



A LITTLE BROWN DWARF WHO SEEMED TO
BE A GUARD OVER THE TREASURES GAVE
HIM A SACK AND MOTIONED THAT MAX SHOULD
FILL IT AND EVEN HELPED HIM NEVER SAYING A
WORD

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MAX AND THE WONDER-FLOWER.

BY JULIA D. FAY.

LONG before the great king Charlemagne ruled over Germany and France, the mountain forests that border the Rhine were peopled by gnomes and dwarfs, witches and fairies, some of whom were very mischievous and could never be trusted, while others did kind deeds for the people.

They all were under the control of a fairy king, who lived in the deepest recesses of the mountains, and whose palace was so vast that it reached even under the river. On moonlight nights, the river fairies could be seen playing in the clear waters, sometimes enticing fishers to their death, by showing them gold and jewels; for the poor simple fishermen would dive down into the water and would never be seen again. But then there were good fairies among the mountains, and these gave presents to persons whom they thought deserving of rich gifts, for the mountains were filled with treasures of gold, silver, and precious jewels; and my story is about a little boy who was rewarded by these good fairies.

He was only a poor little shepherd-boy, and tended the flocks of a rich baron, whose castle stood high upon a rock that looked down over the valley where the little boy lived. His father was dead, and he was the only help of his mother and two little sisters, Roschen and Elsie. They owned a little cottage, a goat, and a small bit of ground, which Max, for that was the boy's name, tilled in the evening, after the sheep were all safely penned for the night.

He was always cheerful, and kind to all. He loved the beautiful river that flowed along so peacefully, and the vine-terraces where grew the purple grapes. The dark forests, that seemed so still, filled

his heart with wonder and reverence toward the great Being who had made such a lovely world.

Max longed to know how to read, so as to learn more about it all, and yet he worked on, early and late, and enjoyed even the air, and the flowers; and the butterflies, as they flew by him, made him glad that he was alive and well.

But there came a day of sadness for poor little Max, in the winter time, for his mother was taken very ill, and the old nurse of the village, who took care of her, said that she must die unless an herb could be procured that grew in the mountains, and these were now covered with snow, beneath which the herb lay buried. But Max did not despair; he started forth, with his snow-shoes and a stout stick, to climb the mountain and find the herb that should cure his sick mother.

It was cold, and the wind blew drearily through the trees; still he tramped on boldly, until at last he stood on the summit of the mountain. The snow lay around like a soft white blanket, covering all the herbs, ferns, and flowers, keeping them warm and tucked out of sight until the spring time. It was not very deep, and Max, with a little spade he had brought along, pushed it aside, and there was the brown earth beneath. Yet in that spot there was no herb, but before his eyes there grew a beautiful, strange flower, whiter than snow, its heart like gold, and its perfume so sweet that it seemed like a breath from the gardens of heaven. Max gazed with longing upon its beauty, and his first thought was to pluck it and take it home, that they all might see its loveliness, but his second thought was, "Oh, no; I must find first the herb for to cure Mother, and then I can come here again for this flower

with which to gladden her eyes." So, with a parting look, he went farther on his search, found the precious herb, and with it safely in his pocket, came back to the spot where he had left the lovely flower.

Alas, it had disappeared! But while the tears filled his eyes, the mountain where he stood opened wide, like a door, a dazzling fairy figure appeared, and a silvery voice said:

"Enter, little Max, for thou didst first thy duty. Take what thou wilt of the treasures before thee. The Wonder-flower that thou hast seen, thou canst not take with thee. It blooms but once in a thousand years, and can only be seen by the pure in heart. Take of the gold and diamonds, love thy mother ever as now, aim to be a good man, and keep thy heart pure, that thou mayest again see the flower in the gardens of heaven, where a thousand years are but as a day."

And the fairy vanished; but around in a great marble hall shone diamonds, and rubies, and bright bars of gold, before the eyes of the bewildered Max. A little brown dwarf, who seemed to be a guard over the treasures, gave him a sack and motioned that Max should fill it, and even helped him, never saying a word. When it was filled, it was so heavy that Max wondered how he could ever carry it home; but while he hesitated, the dwarf threw it over his own shoulder, and beckoning Max to follow, crept out of the door; and as Max followed, the mountain closed behind them, and the snow lay over it as before.

It all would have seemed a dream, only that there

stood the dwarf, with his pointed little hat, and strange face with eyes like a squirrel's. Not a word did he speak, but he trotted on down the mountain, and it seemed to Max scarcely an hour before they stood at its foot. There, with a bow, the dwarf set down the sack, and then he clambered up the mountain.

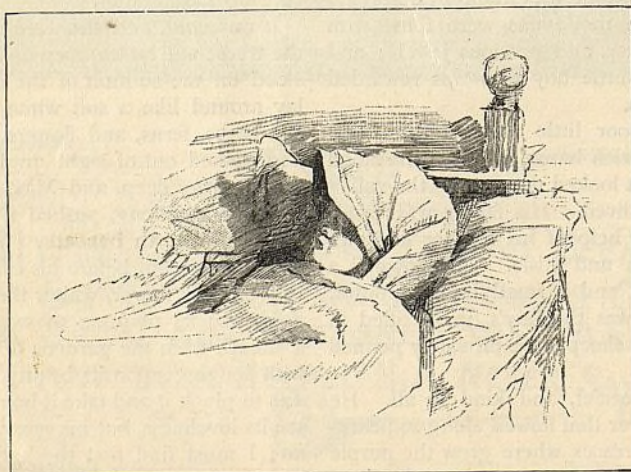
Max hastened home as fast as he could with his heavy treasure, and gave the nurse the herb, hiding the sack under his bed, until his mother should be able to hear of his good fortune.

The herb did its work so well that in a few days his mother was able to sit up, and then Max, with his hand in hers, and his little sisters standing by him, told her all.

She clasped her hands, and said:

"My sweet child, the dear God has been very good to thee. Thou hast seen the Wonder-flower that first blossomed when Christ was born, and that no one but an innocent child may see. Keep its beauty always in mind, else the treasure it brought will give thee no happiness. Let us thank the great God of heaven for his love to thee, a poor little shepherd-boy, to whom He has shown the Wonder-flower, which even the king himself may not see!"

And it was in this strange manner that Max's wish was at last granted; for with his treasure to help him, he now could go to school, and learn all about the great world outside of his little Rhine valley. He lived to be an honored and learned man, always doing good to others; and with all his wisdom he was as unassuming as a child.



TOMMY HAS HONORABLY RESOLVED NOT TO SEE SANTA CLAUS.



When I work in the
house I always
say:

"How I'd like to toil
out of doors all
day!"

And when they send
me to weed the
flowers

The day seems made
of a hundred
hours!



SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND LITTLE JOAN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, one bright day,
Was walking down the glen—
A noble English soldier,
And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
And step so grand, moved he,
And from his stately front outshone
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead
The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendor of his eyes,
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
Came up to his quick ear,
He paused that instant, bending
His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay a bowl of delf,
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
And her blue eyes dull and dim,
And she turned her pretty, woful face,
All tear-stained, up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
In misery so drear!
"Why, what's the matter, Posy?"
He said,— "Come, tell me, dear."

"It's Father's bowl I've broken;
'T was for his dinner kept.
I took it safe, but coming back
It fell"—again she wept.

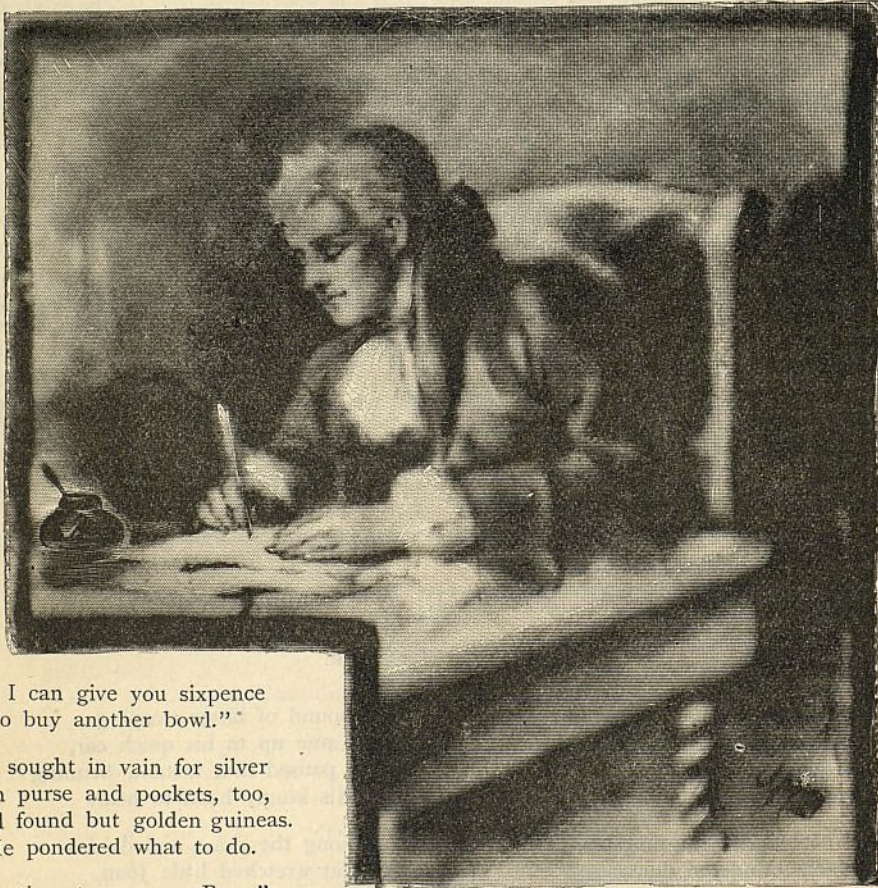
"But you can mend it, can't you?"
Cried the despairing child
With sudden hope, as down on her,
Like some kind god, he smiled.

"Don't cry, poor little Posy!
I can not make it whole,

"Will not Sir William come and dine
To-morrow with his friends?"

The letter read: "And we've secured
The man among all men
You wish to meet. He will be here.
You will not fail us then?"

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
And dine with dukes and earls,
And back in time? That hour was pledged—
It was the little girl's!



SIR WILLIAM NAPIER WRITING HIS LETTER OF EXCUSE
TO HIS FRIENDS.

But I can give you sixpence
To buy another bowl."

He sought in vain for silver
In purse and pockets, too,
And found but golden guineas.
He pondered what to do.

"This time to-morrow, Posy,"
He said, "again come here,
And I will bring your sixpence.
I promise! Never fear!"

Away went Joan rejoicing—
A rescued child was she;
And home went good Sir William;
And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
And low before him bends:

He could not disappoint her,
He must his friends refuse.
So "a previous engagement"
He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,
Came o'er the fields so fair,
As sure as of the sunrise
That she should find him there,

He met her, and the sixpence
Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
Who had so much desired

His presence at their splendid feast,
Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
His praises oft are heard,—
'T was not the least of his great deeds
So to have kept his word!



THE POOR COUNT'S CHRISTMAS.—CONCLUDED.

(*Begun in the December number.*)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE day before Christmas, poor Count Cormo sat, quite disconsolate, in his castle-hall, before a hearth where there was no fire. He had sold his family bedstead, but he had received very little money for it. People said such old bedsteads were not worth much, even if they were inlaid with precious metals. So he had been able only to prepare a small tree, on which he had hung the cheapest kind of presents, and his feast was very plain and simple. The Countess, indeed, was afraid the things would not go around, for their old servant had told them that he had heard there would be more children at the castle the next day than had ever been there before. She was in favor of giving up the whole affair and of sending the children home as soon as they should come.

"What is the use," she said, "of having them here, when we have so little to give them? They will get more at home; and then if they don't come we shall have the things for ourselves."

"No, no, my dear," said the Count; "this may be the last time that we shall have the children with us, for I do not see how we can live much longer in this sorrowful condition, but the dear girls and boys must come to-morrow. I should not wish to die knowing that we had missed a Christmas. We must do the best with what we have, and I am sure we can make them happy if we try. And now let us go to bed, so as to be up early to-morrow."

The Countess sighed. There was only one little bedstead, and the poor Count had to sleep on the floor.

Christmas-day dawned bright, clear, and sparkling. The Count was in good spirits.

"It is a fine day," he said to his wife, "and that is a great thing for us."

"We need all we can get," said the Countess, "and it is well for us that fine days do not cost anything."

Very soon the Count heard the sound of many merry voices, and his eyes began to sparkle.

"They are coming!" he cried, and threw open the door of the castle, and went to meet his little guests; but when he saw them he started back.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed to the Countess, who stood behind him. "There is a long procession of them, and they are headed by a giant—the young giant Feldar! Who ever heard of such a thing as a giant coming to a children's festival! He will eat up everything we have in a few mouthfuls!"

"You might as well let him do it!" said the Countess. "There won't be enough for the others, any way. There seem to be hundreds of them; and if there is n't a band of music striking up!"

Sure enough, quite a procession was approaching the castle. First came the giant Feldar, with Tillette, the little fairy, on his finger; then four or five musicians; and after them a long line of children, all dressed in their best clothes, and marching two by two.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the giant, as soon as he saw Count Cormo, and then all the children shouted "Merry Christmas!!" until the castle court-yard echoed with the cheerful greeting, while the band played loudly and merrily.

"Come in, my dears," cried the Count to the children. "I am glad to see you. But as for you, good giant, I fear my door is not quite large

enough. But perhaps you can stoop and squeeze yourself in."

"Count Cormo!" cried the fairy, from the giant's finger. "I have a plan to propose."

The good Count looked up in surprise.

of the line of children and just behind the musicians. Then they all marched across the great court-yard to the old wing of the castle, and when they reached the doors of the great hall, the giant swung them open, and everybody entered.



THE YOUNG GIANT FELDAR COMPELS THE WARDER TO OPEN THE SICK GIANT'S CASTLE-GATE.

"If it is n't a dear little fairy!" he exclaimed. "Why, certainly, if you have a plan to propose, I shall be happy to hear it."

"Well, then," said Tillette, "suppose we go first into the great hall in the old wing of the castle. That is so large that it will hold us all, and we can have a grand dance, if we feel like it, after we get there."

"I am afraid that the great hall would be very uncomfortable," said the Count. "No one has lived in it, nor even entered it, so far as I know, for many years; and everything must be covered with dust and cobwebs."

"But it would be so nice to march around that great hall with the music and everything. I don't believe there's any dust."

"Well, then," said the Count, "as you seem to have set your heart on it, we'll go."

So the Count and the Countess put on their hats and took their places in the procession, at the head

Never were there two such astonished people as the Count and Countess!

Right in the middle of the hall stood a great Christmas-tree, which the giant had brought in on his shoulders from the woods. On the wide-spreading branches of this tall tree were hung hundreds of presents and sparkling ornaments.

"What does this mean?" gasped the Count. "Whose tree is this?"

"It is yours! It is yours!" cried all the children in a merry chorus which made the old walls ring. "It is your Christmas-tree, and we, the children, who love you, give it to you!"

The Count looked around from one to another of the children, but did not say a word. His heart was too full for him to speak. Then the giant put the fairy on his shirt-frill, and, stooping down, took up the Count and Countess, one in each hand, holding them gently, but very firmly, and carried them around the tree, raising them up and down,

so that they could see all the presents, even those at the very top.

Everything was labeled—not with the name of the person they were for, for they were all for the Count and Countess, but with the names of those who gave them.

Presently, the Count began to read out every name aloud, and each time a child's name was called, all the other children would clap and cheer. There were a good many small bags, which looked as if they were very heavy, hanging here and there, and these were all marked "From Feldar," while some beautiful clusters of diamonds, which glittered in the sunlight that poured in through the windows, were labeled "From Tillette."

It took a long time to look at all the presents, which were rather different from the things generally seen on Christmas-trees, for the great branches and boughs held every kind of useful and ornamental articles that the Count and Countess needed. Many of these were old family treasures which they once had owned, but had been obliged to sell, to keep up their Christmas festivals.

"Now for a dance!" cried the fairy, in her clear little voice, and the music struck up, while all the children began to dance gayly around the tree.

The Count and Countess, with the giant and fairy, stood aside, while this happy play was going on, enjoying it almost as much as the children, but when the dancing began to flag, the Count thought that the time had now come when the party ought to have something to eat, and his heart failed him when he thought of the very meager repast he had to offer them.

But he need not have troubled his mind about that. As soon as the dance was done, the giant stepped to a door which led to another apartment, and throwing it open he cried:

"Enter the banqueting-hall! This is the feast the children give to the good Count Cormo and his wife. He has feasted them often and often, and made them happy, for many a Christmas. It is their turn now."

Everybody trooped through the door, the children gently pushing the Count and Countess before them. The room was truly a banqueting-



QUITE A PROCESSION WAS APPROACHING THE CASTLE.

The Count and his wife were more and more delighted as they were carried around the tree, but at last this happy business was over, and the giant put them down upon the floor.

hall. A long table was covered with every kind of thing good to eat, and, on smaller tables in the corners, was ever so much more, in case it should be needed. Here and there, on the long table,

were enormous cakes, great bowls of jelly, and vast pies. Everybody knew these were for the giant.

The Count and Countess took their places at the

and she enjoyed herself as much as anybody else did.

When the banquet was

over, they all went into the great hall, where they had dances and games and singing, and there never was a merrier company before.

When evening approached, the Count stood up and made a little speech. He tried to tell the children how good he thought they were, and how happy they had made him. He did not say much, but they all understood him. When he had finished, there was a silence over the whole room. The children looked at one another, some of them smiled, and then, all together, as if they had planned it out before, they cried:

"The giant and the fairy did it all. He gave us the money and she told us what to buy."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the young giant, his face turning very red; "I thought nothing was to be said about that," and he went outside so that nobody should make a speech to him.

Now all the children came up, and each in turn bade the Count and Countess farewell, and then, headed by the giant's band of music, and singing merrily, they marched away to their homes.

But Count Cormo would not let the giant

and the fairy go away so soon. He made them come with him to the dwelling part of his castle, and there, after a little squeezing and stooping by the giant at the door, they all sat down around the hearth, on which a fine blazing fire had been built.

"I don't know what to say, my dear Feldar," said the Count, "and I can never repay you —"



THE CHILDREN DANCED GAVLY AROUND THE TREE.

head and foot of the table; and all the children gathered around, and everybody had a splendid appetite. Just in the center of the table there was a little table about three inches high, on which there were dear little morsels of the dainties the others were eating. At this table, on a little chair, the fairy Tillette sat, where she could see everything,

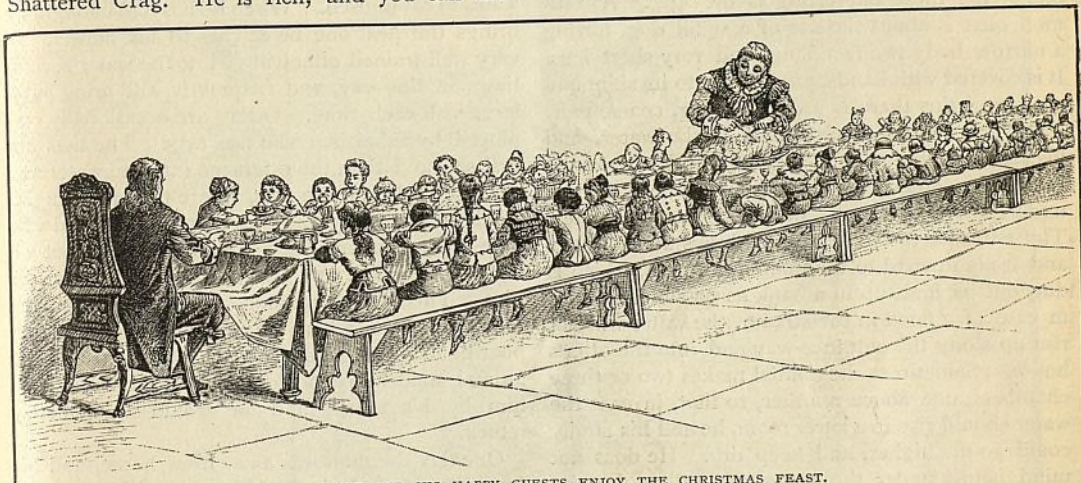
The giant was just about to exclaim that the Count need not say anything, and that he did not wish to be repaid, when, seeing he felt embarrassed, the fairy broke in:

"Oh, yes, dear Count, you can repay him. You can adopt him. You have no children, you are getting old, and are living alone. He has no parents,—even his grandfather's uncle is now dead,—and he lives all by himself in his castle on the Shattered Crag. He is rich, and you can show

young giant kneeled on the floor; and the Count got up on a table, and put his hands on the young giant's head, and adopted him.

"Now you ought to adopt her," said Feldar, after he had kissed the Count and Countess, and had sat down again by the fire.

"No," said Tillette, "I can not be adopted. But I will often come to see you, and we shall be happy together, and the children will have a splendid Christmas festival every year."



THE COUNT AND HIS HAPPY GUESTS ENJOY THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

him how to do good with his great wealth. He could come and live in the old wing of the castle, where the rooms are so large; the furniture he has inherited could be sent here, and you could all be so happy together! Will you take him?"

The Count's eyes filled with tears.

"Would you like us to adopt you?" he said to Feldar.

"Indeed I should," was the reply. Then the

"As long as we live," said the Count and Countess.

"As long as I live," said Feldar.

When the Count and Countess went up to their room, that night, there they found the family bedstead, all cleaned and polished, with its gold and silver ornaments sparkling like new.

"What a happy Christmas I have had!" said good Count Cormo.



COUNT CORMO ADOPTS THE YOUNG GIANT.

ABOUT OTTERS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

AMONG the animals that live partly in the water and partly on the land, that can run about on the shore and breathe the air just as well as we can, and yet dive under the water and swim like a fish, one of the most interesting is the otter. A common otter is about the size of a small dog, having a narrow body two feet long, and very short legs. It is covered with handsome fur next to its skin, and outside of this there is a coat of long, coarse hair.

As this animal is very fond of the water, and lives principally on fish, it makes its home on the shore of a creek or river. This home is a hole under-ground, generally quite close to the water. The entrance to the burrow is always under water, and leads upward to the main apartment, which is dug out as high up in a bank as possible, so that, in case of a flood in the stream, the water will not rise up along the entrance-way and into the otter's house. Sometimes the animal makes two or three chambers, one above another, so that, in case the water should rise in a lower room, he and his family could go up higher, and keep dry. He does not mind being under the water for a time, but he can not live under water. From the top of his house up to the surface of the ground he makes a small hole to let in air; so, you see, the otter is a very clever creature. The entrance to his house is hidden under water, where no dog nor other enemy is likely to find it, or to get in if they do find it; and his home is so well planned that some part of it is always dry and well ventilated.

When the otter wants his supper,—for, as he eats only at night, it may be said that he takes neither breakfast nor dinner,—he slips quietly into the water, and as soon as he sees a fish, he gives chase to it. He has large, full eyes like a seal's, and he can see in the water as well as on land. He is web-footed, and his long, flexible body and stout tail enable him to move through the water with a motion very much like that of a fish. He can thus swim very fast, and few fish are able to escape him.

During the day-time, the otter generally stays quiet in his burrow, but at night he comes out, and makes it very lively for the fish. Sometimes, when fish are scarce, he will do his midnight hunting on land, and will be glad to catch a chicken or any other small animal he may meet.

If an otter is caught when it is quite young, it may be tamed. I once saw a couple of tame ones in New York, and they were as lively and playful

as a pair of terrier dogs. Sometimes tame otters are trained to catch fish for their masters. In this kind of fishing, the otter slips quietly into the water, and generally catches first all the fish he wants to eat himself. When he has had enough, he brings the next one he catches to his master. A very well-trained otter will go into the water several times in this way, and frequently will bring out a large fish each time. Otters are occasionally employed by fishermen who use nets. The nets are first set, and then the otters go into the water and drive the fish into the nets, where they are caught.

There is a story told of a man in England who had a tame otter which followed him about on shore like a dog, and which, also, used to fish for him. The two companions would go out on the river in a boat, when the otter would jump overboard, and bring fish back to the man. If the animal staid away too long, his master would call him by his name, and he would immediately return.

One day the man was away from home, and his young son thought it would be a good idea to take his father's otter and go fishing. So he took the little animal into the boat, and rowed out upon the river. The otter jumped into the river exactly as he used to do for the boy's father, but he staid below a long time, and when the boy called him he did not come back. Either he did not know his name when spoken by a strange voice, or he did not like the boy well enough to come back to him, for he remained out of sight, and after the boy had called him in vain for a long time, he was obliged to return to shore without him.

Several days after this, the man was walking along the river-bank near the place where his son had gone fishing. He was greatly grieved at the loss of his pet otter, and I expect the boy had been whipped. The man stood at the edge of the water, and began to call the otter by his name. He did not think there was any particular use in doing this, but it reminded him of his little friend and of old fishing times. But you can scarcely imagine his astonishment when, in a few moments, his faithful otter came swimming out of the water, and lay down on the shore at his feet. If he had brought a string of fish along with him, I do not think the man could have been more surprised and delighted.

In India and some other Eastern countries, this fishing with tame otters is made quite a business.

Bishop Heber tells us that on the bank of a river in Hindostan he once saw eight or nine fine large otters tied to stakes driven into the sand. These

these otters were used for fishing, their native masters did not set them loose and allow them to swim about as they pleased ; but made them go



THE OTTER AT HIS SUPPER.

handsome fellows were either lying asleep on the shore or swimming about in the water as far as their ropes would let them. It is likely that when

into the water with the long cord still fastened to their necks. In this way the otter could swim far enough to catch fish, and his master would be

always sure of having his otter, whether he got any fish or not.

In England, otter-hunting used to be a favorite amusement, and in some parts of the country it is carried on yet. A certain kind of dog, called the otter-hound, is especially trained for this sport, and the hunters use short spears. Some of the hunters and dogs go on one side of the stream where otters are expected to be found, and some on the other. If an otter has recently been along the bank, the dogs catch his scent, and they bark and howl, and scratch the ground, and the men shout and beat the reedy bushes and the shore until the poor otter is frightened out of his house, and takes to the water. But here he is discovered by the bubbles of air which come up where he is breathing, and the men wade into the stream and strike at the place where they suppose the otter is. The dogs, too, sometimes go into the water, and in this way the otter is either killed or driven ashore. When he goes on land he generally shows fight, and the dogs often have a very hard time before he is killed.

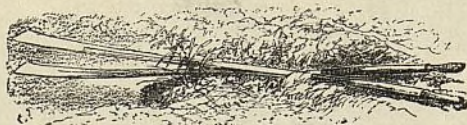
There are otters, however, which are much better worth hunting than the common otter. These are the great sea-otters, which are found in the regions about Behring's Straits and in Kamtschatka, also in some of the waters of South America. These are much larger than the common otter, some of them weighing seventy or eighty pounds. These animals are hunted for the sake of their fur, which is very valuable, and they are probably not

so active and difficult to kill as the common otter, which has so many enemies that it is obliged to be very cunning and courageous. Up in those cold regions where the sea-otter lives, he is only occasionally disturbed by man, and probably never by any other creature. These otters do not appear to pursue ordinary fish in the water, but feed upon lobsters and other shell-fish.

Sea-otters are said to be very affectionate to their young, but it is not likely that they are more so than the common otter; the difference probably is that the sea-otter is much less wild and shy than the common otter, and its habits and disposition toward its young are therefore more easily observed. Ordinary young otters, even when mere infants, will, at the slightest sign of danger, pop into the water with their parents, and come up in some spot among the reeds and grass where it is impossible to see them.

There is an animal in this country which is placed by some writers in the otter tribe, although we do not generally consider it as such. This is the mink, or minx, and it is a great deal more troublesome to us than any ordinary otter; for it does not confine itself to catching fish, but will come into a barn-yard and kill chickens or any other poultry it can lay hold of. Its work, like that of the common otter, is done at night.

The fur of all the otter family is soft and valuable, and if it were not for this fact, there would probably be a great many more otters in the world than there are now.



THE PORTER'S IRON COLLAR.

BY DAVID KER.

ABOUT sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, in the midst of a wide plain, stands the Czar's country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo (Czar's Village), the great park of which is a very pretty place in fine summer weather. All through June and July, you may see the Russian children running about under the trees by scores, with a shouting and laughing that would do the Czar's heart good to hear, if he were anywhere within reach. In every shady spot you are pretty sure to find a picnic party making merry

on the grass, with two or three well-filled lunch-baskets beside them; and when you come to the little summer-houses near the lake, you will most likely find at least half a dozen people in each, gathered around a big bowl of *prostokvash*, which is the Russian name for curds and cream.

This lake is one of the great "sights" of the park, for it has a boat-house filled with a model of every kind of boat in the world, down to Greenland fishing-boats and Polynesian war-canoes; and

when they are all sent floating over the lake after dark, hung with colored lamps, they make a very fine show indeed. But there is something even better worth seeing a little farther on, and that is the palace museum, filled with strange presents which have been given to the Russian Czars by

lived about a hundred years ago, and was not only a count, but an admiral as well, though there were people who said that if he had had to manage the fleet by himself, instead of having three or four excellent naval commanders to help him, he would have made a poor job of it. But whatever doubts



various kings, savage or civilized, from a jeweled sword presented by the first Napoleon to a Persian carpet sent by the Ameer of Bokhara.

On a table near the door lies a very curious relic, which every one who comes in notices at once. It is a large silver dish, rolled up like a sheet of paper, so as to make a kind of funnel; and if you ask the old soldier who shows the museum how it came to be twisted up like that, he will give a knowing grin, and ask if you ever heard of Count Gregory Orloff.

This Gregory Orloff was a Russian count who

there might be about his seamanship, there could be none about his strength, for he was one of the largest and most powerful men in Russia. Like many other giants, he was, perhaps, just a little too fond of showing off his great strength. Nothing pleased him more than to bend a horse-shoe between his fingers, or pull out of the ground a stake which no one else could move; and if one of his sailors turned mutinous, and began to make a noise, Orloff would just take him by the throat, and shake him as a cat shakes a mouse, after which the brawler was usually quiet enough.

Now, it happened that one night this strong-handed admiral was at an evening party at the palace, and as he was handing a bouquet of flowers to one of the ladies, the silver paper which was wrapped around it slipped off. Orloff said nothing, but stepped to the supper-table, and taking up a silver dish, rolled it up like a piece of paper, put the bouquet into it, and handed it to the lady; and this is the same silver dish which you now see in the museum.

Not long after this, Orloff arrived in St. Petersburg from a journey, and was met at his own door by a messenger from the palace, who told him that the Empress particularly wished to see him, and that he must go to her at once. Some men would have waited to put on their finest clothes, and to make themselves look quite gay and dandified; but the admiral was used to obeying orders at once, and off he started for the palace, just as he was.

Now, while the admiral had been journeying, there had come to the palace a new hall-porter who had never seen him before. This porter was a strong fellow, although not nearly as big as Orloff, and not

a nice-tempered man by any means; so when he saw this big, coarse-looking figure (for the admiral, with all his fine titles, was terribly ugly) coming up to the door of the stately palace in a dusty traveling-dress, he shouted fiercely:

"Be off, you vagabond! You 've no business here! Who are *you*, I should like to know?"

Orloff never answered, but stooped and picked up a long iron bar that fastened the door at night. One jerk of his great strong hands twisted it around the porter's neck like a ribbon, so that the poor fellow had to hold up the ends.

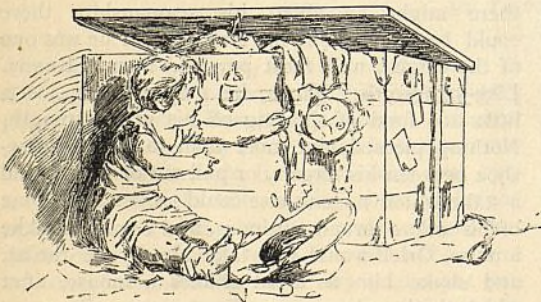
"Now, my boy," said he, with a broad grin, "go and show yourself to the Empress with that iron collar on, and she will know who I am, even if you don't!"

Then the porter knew at once that this must be the terrible Count Orloff, of whose strength he had heard so much, and he fell on his knees to ask pardon. But Orloff only laughed, and told him not to be quite so ready to judge a man by his outside another time; and, indeed, from that day forth, the porter was always wonderfully civil to everybody.

[LAST month we gave you Mr. Peirce's account of the old-time wearers of the cap-and-bells. The day of the court jester has long since passed away, but his representative—after a fashion—lives in the well-known Clown of the circus and the pantomime show. Therefore, we are glad in the present number to follow Mr. Peirce's article with a narrative poem by Miss Vandegrift, showing how our modern Clown, like his earlier fellow, is a man at heart, notwithstanding his grotesque face and his "quips and cranks and wanton wiles."—ED.]

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



It was out on the Western frontier—
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows did n't come every night!

