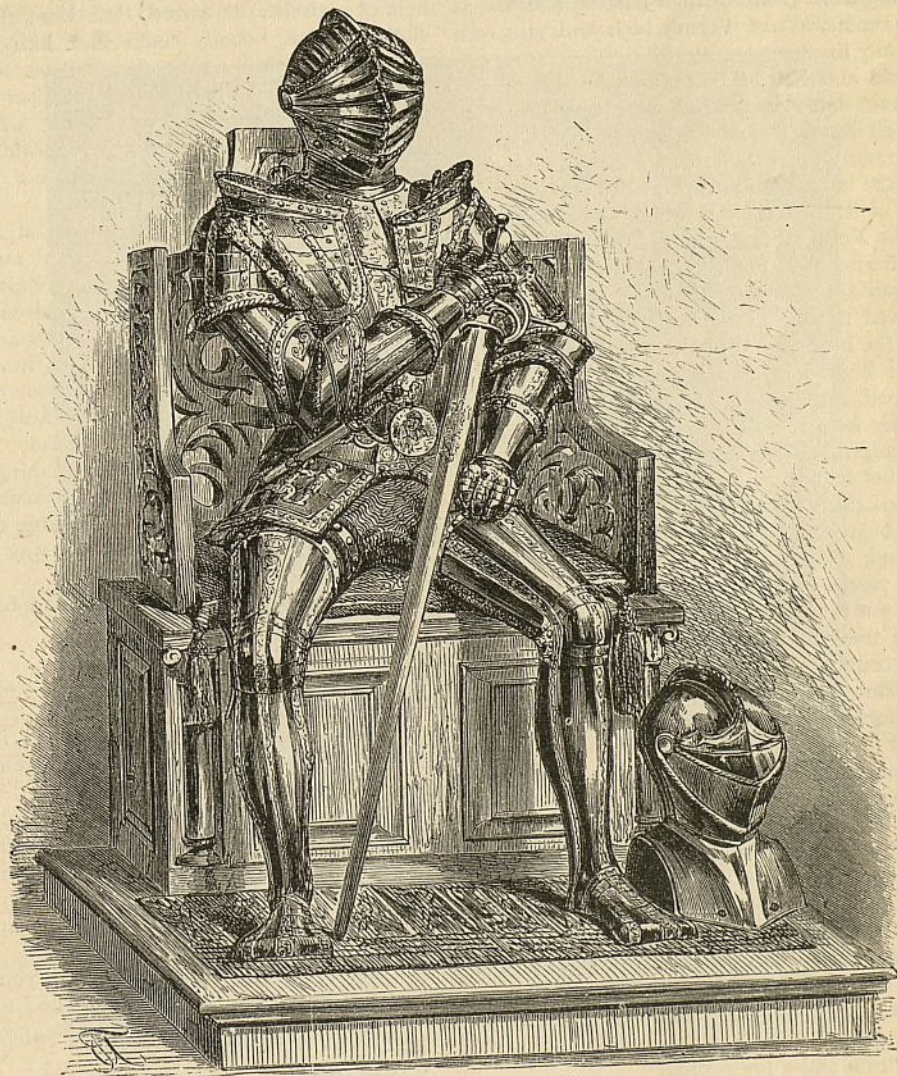
The books had formerly been kept in the library,



but as the book-cases did not suit the other furniture, they had been removed to an upper room.

This figure he showed to his friends as a specimen of the kind of armor his ancestors must have worn. "The brave wearer of this mail," he would say, "had certainly done some hard fighting, and these dents and those breaks in the mail were prob-

In course of time this suit of armor, and the armed figure of the De Vernaye, about which their father talked so much, became so mixed up in the minds of the Verney children, that they really supposed that the figure of the mailed knight in the library represented one of their ancestors, and before very long, some of the younger



"SIR LEOPOLD DE VERNAYE."

ably made when he couched his lance or drew his sword in the battles of Hastings and Marston Moor."

Some of Mr. Verney's visitors, who remembered English history, knew that this individual must have lived a very long life indeed if he had fought in both the battles of Hastings and Marston Moor, but they were too polite to say anything about it.

visitors to the house actually began to think it was the great-grandfather about whom the Verneys talked so much.

The nearest neighbors and most intimate friends of the Verneys were the Greens. The children of this family had no idea who their Green great-grandfather was. Their father was not living, and



their mother really did not know anything about her husband's grandfather. She believed that he had lived somewhere out West, but she was not positive even about this. She knew who her own grandfather was, but this did not matter, as she herself did not actually belong to the Green family. But in spite of this want of ancestry, the Green children could run as fast, and jump as high, and were just as clever at their lessons, and had as good manners, as the Verney boys and girls with their family line.

Leopold and Edgarda Verney, who were about fifteen and sixteen years old, were very proud of their high descent, and sometimes looked down rather grandly upon the Greens; whereas the children of the latter family, especially Tom Green, a tall boy of seventeen, were quite fond of making fun of the Verneys' family pride.

One afternoon, Tom Green called to see Leopold and Edgarda, but finding they were not at home, he resolved to wait a little while for them, and sat down in the library. While there, it struck him it would be a good idea to try on the coat of mail which stood in the room. He had often wished to do this, for he desired very much to know how an ancient knight had felt when clad in his heavy suit of mail; but he had never cared to ask permission, for he knew the Verneys would not like it. But now he thought it would be no harm just to try on the things, and so, hastily removing the cuirass and the other pieces of mail, and their props and supports, he put them, as well as he could, upon himself. He tried to walk about, but they were so heavy he could scarcely move.

"If I wanted to fight anybody," he said to himself, "I should take these things off before I began."

He was just about to remove the awkward and heavy mail, when he heard footsteps approaching the library-door. "Here come Leopold and Edgarda," he said to himself, "and I will give them a little scare."

So saying, he took his stand upon the pedestal, and put himself as nearly as possible in the position in which the figure had been placed. But, instead of the older brother and sister, there came into the room two small children, Fitz Eustace and Rowena Verney, with their little dog Tip. Fitz, as he was generally called, wore a paper soldier-cap, and carried a drum and a toy sword.

"Hello!" he cried, when he came into the room, "here is somebody I can fight with my new sword. Nurse says I must n't fight you or Tip, but I can't hurt our old 'cestor, so I am going to fight him."

"You ought to say 'ancestor,'" said Rowena, "and you ought n't to fight him either, for I guess he was a very good man."

"I don't believe he was good," said Fitz, drawing a chair near to the figure, "and I am going to stand on this chair and whack his head."

"Why was n't he good?" asked Rowena.

"Because he was a coward," said Fitz.

"Why was he a coward?" asked Rowena, who always had a "why" for everything.

"Because," answered Fitz, trying to reach the helmet with his tin sword, "he wore these iron clothes, which nobody could stick him through, and did n't only fight other fellows with iron clothes, but he cut and jabbed the poor soldiers, who had only common clothes on, which any spear or sword could go through, knowing all the time, too, that they could n't cut and jab him back. Tom Green told me all this."

"I don't believe he was a coward at all," said Rowena. "Edgarda has often read me stories about these old knights, and they were always just as kind to poor ladies and little children as ever they could be. That is n't being a coward."

"But he did n't have to put on his iron clothes to be kind," said Fitz. "It was only when he had them on that he was a coward." And the boy made another crack at the figure's head.

"I don't believe he was ever anything of the kind," said Rowena, taking the great mailed hand affectionately in her own, while the little dog Tip sniffed around the knight's feet in a way he had never done before.

"This glove feels exactly as if it had fingers in it," said Rowena.

At this moment the figure spoke.

"If I am a coward, young man," it said, "I should like to know what you are."

At these words Fitz Eustace dropped into the chair as if he had been shot, while Rowena stood as if petrified by fear.

"Here is a boy," continued the figure, "who comes and strikes a person who can not strike him back, and then begins to call people cowards."

"I did n't know you was alive," said Fitz, almost beginning to cry, while Rowena ran and threw her arms around her brother.

"I suppose not," said the figure, "or you would not have struck me. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, you are our 'cestor," said Fitz, preparing to slip out of the chair.

"Well, then, you need n't run away," said the figure. "You have seen me all your lives, and you ought to know by this time that I will not hurt you. Would you like to hear a story?"

The idea of hearing a story from anybody was delightful to Rowena, and a story from the old ancestor was something she could not resist, frightened as she was; so she whispered to her brother:

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"Let 's listen to his story. He can't move. He can't hurt us."

Rowena now clambered into the chair beside her brother, and the figure proceeded.

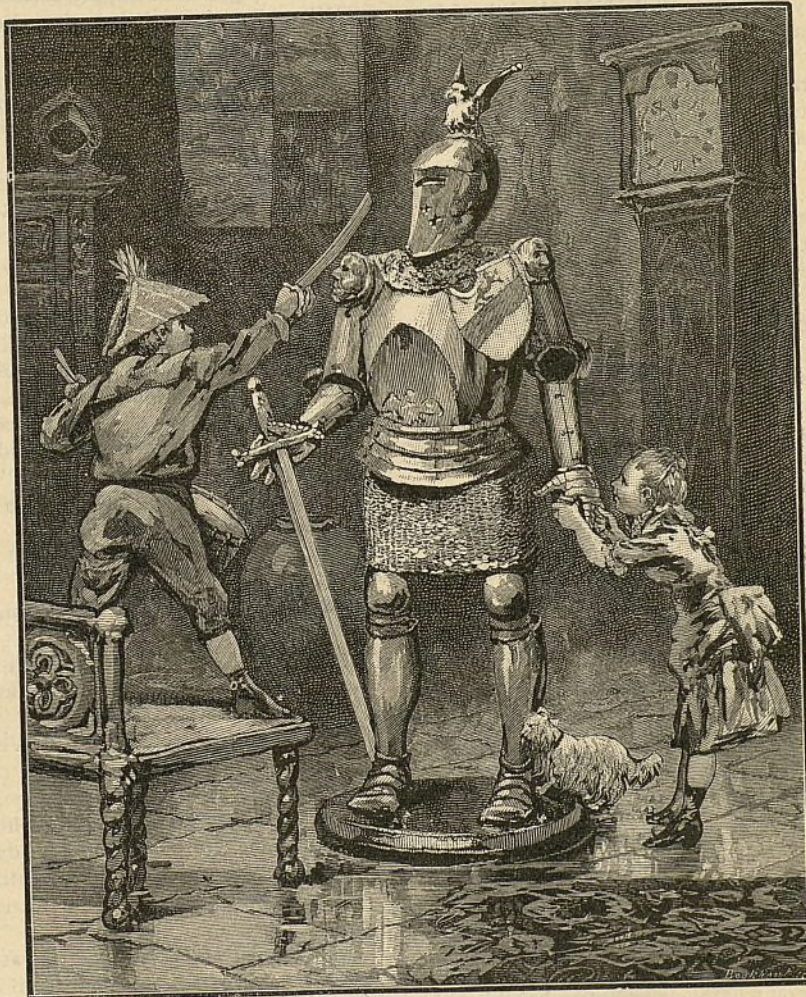
"You think it is a fine thing, do you not," he said, "to have an ancestor who has been very grand and has done great deeds?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Rowena, speaking for herself and Fitz, who had not yet recovered.

time of the year, the fairies used to preserve and pickle a great quantity of chipply-berries."

"What are they, sir?" asked Rowena.

"They were a kind of berries the fairies were very fond of. There are none of them now, so there is no use telling you what they were like. They were the fairies' principal food during the winter, and so they needed a great many of them at preserving and pickling time. Therefore, on a



THE VERNEY CHILDREN MAKE FREE WITH THEIR ANCESTOR.

"Well, then," said the 'cestor, "I want you to pay particular attention to my story. Once there was a fairy godmother. She had been godmother to a great many children, but at the time I am speaking of, she was godmother to only one boy and a girl. Their names were Ramp and Bramette. They were not brother and sister, but they were acquainted with each other. At a certain

certain day of every year, the people of the country round about used to give up everything else, and go to work gathering chipply-berries for the fairies, for it was considered a great thing to be on good terms with these little folk. When the day for gathering chipply-berries came, at the time I tell you of, the fairy godmother called Ramp and Bramette to her. 'I am very anxious,'



she said, 'that my two godchildren should distinguish themselves on this day; and, therefore, I am going to offer a prize for you to work for. Whichever of you succeeds the better in the labors of to-day shall have this diamond, which you see is as big as the largest chipply-berry.' The children were delighted at this offer, and ran away to the chipply-fields. In the evening the fairy godmother came to see what they had done. Bramette had a bushel-basket full of berries. 'Did you gather all these?' asked the fairy. 'Oh, no,' said Bramette, 'they were nearly all gathered by my father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother, who are the best chipply-berry gatherers in this district.' 'But did not you gather any of them?' asked the fairy. 'I believe I did pick a few at first,' said Bramette, 'but I liked best to measure them as they were brought in, to see how many we were getting.' 'Then they are not really yours,' said her godmother. 'Oh, yes, they are,' answered Bramette. 'Father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, said that I could call them all my own, so that I might try for the prize.'

"And what have you done?" said the fairy, turning to Ramp. 'I have only gathered these,' said the boy, producing a quart-pot full of chipply-berries, 'but I think they are all good ones.' 'Yes,' said the fairy, turning them out, 'they are fine, sound berries, but are these all you could get?' 'Yes, ma'am,' answered Ramp, 'I would n't pick the little withered ones, and it was hard work finding these big fellows. I had to climb all day upon the hill-sides and among the rocks.' 'The diamond is yours,' said the fairy godmother. 'What you have brought, you have gathered yourself, and all the credit is your own. Bramette owes her berries entirely to her parents and grandparents. She has a great many more berries than you have, but she gathered none of them herself. Let this be a lesson to you, Bramette,' she continued. 'It is very well that your father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, are the best chipply-berry gatherers in the district; but that makes you no better, and gives you no reason to think well of yourself. If you wish to be justly proud, you must do something to be proud of, and not rely on what your ancestors have done.'

"That is my story," said the figure, "and I wish you to remember it, and to tell it to your older brother and sister. Don't I hear them now, coming in at the front door?"

"Yes, sir," cried Fitz and Rowena. And they instantly jumped down from the chair and ran to tell the wonderful news to Leopold and Edgarda, while, the moment they were out of the room, Tom Green made haste to take off his hot and heavy

armor, which had begun to be very uncomfortable, and to set it up as it was before.

As soon as the two children met their brother and sister in the hall, they began to talk together.

"What do you think!" cried Fitz. "The 'cestor has been telling us a story!"

"He talked just like a real man!" said Rowena.

"What!" exclaimed Leopold.

"He said he was not a coward!" cried Rowena.

"And they gathered chipply-berries," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed their sister Edgarda.

"And he said if you want to do a thing you must do it yourself," said Rowena.

"And Ramp only got a quart-pot full," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed Leopold.

"And people are cowards when they strike people and can't get struck back," said Rowena.

"And they pickled and preserved them," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed Edgarda.

"And it don't do for your grandfathers to work for you," said Rowena.

"And they must have been awful good, and Bramette had a whole bushel of them," said Fitz.

"What do you mean?" cried Leopold.

"But Ramp did his own work," said Rowena.

"I wish I had been Bramette!" cried Fitz.

"She must have had chipply-berries enough for all the fairies and herself too."

"What *are* you talking about?" asked Edgarda.

"But then, Ramp got the diamond," said Rowena.

"But he could n't eat that," said Fitz.

At this moment, Tom Green walked into the hall from the library.

"Why, Tom!" cried Leopold. "Where did you come from?"

"I have been here some little time, and I just waited in the library for you to come home."

"Oh, I know now!" exclaimed Edgarda. "I know all about it. You have been putting on that armor in the library, and playing a trick on these children."

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "it was n't exactly a trick. I was only trying to tell them a story."

"Had it a moral?" asked Leopold.

"Well—yes," answered Tom, hesitatingly, "it did have a kind of a moral."

"What was it?" asked Edgarda.

"I can't put it into exactly the right words," said Tom, "but I meant it to carry out my idea, that I would rather the people I know should be proud of me, than to be proud myself of anybody who is dead. But I did not come here to say all this. I came to talk about the Archery Club."

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## THE CARNIVORISTIC OUNCE.

BY MRS. M. E. BLAKE.

THERE once was a beast called an Ounce,  
Who went with a spring and a bounce.

His head was as flat  
As the head of a cat,  
This quadrupedantical Ounce,  
'Tical Ounce,  
This quadrupedantical Ounce.

You 'd think from his name he was small,  
But that was not like him at all;—

He weighed, I 'll be bound,  
Three or four hundred pound,  
And he looked most uncommonly tall,  
'Monly tall,  
He looked most uncommonly tall.

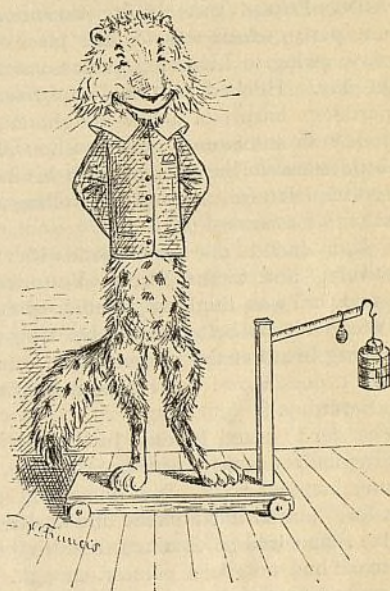
He sprang on his prey with a pounce,  
And gave it a jerk and a trounce;

Then crunched up its bones  
On the grass or the stones,  
This carnivoristic Ounce,

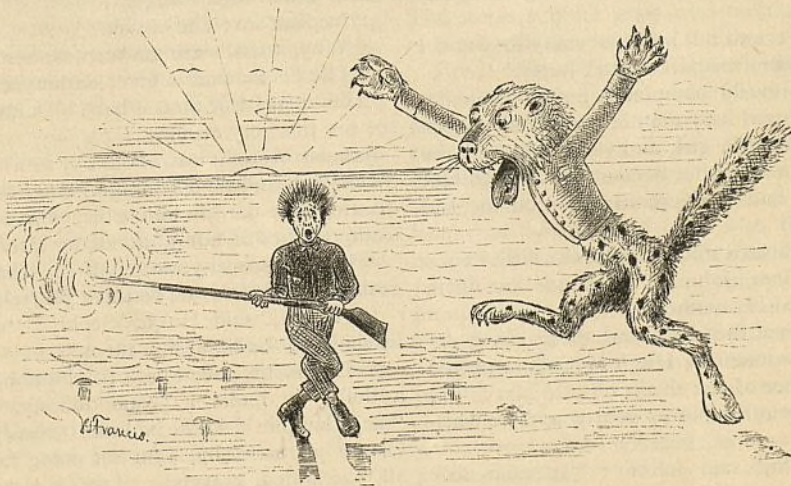
'Ticous Ounce!  
This carnivoristic Ounce!

When a hunter he 'd meet on the shore,  
He 'd give a wild rush and a roar—

His claws he 'd unsheath,  
And he 'd show all his teeth,—  
But the man would be seen nevermore,  
Nevermore!  
The man would be seen nevermore!



I 'd rather—I 'm telling you true—  
Meet with three hundred weight of a Gnu,  
A Sea-Horse or Whale,  
Or a Cow with a tail,  
Than an Ounce of this kind—would n't you?  
Would n't you?  
Than an Ounce of this kind—would n't you?





## HOW JOHNNY'S BIRTHDAY WAS KEPT.

BY EMMA K. PARRISH.

JOHNNY PODGE was writing invitations to a birthday party, which was to take place the next Saturday, owing to his being eleven years of age on that day. He had hurried home from school and partaken hastily of a few doughnuts, just to ward off utter starvation; and now he was seated at a little stand in the kitchen, with his head low down on his left arm, and his eyes rolling after the strokes of his awkward pen.

He had ended one invitation with "Yours respectively," and another with "Yours respectfully," and he was thinking whether some other word would n't be better, when his mother, who was making bread at the kitchen table, remarked:

"How it does snow! but I hope it will be pleasant on Saturday."

"What for?" asked Johnny, innocently.

"Why, for your party, of course."

Johnny laughed slyly. He knew well enough "what for," but he liked all the direct allusions to his party that could be obtained, and his mother's first remark had not been pointed enough. Feeling very good-natured, now that he had had his little joke, he condescended to ask his mother's advice about wording the invitations.

"Would you say, 'Please come to a birthday party to Johnny Podge's?' or would you say, 'Come to my house to a party next Saturday?'"

"Oh, I don't know," said his mother, musingly, as she patted a loaf into shape. "Seems to me they put it a little different, but I can't remember how. You'd better wait until Pa comes; he'll know all about it. Pa's been a great party man."

"Oh, I can't wait; I have so many to write, I sha'n't have them ready if I don't hurry."

Johnny laboriously completed his third invitation, and addressed it to a little girl; and, as she was a very nice little girl, and very saucy, too, he was troubled in mind on account of a large blot with which he had inadvertently adorned the last line of his note.

Then there came a soft knock at the back door.

"Go to the door, Johnny; my hands are all in the dough," said his mother.

Johnny opened the door, and there stood nobody; but, in a moment, Hugh McCollom peered around the corner of the shed.

"Say, come out a minute, wont you?" he whispered.

"Oh, come in," said Johnny; "it snows so."

"No, you come out; I want to speak to you." And he held to view a large square parcel, wrapped in brown paper.

Johnny stepped out and closed the door.

"Now," began Hugh; and then he stopped and untied the parcel nervously. His face showed that he had been crying, in the way that boys' faces sometimes demonstrate grief, namely, by pale marks where the tears had washed their way.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnny. "What makes your face so streaked?"

"Mother, she's sick, and the doctor he said the medicine would n't cost much, and it costs a dollar. I've got a quarter, but the drug man would n't give me less than a dollar's worth; so I thought if you'd let me have the other seventy-five cents, I'd give you all my pictures. You know you wanted to buy them, once?"

Johnny had been eager to buy the pictures when he first saw them, but just now he wanted all his pennies to buy refreshments for Saturday's festivities; and, for a few seconds, he felt very miserly, and wished Hugh had staid away. But he remembered a good many things during those seconds,—among others, that he once was sick himself, and that it was dreadful to be sick; so he said, with a little sigh, as he thought of the vanishing candies: "Come in, and let's look at them. I think I'll buy them."

Hugh came in, hesitatingly, and took off his cap to Mrs. Podge.

"How do you do, Hughie? and is your ma well?" asked Mrs. Podge.

"No, ma'am; she's sick."

"Why, what's the matter with her?"

"The doctor said, a fever on her lungs."

"Oh dear! but that is bad! I must go over to see her this very evening."

Johnny brought out his diary, in which he kept his money, and he encouraged Hugh to spread the drawings on the kitchen table, where they called forth volumes of admiration from Mrs. Podge.

"I never saw anything half so beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Did you do them yourself, Hughie?"

"Yes, 'm," said Hugh, meekly; "an' Johnny, he said may be he'd buy them."

"The doctor gave him a perskiption, an' it costs a dollar to make it," said Johnny, explaining, "and Hughie said he'd take seventy-five cents for the pictures; but I'm not going to keep them all," he added, bravely.

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"Oh, yes, you can have every one," said Hugh, earnestly.

"No, my son," said Mrs. Podge, shaking her head. "You sha' n't take them all. That would be as bad as robbing the fatherless. I know they're worth a great deal of money; Mrs. Blakely has pictures in her parlor, no handsomer than these, that cost three dollars apiece! It might have been the frames, though—they had beautiful gold frames, with red cord and everything. But you must take only a few, Johnny."