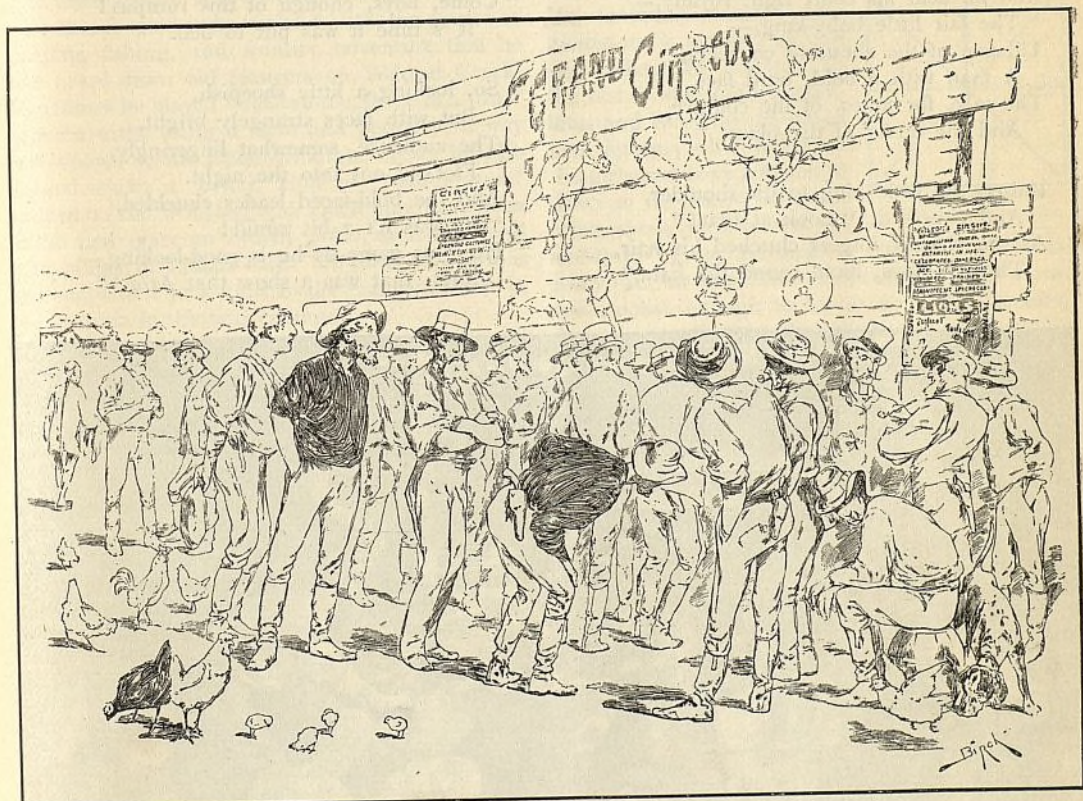
Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.

And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermillion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on,

She lifted her baby gently;
"You 'll be *very* careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling!"—
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and
paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,



But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured, impatiently hunting;
"It 's strange that I can not find—
There! I 've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take *you*, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;

Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You 'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded;
"I 've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh! It was echoed
 From the benches with a ring,
 And the roughest customer there sprang up
 With: "Boys, it's the real thing!"
 The ring was jammed in a minute,
 Not a man that did not strive
 For "a shot at holding the baby"—
 The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
 In the midst of the dusty ring,
 And he held his court right royally,—
 The fair little baby-king,—
 Till one of the shouting courtiers,
 A man with a bold, hard face,
 The talk, for miles, of the country,
 And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
 And chuckled, "Look at that!"
 As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
 Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"

There never was such a hatful
 Of silver, and gold, and notes;
 People are not always penniless
 Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
 I tell you, those cheers were meant,
 And the way in which they were given
 Was enough to raise the tent.
 And then there was sudden silence,
 And a gruff old miner said,
 "Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
 It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
 But with faces strangely bright,
 The audience, somewhat lingeringly,
 Flocked out into the night.
 And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
 "He was n't a bit afraid!
 He's as game as he is good-looking—
 Boys, that was a show that *paid!*"



THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER V.

WHILING AWAY TIME.

EXCLUDED from the plays of the older fellows, Jack drew around him a circle of small boys, who were always glad to be amused with the stories of hunting, fishing, and frontier adventure that he had heard from old pioneers on Wildcat Creek. Sometimes he played "tee-tah-toe, three in a row," with the girls, using a slate and pencil in a way well known to all school-children. And he also showed them a better kind of "tee-tah-toe," learned on the Wildcat, and which may have been in the first place an Indian game, as it is played with grains of Indian corn. A piece of board is grooved with a jack-knife in the manner shown in the diagram in the next column.

One player has three red or yellow grains of corn, and the other an equal number of white ones. The player who won the last game has the "go"—that is, he first puts down a grain of corn at any place where the lines intersect, but usually in the middle, as that is the best point. Then the other player puts down one, and so on until all are down. After this, the players move alternately along any of the lines, in any direction, to the next intersection, provided it is not already occupied. The one who first succeeds in getting his three grains in a row wins the point, and the board is cleared for a new start. As there are always three vacant points, and as the rows may be formed in any direction along any of the lines, the game gives a chance for more variety of combinations than one would expect from its appearance.

Jack had also an arithmetical puzzle which he had learned from his father, and which many of the readers of this story will know, perhaps.

"Set down any number, without letting me know what it is," he said to Joanna Merwin.

She set down a number.

"Now add twelve and multiply by two."

"Well, that is done," said Joanna.

"Divide by four, subtract half of the number first set down, and your answer will be six."

"Oh, but how did you know that I put down sixty-four?" said Joanna.

"I did n't," said Jack.

"How could you tell the answer, then?"

"That's for you to find out."

This puzzle excited a great deal of curiosity. To

add to the wonder of the scholars, Jack gave each time a different number to be added in, and sometimes he varied the multiplying and dividing. Harvey Collins, who was of a studious turn, puzzled over it a long time, and at last he found it out; but he did not tell the secret.

He contented himself with giving out a number to Jack and telling his result. To the rest it was quite miraculous, and Riley turned green with jealousy when he found the girls and boys refusing to listen to his jokes, but gathering about Jack to test his ability to "guess the answer," as they phrased it. Riley said he knew how it was done, and he was even foolish enough to try to do it, by watching the slate-pencil, or by sheer guessing, but this only brought him into ridicule.

"Try me once," said the little C. C. G. W. M. de L. Risdale, and Jack let Columbus set down a figure and carry it through the various processes until he told him the result. Lummy grew excited, pushed his thin hands up into his hair, looked at his slate a minute, and then squeaked out:

"Oh—let me see—yes—no—yes—Oh, I see! Your answer is just half the amount added in, because you have —"

But here Jack placed his hand over Columbus's mouth.

"You can see through a pine door, Lummy, but you must n't let out my secret," he said.

But Jack had a boy's heart in him, and he longed for some more boy-like amusement.

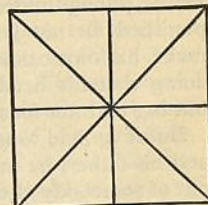


DIAGRAM OF
TEE-TAH-TOE BOARD.

CHAPTER VI.

A BATTLE.

ONE morning, when Jack proposed to play a game of ball with the boys, Riley and Pewee came up and entered the game, and objected.

"It is n't interesting to play with greenhorns," said Will. "If Jack plays, little Christopher Columbus Andsoforth will want to play, too; and then there'll be two babies to teach. I can't be always helping babies. Let Jack play two-hole cat or Anthony-over with the little fellows." To which answer Pewee assented, of course.

That day at noon Riley came to Jack, with a most gentle tone and winning manner, and whiningly begged Jack to show him how to divide 770 by 14.

"It is n't interesting to show greenhorns," said Jack, mimicking Riley's tone on the playground that morning. "If I show you, Pewee Rose will want me to show him; then there'll be two babies to teach. I can't be always helping babies. Go and play two-hole cat with the First-Reader boys."

That afternoon, Mr. Ball had the satisfaction of using his new beech switches on both Riley and Pewee, though indeed Pewee did not deserve to be punished for not getting his lesson. He did not make his own cannon-ball head—it was Nature's doing that his head, like a goat's, was made for butting and not for thinking.

But if he had to take whippings from the master and his father, he made it a rule to get satisfaction out of somebody else. If Jack had helped him he would n't have missed. If he had not missed his lesson badly, Mr. Ball would not have whipped him. It would be inconvenient to whip Mr. Ball in return, but Jack would be easy to manage, and as somebody must be whipped, it fell to Jack's lot to take it.

King Pewee did not fall upon his victim at the school-house door—this would have insured him another beating from the master. Nor did he attack Jack while Bob Holliday was with him. Bob was big and strong—a great fellow of sixteen. But after Jack had passed the gate of Bob's house, and was walking on toward home alone, Pewee came out from behind an alley fence, accompanied by Ben Berry and Will Riley.

"I'm going to settle with you now," said King Pewee, sidling up to Jack like an angry bull-dog.

It was not a bright prospect for Jack, and he cast about him for a chance to escape a brutal encounter with such a bully, and yet avoid actually running away.

"Well," said Jack, "if I must fight, I must. But I suppose you won't let Riley and Berry help you."

"No, I'll fight fair." And Pewee threw off his coat, while Jack did the same.

"You'll quit when I say 'enough,' won't you?" said Jack.

"Yes, I'll fight fair, and hold up when you've got enough."

"Well, then, for that matter, I've got enough now. I'll take the will for the deed, and just say 'enough' before you begin," and he turned to pick up his coat.

"No, you don't get off that way," said Pewee. "You've got to stand up and see who is the best man, or I'll kick you all the way home."

"Did n't you ever hear about Davy Crockett's

'coon?" said Jack. "When the 'coon saw him taking aim, it said: 'Is that you, Crockett? Well, don't fire—I'll come down anyway. I know you'll hit anything you shoot at.' Now, I'm that 'coon. If it was anybody but you, I'd fight. But as it's you, Pewee, I might just as well come down before you begin."

Pewee was flattered by this way of putting the question. Had he been alone, Jack would have escaped. But Will Riley, remembering all he had endured from Jack's retorts, said:

"Oh, give it to him, Pewee; he's always making trouble."

At which Pewee squared himself off, doubled up his fists, and came at the slenderer Jack. The latter prepared to meet him, but, after all, it was hard for Pewee to beat so good-humored a fellow as Jack. The king's heart failed him, and suddenly he backed off, saying:

"If you'll agree to help Riley and me out with our lessons hereafter, I'll let you off. If you don't, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life." And Pewee stood ready to begin.

Jack wanted to escape the merciless beating that Pewee had in store for him. But he was high-spirited, and it was quite impossible for him to submit under a threat. So he answered:

"If you and Riley will treat me as you ought to, I'll help you when you ask me, as I always have. But even if you pound me into jelly I won't agree to help you, unless you treat me right. I won't be bullied into helping you."

"Give it to him, Pewee," said Ben Berry; "he's too sassy."

Pewee was a rather good-natured dog—he had to be set on. He now began to strike at Jack. Whether he was to be killed or not, Jack did not know, but he was resolved not to submit to the bully. Yet he could not do much at defense against Pewee's hard fists. However, Jack was active and had long limbs; he soon saw that he must do something more than stand up to be beaten. So, when King Pewee, fighting in the irregular Western fashion, and hoping to get a decided advantage at once, rushed upon Jack and pulled his head forward, Jack stooped lower than his enemy expected, and, thrusting his head between Pewee's knees, shoved his legs from under him, and by using all his strength threw Pewee over his own back, so that the king's nose and eyes fell into the dust of the village street.

"I'll pay you for that," growled Pewee, as he recovered himself, now thoroughly infuriated; and with a single blow he sent Jack flat on his back, and then proceeded to pound him. Jack could do nothing now but shelter his eyes from Pewee's blows.

Joanna Merwin had seen the beginning of the

battle from the window of her father's house, and feeling sure that Jack would be killed, she had run swiftly down the garden walk to the back gate, through which she slipped into the alley; and then she hurried on, as fast as her feet would carry her, to the blacksmith-shop of Pewee Rose's father.

"Oh, please, Mr. Rose, come quick! Pewee's just killing a boy in the street."

"Vitin' ag'in," said Mr. Rose, who was a Pennsylvanian from the limestone country, and spoke English with difficulty. "He ees a leetle ruffien, dat poy. I'll see apout him right away a'ready, may be."

And without waiting to put off his leathern apron, he walked briskly in the direction indicated by Joanna. Pewee was hammering Jack without pity, when suddenly he was caught by the collar and lifted sharply to his feet.

"Wot you doin' down dare in de dirt wunst a'ready? Hey?" said Mr. Rose, as he shook his son with the full force of his right arm, and cuffed him with his left hand. "Did n't I dells you I'd gill you some day if you did n't guit vitin' mit oder poy, a'ready?"

"He commenced it," whimpered Pewee.

"You dells a pig lie a'ready, I beleefs, Peter, and I'll whip you fur lyin' besides wunst more. Fellers like *him*," pointing to Jack, who was brushing the dust off his clothes,—“fellers like him don't gommence on such a poy as you. You 're such anoder viter I never seed.” And he shook Pewee savagely.

"I wont do it no more," begged Pewee — “'pon my word and honor I wont.”

"Oh, you don't gits off dat away no more, a'ready. You know what I'll giff you when I git you home, you leedle ruffien. I shows you how to vite, a'ready."

And the king disappeared down the street, begging like a spaniel, and vowing that he "would n't do it no more." But he got a severe whipping, I fear;—it is doubtful if such beatings ever do any good. The next morning Jack appeared at school with a black eye, and Pewee had some scratches, so the master whipped them both for fighting.

CHAPTER VII.

HAT-BALL AND BUFFALO.

PEWEE did not renew the quarrel with Jack—perhaps from fear of the rawhide that hung in the blacksmith's shop, or of the master's ox-gad, or of Bob Holliday's fists, or perhaps from a hope of conciliating Jack and getting occasional help in his lessons. Jack was still excluded from the favorite game of "bull-pen," or, as it is better named,

"buffalo." I am not sure that he would have been refused had he asked for admission, but he did not want to risk another refusal. He planned a less direct way of getting into the game. He asked his mother for a worn-out stocking, and he procured an old boot-top. He raveled the stocking, winding the yarn into a ball of medium hardness. Then he cut from the boot-top a square of leather large enough for his purpose. This he laid on the kitchen table, and proceeded to mark off and cut it into the shape of an orange-peel that has been quartered off the orange. But Jack left the four quarters joined together at the middle. This leather he put to soak over night. The next morning, bright and early, with a big needle and some strong thread he sewed it around his yarn-ball, stretching the wet leather to its utmost, so that when it should contract the ball should be firm and hard, and the leather well molded to it. Such a ball is far better for all play in which the player is to be hit than are those sold in the stores nowadays. I have described the manufacture of the old-fashioned home-made ball, because there are some boys, especially in the towns, who have lost the art of making yarn balls.

When Jack had finished his ball, he let it dry, while he ate his breakfast and did his chores. Then he sallied out and found Bob Holliday, and showed him the result of his work. Bob squeezed it, "hefted" it, bounced it against a wall, tossed it high in the air, caught it, and then bounced it on the ground. Having thus "put it through its paces," he pronounced it an excellent ball,—“a good deal better than Ben Berry's ball. But what are you going to do with it?” he asked. “Play Anthony-over? The little boys can play that.”

I suppose there are boys in these days who do not know what "Anthony-over" is. How, indeed, can anybody play Anthony-over in a crowded city?

The old one-story village school-houses stood generally in an open green. The boys divided into two parties, the one going on one side, and the other on the opposite side of the school-house. The party that had the ball would shout, "Anthony!" The others responded, "Over!" To this, answer was made from the first party, "Over she comes!" and the ball was immediately thrown over the school-house. If any of the second party caught it, they rushed, pell-mell, around both ends of the school-house to the other side, and that one of them who held the ball essayed to hit some one of the opposite party before they could exchange sides. If a boy was hit by the ball thus thrown he was counted as captured to the opposite party, and he gave all his efforts to beat his old allies. So the game went on, until all the players of one side were captured by the others.

"I'm not going to play Anthony-over," said Jack. "I'm going to show King Pewee a new trick."

"You can't get up a game of buffalo on your own hook."

"No, I don't mean that. I'm going to show the boys how to play hat-ball—a game they used to play on the Wildcat."

"I see your point. You are going to make Pewee ask you to let him in," said Bob, and the two boys set out for school together, Jack explain-

body-Else might throw from where the ball lay, or from the hats, at the rest, and so on, until some one missed. The one who missed took up his hat and left the play, and the boy who picked up the ball proceeded to drop it into a hat, and the game went on until all but one were put out.

Hat-ball is so simple that any number can play at it, and Jack's friends found it so full of boisterous fun, that every new-comer wished to set down his hat. And thus, by the time Pewee and Riley arrived, half the larger boys in the school



JACK AMUSING THE SMALL BOYS WITH STORIES OF HUNTING, FISHING, AND FRONTIER ADVENTURE. [SEE PAGE 201.]

ing the game to Bob. They found one or two boys already there, and when Jack showed his new ball and proposed a new game, they fell in with it.

The boys stood their hats in a row on the grass. The one with the ball stood over the row of hats, and swung his hand to and fro above them, while the boys stood by him, prepared to run as soon as the ball should drop into a hat. The boy who held the ball, after one or two false motions,—now toward this hat, and now toward that one,—would drop the ball into Somebody's hat. Somebody would rush to his hat, seize the ball, and throw it at one of the other boys who were fleeing in all directions. If he hit Somebody-Else, Some-

were in the game, and there were not enough left to make a good game of buffalo.

At noon, the new game drew the attention of the boys again, and Riley and Pewee tried in vain to coax them away.

"Oh, I say, come on, fellows!" Riley would say. "Come—let's play something worth playing."

But the boys staid by the new game and the new ball. Neither Riley, nor Pewee, nor Ben Berry liked to ask to be let into the game, after what had passed. Not one of them had spoken to Jack since the battle between him and Pewee, and they did not care to play with Jack's ball in a game of his starting.

Once the other boys had broken away from

Pewee's domination, they were pleased to feel themselves free. As for Pewee and his friends, they climbed up on a fence, and sat like three crows watching the play of the others. After awhile they got down in disgust, and went off, not knowing just what to do. When once they were out of sight, Jack winked at Bob, who said:

"I say, boys, we can play hat-ball at recess when there is n't time for buffalo. Let's have a game of buffalo now, before school takes up."

It was done in a minute. Bob Holliday and Tom Taylor "chose up sides," the bases were all ready, and by the time Pewee and his aids-de-camp had walked disconsolately to the pond and back, the boys were engaged in a good game of buffalo, or, as they called it in that day, "bull-pen."

Perhaps I ought to say something about the principles of a game so little known over the country at large. I have never seen it played anywhere but in a narrow bit of country on the Ohio River, and yet there is no merrier game played with a ball.

The ball must not be too hard. There should be four or more corners. The space inside is called the pen, and the party winning the last game always has the corners. The ball is tossed from one corner to another, and when it has gone around once, any boy on a corner may, immediately after catching the ball thrown to him from any of the four corners, throw it at any one in the pen. He must throw while "the ball is hot,"—that is, instantly on catching it. If he fails to hit anybody on the other side, he goes out. If he hits, his side leave the corners and run as they please, for the boy who has been hit may throw from where the ball fell, or from any corner, at any one of the side holding the corners. If one of them is hit, he has the same privilege; but now the men in the pen are allowed to scatter also. Whoever misses is "out," and the play is resumed from the corners until all of one side are out. When but two are left on the corners the ball is smuggled,—that is, one hides the ball in his bosom, and the other pretends that he has it also. The boys in the ring do not know which has it, and the two "run the corners," throwing from any corner. If but one is left on the corners, he is allowed also to run from corner to corner.

It happened that Jack's side lost on the toss-up for corners, and he got into the ring, where his play showed better than it would have done on the corners. As Jack was the greenhorn and the last chosen on his side, the players on the corners expected to make light work of him; but he was an adroit dodger, and he put out three of the men on the corners by his unexpected way of evading a ball. Everybody who has ever played this fine old

game knows that expertness in dodging is worth quite as much as skill in throwing. Pewee was a famous hand with a ball, Riley could dodge well, Ben Berry had a happy knack of dropping flat upon the ground and letting a ball pass over him, Bob Holliday could run well in a counter charge; but nothing could be more effective than Jack Dudley's quiet way of stepping forward or backward, bending his lithe body or spreading his legs to let the ball pass, according to the course which it took from the player's hand.

King Pewee and company came back in time to see Jack dodge three balls thrown point-blank at him from a distance of fifteen feet. It was like witchcraft—he seemed to be charmed. Every dodge was greeted with a shout, and when once he luckily caught the ball thrown at him, and thus put out the thrower, there was no end of admiration of his playing. It was now evident to all that Jack could no longer be excluded from the game, and that, next to Pewee himself, he was already the best player on the ground.

At recess that afternoon, Pewee set his hat down in the hat-ball row, and as Jack did not object, Riley and Ben Berry did the same. The next day Pewee chose Jack first in buffalo, and the game was well played.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEFENDER.

If Jack had not about this time undertaken the defense of the little boy in the Fourth Reader, whose name was large enough to cover the principal features of the history of the New World, he might have had peace, for Jack was no longer one of the newest scholars, his courage was respected by Pewee, and he kept poor Riley in continual fear of his ridicule—making him smart every day. But, just when he might have had a little peace and happiness, he became the defender of Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de la Fayette Risdale—little "Andsoforth," as Riley and the other boys had nicknamed him.

The strange, pinched little body of the boy, his eccentric ways, his quickness in learning, and his infantile simplicity had all conspired to win the affection of Jack, so that he would have protected him even without the solicitation of Susan Lanham. But since Susan had been Jack's own first and fast friend, he felt in honor bound to run all risks in the case of her strange little cousin.

I think that Columbus's child-like ways might have protected him even from Riley and his set, if it had not been that he was related to Susan Lanham, and under her protection. It was the only chance

for Riley to revenge himself on Susan. She was more than a match for him in wit, and she was not a proper subject for Pewee's fists. So with that heartlessness which belongs to the school-boy bully, he resolved to torment the helpless fellow in revenge for Susan's sarcasms.

One morning, smarting under some recent taunt of Susan's, Riley caught little Columbus almost alone in the school-room. Here was a boy who certainly would not be likely to strike back again. His bamboo legs, his spindling arms, his pale face, his contracted chest, all gave the coward a perfect assurance of safety. So, with a rude pretence at play, laughing all the time, he caught the lad by the throat, and in spite of his weird dignity and pleading gentleness, shoved him back against the wall behind the master's empty chair. Holding him here a minute in suspense, he began slapping him, first on this side of the face and then on that. The pale cheeks burned red with pain and fright, but Columbus did not cry out, though the constantly increasing sharpness of the blows, and the sense of weakness, degradation, and terror, stung him severely. Riley thought it funny. Like a cat playing with a condemned mouse, the cruel fellow actually enjoyed finding one person weak enough to be afraid of him.

Columbus twisted about in a vain endeavor to escape from Riley's clutches, getting only a sharper cuff for his pains. Ben Berry, arriving presently, enjoyed the sport, while some of the smaller boys and girls, coming in, looked on the scene of torture in helpless pity. And ever, as more and more of the scholars gathered, Columbus felt more and more mortified; the tears were in his great sad eyes, but he made no sound of crying or complaint.

Jack Dudley came in at last, and marched straight up to Riley, who let go his hold and backed off. "You mean, cowardly, pitiful villain!" broke out Jack, advancing on him.

"I did n't do anything to you," whined Riley, backing into a corner.

"No, but I mean to do something to you. If there's an inch of man in you, come right on and fight with me. You dare n't do it."

"I don't want any quarrel with you."

"No, you quarrel with babies."

Here all the boys and girls jeered.

"You're too hard on a fellow, Jack," whined the scared Riley, slipping out of the corner and continuing to back down the school-room, while Jack kept slowly following him.

"You're a great deal bigger than I am," said Jack. "Why don't you try to corner me? Oh, I could just beat the breath out of you, you great, big, good for nothing——"

Here Riley pulled the west door open, and Jack,

at the same moment, struck him. Riley half dropped, half fell, through the door-way, scared so badly that he went sprawling on the ground.

The boys shouted "coward" and "baby" after him as he sneaked off, but Jack went back to comfort Columbus and to get control of his temper. For it is not wise, as Jack soon reflected, even in a good cause to lose your self-control.

"It was good of you to interfere," said Susan, when she had come in and learned all about it.

"I should have been a brute if I had n't," said Jack, pleased none the less with her praise. "But it does n't take any courage to back Riley out of a school-house. One could get more fight out of a yearling calf. I suppose I've got to take a beating from Pewee, though."

"Go and see him about it, before Riley sees him," suggested Susan. And Jack saw the prudence of this course. As he left the school-house at a rapid pace, Ben Berry told Riley, who was skulking behind a fence, that Jack was afraid of Pewee.

"Pewee," said Jack, when he met him starting to school, after having done his "chores," including the milking of his cow,—"Pewee, I want to say something to you."

Jack's tone and manner flattered Pewee. One thing that keeps a rowdy a rowdy is the thought that better people despise him. Pewee felt in his heart that Jack had a contempt for him, and this it was that made him hate Jack in turn. But now that the latter sought him in a friendly way, he felt himself lifted up into a dignity hitherto unknown to him. "What is it?"

"You are a kind of king among the boys," said Jack. Pewee grew an inch taller.

"They are all afraid of you. Now, why don't you make us fellows behave? You ought to protect the little boys from fellows that impose on them. Then you'd be a king worth the having. All the boys and girls would like you."

"I s'pose may be that's so," said the king.

"There's poor little Columbus Risdale——"

"I don't like him," said Pewee.

"You mean you don't like Susan. She is a little sharp with her tongue. But you would n't fight with a baby—it is n't like you."

"No, sir-ee," said Pewee.

"You'd rather take a big boy than a little one. Now, you ought to make Riley let Lummy alone."

"I'll do that," said Pewee. "Riley's about a million times bigger than Lum."

"I went to the school-house this morning," continued Jack, "and I found Riley choking and beating him. And I thought I'd just speak to you, and see if you can't make him stop it."

"I'll do that," said Pewee, walking along with great dignity.

When Ben Berry and Riley saw Pewee coming in company with Jack, they were amazed and hung their heads, afraid to say anything even to each other. Jack and Pewee walked straight up to the fence-corner in which they stood.

"I thought I'd see what King Pewee would say about your fighting with babies, Riley," said Jack.

"I want you fellows to understand," said Pewee, "that I'm not going to have that little Lum Risdale hurt. If you want to fight, why don't you fight somebody your own size? I don't fight babies myself," and here Pewee drew himself up, "and I don't stand by any boy that does."

Poor Riley felt the last support drop from under

him. Pewee had deserted him, and he was now an orphan, unprotected in an unfriendly world!

Jack knew that the truce with so vain a fellow as Pewee could not last long, but it served its purpose for the time. And when, after school, Susan Lanham took pains to go and thank Pewee for standing up for Columbus, Pewee felt himself every inch a king, and for the time he was—if not a "reformed prize-fighter," such as one hears of sometimes, at least an improved boy. The trouble with vain people like Pewee is, that they have no stability. They bend the way the wind blows, and for the most part the wind blows from the wrong quarter.

(To be continued.)

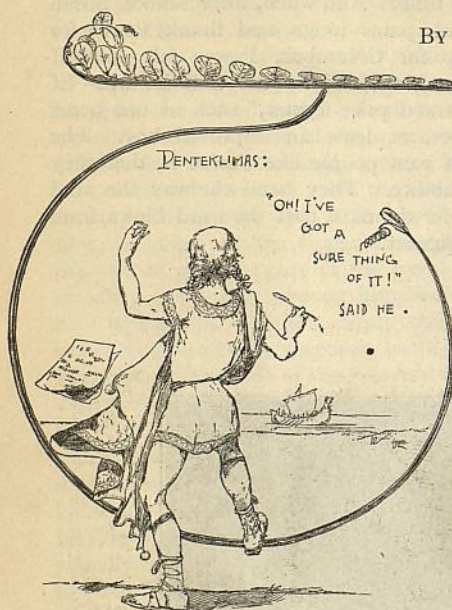


A FUTURE DOGE. [SEE "LETTER-BOX."]

THE MAN WITH THE PEA.

(A Modern Greek Folk-story.)

BY HON. JEREMIAH CURTIN.



HERE was once a country-man named Penteklimas, and one day he went forth boldly to seek his fortune.

After he had journeyed for a length of time, he discovered a pea that lay in the road, and he picked

out the pea, made his calculations anew, and concluded a contract with the seamen.

The ship-owners hastened to the king, and told him how a man had come to the harbor, who was so rich that he needed two hundred ships to carry his goods. When the king heard this, he marveled greatly, and sent for the man, so as to speak with him in person.

Penteklimas was quite stately in appearance, and when starting on his journey he had bought such fine clothes that now he had only two hundred piasters left; but he took no trouble on that account, for had n't he the pea, from which his fortune was to come? He appeared, therefore, in good spirits before the king, who asked him where he kept his property. Penteklimas answered:

"I keep it in a safe place, and need two hundred ships to bring it here."

The king then thought, "That 's the husband for my daughter;" and asked him if he would n't marry his daughter.

When Penteklimas heard this, he grew very thoughtful, and said to himself:

"I am, in truth, not yet perfectly sure of my fortune, for if I now say no, the king will not let me have the ships."

When the king pressed him for an answer, Penteklimas said, at length:

"I will go first and get my property; and then we can have the wedding."

Penteklimas's thoughtfulness in thus replying to such a proposition roused the ardor of the king, who said:

"If you must make the journey first, let the betrothal at least take place before you go, and we can have the wedding when you come back."

Penteklimas was satisfied with this.

While they were speaking, evening came on. The king did not wish to let him depart, but had him spend the night in the palace. In order to find out whether his guest was used to good living, the king gave a secret command to prepare for him a bed with torn sheets and a ragged quilt. A servant was charged to watch him through the night, and to see if he would sleep,—“for if he sleeps,” thought the king, “he is a poor fellow; but if he does n't sleep, then he is well brought up, and can not rest on rags.”

Next morning the servant told the king that Penteklimas had been very restless all night, and

it up. He was about to throw it away, when it occurred to him that he had gone out to seek his fortune, and that since he had found the pea, this must be his fortune. While considering how this might be, he said to himself:

"If I put this pea in the ground, I shall have a hundred peas next year; and if I sow them I shall have ten thousand the year after; then I shall sow those, and in the fourth year I shall have no end of peas. My fortune is sure; I will take the pea."

He tied it safely in his handkerchief, and kept his thoughts fixed on it all the time, so that as often as he began any transaction he always stopped in the middle, and took out his handkerchief to see if he still had the pea. Then he would take a pen and calculate how many peas he should harvest one year, and how many the next, and so on; and when he had finished the reckoning he would say:

"Oh, I've got a sure thing of it!"

After he had passed some time in this manner, he rose up, went to the sea-shore, and made known that he wished to hire two hundred ships.

When the people asked him what he wanted so many ships for, he answered, that he wished to put his property on board.

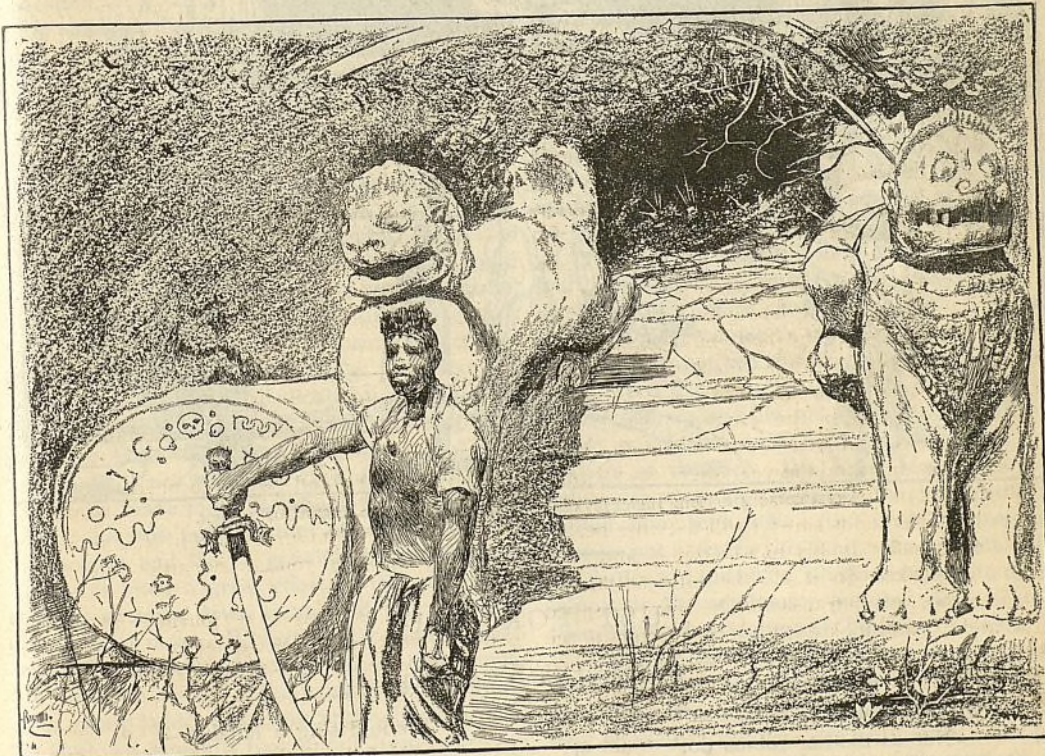
All were astonished at this reply, and thought at first that he was making sport of them. But as he kept on inquiring for ships, they demanded to know exactly how many he needed. Then he took

had not closed an eye. The real cause of his unrest had been that he feared to lose his pea amongst the rags. He could not sleep, and was continually putting his hand on the place where he had hidden the pea, so as to make sure it was there.

The following night the king ordered as soft and beautiful a bed as possible to be given him. In this Penteklimas slept splendidly, because he had no fear of losing the pea. When the king heard of his guest's quiet slumbering, he was convinced that he had found the right husband for his daughter, and so he hastened the betrothal. On the evening of the ceremony, the bride came to Penteklimas, but he had little attention to bestow on her, for his whole mind was directed to the pea, and the harvests he expected from it. He soon left her and went to his room, and no sooner had he fallen

urged on by the king, he decided to put to sea with two hundred ships. While on the voyage, he betook himself to calculations once more, when, of a sudden, it became clear to him, as if bandages had fallen from his eyes, how silly his conduct had been, for he had not yet obtained even a piece of ground in which to plant his pea, while now he was sailing on with two hundred ships to carry back a harvest which could only come after many years! "I am mad," said he to himself; "but what shall I do now that I have deceived the king and so many people?"

After much meditation, he hit upon a pretext by which he could get away from the ships. He told the captains, when they arrived at the first favorable coast, "Put me on land here, and wait until I call; for I must be alone to find my treasures."



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TREASURE-CAVERN WAS GUARDED BY A NEGRO WITH A DRAWN SWORD.

asleep, than he dreamt that the pea was lost. He jumped up, and snatched after it so fiercely that it fell to the floor. Then he began to cry and sob: "Oh, misery, misery! where is my fortune?" until he found the pea again. And the servant, not understanding this, wondered not a little at his outcry and strange behavior.

So he continued for a short time, becoming more and more absorbed in his calculations, until at last,

When he reached the shore, he went into a forest and hid himself there, not wishing to come out until the captains, weary of waiting, should sail away.

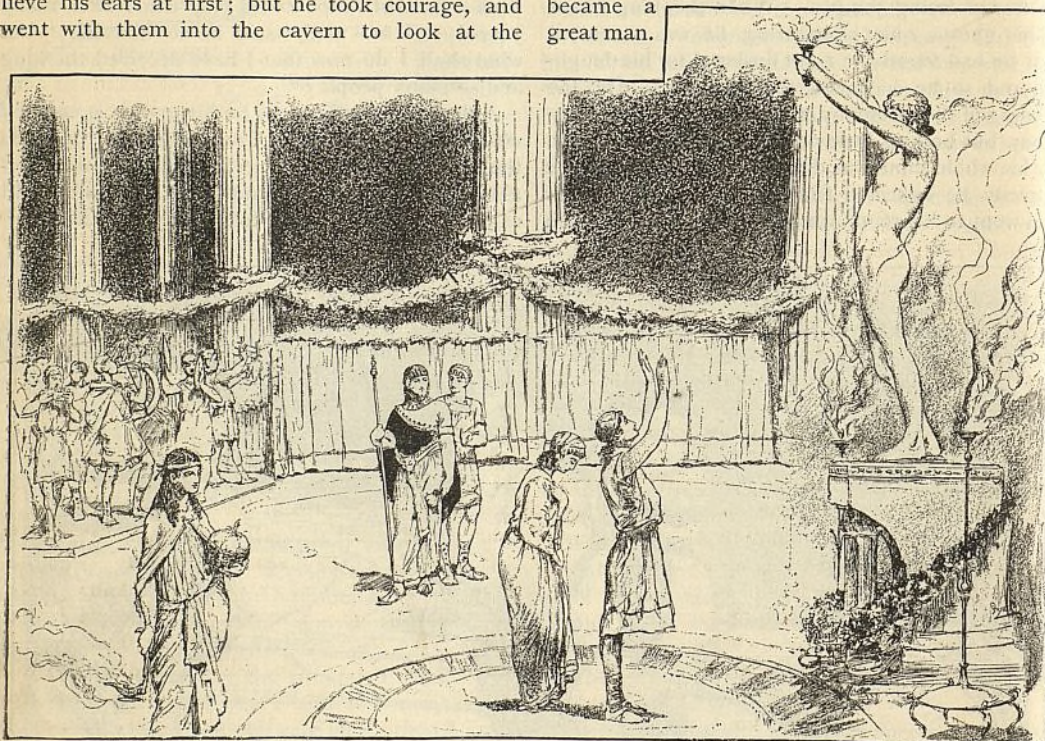
They waited for him a long time in vain, and as he did not come, they determined to look for him. They searched the whole forest through, and discovered there a cavern all filled with gold pieces, which was guarded by a negro with a drawn sword.

As the negro resisted, the sailors in their haste and greed at once slew him. Just then, Penteklimas appeared suddenly from a neighboring thicket. When he saw the sailors, he was both surprised and alarmed. But they cried out to him, "Come here—come, this way—we have found your treasures!"

When he heard this, Penteklimas could not believe his ears at first; but he took courage, and went with them into the cavern to look at the

heaps of gold. Then he heaved a great sigh, and ordered the sailors to lade the two hundred ships with the treasures from the cave. After this was done, they all sailed home.

The king received his son-in-law in great magnificence, with torches and lanterns; and Penteklimas celebrated his wedding with the princess, and became a great man.



PENTEKлимAS AND THE PRINCESS ARE MARRIED BEFORE THE SHRINE OF HYMEN.

JUST FOR YOU.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

I WOULD sing a lullaby,—
Not as mother robins do,
Answering the what and why
Of the babies cradled high,—
I will tell you by and by,
Now I only sing for you.

I would sing a lullaby,—
Not as mother pussies do,
When on chilly nights they lie,
With their furry babies by,
Answering the broken cry
With a little plaintive "mew!"

I would sing a lullaby,
Just as other mothers do
When the verses that they try
Break in jarring melody,—
Sing? I know not what or why,
I will simply sing for you!

DR. HOLLAND'S BOOKS.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

IT is doubtful whether any writer of books can be to the present generation of young people just what Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland was to the last generation. This is not because there are no good writers nowadays; it is partly because there are so many of them. Nor is it because the writers now living do not know how to entertain young people; scores of them are masters of that art. But a great inheritance of power and affection was waiting for somebody when Dr. Holland came, and he was the man called by Providence to enter in and take possession.

For children, distinctively, Dr. Holland wrote but little. I do not think that he had any remarkable skill in pleasing children. His mission was not to the little folks. But to the older boys and girls, and the younger men and women, he had something to say, and he contrived to say it in a way that gained their attention, and inspired their confidence.

Up to the time when "Titcomb's Letters to Young People" appeared, the young folk had heard very little talk about conduct that was not dismal and repelling. Lectures and letters to young men and women were apt to be full of cant and condescension—two very offensive things. I was a boy in those days, and I know all about it. Do I not remember the volumes of Advice to Young Men that were bestowed on me, and what I did with them? Do I not recall the kind of speeches that used to be made to us, in school and in Sunday-school, and how far away they seemed to be from the thought and life of growing boys and girls? There was often a great effort on the part of the speakers to come down to us, and this was what disgusted us most. When we saw some learned and lordly instructor ride in on a very high horse, and then with a wave of the hand proceed to come down a long ladder of condescension backward, to our level, we generally took to our heels, mentally if not literally.

So, when Timothy Titcomb's "Letters" came, they were a genuine surprise to many of us. Nobody had ever talked to us in this way before. He did not begin by addressing us as his dear young friends, nor by telling us how deeply interested he was in the moral and spiritual and eternal welfare of every one of us, nor by assuring us that Youth was the Morn of Life; he did not talk through his nose at all; he neither patronized nor condescended; he spoke to us in a plain and jolly way; he laughed

at us, and laughed with us; he hit us hard sometimes, but he always struck fair; he knew more than we did, but he felt no bigger; he understood us through and through, and he liked us, and he wanted to help us, God bless him! He was a new sort of man altogether. We took to him at once.

I was in college when the Titcomb "Letters" were first printed in the Springfield *Republican*, and I remember well the enthusiasm with which the fellows hailed the words of this new teacher.

It was not only because he talked in a fresh and unconventional way that we liked him, but also because he could talk in such a pleasant fashion concerning the highest matters. He did not undertake to amuse us; if he had, we might have applauded him more, but we should not have loved him so well. For the truth is that young people generally, even in their most exuberant days, have a genuine care for the deep things of character. They believe, quite as truly as their elders do, that wise saying of Matthew Arnold: "Conduct is three-fourths of life." To the appeal which summons them to purity and courage, and honor and faith, if it be wisely spoken, they readily respond. This was true of young people in my day, I know; and I trust that it is not less true of young people in these days. We felt ourselves honored when one who understood us, and did not try to set himself high above us, offered to talk with us about these great matters of conduct. We liked him because he believed in us enough to take it for granted that we should enjoy such talk. And there are men and women not a few in this land, who are now up in the forties and the fifties, who look back with thankfulness to the wholesome impulse given to their thoughts by these letters of Timothy Titcomb.

I have just been reading them over again. Somebody borrowed my copy fifteen or twenty years ago, and I have not seen it since. But it all seems very fresh and familiar. I have marked a few passages that I had remembered a little too well, because I had forgotten that I remembered them. I had thought that the thought was my own, and had expressed it elsewhere, in different words, of course, but precisely the same idea. It had become so much a part of me that I did not know that anybody ever gave it to me.

I do not wonder now, when I read these letters over, that they were so popular and so useful in the day when they were written. They ought to have been. They ought to be in this day. We have

had many good books for young people since these were written,—one noble book within a year—Mr. Munger's "On the Threshold"; but without making any comparisons, the exceptional success of the Titcomb "Letters" is not mysterious. The homeliness of the style, the broad but pure and genial humor, the off-hand directness and point of the counsels, entitle them to the popularity they won. I came back to them expecting that a maturer judgment might find some things that were crude and extravagant; but this is one of the books the youthful estimate of which has not needed much revision. And it is not out of date. Such homely counsels are never antiquated. The questions of behavior confronting young people in these times are the same questions that confronted their fathers and mothers; and there is as much help for our boys and girls in this little volume as there was for us. I am glad that a new and beautiful edition of it is just appearing, and I trust that the older boys and girls among the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will make the acquaintance of this sunny and sensible writer, who to their fathers and mothers was "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Others of Dr. Holland's books of essays are good books for young people, though none of them, excepting the Titcomb "Letters," is especially intended for the young. And although there is much of wise philosophy and earnest practical talk in "Gold Foil" and "Lessons in Life" and "Letters to the Joneses," yet the Titcomb "Letters" remains, even in a literary point of view, the best of his books of essays. This is a point, I confess, on which my judgment has undergone revision. I used to think "Gold Foil" finer than the "Letters," but it does not seem so now. Or perhaps I should say it *is* finer, and for that reason it is not so good writing. The "Letters" were struck off impromptu; the suggestion of the series came from Mr. Bowles, Dr. Holland's associate on the *Republican*, and the Doctor sat down at once and wrote the first letter, printing it the same week. They appeared regularly, after that, in the Saturday issues of a daily newspaper; they were thrown off rapidly, without thought of their preservation in book form, and in the midst of the strenuous labors of a busy journalist; their style is therefore colloquial, unambitious, straightforward. Dr. Holland has written no better prose than this little volume contains. When "Gold Foil" was written, he had begun to be an author of fame, and he naturally wanted to maintain his reputation. Because he tried a little harder to write finely, he did not succeed in writing quite as well.

This criticism refers, however, only to the style, and it applies to "Lessons in Life" much less forcibly than to "Gold Foil." By the time the

"Lessons in Life" were written, the Doctor had pretty well passed the anxieties of early authorship; his standing was assured: he therefore was at home with himself again, and he wrote simply and directly, as his nature prompted him. But you will find in all these books of essays much that the sober and right-hearted among you will greatly enjoy. As students of literature, you read Bacon's Essays, of course, and some of Addison's and Swift's, and Johnson's, and Montaigne's, but let me say to you that, though the turf has not yet begun to grow above the grave of Dr. Holland, his books of essays are quite as well worth your reading as those of these elder worthies. Not, perhaps, as models of literary style,—into that question we need not go,—but as wholesome moral tonics. The young man or woman who wants to know how to think justly, how to choose wisely, how to act a worthy part in life,—and there are many such, I trust, among those who will read these words,—will find in the essays of Dr. Holland a kind of nutriment for the better life that none of the classic essays will furnish. Not a man of all those worthies I have named had the genius for morality that Dr. Holland had.

Dr. Holland's poetry is less likely than his prose to attract young people. In "Bitter-sweet" they will find much to enjoy; and many of his minor pieces are musical and sweet. "Daniel Gray," and "The Heart of the War," and "Gradatim" are for them as much as for their elders; but the poets of the young are the poets of nature and of action, and these were not Dr. Holland's provinces.

His novels are, however, excellent books for the young. Every one of them is a novel with a purpose; there is always some point to make, some wrong to right, some reform to push; but the story does not flag; he is not a novelist who often stops to preach; the story itself preaches. I have known bright boys and girls, from fourteen to eighteen, who would read some of these stories through a dozen times; and you never do that, you know, with stupid stories. If his poems are abstract and reflective, his stories are full of life and action. The men and women in them are, for the most part, real people, and the pages throb with human interest. There is very little romance in Dr. Holland's stories; in his poetry he sometimes touches upon the marvelous, but his prose keeps close to the facts of life, and he tells us few things that may not have happened. Indeed, we are very sure that a good many things of which he tells us did happen to him.

I will not undertake to judge among his stories; all of them, from "The Bay Path" to "Nicholas Minturn," are full of fresh pleasure for the young folks who have not read them. The most dramatic

of them all, beyond a doubt, is "The Story of Sevenoaks"; but "Miss Gilbert's Career" and "Arthur Bonnicastle," and "Nicholas Minturn" are all good books for the young. And I think that the boys and girls who read these books will agree that Dr. Holland knew boys and girls; that the experiences of his own boyhood were well remembered, and that he understood, therefore, how to put himself in the places of the young folks round about him, and to interpret life as it appears to them. In most of his stories he goes well back toward the youth of his principal characters: Arthur Blague, Fanny Gilbert, Arthur Bonnicastle, Henry Hulm, Millie Bradford, Jenny Coates, are known to us from their boyhood and girlhood. In reading their histories we are brought into immediate contact with the world in which young people now live and move; we share their duties and their cares, their aspirations and their perplexities, their enthusiasms and their resentments. Life, to the young people of these stories, is the same kind of life that we are living; they make the same mistakes that we have made; and when we see them going onward to victory and peace, we know that the way by which they went is the way by which we, too, must go. Certain it is that we shall never learn from these stories to be irreverent, nor undutiful, nor babyish; that we shall get no encouragement in waiting on luck, nor in taking short cuts to fortune. Industry, and manliness, and sturdy independence are the lessons taught in every one of them.

Of Dr. Holland's stories, "Arthur Bonnicastle" is the one in which young people will find most that concerns themselves. There is more religion in it than in any of the rest of them; and I suspect that Dr. Holland has given us in Arthur's early religious struggles a bit of recollection. The experience through which the hero passes in the revival is one that could not well have been imagined. It reads like history. This peculiar experience is less common now than it was when Dr. Holland was a boy, because the theories now prevailing concerning religious life are more simple and intelligible than those of fifty years ago. Nevertheless, the story of Arthur is one which the boys of our own time can understand, and it is full of instruction for them. The childhood of this shy, sensitive, imaginative boy recalls to many of them passages in their own lives that are not yet far enough off to be forgotten; and the school life and college life of Arthur take them over familiar paths.

It is well known, I suppose, that the original of the "Birds'-Nest," to which Arthur went, was the

school called "The Gunnery," in Washington, Connecticut, named, by a doubtful pun, after its principal, and famed for its original methods of discipline, and for the great emphasis placed in all its training upon the values of character. Mr. Gunn, who is no longer living, was a teacher after Dr. Holland's own heart, and what the Doctor says about this school conveys his own notion of the right relation between boys and their teachers. "Self-direction and self-government—these," he says, "were the most important of all the lessons learned at the 'Birds'-Nest.' Our school was a little community brought together for common objects—the pursuit of useful learning, the acquisition of courteous manners, and the practice of those duties which relate to good citizenship. The only laws of the school were those which were planted in the conscience, reason, and sense of propriety of the pupils. * * * The boys were made to feel that the school was their own, and that they were responsible for its good order. Mr. Bird was only the biggest and best boy, and the accepted president of the establishment. The responsibility of the boys was not a thing of theory only: it was deeply realized in the conscience and conduct of the school. However careless or refractory a new boy might be, he soon learned that he had a whole school to deal with, and that he was not a match for the public opinion."

The idea here ascribed to Mr. Bird of giving boys liberty and teaching them to use it, is central in Dr. Holland's philosophy of education. I have sometimes questioned whether he did not put this a little too strongly. Doubtless the lesson of the use of liberty is all-important, but the lesson of obedience is not less important, and one can not help thinking, as he looks around upon life and notes the failures that grow from self-conceit and willfulness, that the first thing for every boy and girl to learn is how to obey. There is much less danger now than when Dr. Holland was a boy of tyranny in school and family government,—less danger now of tyranny than of anarchy, perhaps; and the virtue to emphasize just now is the soldierly virtue that dares to say, "I obey orders." Nevertheless, Dr. Holland nowhere countenances anything like insubordination; he only insists that boys and girls shall have a fair chance; that they shall be trusted and put upon their honor; and in this I am sure he will have them all on his side. But let them read "Arthur Bonnicastle," if they have not read it. I am not afraid that they will learn from that, nor from any other book that he ever wrote, any lessons but those of purity, and manliness, and honest faith.

HOW TO MAKE PUPPETS AND PUPPET-SHOWS.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

THE puppet-show is certainly an old institution ; and, for aught I know, the shadow pantomime may be equally ancient. But the puppet-show here to be described originated, so far as I am aware,

within our family circle, having gradually evolved itself from a simple sheet of paper

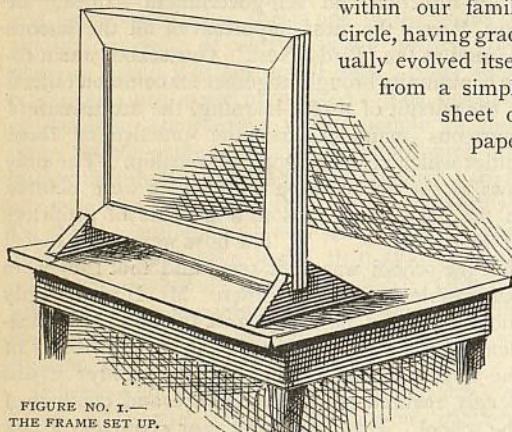


FIGURE NO. 1.—
THE FRAME SET UP.

hung on the back of a chair, with a light placed on the seat of the chair behind the paper.

The puppets (not the most graceful and artistic) originally were impaled upon broom-straws, and by this means their shadows were made to jump and dance around in the most lively manner, to the intense delight of a juvenile audience. As these juveniles advanced in years and knowledge, they developed a certain facility with pencil and scissors ; the rudimentary paper animals and fairies gradually assumed more possible forms ; the chair-back was replaced by a wooden soap or candle box with the bottom knocked out ; and the sheet of paper gave way to a piece of white muslin. Thus, step by step, grew up the puppet-show, from which so much pleasure and amusement has been derived by the writer and his young friends that he now considers it not only a pleasure, but his duty, to tell the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* how to make one like it for themselves.

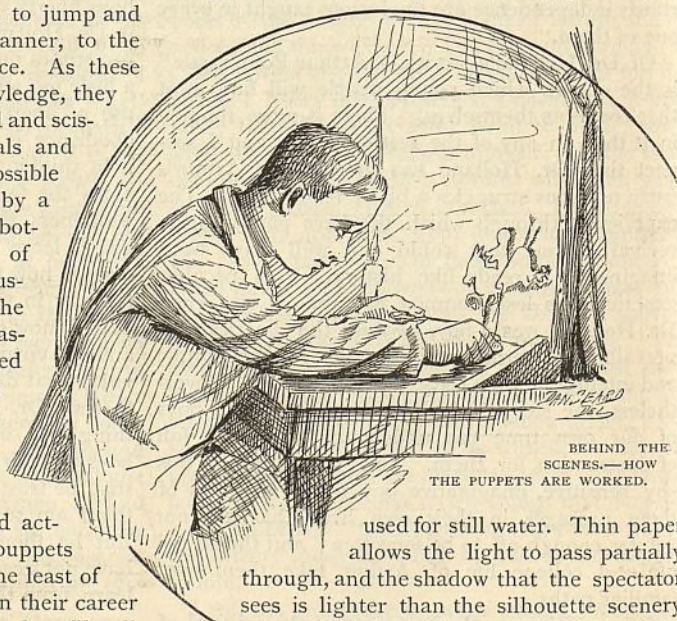
The construction of properties and actors, and the manipulation of the puppets at an exhibition, are by no means the least of the fun. To start the readers fairly in their career of stage-managers, this article not only will tell how to build the theater and make the actors, but it will give an original adaptation of an old story, prepared especially for a puppet-show.

Among the rubbish of the lumber-room, or attic, you can hardly fail to find an old frame of some kind,—one formerly used for a picture or old-fashioned mirror would be just the thing. Should your attic contain no frames, very little skill with carpenters' tools is required to manufacture a strong wooden stretcher. It need not be ornamental, but should be neat and tidy in appearance, and about two feet long by eighteen inches high.

On the back of this, tack a piece of white muslin, being careful to have it stretched perfectly tight, like a drum-head. The cloth should have no seams nor holes in it to mar the plain surface.

A simple way to support the frame in an upright position is to make a pair of "shoes," of triangular pieces of wood. In the top of each shoe a rectangular notch should be cut, deep enough to hold the frame firmly. Figure No. 1 shows a wooden frame on a table, and the manner in which the shoes should be made.

The scenery can be cut out of card-board. Very natural-looking trees may be made of sticks with bunches of pressed moss pasted upon the ends. Pressed maiden-hair fern makes splendid tropical foliage, and tissue or any other thin paper may be



BEHIND THE
SCENES.—HOW
THE PUPPETS ARE WORKED.

used for still water. Thin paper allows the light to pass partially through, and the shadow that the spectator sees is lighter than the silhouette scenery around, and hence has a sort of translucent, watery look. Scenery of all kinds should be placed flat against the cloth when in use.

And now that you have a general idea how the

show is worked, I will confine my remarks to the play in hand. It is a version of the old story of "Puss-in-Boots," and there will be given here patterns for all the puppets necessary, although in the court

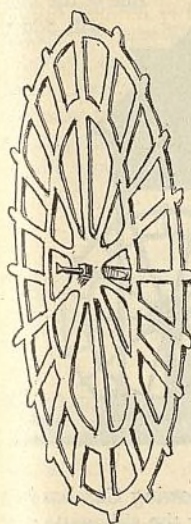
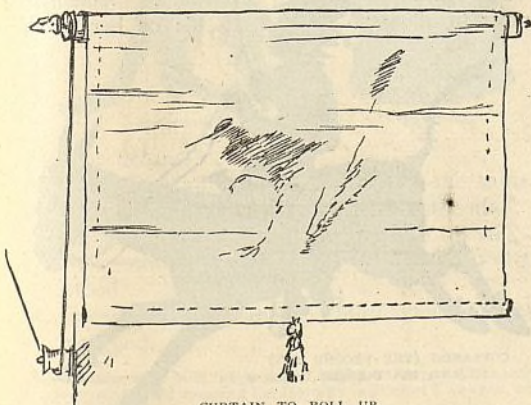


FIGURE NO. 2.—THE MILL-WHEEL.

scene you can introduce as many more as you like. The first scene is the old mill. This scene should be made of such a length that, with the bridge and approach, it will just fit in the frame. Take the measurement of the inside of the frame. Then take a stiff piece of card-board of the requisite length, and with a pencil carefully copy the illustration, omitting the wheel. Lay the card-board flat upon a pine board or old kitchen table, and with a sharp knife (the file blade is the best) follow the lines you have drawn. Cut out the spaces where the water is marked, and paste tissue-paper in their place. Take another piece of card-board and cut out a wheel; in the center of this cut a small, square hole, through which push the end of a stick, as in



CURTAIN TO ROLL UP.

Figure No. 2. Drive a pin into the end of the stick, allowing it to protrude far enough to fit easily into a slot cut for that purpose in the cross-

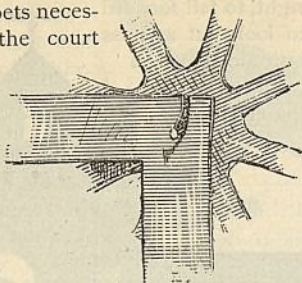


FIGURE NO. 3.—SLOT IN MILL-BEAM, WITH AXLE OF WHEEL IN PLACE.

beams of the mill. (See Figure No. 3.) The wheel can then be made to turn at pleasure by twirling between the fingers the stick to which the wheel is attached.

To make Puss: Take a piece of tracing paper, and carefully trace with a soft pencil the outlines of the cat, from the illustration here given. Then tack the four corners of the tracing, reversed (that is, with the tracing under), on a piece of card-board. Any business-card will answer for this purpose. Now, by going over the lines (which will show paper) with a hard pencil, you will find it will leave a sufficiently strong im-

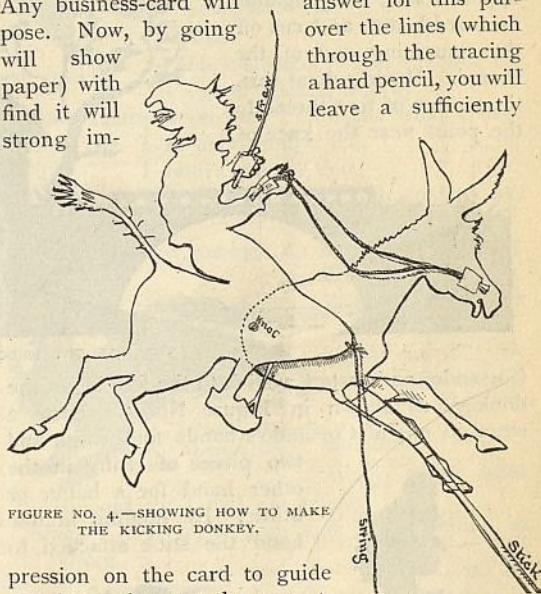
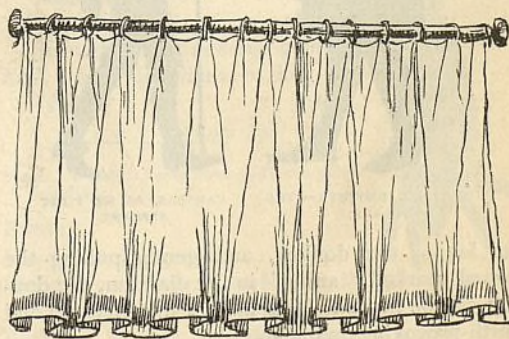


FIGURE NO. 4.—SHOWING HOW TO MAKE THE KICKING DONKEY.

pression on the card to guide you in cutting out the puppet.

Almost all the puppets can be made in the same way. Puss as he first appears, the rabbit, rat, and bag, should be impaled upon the end of a broom-straw; but the remaining puppets should each have a stick or straw attached to one leg, or some other suitable place, just as the stick is pasted to the donkey's leg as represented in Figure No. 4.

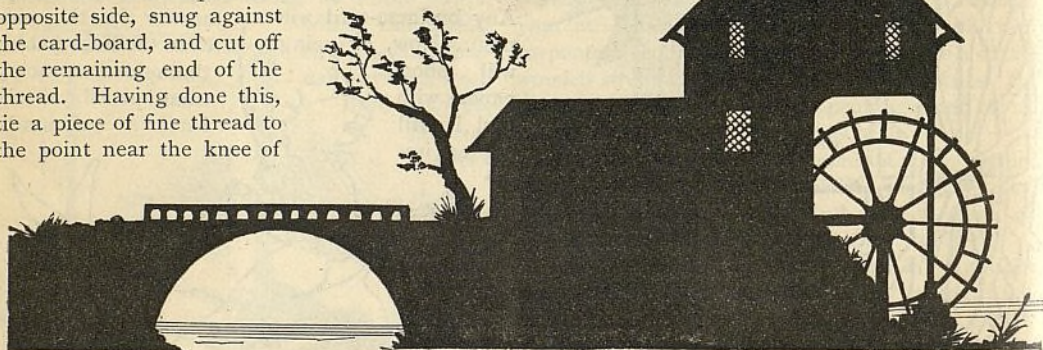


CURTAIN TO SLIDE ON A ROD.

Corsando and the donkey are made of two separate pieces, as indicated in Figure No. 4. The dotted line shows the continuation of the outline of

the forward piece. Cut out the two pieces in accordance with the diagram, and then place the tail-piece over the head-piece, and at the point marked "knot," make a pin-hole through both pieces of the puppet. Tie one end of a piece of heavy thread into a good hard knot; put the other end of the thread through the holes just made, draw the knotted end close up against the puppet, and then tie another knot upon the opposite side, snug against the card-board, and cut off the remaining end of the thread. Having done this, tie a piece of fine thread to the point near the knee of

King separately, and then fastening the lower end of his body to the coach in the way the two parts of the donkey are joined, he can be made to sit upright, to fall forward when desired, and to look out as Puss attitude shown in trations. This will add to the effect.



THE MILL, THE BRIDGE, ETC.—FIRST SCENE.

Corsando, and fasten a stick to the fore leg of the donkey, as shown in Figure No. 4. Paste a straw in one of Corsando's hands for a whip, and two pieces of string in the other hand for a halter or bridle. By holding in one hand the stick attached to



THE ELDER BROTHER—THE MILLER.

CARABAS, AS HE FIRST APPEARS.

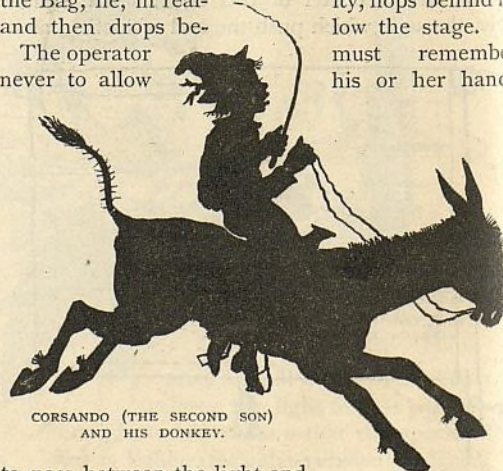
the leg of the donkey, and gently pulling the thread marked "string" in the diagram, the donkey can be made to kick up in a most natural and mirth-provoking manner.

When you make the King and Princess in their coach, you will have to enlarge the whole drawing proportionally, so that each horse will be about as large as Corsando's donkey. By cutting out the

In cutting out the puppet showing Carabas in a bathing-suit, use as pattern only the silhouette part of the second figure of him; by following the open outline, you will have Carabas in court dress.

To make Puss carry the Bag, the operator will have to use both hands, holding in one hand the stick attached to Puss, and in the other the straw attached to the Bag. Then, by keeping the Bag close against Pussy's paws, it will appear to the audience as if he were holding the Bag. In the same manner he is made to carry the dead Rabbit to the King. When the Rabbit seems to hop into the Bag, he, in reality, hops behind it, and then drops below the stage.

The operator must remember never to allow his or her hands



CORSANDO (THE SECOND SON) AND HIS DONKEY.

to pass between the light and the cloth, as the shadow of an immense hand upon the cloth would ruin the whole effect. All the puppets for each scene should be carefully selected

before the curtain rises, that the operator can at hand upon the one wanted. be no talking behind the scenes; and the puppets should be kept moving in as life-like a manner as possible while their speeches are being made for them. Several rehearsals are necessary to make the show pass off successfully. With these hints, we will now go on with the play.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

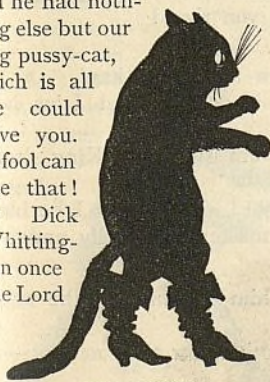
PUPPETS: CARABAS, afterward the MARQUIS; his oldest brother, the MILLER; CORSANDO, his next older brother; PUSS-IN-BOOTS; WOLFGANG, the Ogre; KING; PRINCESS; KING'S SERVANTS; DONKEY; RABBIT; BAG; RAT. Also, if desired, COURTIER.

Act I. Scene I.

SCENE: Landscape with tree, bridge, mill at one side. CORSANDO discovered riding the DONKEY backward and forward. MILLER and CARABAS emerge from the mill, and stop under tree.

MILLER:

Come, come, brother Carabas, don't be downcast! You know, as the youngest, you must be the last. Our father, of course, left to me the old mill, And the ass to Corsando, for so reads the will; And he had nothing else but our big pussy-cat, Which is all he could give you. A fool can see that! Yet Dick Whittington once the Lord



PUSS-IN-BOOTS.



THE BAG.

Mayor became, And his start and yours are precisely the same. But see! I am wasting my time from the mill, For while I am talking the wheels are all still. I have nothing to give you—be that understood. So farewell, my brother! May your fortune be good.

[Exit MILLER into Mill, when wheel begins to turn. CORSANDO approaches, and stopping the DONKEY in front of CARABAS, addresses him.

CORSANDO:

Now, dear brother Carabas, take my advice: Go hire out your cat to catch other men's mice.

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and so placed once lay his There must

[CORSANDO turns to leave; PUSS comes out and gives the DONKEY a scratch, causing him to kick wildly as he goes off.

CARABAS:

O Fortune, befriend me! what now shall I do? Come, Pussy, stay by me—I depend upon you. You are all that I have, but can do me no good, Unless I should kill you and cook you for food.

PUSS:

Meow! Meow! Kill me not, my good master, I pray—

Have mercy upon me! Now list what I say: I'm no common cat,

I assure you of that.

In the top of the mill, where the solemn owl hoots,

You will find, if you look, an old pair of top-boots.

Bring them to me, With the bag you will see

Under the mill, by the roots of yon tree.



THE RABBIT LEAPING INTO THE BAG.

CARABAS:

Well, Puss, what

you ask for I will not refuse,

Since I have all to gain and have nothing to lose.

[Exit into the mill.

[Puss stands a moment as if to think, then capers up and down the stage and speaks.

PUSS: A rat? Bah! what's that?

Sir Whittington's cat

Would have grown very fat,

Had she lived upon such prey,

All the time, day after day,

Till she made a Lord Mayor of her master!

But mine shall gain a name

Through much sweeter game,

And not only climb higher but faster!

[Curtain.

Act I. Scene II.