Johnny counted out seventy-five cents, which left the little pocket of his diary almost empty, and handed the money to Hughie, with several of the drawings.

Hughie's noon hours and evenings and Saturdays were mostly spent with his pencil, which perhaps accounted for his weak eyes, into which the tears would keep coming, as he shoved on his cap and hurried away with the remainder of his drawings, muttering a choked sort of "thank ye" as he went out.

He ran to the drug store, and again presented the prescription, this time laying down the money with it. His mother thought he had been gone a long time, but it was not her way to complain, and when he returned, she merely asked:

"Did you get the medicine?"

"Here it is, mother," said Hugh, joyfully. He brought a cup from the pantry, and prepared the medicine as directed by the label on the bottle.

The rest of his drawings he had left in the woodshed. He had quietly abstracted them from his box without his mother's knowledge, and in like manner they were returned when the medicine had accomplished the soothing effect of putting her to sleep; and so the good woman did not know for many days of the sacrifice the boy had made in parting with his treasured drawings. He stirred around softly, putting coal in the stove, and getting his supper of oatmeal porridge and baked potatoes, with a mind immensely relieved, for he had perfect faith in medicine of any sort, if only prescribed by a doctor.

Mrs. McCollom was very poor, and it did seem as if she always would be. The neighbors occasionally had spasms of generosity, in which they gave her all the help her Scotch pride would permit; but these did not go far nor last long, and before any one knew it, down she was again, poorer than ever.

Johnny Podge was very silent at supper that evening, and seemed to be meditating something unpleasant and perplexing.

"Mrs. McCollom is sick," said Mrs. Podge, to her husband, "and I think I'll run around there when the baby's asleep."

So, when the dishes were washed, and the baby was asleep in the cradle, Mrs. Podge put a shawl over her head, and went to see Mrs. McCollom.

"Is Hugh's mother very sick?" Mr. Podge inquired of Johnny, as he sat rocking the cradle.

"Yes, Pa; an' I bought some pictures of him to pay for medicine, an' I've only got about thirteen cents left; an' Pa, I was thinking prob'ly you would n't want to spare more 'n the three dollars you promised, so may be I can't have the party this time."

"Well, my son, wont three dollars be enough?"

"No, for I was going to have about twenty come, and I'd want as much as six pounds of candy, so as not to look stingy, and I promised Ma I'd pay for the raisins if she'd put 'em in thick in the cake; and there's a lot of other things to get, besides. I have n't invited anybody yet, and I could get out of having the party, easy; and may be you'd let Hughie have the money, instead. He's an awful good boy to his mother."

"How many have you told about the party?" asked his father.

"Nobody but one boy; he sits with me, and I told him not to tell."

"Probably not more than twenty boys know about it by this time, then," said his father, laughing.

"Oh, no! he said 'honest injun' he would n't tell, and he's an awful good boy," said Johnny.

"His name is Harry Holdclose."

"His name is enough recommendation," said Mr. Podge, with another laugh.

The vow of "honest injun," in Johnny's opinion, was one of great solemnity, and he had never known a boy so depraved as to break it.

Mr. Podge thought the matter over as he rocked the cradle and gazed out of the window at the sky bright with a full moon and ever so many stars. The storm was all gone, and nothing was left to remember it by, excepting the snow.

Mrs. Podge returned a little depressed. It was quite late, and Johnny had fallen asleep on the kitchen lounge. "I never did see folks quite so poor, but everything is just as neat! And that Hughie, he can make porridge and get his own supper, and fix the wet towels on his mother's head just as nice! I only wish Johnny was as handy. But we've got to do something for them, Joseph. If it was n't for Johnny's party we've promised him, we might spare a few dollars." Mrs. Podge was quite out of breath with saying so much.

"Johnny has just been at me to give over the party," said Mr. Podge, in his kindest voice.

"Whatever in the world is that for? Why, he was a-writing his invitations as busy and happy as you could ask!"



"He has spent nearly all his party-money for those drawings, and he kind of hinted, would I put in the three dollars I promised, for Hugh's folks, instead," said Mr. Podge.

"The dear little soul! I do believe, sometimes, Joseph, that Johnny is growing a good boy," said Mrs. Podge, in a loud, happy whisper.

"That was better than forty parties!" Johnny thought; but his father and mother never knew that he had heard it, and he lay like a little 'possum, waiting for further praises. None being forthcoming, however, he thought it prudent to stretch himself and go through the motions of waking up.

"Pa says you talk of giving up the party," said his mother, gently, when he arose from the lounge.

"Yes, ma'am; I don't care much about it any more, and I thought you an' Pa would just as lief give the money to Hughie's folks. I believe I'll go up to bed now, Ma."

His mother kissed his sleepy face, and his father touched Johnny's hair with his fingers, and said, "Good-night, my son!"

So Mrs. Podge, the next day, carried the three dollars to Mrs. McCollom, who was too ill to refuse it; and Hughie bought, at his discretion, such things as they most needed, and the neighbor-women took turns sitting up o' nights with his mother.

Now, Johnny's school-fellow, with the remarkable name, had to be informed that the party was given up, and, to Johnny's satisfaction, he found that Harry had never said a word about it to anybody. But this young keeper of secrets was an inquisitive boy, and he wanted to know why the party had been given up. Johnny, however, utterly refused to tell, partly because he did n't want to brag, and partly for fear Hughie would find out about it.

But Harry Holdclose was a boy with a very busy brain, and, suspecting that there was a disappointment somewhere, it entered into his kind heart to devise a plan. This plan was neatly outlined at recess, and fully completed at noon.

The day was Thursday, which, as we all know, is just two days before Saturday; and before school was out that evening, all the boys and girls in Johnny's class, and some privileged ones in other classes, were in a buzz of excitement over the "s'prise party at Johnny Podge's, Saturday night, you know!"

All but Johnny. He was a little speck sulky, because there was so much whispering and laughing, the nature of which he could n't guess. And it was the same all through Friday; and at night, when the scholars trooped along in clusters and crowds, Johnny went moping silently home. Even Hughie seemed to have joined the rest, and Johnny

felt deserted and forlorn, and his mother's heart ached for him when she thought of the pleasure he had given up.

But by the next morning he had forgotten his vexation, and all the forenoon he was deep in a beautiful book his mother had given him. After dinner, he hurried with his Saturday errands, so as to have some fun with his sled before the snow should melt. It was a cloudless day, and the sun shone magnificently.

"What lovely weather for the party!" Mrs. Podge thought, with a sigh; and she wondered if Johnny was very much disappointed.

Johnny had a good time with his sled that afternoon, and, toward sunset, Hughie joined him. Mrs. McCollom was better, and the kind woman who had come to spend that evening with her had urged Hughie to run out and take the air a little while. When dark set in, and Johnny went home to supper, unusually happy at heart, his mother ventured to say:

"Well, Johnny, we've had a pretty good time without the party, have n't we?"

"I've had a gay time with my book, and Hughie, and everything, and I'm hungry as a bear," said Johnny.

Papa Podge, if I may so allude to him, did n't come home until ten o'clock on Saturday nights, for he was a clerk in a little dry-goods store, which had a habit of sitting up late evenings on Saturday, for customers; so, when there came a tremendous knock at the front door, giving Mrs. Podge "such a dreadful start," there was no one to answer it but herself and Johnny, and, being the least bit timid, they both went, and carried the baby along, too.

"My goodness! is it a fire?" exclaimed Mrs. Podge, as she opened the door and saw what seemed like a hundred people clustered in front of the house, all as still as mice.

"S'prise!" said a boy who stood close to the steps.

This was Harry Holdclose.

"S'prise! S'prise!" said the other boys and girls, a good many times over, as they tumbled laughingly into the house.

Dear! how merry that evening was! The little parlor overflowed into the dining-room, and that into the kitchen; and it did seem as if every corner contained a boy, while the girls flitted about the rooms like fairies and chattered like parrots. Hughie was there, too, his face shining with joy, and his generous heart beating many strokes faster with pleasure at the honor shown his friend and patron.

They played a good many games, all of a lively character, and were in the midst of the enchant-



ments and vicissitudes of "Copenhagen" when the astonished Mr. Podge arrived. Suddenly, Johnny heard the door open, and his father say: "Whatever, in all the world!"

"It's a surprise on Johnny!" said Mrs. Podge, her face glowing with pride and pleasure.

At the sound of his father's voice, Johnny sprang out, scattering a little crowd of girls, and cried: "Oh, Pa, I *did* have a party, after all!"

"Yes, I see you did, my son," said Mr. Podge, who seemed to feel that the occasion required a speech; "and I heartily thank all these young ladies and gentlemen for the honors they have heaped upon us all, I may say. My young friends, you are very welcome to this house, and may you live long in joy and prosperity."

It is true that Mr. Podge's words were almost drowned in the general merriment; but nobody minded that; on the contrary, they all rushed upon him without waiting for introductions, and dragged him into the game, which he enjoyed wonderfully. Then the girls got their packages of cake and cookies, and the boys their papers of

candy, and nuts, and oranges; and, as there was n't a table in the house large enough, nor a room that would begin to hold them all, they passed the refreshments around on plates and saucers, and sat and stood everywhere, eating and making merry. Such a jolly party Johnny never had seen. He had n't dreamed of anything half so nice in his wildest moments, when he had been laying his own plans.

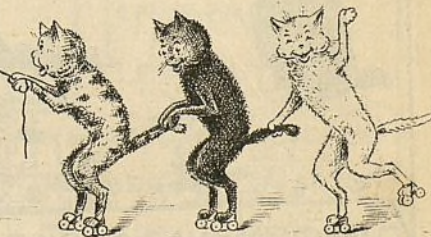
As for Mrs. Podge, there never was so proud and happy a little woman. She felt sure it was the highest honor that had ever been paid to any member of her family, far or near, and she thought it was all owing to Johnny's goodness. "He must be a great favorite at school," she thought.

Dear, innocent heart! it was the wise boy who sat with Johnny who deserved the honor and the glory of that festive occasion.

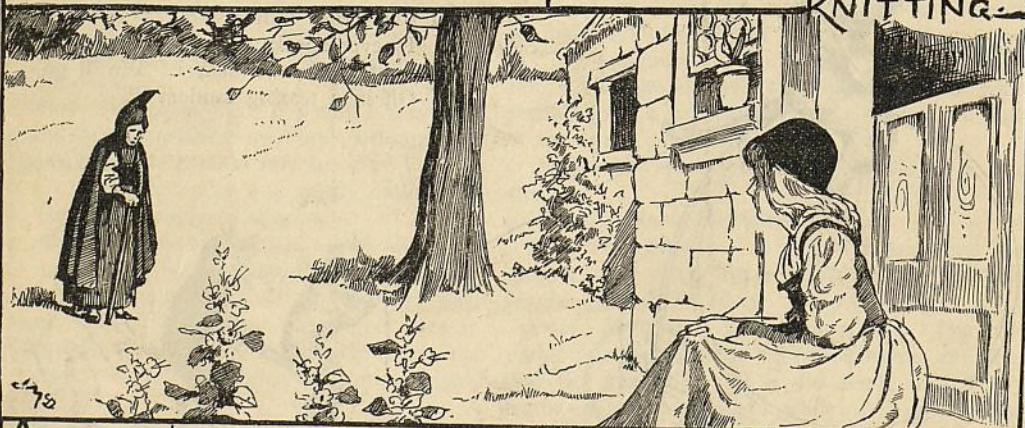
Johnny fully understood and appreciated this fact; but he went to bed none the less happy for having been the subject of a "s'prise," and more than satisfied with the way in which his birthday had been kept.



"OH, dear Papa!" three children cried,  
 "You promised, don't you know?  
 That next when you should take a ride  
 All three of us should go."  
 "I DID," that father said. "You know  
 I never speak at random.  
 So get your roller-skates. We'll go  
 Off in a tearing tandem!"







A FROWN WAS ON HER FOREHEAD FAIR. HER EYES WITH  
TEARS WERE SHINING. AND ALL HER YOUNG & GIRLISH  
HEART WAS HEAVY WITH REPINING.



|   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
|    | <p>A·SUDDEN·FOOTSTEP·SOUNDED·NEAR.<br/>         AND·THROUGH·HER·TEARS·UPGLANCING.<br/>         SHE·SAW·ACROSS·THE·SUNNY·FIELD.<br/>         A·QUAINT·OLD·DAME·ADVANCING.</p> |   |
| <p>"GOOD·FAIRY·<br/>         BOUNTIFUL."<br/>         SHE·CRIED·<br/>         "AH·ME·BUT·<br/>         I·AM·WEARY·<br/>         FROM·MORN·TILL·<br/>         NIGHT·MY·TOIL·IS·<br/>         HARD·<br/>         THE·DAYS·ARE·<br/>         LONG·&amp;·DREARY·<br/>         LEND·ME·I·PRAY·<br/>         THY·MAGIC·WAND·<br/>         THAT·SHALL·MY·<br/>         LABOR·LIGHTEN·"</p> |    | <p>TEN·LITTLE·<br/>         WORKMEN·<br/>         BRAVE·&amp;·SWIFT·<br/>         WHO·EVER·<br/>         SHALL·OBEY·THEE·<br/>         LAY·ON·THEM·<br/>         WHAT·COMMAND·<br/>         THOU·WILT·<br/>         AND·PROVE·THEIR·<br/>         SKILL·I·PRAY·THEE·"<br/>         THE·FAIRY·OPENED·<br/>         WIDE·HER·CLOAK·<br/>         TEN·DWARFS·<br/>         FLEW·OUT·FROM·<br/>         UNDER·</p> |
| <p>"NAY·SAID·THE·DAME·"<br/>         "A·BETTER·GIFT·<br/>         I·BRING·THY·LIFE·TO·<br/>         BRIGHTEN·"</p>  |   | <p>THE·MAIDEN·WATCHED·<br/>         THEM·DO·HER·WORK·<br/>         HER·BLUE·EYES·BIG·<br/>         WITH·WONDER·</p>  |



NOW·HERE·NOW·THERE·WITH·NIMBLE·FEET.  
 THEY·RAN·TO·DO·HER·PLEASURE.  
 "KIND·FAIRY·BOUNTIFUL" SHE·CRIED.  
 "GIVE·ME·THIS·WONDROUS·TREASURE."



THE·FAIRY·SMILED·"KEEP·FOR·THINE·OWN.  
 THESE·SERVANTS·GOOD·&·CLEVER.  
 BUT·PRETTY·ONE·REMEMBER·THIS.  
 LET·THEM·BE·IDLE·NEVER."

SHE·VANISHED·HAD·  
 THE·MAIDEN·DREAM·  
 MAYBE·BUT·EVER

AFTER·  
 HER·WORK·WAS·  
 AS·BY·MAGIC·DONE·  
 HER·DAYS·WERE·FILLED·  
 WITH·LAUGHTER·



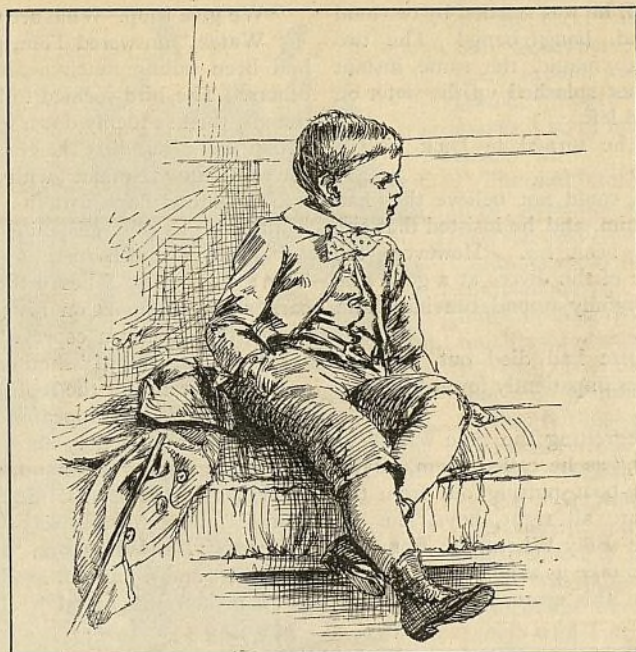
O·THOUGHTFUL·  
 LITTLE·MAIDEN·MINE!  
 LON·ON·YOUR·  
 CLASPED·HANDS·LEAN·  
 NOW·YOU·HAVE·  
 HEARD·MY·FAIRY·TALE·  
 CAN·YOU·NOT·GUESS·  
 ITS·MEANING?

TAKE·UP·YOUR·IDLE·WORK·AGAIN·NOR·LET·THE·SLOW·  
 TASK·LINGER·ONE·OF·THOSE·FAIRY·WORKMEN·HIDES·  
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TOMMY (WHO HAS INSISTED UPON WEARING HIS NEW SUIT TO CHURCH ON THANKSGIVING DAY):—"JINGO! HERE COMES THE PLATE, AND I'VE LEFT THAT NICKEL IN MY OTHER KNICKERBOCKERS!"

## ONE DAY ON A DESERT ISLAND.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

It was the 30th of May, and the waters of the great ocean rose and fell slowly, regularly, as if old Atlantic were gently slumbering. The sun had not yet appeared, but the rose color that tinged the mist along the eastern horizon betrayed his ambush. A slight haze rendered objects at a distance somewhat indistinct, softening and almost obliterating the line where sky and ocean met. A breeze so gentle as scarcely to ripple the surface of the water fanned the cheeks of three boys standing in a small cat-boat, gazing eagerly ahead toward a low island.

Had you seen the boys, you would at once have noted something familiar in their general appearance, and could scarcely have failed to recognize them as old acquaintances, for who does not know "Tom, Dick, and Harry"? You would also soon have discovered that they were on a holiday. An examination of their "traps," or personal baggage, stowed forward, out of reach of salt water, would have shown Tom to be an amateur naturalist, Dick a sportsman, and Harry an artist.

"Well, what is it? Sea-serpent, octopus, or wild goose?" asked Dick, as Tom leveled a spy-glass at some distant object on the water.

"A pair of great northern divers," answered Tom, "and you may as well put up your new, patent, double-back-action breech-loader, for you would have to load with expedited chain-lightning to hit one of them, even if we should get within gunshot."

"We'll see about that," growled Dick, as he pushed a couple of wire cartridges into his pet breech-loader. Harry, who had the tiller, headed the "Nomad," as their boat was named, straight for the birds. The breeze was light, and the boat glided through the smooth waters, leaving noiseless little ripples in her wake.

As the "Nomad" neared them, the divers seemed not in the least afraid; now and again one would disappear in the water, leaving only two rings upon the surface to tell where it had been. Tom timed them, and found that they sometimes remained under water nearly a minute and a half.



While thus engaged, he was startled by two loud reports near his head, bang! bang! The two birds disappeared like magic, the same instant that two charges of shot splashed up the water on the very spot they had left.

Tom laughed, as he turned to Dick with a "Did n't I tell you so!"

But the sportsman could not believe they had been too quick for him, and he insisted that one must certainly have been hit. However, the speedy re-appearance of the divers at a good safe distance, paddling playfully around, convinced him to the contrary.

Meanwhile the breeze had died out, and the boys turned their eyes impatiently toward the distant island.

While Harry was regretting the time wasted in chasing "those loons," as he called them, he descried a man in a row-boat putting out from the island. "Now we are all right, boys," he exclaimed, "for that 's Billy Whetmore, from the light-house, coming to take us ashore."

Feeling relieved on this score, the boys turned

"We give it up. What are they?" asked Harry. "Watch," answered Tom, pointing to one that had been sailing much nearer the boat than the others. The bird seemed to hesitate a moment in the air, then suddenly down it came with a mighty swoop from its dizzy height, striking the water astern of the "Nomad" with a great splash. After a few vigorous flaps with its wings, the bird rose again, with its prey glistening in its talons.

"There 's a fisherman for you, Dick!" cried Tom; "one who fishes without bait or line, and carries his fish-hooks on his toes. He is, in other words, the American osprey."

"'Nomad,' ahoy!" shouted some one close by, and the next instant the red, jolly face of the light-house keeper's son appeared over the side, as he scrambled from his dory aboard the "Nomad."

Harry, grasping his hand, welcomed him with, "Well, old Robinson Crusoe, how 's your desert island?" And turning to his companions, he introduced "Mr. Whetmore, 'Billy' Whetmore, the best sailor and fisherman in these waters."

"I reckon the island 's all there," said Billy,



THE NEST ON DOG'S-HEAD ROCK.—SHORE OF THE DESERT ISLAND.

their attention to some large birds that sailed about overhead.

"Eagles?" said Dick, inquiringly.

"Guess again," said Tom.

"but if you 'll dish me up a sweep, I will have you all ashore in a jiffy, and you can see for yourselves."

In a comparatively short time the "Nomad" was





FISH-HAWK NEST IN THE TOP OF A TREE.

riding at anchor in a rocky little cove, and the crew were all ashore upon the Desert Island.

The boys felt just then more like investigating the light-house kitchen than the Desert.

It was seven o'clock when they sat down to a steaming hot breakfast of blackfish, cakes, and coffee, and many an old dyspeptic epicure would give a year of his life for the ability to relish a meal as Tom, Dick, and Harry enjoyed that one.

Breakfast over, the crew of the "Nomad" lounged on a bench upon a bluff in front of the light-house, while Billy Whetmore was rigging up fish-lines, hooks, bait, etc.

Harry began to make a sketch of an osprey's nest on one of the rocks below.

This particular rock was a very peculiar one, its resemblance to an animal being so striking that it is named "Dog's-Head Rock." On the back of this stone dog the fish-hawk's home was built.

So the sketch was dubbed "The castle on the rock." At the suggestion of Billy Whetmore, the calm waters rippling around the rock were, in the sketch, whipped up into a storm. "It makes it seem more natural, like," Bill said.

The wild birds that filled the air with their screeches and cries were pointed out, classified, and named by our young naturalist, who further entertained his companions with an account of the fish-hawk or American osprey, telling how much more cleanly and noble a bird it is than its European relative, never touching anything but fish; while, according to Figuiet, the European osprey frequently feeds upon wild fowl and carrion. He explained, also, how some of the older naturalists sanctioned an extravagant romance concerning the construction of this bird's feet, one of which was supposed to be webbed and formed like that of a duck, for swimming, while the other had the talons of an eagle, for grasping prey.

Tom also told how a friend captured a young osprey just before it was ready to leave the nest, and with the aid of a companion attempted to carry it home, holding it by the ends of its outstretched wings to avoid its sharp beak and talons. Suddenly the bird flopped completely over, breaking one wing badly at the second joint. Thinking that the wounded bird might recover best under the care of its parents, it was left at the foot of the nest tree, where the old ones could feed it. After an absence of some hours, the friends returned to see how the patient progressed, and were somewhat surprised to find that the old birds had killed their crippled young, by striking their sharp beaks through its neck and throat.

Once fairly started on his favorite topic, there was no telling when Tom's lecture would end, but a loud "Peow! Pe-ow!" from Bill Whetmore, on the beach, notified them that all was ready for the blackfishing expedition.

The fishing-grounds lay between this island and the Long Island shore, a distance of some three-quarters of a mile, in a rocky, dangerous inlet, through which the tides rush so fiercely as to fleck the many jutting ledges with foam.