SCENE: Woods. Enter PUSS-IN-BOOTS, carrying BAG.

PUSS:

Mey-o-w! m-e-y-o-w!

Were it not for these boots I should sure have pegged out;

But if I'm not mistaken, there's game hereabouts.

For I scent in the air

A squirrel or hare.

I wonder now whether he's lean, lank, or stout?



THE RABBIT.—DEAD.

But I know a habit
Of the shy little rabbit:

He 'll enter this bag, and then, my! wont I
grab it?

[Arranges bag, and hides; RABBIT comes out, and, after running
away several times, enters the BAG, when PUSS pounces upon
it.

PUSS:

To the King in a moment I 'll take you, my dear,
For he 's e'en over-fond of fat rabbits, I hear.

An I once gain his ear,
I see my way clear;

For I 'll tell him a story both wondrous and queer.
And then my poor master 'll have nothing to
fear—

If he acts as I bid him, good fortune is near.

[Curtain.

Act II. Scene I.

SCENE: KING'S Palace. KING discovered standing behind a throne.
PRINCESS and attendants standing around. A loud "meow!"
heard without. KING and COURT start. Enter PUSS, with RAB-
BIT in his paws.

PUSS:

Meow! My great Liege, may Your Majesty please
To smile on a slave who thus, here on his knees,

A humble offering
From Carabas doth bring.

And Sire, my master further bade me say,
If it please his gracious King, he will gladly
send each day

The choicest game that in his coverts he can find;
And your kind acceptance of it still closelier will
bind

A hand and a heart as loyal and true
As e'er swore allegiance, O King, unto you!

KING:

Your master has a happy way
Of sending gifts. Thus to him say,
That we accept his offer kind,
And some good day, perhaps, may find
A way to thank him which will prove
We value most our subjects' love.
Carabas, is your master's name?
What rank or title doth he claim?
Shall we among the high or low
Look for your lord, who loves us so?

PUSS:

A marquis is my master, Sire;
In wealth and honor none are higher.

[Aside:

(Cats must have a conscience callous!
Who work their way into a palace.)

Now, if it please Your Majesty,
I will return, and eagerly
To my marquis master bring
This kind message from his king.

[Curtain.

Act II. Scene II.

SCENE: High-road; one or two trees. CARABAS and PUSS-IN-
BOOTS discovered.

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, have patience I pray.

CARABAS:

Patience to doctors! I 'm hungry, I say!

PUSS:

All will go well if you mind me to-day,
And while the sun shines we must surely make
hay.

CARABAS:

Carry your hay to Jericho!
Who can eat hay, I 'd like to know!

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, your help I implore,
And while I help fortune, you open the door.

CARABAS:

No house do I own, so where is the door?—
Ah! Pussy, forgive me, I 'll grumble no more,
But help all I can in your nice little plan;
For I know you have brains, Puss, as well as
a man.

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, e'en though you froze,
You must bathe in yon river!

[Exit CARABAS.

And now for his clothes!

The King's coach is coming, and I 've laid a
scheme—

Though of that, I am sure, the King does n't
dream.

The coach is in sight! Now, may I be blessed
If I don't wish my master was wholly undressed!

[Loud cries without.

There! now hear him screaming—the water is
cold;

I 'll go bury his clothes, for they need it—they
're old.

[Exit PUSS, who soon returns. As he reënters, the KING's Coach
appears.

PUSS: Meow! my good master! Alas for him!
Help! Fire! Murder! My master can't swim.

[Runs to Coach.

Help! help! gracious King, or Lord Carabas
drowns!

KING:

Ho, slaves! To the rescue! A hundred gold
crowns

Will we give to the man who saves Carabas' life!

[SERVANTS rush across the stage.

[KING continues, aside:

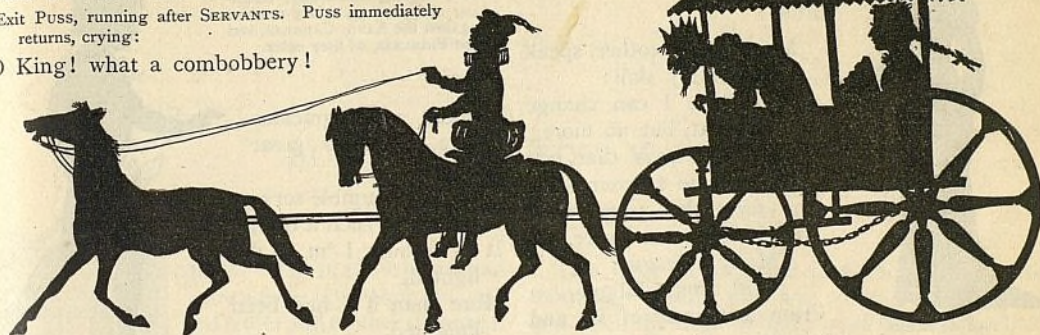
My daughter shall soon make the marquis a wife.

PUSS (aside):

Mighty keen are a cat's ears!
Who knows all that Pussy hears!
This is better than I hoped for, by a heap.
What a very lucky thing
The blessed, kind old King
Does n't know this shallow river is n't deep!

[Exit PUSS, running after SERVANTS. PUSS immediately returns, crying:

O King! what a combobbery!



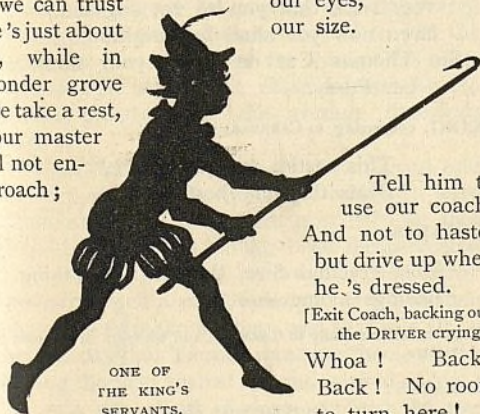
THE KING AND THE PRINCESS IN THEIR COACH.

There's been an awful robbery,
And no clothing for the marquis can we find.

KING:

That is no great disaster,
For tell your worthy master
We always pack an extra suit behind.

If we can trust our eyes,
He's just about our size.
So, while in yonder grove
we take a rest,
Your master 'll not en-
croach;



ONE OF
THE KING'S
SERVANTS.

Whoa! Back! Back!

[Enter CARABAS, in bathing-suit. PUSS runs after him.

PUSS:

Meow, my good master!
I could n't do it faster.
But I've now a costly suit, and just your size.
In the King's coach you're to ride,
With the Princess by your side;
Make love to her, and praise her beauteous eyes.
And, master, list to me!
Whate'er you hear or see,
Be very sure you never show surprise.

[Curtain.

Act III. Scene I.

SCENE: Interior of Ogre's castle. PUSS-IN-BOOTS discovered.

PUSS:

I'm here at last!
Much danger
's past;

But such long tramps my liking hardly
suits;

'T was wisdom when I guessed
That it was surely best
To secure these blessed, helpful old top-boots.
I was made to understand
That all this beauteous land
Belonged to this man-eating old Wolfgang.
But as down the road I sped,
To each laborer I said:

Your life upon your answer now doth hang.
When the sovereign comes
this way,

When he questions, you
straightway:

"This land belongs to Cara-
bas," must say.

[Awful growling and noise heard,
and WOLFGANG enters.

WOLFGANG:

Blood and thunder!
Who, I wonder,
Sent me such a tempting
pussy-cat for dinner?
I can't under-
stand the blunder;
But I'm glad, my pussy-cat,
that you're no thinner.

PUSS:

M-e-o-w!—my brother Wolfgang—(ah, how
rich!)

I would n't have believed
You so easily deceived.

Know that I am Catoscratch, the witch.



THE KING.

WOLFGANG: Rattledly bang!
Snake and fang!
So you 're a witch, all skilled in herbs and roots!
My power is no less,
But I must confess
That I ne'er before this saw
a cat in boots!



THE PRINCESS.

PUSS:
Meow! my brother, speak
not of my skill:
'T is true I can change
to a cat, but no more,
While fame says that you
can assume at your will
Any form that you please,
be it higher or lower.
Many a league,
With much fatigue,
From a country of ice and
snow,

On my broomstick steed
Have I come, with speed,
These great wonders to see and know.

WOLFGANG:
Cuts and slashes!
Blood in splashes!
Who dares doubt what I can do?
Now tell me, old witch,

Of the many forms,
which
Shall I take to
prove this to you?

PUSS:
Meow! my great
Wolfgang, it
seems to me that
Of all 't would be
hardest to turn
to a rat!

[WOLFGANG must be drawn backward toward the light. This will cause his shadow to grow to immense proportions. After slowly lifting him over the candle, take up the RAT and just as slowly put it over the light, and move the puppet up until it touches the cloth. The audience will see WOLFGANG swell up to a shapeless mass, and then, apparently, reduce himself to a tiny rat.

PUSS must then be made to pounce upon the RAT, and by passing the RAT behind PUSS, and then letting it drop, it will look to the audience as if PUSS swallowed the RAT whole.

PUSS:
Bah! Ugh! Spat!
What a horrid rat!



THE OGRE.

[Struts up and down the stage.

Well, I think for a cat I'm pretty plucky!
Now I'll go and bring
The Princess and the King
To the castle of Lord Carabas, The Lucky!

[PUSS, dancing frantically, laughing and purring, nearly tumbles against the KING, CARABAS, and the PRINCESS, as they enter.

PUSS:
Pardon, most gracious
Sire, pardon, great
King!
That your humble servant
should do such a thing;
It's because I'm so delighted,
More than if I had been
knighted,
That the marquis, my master, should entertain the
King.

KING:

A truly faithful servant you must be, Pussy.
When the marquis can spare you, come to me, Pussy.
We'll see that you're not slighted,
Even now you shall be knighted,
Sir Thomas Cat de Boots your name shall be, Pussy.

KING, continuing, to CARABAS:

This castle, marquis brave,
Beats the very best we have.

CARABAS:

Most gracious Sire, there's not a thing
Belongs to me —

[PUSS rushes frantically to CARABAS, and whispers in his ear; then returns.

CARABAS:

But to my King.
For my life and all I have to thee I owe.

KING:

My Carabas, we're pleased;
Our mind is cheered and eased,
For we feared that this great
castle held a foe.
'T is a princely home, 't is true,
And we'll make a prince of you.
You shall wed my charming daughter, ere we go.



THE RAT.



CARABAS.—FIRST, IN BATHING-SUIT; THEN IN COURT DRESS.

PUSS: M-e-o-w! M-e-o-w! M-e-o-w!
 What would say his brothers, now,
 If they saw Lord Marquis Carabas the Great?

And until the last horn toots
 (With Sir Thomas Cat de Boots),
 He shall occupy his present high estate!

[All dance.

[Curtain.

BONES AND BOW-WOWS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.



OMMY TODDLEMACKER had grown to be nine years old, and his father and mother thought it was high time he should begin to go to school. So, as soon as the Christmas holidays were over, Tommy's mother dressed him in good warm clothes, and giving him a basket full of bread and meat and pie and doughnuts, she sent him off to the village school-house, two miles away.

On the next page is his portrait as he appeared at starting, and as it does not reveal to you the expression of his mouth, nor the form of his nose, we may as well say that in those features he did not differ greatly from the average American school-boy.

As to his clothes, although they were good and warm, they were all home-made, and they were the funniest lot of wearables ever seen in that district,—one garment having been reconstructed from an old army-coat of his father's. His father and mother owned a small farm, out of which they just managed to make a living, and that was all.

The first day that Tommy went to school, all the dogs along the road rushed out and barked at him; but he was not afraid of dogs—indeed, he was very fond of them, and so he had a pleasant word for each of these, and to two or three who looked rather lean he gave a bit of his lunch.

Every day after that, as he went to school, he would take a little parcel of scraps, such as chicken-bones, and bits of fat or bacon-rind, and give them to different dogs on the way, until at last they all looked out for the coming of Tommy Toodlemacker, and as he passed, trotted out, wagging their tails, as much as to say (provided they were Irish dogs), "There is our old friend Tommy. The top of the morning to you, Tommy"; or (if they were very sober native American dogs), "How do you do, Thomas Toodlemacker?"

This went on for some months, until, one fine morning, Tommy did not come past as usual, and when the dogs trotted out at the regular hour with their tails all ready to wag, and no Tommy came, they crawled back with their unwagged tails hanging down, for they were much disappointed.

When the second morning came, and no Tommy arrived, all the dogs grew very anxious, and one big fellow named Bruno galloped off to Tommy's house, and there learned from Tommy's own dog (for of course he had a dog) that their poor little friend was sick in bed.

This sad news was soon conveyed to all the other dogs, and they at once held a council of sympathy, and all agreed that, as Tommy was sick, he must want something to eat, and they would each save the finest bone out of his supper, and carry it over to their sick friend next morning.

So, early the next day, a file of dogs of all sorts and sizes might have been seen, each with a bone in his mouth, marching along the road toward Tommy Toodlemacker's home. When they got there, and found he was too sick to be interviewed, each deposited his bone at the front door (just as fashionable gentlemen leave their cards), and then they marched off again.

This ceremony was repeated every morning, even after Tommy got well enough to come out and see the dogs, and pat each one on the head, and say, "How do you do?" And every morning, after they had gone, Tommy's father took the fresh pile of bones and put them in a barrel in the wood-shed.

Now, by the time Tommy was quite well, the barrel in the wood-shed was full up to the brim with bones, and Tommy scarcely knew what to do with them, for he was a tender-hearted little fellow, and was afraid the dogs' feelings might be hurt if they should find out he had not eaten the bones. Just as he was wondering whether it would be better to throw them into the river or to

bury them in the garden, along came a funny old man in an old rattle-trap of a wagon, drawn by a broken-kneed, broken-spirited old horse. And this man asked Tommy if he had any old rags, or bottles, or bones to sell. Tommy had no idea that any one ever bought bones, and you may believe that he was rather astonished when the funny old man, after looking at his stock of bones, offered him a dollar and fifty cents for them.

Tommy scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, he was so delighted; but when he found he was right-side up, and when the man



A FILE OF DOGS OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES, EACH WITH A BONE IN HIS MOUTH.

gave him a real silver dollar and a real silver half-dollar from a bag full of dollars and greenbacks, he



PORTRAIT OF TOMMY TOODLEMACHER.

thought he must be the richest man in the world, or a fairy in disguise, or something wonderful.

When he told his mother what had happened, she, too, was delighted, and advised him to put his money in a box, and when he should get any more, to save it up; for that was the way to become rich, or, at least, it was one way.

So Tommy put his money in a box, and his mind to collecting bones, and rags, and bottles, and old horseshoes, and scraps of iron. This may not seem a very nice kind of occupation to many of my young readers, but to Tommy it was as good fun as nutting or fishing, and quite as exciting. And, besides, he had all his old friends, the dogs, to help him; for, when they found it gave him pleasure to receive bones, they brought him all the big ones they could not eat. And so it came to be a regular thing for the funny old rag-man to come around once a month, when Tommy always had a stock of bones, and horseshoes, and bottles, and sometimes rags, to sell him; but as a general rule, all the rags were required for Tommy's own wardrobe.

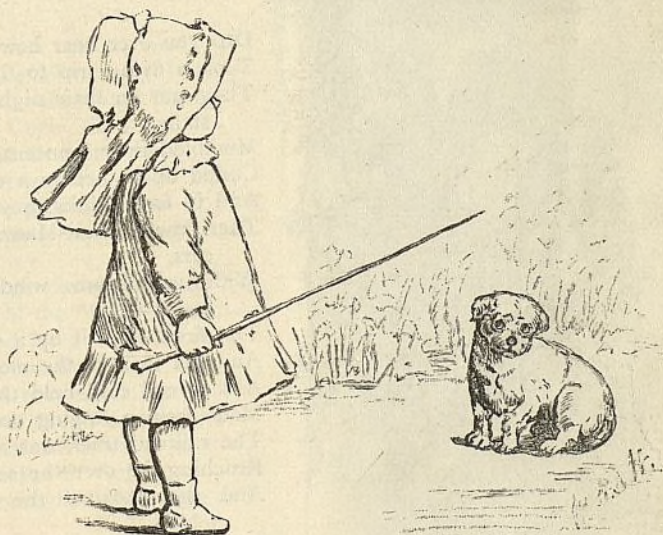
Well, this went on for three years, and then Tommy, who had talked a good deal to the funny

old man, and had learned some things about the rag and bottle business, bought himself a little light kind of wagon, which he used to drag about the country to the farmers' houses, when he would buy their old stuff, and collect it, and sell it to the funny old man at a profit. And here, too, one of his old friends among the dogs helped him: big Bruno's master died, and he came to live with Tommy, and he helped to drag his wagon around the country.

At first, Tommy used to pay in money for the bones and bottles that he bought; but after a while he found out a better plan: he went to the neighboring town, and laid in a stock of needles and

thread, and buttons, and candies, and such things, which he found tempted the women and children more than money, and besides gave him a larger profit.

And so, at length, when I last heard of him, Tommy Toodlemacker, although he was only fifteen years old, had eleven hundred and seventy-five dollars in bank, and he may yet be as rich as the great Parsee millionaire, Sir Jamsetsjee Jiggeboy (if that is the way to spell his extraordinary name), who started in life with two empty ale-bottles, and died in Calcutta one of the richest men in the world, after building hospitals, and baths, and doing great good for his fellow-creatures.



SUSIE SEEDELMEYER (WHO IS NOT LIKE TOMMY TOODLEMACKER): "DO AWAY, 'OO DRATE, BIG, UGLY DOG!"

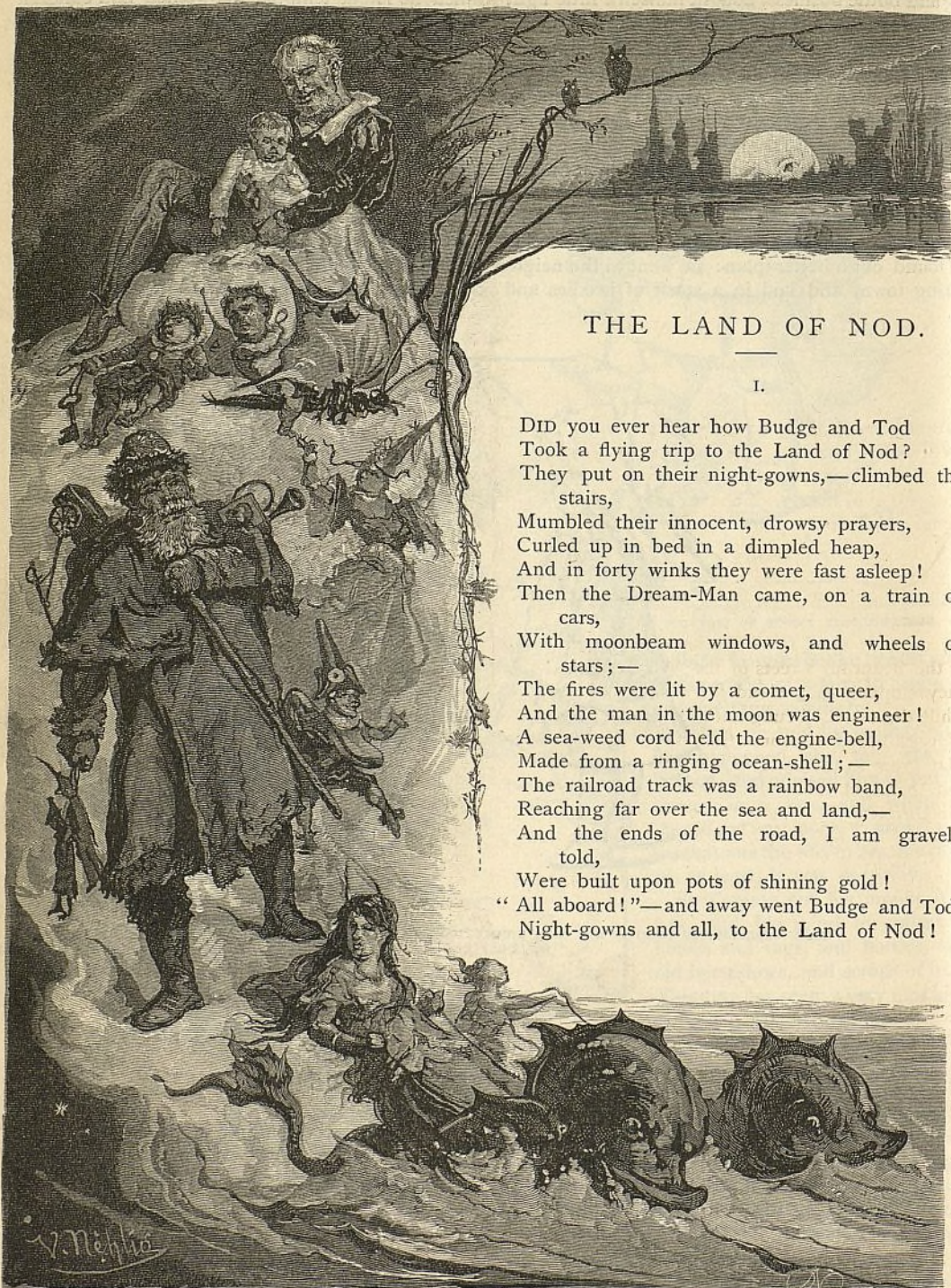
LOVE IN A NOAH'S ARK.

ONLY a wooden lady,
With but half an arm at most;
Yet her look is so quaint,
And so fresh is her paint,
My heart is forever lost!

Only a wooden lady,
Is all that your eyes can see;

But the straight up and down
Of her plain wooden gown
Has a hundred charms for me.

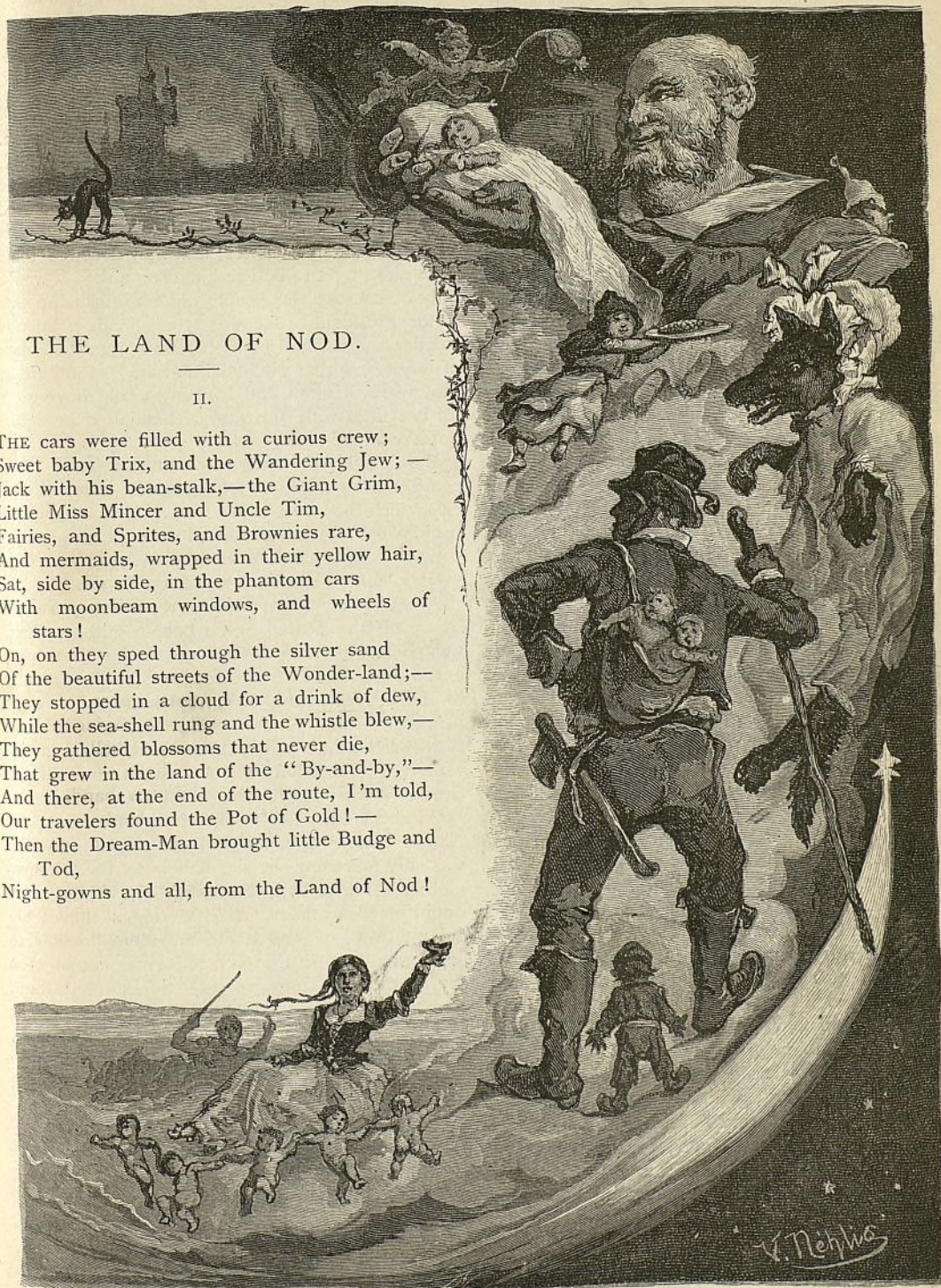
Only a wooden lady!
But that does n't alter my plan,
For, in spite of that clause,
I can love her, because
I'm only a wooden man!



THE LAND OF NOD.

I.

DID you ever hear how Budge and Tod
Took a flying trip to the Land of Nod?
They put on their night-gowns,—climbed the
stairs,
Mumbled their innocent, drowsy prayers,
Curled up in bed in a dimpled heap,
And in forty winks they were fast asleep!
Then the Dream-Man came, on a train of
cars,
With moonbeam windows, and wheels of
stars;—
The fires were lit by a comet, queer,
And the man in the moon was engineer!
A sea-weed cord held the engine-bell,
Made from a ringing ocean-shell;—
The railroad track was a rainbow band,
Reaching far over the sea and land,—
And the ends of the road, I am gravely
told,
Were built upon pots of shining gold!
“All aboard!”—and away went Budge and Tod,
Night-gowns and all, to the Land of Nod!



THE LAND OF NOD.

II.

THE cars were filled with a curious crew;
Sweet baby Trix, and the Wandering Jew; —
Jack with his bean-stalk,—the Giant Grim,
Little Miss Mincer and Uncle Tim,
Fairies, and Sprites, and Brownies rare,
And mermaids, wrapped in their yellow hair,
Sat, side by side, in the phantom cars
With moonbeam windows, and wheels of
stars!

On, on they sped through the silver sand
Of the beautiful streets of the Wonder-land;—
They stopped in a cloud for a drink of dew,
While the sea-shell rung and the whistle blew,—
They gathered blossoms that never die,
That grew in the land of the "By-and-by,"—
And there, at the end of the route, I'm told,
Our travelers found the Pot of Gold!—
Then the Dream-Man brought little Budge and
Tod,
Night-gowns and all, from the Land of Nod!

THE COW THAT CONSIDERED.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THE farm was perched up on the very top of Crow Hill, and everybody in the town called it the Crow's-nest, and, before long, they began to call the Jones family, that moved there, "the Crows," to distinguish them from another family of Joneses, in the town.

They began by calling them the "Crow-hill Joneses," but they were economical people in Damsonfield, and could not spend time to say all that. None of the Jones family minded having it shortened, excepting Jim: he did n't like to be called Jim Crow.

They had moved to the Crow's-nest from a manufacturing city, where the father, until his health failed, had been an overseer in one of the mills. When he became unable to work, the three older children—Enoch, and Abijah, and Priscilla—went into the mill, and earned just enough to keep the wolf from the door. There were so many mouths to feed and feet to shoe, so many sharp little elbows to stick through jacket-sleeves, so many restless knees to wear out trousers, that the father's hoard of savings melted rapidly away, and if a distant relative had not died and bequeathed this old farm to them, I am afraid they would have suffered for shelter and food. Even now they had almost forgotten how gingerbread tasted, and as for a good, crisp, rosy-cheeked apple, they knew they might as well wish for the moon.

They moved to the Crow's-nest early in April, and in the sweet, fresh, country air which he had longed for, their father breathed his last. Their mother had died three years before, and they were all alone in the world.

They held a family council to consider what they had better do. It was held in the barn, on the hay-mow. They had had so much of being shut up within four walls in their lives, that they did n't mean to have any more of it than they could help. Barns were new to their experience, and very fascinating; with the great door open, and the balmy May wind blowing through, it was even better than out-of-doors, especially to Jim and Nehemiah, because there was an opportunity to create a diversion by performing circus feats on the great beams, if the proceedings should prove uninteresting.

Enoch, as the head of the family, was the chief spokesman. He was almost sixteen, and they all thought that, if there was anybody in the world

who was wise and venerable, it was their Enoch. When he had worked hard, all day, in the mill, he went to evening school, and spent all his spare time in study. And all the other Crows boasted that the minister could n't ask Enoch a question that he could n't answer; and they declared that, if he did n't get to be President some day, it would only be because the people did n't know who was fit for President! He was strong, too, if he was slender, and he had never failed to "get the better of any fellow that pitched into him." I am afraid that all his wisdom and learning would have gone for but little with Jim and Nehemiah if he could not have done that.

Enoch said there were two alternatives: They could sell the farm, and buy a little house in the city which they had come from. The older ones could work in the mill, and support the family comfortably, since they would no longer have rent to pay, and the others could go to school. Or they could stay where they were, and try to get a living off the farm. Some people said the land was poor, and "run down," and they were young, and inexperienced in farming, and had no money to begin with, but they might try what stout hearts and willing hands could do; and there was the district school where they could all go in the winter, and a high school over in the village. (Enoch was always looking out for an education.)

"Priscilla tied her forehead up in a knot," as Abijah said, while she thought about it. She was only fourteen, but she had been the "house-mother" for a long time, and she knew they would need a thousand little things the others did n't think of, and it did not seem possible to her that all those things could grow out of that dry, stubbly-looking ground—Sunday hats, and copper-toed shoes, and all! But, when she thought of going back to the mills, she gave a great sigh, as if her heart would break, especially for little Absalom's sake; he was delicate, and needed country air.

When the question was put to vote, it came out that they were all of one mind.

With the grass growing greener every day, and the buds swelling on the fruit-trees; with Methuselah, the old gray horse, rolling and kicking up his heels like a colt on the grass; with Towzer, the great Newfoundland dog, basking in the sunshine; with the white turkey promenading through the barn, followed by her newly fledged brood—

the procession headed by the bristling, strutting gobbler, whose airs and whose scolding were a never-failing delight; with a dozen chicks—downy, chirping balls, which had that very morning pecked their way into the world from the most ordinary-looking egg-shells; with ducks that set out in a waddling procession for the brook as regularly as if they had watches in their pockets; with seven tiny, brand-new pigs in the pen, every one with a most fascinating quirk in his

could they think of going back to the narrow, stifling, brick-walled streets—to the dirt and din of the mills?

Jim, who was the belligerent one of the family, doubled up his fists and took the floor, in fighting attitude, to show his opinion of such a proposal, and little Absalom, who had discovered the advantage of making a noise in the world in order to carry his point, set up an ear-splitting howl.

"We'll hunt bears and wolves, and dress ourselves in skins, like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday," said Nehemiah, solving the problem of clothes, which Enoch had suggested.

And Nancy echoed this brilliant idea. Nehemiah and Nancy were twins, and Nehemiah furnished ideas for both. Nehemiah's ideas were not always regarded as strictly practical by other people, but they suited Nancy.

Jim said the woods were full of rabbits and partridges, and he was going to tame a gray squirrel and carry him about in his pocket; and the coasting down Crow Hill in the winter must be "immense"; he should think anybody was crazy to talk about going back to the city!

But Jim was not quite eleven, and he was not looked upon, by the older Crows, as much more of a business man than Nehemiah.

Abijah was only two years older than Jim, but they called him Solomon, he was so wise and prudent. He looked like a little old man, with his shrewd, shriveled face and stooping shoulders. In fact, Abijah was a little too prudent; he did not dare attempt much of anything, lest it should not turn out well, and he borrowed trouble whenever there was any to lend.

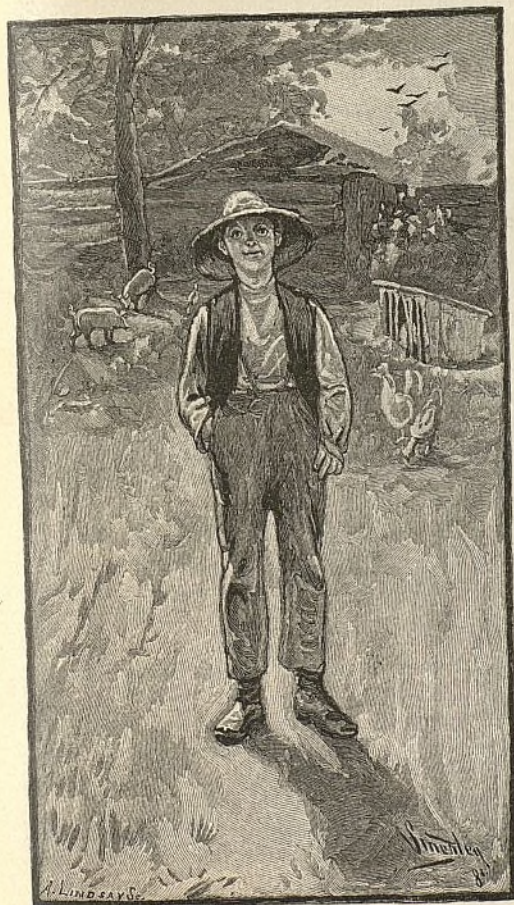
"If Absalom should get lost in the woods, and a bear should eat him, I guess we should feel bad! We should wish we had gone back to the city." This was Abijah's remark.

Little Absalom set up a dismal screaming at the prospect of this untimely end, and his mind was only diverted from it by his being allowed to take a peeping little chicken in his hand—a proceeding not countenanced by the mother hen.

"If the house should burn down, on a winter's night, we should freeze before we could get to the nearest neighbor's; and if we can't get money to pay the taxes, they'll put us all in jail; and it would be just exactly like Nancy to get choked to death with a cherry-stone!" continued Abijah, cheerfully.

But with all these catastrophes before his mental vision, Abijah still preferred staying at the Crow's nest to going back to the city. He knew of even more perils there, because he had been thinking them up all his life.

"Then it is decided that we shall stay," said



"JIM CROW."

tail; with Buttercup the cow, and her fawn-colored calf, to be fed and petted; with a hive full of bees, that made honey which was the pride of the whole neighborhood; with a strawberry-bed, two long rows of currant-bushes, and an orchard, with cherry, and pear, as well as apple trees; with wild-strawberry vines in abundance in their south meadow, and chestnut-trees in the grove behind the house;—with all these present and prospective delights, more enchanting to these poor little Crows than any country child can possibly imagine,—

Enoch, at last; and just as he said it, the biggest rooster, who was all purple, and green, and gold, and walked as if the ground were not good enough for him to step on, mounted the saw-horse, and crowed—a triumphant cock-a-doodle-do, as if he had some especial cause for rejoicing.

"It really seems as if that were a good sign," said Priscilla, and all the wrinkles were suddenly smoothed out of her forehead.

But Jim, who did n't believe in signs, said that the rooster probably got up late, and had n't yet had time to get his crowing all done that morning.

Nehemiah and Nancy thought there was something very queer about that rooster, and that he might prove to be as wonderful and useful as Pussin-Boots, or the Goose that laid the Golden Egg. They took to the marvelous as naturally as a duck takes to water, and they were deeply learned in giant and fairy lore. To be sure, they had never met any of those wonderful beings outside of story books, but then such folk were not supposed to live in cities. Here, in the country, they expected to meet a fairy at every turn.

They all went to work with a will to prove that, although they had everything to learn, they could be good farmers. There was one thing that frightened and discouraged them, and that was the tax-bill, which was due when the farm came into their possession, and which they were being pressed for, and had no means of paying.

If they could only be allowed to wait until their crops were harvested, they felt sure of being able to pay it, but the old farmers in the neighborhood had very little faith in their ability to raise crops, and the tax-collector was impatient. They must sell something off the farm to pay the bill, that was clear, but the question was, what had they that anybody would pay so much money for? They could not spare Methuselah, and, if they could, he was so old that nobody wanted to buy him. But they had two cows, and Buttercup was part Alderney, and very handsome, and they thought her milk was better than the other cow's, though it was all so different from city milk that they could not quite decide.

Enoch walked down to the village, one night, to try to find a purchaser for Buttercup. He came back in high spirits, saying that Doctor Douglas had seen and admired her, and offered a good price for her; it was enough to pay the tax-bill, and something over. Tony, the doctor's colored boy, would come for the cow the next morning.

There was great rejoicing at this news, although a little sorrow would mingle with it at the thought of parting with Buttercup. She had a saucy way of tossing her head, and some of the neighbors had hinted that she was not always good-tempered; but

with the Crows she had always seemed a most amicable cow, and they would have parted with Daisy, the other cow, much less sadly. Buttercup's calf would have to go, too; that was the worst of it, the children thought; it was so pretty—fawn-colored, with white spots, and with beautiful, soft, brown eyes.

They all assembled to take leave of Buttercup and the calf when Tony appeared, early the next morning. Absalom, to whose mind tax-bills were unimportant, howled piteously, and Abijah prophesied that they should never have another such cow and calf as long as they lived. But the others were so happy in the thought of having the bill paid that they thought little about Buttercup.

Buttercup's opinion, however, seemed to agree with Abijah's and little Absalom's. The moment that she saw Tony, she gave her head one of those saucy tosses, and when he approached her, rope in hand, with a sudden, vicious jerk she brought her horns into very unpleasant proximity to his jacket.

Tony retreated, but manfully returned to the charge, this time offering Buttercup a turnip as a bribe. But Buttercup used not only her horns, but her heels now, and with such effect that over went the milking-stool, sticks flew off the woodpile, the wheelbarrow was broken into pieces, the saw-horse and the pitchfork were whisked into the air, the hens and ducks flew about, cackling and quacking; and when Tony and all the Crows had retired to a respectful distance, and left Buttercup mistress of the situation, what did that knowing rooster do but get up on the fence and crow with all his might!

Absalom clapped his hands with delight, and Abijah recalled several instances which he had heard of persons being killed by vicious cows. And Nehemiah and Nancy decided that it was probable, judging by the height to which Buttercup kicked up her heels, that she was the very cow that jumped over the moon.

Tony's wool fairly stood upright with terror, and he rolled his eyes so wildly that but little more than the whites was visible.

"Dat am a cur'us cow, no mistake!" remarked Tony, surveying Buttercup critically—from a distance. "'Pears like dere's an uncommon libelness about her. See hyar! You'd better cotch her; she mought hab a dislike to a gemman ob color." And he handed the rope to Enoch.

Abijah, and Priscilla, and Jim, all clung to Enoch, and begged him not to go near the cow, and even Nehemiah and Nancy clung to his coat-tails.

"Do you suppose I am going to let that little darkey think I am afraid?" said Enoch, in a low but awful voice.

And he shook them all off, put the rope in his pocket, so that it need not offend Buttercup's eyes, and walked boldly up to her, addressing her in persuasive and complimentary terms, such as:

"Quiet now, Buttercup! Good old Buttercup! Nice cow!"

But Buttercup was not to be deceived by flattery. She cocked her head on one side, and gave Enoch a knowing and wicked look, that was as much as to say: "You can't put a rope around my neck,

with wrath, and evidently feeling like the knight who declared it

"Eternal shame if at the front
Lord Ronald grace not battle's brunt."

The gobbler was always ready to take sides in a combat; you never found him sitting on the fence, when a fight was going on. The white turkey gathered her brood around her, and surveyed the contest from afar, with a dignified and matronly air.



"DAT AM A CUR'US COW, NO MISTAKE!" REMARKED TONY.

sir, even if you have kissed the blarney stone! If you think you can, you had better try it!"

Enoch stopped, irresolute, even with the "little darkey" looking on. Buttercup cast down her eyes, and chewed her cud with a mild and virtuous expression of countenance, and Enoch went toward her; he was near enough to put his hand upon her, when, with a dive of her horns and a fling of her heels, off she started on a run. Enoch started in pursuit, and so did Towzer, barking furiously; so did the calf, frisking and prancing, as if it were great fun; so did the gobbler, bristling all over

Jim followed the procession, turning a somersault now and then, as he went, to relieve his excited feelings, and Tony sat on the fence and cheered on Buttercup and her pursuers, first one, and then the other, with strict impartiality, self-interest evidently being lost sight of in the excitement of the contest. Buttercup, becoming tired, and perceiving that her pursuers were gaining upon her, suddenly backed up against a stone wall, and stood at bay.

Towzer barked madly at her heels, and the gobbler, standing provokingly just under her nose,

gobbled out a long tirade against her evil behavior, but Buttercup had a mind above such petty annoyances; she calmly disregarded her inferior pursuers, and fixed her eyes, with a "touch-me-if-you-dare" expression, upon Enoch.

Enoch walked up to her, with stern determination, and—threw the rope over her head—almost, but not quite! It caught upon one of her horns, and, with a playful gesture, Buttercup tossed it over the stone wall, into the field.

Enoch climbed over after it, urged on by a derisive shout from Tony, and the somewhat irritating announcement that "dis nigger was ready to bet on de cow!"

Having got Enoch out of the way, Buttercup flung out her heels at Towzer and sent him off, limping and yelping with pain; then she made a swoop upon the gobbler with her horns, and that valiant warrior retired in great confusion; and then she took to the road again, at an easy, swinging gait, as if it were really not worth the while to hurry. But when Enoch approached her again, she turned suddenly, and, taking him by surprise, tossed him over the fence with her horns, almost as lightly and airily as she had tossed the rope!

She looked over the fence after him with a deprecating air that was as much as to say, "I did n't want to, but you forced me to it!" and then she walked quietly along, feeding on the road-side grass.

Enoch was stunned for a moment, but when he recovered, he was astonished to find that his bones were all whole; he had suffered only a few slight bruises.

The whole family rushed to the spot; even Tony descended from his secure perch.

"It's no use to catch her!" said Tony, when they had all assured themselves that Enoch was unharmed. "De doctor wont hab a animile dat's possessed ob de debble!"

This brought back the thought of the tax-bill, at which Enoch's heart sank.

"She never behaved like this before," he said. "I am sure if she could once be got into the doctor's barn she would be peaceable enough."

"'Pears like it aint so dreffle easy to done fotch her dar! But I'll send Patsy up. Patsy can catch a streak ob chain lightnin'."

So it was decided that Patsy, the doctor's manservant, should come up the next morning, giving Buttercup time to sober down.

They all went their several ways to the day's work, leaving Buttercup to her own devices.

Enoch and Priscilla looked discouraged and anxious, and Abijah cheerfully reminded them that he had foretold that they should all be put in jail for debt.

Nehemiah and Nancy were deputed to shell corn for planting, and they perched themselves on the meal-chest in the barn, with a bushel-basket containing the corn between them. As the basket overtopped their heads, it was inconvenient and a barrier to sociability, but no better way occurred to them, and as Nehemiah was buried in thought, and Nancy always respected his silence, it did not matter as far as sociability was concerned.

But, after a while, Nancy heard a voice on the other side of the basket say:

"Do you remember whether it says that the cow did consider, Nancy? Don't you know,—

"There was a piper and he had a cow,
And he had no hay to give her,
So he took out his pipes, and played her a tune—
Consider, old cow, consider!"

"I don't think it says any more," said Nancy. "But of course she considered; she knew he was poor, and picked up anything she could find to eat."

"Well, I've been thinking that we had better play Buttercup a tune, and ask her to consider and go with the doctor's man, so that we can pay the tax-bill."

"That's a beautiful plan! Let's do it, right off!" said Nancy, dropping her apron, and letting the corn in it roll all over the floor in her excitement. "Only, don't you think, Nehemiah, that truly cows are different, some way, from the cows that Mother Goose knew about? They don't seem to have so much sense. They don't understand what you say to them."

"They do! They only pretend not to. They are deep," said Nehemiah. "And people don't know how to manage them. If they would have let me manage Buttercup, I could have made her go with Tony, just as easy!"

"Could you, really?" said Nancy, looking at him admiringly. "But you'll let me help, when you play her the tune, wont you?"

"Yes, if you don't make a noise, and let everybody know beforehand, just like a girl. You get down and pick up the corn you spilled, and all that I've dropped, too, and then I'll tell you how I'm going to do it."

Nancy got down obediently, and picked up every kernel faithfully, never minding that she got splinters into her fat little hands, and made her chubby little knees ache.

"We can't do it when anybody's near," said Nehemiah, after Nancy had climbed up on to the meal-chest again, "because they will make fun of us, and say it is n't of any use. They don't know that cows can understand. But we'll get up early in the morning, before Jim goes to milk-

ing, even, and I'll take the old accordion, and you take a comb, and we'll go right into Buttercup's stall, and we'll play a 'Pinafore' tune to her—'Little Buttercup' will be just the thing, because it's her name, you know. And then we'll tell her all about the bill. And, after that, we'll play a psalm tune—'Old Hundred,' or 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.' That will kind of make her feel solemn, and think about being good. And then you see if she don't go with Patsy, when he comes! And then the tax-bill will be paid, and we'll have new shoes awful often, and we won't eat anything but jam and pound-cake, and we'll have a velocipede, and a balloon as big as this barn!"

The prospect of such happiness was too much for Nancy's composure, and again the corn was spilt, and this time they both had to get down and pick it up, for Abijah came and scolded them for being so slow, because Enoch already wanted the corn to plant.

The next morning, before it was light, Nancy heard a low whistle just outside her door. She slipped out of bed without waiting to get her eyes open, and very softly, so as not to wake Priscilla, and dressed herself hurriedly. Nehemiah was waiting for her at the back door, with a lantern. It seemed very queer to be up and out-of-doors while it was still dark, but there was something delightfully exciting about it.

Towzer suddenly roused from sleep, took them for burglars, and barked like mad. He seemed to recognize them after carefully smelling at their heels, but it struck him as such an unusual proceeding for them to go into the barn at that hour, that he insisted upon accompanying them.

That irrepressible rooster got up and crowed, but otherwise it was perfectly still in the barn. Buttercup was awake, chewing her cud and looking rather sad and grave, as if she were meditating upon her bad behavior.

Nehemiah hung the lantern on a nail, and then walked boldly into the stall, followed by Nancy, who was a little afraid of Buttercup, but would not hesitate to follow Nehemiah anywhere.

Nehemiah struck up "Little Buttercup" on the accordion, and Nancy chimed in on the comb. The accordion was old and wheezy, and Nehemiah was not a skillful performer, and a comb is not a pleasing musical instrument at the best; the echoes in the old barn must have been astonished when they were called upon to respond to such sounds as those! Towzer and the rooster both assisted, to the utmost extent of their powers.

Buttercup looked over her shoulder at them, with a puzzled expression, and she whisked her tail a little, but gave no other sign of emotion.

"Now, you go on, and play easy, while I tell her all about it," said Nehemiah, at length.

He put his lips very near Buttercup's ear.

"We have played you a tune, Buttercup," he said, "and now we want you to consider! You were a very bad cow, yesterday, and made your friends very unhappy, but perhaps you did n't stop to think, and did n't know how much difference it made. Before we got the farm, we were awful poor, and we shall be awful poor if we lose it, besides having to go to jail, Abijah says; and we can't pay the tax-bill unless you let yourself be sold to Doctor Douglas. Cows can be very good and smart if they try. And perhaps, when we are rich, we'll buy you back."

Buttercup kept very quiet, and looked as if she were listening to every word.

"Now you consider and go with Patsy, without making a fuss!" said Nehemiah, in conclusion.

"We'll have 'Old Hundred' and the 'Doxology,' and then we'll go," he said to Nancy. "And you see if she is n't a different cow from what she was yesterday!"

They got into the house and hung the lantern in its place, just as Jim came stumbling sleepily downstairs to milking.

Nancy went back to bed, and dreamed that Buttercup, in a long trained dress and with hair done up behind, was dancing a polka with the tax-collector, while the big gobbler played for them on a comb.

It was quite disappointing to find that it was only a dream.

Nehemiah and Nancy were on hand when Patsy arrived. He was a big, good-natured Irishman, who announced himself as a remarkable cow-compeller, and declared that there was "not a baste in the wuruld that contrary that she could get the betther iv him!"

He had provided himself with a stout stick, and with this in one hand and a rope in the other, he approached Buttercup in the boldest manner, while Nehemiah and Nancy held their breaths and watched.

But, alas for the remarkable cow-compeller! Buttercup made such a furious lunge at him that he was fain to take to his heels. And alas for Nehemiah and Nancy, whose tunes and appeals now seemed to have been thrown away! Yesterday's pranks were but mild and tame compared with those that Buttercup played to-day. She kicked and she pranced, she capered and she danced, until everything that had legs was glad to run away, and leave her in possession of the field. And Patsy was forced to go home, acknowledging that one "baste had got the betther iv him!"

Nehemiah and Nancy looked at each other in

silent surprise and disappointment. Then Nehemiah approached as near Buttercup as he dared, in the excited state of her feelings, and reproached her in strong terms for failing to consider, after the "beautiful music" with which they had favored her. Buttercup turned her head, and looked steadily at him, and uttered a long-drawn-out low. It was very different from her ordinary "moo-oo-oo." It seemed to consist of two syllables, and she looked as if it meant a great deal.

"Nehemiah, it sounds just as if she were trying to say something," said Nancy. "What *does* she mean?"

"She says, 'But-ter!' 'but-ter!'" said Nehemiah. "But I don't think she means anything. Cows are silly things, anyway!"

"Perhaps she means for us to make butter out of her milk, so that she can do us some good, even if she won't be sold."

"We might," said Nehemiah. "There 's a churn in the pantry, and you only have to turn a crank. Priscilla said we might as well sell the milk, but I guess she 'll let us try, just for the fun!"

Nancy skipped into the house, delighted that she had thought of something that Nehemiah said it would be fun to do—though, to be sure, it really was Buttercup's suggestion. She was so excited about it that before she stopped to think she had told Priscilla and Enoch all about their playing Buttercup a tune, and asking her to "consider," and that Buttercup had kept saying, "But-ter! but-ter!" And though they laughed, and made a great deal of fun of it, Priscilla gave them some cream that she had saved from Buttercup's milk, and told them they might churn it, if they liked.

She had never thought of doing such a thing. Butter was a luxury to them, and they could very well do without it, and she had not thought of making it to sell, for they had only two cows.

Nehemiah and Nancy worked with a will. It was n't altogether fun; the butter was so long in coming, and their arms ached, and Nancy would open the churn every three minutes, to see if there was some butter. At last, little thick yellowish specks appeared in the cream, and, not long after that, the crank became very hard to turn, and lo and behold! there was a mass of yellow butter inside. It was the sweetest, and the richest, and the goldenest butter that ever was tasted or seen!

Priscilla made it into balls, and Enoch bought a stamp,—a beautiful pattern, with strawberry leaves and fruit,—and, when Priscilla had stamped it, they sent some balls down to Doctor Douglas. He had been very kind to their father when he was ill, and they were delighted to have something to send him.

The doctor came up to the Crow's-nest the very next day, to say that he had never tasted such delicious butter, and that if they would keep him supplied with it, he would be willing to pay a very high price for it. And he said if that was the kind of butter they could make, he thought they had better keep a dairy farm, and nothing else; very few of the farmers in the neighborhood made butter, and there was a great demand for it in the town; and he thought their land was better adapted for dairy-farming than for anything else.

He lent them the money to pay their tax-bill, and said they need not pay him until they began to get some profit from their farm, and then what did he do but buy them another cow, which they need not pay for until they were able.

And Priscilla, and Nehemiah, and Nancy made butter—and I might say that little Absalom helped, for he drank the buttermilk!—while the others worked on the farm. The butter brought very good prices, but they made the butter from Buttercup's milk by itself, and that butter had such a reputation that it found its way into the city market; it was what the dealers called "gilt-edged" butter, and commanded a fabulous price.

And now that Buttercup's calf has grown to cowhood, and gives milk, too, you may see in the window of a large city store this sign—"Butter from Crow's-nest Dairy."

And the Crows would not begin to change places with any Rothschild of them all!

And whenever they talk about the wonderful good fortune that their dairy has brought them, and say, "What should we have done if we had sold Buttercup?" Nehemiah and Nancy look at each other. They don't like to say anything, because they have been laughed at so much, and, besides, they are older, now, and would not think of getting up at four o'clock in the morning to play tunes to a cow; but sometimes Nancy does whisper:

"They may laugh as much as they please, but I shall always believe that dear old Buttercup *did* consider."

THERE was once on a time a little boy,
And a small, greedy boy was he;
His mother gave him two plums and a pear,
And he hurriedly ate all three.

But just as he finished the very last,
He grew very gloomy and glum;
And muttered, "I think she could just as well
Have made it two pears and a plum."



RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

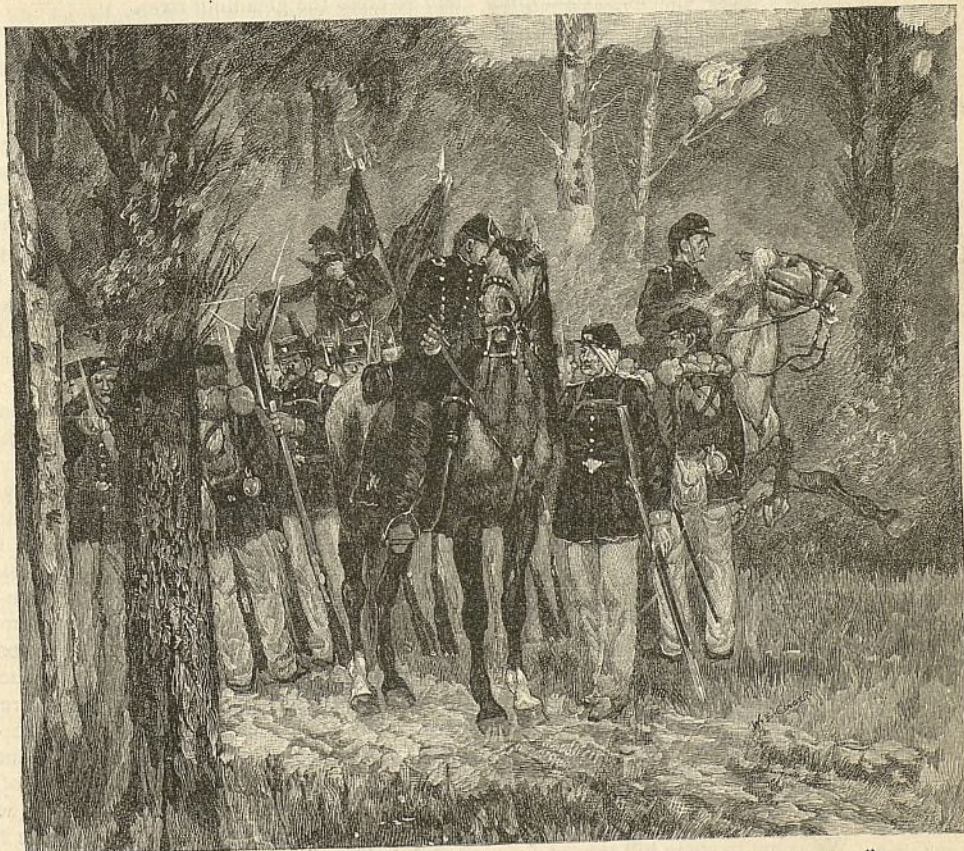
BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE WOODS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

It is no easy matter to describe a long day's march to one who knows nothing of the hardships of a soldier's life. That a body of troops marched some twenty-five or thirty miles on a certain day

soldier's powers of endurance to the very utmost. He has, in the first place, a heavy load to carry. His knapsack, haversack, canteen, ammunition, musket, and accouterments are by no means a light matter at the outset, and they grow heavier with every additional mile of the road. So true is this that, in deciding what of our clothing to take along on a march and what to throw away, we soon



"A SURGEON" WRITING UPON THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE AN ORDER FOR AN AMBULANCE."

from daylight to midnight, from one point to another, seems, to one who has not tried it, no great undertaking. Thirty miles! It is but an hour's ride in the cars. Nor can the single pedestrian, who easily covers greater distances in less time, have a full idea of the fatigue of a soldier as he throws himself down by the road-side, utterly exhausted, when the day's march is done.

Unnumbered circumstances combine to test the

learned to be guided by the soldiers' proverb that "what weighs an ounce in the morning weighs a pound at night." Then, too, the soldier is not master of his own movements, as is the solitary pedestrian; for he can not pick his way, nor husband his strength by resting when and where he may choose. He marches generally "four abreast"—sometimes at double-quick, when the rear is closing up, and again at a most provokingly slow pace

when there is some impediment on the road ahead. Often his canteen is empty, no water is to be had, and he marches on in a cloud of dust, with parched throat and lips and trembling limbs—on and on, and still on, until about the midnight hour, at the final "Halt!" he drops to the ground like a shot, feverish, irritable, exhausted in body and soul.

It would seem a shame and a folly to take troops thus utterly worn out, and hurl them at midnight into a battle the issue of which hangs trembling in the balance. Yet this was what they came pretty near doing with us, after our long march from four miles below Fredericksburg to the extreme right of the army at Chancellorsville.

I have a very indistinct and cloudy recollection of that march. I can quite well remember the beginning of it, when at the early dawn the enemy's batteries drove us, under a sharp shell-fire, at a lively double-quick for the first four miles. And I can well recall how, at midnight, we threw ourselves under the great oak-trees near Chancellorsville, and were in a moment sound asleep amid the heaven-rending thunder of the guns, the unbroken roll of the musketry, and the shouts and yells of the lines charging each other a quarter of a mile to our front. But when I attempt to call up the incidents that happened by the way, I am utterly at a loss. My memory has retained nothing but a confused mass of images: here a farm house, there a mill; a company of stragglers driven on by the guard; a Surgeon writing upon the pommel of his saddle an order for an ambulance to carry a poor exhausted and but half-conscious fellow; an officer's Staff or an Orderly dashing by at a lively trot; a halt for coffee in the edge of a wood; filling a canteen (oh, blessed memory!) at some meadow stream or road-side spring; and on, and on, and on, amid the rattle of bayonet-scabbards and tin cups, mopping our faces and crunching our hard-tack as we went;—this, and such as this, is all that will now come to mind.

But of events toward night-fall the images are clearer and more sharply defined. The sun is setting, large, red, and fiery-looking, in a dull haze that hangs over the thickly wooded horizon. We are nearing the ford where we are to cross the Rappahannock. We come to some hill-top, and—hark! A deep, ominous growl comes, from how many miles away we know not; now another; then another!

On, Boys, on! There is work doing ahead, and terrible work it is, for two great armies are at each other's throat, and the battle is raging fierce and high, although we know nothing as yet of how it may be going.

On,—on,—on!

Turning sharp to the left, we enter the approach

to the ford, the road leading, in places, through a deep cut,—great high pine-trees on either side of the road shutting out the little remaining light of day. Here we find the first actual evidences of the great battle that is raging ahead: long lines of ambulances filled with wounded; yonder a poor fellow with a bandaged head, sitting by a spring; and a few steps away another, his agonies now over; here, two men, one with his arm in a sling supporting the other, who has turned his musket into a crutch; then more ambulances, and more wounded in increasing numbers; Orderlies dashing by at full gallop, while the thunder of the guns grows louder and closer as we step on the pontoons and so cross the gleaming river.

"Colonel, your men have had a hard day's march; you will now let them rest for the night."

It is a Staff-officer whom I hear delivering this order to our Colonel, and a sweeter message I think I never heard. We cast wistful eyes at the half-extinguished camp-fires of some regiment that has been making coffee by the road-side, and has just moved off, and we think them a godsend, as the order is given to "stack arms." But before we have time even to unsling knapsacks, the order comes, "Fall in!" and away we go again, steadily plodding on through that seemingly endless forest of scrub-pine and oak, straight in the direction of the booming guns ahead.

Why whippoorwills were made I do not know; doubtless for some wise purpose; but never before that night did I know they had been made in such countless numbers. Every tree and bush was full of them, it seemed. There were thousands of them, there were tens of thousands of them, there were millions of them! And every one whistling, as fast as it could, "Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo!" Had they been vultures or turkey-buzzards,—vast flocks of which followed the army wherever we went, almost darkening the sky at times, and always suggesting unpleasant reflections,—they could not have appeared more execrable to me. Many were the imprecations hurled at them as we plodded on under the light of the great red moon, now above the tree-tops, while still from every bush came that monotonous half-screech, half-groan, "Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo!"

But, O miserable birds of ill-omen, there is something more ominous in the air than your lugubrious night-song! There is borne to our ears at every additional step the deepening growl of the cannon ahead. As the moon mounts higher, and we advance farther along the level forest-land, we hear still more distinctly another sound—the long, unbroken roll of musketry.

Forward now, at double-quick, until we are on the outskirts of the battle-field.

Shells are crashing through the tall tree-tops overhead.

"Halt! Load at will! Load!"

In the moonlight that falls shimmering across the road, as I look back over the column, I see the bright steel flashing, while the jingle of the ramrods makes music that stirs the blood to a quicker pulse. A well-known voice calls me down the line, and Andy whispers a few hurried words into my ear, while he grasps my hand, *hard*. But we are off at a quick step. A sharp turn to the left, and—hark! The firing has ceased, and they are "charging" down there! That peculiar, and afterward well-known, "Yi! Yi! Yi!" indicates a struggle for which we are making straight and fast.

At this moment comes the order: "Colonel, you will countermarch your men, and take position down this road on the right. Follow me!" The staff-officer leads us half a mile to the right, where, sinking down utterly exhausted, we are soon sound asleep.

Of the next day or two I have but an indistinct recollection. What with the fatigue and excitement, the hunger and thirst, of the last few days, a high fever set in for me. I became half-delirious, and lay under a great oak-tree, too weak to walk, my head nearly splitting with the noise of a battery of steel cannon in position fifty yards to the left of me. That battery's beautiful but terrible drill I could plainly see. My own corps was put on reserve: the men built strong breast-works, but took no part in the battle, excepting some little skirmishing. Our day was yet to come.

One evening,—it was the last evening we spent in the woods at Chancellorsville,—a Sergeant of my company came back to where we were, with orders for me to hunt up and bring an ambulance for one of the Lieutenants who was sick.

"You see, Harry, there are rumors that we are going to retreat to-night, for the heavy rains have so swollen the Rappahannock that our pontoons are in danger of being carried away, and it appears that, for some reason or other, we've got to get out of this at once under cover of night, and Lieutenant can't stand the march. So you will go for an ambulance. You'll find the ambulance park about two miles from here. You'll take through the woods in that direction,"—pointing with his finger,—“until you come to a path; follow the path till you come to a road; follow the road, taking to the right and straight ahead, till you come to the ambulances.”

Although it was raining hard at the time, and had been raining for several days, and though I myself was probably as sick as the Lieutenant, and felt positive that the troops would have started in

retreat before I could get back, yet it was my duty to obey, and off I went.

I had no difficulty in finding the path; and I reached the road all right. Forging a stream, the corduroy bridge of which was all afloat, and walking rapidly for a half-hour, I found the ambulances all drawn up ready to retreat.

"We have orders to pull out from here at once, and can send an ambulance for no man. Your Lieutenant must take his chance."

It was getting dark fast, as I started back with this message. I was soaked to the skin, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. To make bad worse, in the darkness I turned off from the road at the wrong point, missed the path and quite lost my way! What was to be done? If I should spend much time where I was, I was certain to be left behind, for I felt sure that the troops were moving off; and yet I feared to make for any of the fires I saw through the woods, for I knew the lines of the two armies were near each other, and I might, as like as not, walk over into the lines of the enemy.

Collecting my poor fevered faculties, I determined to follow the course of a little stream I heard plashing down among the bushes to the left. By and by I fixed my eye on a certain bright camp-fire, and determined to make for it at all hazards, be it of friend or of foe. Judge of my joyful surprise when I found it was burning in front of my own tent!

Standing about our fire trying to get warm and dry, our fellows were discussing the question of the retreat about to be made. But I was tired and sick, and wet and sleepy, and did not at all relish the prospect of a night march through the woods in a drenching rain. So, putting on the only remaining dry shirt I had left (I had *two* on already, and they were soaked through), I lay down under my shelter, shivering and with chattering teeth, but soon fell sound asleep.

In the gray light of the morning we were suddenly awakened by a loud "Halloo there, you chaps! Better be digging out of this! We're the last line of cavalry pickets, and the Johnnies are on our heels!"

It was an easy matter for us to sling on our knapsacks and rush after the cavalry-man, until a double-quick of two miles brought us within the rear line of defenses thrown up to cover the retreat.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

"HARRY, I'm getting tired of this thing. It's becoming monotonous, this thing of being roused

every morning at four, with orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice, and then lying around here all day in the sun. I don't believe we are going anywhere, anyhow."

We had been encamped for six weeks, of which I need give no special account, only saying that in those "summer quarters," as they might be called, we went on with our endless drilling, and were baked and browned, and thoroughly hardened to the life of a soldier in the field.

The monotony of which Andy complained did not end that day, nor the next. For six successive days we were regularly roused at four o'clock in the morning, with orders to "pack up and be ready to move immediately!"—only to unpack as regularly about the middle of the afternoon. We could hear our batteries pounding away in the direction of Fredericksburg, but we did not then know that we were being held well in hand till the enemy's plan had developed itself into the great march into Pennsylvania, and we were let off in hot pursuit.

So at last, on the 12th of June, 1863, we started, at five o'clock in the morning, in a north-westerly direction. My journal says: "Very warm, dust plenty, water scarce, marching very hard. Halted at dusk at an excellent spring, and lay down for the night with aching limbs and blistered feet."

I pass over the six days' continuous marching that followed, steadily on toward the north, pausing only to relate several incidents that happened by the way.

On the 14th we were racing with the enemy—we being pushed on to the utmost of human endurance—for the possession of the defenses of Washington. From five o'clock of that morning till three the following morning,—that is to say, from daylight to daylight,—we were hurried along under a burning June sun, with no halt longer than sufficient to recruit our strength with a hasty cup of coffee at noon and nightfall. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock at night, and still on! It was almost more than flesh could endure. Men fell out of line in the darkness by the score, and tumbled over by the road-side, asleep almost before they touched the ground.

I remember how a great tall fellow in our company made us laugh along somewhere about one o'clock that morning—"Pointer," we called him; an excellent soldier, who afterward fell at his post at Spottsylvania. He had been trudging on in sullen silence for hours, when all of a sudden, coming to a halt, he brought his piece to "order arms" on the hard road with a ring, took off his cap, and in language far more forcible than elegant, began forthwith to denounce both parties to the war, "from A to Izzard," in all branches of

the service, civil and military, army and navy, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, and demanded that the enemy should come on in full force here and now, "and I'll fight them all single-handed and alone, the whole pack of 'em! I'm tired of this everlasting marching, and I want to fight!"

"Three cheers for Pointer!" cried some one, and we laughed heartily as we toiled doggedly on to Manassas, which we reached at three o'clock A. M., June 15th. I can assure you we lost no time in stretching ourselves at full length in the tall summer grass.