Rigged out from top to toe in oil-skin "togs," the party were seated in a row-boat. Bill Whetmore took the oars and began to back out stern foremost among the half-submerged rocks, into the midst of a whirling, bubbling tide that ran with



the velocity of rapids. The boys fairly held their breath as their little boat dashed, with the speed of an arrow, at first one and then another of the sharp edges, against which the rushing tide boiled and spun in a dangerous manner. Shooting rapids in a canoe was child's play to this. Just as the destruction of the boat and the consequent ducking of all hands seemed inevitable, a dexterous jerk of Bill's oar this way or that would send the boat in safety past the rock, only to make a hair-breadth escape from its next neighbor.

Before they reached the fishing-ground the boys were, to use the mildest term, considerably excited, but Whetmore was as cool and collected as though paddling in the calm waters of the bay. The thorough knowledge of every little eddy and cross-current, the skill displayed in taking advantage of them and managing the boat, aroused the boys' highest admiration. They moved out in a zigzag course toward a point where two tides met, and where, although there was no wind, the meeting of the currents lashed the waters into tumbling white-caps.

Backing up to the edge of a whirlpool, one anchor was cast from the bow into the midst of the seething waters, the boat was quickly backed until the line was taut, then another anchor, cast from the stern, was made fast, and the boat was swinging easily and safely in smooth water, with the tide rushing wildly around ugly rocks a few feet to the right, and bubbling over a submerged reef a yard or so to the left. From this vantage ground the boys commenced hostilities against the blackfish; "chumming" for them, Bill called it, meaning that chopped bait (lobster and clams) was strewn over the sides of the boat for some time, to attract the fish. After two hours' good sport, they started on the return trip towing sixty pounds of blackfish astern.

In the old dining-room of the light-house each boy paid his involuntary compliment to their host's dinner; and their remarks on his skill as a boatman made Bill blush through all his twenty years' tan and weather-stain.

"I tell you that was a plucky row, and it required some nerve, too," said Dick.

"Yes," added Tom, "when a man loves his profession, and gives it his whole mind and attention, he can accomplish wonders."

"Well," remarked Harry, grandly, "if I had the knowledge of art that Bill has of boats, tides, winds, and weather, I'd always be on the line at the academy."

Dinner over, an exploring expedition through the island had its separate attractions for each of the boys, and they started, Dick with his breech-loader and game-bag, Tom with numerous boxes and bags

for capturing and conveying specimens, and Harry with sketch-book and pencils.

"I guess you had better keep away from that old hawk on the wood-pile," was Bill's parting remark, as the party left the light-house.

Once away from the building, it seemed to the boys as though the whole island was alive with birds; the sand bluff in front was fairly honey-combed by the hundreds of bank swallows that twittered and fluttered in clouds about their homes. Inland, the long sand-stretches were dotted with occasional trees, so dwarfed, twisted, knotted, and gnarled, by poverty of soil below, and severity of storms above, that each was more like an overgrown gooseberry bush than a legitimate tree. The ospreys had taken possession of every available spot to build their nests, and when they build it is no delicate moss and twig structure, fastened with horse-hair, and lined with soft feathers or wool, but a solid affair, one nest occupying a whole tree. It has a foundation of sticks, clubs, and pieces of timber so large and heavy that it would seem an impossibility for any bird to move them. Piled up, sometimes to the height of five feet, is fully a cart-load of sponges, sea-weed, and débris of all kinds, picked up along the beach; on the top of this mass is the nest proper, hollowed out like a basin, lined with grasses and soft material. Many such massive nests as this were scattered over trees and rocks, and even on the bare ground. Tom called the boys' attention to this, saying that "according to the works on natural history that he had seen, the American osprey, or fish-hawk, invariably built in the tops of the tallest trees. Baird gives as exceptional instances a nest found in a small pine in Maine and another upon a cliff on the Hudson River, and I believe Audubon found one or two on the ground."

One of the first nests they approached was built on the top of a pile of wood, and from the warlike looks of the two old birds and the peculiar location of their nest, the boys concluded that this must be the old hawk Bill had warned them against molesting. So of this nest Harry decided he must have a sketch, and seating himself comfortably at a short distance, he began to work, while the other boys sauntered on. The old birds looked on suspiciously for some time; at length one of them took wing and after soaring to a considerable height, he made a sudden dart down toward Harry, with a shrill cry and a rushing noise that caused our startled amateur artist to drop everything and scamper off with very undignified rapidity. And it was some time before he dared steal back after his book and pencils. That sketch was never finished.

As Harry reluctantly left the wood-pile nest, the



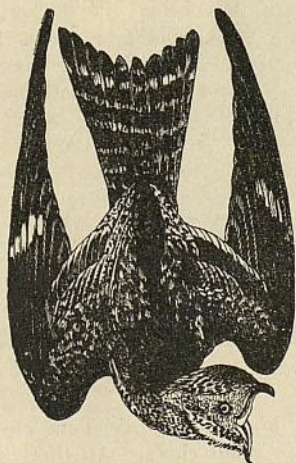
popping of Dick's gun along the beach told plainly enough that its owner was enjoying the day, in a way to suit his tastes.

Off in the distance Tom was visible, standing motionless, gazing intently on the ground, while around and over his head circled and flew scores of swallow-like birds. As Harry approached the spot, he could see that the birds were much too large for swallows, and were peculiarly marked with white, giving the effect of an open space between the tip and main part of the wings. The air was full of them, and they darted by close to his ears with a whirring noise.

Harry found Tom on his knees apparently searching for something in the sand.

"I say, Tom, if you have lost your senses, you will never find them again without a microscope," was Harry's salutation.

"I think I must have lost one of my senses at least," responded Tom, "for I had my eye fixed upon the exact spot where a bird was sitting, but



NIGHT-HAWK.

when the bird flew off, and I stooped to pick up the two eggs I knew must be there—presto, change,—and they were gone. You know, my boy, these night-hawks don't build nests, but deposit their eggs upon a flat rock, or on the ground. The eggs are small, and so closely do they resemble the ground or lichens in color and markings that it is next to impossible to find them."

"T is, eh? Well, that depends upon who it is that is hunting them," cried Harry, as he stooped and picked up something at his feet which he handed to his friend, with: "Here, friend naturalist. You see, an artist must have a good eye to distinguish delicate shades of color."

"Thanks, old fellow," and Tom, taking from his pocket a small blow-pipe, made a hole at each end of the eggs and blew out the contents; then plac-

ing them carefully each in a separate box, he marked the boxes, "May 30th, 1881. Desert Island, *Chordeiles popetue*; location, open, sandy flats."

Here Harry, who had been watching Tom, spoke:

"Cordelia Puppets, are they? Well, that proves how ignorant we of the masses are. Now I always thought these birds were whip-poor-wills."

"Not so awfully ignorant as you would make out," responded Tom; "although these are not whip-poor-wills, but night-hawks, or bull bats, they all belong to the same family, the goat-suckers, or *Caprimulgidae*. Hereafter you can inform inquiring friends that these night-hawks, although related, are an entirely different bird from the *Antrostomus* or whip-poor-will."

"Well, if you will but let up on those jaw-breaking words—'scientific terms,' I should say—for just one moment, I was going to tell you that I found two of these 'Cordelia puppet' night-hawks sitting on eggs upon the top of the mansard roof of our house in Boston."

"That's worth recording," said Tom, taking out his note-book and jotting down the fact.

Walking on together, the boys found many objects of interest, and at Tom's request Harry made a sketch of one of the osprey-nests, to illustrate and prove the assertion that the American species will not molest other birds—for in the interstices on the sides of this nest were half a dozen or more homes of the crow blackbird, some containing eggs. On others the mother-bird was sitting, while still others contained young birds. These facts Harry discovered by clambering up the next tree. He even put his hand over the top of the main nest, exclaiming to his companion: "Three hawk's-eggs, Tom, and they are warm, too."

"It will be warm for you in about a minute," shouted Tom, "for here come the old birds." Harry had had experience enough of that kind, so he let go all holds and dropped to the ground in a hurry; but he had made his sketch, to which he gave the title "Nature's Commune."

The two friends now turned on the beach to hunt up Dick, whose gun had reported him at different points along the shore.

Harry, who was some distance ahead, suddenly stopped, and called excitedly back to Tom to hurry up, for he had found a veritable sea-monster, that was all mouth, excepting his tail, and all tail but the mouth. He seemed quite disappointed that Tom should recognize it as a fish known as the angler, or "fishing frog."\* Horrid-looking specimens they are, with huge mouths and fat tongues. Bucketfuls of fish have been taken from their capacious stomachs. They are known to catch sea-

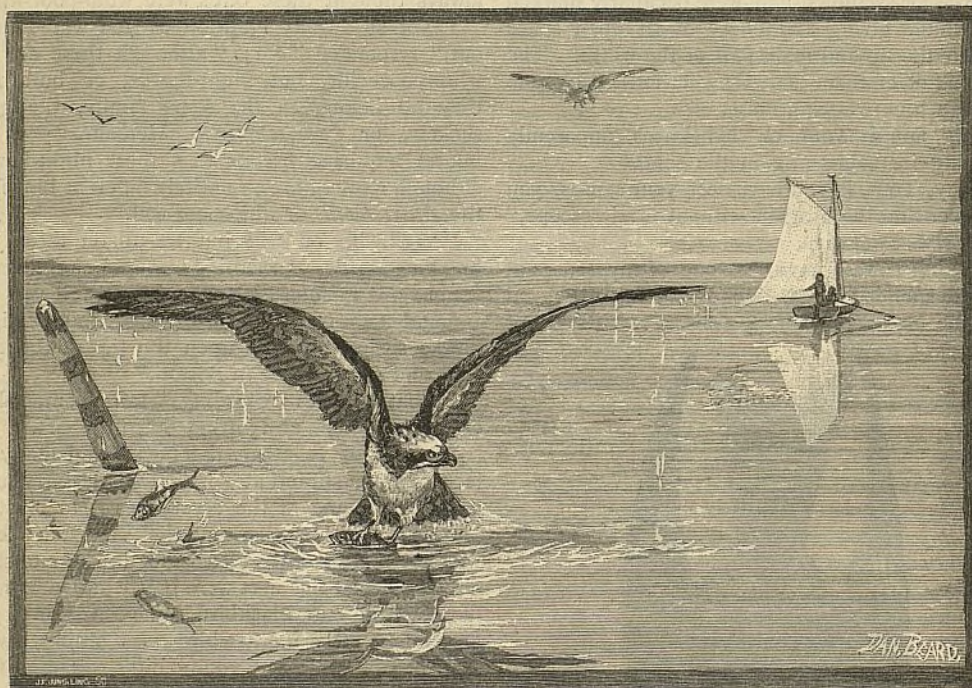
\* See ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1874, page 256.



gulls and wild fowl which are swimming on the surface of the water, and to swallow them whole. A loon was taken from the stomach of one captured at Ogunquit, on the coast of Maine.

After Harry had secured a sketch of this gormandizing angler, they continued their search for their sporting friend, and soon found him stretched

First he drew a good-sized circle in the sand; then, from a dozen or so of the little creatures which Dick had captured and placed in his hat, each of the boys chose one for himself. These they compared carefully, to prevent mistakes in identification. Dick selected a crab with the largest claw he could find. Harry, following his example, picked



"THE OSPREY ROSE AGAIN, WITH ITS PREY GLISTENING IN ITS TALONS."

at full length on the sand. He said he had been watching some little fiddler-crabs dig their holes, and that it was fun to see them swing their long-necked eyes around, to make sure the coast was clear, and then scamper off four or five feet from their homes, drop their little load of sand, once more stop to move their eyes around the circle, and scamper back to disappear in their holes for another load of sand.

"But, I say, fellows," cried Dick, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "I have an idea——"

"Bottle it, Dick, as a specimen for Tom," interrupted Harry; "ideas are great rarities nowadays."

"Tom is not the only one who wants ideas, even if they are other people's," retorted Dick, "but you can both have this one. It's this: Let's have a crab-race."

"The race of crabs is pretty well established already," interposed Tom.

But they both entered eagerly into Dick's scheme.

out a saucy big fellow, while Tom chose a small crab with two small claws. All three steeds were placed under a drinking-cup in the center of the ring drawn on the sand.

"Now," explained Dick, "no one is allowed to touch his crab under any circumstances, until the race is decided. I shall lift the cup at the word, and the first crab to cross the line of the circle wins the race, and the last one out loses. Now, what stake shall we race for?"

It was finally agreed that as they would, in all probability, have to make an all-night sail to get home, the loser of the race should stand the first watch, and the winner the last watch.

Tom gave the word: "Attention! Are you ready? Go!" and the cup was lifted, freeing the little creatures. Tom's crab started off sideways, at a rapid gait, but Harry's and Dick's hesitated. At this the boys shouted, danced about, and waved their caps. But the pugnacious little steeds, in-

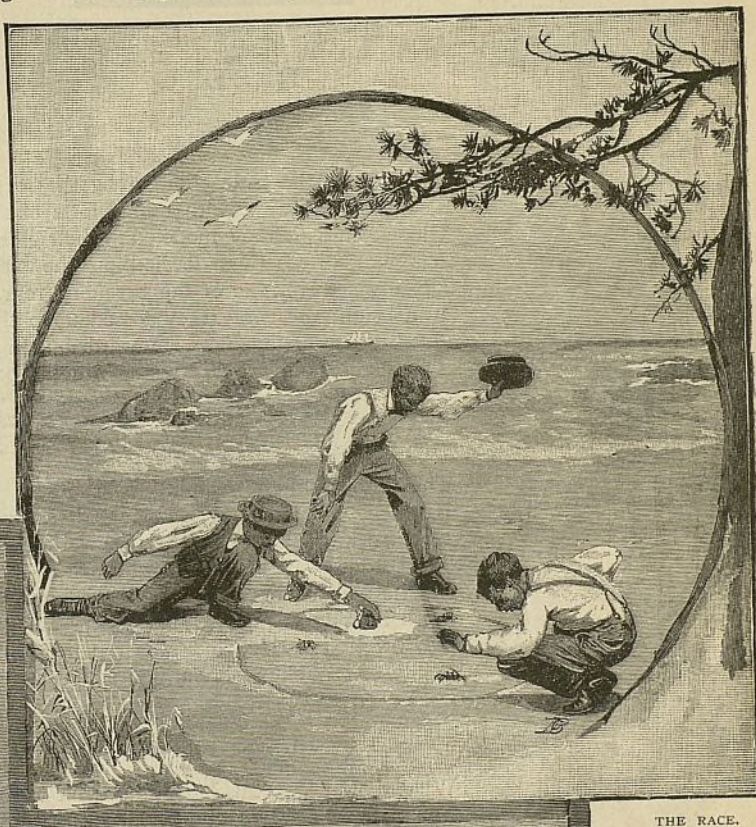


stead of being frightened into running, disregarded the size of their enemies, and bravely reared up on their hind legs and showed fight. Tom laughed until he was faint, for, taking advantage of his knowledge, he had selected a timid female whose smaller pincers were of no use whatever in battle, and who consequently ran away from the other crabs as fast as her numerous little legs could carry her.

At last, Dick's steed started off, but he stopped just inside the line to rear up at some imaginary foe. And then Harry's horse, finding himself all alone, made a sudden dash out of the ring.

Tom had won; Harry was lucky; and Dick had lost.

was heartily enjoyed, and a few minutes later they were once more aboard the "Nomad," headed for home, with a fair breeze.



THE RACE.



"HARRY HAD FOUND A VERITABLE SEA-MONSTER."

The race had hardly ended, when Billy Whetmore's "Peow! Pe-ow!" down the beach, started the boys into the knowledge that it was getting late, and that they were pretty hungry.

After a brisk walk, their supper at the light-house

about a dozen valuable sketches. And Tom, after counting over his specimens, concluded that he had n't missed much that day. In fact, they all joined in the belief that they had crowded about a week's fun into the twelve hours spent on the Desert Island.



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ELBERON.

## I. JULY.

I WATCHED the little children by the sea,  
Tempting the wave with mimic forts of sand;  
Hillock and pit they modeled in their glee,  
Laughing to see them leveled on the strand.  
Deep was the music of the breakers' roar,  
And bright the spray they tossed upon the shore;  
Fresh gales of joy blew landward, but in vain;  
The Nation's heart was heavy with its pain.

## II. AUGUST.

The little children skipping by the sea,  
Bare-legged and merry, challenge its advance,  
Holding the sunlight in their hair, they greet  
The prone wave's tumult while they shout and dance.  
But he who suffers far away grows faint  
With longing for the sea-side cheer and plaint;—  
Ah, bright the tide, and blue the bending sky,  
While stately ships, intent, go sailing by!

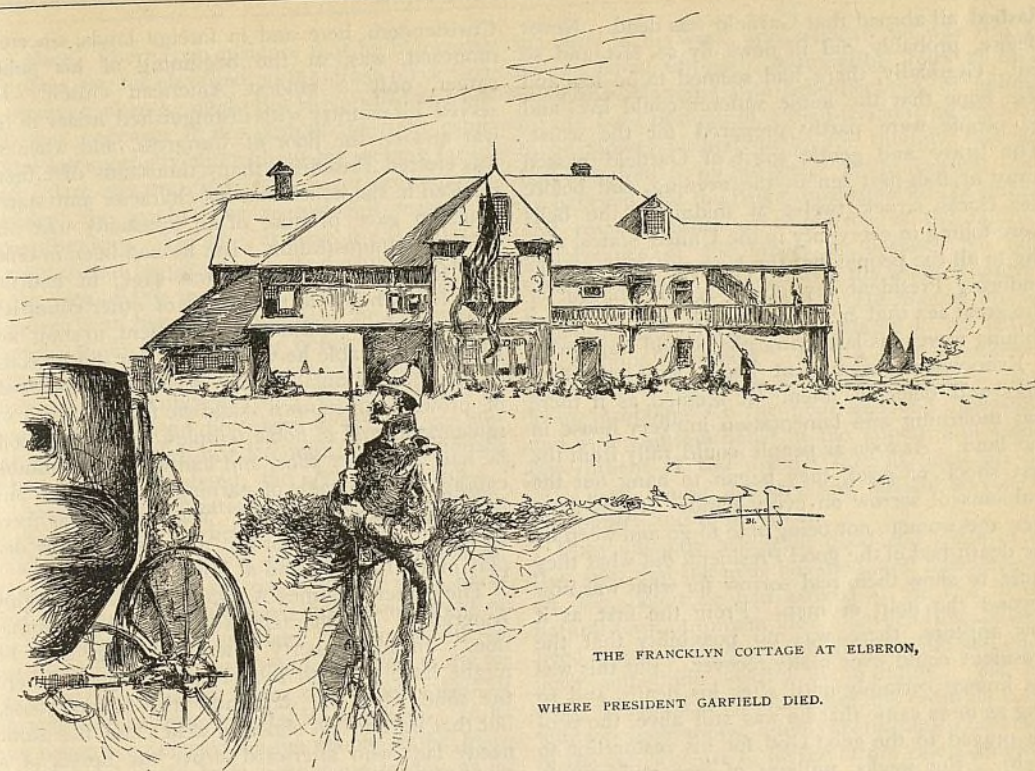
## III. SEPTEMBER.

What power was this? no tumult on the deep!  
The conscious waves crept whispering to the sand;  
The very children, awed and eager, shared  
The spell of silence holding sea and land;  
White wings of healing filled the summer sky,  
And prayerful thousands stood expectant by,  
While borne on bed of hope,—content and wan,—  
The Nation's Man came into Elberon.

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'T is well!" the news sped gladly, day by day,—  
"Old Ocean sends its strengthening breeze apace!"  
Grandly, beneath the shining cottage eaves,  
Our country's banner floated in its grace.  
When, suddenly, grim shadows gathered near  
To overwhelm us with a nameless fear;  
Till all along Atlantic's sobbing sands—  
Far as it rims our own and other lands;  
Across the world; what spot the sun shines on—  
Sounded the tidings dread:  
Our Man is dead!  
The Nation's grief broods over Elberon.





THE FRANCKLYN COTTAGE AT ELBERON,

WHERE PRESIDENT GARFIELD DIED.

## A NOBLE LIFE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

NO EVENT of modern times has created so deep and wide-spread a sorrow throughout the civilized world as the death of James Abram Garfield, late President of the United States. When he was struck down by the bullet of a wicked man, everybody was filled with amazement and alarm. There was no reason why such an attack on the President should be expected or looked for. He was a peaceable and kindly man, full of generous feelings, and with a friendly interest for all men. And when it was told to the country that this large-hearted, and upright, and honest Christian gentleman had been shot, people could hardly believe the tale. An assault like that seemed utterly causeless.

When it appeared to be possible that the President might recover, there was much relief felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Wherever there were people dwelling, whether in the crowded cities of the Atlantic sea-board, or in lonely hamlets and camps afar in Western wilds,

men, women, and children waited and watched with great anxiety for the latest news from the wounded President. It was a remarkable sight, this waiting of a great nation around the bedside of a smitten president. From lands beyond the sea, too, came many messages of affectionate inquiry. Kings and queens, great men and the common people of every land, hoped and prayed for the recovery of the President. The powerful rulers of Europe seemed to forget for a while their ambitious schemes, and they sent word to their representatives in this country that they desired the very latest news, day by day, from the White House, where Garfield lay betwixt life and death. For eleven weeks, it may be said, the whole civilized world watched for some sign of hope that the President might live and not die.

This hope was not to be realized, although it did seem at times that the long suspense was over and that the beloved chief magistrate was on a fair road to health. At last, and suddenly, the news was



flashed all abroad that Garfield was dead. Never before, probably, did ill news fly so fast and so far. Gradually, there had seemed to be less and less hope that the noble sufferer could live, and so people were partly prepared for the worst. The brave and gentle spirit of Garfield passed away at half-past ten in the evening, and before the clocks struck twelve at midnight, the bells were tolling in every city in the United States, saying to all the people that the long-suffering, much-enduring President lay dead by the margin of the great sea that he loved so well, and on whose shining waves his last dying glance had lingered.

Everywhere, men went about with saddened faces and dejected mien. It seemed as if there was mourning and lamentation in every house in the land. As soon as people could rally from the first shock of grief, they began to hang out the emblems of sorrow on every hand. It was as if men and women, not being able to go and weep by the death-bed of the good President, did what they could to show their real sorrow for what was now beyond the help of man. From the first, as it now appears, there was no possibility that the President could ever really recover. But this was not known certainly until after his death, and so long as news came that he was still alive, the people prayed to the good God for his restoration to health. For weeks, millions of men and women in all lands, Christians of every sect, Israelites, Greeks, and those of strange faiths, daily offered up prayer to God that this precious life might be spared. So, when he died, they who had hoped and prayed for him were exceeding sorrowful, and they showed their sadness in many ways. The whole republic may be said to have been clothed in mourning. There was never such a sight in any country as on the day of the funeral of Garfield, when many of the larger cities and towns of the United States were completely draped in the emblems of mourning, and every flag drooped at half-mast. From beyond the sea came sympathizing messages from the great ones of the earth and from friends of America in foreign parts. The good Queen of England sent loving and tender words for herself and her children, and directed the British envoy at Washington to lay on Garfield's bier a memorial of her, with a kindly message which she sent. And then, with mourning and lamentation all over the broad land, the mortal remains of the President were carried back to Ohio, and were buried on a height from which one may look over the sparkling waters of the great Lake Erie.