"James McFadden, report to the Adjutant for camp guard. James McFadden! Anybody know where Jim McFadden is?"

Now, that was rather hard, was n't it? To march from daylight to daylight, and lie down for a rest of probably two hours before starting again, and then to be called up to stand throughout those precious two hours, on guard duty!

I knew very well where McFadden was, for was n't he lying right beside me in the grass? But just then I was in no humor to tell. The camp might well go without a guard that night, or the Orderly might find McFadden in the dark if he could.

But the rules were strict, and the punishment was severe, and poor McFadden, bursting into tears of vexation, answered like a man: "Here I am, Orderly; I'll go." It was hard.

Two weeks later, both McFadden and the Orderly went where there is neither marching nor standing guard any more.

Now comes a long rest of a week in the woods near the Potomac, for we have been marching parallel with the enemy, and dare not go too fast, lest by some sudden and dexterous move in the game he should sweep past our rear in upon the defenses of Washington. And after this sweet refreshment, we cross the Potomac on pontoons, and march, perhaps with a lighter step, since we are nearing home, through the smiling fields and pleasant villages of "Maryland, my Maryland." At Poolesville, a little town on the north bank of the Potomac, we smile as we see a lot of children come trooping out of the village school,—a merry sight to men who have seen neither woman nor child these six months and more, and a touching sight to many a man in the ranks as he thinks of his little flaxen-heads in the far-away home. Aye, think of them now and think of them full tenderly, for many a man of you shall never have child climb on his knee any more!

As we enter one of these pleasant little Maryland villages, we find on the outskirts of the place two young ladies and two young gentlemen waving the good old flag as we pass, and singing "Rally round

the Flag, Boys." The excitement along the line is intense. Cheer on cheer is given by regiment after regiment as we pass along, we drummer-boys beating, at the Colonel's express orders, the old tune, "The Girl I left behind me," as a sort of response. Soon we are in among the hills again, and still the cheering goes on in the far distance to the rear.

Only ten days later we passed through the same village again, and were met by the same young ladies and gentlemen, waving the same flag and singing the same song. But though we tried twice, and tried hard, we could not cheer at all, for there's a difference between five hundred men and one hundred—is there not? So, that second time, we drooped our tattered flags, and raised our caps in silent and sorrowful salute.

"Colonel, close up your men and move on as rapidly as possible."

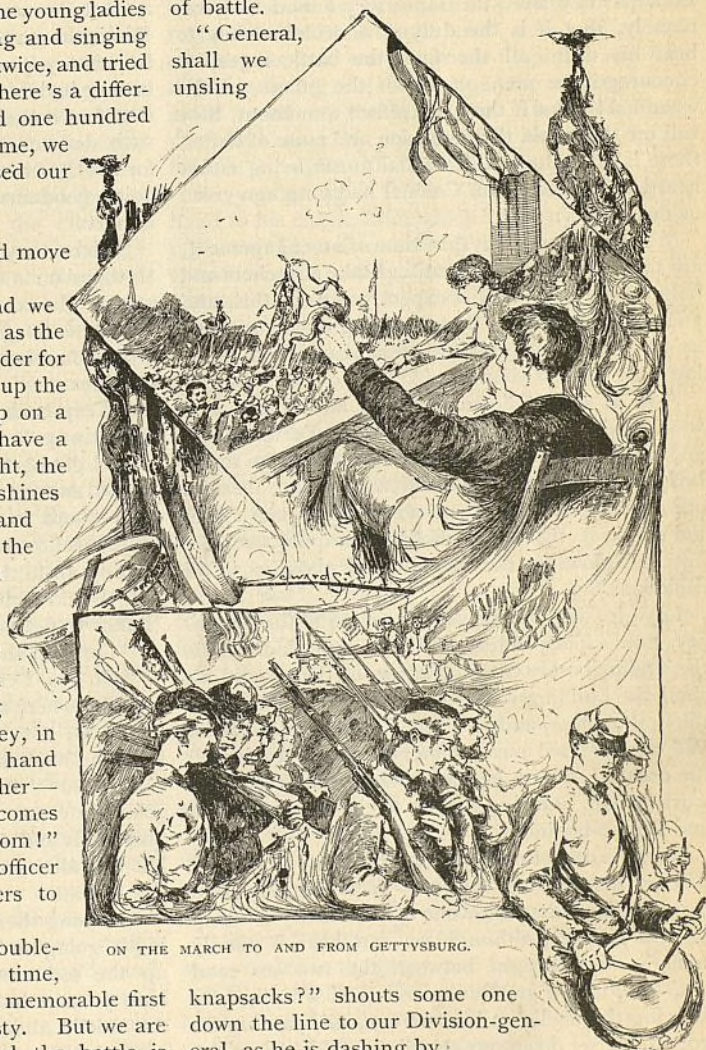
It is the morning of July 1st, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the Staff-officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off yonder down the valley to the left—look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in mid-air! Very small and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding shell indicates, but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! Another—and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "boom!" echoing over the hills, as the Staff-officer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quicking is no light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable first day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we *must* breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good-will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little

breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last—as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down the fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the Seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow-land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"General, shall we unsling



ON THE MARCH TO AND FROM GETTYSBURG.

knapsacks?" shouts some one down the line to our Division-general, as he is dashing by.

"Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the State now!"

And he plunges his spurs up to the rowels in the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap and is away.

"Unfurl the flags, Color-guard!"

"Now, forward, double—"

"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as, at the command "Load at will—load!" the ramrods make their merry music, and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

I suppose the boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS wonder what a drummer-boy does in time of battle. Perhaps they have the same idea I used to have, namely, that it is the duty of a drummer-boy to beat his drum all the time the battle rages, to encourage the men or drown the groans of the wounded! But if they will reflect a moment, they will see that amid the confusion and noise of battle, there is little chance of martial music being either heard or heeded. Our Colonel had long ago given us our orders:

"You drummer-boys, in time of an engagement, are to lay aside your drums and take stretchers and help off the wounded. I expect you to do this, and you are to remember that, in doing it, you are just as much helping the battle on as if you were fighting with guns in your hands."

And so we sit down there on our drums, and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and plows up the meadow-sod about us in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely can not know, or they would n't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log-house about three hundred yards ahead, and we start out for it—I on the lead and Daney behind.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we can not see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple-tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass—killed, they say, by a single shell. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a

shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters and plowing up a great furrow under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me, and who thinks "That was rather close shaving, was n't it, now?" The bullets whistling overhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalry-man (Dennis Buckley, Sixth Michigan cavalry it was, as I afterward learned—let history preserve the brave boy's name) who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in Company C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his carbine, and he escaped unhurt!

"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the Colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the Colonel, he asks:

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, Colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the Colonel.

"Oh yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his pantaloons pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every school-boy has heard, takes his place in the line and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front and the shells are tearing up the sod around us, I observe how evidently hard pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away in great clouds for a moment, we can see the men running, and ramming, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of

smoke and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved Brigadier-general, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharp-shooter off in a tree, and is carried severely wounded into the barn. Our Colonel assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and change front forward, in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears, rapidly advancing out of the woods a half-mile away, and there must be some quick and sharp work done now, Boys, or, between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the new line can sweep down on our flank, our brave Colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and bristling bayonets of our "Bucktail" brigade, as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its original position facing westward, for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank, we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so under severe fire; but it is executed now steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon! For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However, partially protected by a post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line as it swayed back-

ward and forward over the field—scenes which we have had no time to mention yet.

See yonder, where the colors of the regiment on our right—our sister regiment, the 149th—have been advanced a little to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild *mêlée* and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colors and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out, and amid yells and cheers and smoke, you see the battle-flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the 149th.

See yonder, again! Our Colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our Lieutenant-colonel is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; the Major and Adjutant both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest; one Lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine for himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won—and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed—and so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard and the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.

"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man yonder in the grass, and I *must* see who it is.

"Why, Willie! Tell me where you are hurt?" I ask, kneeling down beside him, and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying.

"Here in my side, Harry. Tell—Mother—Mother——"

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie Black is at rest forever!

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in

the center, the colors flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit—it is a grand sight and a fine rally, but a vain one; for in an hour we are swept off the field and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tempest of shrieking shells and whistling balls

toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too (although as yet we know it not), for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved—but where is our corps? Well may our Division-general, who early



AT CLOSE QUARTERS, ON THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all the horses being disabled. The artillery-men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

"Make way there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the center of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance-guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge

in the day succeeded to the command when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colors in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our Field and Staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge, under the open canopy of heaven.

(To be continued.)

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE ALWAYS BEST.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE Panda and the Phalanger, the Gopher and the Yak,
Had all agreed to emigrate, and to carry in a sack
Their extra tails and claws and things—for they were not coming back.

But first they needs must settle who should carry this said sack.
The meeting opened with a grunt—the language of the Yak—
“I’ll mention it at once,” said he, “I’ve a weakness of the back,

“And a dreadful stiffness in one leg and my spinal column, and a ——”
“You’ve described my case, sir, to a T,” interrupted here the Panda,
And he looked as solemn as if he thought he were all of the Propaganda.

The Gopher cleared his throat, and said, “It would be merely sport,
To carry such a load as that ——” The Yak was heard to snort—
“For any one of you, I mean; *my* legs are much too short!”

The Phalanger combed out his tail—he always was so neat!
“You know,” he said, with a modest smile, and in accents low and sweet,
“That *I’m* disabled, permanently, by this webbing on my feet!”

They looked at one another long. Said the Yak, “If this be so,
I’ve an amendment to propose; suppose we do not go?
Is any minded otherwise?” The three responded “No!”

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER V.

SUPPER-TIME.



“OH, if gentlemen only knew the nature of muffins!”
Poor Liddy! Her trig black dress and jaunty muslin cap seemed to mock her perturbed feelings, as she hovered between the kitchen and the hall door. Donald and Dorothy, neatly brushed,—cool and pink of cheek, and very crisp in the matter of neck-ties,—stood at one window of the supper-room. The flaxen-haired waitress, in a bright blue calico gown and white apron, watched, tray in hand, at the other. A small wood-fire, just lighted, was waking into life on the hearth. Old Nero was dozing upon the rug, with one eye open. And all

—to say nothing of the muffins—were waiting for Mr. George, whom the D’s had not seen since their return from the drive, half an hour before.

When that gentleman came in he walked briskly to his seat, and though he did not speak, his manner seemed to say: “Everything is all right. I merely came in a little late. Now for supper!” But Nero, rising slowly from the warm rug, slipped under the table, rubbed himself sympathetically against his master’s legs, and finally settled down at his feet, quite contented to serve as a foot-stool for Donald and Dorothy, who soon were seated one on each side of the table, while Liddy, carefully settling her gown, took her place at the large tea-tray.

Mr. George, as Liddy soon saw to her satisfaction, did appreciate the nature of muffins.

So did Donald and Dorothy.

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CHAPTER VI.

A FAMILY CONFERENCE.

AFTER supper, Uncle George, Donald and Dorothy went into the library, and there they found the soft light of a shaded lamp and another brisk fire—so brisk that Mr. George let down the windows at the top, and the two D's were glad to go and sit on the sofa at the cooler end of the spacious room.

"Liddy is determined that we shall not freeze before the winter sets in," remarked Mr. George, hardly knowing how to begin the conversation. He was not the first good man who has found himself embarrassed in the presence of frank young listeners waiting to hear him speak and sure to weigh and remember everything he might say.

The children smiled solemnly.

Thus began an interview which, in some respects, changed the lives of Donald and Dorothy.

"Liddy is a good, faithful soul," said Uncle George. "She has been with us, you know, ever since you were babies."

"And before, too," put in Dorry.

"Yes, before, too," assented Mr. George. "Some years before."

Nero, dreaming by the fire, growled softly, at which the D's, glad of a chance to partly relieve themselves, and feeling that the interview was one of grave importance, indulged in a smothered laugh.

"And Nero, poor faithful old dog, you knew us!" continued Mr. George, changing to a more cheerful tone, while Nero's tail contentedly beat time to the remark (for the good creature knew well enough that Mr. George was speaking of him); "he was hardly a year old then, the friskiest, handsomest fellow you ever saw, and brave as a lion."

"Did he know Aunt Kate?" asked the audacious Dorothy.

Donald looked frightened; Uncle George coughed; and just as Dorothy, wretchedly uncomfortable, made up her mind that it was too cruel for anything, never to be able to speak of your own aunty without raising a storm, Mr. George came out of the bright light and seated himself on the sofa between the D's, with an arm around each. Dorry, puzzled but almost happy, drew as close as she could, but still sat upright; and Donald, manly boy that he was, felt a dignified satisfaction in his uncle's embrace, and met him with a frank, questioning look. It was the work of an instant. Dorry's startling inquiry still sounded on the fire-lit air.

"Donald," said Uncle, without replying to

Dorry's question. "Let me see. You are now fourteen years old?"

"Fourteen and ten days,—nearly half a month over fourteen," said Dorothy promptly. "Are n't we, Donald? I'm so glad!"

Donald nodded, and Uncle placidly asked why she was glad.

"Because twins can't boss—I mean domineer—each other. If Don was the least bit older than me—I—me, it would n't be half so nice as starting fair and square."

Here she gave a satisfied little cough, and to her great surprise felt her uncle's arm immediately withdrawn.

"Stop your nonsense, Dorothy," said he, almost sternly; "and don't interrupt us."

"Now Uncle 's afraid again," thought Donald, but he felt so sorry for his sister that he said, in a tone of dignified respect: "Dorry did n't mean to be rude, Uncle."

"No, no. Certainly not," said that very puzzling individual, suddenly resuming his former position, and drawing the little lady toward him. "Where were we? Oh, yes. Fourteen years and ten days, is it?"

"Yes, sir, right to a minute," replied Donald, laughing.

"Well, there is no hurry, I am glad to say. I have been thinking of late, Donald, that a little boarding-school experience is a good thing for a boy."

Dorothy started; but she had resolved rather sullenly that people should wait a long while before they would hear another word from her.

"Yes, sir," assented Donald, quickly. It would be glorious to go, he thought, and actually be a boarding-school boy, belonging to a crack base-ball club, a debating society, perhaps even a secret society; to get boxes of fruit and cake from home, and share them with his room-mates; may be have a fight or two, for a fellow must hold his own, you know;—but then how strange it would be to live without Dorry! Oh, if she only were a boy!

"I'd come home on Thanksgiving and Christmas?" asked Don, following up this last objection.

"Oh, yes. But you're not off yet, my boy. The fact is, I did think seriously of sending you this autumn, and I even looked up a few good places. But there's no special hurry. This boarding-school business has its uncomfortable side. It breaks up a household, and makes little sisters lonesome. Does n't it, Dorry?"

Dorry *could n't* speak now, though she tried, and Mr. George considerably went on: "Besides, there's another, a very good reason, why we should wait awhile. You are needed here just now."

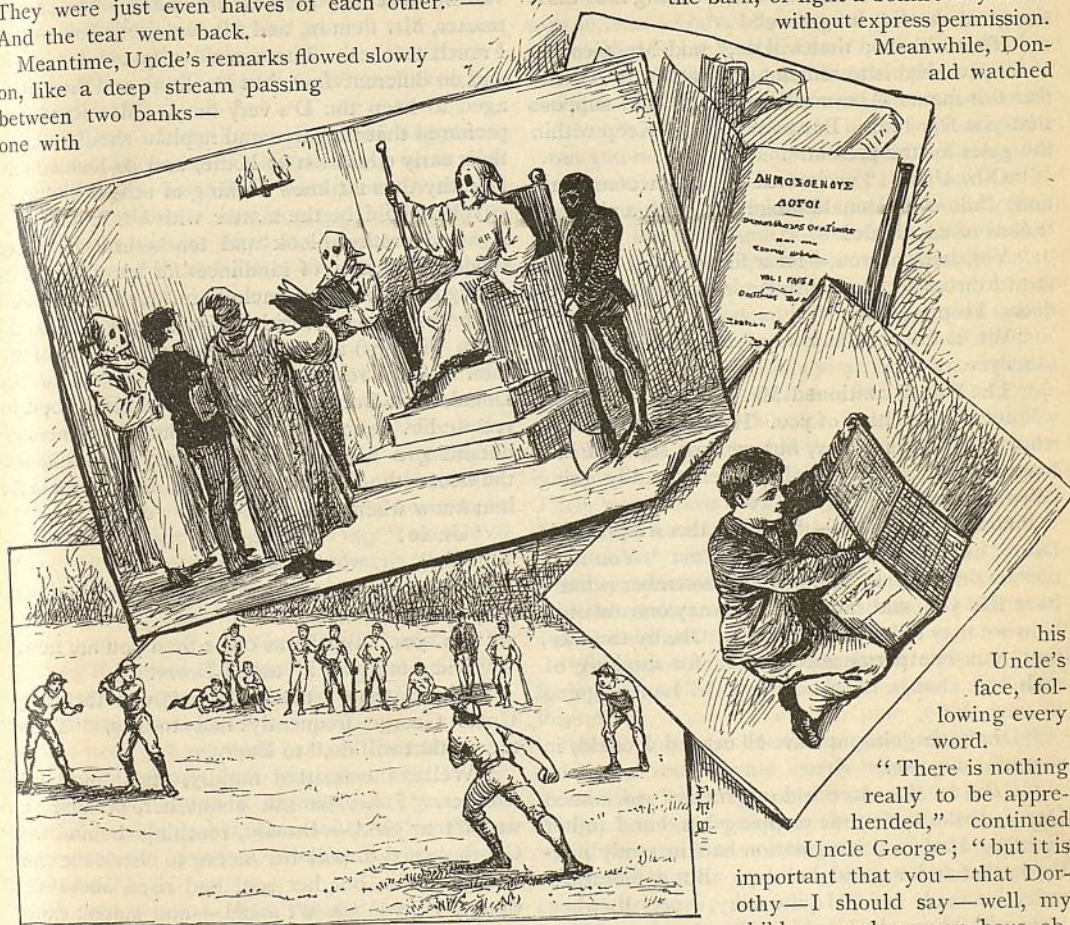
"Needed here?" thought Dorry. "I should

say so!" Uncle might as well have remarked that the sunshine, or the sky, or the air was needed here as to say that Don was needed. A big tear gathered under her lashes—"Besides, she was no more his little sister than he was her little brother. They were just even halves of each other."—And the tear went back.

Meantime, Uncle's remarks flowed slowly on, like a deep stream passing between two banks—one with

be guarded, thank you." But, for all that, she felt proud that Uncle should speak of her in this way to Donald. Probably he was going to mention fire, and remind them of the invariable rule that they must not, on any account, carry matches into the barn, or light a bonfire anywhere without express permission.

Meanwhile, Donald watched



DONALD'S THOUGHTS.

its sunny leaves and blossoms all astir in the breeze, the other bending, casting its image in the stream, and so going on with it in a closer companionship.

"You are needed here, Donald; but, as I said before, there is plenty of time. And though I shall bear this boarding-school matter in mind, I can not well spare you just now. I shall require, perhaps, some vigilance on your part, and cool-headedness,—not that anything very serious is likely to occur; in fact, there is no real reason why it should—but a brother naturally guards his sister even when no danger threatens."

"Certainly," said Don.

"Humph," thought Dorothy, "I don't want to

Dorothy, of having seen something of a person who has been about here several times of late."

"Oh, yes, Uncle," responded Dorry.

But Donald waited to hear more. He had talked previously with his uncle about this same person, whom he had seen more than once lounging about the grounds.

"Well," said Mr. George, slowly, "this man, 'long and lank,' as Dorry truly described him, is not really a bad man,—at least, we'll believe he is not,—but he is one whom I wish you both to avoid. His company will do you no good."

"Would n't it be better, Uncle," suggested Dorry, now eager to help matters, "for Jack to order him off the place whenever he comes on?"

his
Uncle's
face, fol-
lowing every
word.

"There is nothing really to be apprehended," continued Uncle George; "but it is important that you—that Dorothy—I should say—well, my children, perhaps you have observed—indeed, you spoke to-day,

"Well, no," said Uncle George. "After all, he may not come again. But if he should, I wish you to have as little to do with him as possible."

"We could set Nero on him. Nero can't bite, but he'd scare him pretty well," insisted Dorry, with animation. "The idea of his calling me 'Sis'! the great, horrid, long——"

"There, there; that will do," said Mr. George. "All you need is to remember what I say. Do not fear this man. Above all, do not let him suppose that you fear him. But avoid him. Keep within the gates for the present."

"O-h, Uncle!" exclaimed Dorry, in consternation, while even Donald broke forth with a plaintive "*Both of us, Uncle?*"

"Yes, both of you,—for a few days at least, or until I direct to the contrary. And while out-of-doors, keep together."

"We'll do that, any way," replied Dorry, half-saucily.

"The man," continued Mr. George, "probably will not trouble either of you. He is a ne'er-do-well, whom I knew as a boy, but we lost sight of him long ago. I suspect he has been steadily going down for years."

"I can't see wh——," began the irrepressible Dorry, but she was checked by a firm: "You need not see, nor try to see. Only remember what I have told you, and say nothing to any one about it. Now we may talk of other things. Oh, by the way, there was one pretty good reason for thinking of making a change in schooling. Dr. Lane is going to leave us."

"Dr. Lane going to leave!" echoed Donald, in regretful surprise.

"Good! No more old algebra!" exclaimed Dorry, at the same time clapping her hand to her mouth. Her vivid imagination had instantly pictured relief and a grand holiday. But a moment's reflection made her feel quite sorry, especially when her uncle resumed:

"Yes, the good man told me yesterday that his cough grows steadily worse, and his physician has ordered him to go south for the winter. He says he must start as soon as I can find a tutor to take his place."

"Oh, don't let him wait a day, Uncle," exclaimed Dorry, earnestly,—"*please don't, if going south will cure him. We've noticed his cough, have n't we, Don? We can study our lessons by ourselves, and say them to each other.*"

Some boys would have smiled knowingly at this somewhat suspicious outburst, but Donald knew Dorothy too well for that. She was thoroughly sincere and full of sympathy for the kind, painstaking man who, notwithstanding one or two peculiarities which she and her brother could not help observ-

ing, was really a good teacher. For more than a year, omitting only July and August, and Saturday holidays, he had been coming to Lakewood every week-day to instruct the two young Reeds in what he called the rudiments of learning. There were two visiting teachers besides Dr. Lane—the music-master, Mr. Penton, and Mademoiselle Jouvin, the French teacher. These came only twice a week, and on different days, but Dr. Lane and they managed to keep the D's very busy. Mr. Reed had preferred that his niece and nephew should receive their early education at home, and so Donald and Dorothy thus far knew nothing of school life.

What could be the matter with Uncle George? Again Dorothy's look and tone—especially her sudden expression of kindness for her tutor—evidently had given her uncle pain. He looked down at her for an instant with a piteous and (as Donald again thought) an almost frightened expression; then quickly recovering himself, went on to tell Donald that Dorry was right. It would be best to release Dr. Lane at once, and take the chances of obtaining a new teacher. In fact, he would see the doctor the very next morning, if they would let him know when the lesson-hours were over.

"Uncle!"

"Well, sir, what is it?"

"Did you go to boarding-school, when you were a boy?"

"Oh, yes. But I was older than you are now."

"Did Aunt Kate?" asked Dorry.

"There, there; that will do," was the reply. Uncle George frequently had to say, "There, there; that will do," to Dorry.

"Well," she insisted timidly, and almost in a whisper, "*I have to ask about her, because you was n't a girl.*"—Donald, reaching behind Mr. George, tried to pull her sleeve to check the careless grammar, but her soul had risen above such things,—"*you was n't a girl,—and I don't expect to go to a boy's boarding-school. Oh, Uncle, I don't, I really don't mean to be naughty, but it's so hard, so awfully hard, to be a girl without any mother; and when I ask about her or Aunt Kate, you always—yes, Uncle, you really do!—you always get mad. Oh, no, I don't mean to say that, but it makes you feel so awful sorry, that you don't know how it sounds to me. You actually don't, Uncle. If I only could remember Mamma! But, of course, I can't; and then that picture that came to us from England looks so—so very——*"

"It's lovely!" exclaimed Donald, almost indignantly.

"Yes, it's handsome, but I know Mamma would n't look that way now. It's so sort of stiff. May be it's the big lace collar—and even Liddy can't tell me whether it was a good likeness or not."

But Aunt Kate's picture in the parlor is so different. I think it's because it was painted when she was a little girl. Oh, it's so sweet and natural I want to climb up and kiss it! I really do, Uncle. That's why I want to talk about her, and why I love her so very much. You would n't speak cross to her, Uncle, if she came to life and tried to talk to you about us. No, I think you 'd— Oh, Uncle! Uncle! What is the matter? What makes you look so at me!"

Before Dorry fairly knew what had happened, Donald was at his uncle's feet, looking up at him in great distress, and Uncle George was sobbing! Only for an instant. His face was hidden in his hands, and when he lifted it, he again had full control of himself, and Dorry almost felt that she had been mistaken. She never had seen her uncle cry, or dreamed that he *could* cry; and now, as she stood with her arms clasped about his neck crying because he cried, she could only think, with an awed feeling, of his tenderness, his goodness, and inwardly blame herself for being "the hatefulest, foolishlest girl in all the world." Looking at Donald for sympathy, she whispered: "I'm sorry, Uncle, if I did wrong. I'll try never, never to be so—so—" She was going to say "so wicked again," but the words would not come. She knew that she had not been wicked, and yet she could not at first hit upon the right term. Just as it flashed upon her to say "impetuous," and not to care a fig if Donald *did* secretly laugh at her using such a grand expression, Mr. George said, gently, but with much seriousness:

"You need not reproach yourself, my child. I can see very clearly just what you wish to say. Don and I can rough it together, but you, poor darling,"—stroking her hair softly,—"*need* just what we can not give you, a woman's—a mother's tenderness."

"Oh, yes, you do! Yes, you do, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, in sudden generosity.

"And it is only natural, my little maid, that you should long—as Donald must, too—to hear more of the mother whom I scarcely knew, whom, in fact, I saw only a few times. Wolcott—I should say, your Papa—and she sailed for Europe soon after their marriage, and there found——"

He checked himself suddenly, and Dorry took advantage of the pause to say, softly:

"But it was n't so with Aunt Kate. You knew her, Uncle, all her life. Was n't she sweet, and lovely, and——"

"Yes, yes! Sweet, lovely, everything that was noble and good, dear. You can not love her too well."

"And Papa," spoke up Donald, sturdily—"he was perfect. You've often told us so—a true, up-

right, Christian gentleman." The boy knew this phrase by heart. He had so often heard his uncle use it in speaking of the lost brother, that it seemed almost like a part of his father's name. "And Mamma we *know* was good, Dorry. Liddy says every one liked her ever so much. Uncle George says so, too. Only, how can he talk to us about our mother if he hardly knew her? She did n't ever live in this house. She lived in New York—and that made a great difference—don't you see?"

"Yes," admitted Dorry, only half-satisfied; "but you *would* have known her, Uncle George,—yes, known Mamma, and Aunt, and our Uncle Robertson [they had never learned to call that uncle by his first name]—we would have known them all—no, not all, not poor dear Papa, because he never lived to set sail from England; but all the rest, even our dear little cousin, Delia,—oh, would n't she be sweet if we had her now to love and take care of! We should all have known each other ever so well—of course we should—if the ship had landed safe."

"Yes, my darlings, if the ship had not gone down, all would have been very, very different. There would have been a happy household indeed. We should have had more than I dare to think of."

"But we have each other now, Uncle," said Dorothy, soothingly and yet with spirit. "It can't be so very miserable and dreadful with you and Donald and me left!"

"Bless you, my little comforter!—No. God be praised, we have still a great deal to be thankful for."

"Yes, and there are Liddy and Jack, and dear old Nero," said Donald, partly because he wanted to add his mite toward the cheerfuller view of things, but mainly because he felt choked, and it would be as well to say something, if only to prove to himself that he was not giving way to unmanly emotion.

"Oh, yes—Jack!" added Dorry. "If it were not for Jack where would we twins be, I'd like to know!"

Said in an ordinary tone of voice, this would have sounded rather flippant, but Dorry uttered the words with real solemnity.

"I think of that often," said Donald, in the same spirit. "It seems so wonderful, too, that we did n't get drowned, or at least die of exposure, and——"

Dorothy interrupted him with an animated "Yes, indeed!—mercy! Such little, little bits of babies!"—and Donald turned to look inquiringly at Uncle George before proceeding.

"It does seem like a miracle," Uncle George said.

"But Jack," continued Donald, warmly, "was such a wonderful swimmer."

"Yes, and wonderful catcher!" said Dorothy. "Just think how he caught us—Ugh! It makes me shiver to think of being tossed in the air over those black, raging waves—we must have looked like little bundles flying from the ship. Was n't Jack just *wonderful* to hold on to us as he did, and work so hard looking for—for the others, too. Mercy! if we only get our feet wet now, Liddy seems to think it's all over with us—and yet, look what we stood then! Little mites of babies, soaked to the skin, out in an open boat on the ocean all that terrible time."

"Much we cared for that," was Don's comment. "Probably we laughed, or played pat-a-cake, or —"

"Played pat-a-cake!" interrupted Dorry, with intense scorn of Donald's ignorance of baby ways—"babies only six weeks old playing pat-a-cake! I guess not. It's most likely we cried and screamed like everything; is n't it, Uncle?"

Uncle nodded, with a strange mixture of gravity and amusement, and Donald added, earnestly:

"Whether we cried or not, Jack was a trump. Splendid old fellow! A real hero, was n't he, Uncle? I can see him now—catching us—then, when the other boat capsized, chucking us into somebody's arms, and plunging into the sea to save all he could, but coming back alone." (The children had talked about the shipwreck so often that they felt as if they remembered the awful scene.) "He was nearly dead by that time, you know."

"Yes, and nearly dead or not, if he had n't come back," chirped Dorothy, who was growing tired of the tragic side of Donald's picture,—“if he had n't come back to take charge of us, and take us on board the big ship —”

"The 'Cumberland,'" said Don.

"Yes, the 'Cumberland,' or whatever she was called; if he had n't climbed on board with us, and wrapped us in blankets and everything, and fed us and so on, it would n't have been quite so gay!"

Now, nothing could have been in worse taste than the conclusion of this speech, and Dorothy knew it; but she had spoken in pure defiance of solemnity. There had been quite enough of that for one evening.

Uncle George, dazed, troubled, and yet in some vague way inexpressibly comforted, was quietly looking first at one speaker, then at the other, when Liddy opened the door with a significant:

"Mr. Reed, sir, did you ring?"

Oh, that artful Liddy! Uncle read "bed-time" in her countenance. It was his edict that half-past nine should be the hour; and the D's knew that their fate was sealed.

"Good-night, Uncle!" said Donald, kissing his uncle in good, hearty fashion.

"Good-night, Uncle!" said Dorothy, clinging to his neck just an instant longer than usual.

"Good-night, my blessings!" said Uncle George, reluctantly, as he closed the library door behind them.

Nero, shut up in Liddy's room, was barking furiously.

Two more orderly, well-behaved young persons never left an apartment, but I must tell the truth. When they were fairly in the hall, Donald started to go upstairs on the outside, holding on to the balusters, and Dorry ran to the front door, in spite of Liddy's remonstrances, with a frisky:

"Oh, do let me have just one breath of fresh air!"

She came back instantly, rushed past Liddy, who was slowly puffing her way up the stairs, met Donald at the first landing (he had condescended by this time to leap over to the stair side of the balusters), and whispered:

"Upon my sacred word, I saw him! He's out there, standing at the front steps!"

"Uncle ought to know it!" exclaimed Donald, turning to run down again.

But he stopped on the next step, for Mr. George had come from the library, opened the front door, and disappeared.

The two D's stole from their rooms, after Liddy bade them good-night, and sat on the top stair, whispering.

"Why did you open your window, just now, Donald?"

"Why, because I wanted to look out, of course."

"Now Don, I know better. You coughed, just to let Uncle know that you were around, if there should be any trouble. You know you did."

"Well, what if I did?" admitted Donald, reluctantly. "Hark!" and he sprang up, ready for action. "No, he's come back. It's Uncle. I say, Dorry, it will come hard on us to stay on this side of the hedge, like chickens. I wonder how long it will last."

"Goodness knows! But he did n't say we could n't go to the Danbys'. I suppose that's because we can get there by going around the back way."

"I suppose so," assented Donald. "So long as we keep off the public road, it's all right."

"How queer!"

"Yes, it *is* queer," said Donald. "However, Uncle knows best."

"Dear me, how good we are, all of a sudden!" laughed Dorry, but she kissed Donald soberly for

good-night, and after going to bed lay awake for at least fifteen minutes,—a great while for her,—thinking over the events of the day and evening.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANBYS.

WHO were the Danbys?

They were the Reeds' nearest neighbors, and no two households could be more different. In the first place, the Reeds were a small family of three, with four servants; the Danbys were a large family of twelve, with no servants. The Reeds had a spacious country mansion, rich old furniture, pretty row-boats, fine horses, carriages, and abundant wealth; the Danbys had a little house, poor old furniture, one cow, five pigs, one home-made scow, one wheelbarrow, and no money, excepting the very moderate income earned by the father of the family and his eldest boy. There the great contrast ended. The Danbys were thoroughly respectable, worthy, and cleanly; the parents, kind and loving souls, could read and write, and the children were happy, obedient, and respectful. To be sure, it would have been very hard for the best school-master of the county to parse some of Mrs. Danby's fluent sentences, or to read at a glance Mr. Danby's remarkable penmanship. But that same learned individual would have delighted in the brightness of the sons and daughters, had he been so fortunate as to be their teacher. Alas! the poor little Danbys had enjoyed but a scant and broken schooling; but they were sharp little things, and native wit served them whenever reading, writing, and arithmetic failed. Indeed, the very fact of their intercourse with Donald and Dorothy had done wonders for their language and deportment. Yet each individual, from the big brother Ben down to the latest baby, had his or her own peculiar character and style, which not twenty Dons and Dorothys could alter.

It was not very difficult, after all, to remember the names of the young Danbys, for Mr. Danby, being a methodical man, had insisted on their being named in alphabetical order and that they each should have two names, so as to give them their choice in after life. Therefore, the first was called Amanda Arabella, who, at the present stage of our story, was a girl of seventeen, with poetical gifts of her own; the second was Benjamin Buster, aged fifteen; the third, Charity Cora, dark-eyed, thoughtful, nearly thirteen, and, the neighbors declared, never seen without a baby in her arms; the fourth, Daniel David, a robust young person of eleven; the fifth, Ella Elizabeth, red-haired, and just half-past nine, as she said. Next came Francis

Ferdinand, or "Fandy," as he was called for short, who, though only eight, was a very important member of the family; next, Gregory George, who was six,—and here the stock of double names seems to have given out, for after Master Gregory came plain little Helen, aged four,—Isabella, a wee toddler "going on three,"—and, last of all, little Jamie, "the sweetest, tunningest little baby that ever lived." So now you have them all: Amanda Arabella, Benjamin Buster, Charity Cora, Daniel David, Ella Elizabeth, Francis Ferdinand, Gregory George, Helen, Isabella, and roly-poly Jamie. If you can not quite remember all the children, who can blame you? Even Mrs. Danby herself, with her knowledge of the alphabet to help her, always had to name them upon her hands, allowing a child to each finger, and giving Elizabeth and Fandy the thumbs.

The stars of the family in Donald's and Dorothy's estimation were Benjamin Buster, who had seen the world, and had enjoyed adventures and hair-breadth escapes already, and was now home for the first time in four years, Charity Cora, whose big dark eyes told their own story, and little Fandy. Mr. Danby was proud of all his children, though perhaps proudest of Baby Jamie, because there was no knowing what the child might come to; but Mrs. Danby looked with absolute reverence upon her eldest—Amanda Arabella. "Such a mind as that girl has, Mr. Danby," she would say to her husband, "it is n't for us to comprehend. She might have come just so out of a book, Amanda might." And Mr. Danby would nod a pleased and puzzled assent, vaguely wondering how long he could manage to hold his high parental state over so gifted a creature.

Amanda Arabella's strong points were poetry and sentiment. To be sure, she scrubbed the floor and washed the dishes, but she did these menial duties "with her head in the clouds," as she herself had confessed to her mother. Her soul was above it, and as soon as she could, she intended to "go somewhere and perfect herself." This idea of going somewhere to perfect herself, was one which she had entertained in secret for some time, though she had not the slightest idea of where she could go, and in just what way she was to be perfected. She only knew that, at present, housework and the nine brothers and sisters were quite as much as she could attend to, excepting at odd moments when "the poetry fit was on her," as her mother expressed it—"and then wild horses could n't stop her!"

"I can't deny, Mr. Reed," said that proud mother to her kind neighbor—who, on the morning after his interview with Donald and Dorothy in his study, had halted at Mrs. Danby's whitewashed gate to

wish her a stately "Good-morning, madam!" and to ask after her family—"I can't deny, and be honest, that I'm uncommon blest in my children, though the Lord has seen fit to give us more than a extra lot of 'em. They're peart and sound as heart could wish, and so knowin'! Why," she continued, lowering her voice and drawing closer to the gate—"there's my Fandy now, only eight years old, can preach 'most like a parson! It 'ud rise your hair with surprise to hear him. An' Ben, my oldest boy, has had such adventures, an' haps an' mishaps, as ought to be writ out in a biography. An' there's Amanda Arabella, my daughter—well, if I only could set down the workin's o' my brain as that girl can, I'd do! She has got a most uncommon lively brain. Why, the other day—But all this time you're standin', Mr. Reed. Wont you walk in, sir? Well, certainly, sir—it aint to be 'xpected you *could* take time goin' by so, as you are—Well, my 'Mandy, sir, only the other day was a-comin' out into the shed with a pan o' dish-water, and she sees a rainbow. 'Ma!' says she, a-callin' me, 'take this 'ere dish-water!' and before 't I knowed it, she was a writin' down with her lead-pencil the beautifullest thoughts that ever was—all about that rainbow. In the evening, when her pa come, I just up and showed it to him, an' he says, says he: 'Them's the grandest thoughts I ever see put to paper!'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Reed, with an expression of



MRS. DANBY'S DREAM.

heartly interest and amusement on his honest face, yet evidently ready to take advantage of the first opportunity to go on his way.

"Yes, indeed," promptly assented Mrs. Danby,

"and she aint all. Our children, if I *do* say it, seem to have more brains than they've a fair right to—bein' poor folk's children, as you may say. It don't tire 'em one bit to learn—their pa says every study they tackle gets the worst of it—they use it up, so to speak. I dreamed th' other night I see the four English branches, 'rithmetic, writin', readin', and hist'ry, standin' exhausted waiting for them children to get through with them—But I see you're shifting yourself, sir, for going, and I ought to be ashamed to detain you this way clacking about my own flesh and blood. I've been poorly lately, I did n't tell you, Mr. Reed" (looking at him plaintively).

"No, indeed, I'm very sorry to hear it," said Mr. Reed, sympathetically. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no. One o' my billerous attacks; the spine o' my back seemed to give out somehow, and I was dreadful bad for a couple o' days. But my Thomas an' the children—bless their hearts!—got me up again. *You're* looking well, Mr. Reed. Good-morning, sir—good-morning!—Sakes! He went off so sudden I forgot."

And thus exclaiming to herself, the dear old talker went back into the house.

"Forgot what, Ma?" asked Amanda, who stood in the door-way trying to think of a rhyme for olives.

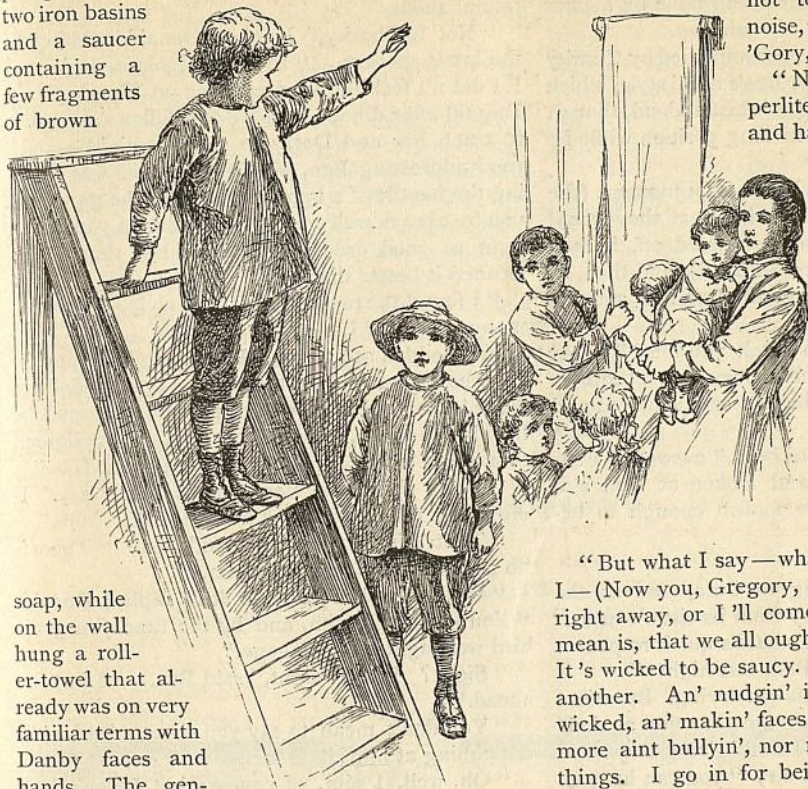
"Why, to tell Mr. Reed about that queer kind of a man, who's just engaged to lodge with us. I don't feel like trustin' him somehow, and yet it is n't for plain folks to be refusing a real boarder who wants a plain family table, and don't put on any airs. I told him," she continued, raising her voice as she went farther into the house, "that if ours was n't a family table (with ten children setting 'round it, includin' the baby, and Mr. Danby at the head), I did n't know what was. But he's to come back in an hour or two. Where in the world to tuck him is the question. Anyhow, you'd better go up, dear, and ready brother's room for him. Ben's got two rabbit-skins tacked outside the window which 'll have to come down. Ben 'll have to go in with Dan and Fandy to sleep.—Mercy! Here come the twins, 'cross-lots!—an' Fandy a preachin' there in the pump-shed!"

True enough, the twins were coming around by the back way. They approached softly, and made a motion of warning to Mrs. Danby, as they drew nearer, for they could hear Fandy Danby's voice, and wished to enjoy the fun. Mrs. Danby,

smiling and nodding, pointed to a place where they could stand unobserved and hear the sermon.

It was the hour for the afternoon "cleaning-up." Eight of the little Danbys, including Charity with

Baby Jamie in her arms, had assembled then to wash their hands and faces at the battered green pump under the shed, where, on a long bench, were two iron basins and a saucer containing a few fragments of brown



FANDY "PREACHES A SERMON"
TO HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

soap, while on the wall hung a roller-towel that already was on very familiar terms with Danby faces and hands. The general toilet had been rather a noisy one, owing partly to the baby objecting to having soap in its eyes, and partly to the fact that too many required the services of the Danby roller at the same instant, to say nothing of Miss Helen insisting upon slapping the water in a most unlady-like way, and so splashing Master Gregory.

This combination having brought matters to a crisis, had caused Fandy to mount a small step-ladder, and, with many original gestures, address the crowd in the following fashion:

"CHIL'REN! I'm ashamed of you! I don't know when I've been so—so umpressed with the badness of this family. How often, my hearers, do you 'spect me to stop my dressing to extort you? I did n't mean to preach no more sermons this week, but you do behave so awful bad, I must.

"Now, first, don't you know speakin' saucy is a sin? *Don't* you know it? It makes us hateful, an' it makes us cross, an' it makes people tell Ma. It aint right for Chrisschen chil'ren to do such things. It don't never say in our Bible-lesson that

folks can call peoples 'mean uglies' just for wantin' the roller. An' it don't say that a good Chrisschen child can say 'Pshaw for you!' for havin'

not to make quite so much noise, which you, my beloved 'Gory, said just now to Charity.

"Now, we must be good an' perlite, if we want to do right and have things Chrissmas, an' if we want to be loved on earth and in heaven. (No, sir, that aint talkin' big, and I *do* know what I mean, too.) I say, we must be perlite. It's natural for big folks to rub noses the wrong way when they wash faces, an' to comb hair funny—they're born so. An' all we can do is to be patient an' wait till we get big, an' have chil'ren of our own.

"But what I say—what I mean, what I—what I—(Now you, Gregory, give Helen back her dolly right away, or I'll come down to you!)—what I mean is, that we all ought to be good and perlite. It's wicked to be saucy. We ought to stand one another. An' nudgin' is wicked, an' scroogin' is wicked, an' makin' faces aint the way to do. No more aint bullyin', nor mockin', nor any of those things. I go in for bein' pleasant and kind, an' havin' fun fair—only, my beloved hearers, I can't do it all alone. If we'd all be good Chrisschen chil'ren, things would go better, an' there would n't be such a racket.

"Can't you cleanse your sinful hearts, my hearers? Cleanse 'em, anyhow, enough to behave? Can't you?—(Stop your answerin', David; it puts me out, and, besides, you ought n't to say that. You ought to say 'I'll try.') I notice you aint none of you real quiet and peaceful, unless I'm preachin', or you're eatin' something good. I also can see two people lookin' through the crack, which I think they'd better come in, as I would n't mind it. Now I can't extort you no more this time."

To Fandy's great disgust, the audience applauded the conclusion of his sermon, and were about to become more uproarious than ever, when the sudden appearance of Donald and Dorothy put them upon their good behavior.

"Is Ben here?" asked Donald, after the usual "How-d'ye-do's" were over, and as Fandy was taking a hasty turn at the roller-towel.

"Don't know," said Fandy; "he 's mendin' a trap over there"—pointing to an inclosed corner close by the house, that had been roughly boarded over and fitted up with bench and table by Master Ben, so as to make a sort of workshop.

They all went over there, accompanied by Charity Cora, and were received in Ben's usual style, which consisted in simply ceasing to whistle aloud, though he still held his lips in whistling position while he proceeded with his work.

They watched him in silence for a moment (the young Danbys, at least, knowing that they would be sternly, but not unkindly, ordered off, if they interfered with the business in hand), and then, to their relief, saw Ben drive in the last nail and lay down the hammer.

"What 's that for?—to catch yab-bits?" asked Gregory George, nicknamed 'Gory by his brothers for the fun of the thing, he was so fair-haired and gentle.

"No; it's to catch little boys," answered Ben, whereat 'Gory grinned, and looked at Don and Dorry to see if they were foolish enough to believe it.

"Hollo, Donald."

Dorry was softly talking to Cora, and at the same time coaxing the baby from its sister's arms.

"Hollo yourself!" was Donald's quick response.

"Did you have any luck, Ben, last night?"

"Yes, two! Got the skins out drying. Beauties! I say, Donald, can you spare me your gun again if you 're not going to use it Thanksgiving Day?"

"Certainly," answered Don; "you can have it, and welcome. Tyler and I are going to fire at a mark in the afternoon, with Uncle and the girls. But we 'll use the rifle."

"What girls?" asked Charity Cora, eagerly, hoping from Donald's plural way of putting it that she and Ella Elizabeth possibly were to have a share in the sport; whereat Daniel David, guessing her thoughts, answered for Donald, with a cutting: "Why, Queen Victoria and the royal princesses, to be sure. Who did you think?"

Cora made no reply, but, feeling rather ashamed, rubbed her arms (a habit of hers whenever the baby for the moment happened to be out of them), and looked at Donald.

"Josie Manning and Ed Tyler are coming over after dinner," said Donald.

"I should think they'd rather come to dinner," spoke up Ella Elizabeth, with hungry eyes. "Turkeys and things—Oh, my! Punkin pie!"

This called forth two exclamations in a breath:

Dan David: "'Punkin pie! Oh, my!' We're getting poetical. Call 'Mandy, quick. Punkin pie—sky high."

Fandy: "Don't be so improper. It's pumpkun

pie. Dorothy said so. And, besides, we ought to let the company do the talking."

"Humph, I guess they forget what they were talkin' about."

"Not I, Charity," laughed Donald, turning to the latest speaker. "In the first place, Josie and Ed did n't feel like leaving home on Thanksgiving Day till after dinner, and we two fellows are going to teach her and Dorry to shoot straight—and" (now addressing Ben, who by this time was wedging the handle of a hammer) "as for the gun, Ben, you 're always welcome to it, so long as you return it in as good order as you did last time. You cleaned it better than I do."

"I found the rags," said Helen, slyly,—"ever so many. Did n't I, Ben?"

Ben nodded at her, and Helen, made happy for the whole day, ran off hugging a broken dolly in exact imitation of Charity and Jamie; meanwhile, her big brother, pleased at Don's compliment, remarked: "It's a prime gun, and never fails."

"Never fails *you*, Ben, you 'd better say. It often fails me, never mind how carefully I aim."

"That 's just it, Donald," said Ben. "There 's no good in aiming so particular."

"Well, what 's a fellow to do?" replied Donald.

"You must take aim, and by the time you get a bird well sighted, he 's gone."

"Sight? I never sight," said Ben. "I just fire ahead."

"You don't mean to say you shoot a bird without aiming at him?"

"Oh, well, I aim, of course; but I don't look through the sight, or any such nonsense."

"I don't understand," said Donald, doubtfully.

"Don't you? Why, it's just this: if the bird 's flying he 'll go ahead, wont he? Well, you fire ahead and meet him—that 's the whole of it. You know how an Indian shoots an arrow. He does n't look along the line of the arrow for ten minutes, like a city archer; he decides, in a flash, what he 's going to do, and lets fly. Practice is the thing. Now, when you 're after a wild duck, you can aim exactly at him and he 's safe as a turnip; but see a strip of water betwixt the nozzle of your gun and him, and he 's a gone bird if you fire straight. You have to allow for diving—but practice is the thing. Learn by missing."

"Oh, that 's good!" shouted Daniel David; "'learn by missing.' I'm going to try that plan in school after this. Don't you say so, Fandy?"

"No, I don't," said the inflexible Fandy, while he gazed in great admiration at the two big boys.

At this point the mother appeared at the door with an empty pail in each hand, and before she had time to call, David and Fandy rushed toward her, seized the pails, and would have been off to-

gether for the well, if Mrs. Danby had not said: "Let David get the water, Fandy, and you bring me some light wood for boiling the kettle."

"You can't boil the kettle, Ma," called out one of the children. "You boil the water."

"No more you can't," assented Mrs. Danby, with an admiring laugh.

All this time, Dorry had been tossing the struggling baby, and finally winning it to smiles, though every fiber in its plump little body was squirming in the direction of Charity Cora. Meanwhile, that much-enduring sister had made several pungent remarks, in a low tone, to her visitor, concerning babies in general and Jamie in particular.

"Now you see how nice it is! He keeps up that wriggling all day: now it's to come to me; but when I have him, it's wriggling for the chickens, and for Mother, and for everything. And if you set him down out-of-doors he sneezes, and if you set him down in the house he screams, and Ma calls out to know 'if I can't amuse that baby!' I

tote him round from morning to night—so I do!" —Here the baby's struggles became so violent and noisy that Charity Cora savagely took him from Dorry, whereat he threw his plump little arms about his sister's neck with such a satisfied baby-sigh that she kissed him over and over, and looked in placid triumph at Dorothy, apparently forgetting that she ever had made the slightest complaint against him.

"Have you begun with your new teacher yet?" she asked, hugging Jamie, and looking radiantly at Dorothy.

"Oh, no!" answered Dorry. "How did you know Dr. Lane was going?"

"Ma heard it somewhere! My, don't I wish I had a teacher to come every day and put me through! I'm just dying to learn things. Do you know, I have n't —"

And here the girls sauntered off together to sit down on a tree-stump, and have a good long talk, if the baby would allow it.

(To be continued.)



A DREAM OF LITTLE WOMEN, AND SOME OTHERS.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

I SAT one winter night beside the hearth;
Without, the north-wind 'round the chimney
screamed,
Within, the fire hummed forth its drowsy mirth,
And—I suppose I dreamed!

A little face peeped at me through the gloom—
A smutty little face, all wet with tears;
A timid figure crept across the room,
Crouching with sudden fears,—



And murmuring, "Oh!
was ever such bad
luck?

I've broken my dear
sister's best um-
brella,

And yesterday I killed
the little duck—

Unlucky Cinderella!"

A voice cried, "Cinderella! Are
you there?"

It was the sister's voice, full
well I knew it!

The culprit murmured, crouching
'neath a chair,

"I did n't go to do it!"

And the voice said, retreating as it spake,
"She knows that if I find her I shall shake her.
There is no telling what she next will break—
Was never such a breaker!"

I saw a little maid whose locks of gold
Strayed from a scarlet hood.

She bore a basket on her
chubby arm.

"Look!" she exclaimed,
"the butter is so
good,

It has not melted, though
the day is warm—

I am Red Riding-hood!"

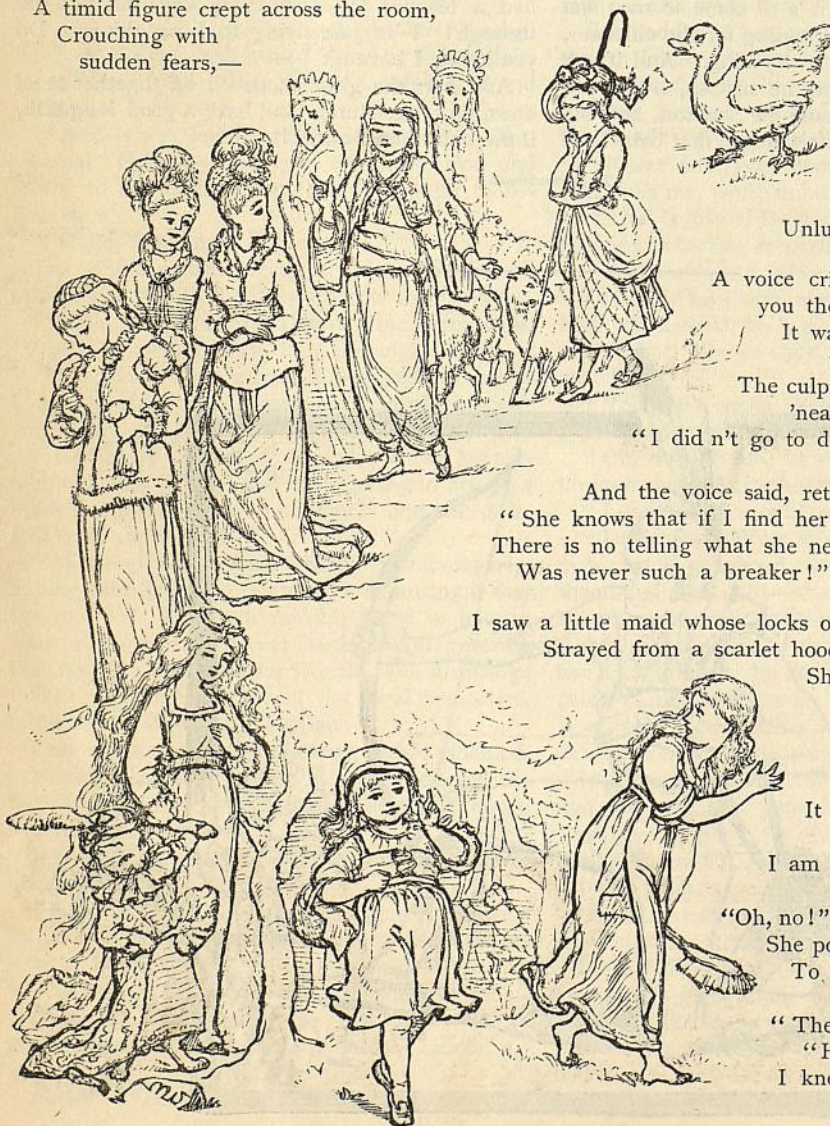
"Oh, no!" I said. "The wolf——"
She pointed back

To where within the swamp
the marsh-grass grew.

"The wolf is *there*," she said.

"He kept my track—

I knew not what to do.



"When all at once I thought about the fen;
 'T was dangerous, but, then, I am so light
 That I could walk in safety on it, when
 The mud would hold him tight.

"I skipped across; he followed after me,
 But the black swamp has spoiled his wicked
 fun—
 It holds him fast. Yonder is coming, see,
 The hunter with his gun."

She tripped away, and in the flickering light
 A shadowy procession followed fast,
 Taxing at once my memory and my sight
 To know them as they passed.

There was the Fair One with the Golden Locks,
 Leading the white cat, who was purring
 loudly;
 Sweet Beauty followed, meekly darning socks;
 Her sisters stepping proudly.

The bright Scheherazade, who, as she walked,
 Poured forth a wondrous tale with anxious
 hurry;
 The Red Queen, frowning crossly as she talked,
 The White Queen in a flurry.

And then, more slowly, with a piteous look,
 Driving, with anxious care, some bleating
 sheep,
 A little maiden came,—she bore a crook.
 I should have known Bo-Peep.

And she was crying softly as she said:
 "I mended them as best I could, but oh!
 Although I did it with the finest thread,
 The join will always show.

"And everywhere the cruel world will say,
 Whenever it shall hear the name Bo-Peep:
 'Ah, yes! She left the sheep to go astray,
 The while she fell asleep!'"

A dismal quawk drowned the sad, faltering
 words,
 And after her, half-flying and half-waddling,
 Went past the most forlorn of wretched birds,
 With web-feet feebly paddling.

And it was quawking, "Ah! I have no use—
 Me miserable!—for either wings or legs,
 For I am dead, alas! I was the Goose
 That laid the Golden Eggs!"

"And who, poor bird, has killed you?" mur-
 mured I.
 The goose, with dismal look and hopeless
 tone,
 Quacked forth her answer as she strove to fly:
 "Who?" said she. "Every one!"

"I'm sure," I said, "I've never—" With a
 quack
 Full of disdain, she waddled on her way,
 Hissing out angrily, as she looked back,
 "That's just what they all say!"

Her hissing woke me. Starting up, I said:
 "I'm glad it was a dream—and where's the use
 Of questioning who killed her, now she's dead?
 But—*have* I killed that goose?"



"HAPPY NEW-YEAR, BABY!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEIGH-HO! Another New Year's Day is almost here. Great times the big and little folk have upon that day, I'm told. According to all accounts, there's a vast deal of smiling and friendliness and happy good-will crowded into a few hours then,—so your Jack approves of it. I'm not much of a visitor, myself, but I'll send from my pulpit a hearty welcome, in your name, to 1882. May it prove a happy New Year to you, my beloved, one and all!

And now let us consider

BEES AS FAMILIAR PETS.

A SCIENTIFIC friend of mine sends an account of a curious performance with bees, which I should like you to read. It is copied, he says, from a life of one Mr. Thoreau, and runs as follows:

"Mr. Cotton, a clergyman, the son of a late governor of the Bank of England, took bees, in the first place, out to Australia, and afterward to the islands of the South Pacific. His behavior to his bees was the wonder of all who were in the ships with him. He would call them by certain sounds, and they came to him clustering so thickly that they almost covered him, and he would actually handle and fondle them in such a fashion as would have been to another very dangerous. Then, when he wished to relieve himself of them, he gathered them together as one would a mass of loose worsted into a ball, took the mass near to the hive, and at a given sound or signal, they flew apart and retired to their proper home."

Rather extraordinary, eh, my dears? But doubtless bees have more than one peculiarity, and, according to my friend, the Mr. Thoreau who is told about in the book was on very intimate terms himself with bees and birds and blossoms. Perhaps you've heard of him before.

If so, I must add a message from my friend's postscript, which says that most people who see the name in print call it "Tho-ró," but that the gentleman himself and his personal friends pronounced it almost exactly like the word "thorough."

No matter which way you prefer, I'm confident,

from all I hear, that you'll find pleasure and profit, one of these days, in reading some of Mr. Thoreau's own experiences.

NO-HICKORY LAND.

DEAR JACK: That October talk about hickory-nuts is tantalizing. What do you think of a country that has no "hickories" at all? They have none up here in Quebec, and the children from "the States" keep wondering why; can you tell? There are no walnuts here, either, and what shall American boys do without them? We have butternuts and beech-nuts, but what are they compared to shell-barks? Can it be that the big, strong hickory-trees are afraid of the climate? You don't fear it, and surely they need not be so cowardly. Please ask your children to tell us why this happens to be "No-hickory land."

AGNÈS GRÉGOIRE.

THE HISTORICAL PI.

A WORD FROM DEACON GREEN.

THANK you, thank you, my young friends! much obliged. Very glad to hear from you. Such attention is really overwhelming. The pile of "solutions" of the Historical Pi given you last month, is going to be delightfully large; even while I write they are coming in! Good! This is as it should be. There can not be too many. The next thing is to see how many of these answers are correct. Ah, there's the rub!

Depend on it, every one shall be carefully examined by the committee, and then ho! for the hundred prizes! Remember, competitors may send in solutions until the tenth of January. So all new readers who see these words are advised to refer at once to ST. NICHOLAS for December—the Christmas number—page 180.

With hearty good wishes, yours to command,
SILAS GREEN.

FISH THAT TALK.

DEAR JACK: Last summer we were all at Watch Hill, and Charlie and I were out fishing three times. The first fish which I caught was a strange one. His head looked and felt like a box, nearly square, with sharp corners, and on the top and sides were spines sticking out, almost like nails; they pricked my fingers badly in taking him off the hook. And he had a fin on each side, half as long as his body; these fins he spread out like wings.

But his head and his wings were not the strangest part of him. Before I could lay him down he began to "talk," as Charlie called it, though it sounded to me more like grunting; it was the same noise that a little pig makes. Pretty soon the old fisherman who rowed our boat, caught another, and when he threw him down, he, too, began to "talk," and mine seemed to answer him.

Charlie said they were trying to decide which was the greater fool for biting at the hook and being caught. But they did not speak English, and I think he was mistaken. The fisherman said they were Sea Robins; when we came ashore I asked papa, and he said that they belonged to the genus *Prionotus*, and in works on Ichthyology were called Gumards.
J. H. T.

What next? I suppose we shall soon hear that the little Sea-Urchins are learning to read, and these Sea Robins to sing! Great things going on down there in the dampness!

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WHAT becomes of all the old moons?

BOATS OF STONE.

DEAR JACK: Do you believe it? Did you ever see a stone floating about? Probably not; but I have, and many of them, too. On the shore of Clear Lake, north of San Francisco, in California, is a small bluff of rocks. Often, in passing it, I have picked up pieces as large as my head, and tossed them out on the lake, and away they

would go, bobbing about as lively as so many corks, and fully as light. And I am well assured that before any saw-mills were built there, and when, of course, boards were not to be obtained, the Indians sometimes lashed together a number of these stones, and thus made rafts with which they paddled themselves across the lake, —here, one or two miles wide. I have no doubt it could be done.

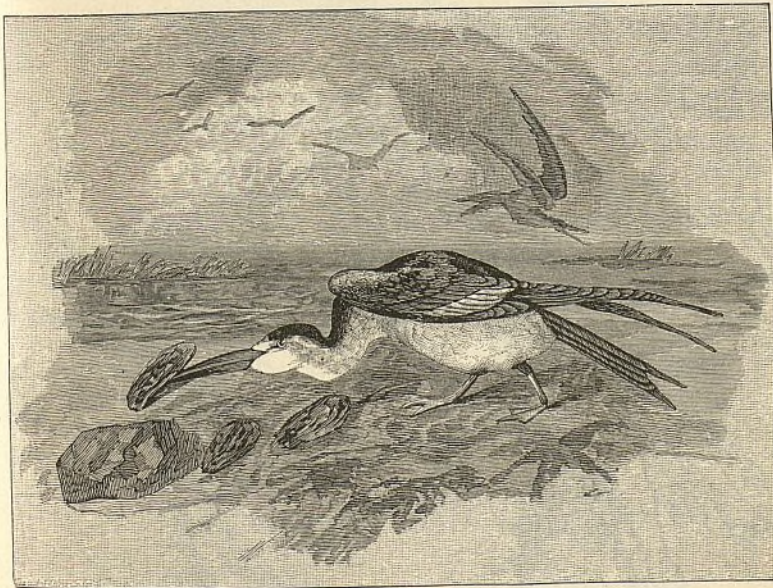
Now, what kind of stone can that be, you ask? Well, dear Jack, it is pumice-stone, which is as full of holes and spaces as a sponge, and the air which it contains causes it to be so light as to float on the water. Pumice-stone always comes from volcanoes, and the volcano from which this at Clear Lake came is in plain sight about five miles away, but it is a long time since it sent out any flames or smoke. The Indians call it Conoktai, which means the Chief mountain; it is 4,300 feet high, and I found its summit covered everywhere with pumice-stone. B. H. P.

ANOTHER "MOTHERLY ROOSTER."

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In your August number, a correspondent gives an account of a rooster that took care of chickens; and he wishes to be informed if anything of that kind had ever occurred elsewhere. I answer yes, and in my barn, at Quincy, Mass., in 1867. I had a dozen "Shanghais," one of which was a rooster, and he was a gawky, huge creature, that often picked his corn from the head of a barrel. It so happened that one of the hens left her chickens a few days after they were hatched, at night; and ascended to the roost with the other fowls, when her chickens huddled together in a corner of the barn. And the second night I found the rooster brooding over them! And so he continued to do, each night, till the chickens went to roost with the hens; while by day they followed their mother. And for a number of days, after the chickens left that corner, and ascended upon the pales to roost, the rooster still squatted there without the chickens! L. H. S.

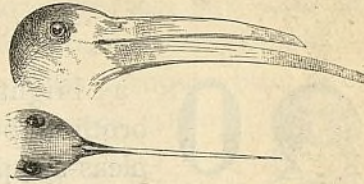
A BIRD THAT HELPS HIMSELF TO OYSTERS.

THIS wonderful fellow, I'm told, opens oysters with his bill. The longer mandible is thrust be-



tween the valves, and then turned so as to wedge open the shell; in fact, it is used as an oysterman uses his knife. The oyster is then cut away with the upper blade and swallowed. Sometimes the oyster closes upon the whole beak, in which case the bird bangs the shell against a stone so as to break the hinge and expose the inhabitant, which is immediately scooped out. He also skims along just over the surface of the sea, picking up what-

ever he can find to eat. While thus darting about, the bird utters loud and exultant cries, as if proud of its skill.



SIDE-VIEW AND TOP-VIEW OF THE BEAK OF THE SCISSOR-BILL.

WHY IT IS CALLED A "JACKKNIFE."

ONLY the other day, a Scottish acquaintance was enlightening me upon this very subject of the "jackknife." My trouserless friend went on to tell me that for centuries past, in Scotland, the article in question has been known as a "jock-te-leg," which barbarism is neither more nor less than a corruption of "Jacques de Liege," the name of a Flemish cutler whose knives were once highly esteemed in North Britain, and always bore their maker's name. No doubt Jacques de Liege sent cutlery to England as well as to Scotland, and from Jacques' knife to "jackknife" is a very short step.

The Little School-ma'am sends the above, which she clipped from a newspaper, and she says that, in the "regulation full fig" Highland costume, according to good authority, a knife is carried, stuck part way in, between the stocking and the leg. Sometimes the knife is sheathed, but generally it is not, being placed in the stocking for ready use, when hunting deer. Begging the Scotchman's pardon, why may not this queer place for a knife—next to the leg—have been a foundation for the term "Jock-te-leg"? or is "leg" old Scotch for something else?