This man, whose tragic sickness and death were lamented as a personal grief by many millions, and at whose burial the noblest and the best of

Christendom, here and in foreign lands, sincerely mourned, was, at the beginning of his public career, only a modest American citizen. He served his country with distinguished honor in the war and on the floor of Congress, and when he was elected President, many thousands of citizens rejoiced in the belief that his character and statesmanship gave promise of an unusually wise and brilliant administration. But he had been in office only four months when he was shot; he had not been long known to the people of other countries, and he had not had time, as president, to show how wise and how able he would be. Nor did he come of any lofty or ancient race of men, whose deeds of prowess or renown could be found carved on monuments and in noble temples. In his boyhood, he had been very poor, and had worked at humble callings for the sake of earning a livelihood, and securing a good education. Why, then, was there all this lamentation, sorrow, and spontaneous display of grief abroad and at home?

The career of James A. Garfield was thoroughly American. His character was worthy of all imitation. In his poverty when a young boy, he might have gone to school for two years before the time when he did enter the school-house, but that he had no shoes to wear; and this same needy lad, who afterward drove the horses of a canal-boat, lived to be the president of the United States. He carried into his high office a manliness of character, a Christian courage, and a sincerity of purpose that are more to mankind than the highest honors that can be heaped upon our fellow-man. Every American boy has heard, at some time, that he may live to become the president of the United States. But the life of Garfield, and the remarkable spectacle afforded by the last days of that life, very clearly show that it was the man, rather than the office, which men honored when the tragical end of his career drew to a close. The death of a president of the republic, and especially a death so purposeless and cruel, would have excited the sympathy of the world. But the history of Garfield's life is a beautiful example of what may be achieved by a loving heart, a generous nature, and a high purpose. In that life the boys of America have a noble model, and one which they may safely follow. Better than being president is to be honest, brave, true, manly, tender to one's mother, courageous for the right, and a friend to the weak and those who have no helper. All this, Garfield was, and this is why, when he fell a victim to the shot of an assassin, and when he was borne to his last resting-place, a wave of sorrow swept around the globe.

We are nowhere told that Garfield had aimed at being president before he was nominated to that



high place. There is no evidence that he had made any plans for his elevation to the great office that he occupied when he died. But the reward of a life of honest endeavor in the path of the right came to him unexpectedly and without his seeking for it. And I dare say that, if he had never been chosen president, he would have reaped full reward in some other way. For him, at least, it was better to be right than to be president. And while to possess by the vote of the people the highest office of the Republic is an honorable ambition, the example of Garfield shows that it is far better to win a good name and to build up a character that shall stand when all other things perish. We do not now so much lament a dead president as the tragical taking away of a high-minded man, an affectionate father, son, and husband, and a sincere patriot.

Nevertheless, the nation has suffered a calamity in the death of Garfield. He had the qualities which would have made him a good president. If his life had been spared, it seems most likely that the country would have highly approved of his administration of its affairs. Then, too, it is a sad thing that any man should be called to die for his country as Garfield was. He was not killed for himself, but because he was the president. If he had never been chosen by the people to the place he filled, he would have been alive to-day, as far as we can know. So there is a feeling of indignation and anger under all the mourning and sorrow for Garfield. The nation has been hurt as well as the family. It is a matter for profound sorrow that the life of a man is put in jeopardy because he has been chosen president by a free people. It is our boast that, in this country, every man has a chance for himself, and nobody is kept down by circumstances which are peculiar to any class, or sect, or social condition. Garfield was a shining example of what may be achieved by well-directed labor, and we are greatly grieved that his life, so admirably calculated to illustrate the force of character and the width of the ways to distinction in which an American boy may walk, should end in a manner so undeserved and so untimely.

When a boy, Garfield was lively, quick, and restless. His teacher complained that the lad was "perpetual motion." He could not study, even when great sacrifices had been made by his mother and his brothers to get him ready for school. When this was reported to his mother, her heart sank, but she could only say, "Why, James!" The tone of sorrow and disappointment went to the boy's heart, and he fell on his knees, and, burying his face in her lap, cried out that he would keep still in school, and that he would learn. He kept his word. From that day, he stuck

manfully to his work, and, whether he was riding on the canal tow-path, hammering away at carpentering, plunging into book-keeping, or toiling in the hard position of school-teacher, he seemed to be forever pushed on by the thought that he had promised to do his best. It was evident that he believed that the best preparation for the duties and responsibilities of to-morrow is the faithful performance of the labors of to-day. No idle dreamer, he went right on with his work, whatever it might be, doing his best. He waited for no applause, and he was not stimulated in his labors by the hope of reward. With a clear conscience, a ready hand for those who needed help, a large heart throbbing for the poor and the distressed, and with a sincere belief in the goodness of God's government of the world, Garfield filled up his days with honest industry and faithful service to his country and to his time.

Does any boy ask what good can come of all this, now that the man has died, and has been cut off, too, before he had arrived at the end of the natural term of human life? Garfield has, indeed, lived in vain if we can not find in his life and character something worthy of imitation. He has lived in vain if the influence of his example is not felt, for generations, upon the forming characters of the lads who are to be the future rulers and law-makers of this republic. The President is dead, but the record of his life can not die. And when we think of the pathetic figure that he made when he went out of this life, and of the untimely end of his career, which seemed to be just about to be at its best, we can recall with comfort the truth that

"In the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives."

Nor need we lament for him who has gone up higher. Even those who were so near and dear to this warm-hearted and loving man in his lifetime do not mourn with a sorrow that can not be comforted. If it is true that, in future ages, the American youth shall be taught the goodly lesson of the lives of great men who have gone before, it is true that such an example as Garfield's can not perish. And if this is true of the life that endures upon the face of the earth, as men come and go, we can with our thought follow into shining realms the admirable and lovable man just now gone from among us. What he did lives after him. And although when he went away the land was filled with lamentation and weeping,

"He passed through glory's morning gate,  
And walked in paradise."





## THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.—BY ROBERT HERRICK.\*

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,  
Wherein to dwell,  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather proof;  
Under the sparres<sup>1</sup> of which I lie  
Both soft and drie,  
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my fate,  
Both void of state;  
And yet the threshold of my doore  
Is worne by th' poore,  
Who thither come, and freely get  
Good words, or meat.  
Like as my parlour, so my hall  
And kitchin 's small:  
A little butterie,<sup>2</sup> and therein  
A little byn,<sup>3</sup>  
Which keeps my little loafe of bread,  
Unchipt,<sup>4</sup> unflead;<sup>5</sup>  
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar  
Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coale I sit,  
And glow like it.

Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,  
The pulse<sup>6</sup> is thine,  
And all those other bits, that bee

There placed by Thee;  
The worts,<sup>7</sup> the purslain,<sup>8</sup> and the messe  
Of water cresse  
Which of thy kindnesse thou hast sent;  
And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved beet<sup>9</sup>  
To be more sweet.  
'T is Thou that crownest my glittering hearth  
With guiltlesse mirthe,  
And givest me wassaile<sup>10</sup> bowls to drink,  
Spic'd to the brink.  
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand  
That soiles<sup>11</sup> my land,  
And giv'st me for my bushell sowne,  
Twice ten for one;  
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
Her egg each day;  
Besides my healthful ewes to bear  
Me twins each yeare;  
The while the conduits of my kine<sup>12</sup>  
Run creame for wine:

All these, and better thou dost send  
Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
A thankfull heart;  
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne  
As wholly Thine;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
O Lord, by Thee.

WE have room in our Treasure-box this month only for the quaint, old-fashioned Thanksgiving hymn given above. You would not be interested to read the works of Robert Herrick, excepting the few dainty songs which you will find in almost every book of selected poems; but his "Thanksgiving for his House" is so simple and earnest in its thoughts and so humble in spirit, that it is well worth your reading at this Thanksgiving season of the year. As the many words in this poem that have gone out of use since it was written might puzzle you, the following note will explain them. The meaning of the whole poem is plain enough, as you will see.

1. "Sparres," *sparres*,—beams or rafters. 2. "Butterie," *buttery*,—a small room in which provisions are kept. 3. "Byn," *bin*,—a box, or an inclosed place. 4. "Unchipt,"—whole, no part being cut away or broken off. 5. "Unflead," *unflead*,—not peeled, no crust stripped off. 6. "Pulse,"—beans, pease, etc. 7. "Worts,"—vegetables, or herbs. 8. "Purslain," *purslane*,—a pot-herb, sometimes used for salads, garnishing, or pickling. 9. "Beet,"—the vegetable. 10. "Wassaile," *wassail*,—a spiced liquor formerly drunk on festive occasions. 11. "Soiles," *soils*,—enriches. 12. "Kine," cows.

\* Born in London, August 20, 1591. Died, October, 1634.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.\*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

THE writer of "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy" wishes to say to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS that he is writing no made-up story or fictitious narrative, but is drawing upon his own personal experiences for all he has to say. He was a Drummer-Boy in the "Army of the Potomac," having been mustered into the service in midsummer, 1862, and mustered out with what remained of his regiment at the close of the war, in 1865. Opposite to him, on the wall of his library, in which he is writing, hangs his "Discharge," framed in stout hickory, while before him on his table are three little black books, all stained and soiled with exposure to wind and weather on many a long march,—journals or diaries kept by him in camp and field,—together with a bundle of old army letters written to the folks at home. Would the readers of ST. NICHOLAS like to take an occasional peep into the contents of those three little black books and this bundle of old letters? Would they like to know something of the actual life of a Drummer-Boy in the Army?

## CHAPTER I.

## OFF TO THE WAR.

WHEN, in 1861, the war-fever broke out in the school I was attending, and one after another the desks were left vacant where the older boys had sat, and there were few scholars left but the girls and the smaller boys, who were too young to think of following the envied example of their older fellows, you can scarcely imagine how very dull our life became. We had no interest in study, were restive and listless, and gave our good teacher a world of trouble. The wars of Cæsar and the siege of Troy,—what were they when compared with the great war actually now being waged in our own land? The nodding plumes of Hector and the armor of Homer's heroes were not half so interesting or magnificent as the brave uniforms of the soldiers we saw occasionally on our streets. And when, one day, one of our own school-fellows was brought home, wounded by a ball through his shoulder, our excitement knew no bounds! And so, here is a letter I wrote to my father:

DEAR PAPA: I write to ask whether I may have your permission to enlist. I find the school is fast breaking up. Most of the boys are gone. I can't study any more. *Wont* you let me go?"

Poor Father! In the anguish of his heart it must have been that he sat down and wrote, "You may go!" Without the loss of a moment I was off to the recruiting-office, showed my father's letter, and asked to be sworn in; but alas! I was only sixteen, and lacked two years of being old enough, and they would not take me unless I could swear I was eighteen, which I could not do,—no, not even to gain this ardently desired object!

So then, back again to the school, to Virgil and Homer, and that poor little old siege of Troy, for a few weeks more; until the very school-master himself was taken down with the war-fever, and began to raise a company, and the school had to look for a new teacher, and they said I could enlist as

drummer-boy, no matter how young I might be, if only that I had my father's consent! And this, most unfortunately, had been revoked meanwhile, for there had come a letter, saying: "My dear boy: If you have not yet enlisted, do not do so: for I think you are quite too young and delicate, and I gave my permission perhaps too hastily and without due consideration." But alas! dear Father, it was too late then, for I had set my very heart on going; the company was nearly full, and would leave in a few days, and everybody in the village knew that Harry was going for a drummer-boy.

There was an immense crowd of people at the depot that midsummer morning nearly twenty years ago, when our company started off to the war. It seemed as if the whole county had suspended work and voted itself a holiday, for a continuous stream of people, old and young, poured out of the little village of L—, and made its way through the bridge across the river, and over the dusty road beyond, to the station where we were to take the train.

The thirteen of us who had come down from the village of M— to join the larger body of the company at L—, had enjoyed something of a triumphal progress on the way. We had a brass band to start with, besides no inconsiderable escort of vehicles and mounted horsemen, the number of which was steadily swelled to quite a procession as we advanced. The band played, and the flags waved, and the boys cheered, and the people at work in the fields cheered back, and the young farmers rode down the lanes on their horses, or brought their sweethearts in their carriages and fell in line with the dusty procession. Even the old gate-keeper, who could not leave his post, got much excited as we passed, gave "three cheers for the Union forever," and stood waving his hat after us till we were hid from sight behind the hills.

Reaching L— about nine in the morning, we found the village all ablaze with bunting, and so wrought up with the excitement that all thought

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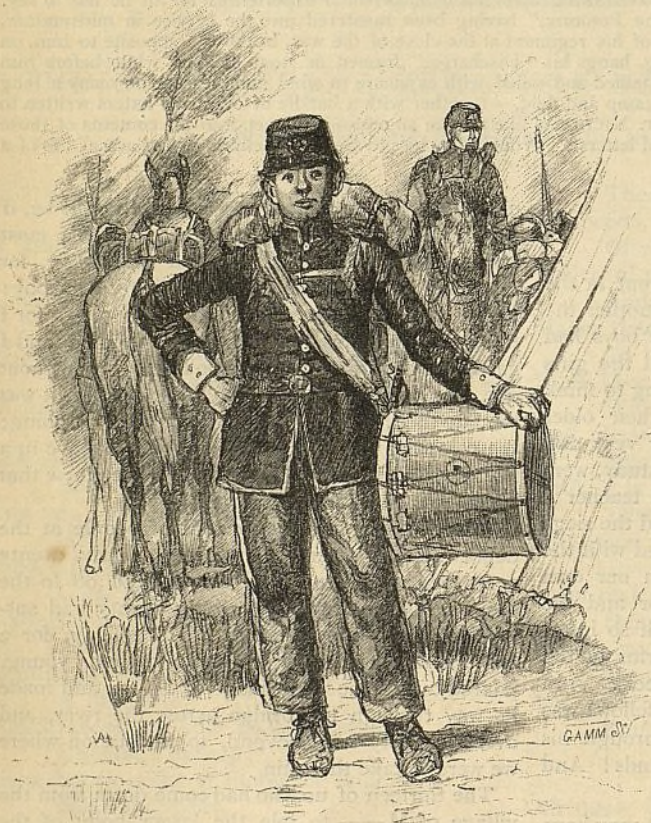
of work had evidently been given up for that day. As we formed in line and marched down the main street toward the river, the sidewalks were every-

waving, and band-playing, the train at last came thundering in, and we were off, with the "Star-Spangled Banner" sounding fainter and farther away, until it was drowned and lost to the ear in the noise of the swiftly rushing train.

For myself, however, the last good-bye had not yet been said, for I had been away from home at school, and was to leave the train at a way station, some miles down the road, and walk out to my home in the country, and say good-bye to the folks at home,—and that was the hardest part of it all, for good-bye then might be good-bye forever.

If anybody at home had been looking out of door or window that hot August afternoon, more than nineteen years ago, he would have seen, coming down the dusty road, a slender lad, with a bundle slung over his shoulder, and—but nobody *was* looking down the road—nobody was in sight. Even Rollo, the dog, my old play-fellow, was asleep somewhere in the shade, and all was sultry, hot, and still. Leaping lightly over the fence, by the spring at the foot of the hill, I took a cool draught of water, and looked up at the great red farm-house above, with a throbbing heart, for that was Home, and many a sad good-bye had there to be said, and said again, before I could get off to the war!

Long years have passed since then, but never have I forgotten how pale the faces of Mother and sisters became when, entering the room where they were at work, and



IN FOR IT!

where crowded with people—with boys who wore red-white-and-blue neck-ties, and boys who wore fatigue-caps, with girls who carried flags, and girls who carried flowers, with women who waved their kerchiefs, and old men who waved their walking-sticks, while here and there, as we passed along, at windows and door-ways, were faces red with long weeping, for Johnny was off to the war, and may be mother and sisters and sweetheart would never, never see him again.

Drawn up in line before the station, we awaited the train. There was scarcely a man, woman, or child in that great crowd around us but had to press up for a last shake of the hand, a last good-bye, and a last "God bless you, boys!" And so, amid cheering and hand-shaking, and flag-

throwing off my bundle, in reply to their question, "*Why, Harry! where did you come from?*" I answered, "I come from school, and I'm off for the war!" You may well believe there was an exciting time of it in the dining-room of that old red farm-house then. In the midst of the excitement, Father came in from the field, and greeted me with, "Why, my boy, where did *you* come from?" to which there was but the one answer, "Come from school, and off for the war!"

"Nonsense; I can't let you go! I thought you had given up all idea of that. What would they do with a mere boy like you? Why, you'd be only a bill of expense to the Government. Dreadful thing to make me all this trouble!"

But I began to reason full stoutly with poor



Father. I reminded him, first of all, that I would not go without his consent; that in two years, and perhaps in less, I might be drafted and sent amongst men unknown to me, while here was a company commanded by my own school-teacher, and composed of acquaintances who would look after me; that I was unfit for study or work while this fever was on me, and so on, till I saw his resolution begin to give way, as he lit his pipe and walked down to the spring to think the matter over.

"If Harry is to go, Father," Mother says, "had n't I better run up to the store and get some woolens, and we'll make the boy an outfit of shirts yet to-night?"

"Well,—yes; I guess you had better do so."

But when he sees Mother stepping past the gate on her way, he halts her with—

"Stop! That boy can't go! I *can't* give him up!"

And shortly after, he tells her that she "had bet-

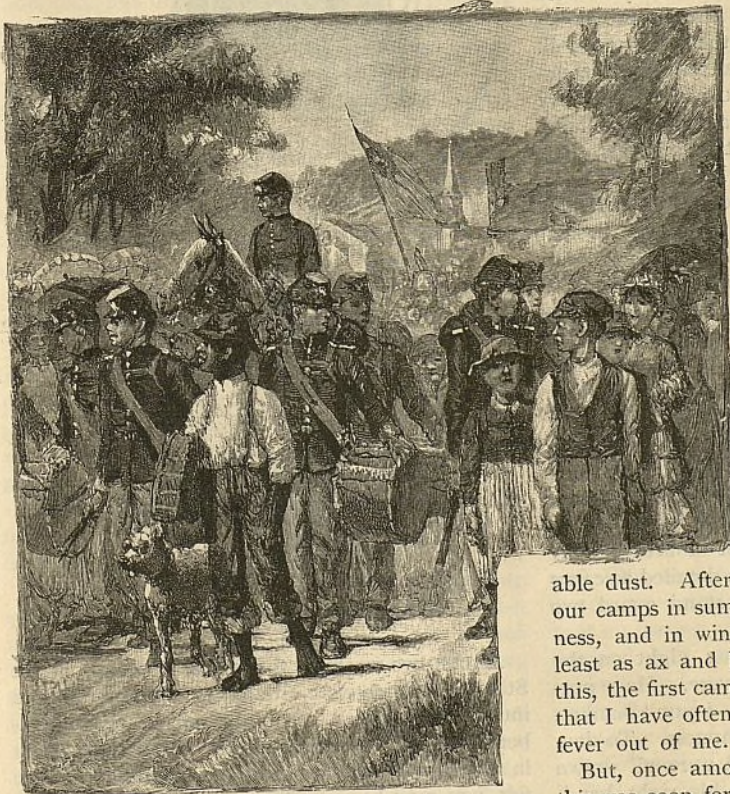
sewing-machine is going most of the night, and my thoughts are as busy as it is, until far into the morning, with all that is before me that I have never seen—and all that is behind me that I may never see again.

Let me pass over the trying good-bye the next morning, for Joe is ready with the carriage to take Father and me to the station, and we are soon on the cars, steaming away toward the great camp, whither the company already has gone.

"See, Harry, there is your camp." And looking out of the car-window, across the river, I catch, through the tall tree-tops, as we rush along, glimpses of my first camp,—acres and acres of canvas, stretching away into the dim and dusty distance, occupied, as I shall soon find, by some ten or twenty thousand soldiers, coming and going continually, marching and counter-marching until they have ground the soil into the driest and deepest dust I ever saw.

I shall never forget my first impressions of camp-life as Father and I passed the sentry at the gate. They were anything but pleasant, and I could not but agree with the remark of my father, that "the life of a soldier must be a hard life, indeed." For, as we entered that great camp, I looked into an A tent, the front flap of which was thrown back, and saw enough to make me sick of the housekeeping of a soldier. There was nothing in that tent but dirt and disorder, pans and kettles, tin cups and cracker boxes, forks and bayonet scabbards, greasy pork and broken hard-tack in utter confusion, and over all and everywhere that insufferable dust. Afterward, when we got into the field, our camps in summer-time were models of cleanliness, and in winter models of comfort, as far at least as ax and broom could make them so, but this, the first camp I ever saw, was so abominable, that I have often wondered it did not frighten the fever out of me.

But, once among the men of the company, all this was soon forgotten. We had supper—hard-tack and soft bread, boiled pork, and strong coffee (in tin cups), fare that Father thought "one could live on right well, I guess," and then the boys came around and begged Father to let me go; "they would take care of Harry; never you fear for that," and so helped on my cause that that night, about



THE REGIMENT STARTS FOR THE WAR.

ter be after getting that woolen stuff for shirts," and again he stops her at the gate with—

"Dreadful boy! Why *will* he make me all this trouble? I *can not* let my boy go!"

But at last, and somehow, Mother gets off. The



eleven o'clock, when we were in the railroad station together, on the way home, Father said :

"Now, Harry, my boy, you are not enlisted yet; I am going home on this train; you can go home with me now, or go with the boys. Which will you do?"

To which the answer came quickly enough; too quickly and too eagerly, I have often since thought, for a father's heart to bear it well:

"Papa, I'll go with the boys!"

"Well, then, good-bye, my boy! and may God bless you and bring you safely back to me again!"

The whistle blew "off brakes," the car door closed on Father, and I did not see him again for three long, long years!

Often and often as I have thought over these things since, I have never been able to come to any other conclusion than this: that it was the "war fever" that carried me off, and that made poor Father let me go. For that "war fever" was a terrible malady in those days. Once you were taken with it, you had a very fire in the bones until your name was down on the enlistment-roll. There was Andy, for example, afterward my mess-mate. He was on his way to school the very morning the company was leaving the village, with no idea of going along, but seeing this, that, and the other acquaintance in line, what did he do but run across the street to an undertaker's shop, cram his school-books through the broken window, take his place in line, and march off with the boys without so much as saying good-bye to the folks at home! And he did not see his Cæsar and Greek grammar again for three years.

I should like to tell something about the life we led in that camp; how we ate and slept and drilled, but as much more interesting matters await us, we must pass over our life here very briefly. I open the first of my three little black books, and read:

"Sept. 2d.—Received part of our uniforms, and I got a new drum. Had a trial at double-quick this evening till we were all out of breath, after which thirty-five of our men were detailed as camp guard for the first time. They stand guard two hours out of every six.

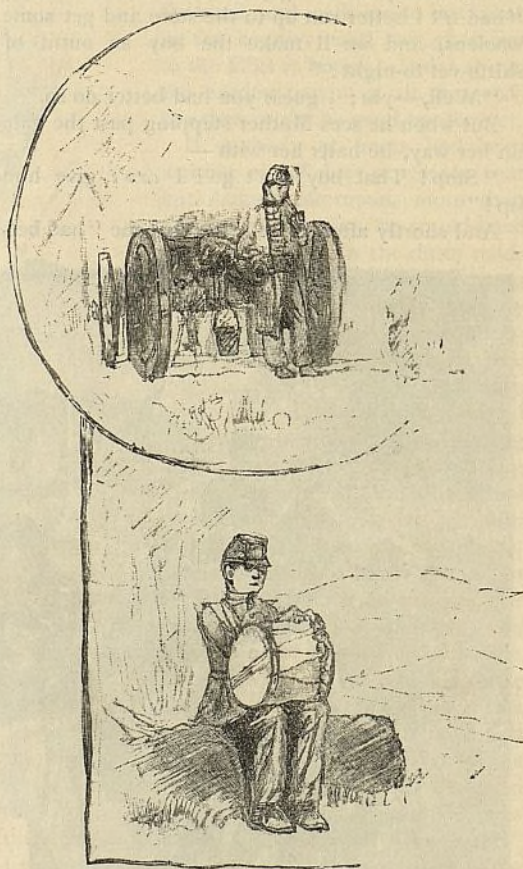
"Sept. 3d.—Slept soundly last night on the ground, although the cold was severe. Have purchased an India rubber blanket—'gum' blanket, we called it, to keep off the dampness. To-day, we were mustered into service. We were all drawn up in line. Every man raised his right hand, while an officer recited the oath. It took only a few minutes, but when it was over one of the boys exclaimed: 'Now, fellows, I'd like to see any man go home if he dare. We belong to Uncle Sam, now.'"

Of the one thousand men drawn up in line there

that day, some lived to come back three years later and be drawn up in line again, almost on that identical spot, and how many do you think there were? No more than one hundred and fifty.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON TO WASHINGTON.



AFTER two weeks in that miserable camp at the State capital, we were ordered to Washington, and into Washington, accordingly, one sultry September morning, we marched, after a day and a night in the cars on the way thither. Quite proud we felt, you may be sure, as we tramped up Pennsylvania Avenue, with our new silk flags flying, the fifes playing "Dixie," and we ten little drummer-boys pounding away, awkwardly enough, no doubt, under the lead of a white-haired old man, who had beaten *his* drum nearly fifty years before under Wellington, at the battle of Waterloo. We were



green, raw troops, as anybody could tell at a glance; for we were fair-faced yet, and carried enormous knapsacks. I remember passing some old troops somewhere near Fourteenth street, and being painfully conscious of the difference between them and us. *They*, I observed, had no knapsacks; a gum blanket, twisted into a roll and slung carelessly over the shoulder, was all the luggage they carried. Dark, swarthy, sinewy men they were, with torn shoes and faded uniforms, but with an air of self-possession and endurance that came only of experience and hardship. They smiled on us as we passed by,—a grim smile of half pity and half contempt—just as we in our turn learned to smile on other new troops a year or two later.

By some unpardonable mistake, instead of getting into camp forthwith on the outskirts of the city, whither we had been ordered for duty at the present, we were marched far out into the country under a merciless sun, that soon scorched all the endurance out of me. It was dusty, it was hot, there was no water, my knapsack weighed a ton. So that when, after marching some seven miles, our orders were countermanded, and we were ordered back to the city again, I thought it impossible I ever should reach it. My feet moved mechanically, everything along the road was in a misty whirl, and when at night-fall Andy helped me into the barracks near the Capitol from which we had started in the morning, I threw myself, or rather, perhaps, fell, on the hard floor, and was soon so soundly asleep that Andy could not rouse me for my cup of coffee and ration of bread.

I have an indistinct recollection of being taken away next morning in an ambulance to some hospital, and being put into a clean white cot. After which, for days, all consciousness left me, and all was blank before me, save only that in misty intervals I saw the kind faces and heard the subdued voices of Sisters of Mercy; voices that spoke to me from far away, and hands that reached out to me from the other side of an impassable gulf.

Nursed by their tender care back to returning strength, no sooner was I able to stand on my feet once more than, against their solemn protest, I asked for my knapsack and drum, and insisted on setting out forthwith in quest of my regiment, which I found had meanwhile been scattered by companies about the city, my own company and another having been assigned to duty at "Soldiers' Home," the President's summer residence. Although it was but a distance of three miles or thereabouts, and although I started out in search of "Soldiers' Home" at noon, so conflicting were the directions given me by the various persons of whom I asked the road, that it was night-fall before I reached it. Coming then at the hour of dusk to a gate-way

leading apparently into some park or pleasure-ground, and being informed by the porter at the gate that this was "Soldiers' Home," I walked about among the trees in the growing darkness, in search of the camp of Company D, when, just as I had crossed a fence, a challenge rang out:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

"Hello, Ellis," said I, peering through the bushes, "is that you?"

"That is n't the countersign, friend. You'd better give the countersign, or you're a dead man!"

Saying which, Ellis sprang back in true Zouave style, with his bayonet fixed and ready for a lunge at me.

"Now, Ellis," said I, "you know me just as well as I know myself, and you know I have n't the countersign, and if you're going to kill me, why, don't stand there crouching like a cat ready to spring on a mouse, but up and at it like a man. Don't keep me here in such dreadful suspense."

"Well, friend without the countersign, I'll call up the corporal, and he may kill you—you're a dead man, any way." Then he sang out:

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

From post to post it rang along the line, now shrill and high, now deep and low: "Corporal of the Guard, post number three!" "Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

Upon which up comes the corporal of the guard on a full trot, with his gun at a right-shoulder-shift, and saying:

"Well, what's up?"

"Man trying to break my guard."

"Where is he?"

"Why, there, beside that bush."

"Come along, you there; you'll be shot for a spy to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"All right, Mr. Corporal, I'm ready."

Now, all this was fine sport; for the corporal and Ellis were both of my company, and knew me quite as well as I knew them, but they were bent on having a little fun at my expense, and the corporal had marched me off some distance toward head-quarters beyond the ravine, when again the call rang along the line:

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

Back the corporal trotted me to Ellis.

"Well, what in the mischief's up now?"

"Another fellow trying to break my guard, Corporal."

"Well, where is he? Trot him out; we'll have a grand execution in the morning. The more the merrier, you know, and 'long live the Union!'"



"I'm sorry, Corporal, but the fact is I killed this chap myself. I caught him trying to climb over the gate there, and he would n't stop nor give the countersign, and so I up and at him, and ran my bayonet through him, and there he is!"

And sure enough, there he was,—a big fat 'possum!

"All right, Ellis; you're a brave soldier. I'll speak to the colonel about this, and you shall have two stripes on your sleeve one of these days."

And so, with the 'possum by the tail and me by the shoulder, he marched us off to head-quarters, where, the 'possum being thrown down on the ground, and I handed over to the tender mercies of the captain, it was ordered that:

"This young man should be taken down to Andy's tent, and a supper cooked, and a bed made for him there; and that henceforth and hereafter, he should beat reveille at daybreak, retreat at sundown, tattoo at nine P. M., and lights out a half-hour later."

Nothing, however, was said about the execution of spies in the morning, although it was duly ordained that the 'possum, poor thing, should be roasted on the morrow.

Never was there a more pleasant camp than ours, there on that green hill-side across the ravine from the President's summer residence. We had light guard duty to do, but that of a kind we esteemed a most high honor, for it was no less than that of being special guards for President Lincoln. But the good President, we were told, although he loved his soldiers as his own children, did not like being guarded. Often did I see him enter his carriage before the hour appointed for his morning departure for the White House, and drive away in haste, as if to escape from the irksome escort of a dozen cavalry-men, whose duty it was to guard his carriage between our camp and the city. Then when the escort rode up to the door, some ten or fifteen minutes later, and found that the carriage had already gone, was n't there a clattering of hoofs and a rattling of scabbards as they dashed out past the gate and down the road to overtake the great and good President, in whose heart was "charity for all, and malice toward none."

Boy as I was, I could not but notice how pale and haggard the President looked as he entered his carriage in the morning, or stepped down from it in the evening after a weary day's work in the city; and no wonder, either, for those September days of 1862 were the dark, perhaps the darkest, days of the war. Many a mark of favor and kindness did we receive from the President's family. Delicacies, such as we were strangers to then, and would be for a long time to come, found their way from Mrs. Lincoln's hand to our camp on the

green hill-side; while little Tad, the President's son, was a great favorite with the boys, fond of the camp, and delighted with the drill.

One night, when all but the guards on their posts were wrapped in great-coats and sound asleep in the tents, I felt some one shake me roughly by the shoulder, and call:

"Harry! Harry! Get up quick and beat the long roll; we're going to be attacked. Quick, now!"

Groping about in the dark for my drum and sticks, I stepped out into the company street, and beat the loud alarm, which, waking the echoes, brought the boys out of their tents in double-quick time, and set the whole camp in an uproar.

"What's up, fellows?"

"Fall in, Company D!" shouted the orderly.

"Fall in, men," shouted the captain, "we're going to be attacked at once!"

Amid the confusion of so sudden a summons at midnight, there was some lively scrambling for guns, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, and clothes.

"I say, Bill, you've got my coat on!"

"Where's my cap?"

"Andy, you scamp, you've got my shoes!"

"Fall in, men, quick; no time to look after shoes now. Take your arms and fall in."

And so, some shoeless, others hatless, and all only half dressed, we form in line and are marched out and down the road at double-quick for a mile; then halt; pickets are thrown out; an advance of the whole line through the woods, among tangled bushes and briars, and through marshes, until, as the first early streaks of dawn are shooting up in the eastern sky, orders are countermanded, and we march back to camp, to find—that the whole thing was a ruse, planned by some of the officers for the purpose of testing our readiness for work at any hour. After that, we slept with our shoes on.

But poor old Jerry Black,—a man who should never have enlisted, for he was as afraid of a gun as Robinson Crusoe's man Friday,—poor old Jerry was the butt for many a joke the next day. For, amid the night's confusion, and in the immediate prospect, as he supposed, of a deadly encounter with the enemy, so alarmed did he become that he at once fell to—praying! Out of consideration for his years and piety, the captain had permitted him to remain behind as a guard for the camp in our absence, in which capacity he did excellent service, excellent service! But oh, when we sat about our fires the next morning, frying our steaks and cooking our coffee, poor Jerry was the butt of all the fun, and was cruelly described by the wag of the company as "the man that had a brave heart, but a most cowardly pair of legs!"



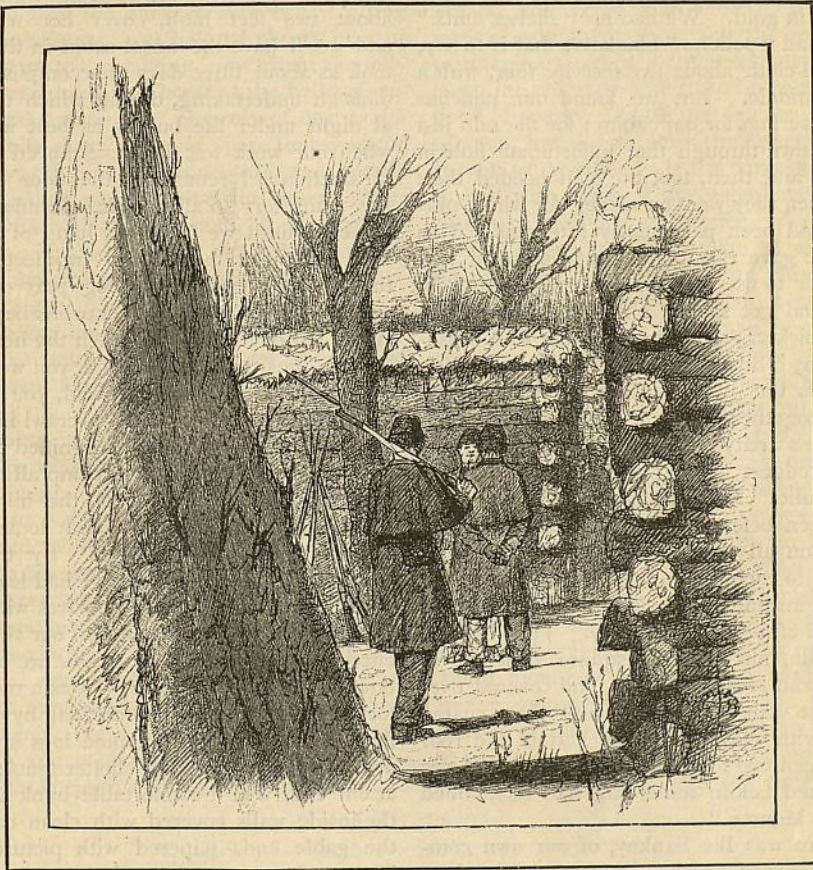
## CHAPTER III.

## OUR FIRST WINTER QUARTERS.

"WELL, fellows, I tell you what! I've heard a good deal about the balmy breezes and sunny skies of Old Virginny, but if this is a specimen of the sort of weather they have in these parts, I, for one, move we 'right-about-face' and march home."

So saying, Phil Hammer got up from under the scrub-pine, where he had made his bed for the

inland in the direction of Falmouth, and had halted and camped for the night in a thick undergrowth of scrub-pine and cedar. The day of our landing was remarkably fair. The skies were so bright, the air was so soft and balmy, that we were rejoiced to find what a pleasant country it was we were getting into, to be sure; but the next morning, when we drummer-boys woke the men with our loud reveille, we were all of Phil's opinion, that the sunny skies and balmy breezes of this new land were all a miserable fiction. For, as man after



IN WINTER QUARTERS.

night, shaking the snow from his blanket and the cape of his overcoat, while a loud "Ha! ha!" and an oft-repeated "What do you think of this, boys?" rang along the hill-side on which we had found our first camping-place on "Old Virginia's Shore."

The weather had played us a most deceptive and unpleasant trick. We had landed the day before, as my journal says, "at Belle Plains, at a place called Platt's Landing," having been brought down from Washington on the steamer "Louisiana"; had marched some three or four miles

man opened his eyes at the loud roll of our drums, and the shout of the orderly: "Fall in, Company D, for roll-call!" he found himself covered with four inches of snow, and more coming down. Fortunately, the bushes had afforded us some protection; they were so numerous and so thick that one could scarcely see twenty rods ahead of him, and with their great overhanging branches had kindly kept the falling snow out of our faces at least, while we slept.

And now began a busy time. We were to



build winter quarters—a work for which we were but poorly prepared, either by nature or by circumstance. Take any body of men out of civilized life, put them into the woods to shift for themselves, and they are generally as helpless as children. As for ourselves, we were indeed “Babes in the Wood.” At least half the regiment knew nothing of wood-craft, having never been accustomed to the use of the ax. It was a laughable sight to see some of the men from the city try to cut down a tree! Besides, we were poorly equipped. Axes were scarce, and worth almost their weight in gold. We had no “shelter tents.” Most of us had “poncho” blankets; that is to say, a piece of oil-cloth about five feet by four, with a slit in the middle. But we found our ponchos very poor coverings for our cabins; for the rain just *would* run down through that unfortunate hole in the middle; and then, too, the men needed their oil-cloths when they went on picket, for which purpose they had been particularly intended. This circumstance gave rise to frequent discussion that day: whether to use the poncho as a covering for the cabin, and get soaked on picket, or save the poncho for picket, and cover the cabin with brush-wood and clay? Some messes\* chose the one alternative, others the other; and as the result of this preference, together with our ignorance of wood-craft and the scarcity of axes, we produced on that hill-side the oddest looking winter quarters a regiment ever built! Such an agglomeration of cabins was never seen before nor since. I am positive no two cabins on all that hill-side had the slightest resemblance to each other.

There, for instance, was a mess over in Company A, composed of men from the city. They had *one* kind of cabin, an immense square structure of pine logs, about seven feet high, and covered over the top, first with brush-wood and then coated so heavily with clay that I am certain the roof must have been two feet thick at the least. It was hardly finished before some wag had nicknamed it “Fortress Monroe.”

Then, there was Ike Sankey, of our own company; he invented another style of architecture, or perhaps I should rather say, he borrowed it from the Indians. Ike would have none of your flat-roofed concerns; he would build a wigwam. And so, marking out a huge circle, in the center of which he erected a pole, and around the pole a great number of smaller poles, with one end on the circle and the other end meeting in the common apex, covering this with brush and the brush with clay, he made for himself a house that was quite warm, indeed, but one so fearfully gloomy that within it was as dark at noon as at midnight. Ominous sounds came afterward from the dark

recesses of “The Wigwam”; for we were a “skirmish regiment,” and Ike was our bugler, and the way he tooted all day long, “Deploy to the right and left,” “Rally by fours,” and “Rally by platoons,” was suggestive of things yet to come.

Then, there was my own tent or cabin, if indeed I may dignify it with the name of either; for it was a cross between a house and a cave. Andy and I thought we would follow the advice of the Irishman, who in order to raise his roof higher, dug his cellar deeper. We resolved to dig down some three feet; “and then, Harry, we’ll log her up about two feet high, cover her with ponchos, and we’ll have the finest cabin in the row!” It took us about three days to accomplish so stupendous an undertaking, during which time we slept at night under the bushes as best we could, and when our work was done, we moved in with great satisfaction. I remember the door of our house was a mystery to all visitors, as, indeed, it was to ourselves until we “got the hang of it,” as Andy said. It was a hole about two feet square, cut through one end of the log part of the cabin, and through it you had to crawl as best you could. If you put one leg in first, then the head, and then drew in the other leg after you, you were all right; but if, as visitors generally did, you put in your head first, you were obliged to crawl in on all fours in a most ungraceful and undignified fashion.

That was a queer-looking camp all through. If you went up to the top of the hill, where the colonel had his quarters, and looked down, a strange sight met your eyes. By the time the next winter came, however, we had learned how to swing an ax, and we built ourselves winter quarters that reflected no little credit on our skill as experienced woodsmen. The last cabin we built—it was down in front of Petersburg—was a model of comfort and convenience; ten feet long by six wide, and five high, made of clean pine logs straight as an arrow, and covered with shelter tents; a chimney at one end, and a comfortable bunk at the other; the inside walls covered with clean oat-bags, and the gable ends papered with pictures cut from illustrated papers; a mantel-piece, a table, a stool; and we were putting down a floor of pine boards, too, one day toward the close of winter, when the surgeon came by, and looking in, said:

“No time to drive nails now, boys; we have orders to move!” But Andy said:

“Pound away, Harry, pound away; we’ll see how it looks, anyhow, before we go!”

I remember an amusing occurrence in connection with the building of our winter quarters. I had gone over to see some of the boys of our company one evening, and found they had “logged up” their tent about four feet high, and stretched a

\* A “mess” is a number of men who eat together.



poncho over it to keep the snow out, and were sitting before a fire they had built in a chimney-place at one end. The chimney was built up only as high as the log walls reached, the intention being to "cat-stick and daub" it afterward to a sufficient height. The mess had just got a box from home, and some one had hung nearly two yards of sausage on a stick across the top of the chimney, "to smoke." And there, on a log rolled up in front of the fire, I found Jimmy Lane and Sam Reed sitting smoking their pipes, and glancing up the chimney between whiffs every now and then, to see that the sausage was safe. Sitting down between them, I watched the cheery glow of the fire, and we fell to talking, now about the jolly times they were having at home at the holiday season, and again about the progress of our cabin-building, while every now and then Jimmy would peep up the chimney on one side, and shortly after, Sam would squint up on the other. After sitting thus for half an hour or so, all of a sudden, Sam, looking up the chimney, jumped off the log, clapped his hands together and shouted:

"Jim, it's gone!"

Gone it was; and you might as well look for a needle in a hay-stack as search for two yards of sausage among troops building winter quarters on short rations!

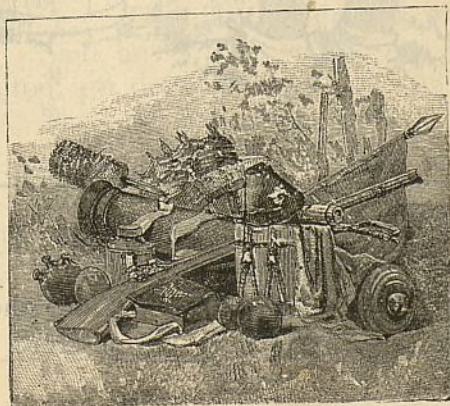
One evening Andy and I were going to have a feast, consisting in the main, of a huge dish of apple-fritters. We bought the flour and the apples of the sutler at enormous figures, for we were so tired of the endless monotony of bacon, beef, and bean-soup, that we were bent on having a glorious supper, cost or no cost. We had a rather small chimney-place, in which Andy was superintending the heating of a mess-pan half full of lard, while I was busying myself with the flour, dough, and apples, when, as ill-luck would have it, the lard took fire and flamed up the chimney with a roar, and a blaze so bright that it illuminated the whole camp from end to end. Unfortun-

nately, too, for us, four of our companies had been recruited in the city, and most of them had been in the volunteer fire department, in which service they had gained an experience, useful enough to them on the present occasion, but most disastrous to us.

No sooner was the bright blaze seen pouring high out of the chimney-top of our modest little cabin, than at least a half-dozen fire companies were on the instant organized for the emergency. The "Humane," the "Fairmount," the "Good-will," with their imaginary engines and hose-carriages, came dashing down our company street, with shouts, and yells, and cheers. It was but the work of a moment to attach the imaginary hose to imaginary plugs, plant imaginary ladders, tear down the chimney and demolish the roof, amid a flood of sparks, and to the intense delight of the firemen, but to our utter consternation and grief. It took us days to repair the damage, and we went to bed with some of our neighbors, after a scant supper of hard-tack and coffee.

How did we spend our time in winter quarters, do you ask? Well, there was always enough to do, you may be sure, and often it was work of the very hardest sort. Two days in the week the regiment went out on picket, and while there got but little sleep and suffered much from exposure. When they were not on picket, all the men not needed for camp guard had to drill. It was nothing but drill, drill, drill: company drill, regimental drill, brigade drill, and once even division drill. Our regiment, as I have said, was a skirmish regiment, and the skirmish-drill is no light work, let me tell you. Many an evening the men came in more dead than alive after skirmishing over the country for miles around, all the afternoon. Reveille and roll-call at five o'clock in the morning, guard mount at nine, company drill from ten to twelve, regimental drill from two to four, dress-parade at five, tattoo and lights out at nine at night, with continual practice on the drum for us drummer-boys—so our time passed away.

(To be continued.)



Ayuntamiento de Madrid





By the fence, a-mid the clo-ver,  
Stand brave Bob and blithe-some Bess;

He peeps up, and she peeps o-ver.  
What is the se-cret? Who can guess?





As I WENT down to Lon-don town,  
 The cit-y for to see,  
 My lit-tle lad, all brave-ly clad,  
 Came step-ping up to me.  
 "Good-mor-row, pret-ty sir!" said I.  
 "The same to you!" said he.  
 I curt-sied low, and he did bow,  
 And doffed his hat and feath-er.  
 Said I: "The day is fair and gay."  
 Said he: "'T is charm-ing weath-er.  
 I, too, go down to Lon-don town,—  
 Shall we not go to-geth-er?"  
 A-way we went, on pleas-ure bent,  
 The cit-y we did see,  
 And when the sun was sink-ing down,  
 Came home right mer-ri-ly.  
 "It was a pleas-ant day!" said I.  
 "We 'll go a-gain!" said he.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BLESS me! How bleak November must be in books! Why, they say there that it is as gloomy, windy, dreary a season as one can well stand; that the earth is dead, as it were, and the sea in such a rage about one thing and another that it is as much as one's life is worth to venture upon it!

Well, all this may be so, but your Jack doubts it, and so do Deacon Green and the dear Little School-ma'am. You see, we believe in November. It's a good honest month, November is. It does n't put on any spring airs, nor freeze you with stiff winter manners, but just shakes its crisp yellow leaves at you (the fewer the merrier) and crackles its stubble under your feet and meets you in good hearty fashion, ready at any time for a romp. If you light a fire in its honor, up goes the smoke! out fly the sparks! and ho for a roaring blaze! If you go out on the sea to find it, there it is—strong, brave, and in dead earnest, every wave alive, and a gale in every breath. And what a sun it has! none of your scorchers, but a clean-cut cool flood of life and light. Then its stars—how they do sparkle! and all the while if any sturdy little outdoor thing wants to grow, and really means business, there is sure to be a warmish little corner for it somewhere.