A SHOE-BLACK PLANT.

THE "shoe-black plant" is the name popularly given to a species of hibiscus growing in New South Wales, and remarkable for the showy appearance of its scarlet flowers, which, when dry, are used as a substitute for shoe-blackening.

The flowers contain sticky juice, which, when evenly applied, gives a glossy, varnish-like ap-

pearance; and it perfectly replaces ordinary blacking, with the advantage that it is cleanly in use, and can be applied in a few moments. Four or five flowers, with the anthers and pollen removed, are required for each boot, and a polishing brush may be applied afterward if desired.

A few blossoms of this hibiscus might be welcome just now to those of you, my boys, who intend to make calls on New Year's Day.

CHANGING BABIES.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



ON a bright, warm day, Su-sy car-ried her ba-by broth-er out to the great farm-yard. It was a ver-y pleas-ant place. A large barn stood at one side of it, and near this was a poul-try-house. The chick-ens, ducks, and geese used to come out of it to stray a-bout the large grass-y lot. And in one cor-ner was a nice clear pond.

Su-sy knew she should find ma-ny pret-ty things out here, and that Ba-by would like to see them too. She walked a-round till the lit-tle pet got sleep-y, and laid his head on her shoul-der. Then she car-ried him to a long, low shed, where the sheep and cat-tle were fed in win-ter. There was some hay in a man-ger; she laid him on it, and, sit-ting be-side him, sang soft-ly. This is what she sang :

"What will you give,

What will you give,
For my lit-tle ba-by fair?
Noth-ing is bright as his
bon-ny blue eyes,
Or soft as his curl-ing hair.

"What will you bring,
What will you
bring,
To trade for my
treas-ure here?
No one can show
me a thing so
sweet,
A-ny-where, far or
near."

"Moo, moo-oo!" said some-thing not far from Su-sy. "You think that 's so, do you?" And Mad-am Jer-sey Cow looked ver-y doubt-ful-ly at Ba-by. Said she: "Can he kick up his heels, and frolic all o-ver the yard?"



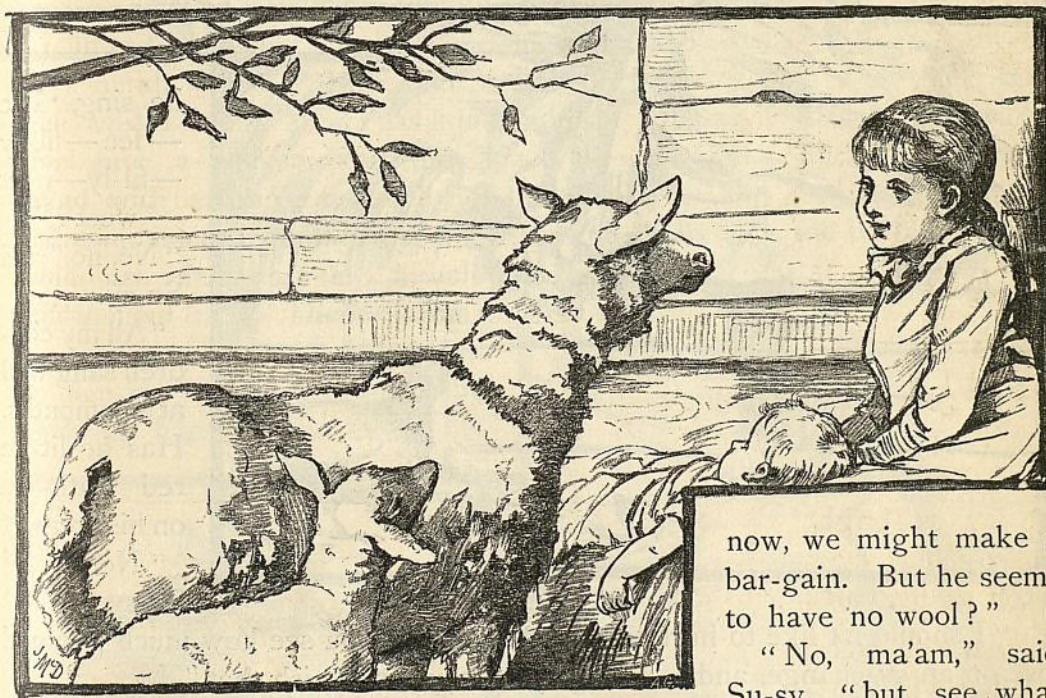
"Why, no," said Su-sy; "he can't walk yet."

"Ah; how old is he?"—"Near-ly a year old," said Su-sy.

"Near-ly a year! My child walked be-fore she was two days old!" The cow gave a scorn-ful sniff, and walked off with-out an-oth-er look.

"Baa-aa," said an old sheep, walk-ing up with a snow-white, down-y lamb. "Let *me* see. He *is* a nice lit-tle thing, sure e-nough. But has he only two legs?"—"That's all," said Su-sy.

"Then mine is worth twice as much, of course. If you had *two* ba-bies,



now, we might make a bar-gain. But he seems to have no wool?"

"No, ma'am," said Su-sy, "but see what pret-ty curl-y hair he has."—"I don't think I would wish to trade, thank you," and she and her lamb trot-ted a-way and went to eat grass.

"Quack! quack! quack! Let me take a look," and Mrs. Duck flew up on the edge of the man-ger.

"His feet don't look as if he'd make a good swim-mer," she said, look-ing at Ba-by's pink dim-pled toes.

"Oh, he can't swim at all," said Su-sy.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Duck. "All my dar-lings can swim."

"Chip! chip! chip!" was the next sound Su-sy heard. From its nest in an old elm-tree which stood near, a rob-in flew down, and perched on the end of a pitch-fork. She turned her head from side to side, gaz-ing at Ba-by in a ver-y wise way. "What can he sing?" said she.

"Oh, he can't sing at all yet," said Su-sy; "he's too lit-tle."

"Too lit-tle!" ex-claimed Mrs. Red-breast. "Why, he's tre-men-dous! Can't



he sing, 'Fee
—fee—fil-ly
—fil-ly—weet
—weet?'"

"No, no," said
Su-sy.

"All my chil-
dren sang well
at four months.
Has he lit-tle
red feath-ers
on his breast?"

"No," said
Su-sy.

"I should n't like to hurt your feel-ings, but you see how much I should lose on an ex-change, and I'm sure you would not wish that."

"No, I should n't," said Su-sy. And Mrs. R. Red-breast flew a-way.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!" "Peep! peep!" Mrs. White Leg-horn Hen came a-long with her down-y chicks. No won-der she fussed and fumed and cack-led at such a rate, Su-sy thought, with twelve ba-bies to look af-ter!

"I have n't much time to look," said the hen, "and I should hard-ly be will-ing to trade. Can your ba-by say 'peep—peep' when he's hun-gry?"

"When he's hun-gry he cries—but not 'peep—peep,'" said Su-sy.

"I see his legs are not yel-low, ei-ther, so I'll bid you a ver-y good af-ter-noon." Off she went, ruf-fling her feath-ers, and cluck-ing and scratch-ing till Su-sy laughed a-loud.

"I don't won-der you laugh," purred some-thing near her. Su-sy turned in great sur-prise. There, at the oth-er end of the man-ger, in a co-zy cor-ner, was her old gray cat. That was n't all. There were three

lit-tle kits; a white one, a black one, and a gray one. Su-sy had not seen them be-fore, and she fond-led them lov-ing-ly.

"She's so proud be-cause she has twelve!" said Mrs. Puss, look-ing af-ter Mrs. W. L. Hen. "Now *I* think a small fam-i-ly is much bet-ter—three, for in-stance. Don't you think three e-nough?"

"In-deed," said Su-sy, "I think one's e-nough; if it's teeth-ing."

"Mine nev-er have trou-ble with their teeth. And per-haps I can nev-er teach your ba-by to purr, or to catch mice. Still, I be-lieve I'll take him, and let you have one kit-ten, as I have three."

"Oh, no; you don't un-der-stand me," cried Su-sy. "I don't want to change at all. I'd rath-er have my lit-tle broth-er than a-ny-thing else in the world." But Mrs. Puss took hold of him as if to car-ry him off. Ba-by gave a scream, and then Su-sy—a-woke! Then she looked a-round with a laugh, as she thought of all she had seen and heard in her dream, since she had sung her-self to sleep be-side the ba-by.

Mad-am Puss sat by a hole watch-ing for rats. There was n't a kit-ten a-ny-where. Mrs. Hen was fum-ing and cack-ling and scratch-ing hard-er than ev-er, but



Puss did not seem to care wheth-er she had twelve chick-ens or a hun-dred. The calf was feed-ing qui-et-ly by its mam-ma, and the sheep and her

lamb lay un-der the old elm. And up in the branch-es Su-sy could hear Mrs. Red-breast teach-ing her bird-ies to sing.

So then Su-sy ran up to the house and found sup-per wait-ing.

Ba-by held out his arms and was soon on his moth-er's lap, as hap-py as could be. Su-sy looked at him and said: "God has made ev-er-y-bod-y and ev-er-y-thing love their own ba-bies best, has n't he, Mam-ma?"

"Yes. We would rath-er take care of our ba-by than a-ny oth-er, would n't we?" "Yes, in-deed," said Su-sy. And as she rocked the ba-by's cradle that night, she fin-ished her lit-tle song in this way:

"Noth-ing will do, noth-ing will do;—you may trav-el the world a-round, And nev-er, in earth, or sea, or air, will a ba-by like him be found."

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR OLD AND NEW READERS: We ask, in this beautiful holiday season, to call your attention afresh to Willie Herrick's proposition for founding a Garfield Country Home for Sick Children. You will find his letter on page 84 of the November number of ST. NICHOLAS (which opens the present volume), and from the same page you will learn what ST. NICHOLAS and THE CENTURY CO. propose, with your help, to do toward carrying out Willie's suggestion. Meantime, it is enough to say that this movement has no connection with our late President or his family, beyond the adoption of his beloved name, in the belief that the boys and girls of America will be glad to honor his memory by helping to do a great practical good. This magazine circulates mainly among what are called the well-to-do classes. Its young readers have comfortable homes and loving friends to make life bright for them; the children of the poor have almost no pleasures and much suffering. Yet, in God's sight, they are own brothers and sisters to you all!

As stated in our November number, THE CENTURY CO., publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, have volunteered to receive and credit all subscriptions for the Garfield Home that may be sent them—with the understanding that if the total amount subscribed should prove insufficient to found a home, it shall 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. Letters and subscriptions may be addressed to THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York. The subscriptions up to this date amount to more than three hundred dollars. But why should they not amount to more than three thousand? Children's pennies can do wonders. Dimes and quarter-dollars soon grow into a big sum when earnest young heads and hands set to work. The smallest single subscriptions will be welcome and duly recorded; but we would suggest that it is an excellent plan for young folks in any locality to band together and send in their united subscriptions. One little group already has sent in fifty dollars in this way. The present and back volumes of ST. NICHOLAS contain many home or school plays and entertainments, such as "The Acting Ballad of Mary Jane," "Puppet and Shadow Plays," "Johnny Spooner's Menagerie," "The Land of Nod," etc., etc., by which little folks can earn money for charitable purposes, and give their friends a good time besides.

We shall be glad to see the boys' and girls' contributions amount to a great deal of money this winter, all to be turned in time into comfort and joy for poor and suffering little ones.

THE replies to the September "Invitation to our Readers" are as gratifying to us as they are creditable to the senders. A large number of boys and girls, of all ages, have sent in letters, telling us, in

frank, hearty, boy-and-girl fashion, just the stories and pictures they liked best, and of what special things they wished to have more. On this latter point, there were almost as many requests as there were senders, but this result is precisely the one we had hoped for, and were most glad to see. For it proves that, of the vast army of children who read ST. NICHOLAS, each reader finds a considerable part of every number exactly suited to his or her tastes. This is as it should be, and all our readers must remember that ST. NICHOLAS is the servant and friend of young folk of all classes and ages from seven to seventeen. If it undertook to please only the little ones under ten, not only would older girls and boys who are still young enough to need and enjoy a magazine of their own, find it too young and simple for their tastes, but the wee folk themselves would soon outgrow it. Nor is this all. You will find that, in this hurrying, busy, nineteenth-century life of ours, your present tastes will change or new tastes develop more rapidly than you can now imagine, and ST. NICHOLAS, if it is to be truly your magazine, must keep pace with, and even anticipate, your growth. Thus, Master A. B. writes that he "wants more adventure-stories. He likes them more than everything else." He and all the rest shall have these, but in a year or two, Master A. B. will find that there is much more in good literature, and in the daily needs of his own life, than the finest and longest adventure-stories that ever were written; and then, though he will still, we hope, keep the natural and proper liking for such stories that we all possess, and that it would be a misfortune for any boy of spirit to lose, yet he will begin to cast about for stories of another kind as well—tales like the "Stories of Art and Artists," or "Talks with Boys"—stories that will feed the new taste which has been born within him, for information and advice to help him forward and prepare him for an active share in the work of the world. And then he will understand clearly that the papers we have named and the others like them—though good for all who read them—are meant for boys and girls who are already in the mood we have described. And that there are many young folk in that mood, he would believe soon enough if he saw in how many of these letters special practical and descriptive papers are requested.

Nevertheless, young friends, we do not mean by all this that the requests which you have made will not be acceded to, or receive due attention. They have already been helpful to us in many ways, and many of the suggestions heartily commend themselves to our judgment. And we hope that, sooner or later, each one will find his or her request answered, as far as possible, in the pages of the magazine,—not only the big boys and girls, but the little ones also. Meanwhile, we send our hearty thanks to the young writers, one and all, for the frankness, clearness, and uniform courtesy of their replies. So nearly all of our young friends have closed their letters with the

sentence, "We do not see how ST. NICHOLAS could be improved," that we can not help quoting it, because of the satisfaction it gives us. But we shall not be content ourselves until it is better than it has ever been, or than the boys and girls now conceive.

MANY thanks, young friends and old, for the very liberal response to our request for games. It is impossible at present to make a detailed report concerning the different games described. Let it suffice to say that those meeting our needs shall appear in ST. NICHOLAS, and that all matter printed shall be duly paid for, beyond the hearty thanks that we again extend to one and all who have endeavored to help the good cause of home-amusement. In cases where several descriptions of the same game have been received, we shall, of course, select the best.

THE picture of "A Future Doge," on page 207 of this number, is copied from a painting by M. Carolus Duran, one of the most popular of living French portrait-painters.

As many of you know, "Doge" was the title of the chief magistrate of the Republic of Venice, and for centuries the Doges ruled the famous city with great magnificence and nearly absolute power. We have already given you an account in ST. NICHOLAS (see "The Queen of the Sea," September, 1880) of the imposing ceremony with which the Doge married the city to the sea by dropping a ring into the waves of the Adriatic.

The little fellow shown in the picture—though interesting, indeed, when we think of the great future that is in store for him—does not differ much in face and expression from many little fellows of our own day. But the rich costume and the heavy roses are fit emblems of the magnificence to which he is to attain when he becomes a Doge.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of Christmas-card fame, we show you on this page a reduced drawing of one of the very prettiest pictures in their new holiday-book, now coming from the press. This dainty volume, which will delight young America as well

as young England, is fitly called "At Home." Entering at the open door-way on its bright title-page, you tread your happy way through a wealth of appropriate colored pictures and lively rhymes of home life, stopping often to specially admire some exquisite bit of decoration or rich effect of color, until, at the very last page, you leave a closed door behind you, still rejoicing in the "come again" tone of its mellow "good-bye." To describe fitly this charming "At Home" would require more space than can be afforded. Suffice it to say, it is illustrated by J. G. Sowerby, beautifully decorated by Thomas Crane, elder brother of Walter Crane, and that all little boys and girls everywhere are cordially invited to be present.



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TENTH REPORT.

THE correspondence of the past month shows a deeper interest in our work and in the progress of the society than that of any previous month for a long time. The reports from the various chapters have been more carefully prepared, the work done by members has been more satisfactory, and the number of letters has been greater. Between thirty and forty letters are lying before me as I write, and all of these have been laid aside from day to day, as containing something of special interest for our January report. They have been answered by mail, but they each contain something which may prove of value to other members of the society.

Since the ninth report, the following new chapters have been added to our roll:

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
111.	Milford, Mass. (A)	5..	Chas. F. Hicks, Box 643.
112.	So. Boston, Mass. (A)....	5..	W. O. Hersey, 20 Mercer st.
113.	Camden, N. J. (A).....	6..	Mabel Adams.
114.	Auburn, N. Y. (A).....	4..	Sadie E. Robb.
115.	Washington, D. C. (C)...	7..	Emily Newcomb, 1336 11th street, N. W.
116.	New York, N. Y. (D)....	6..	Gustav Guska, 223 E. 18th st.
117.	Minneapolis, Minn. (A)...	20..	Jennie Hughes, 1816 Fourth Ave., N.
118.	Bristow, Iowa (A).....	4..	John B. Playter.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

THE secretary of Chapter 113 writes: We consist of four girls and two boys. We have our own collections instead of a common

cabinet. We had our first meeting April 30, but I did not send word then, as I wanted to accomplish something before writing to you. Do you think anything can be learned from a globe of fish? I get caterpillars and keep them in little wooden boxes, with glass on top and in front. I send some drawings of the scales on the wings of some moths and butterflies. I examined them through a compound microscope. Will you tell me what you think of them?

[I think they are very well done, and if all our members who can think of "nothing to do in winter" would do likewise, and send me the results for comparison and study, would n't it be "splendid" ?]

We have several beetles, green, black, and various other colors. They were all picked up on the beach after the tide had washed them up. I think this shows that they were flying over the sea and became tired and were drowned.

JOHN R. BLAKE, N. Y. (C), 26 W. 19th street.

Under date of September 23, Chapter 112 says, "per secretary": We have adopted the general constitution and the following by-laws:

First. We shall meet once a week at the houses of members.
Second. Persons wishing to join shall pay an initiation fee of five cents.

Third. The term of office is six weeks.

Fourth. A fee of five cents a month shall be paid by members.
We wish to exchange eggs. W. HERSEY.

LOWELL, MASS., Sept. 29.

I have the pleasure of informing you that the Lowell Chapter has begun its work. I noticed in ST. NICHOLAS for August that you have given our president's name instead of the secretary's, which is Frank A. Hutchinson, 25 Nesmith street.

Chapter 106 writes: Our Chapter is doing quite well. We have some quartz, limestone, granite, slate, and gypsum. We have a number of butterflies, an *Admiral*, mud-butterfly, etc. Just now we are collecting nuts.

ROBERT M. ROYCE.

[Robert is one of the youngest but most enthusiastic of our members.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 28th, 1881.

Our Chapter is progressing admirably. We organized last May with five members, and have since increased to sixteen. We have a large and very fine collection of curiosities. All our members take an eager interest, and our meetings are always well attended and very interesting. Several elderly gentlemen have taken great interest in us, and we have induced one of them to join. We wish to know how to keep a number of painted tortoises (*Chrysemys picta*) and speckled tortoises (*Nannemys guttata*) through the winter.

EDWARD B. MILLER, 244 Madison street.

[It is gratifying to hear of the older ones' interest in our work.]

TAUNTON, MASS., Sept. 29.

We were obliged to adjourn until September, during vacation, but though there were no meetings, you may be sure that the members were not idle; there were sea-mosses, shells, and sponges to be collected, insects to be caught, excursions into the woods and hills after fungi and minerals; and the curator had a busy time after our return in the fall. Some of the papers which have been read were on the following subjects; The Red-tailed Hawk, Baltimore Oriole, The Late Comet, Magnolia Tree, The Family of Herons.

HARRIE G. WHITE.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2, 1881.

We have again come together for winter work after the pleasantest summer, according to the unanimous expression, ever spent; simply because we have had our eyes open to the beauties of Nature. We have numerous specimens and notes, so that we can do good work when the weather grows too cold for outdoor meetings. Will you please reprint the name of our chapter, "Chicago B," with my address as secretary?

C. S. BROWN, 117 Park Avenue.

CASTLE BANK, STROUD, ENGLAND.

Our Chapter is getting on pretty well, but we really are in want of some questions to answer. We are all inclined to continue our meetings through the winter. We have had a badge from the first, made of crimson cloth, with the letters "A. A." embroidered in white silk for the members, and in golden silk for the officers.

GERTRUDE RUEGG.

FRANKFORD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We are heartily in favor of a general meeting, and if it were arranged, we should send delegates to it. At our last meeting, James Johnson read a paper on "Instruments used in taking and preparing Lepidoptera." The substance of it I send to you. * * * He says that cyanide of potassium should not be used in killing bees and other Hymenoptera, as it changes their yellow to crimson.

R. T. TAYLOR, 131 Adams street.

NO. CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 3.

We hold meetings once in two weeks. We assign for each meeting a topic, to be looked up in advance by the members. We have already had: *First.* What is an insect? *Second.* Classes of Insects. *Third.* Lepidoptera. *Fourth.* Coleoptera; and so on with the different classes. After this we are to have a separate topic given to each member for the sake of variety. We have not thought much of a badge, but a plain one is the best.

On August 14th we found several tomato-worms, perfectly healthy in appearance. In a week they had totally changed color. They were then black, the stripes being whitish yellow. Some are covered with dots. The latter have a greenish head with brown stripes, the others black heads with green stripes. They ate as usual, but when they died they collapsed, there being nothing in them. There were no ichneumons in the box. Who will explain the change of color?

FRED. E. KEAY.

UTOPIA, N. Y., ALLEGHENY CO.

We have decided to take daily notes of what we find of interest.
ROBERT KENYON.

[A most excellent plan.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 3, 1881.

We are going to take a note of all the incidents in natural history, as you recommended in your seventh report. We have stuffed a red squirrel. We meet every Saturday, at half-past nine. The meeting usually lasts about three hours. We hope before long to buy a good microscope and a small library. We are very much interested in the badge question, and think that a white silk badge, with a monogram and some object in natural history worked in colored silk upon it, would be pretty. We are none over fourteen years.

NELSON BENNETT, 65 Cicero street.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 14.

About twenty boys and girls of Minneapolis have formed a chapter of the Agassiz Association. They all show a great deal of interest in it, and I think that other chapters will be formed here before long.

JENNIE HUGHES, Secretary, 1816 Fourth Avenue, North.

All the reports from which the above short extracts are made are excellent. They are carefully composed, and for the most part handsomely written. They show that our society has a firm hold on the hearts of its members. But we wish that every member of the "A. A." could see the beautiful report that we have just received from the Berwyn (Penn.) Chapter, dated October 7. It is the most elegant in appearance of any yet sent. I give a few quotations:

The Chapter now numbers fifteen active and two honorary members. Weekly meetings have been held since our organization, with two exceptions—one on the night when the body of President Garfield was being moved to Cleveland for burial, and the other on the night of July 22d, the day of our annual picnic. [Here follows a list of fifty-four species of minerals collected, of seventeen varieties of wood, and of about fifty miscellaneous specimens.] Microscopic examinations were made of moss, humblebees' wings and legs, human hair, small red spiders, scales of mica, clear crystals, and spiders' eggs. At each meeting questions are asked and answered. A scrap-book has been procured, in which are entered the reports from the parent society as they are published, and scraps from papers and periodicals bearing on natural history. On July 22d the Chapter held a picnic. Fifteen members and ten invited guests were taken in carriages, buggies, and one hay-wagon (here is where the most fun was, dear Parent!) to Diamond Rocks, five miles from Berwyn. A full and delightful day was spent. The rocks, rising to a height of fifty feet or more, furnished many fine specimens of quartz crystals.

J. F. GLOSSER, Secretary.

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Birds' eggs—D. S. Wing, 1221 Rock Island st., Davenport, Iowa.
Correspondents on insects—Alex. C. Bates, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

Minerals—T. C. Thomas, Birchville, Nevada Co., California.

Correspondents on ornithology—Daniel E. Moran, 85 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Skates' eggs and marine objects—Harrie G. White, Taunton, Mass.

Eggs—T. Mills Clark, Southampton, Mass.

Shells, minerals, etc.—Robert Kenyon, Utopia, N. Y.

Correspondents and general exchanges—North Cambridge Chapter, F. E. Keay, Sec.

QUESTIONS.

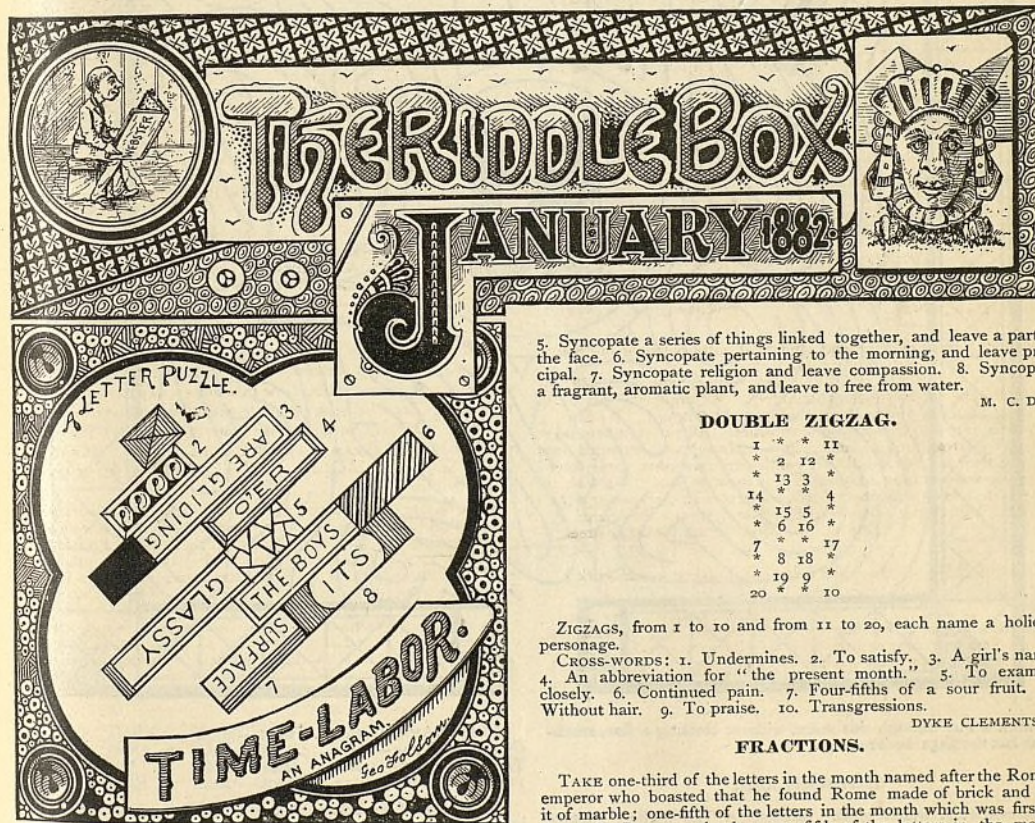
1. How many eyes has a fly?
2. Name the smallest bird, and tell where it lives.
3. How many teeth has the whale?
4. How many movable eyelids has a lizard?

5. Why are some animals called quadrumana?
6. Why are some animals called zoöphytes?
7. Of what is granite composed?
8. What is a diamond?
9. What is the botanical name of the edelweiss, what is the literal meaning of its common name, and to what family does it belong?
10. Derivation of the name "cloves"?

We shall next month present for the consideration of our one hundred and twenty presidents a systematic plan of work for the

remaining months of the year. Meantime, extend your ranks as widely as may be, get the dust off your microscopes, and send me as many drawings of snow-crystals as possible. A prize for the best set of six cards or more sent before April 1, in accordance with directions given in our report for February, 1881. All members should re-read that report preparatory to the winter's work. The plan adopted by the Berwyn Chapter of keeping all these reports in a scrap-book is excellent. Address all communications to

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN HEAD-PIECE.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

CUT out these sections eight for me,
And fashion them in letters three;
In them a sentence you may find
Descriptive of the three combined.

AN ANAGRAM.

WHAT city is literally made by *time* and *labor*?

G. F.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

THE syncopated letters, read in the order here given, spell the name of one who is called "the noblest of the ancients," and who was born 468 B. C.

1. Syncopate sprinkled with fine sand, and leave loyal performance of obligation.
2. Syncopate a vehement and sudden outcry, and leave to close.
3. Syncopate a kind of nut, and leave a song of praise and triumph.
4. Syncopate an insect in the first stage after leaving the egg, and leave the substance ejected by a volcano.

5. Syncopate a series of things linked together, and leave a part of the face.
6. Syncopate pertaining to the morning, and leave principal.
7. Syncopate religion and leave compassion.
8. Syncopate a fragrant, aromatic plant, and leave to free from water.

M. C. D.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

I	*	*	II
*	2	12	*
*	13	3	*
14	*	*	4
*	15	5	*
*	6	16	*
7	*	*	17
*	8	18	*
*	19	9	*
20	*	*	10

ZIGZAGS, from I to 10 and from 11 to 20, each name a holiday personage.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Undermines.
2. To satisfy.
3. A girl's name.
4. An abbreviation for "the present month."
5. To examine closely.
6. Continued pain.
7. Four-fifths of a sour fruit.
8. Without hair.
9. To praise.
10. Transgressions.

DYKE CLEMENTS.

FRACTIONS.

TAKE one-third of the letters in the month named after the Roman emperor who boasted that he found Rome made of brick and left it of marble; one-fifth of the letters in the month which was first in the early Roman calendar; one-fifth of the letters in the month which, in Nero's time, was called Neronius; one-fourth of the letters in the month which the Romans assigned to young men; and one-half of the letters in the month originally called Quintilis. The letters represented by these fractions, when rightly selected and arranged, will spell the name of a month introduced by Numa Pompilius.

J. S. TENNANT.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-eight letters, and am a quotation from "Paradise Lost."

My 8-3-21-9 is to pursue. My 22-7-17-11-27 is to direct. My 19-10-20-5 is an exhibition. My 28-26-1 is the fruit of certain trees. My 4-25-14-6-23 is one step of a series. My 12-24-16 is an affirmation. My 2-13-18-15 is to give audience to.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals name a division of the year; the finals pertain to the commencement of the year.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A long spear.
2. Stern.
3. Of little breadth.
4. A school for all the branches of learning.
5. A gladiator.
6. Ensigns of royalty.
7. A lad.

F. A. W.

MAZE.



TRACE a way through this maze, without crossing a line, reaching at last the flags in the center.

HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS: A winter sport. ACROSS: 1. The highest military officer in France. 2. Roused from sleep. 3. To cause to tremble. 4. In winter. 5. To pinch. 6. A dignitary of the church of England. 7. A species of drama originated by the Greeks. DVICE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

"SCOTT" DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Betrothed. Finals, Monastery. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Bertram. 2. Elcho. 3. Tresillian. 4. Rebecca. 5. Oates. 6. Talbot. 7. Hermon. 8. Edgar. 9. Dudley. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. 1. Knecht Rupert. 2. Christmas-Day.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Sir Isaac Newton. 1. Be-S-et. 2. Po-I-se. 3. St-R-op. 4. Lo-I-re. 5. Ha-S-te. 6. Gr-A-in. 7. Sp-A-in. 8. Lu-C-re. 9. Mi-N-ce. 10. Ch-E-at. 11. Se-W-cr. 12. Me-T-re. 13. Fl-O-at. 14. La-N-ce. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives. RIDDLE. Pearl.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC. Christmas Bells. 1. C-oronation. 2. H-allucination. 3. R-elation. 4. I-nvitation. 5. S-alutation. 6. T-ribulation. 7. M-utilation. 8. A-ltercation. 9. S-aturaton. 10. B-otheration. 11. E-levation. 12. L-amentation. 13. L-iberation. 14. S-eparation.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS. 1. Heart—mart. 2. Chess. 3. Harm—charm. 4. Time—dime. 5. Maid—aid. 6. Dress. 7. Dim—Tim. 8. Smart—tart. 9. Hide—aside. 10. Matter—chatter. 11. Me. 12. Share. 13. Hearts—tarts. 14. Christmas Tide.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from "Wallace of Uhlen"—Grace R. Ingraham—Charlie and Josie Treat—Grace E. Hopkins—"Uncle Dick"—Olive M. Potts—Herbert Barry—S. H. Wheeler—Two Subscribers—Bessie and her Cousin—Chuck—Queen Bess—Firefly—Alcibiades—F. C. McDonald—Martha and Eva de la Guerra.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from G. H. Fisher, 1—Fancy Bright, 3—Mignon, 4—Weston Suckney, 7—Katie L. Robertson, 2—"Professor and Co.," 9—Belle Wyman, 1—E. U. Gene, 5—Rory O'More, 4—Jeannette Edith E., 1—Clara L. Northway, 5—Eddie K. Talboys, 8—Eddie North Burdick, 1—Gracie Smith, 2—John W. Blanchard, 10—Eleanor and Daisy Martin, 5—Frank Scott Bunnell, 2—Lyda P. Bostwick, 9—Minnie Blake, 6—Autumn, 2—Charlie W. Power, 11—J. Ollie Gayley, 3—J. S. Tennant, 12—"Olives and Pickles," 3—"Warren," 3—"Hazel," 4—P. S. Clarkson, 12—Bessie Taylor, 4—Caro, Emma, and Spencer, 4—Freddie Thwaits, 11—Florence Leslie Kyte, 11—Daisy May, 12—Will and Lyde McKinney, 5—"Marna and Ba," 12—Henry C. Brown, 12—Herbert J. Tily, 9—G. J. and F. L. Fiske, 11—Alice Maud Kyte, 12—Harriet L. Pruyn, 2—Sallie Viles, 11—Arabella Ward, 2. The numerals denote the number of solutions.



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7. Dim—
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