Look out for November, my little lads and ladies! Be as honest, crisp, and bright as itself when it shakes hands with you—and give it Jack's best compliments.

Now let us take up the subject of

#### THE SUN'S VOICE.

YOUR Jack can not say that he ever actually heard it himself, but it often has seemed to him that the Sun must have something to say which is very pleasant to hear; else why the answer of joy that bubbles up from the meadows and trills from

the woods, when he gets up bright and rosy of a morning? I'm told, though, that he has a real voice, and that a Mr. Graham Bell has caught its sound.

And long ago, when the world was a good deal younger and, perhaps, quicker-eared than it is now, a man named Pythagoras said: "The stars in moving produce a heavenly melody which they who are wise may hear"; and that melody he called "the music of the spheres."

Perhaps Pythagoras was right; but, even if he was not, why here in our day, as the dear Little School-ma'am tells me, stands Mr. Graham Bell, and in his hand is a piece of rounded glass called a lens; this he sets up so that it will gather and send on their way side by side some of those parts of a sun-beam that are called "dark rays,"—all you youngsters who have learned about the spectroscope will know what they are,—these dark rays he lets fall upon the flat surface of a delicate telephone, and immediately a musical note sounds forth; and that is one tone of the great Sun's voice!

So, then, perhaps there may be literal truth as well as sublime poetry in the solemn phrase which I once heard Deacon Green chanting over and over to himself:

"The Morning Stars sang together  
And all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

#### ANSWERING VOICES.

TALKING of the Sun's Voice and those who answer it reminds me that, according to the Little School-ma'am and, doubtless, other authorities, there was in ancient Egypt talk of a certain stone statue of Memnon, seated, gazing eastward across the Nile. This statue was said to give forth a musical note as soon as the sun shone upon it in the morning, and it sang all day long; but when the sun sank in the west, the stone sent up a wailing cry, as if in farewell to the dying light.

Now was n't this a noble old statue? ST. NICHOLAS\* has told you all about this appreciative stone gentleman, but I thought it well, just here, to call him to mind.

#### WHITE CROWS AND OTHER CROWS.

YOUR Jack lately overheard Deacon Green telling the Little School-ma'am that, one day last spring, when he was strolling with a friend in a beautiful Connecticut valley, two white crows and two black ones flew over his head in company; and he added that he had seen a white blackbird, but never until then had he seen white crows.

A wood-wanderer down in Florida sends word of another queer crow. Says he: "I had tripped, and bumped my forehead against a tree, and was stooping over a quiet pool to examine my hurt in the watery mirror, when a harsh, unfeeling voice behind me cried, 'Haw, haw!'" It was just as if a man had laughed in derision, and I turned quickly, feeling a little out of temper at what I thought the rudeness of a perfect stranger. Looking up, I saw on a branch not far away a black crow, sitting as gravely as a judge. Just then his bill opened, and

[\* See ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1874, page 695.—ED.]



out of it sounded the hoarse 'Haw, haw!' again. Of course that set me laughing, and away flew the 'perfect stranger,' no doubt deeply shocked at my want of politeness!"

#### HEARING PLANTS GROW.

DEAR JACK: Near my home is a field where the corn stands in rows like the rank and file of an army; and I love to watch it as I lie and swing in my hammock beneath the trees. One warm but damp summer-night, I lay there wide awake and quite still, and the moonlight fell upon me from between the leaves without flickering, for there was not a sigh of wind to stir them: even the plumes and tassels in the neighboring corn-army were quiet. But all at once there came a shy little sound, then another, and several more, and each was like the sudden tearing of a piece of soft paper, low but distinct. And all the while the air was motionless. And do you know, dear Jack, I really believe that then and there I actually heard the corn grow, and that those little sounds were made by the bursting of the sheaths of its buds? Of course, I know anybody might say: "Pshaw! The idea!—you must have been dreaming!" But I was wide awake, and I do not think I was mistaken.—Yours truly, AMICE G.

Perhaps Amice did hear in the great stillness the breaking of the sheaths and the pushing out of the budding growths. But, any way, Jack has just heard that, by applying a new-fangled electrical affair, men have made the growing of a plant show its progress to the eye, by the motion of a pointer around a dial, and have compelled it to make itself heard at short intervals by the regular tinkle of a bell! What next?

#### A BUTTERFLY BRANCH.

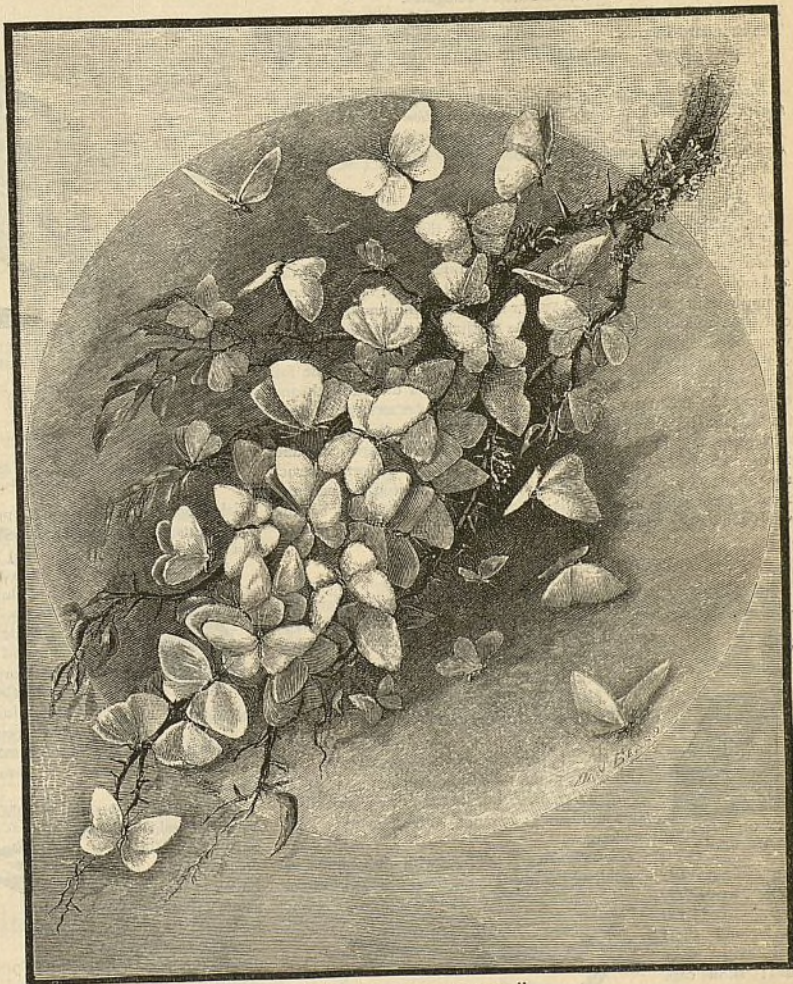
Now and then on summer days some beautiful member of the Scale Wing tribe pays a flying visit to your Jack's neighborhood. And right pleasant it is to see him hover a moment in the air,—and alight on some sweet blossom, slowly opening and folding up his mottled wings,—and next floating away in the sunshine, hither and thither, as light and free as if he were a sprite from Fairy-land. Well, my dears, here is a picture of some pretty creatures of this kind, and here, too, is the true story about them:

During the summer a party of grown-ups were camping-out somewhere in Wisconsin, and one day they saw at a little distance a tree-branch with

what seemed to be its own white blossoms having a rare frolic with the wind; for they were blowing off, and blowing on again, fluttering up and down, and circling about, in a very frisky way. But on going close up it was found that what had appeared to be flying flowers really were a score or more of butterflies clustering around the branch,—a sort of surprise party of white-winged beauties.

Your Jack has heard, too, that in Monterey, California, there are three pine-trees called "the Butterfly trees" because for at least twelve years they have been covered almost all the time with live butterflies. The trees measure about eighteen inches through the trunk, and they bear quite as many butterflies as they have leaves.

It may be that these particular trees give out an



"THE BUTTERFLY BRANCH."

odor or yield a sap which the butterflies like very much; but my birds have not told me yet about this, and perhaps one of you youngsters will be the first to explain to me why butterflies are attracted in such numbers to these curious perching-places.



## THE MAGIC PEN.

(An Operetta for the Children.)

BY E. S. BROOKS,  
Author of "The Land of Nod."

## CHARACTERS.

The Lord of the Magic Pen.  
Mr. Fact, and Prince Fable:—His Councilors.  
Fancy Bright, and High Desire:—Petitioners on behalf of the children.  
Columbus, Joan of Arc, and Washington:—Followers of Fact.  
Jack the Giant-Killer, Cinderella, and Robinson Crusoe:—Followers of Fable.  
The Gnome Man. Puck, the Pen's Messenger.  
The Herald from Gnome Man's Land.  
Dolly, Dot, and Dick:—The children's delegates.  
The Musical Frolics. The Page of the Pen.  
The Standard-Bearer. The Elephant Driver.  
The Elephant.

Half of this operetta is given in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, so that all who wish to study it for representation may take up the first part of it now. The concluding portion will be given next month, in ample time for preparation for the holidays.

## NOTES.

The design of this operetta is to suggest that under all its song and show lurks a meaning, to the effect that children's stories, to be effective, must combine all the elements of interest and fancy, of fact and fable. The costumes here set down can be added to or departed from according to facilities at hand or the taste of the managers. The construction and management of the mechanical effects introduced, viz., the Elephant and the Gnome Man, are known to all, and can be undertaken by supple and willing young men. The full effect of the presentation will be found to lie in the strength and training of the Chorus of Frolics, which should be as large as practicable (not less than six; and fifteen if possible), in the accuracy of movement, and in the proper attention to stage arrangements and details. The bell accompaniment to the choruses, the proper construction of the Gnome Man (or dwarf), the elephant and his car, and the artistic arrangements of the tableaux, require most care, but the result will amply repay the labor expended.

## COSTUMES AND ACCESSORIES.

*The Lord of the Pen.* Student's gown of black silk; blouse of cardinal, black velvet, and gold. Under-graduate's cap, such as is worn in English colleges, surmounted with imitation quill-pen in silver; gray beard, scepter, cardinal stockings, and slippers.



HAT OF "HIGH DESIRE."

*Mr. Fact.* A straight-cut modern black suit, high black silk hat, cane and eyeglasses.

*Prince Fable.* Prince's suit of pale blue, white, and silver; pale blue stockings, slippers, cap with white plume; cloak to match.

*Fancy Bright.* Pink tarlatan dress, with silver stars and bands; coronet, with silver star; pink stockings.

*High Desire.* A tall boy, with high conical or Tyrolean hat. Black, gold, and cardinal court dress; cloak of same.

*The Page of the Pen.* Cardinal blouse and short cloak, with silver braid; skull cap, same colors; cardinal stockings. He bears the Magic Pen on a large cushion of black or crimson.



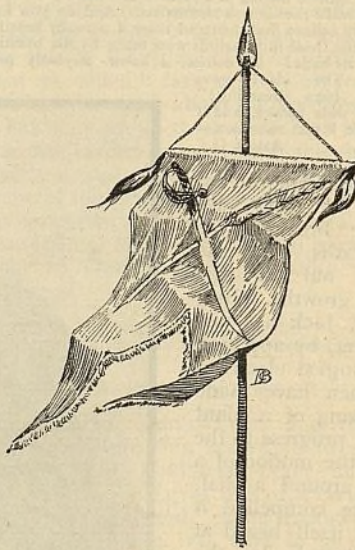
CUSHION AND MAGIC PEN.

*Columbus.* Underdress of lavender silesia, puffed sleeves; overdress: purple, trimmed with gold braid; lavender stockings; som-

brero, with lavender or white plumes. (See picture on any five-dollar greenback.)

*Joan of Arc.* See picture in Tuckey's Joan of Arc (Putnam, publisher); short purple dress, purple cap, with white plumes; armor of silver and gold.

*George Washington.* Continental suit (see picture in Lossing's



THE BANNER.

Field-Book of the Revolution); sword; blue coat, buff trimmings; buff pants, lace ruffles; three-cornered cap, black stockings, buckles on shoes.

*Jack the Giant-Killer.* Blouse of green and buff, red sash, long gray stockings, cap, with red plume; sword and bugle.



GNOME MAN'S CAP.

*Cinderella.* Fancy ball-dress of white tarlatan, with gold stars and bands; train; veil; band for hair.



THINKING-CAP.

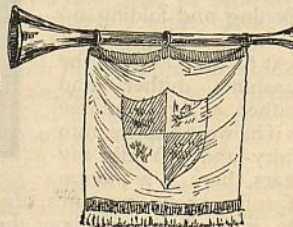
*Robinson Crusoe.* Brownish Canton flannel blouse or frock, the rough side out, sleeveless; pointed cap of same; gray leggings, strapped across above the knee; belt, with pistol; stuffed or imitation parrot on shoulder; gun.

*The Standard-Bearer.* Tight-fitting suit of cream-white, with bands of gold and cardinal put on, military style; cream-white stockings; buckles; fatigue cap of same, with cardinal and gold bands.

*Dolly, Dot, and Dick.* Ordinary children's dress, with ulsters over coats, and hats or caps on. They each carry a toy balloon.

*Puck.* Dressed as a "District messenger-boy."

*The Frolics.* Fifteen little girls dressed in white tarlatan, as nearly alike as possible; gauze wings, white stockings, white shoes; each with chime of bells.



HERALD'S TRUMPET.



*The Elephant Driver.* Moorish dress, white blouse, turban; half-bare arms, bracelets; large gold circlets in ears.

*The Elephant,* constructed as in engraving, p. 156, "Art of Amusing," or as shown in "John Spooner's Great Human Menagerie," St. NICHOLAS for April, 1875.

*The Gnome Man,* as in illustration, pp. 94 and 95, "Art of Amusing." His dress is of dark blue, pale blue, and silver; Phrygian cap of same.

*The Book Car.* Platform fitting over a good-sized child's wagon, so arranged that it can be drawn by the two boys who represent the elephant; the back made in imitation of a book-cover.

*The Throne and Drapery.* Canopy draped with green and silver,

with trimmings of crimson and gold; background, maroon; chair, same.

*The Gnome Man's Alcove.* A curtained dais, which may be set in a recess; drape with Turkey red.

*Other Properties.* The banner should be cardinal, with the device of a quill pen in silver crossing a broken sword, in gold, and is lined with pale blue. Three toy balloons for Dot, Dolly, and Dick. Two thinking-caps, like polo caps; one of crimson and gold, and one of blue and silver.

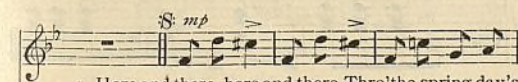
*The Herald.* Brown blouse and cloak trimmed with red, blue, and gold braid; skull-cap, with same colors; trumpet of cardinal and gold, and blue and silver drapery.

### THE OPERETTA.

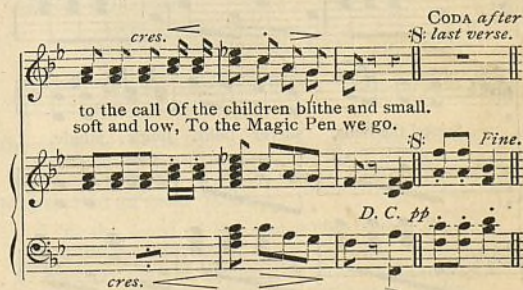
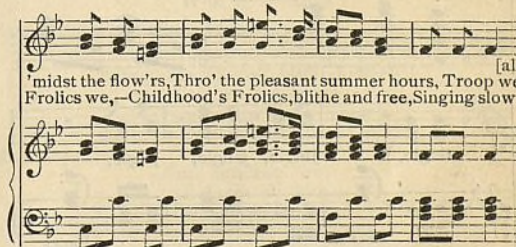
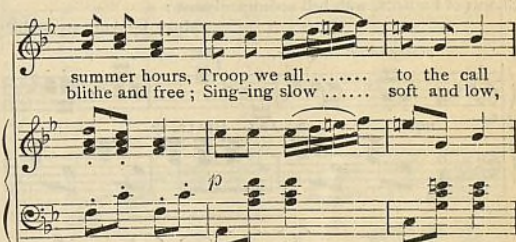
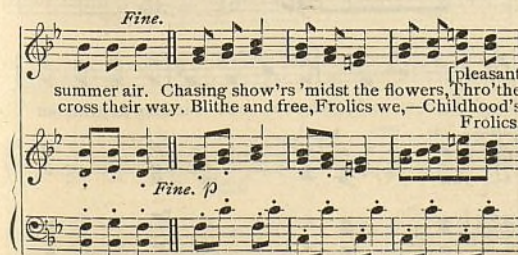
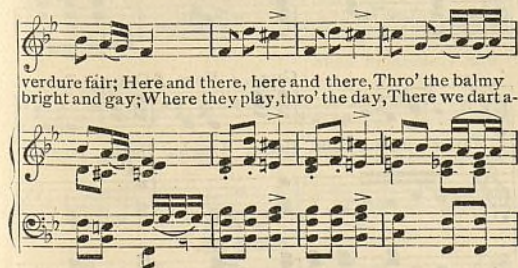
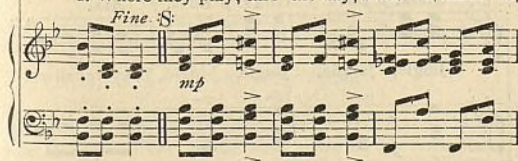
SCENE.—Court of the Lord of the Magic Pen. Throne—empty.  
Enter the FROLICS, singing:

Music by Anthony Reiff.\*

*This Symphony before each verse.*  
*Allegretto.*



1. Here and there, here and there, Thro' the spring day's
2. Where they play, thro' the day, Race we, chase we,



\* Copyright, 1881, by Anthony Reiff.



Enter FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE. BOTH SPEAK:

We're Fancy Bright and High Desire!  
Reaching, ever, high and higher,  
Ours the hands that never tire,  
Ours the feet that climb—  
As we build for childish pleasure  
All the joys that children treasure,  
As we set to childish measure  
Life's sweet morning-chime.

They who take are ever yearning,  
Still for new delights are burning;  
So we hasten,—turning, turning,  
From the homes of men.  
On the mighty Master calling,  
For some childish tale enthralling,  
From the store that's ever falling  
From the Magic Pen.

Chorus of FROLICS, with bell accompaniment:

Music by Anthony Reiff.\*

*Allegretto. Scherzo.*

*mp* *Ped. BELLS. \**

*Ped. BELLS. \**

Tingle, tangle,

L.H. R.H.

tingle, Jingle, jangle, jingle,

BELLS. BELLS.

Sound the bells, sil-ver bells. Jingle, jangle,

jingle. Tingle, tangle, tingle,

*Ped. BELLS. \**

Jingle, jangle, jingle, Sing the bells,

BELLS.

ring the bells, Jingle, jangle, jingle.

GIRLS. *f* BOYS. *f* GIRLS. *f* BOYS. *f* ALL.

Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, Jangle, Thus we call our

*fz*

GIRLS. *f* BOYS. *f* GIRLS. *f* BOYS. *f*

Master with our bells. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, Jangle,

*fz* *fz*

Thus we call, Thus we call our Mas-ter with our

\* Copyright, 1881, by Anthony Reiff.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



bells. Thus we call, Thus we call our Master with our  
 bells. Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, Merry  
*tr. tr. tr. tr.*  
 BELLS, till end of Voice part.  
 bells. BELLS. *8va*.....  
*pp* Ped. BELLS.

FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE, together:

O Master of the Magic Pen,  
 Great Wizard of the Brain,  
 Come—as we voice our wishes here!  
 Come—mighty Master; quick—appear!  
 Nor let us call in vain:  
 Now, as we lift our song again,  
 Come—Master of the Magic Pen!

Chorus of FROLICS, as before.

Enter MASTER OF THE MAGIC PEN, seated on his book-chariot, drawn by elephant in charge of elephant driver. The MASTER is preceded by the STANDARD-BEARER, and followed by the PAGE OF THE PEN (who bears the Pen on a velvet cushion), and by MR. FACT and PRINCE FABLE. FROLICS salute with chorus, as follows:

Music by Anthony Reiff.\*

*Maestoso.*  
 Hail! hail! hail! Prince of the thoughts of men!  
*f*  
 Hail! hail! hail! Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail! hail!

hail! Prince of the thoughts of men! Hail! hail! hail!  
 Lord of the Magic Pen! hail! hail!  
 hail! hail!  
 Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail!  
*f*

MASTER:

Who is it calls?

FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE:

We, gracious Master!—  
 Fancy Bright and High Desire.  
 To thee we haste  
 (Thought flies not faster),  
 And for thy boundless aid aspire;

Kneel before him.

And bending low,  
 Before thy feet,  
 With joy and love  
 Our sovereign greet.

MASTER descends from car and ascends the throne; standing before it, says to DRIVER:

Lead off the car.  
 But wait without until I call, and then  
 Bear me to other fields afar,  
 Where countless labors waiting are  
 Still for the Magic Pen.

DRIVER salams low and leads off elephant-car. STANDARD-BEARER and PAGE stand at foot of throne; FACT and FABLE stand higher, at right and left of MASTER.

MASTER, from the throne, standing:

I'm the Lord of the wonderful Magic Pen;  
 I'm the Master of every Tongue,  
 And my stories old for the children I've told,  
 Since the days when the earth was young.

\* Copyright, 1881, by Anthony Reiff.



Far back, far back, in the misty years,  
In the young world's morning glory,  
My Magic Pen for the children then  
Traced many a wondrous story.

And the ages came and the ages fled;  
But still has my Pen kept going,  
And the children small love the stories all  
That fast from the Pen are flowing.

And so, Fancy Bright and High Desire,  
You shall have what to give I am able—  
With the aid of the Pen and my Councilmen—  
My servitors—Fact and Fable.

Seats himself.

FANCY:

I 'm Fancy Bright!

HIGH DESIRE:

I 'm High Desire!

FANCY:

Mine are the schemings,

HIGH DESIRE:

Mine the fire,

BOTH:

That still with thought,  
Mount high and higher  
In every childish brain.

FANCY:

And the children,  
Ever yearning,  
Now for something  
New, are burning.

HIGH DESIRE:

Some new story,  
Wonder-turning,  
Ask they now again.

BOTH, kneeling at foot of throne:

Mighty Master,  
Give us, give us  
Something grand that shall outlive us,  
That shall stir the hearts of men.  
Then should Fancy  
And Desire  
Never more to lead aspire;  
This might lift the children higher  
By the mighty Magic Pen.

MASTER:

What ho, my trusty page!  
Give quick, give free,  
The Magic Pen.

PAGE, kneeling, presents the pen.

Now Fact, now Fable,  
Come to me,  
And say what shall  
This story be,  
To touch the children's ken!  
Quick, Page,  
The thinking-caps for both.

PAGE presents caps to FACT and FABLE.

MASTER continues:

Think Fact—think Fable.  
Be not loath  
To guide the Magic Pen.

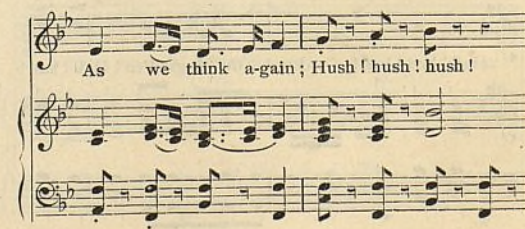
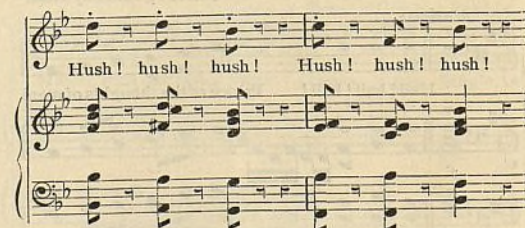
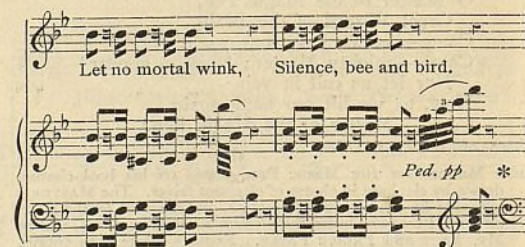
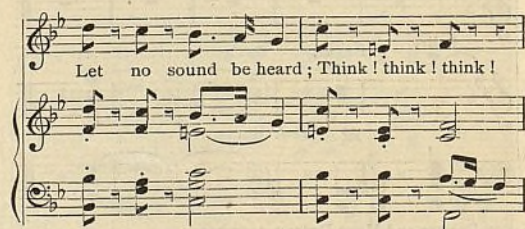
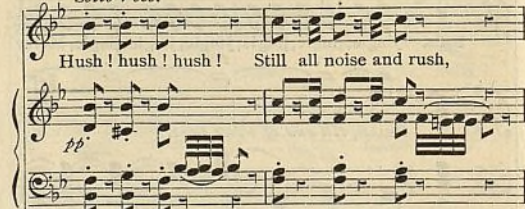
FACT and FABLE place the thinking-caps on their heads, fold their arms, and pace slowly up and down the stage, lost in thought, while the FROLICS sing very soft and low this chorus:

Music by Anthony Reiff.\*

*Moderato con Misterioso.*



*Sotto Voce.*



\* Copyright, 1881, by Anthony Reiff.



As we think a-gain; Hush! For the Magic  
Pen, For the Mag-ic Pen, For the Mag-ic  
Pen.

MR. FACT, removing cap and bowing to the throne:

I am plain Mr. Fact, always ready to act  
In the service of sense or of reason;  
Let, O Master, the Pen, for the children of men,  
Give but *facts*—which are always in season;  
For the truth is the truth! and a lie is a lie!  
Howsoever in jewels you dress it;  
If my speech is too plain, I regret—but in vain  
Can I seek for soft words to express it.  
Let the little ones know that their duties below  
They must do just as conscience impels them;  
Let them read every day only *facts*, I should say,  
In the stories that History tells them.

Bows and steps aside to the right.

PRINCE FABLE, removing cap and bowing to throne:

No, Master, no! oh, write not so,  
Lest dull and dry thy stories wither;  
Bring joy and light, and pictures bright,  
And day-dreams tripping hither, thither.  
Let elf and fay the livelong day,  
Hold fast and rapt the childish fancies;  
While far and near, on childish ear,  
Fall only sounds of songs and dances.  
Age travels fast, youth soon is past.  
Let then the Pen, O Master, lighten  
The children's hour; thou hast the power  
Closed ears to ope, dull eyes to brighten.  
Let Mr. Fact, who knows not tact  
But simple sense, teach rule and table;  
The wondrous tale will more avail  
Than dull, dry facts—thus counsels Fable.

Bows and steps aside to the left.

MASTER, rising:

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"  
Thus, the Pen tells me, an old poet said—  
If so confusing must your counsels be,  
We might as well go home and get to bed;

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Nothing the children could obtain to-night—  
You are both wrong, and yet, you both are right.  
Your thinking-caps put on! seek further speech!—  
Or, stay! that sooner we the end may reach,—  
Ho, Fact and Fable, summon quickly here  
Some of the tales you 'd send the children dear.

FACT and FABLE, both:

Lift, Frolics all, the song and call,  
And bid our thoughts appear.  
Come, stories old, so often told,  
Come to the Master here.

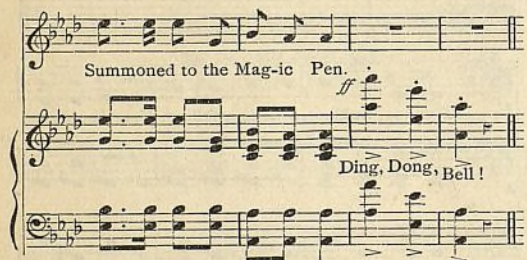
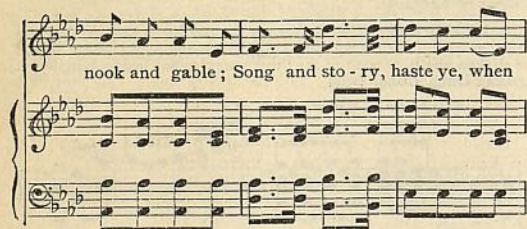
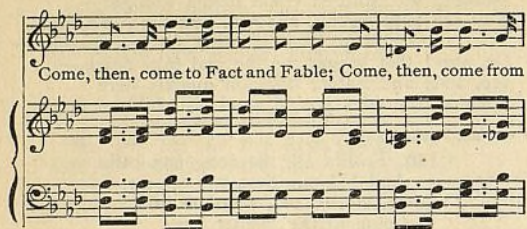
Chorus of FROLICS:

N. B.—The singers in this chorus should have bells, and shake them gently at each note they sing, like sleigh bells; these should be shaken loudly at each of the three notes in the closing symphony, marked Ding, Dong, Bell!

*Allegretto Moderato.  
Delicately.*

Tinkling, tinkling, swelling, falling, Hear our mystic  
bell-notes calling, Calling softly, call-ing slow-ly.  
While the children, loft-y, low-ly, Still are watching,  
still are waiting For our stories worth re-lat-ing.





Enter, right, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, CINDERELLA, and ROBINSON CRUSOE. They cross to PRINCE FABLE and bow to him. FABLE presents them before the throne.

Mighty Master—these *my* stories,  
Age-enshrined in childish glories,  
Jack the Giant-Killer, bold!

JACK bows to throne.

Cinderella, never old!

CINDERELLA bows to throne.

Crusoe, from his island-hold!

CRUSOE bows to throne,

Trooping here from field and fen,  
Take them, Master of the Pen!

MASTER:

You are welcome, Fables all,  
To the great Pen's council-hall.

PRINCE FABLE and his followers step aside. Then enter, left, COLUMBUS, JOAN OF ARC, and GEORGE WASHINGTON. They cross to MR. FACT and bow to him. FACT presents them before the throne:

These, the followers of Fact;  
Golden deed and glorious act,  
Each one here has known;  
Take, oh take them, Master mine,  
See in each a truth divine,  
Bending at thy throne.  
Great Columbus, ne'er afraid!

COLUMBUS bows to throne.

Fair Joan, the soldier-maid!

JOAN bows to throne.

Washington, the patriot staid!

WASHINGTON bows to throne.

Take them for thine own!

MASTER:

Hail, glorious Facts! the Magic Pen  
Records your virtues yet again.

FROLICS in chorus, speaking:

Valiant Facts and gleaming Fables,  
Trooping here from nooks and gables,  
You are welcome, welcome when  
Summoned by the Magic Pen.  
By each tinkling, tankling bell,  
Speak, we charge you, fair and well;  
Stories children love to hear,  
Tell now to our Master dear.

The followers of FACT and FABLE stand alternately before the MASTER and speak their lines, saluting him both before and after speaking.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, with spirit. (Let the "*tra-lil-la*" be in imitation of the notes of a bugle):

Where castles gleam, and banners stream  
By hill, and sea, and river;  
Where helmets flash, and chargers dash,  
And bright swords clash and shiver,  
I scour the land on every hand,  
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*  
My arm is strong; loud rings my song;  
I am Jack the Giant-Killer!

From Dover's boats to John O'Groats',  
From east to western waters,  
I ride in might, with armor bright,  
Beloved of England's daughters.  
And still my song rings loud and long,  
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*  
I fear no fray, come night or day,  
I am Jack the Giant-Killer!

With courage bright, I've faced in fight  
A score of monstrous giants;  
By pluck and art I played my part,  
And gave them hot defiance.  
They're met—they're slain! and o'er the plain,  
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*  
My arm is strong, loud rings my song—  
I am Jack the Giant-Killer.

MASTER:

Hail, mighty Jack! thy deeds so bold  
The Pen has told for centuries back.

Jack steps back

JOAN OF ARC:

Is there aught, O mighty Master,  
In the fairy tales of yore,  
Can surpass *my* wondrous story,  
Told the children o'er and o'er?

A simple maid of France,  
My dream-eyes saw in trance  
How king and country should be saved by me;  
My hand should bear the lance,  
My plume lead war's advance,  
My life-blood, pledged to France,  
Should set my country free.



So, not a whit dismayed,  
Nor once set sore afraid,  
By jeer or laugh, by insult, threat, or frown;  
In armor all arrayed,  
A simple soldier-maid,  
I led the cavalcade,  
And gave my land renown.

Up from the dust and mire,  
I raised my country higher,  
And crowned my king, victorious o'er his foes.  
Mine not to rest nor tire  
Till Right o'er Might aspire,  
Nor did I dread the fire  
That 'round me wrapped and rose.

By my story, mighty Master,  
I would show to girl and boy,  
Still may come—by faith and patience—  
Victory, glory, peace, and joy.

MASTER:  
Brave-hearted girl, full well I heed  
How, in your country's direst need,  
Your faith so strong gave victory then,  
As well records the Magic Pen.

JOAN steps back.

ROBINSON CRUSOE:

Never yet, O mighty Master,  
Was there boy in boyish days,  
But his heart beat fast and faster  
As he listened in amaze  
To my deeds of pluck and daring,  
Shipwrecked on the stormy main—  
How I struggled, nothing sparing  
Till I reached the land again.  
How I built my island fortress;  
How I lived from day to day;  
How I builded boats, and fashioned  
Useful things in wood and clay.  
Still my cats, and goats, and parrot,  
Still my dog and gun so sure,  
Still Man Friday, happy savage,  
In boy-hearts shall long endure.  
Restless eyes and breathless longing  
Tell how strong the story's strain,  
As the fancies, rushing, thronging,  
Crowd the busy, boyish brain.

MASTER:  
Heigh-ho! Poor old Robinson Crusoe!  
While your story lives, all boys will do so.  
But for pluck and for push still may boys and may men  
Profit well by the story you give to the Pen.

CRUSOE steps back.

COLUMBUS:

On Genoa's walls the sunlight falls,  
On Spain's fair fields of glory;  
And high and proud their legends crowd  
The page of ancient story.  
But, Master mine, not Genoa's line  
Nor knights of Spain were able  
To find, like me, across the sea,  
Realms only known in fable.

One summer day I sailed away  
Across the western waters,  
To where the breeze o'er sunset seas  
Fans dusky sons and daughters.  
In doubt and pain I sailed from Spain,  
But backward soon returning,  
Gave joy serene to king and queen—

(To be concluded next month.)

A new world, worth the earning!  
Mine were the hands that gave the lands,  
Mine all the praise and glory;  
And, teaching still the worth of will,  
I live in childish story.

MASTER:

And still, Columbus, shall your deeds again,  
For worlds new-told, live by the Magic Pen.

COLUMBUS steps back.

CINDERELLA:

Low in the meadows the daisies are springing,  
Lowly the violets hide 'neath the grass;  
High in the heavens the rainbow is swinging,  
Light o'er the hill-tops the bright sunbeams pass.

Patient and helpful, in silence and cinders,  
Never complaining, nor moaning her lot;  
Slaving, herself, while no pleasure she hinders,  
Work—her day's portion; at night—her hard cot.  
Hark! with a crash vanish kitchen and hearth-stone;  
Pumpkins are coaches—mice horses—rats men;  
Gorgeous in laces and jewels the maid shone;  
Come palace, come ball-room; come prince, joy,—  
and then—

Naught but once more cinders, hearth, and—a slipper  
Humbleness, drudgery, patience, and thought!  
Then—the shoe fits the fair feet of the tripper,  
Then the prince finds the *one* maiden he sought.

Low in the meadows the daisies were springing,  
Lowly the violets hid 'neath the grass;  
Now both wreath the bride's crown, while bells  
madly ringing  
Proclaim Cinderella a princess at last.

MASTER:

Cinderella, Cinderella! Shall I ever, lass, forget  
The glory of your story, that the Pen is writing yet?

CINDERELLA steps aside.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Truth is mighty, truth is noble;  
This my text, O Master mine;  
This the story to the children  
I would utter, line on line.

The hurrying years have rolled away,  
And turned a century's score,  
Since—captain of the patriot host—  
I fought at Freedom's fore.  
Years earlier, when a happy lad  
On fair Virginia's plains,  
I spoke the truth in spite of wrong,  
In spite of error's pains.  
My father's joy was blest reward  
For truth so fairly spoken,  
And from that day this rule I kept—  
"Let not your word be broken."  
Whatever now of great renown  
My name and fame surroundeth,  
Whatever glow of honest worth  
In my life-work aboundeth,  
To this firm rule is doubly due—  
This rule, to youth appealing:  
"Speak truth; stand firm for simple right;  
Avoid all double-dealing!"

MASTER:

Still, noble Washington, to teach  
To all the sons of men,  
Thy precepts,—to time's farthest reach,  
In every land, in every speech,—  
Shall flow the Magic Pen.

WASHINGTON steps aside.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

## THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD HOME.

THE following letter from Master Willie P. Herrick was first printed in the *New York Evening Post*, of Sept. 27th, just as this number was going to press, but we gladly reprint it here, and hope it will be carefully considered by every reader of ST. NICHOLAS:

I felt very badly when our President died, and my brother and I think it would be very nice to have a home in the country for little sick children. Mamma thought that each little boy or girl could give from one cent up to twenty-five cents. We thought we could call it the Garfield Home, and we also thought it would be very nice to have a picture of President Garfield in it. We would like all little boys and girls to join in this. Please put this in the paper, and also put in for the parents to tell the children. WILLIE P. HERRICK.

WILLIE and TOTTIE,

Newport, Sept. 27th, 1881.

We wish to add our hearty praise to Willie's suggestion, and to say that we propose to enlist this magazine in the effort to carry it out. THE CENTURY CO., publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, have volunteered to receive and credit all subscriptions for the Garfield Home that may be sent them—the understanding that if the total amount subscribed should prove insufficient to found a home, it may be applied as a "Children's Garfield Fund" to the benefit of "The Poor Children's Summer Home," or some kindred charity of New York City. We believe there are thousands of boys and girls all over the land who felt as anxious an interest as their elders during the long weeks of President Garfield's illness, and as keen a grief at his death. And all such young folk will welcome Willie's suggestion and the offer of THE CENTURY CO. as an opportunity to fitly honor the memory of the good President by helping to accomplish a great practical good. Letters and subscriptions may be addressed to THE CENTURY CO., Union Square (North), N. Y.

For the further encouragement of all those who may wish to subscribe to the fund, we shall supplement Willie's letter by a sweet little letter from Nellie Satterlee Curtis, which came to us a few weeks ago, inclosing ten dollars to send five poor children of New York City on a week's visit to the Summer Home. We forwarded the letter and the money to the Superintendent, Mr. Fry, and received in reply the admirable letter which also is given in this "Letter-box." It shows clearly enough how much good could be done by the proposed "Garfield Home," and little calculation is needed to convince any reader of ST. NICHOLAS that a large sum can be quickly realized from a great number of small subscriptions. The project of the "Children's Garfield Home" is worthy alike of the good and great-hearted President and the generous, patriotic boys and girls of America.

Here is Nellie Curtis's letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is eight dollars, for four children to go to the place that was written about in ST. NICHOLAS last June,—but not this very last, but the summer before this. And this is the way of all of it. When Mamma read me that, I thought it was splendid, and I wished I could send the little girl in the picture that is down-stairs helping the tiny one down. But I had not two dollars. But soon after there was a picnic. It was fifteen cents on the cars to the place, and Papa gave me the money to go, and when it was Thursday, Mamma was sick and I was bound to go, till Mamma looked so sad in fear I should get hurt, and I did not go; and I just thought I would start with that fifteen cents and earn some more, and send a child to the sea-shore. And my Auntie she is awful kind, and gives so much, I just thought I would ask her if she would try and earn some. And Auntie she thanked me, she was so pleased. And most of the money was given me to buy things with, but I had rather send the children; and some I earned sewing, and other ways. And then when Mr. Pratt and Mr. Deitrich gave me some I thought I would start for another child, and that dear, sweet, precious Auntie she said she would try, and four dollars she sends, and her name is Harriet N. Austin, and four dollars I send, and I hope the children will be happy. I did not want the children to go till water-melons came. That piece in ST. NICHOLAS told in the picture how they loved it. Will you try and write in your paper if they have a splendid time? Oh, I wish I could see them so happy, because I have enjoyment all the time! And Auntie does like it so about the children, and every week she writes me just a beautiful letter! And I ought to be happy, and Cousin Mary she thinks I ought to be

good, when I have such good friends. When next summer comes, I hope some more can go with money I will have, and I will ask some other children and send awful poor sad ones. Good-bye.

NELLIE SATTERLEE CURTIS.

P. S.—What do you think! Mrs. Phebe Howe wrote my Auntie that her children would send me two dollars to send a child; and so, after my Papa had got the money fixed, here came two dollars from Louie and Emma Howe and their brother, and I am more pleased than for myself. And now another child will be happy, and I think it was so kind for them; and good Papa got it fixed to ten dollars in place of eight dollars.

And here is the letter from Mr. Fry, which, we are sure, will make generous little Nellie and her friends more than ever happy in having saved and sent the money:

BATH, L. I., Aug. 27, 1881.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. Macy, our assistant secretary, has just brought me a very sweet letter from Nellie Satterlee Curtis, inclosing ten dollars, to send five little girls who are not so fortunate as she, to spend a week each at the Children's Summer Home, Bath, L. I. Only a little girl with a heart warm, pure, and tender, while surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, would have thought of the two hundred and forty destitute children at the Home, and so we value her kind words. I hope you will thank her even more for them than for the money. I have sent for five little girls from the neighborhood of Cherry and Water streets, in New York, and they will come Monday prepared to enjoy a week with us. When they come I will read Nellie's letter to them, so that they may know they are indebted to her and her little friends for the pleasant time they will have. Perhaps I may get them to write to her, or, if not, then I will write, and tell her all about them that I think will in any way interest her.

I wonder if Nellie and the other little girls know that we have a new Home, larger and finer in every way than the one she read about in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1880? It may interest them to know something about it; but I must make the story very short, for you may well imagine the guardian of two hundred and forty little girls has but little time to spare for letter-writing.

The old Home, very near here, was small—an old-fashioned house with but scanty room inside, and not very spacious grounds surrounding it. Not much space for romping, and swinging, and such other amusements as children love. Then, too, the dormitories were small, so that we could only have about a hundred and fifty children there at one time, and were obliged to turn away a number of poor little girls, who would have enjoyed a week at the sea-shore. But, worst of all, we only rented the house, and did not know but we might have to give it up, and so would have no Home at all. But one day Mr. A. B. Stone thought he would go down to Bath and see the children in their Summer Home. Well, he came, and saw how happy they were; and, just like little Nellie, he said, "I want to have more children enjoy a week in the country," and so he bought for twenty thousand dollars a beautiful piece of land called Bath Park. It is about as big as Union Square in New York City, and fronts right on the bay outside of the Narrows. It has a grassy knoll, shaded by a number of large trees. There is a very large pavilion, that makes a fine play-ground for the children in wet weather. Mr. Stone gave all this beautiful land to the New York Children's Aid Society. They put up a nice large building and furnished it, so that now the poor children who attend the industrial schools of New York will have a Summer Home by the sea for all time to come. We have a large dormitory, one hundred and ten by forty feet, and two smaller ones about forty feet square, giving us ample room for two hundred and fifty little folks. Our dining-room is large enough to seat the entire number at once. We have a nice kitchen, a laundry, a wash-room for the children, a room where they keep their clothing, twenty-eight swings, and a merry-go-round with seats for twenty-two. So you see we are not badly off. Then we have a beautiful sandy beach, and the Atlantic Ocean for a bath-tub. Once a day the children bathe, and I am sure you would be greatly amused to see perhaps a hundred and sixty little girls splashing and screaming with delight, while the teacher in charge stands upon the shore, looking a little like a hen with young ducks. From the bath they go to the dining-room, where a bountiful meal awaits them. They have roast beef, potatoes, bread and butter, and rice-pudding for dinner to-day, and the nice salt bath has sharpened their appetites. From the dining-room they make a grand rush for the swings and the merry-go-round. Some gather in little groups about the trees, while many form rings, and so they amuse themselves until supper-time. We have ten cows, that supply us with pure country milk, and I assure you the children enjoy their wholesome supper of bread and milk. After supper comes a walk on the beach, or a stroll through the fields in search of wild flowers. Then



the retiring-bell rings, a hymn is sung, and soon they are tucked away in their clean little beds, and lost in a refreshing sleep, that lasts until the sun, peeping in at the window, calls them to another day of fun and frolic. And so the week slips away like a long picnic. On Saturday they go home on the train, and on Monday another company of two hundred and fifty is whirled out from the crowded city in the same way—many, perhaps, getting their first view of the beautiful country. I often wonder what they think of their small, dark, and dirty bedrooms at home as they contrast them with our large, clean dormitory, with its snowy sheets and woven-wire mattresses. I am sure they must long to return, and must feel very grateful for all the comfort and fun of the week.

I have told you something about the Home in this letter, and I think now it would, perhaps, have been better had I told you more about the children and the wretched homes they live in. Twenty-five hundred little girls have already spent a week each at the Home this season, and a thousand boys are anxiously waiting for the first Monday in September, so that they may visit us.

Sincerely your friend,

CHAS. R. FRY.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., of London, for their courtesy in permitting us to copy, as the frontispiece of the present number, their beautiful engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Miss Frances Harris.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was twelve years old last week, and my sister decorated two dozen sheets of writing paper with water-color pictures, in the upper left-hand corners, for my birthday present. Every sheet is different, and some are very pretty. Perhaps the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who have a taste for painting would like to know how to decorate paper like this for Christmas presents. Many pretty pictures can be taken from this magazine. Fluffy is a very cunning little girl to paint. The poem and illustrations about her are in the May number, 1877. Another good thing for painting is in the February number of the same year; it is three little children crying. Each figure makes a complete picture.

First draw the outline of the picture with a lead-pencil, tint it with water-color laid on very thin, and then re-line with burnt sienna. It is best to use paper without lines. For a child that can not write straight without them, get watered lines. —Your little friend,

BEATRICE BROWN.

PEORIA, Sept. 15, '81.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in the September number how to make corn-husk dolls. I made some the day I got the ST. NICHOLAS, and they look very funny. I am sorry the corn is gone, because I can't make any more dolls. I like to read the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

IRENE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your English readers and reside at Congleton. I am thirteen years of age. I have read your stories by Mrs. Oliphant of Lady Jane Grey and Mary, Queen of Scots, and since reading them I have been to Westminster Abbey and the Tower. I looked with great interest at the tombs in the Abbey, and like your correspondents, Carl and Norris, I saw the monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, and also that of her rival, Queen Elizabeth. I saw the fac-simile of the letter in James I.'s handwriting, giving directions respecting the building of the monument to his mother. I also saw the chapel where Queen Elizabeth's tomb is placed, and where Oliver Cromwell, and John Bradshaw, who presided at the trial of Charles I., were buried; but it was stated that the bodies were taken away from there after the Restoration. I felt all the more interest in this because Bradshaw was born a short distance from this town, and was the mayor in 1637. For many years he lived in this town, and fearful stories about ghosts with clanking chains haunting the house used to be told to our grandfathers when they were children. I saw where Queen Elizabeth was lodged as a prisoner while in the Tower, as well as the great keep built by William the Conqueror, and the Traitor's Gate, and the gloomy-looking tower called the Bloody Tower. I thought most about Lady Jane Grey, and where she was beheaded, and where the two princes were murdered and buried. I saw what seemed to me to look awful,—a block which had been used in the beheading of Lord Lovat, and some other noblemen, in 1745, and the marks where the ax had struck the block, and the ax used for beheading; also the mask of the executioner. I thought of Lady Jane Grey laying her head down on such a block. I shuddered, and was glad I was living in a less barbarous age.

ADA BUXTON STATHAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can interest some of the readers of the Letter-box by telling them of a Pig-a-graph from which I had great pleasure. I took an old account-book, and asked each person I knew to draw a pig in it with their eyes shut, and then sign their name under it. —Your constant reader,

W. MENGEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried making soap-bubbles with a spool, by Maie Stevenson's direction, and succeeded nicely. The bubbles

were very large, and blue, pink, and yellow, and as they floated off, the colors looked like colored pearl set in the bubbles. I wrote this to show you that the spool is a success.

A READER.

SANDY KNOLL, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think many of your readers may like to know, if they have not already found out, what pretty little things can be made out of the good ends of burnt matches.

I will try and describe to you as well as I can how I made a house, which, kept carefully as a "show-thing," has lasted a long time. Of

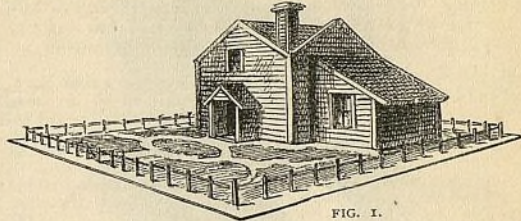


FIG. 1.

course any one who is fond of using his wits and fingers for pretty presents can try other things—churches, dog-kennels, pin-trays, and so forth. I am only going to tell of one house, the first I ever made.

The materials needed are old wooden matches, of which you must first make a great collection, card-board for the foundation, mica or very thin glass for the windows, and glue and a paint-box; also a sharp

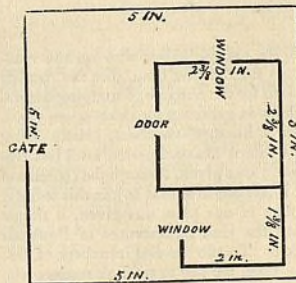


FIG. 2.

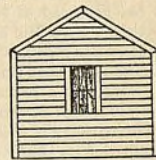


FIG. 3.

knife is indispensable. Take a piece of thickish white card-board, about five inches square, and toward one corner draw the plan of your house, and paint the floors of both rooms with red and blue tiles.

The walls are made of matches, and you see in Fig. 2 are 2 1/2 inches by 2 1/2, and 1 1/2 inches by 2, for the large and small room respectively.

Fig. 3 shows how the matches are cut and glued together, and how the window is cut out and finished. At the back of the framed

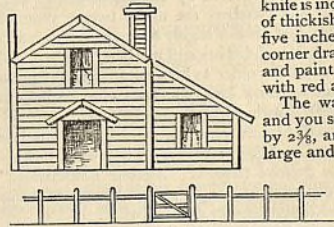


FIG. 4.

window-holes mica or thin glass is fastened, and two thin cross-splinters are then delicately glued in front to form the panes. White paper blinds are put inside, while crimson curtains and a red pot containing a green bushy plant are also painted inside on the mica or glass, and give a charming effect. Fig. 4 is the front view of the house, and shows both rooms, their windows, the rustic porch, and the chimney. The backs and the left sides of both rooms are quite plain.

Now glue the walls down in their proper places, pressing them well together, and do not be afraid of the glue, as it helps to stop up any little gaps, and makes the little dwelling snugly free from draughts.

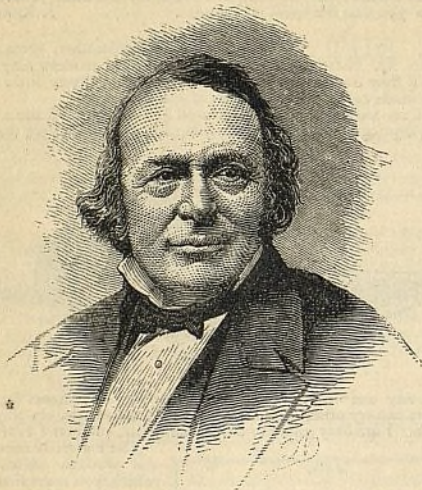
Before putting the roof on, fasten down to the floors of the rooms any little furniture, such as a three-legged table made of a cross-section of a sugar-cane and three points of wood, a wee wooden dresser, and so on.

The roof for the main room is in two pieces, and made the same way as the walls, and is just glued in so as to make two sloping sides from the topmost point of the back and front, but no gables, and you will find the right and left walls make two triangles which stand up from the roof and form a pretty addition to the whole effect. The small room should have deep projecting gables. The chimney is shown in Fig. 4. Paint the card-board round about green for grass, and lay out the garden with walks as your fancy suits you, and for proper gravel-walks gum them and sprinkle with sand till well covered. Put bits of mossy bark in appropriate places and make as rustic a garden as you can, and finally inclose it all with a fence and gate. —Yours truly,

EMILY H. S., 15 1/2 years.



## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—EIGHTH REPORT.



It may be well to explain to the many children who are now reading the pages of ST. NICHOLAS for the first time, that the Agassiz Association is a society organized for the purpose of studying natural objects. The Association has been in existence for about seven years, but has consisted of less than a hundred members, chiefly living among the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, until last November, when a general invitation was given, through the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, to all who were interested in nature, to join this society.

At that time a general outline of our plan was given, a simple constitution was presented, and the kind indorsement of Professor Alexander Agassiz was noticed. To the several numbers of ST. NICHOLAS since October, 1880, then, we beg to refer all readers who would know more of our society. We will repeat, however, that the invitation to membership is unrestricted by considerations of age, ability, or place. Most of our members are under twenty years of age, many are not yet ten; but we are happy to count in our ranks a large and increasing number of fathers and mothers, teachers and college professors. We need the older to help us answer the questions of the younger, and we must have the little ones to help us puzzle those who have been growing wise for many years.

Our plan is to have small branch societies, consisting of not less than four members, formed in different towns. These local "chapters," while adopting the general name of "Agassiz Association," and conforming to our constitution, are at perfect liberty to frame their own by-laws and arrange their own plans of work.

There is no initiation fee to be paid to the Central Lenox Chapter, and nothing is required of the chapters excepting a monthly report of progress, including such details as names of new members, reports of discoveries, accounts of expeditions, etc.

It is our aim to make the Agassiz Association direct its members to courses of reading, to methods of observation and collection, answer their questions when not too difficult, and help them to exchanges among themselves of such duplicate specimens as they may have to spare. Since last November we have heard from about twelve hundred young people, nearly all of whom have become active and enthusiastic members.

While we prefer to have independent local chapters formed, wherever four persons can be found who take sufficient interest in what lies in the fields about them, yet when it happens that only one or two wish to join, we have arranged to receive them as corresponding members of our home chapter at Lenox, on the same terms as we receive the boys of our own academy, viz.: the payment of twenty-five cents initiation fee, and the agreement to send us a monthly report on some subject agreed on between them and the president. These reports are read at the meetings of our Lenox chapter as a regular part of our proceedings. Among the questions most uniformly put to us by new correspondents have been these:

"How can I join the Association? How can I make a cabinet? How can I catch insects? How can I kill them? How can I preserve them? How am I to press flowers?"

All these questions have been carefully answered and illustrated in previous reports of the A. A., and we must request new members not to repeat these inquiries, but to refer to the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

When a new chapter is formed, there are two items which the secretary thereof should always make a point of noting in his first letter to us. 1st. The names of all the members. 2d. The special branch of study in which each is interested.

Now, in accordance with our report of last month, we will allow a few of our friends to have the floor:

"ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt.

"DEAR SIR: We are a 'Chapter' of the Agassiz Association, No. 83; and are trying to improve our minds in natural history by corresponding with persons interested in that science, and exchanging specimens.

"We first started about the last of February, and painted and papered our room for meetings, and made cabinet cases, which we have already filled. We have two hundred minerals, as many shells, and over one hundred insects. We have also deposited in the savings-bank a number of dollars which we have earned. We wish to correspond with others and to exchange minerals and other specimens.

F. F. FLETCHER, Pres., Box 368."

We would suggest that applications for exchange be more definite, and expressed in as few words as possible—for example:

The Lenox, Mass., Chapter will exchange labeled specimens of sea-weed for mounted and labeled wild flowers of Colorado.

It is well also, in asking for exchanges, to be rather too modest than too bold in your requirements. One member seems to err a trifle in this regard, for he writes:

"I have two bugs which I wish to exchange for a piece of gold ore and silver ore."

Still, it depends on the bugs!

We must make room for a bright letter from a little Bennington, Vt., girl of eleven. It shows how to study without a text-book.

"DEAR MR. BALLARD: I would like to join the Agassiz Association, if you please. I make little discoveries in a pool of dead water near our house. Of course, what I call discoveries, is finding out things without looking in a book.

"In the pool there are some things that I call snails, but they are black, and their shells don't look like snails' shells. One day I took two old pans and filled them with water. Then I caught some of the snails and put them into the pans. They had horns. I took some water-soaked leaves out of the pool and most of them had a kind of substance like yellow jelly full of white specks on them. The snails ate the decayed leaves greedily, but after they had had one 'square meal,' they did n't seem to eat any more for a long time.

"Their shells are fastened to their necks I think—for they take every part of their bodies out of their shells except their necks.

"Pretty soon the little white specks began to come out of the jelly. I looked at them closely, and they were baby snails. They were white, and had little shells on.

"Some of them fastened on to the shells of the big snails and went sailing around with them. The longest of the big snails were half an inch long. I call these things snails because they look more like them than anything else; but I wish you would tell me what they really are.—Good-bye.

"IRENE PUTNAM."

Will some member of the A. A. please express an opinion on this point?

"We have a red-cap's nest in our porch, and would like to cage them for pets, but do not know what to feed them on, or whether they would live in a cage. Please answer.

"MARGUERITE AND ALBERTA."

We are sure that, on second thought, no members of the A. A. will wish to "cage" any bird which has shown sufficient friendliness and confidence to nest so near their home. Watch the habits of the little red-caps and let them fly away.

It is now time to be on the watch for snow-crystals. Let them fall on a black cloth. Examine them through a hand-glass, and draw them as accurately as you can. We shall hope to receive a large number of drawings during the winter. Please remember always to note the temperature and the force of the wind at the time of observation. Write your letters on one side of the paper only; make them as terse as possible. Write your address very plainly, and inclose stamped envelope for reply. All such letters receive prompt attention.

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



"WHAT I  
CALL A  
SNAIL."



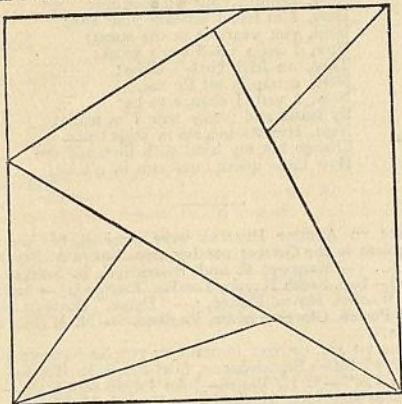


## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Paris. Finals, Seine. Cross-words: 1. Parnassus. 2. Adige. 3. Rimini. 4. IndiaN. 5. Seville.  
EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Harvest home—harvest moon.

PUZZLE FOR YOUNG SCISSORERS.



EASY HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Apron. Across: 1. TrAmP. 2. APe. 3. R. 4. COd. 5. HaNdY.—RIDDLE. Hearth.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-nine letters, and am Lord John Russell's definition of a proverb.

My 19-3-13 is a beverage. My 12-27-14-29-15 is currency. My 9-25-8-18 is a condition of the mind. My 11-23-17-7 is to discover. My 20-5-28-1 is to imply. My 22-16-26-24 is to cause to float. My 4-2-10-6-21 means belonging to whom.

ALICE K. M.

## ZIGZAG.

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READING ACROSS: 1. Close at hand. 2. To scorch. 3. A companion. 4. Four-sevenths of a young fowl. 5. A weed. 6. To satisfy. 7. The central part of fruit. 8. The rind. 9. Part of a window. 10. A town of Italy, made famous by the victory won there by Napoleon I. against the Austrians. 11. A division of a book. 12. To cast off. 13. To inform.

Zigzags, beginning at the top, spell a name by which "Hallow-e'en" is sometimes called.

## COMBINATION PUZZLE.

WHEN the following transpositions have been rightly made, the middle letter of each word, reading in the order here given, will name a festive occasion.

1. Transpose an old-fashioned conveyance, and make entrance-ways. 2. Transpose a pang, and make different. 3. Transpose kingly, and make a brilliant light. 4. Transpose an inhabitant of the "seven-hilled" city, and make a nobleman's estate. 5. Transpose a large nail, and make lances. 6. Transpose rescues, and make ornamental vessels. 7. Transpose a red color, and make a dishonest person. 8. Transpose delicate shades, and make to limit. 9. Transpose a herd of cattle, and make roamed. 10. Transpose a

EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS. 1. C-l-ow-n. 2. F-l-ir-t. 3. H-y-en-a. 4. P-e-ar-l.  
EASY SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures, kings."  
Richard III., Act V., Scene 2.

TWO WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Hides. 2. Ideal. 3. Delta. 4. Eaten. 5. Slant. II. 1. Champ. 2. Hagar. 3. Agate. 4. Mates. 5. Press.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Organ grinder.  
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Autumn laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves."  
TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam," Part XCIX.

Pl.

"You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!"  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in *The Boys*.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. REd. 3. ReArS. 4. PeaNuts. 5. DrUrY. 6. STY. 7. S.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Third line, Hallow-e'en. Fourth line, All Saints'. Cross-words: 1. AghAst. 2. ReAlly. 3. BaLLad. 4. NeLson. 5. CIOaks. 6. SaWIng. 7. BIENds. 8. BeETle. 9. CeNSus.

PROVERB REBUS. A penny saved is a penny earned.

ENIGMATICAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON. 1. Maine. 2. Massachusetts. 3. California. 4. New Jersey. 5. Maryland. 6. Idaho. 7. Indiana. 8. Florida. 9. Arizona. 10. Dakota. 11. Iowa. 12. Illinois. 13. Ohio. 14. Nebraska. 15. Oregon. 16. Minnesota. 17. Wisconsin. 18. Delaware. 19. Missouri. 20. Colorado.

slender twig, and make without color. 11. Transpose observed closely, and make tuned. 12. Transpose yawns, and make attendants upon a nobleman.

G. F.

## TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A CITY of Europe. 2. Out of the way. 3. Ascended. 4. Opinions. 5. Reason.  
II. 1. A cone-bearing tree. 2. Cerulean. 3. Pertaining to the country. 4. A wading bird. 5. A woman's name.

"BETSEY" AND "W."

## NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. ALL of the words described are of equal length. The letters of the second and fourth lines, reading downward, name mythical Scandinavian deities. 1. Outer coverings. 2. A western territory of the United States. 3. One unreasonably devoted to a cause. 4. Greatly incensed.

II. This may be solved similarly to the preceding; the letters of the second line, however, reading downward, name the religious book of the old Scandinavian tribes; and those of the fourth line, reading downward, name a heroic legend of the Norsemen. 1. A sumptuous entertainment. 2. Wholly imaginary. 3. A maxim. 4. Pertaining to the highest dignity of the Romish church.

## CHARADE.

In double form my *first* is famed,  
In fable and in history;  
Great, good, and true,—small, shy, and false;  
Solve, if you can, this mystery.

My *second* figures in romance,  
In ballad, and in story;  
Has lain above the lover's heart,  
And grasped the sword of glory.

"Far from the madd'ning crowd" my *whole*  
Exists for beauty only;  
It shuns the city's crowded ways,  
And springs in hamlets lonely.

M. W. G.

## DIAMOND.

1. In commencing. 2. A vehicle. 3. A frolicsome leap. 4. A chief officer. 5. A domain. 6. An edge. 7. In ending.





#### QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

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READING ACROSS: 1. To tie together.  
2. A loud sound. 3. An operatic air.  
4. Voluble.  
Initials, read upward, to boast. Initials, read upward, external appearance.  
Finals, read downward, a dull color.  
Finals, read upward, a poet. DYCIE.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a celebrated naturalist.  
CROSS-WORDS: 1. An eminent Roman commander, who was father-in-law to the historian Tacitus. 2. A species of antelope. 3. To rectify. 4. A French coin of small value. 5. A sailor who has been credited with wonderful adventures. 6. A coloring matter. 7. A small stringed instrument.

D. C. L.

#### REBUS.

THE solution of this rebus consists of three lines from a well-known poem by Robert Burns.

#### DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD wandering, and leave a broad, flat vessel; again, and leave a line of light.
2. Behead a strip of leather, and leave a device for snaring animals; again, and leave a smart blow.
3. Behead tasteless from age, and leave a story; again, and leave a beverage.



#### CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

THE syncopated letters, read in the order here given, spell what Shakespeare says has been "slave to thousands."

1. Syncopate a leaf of the calyx, and leave to mark with a stamp.
2. Syncopate discovered, and leave over-affectionate.
3. Syncopate an animal, and leave a flexible pipe.
4. Syncopate the tanned skin of a sheep, and leave to deliver from arrest.
5. Syncopate to extract the essence by soaking, and leave a pace.

PERRY ADAMS.

#### CHANGED HEADS.

I AM a word of letters three;  
Many changes lie in me:—  
First, about the air I fly;  
Next, beneath your window cry;  
Here, I'm found beneath your feet;  
Next, you wear me in the street;  
Now, I am a small boy's name;  
Then, an Irish birth I claim;  
Here, a trap is set for me;  
Now, a verb I chance to be;  
By feasts and plenty now I'm made;  
Next, brewers use me in their trade.  
Change but my head each time and see  
How these queer turns can in me be.

MARY O. N.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the October number, from Emma A. Bryant, 3—Max A. K., 5—Margaret B. and Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Paris, France, all—Geo. Smith Hayter, London, England, 5—Archie and Charlotte Warden, Havre, France, 5—"Dycie," Havre, France, 11—Hester Powell, Gloucestershire, England, 8—M. H. M., Hants, England, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Frank R. Heath—"Professor and Co."—J. H. Eaton—John Payne—Dorothy—Grace R. Ingraham and Josie M. Robbins—Fred C. McDonald—Grace E. Hopkins—Charlie and Josie Treat—J. Deane and E. Poole—Herbert Barry—P. S. Clarkson—Rowland H. Jackson—"Boccaccio"—"Skipper"—H. and B.—Henry C. Brown—Luther M. Scroggs—Hattie B. Hawes, and Carrie L. Borden—Edward Vultee—"Chuck"—Daisy May—Trask—Nellie, Grace, and Harold—J. S. Tennant—"Queen Bess"—"Partners"—"80 and 81"—"Engineer"—"Daisy and Kittie"—Florence Leslie Kyte—"Guesser"—Madge Clark.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from George Gillespie, 3—"Edgewood," 3—Etta Hawhurst, 1—"Will O. Tree," 3—H. A. Vadder, 4—"Crystale," 5—Camille Giraud, 8—"Sweetie and Pet," 4—Mars, 3—H. H. Bobkid, 11—Archie F. Hassam, 1—Gertie Jenkins, 7—"Y. A. C.," 2—J. Milton Gitterman, 2—"X. L. C. R.," 11—"April and May," 5—Edith Beal, 6—Maie P. Bartlett, 1—E. B. S., 1—No name, 11—Theodore Tankauer, 4—Jennie French, 9—Harry Thorne, 11—Annie J. Pique, 1—"Fairview Nursery," 11—Edward Liddon Patterson, 11—Everett W. Stone, 6—Lizzie C. Canahan, 4—Weston Stickney, 3—Eleanor Telling, 6—Lottie A. Lacey, 8—Milton S. Lacey, 11—John Z. Miller, 1—Irene Bethune, 1—E. J. Campbell, 7—Elise Mercur, 11—"Somebody," 2—Lida P. Bostwick, 9—Grace Redpath, 1—Kenneth B. Emerson, 5—Jessie, Ernst, Maud, and Jinks, 4—"Atlanta," 3—"Ghost," 1—C. M. Mathews and family, 11—"Bell," 5—Lizzie B. and Charles J. Townsend, 5—Belle Prindwille, 1—Cornie and May, 8—"Clovis," "Charles," and "Beetle," 11—Caroline Stuart Dickson, 1—Alice Fuller, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Incognito, 1—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 11—Josie Hamilton, 1—Julia Sturdevant, 3—Rose Raritan, 3—Marjorie Murray and Tommy Pillsbury, 11—"Mignon," 2—Rory O'More, 3—C. L. K. and M. N., Jr., 1—"G. U. N. Powder-maker," 2—Bessie Taylor, 6—"Puss-in-Boots," 1—Lucy Chandlee, 6—Rebie S. Webb, 7—Florence Beckett, 3—Sallie Viles, 11—Clara and Jim, 1—Anna and Alice, 10—Carrie Hitchcock Wilson, 1—Leslie W. Hopkinson, 4—"Susie," 1—Conrad and Frank, 9—Clara Mackinney, 7—Gipsy Valentine, 1—May Beadle, 11—Edith and Townsend McKeever, 8—"Cinderella," 1—Raymond Carr, 1—Virginia Callmeyer, 7—Lizzie McM., 1—Lizzie Barker and Mattie Colt, 3—Sadie E. Maddox, 1—Mollie Weiss, 5—Walter O. Forde, 8—"Peasblossom," 2—M. and W. S. Conant, 8—Lizzie Fyfe, 9—Florence R. Radcliffe, 3—D'Aubry and Wilhelmina Amsterdam, 3—Mamie Magovern, 1—Charlie W. Power, 8—"P. Nut," 4—"Daphne," 4—Perry Beattie, 4—Tillie Minot, 5—Belle Huntley and Emma W. Myers, 10—O. C. Turner, 11—Mollie Swipes, 2—Caroline Larrabee, 8—Edith and Jessie, 7—Marion, Lilla, and Daisy, 8—Nellie J. Gould, 7—"Two People," 7—Charles H. Phelps, 4—Alice M. Kyte, 11—Stowe Phelps, 9—"Dick Deadeye," 9—Arabella Ward, 5—Dollie Francis, 11—"Fast Friends," 8—"Sairey Camp and Betsey Prig," 9—Amelia E. Jennings, 2—Florence Provost, 2—X. Y. Z., 7—Alice Bryant, 4—John W. Wroth, 10—Bessie C. Barney, 11—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 7—Belle and Bertie, 8—Estner L. and Geo. J. Fiske, 7—Alice Rhoads, 5—Carol and her Sisters, 10—J. Ollie Gayley, 6—Katrina, 8.



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