



"THE PRINCE GLANCED BACK AT HIS ENEMIES, THROUGH THE
WAVERING CLOUDS OF INCENSE."

ST. NICHOLAS.

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ADVENTURES OF PRINCE NEZAHUALCOYOTL.

BY SARAH C. VERY.

EVER so many years ago,—long before white people came to America,—there lived, down in what we now call Mexico, a little Aztec prince named Nezahualcoyotl. A long, funny name, is it not? What do you suppose they called him “for short”?

But, in spite of such a long name, he proved himself, as he grew older, to be one of the bravest princes and brightest boys of whom history tells,—as an American prince should be.

Great kings, although they have beautiful palaces to live in, and everything to make them happy, endure heavy cares of government which at times make them gloomy and sad; yet one would imagine that a boy prince, too young to assume responsibilities, would have no other care than to do right, and be happy. But poor Nezahualcoyotl had more cares than you imagine.

A few years before this story opens, his father had been killed in a terrible battle, and, soon after, a wicked uncle named Moxtla was crowned king, although he knew that Nezahualcoyotl was rightfully the ruler. And when the boy's friends advised him to hide from Moxtla, who, of course, jealously watched his movements, the lad said: “Why, surely, he will not be unkind to me!”

So, on the coronation day, when everybody was gayly dressed, and a great banquet was to be held at the palace, Nezahualcoyotl dressed himself in his best and went bravely to the new king's dwelling to offer his congratulations.

But when the crowd stepped aside to let him approach his uncle, and when he knelt down and

said, “Uncle, I hope you will be happy,” and handed him a bouquet of flowers, his uncle turned rudely away and began talking with his officers. By this, Nezahualcoyotl knew that his uncle was unfriendly to him, and he hurried, as friends advised him, to a palace in a distant part of the country.

One bright morning, soon after, the prince was playing ball in the palace court-yard, and as he was laughing and tossing the plaything against the wall, an attendant came running up, and said:

“Oh, sir, there are some armed men coming from the king!” And after pausing to catch his breath, he said, “Oh, hide, or they will kill you!—quick!”

The prince turned very pale at this, but, quieting his friends and attendants, he showed them how foolish it would be to show his fright at this time, and urged them to stand by him.

In a few minutes up came the armed men, with the feathers on their heads nodding in the wind, and they were all ready to kill the prince, although he had done no harm.

But he stepped forward to greet them, and welcomed them to his palace, and invited them to dine with him. Being treated so courteously, they walked in, and soon were seated at the table.

Now, among the Mexicans (or Aztecs) of those days, it was a mark of respect to burn incense when great men were visiting at a house; so, before long, the incense began to send up its curling wreaths of smoke in the door-way leading to the next room, while Nezahualcoyotl politely entertained his cruel guests.

As he talked pleasantly with them, and they

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were enjoying the meal, he quietly rose, and saying "Excuse me a moment," passed into the next room. The doors were wide open, so that his enemies did not suspect anything at his departure.

But, as the servants fed the fire of the incense, the clouds of smoke became denser and denser, and completely hid Nezahualcoyotl from the feasters. Glancing back through the wavering clouds of incense at his enemies, he saw them dreamily watching the curling smoke, and evidently not thinking of his movements. So he quietly opened a door, and there close by it lay a long pipe, through which water formerly had been brought to the palace, but which had been for some time unused. Softly closing the door behind him, he quickly dropped into the long dark pipe, and lay there safely hidden until night-fall, when he came out, and with some faithful followers hurried far away from his persecutors.

Now just think how angry Moxtla must have been when he heard of this—and how severely he would punish the men he had sent to kill the Prince Nezahualcoyotl. He immediately proclaimed that an enormous prize would be given to any one who would bring the prince to him, dead or alive.

Therefore poor Nezahualcoyotl was compelled, with a small band of friends, to wander about in the night over high mountains, and across lonely plains; and seldom in day-time could he safely venture out, for, as he knew, many persons in all parts of the country were vigilantly watching to

capture him. Poor boy! He continually urged his faithful followers to leave him, lest they should endanger their own lives. But they refused, for they loved him; and, indeed, even the cruel soldiers of his uncle thought of the little prince with tenderness.

And this was a fortunate thing for him. For, one day, as he lay concealed in some bushes, he heard the tramp of many feet, and saw the soldiers in the distance.

Nearer and nearer they came, until about sunset they pitched their tents close to the hidden prince, and ended the day by a lively dance. The keen glance of one of the soldiers spied the poor prince trying to hide among the bushes near by. Quick as a flash the kind-hearted fellow picked him up and put him into the great drum, and while the other soldiers in a ring around the camp-fire were noisily singing, they little knew how snugly the long-desired prize, for which they had traveled so far, lay concealed at their very feet.

And at last a change came for both the wicked uncle and the young prince. Men tired of Moxtla's severity and cruelty, and lamented the alteration since the peaceful rule of Nezahualcoyotl's father. Then they thought of the prince, and resolved to fight for him.

Gladly he received this good news, and returning with his faithful followers, he fought a great battle; and being so fortunate as to gain the victory, he was crowned king, and reigned over Mexico for years afterward, a wise and good ruler.

SENDING A VALENTINE.

I MIGHT begin, "The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or this the boys all think is good:
"If you love me as I love you."

But,—seems to me,—a valentine
Is nicer, when you do not say
The same old things that every one
Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night,
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.
That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease).
"Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."

It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this:

*To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss.
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes;
The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone!*

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to Mother!

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



"HE might have come from the moon, for all I know," said Deborah, rather crossly. She was sprinkling and folding the clothes for to-morrow's ironing, and she wanted to get them done before her "beau" should come, to take her to drive, and the tramp had hindered her; and now Jack was asking questions.

Deborah often declared that if ever she "hired out" again, it would be "with folks that did n't allow their children to ask so many questions as the little Mudgetts asked. She was all wore to skin and bone with them."

As Deborah was very buxom and rosy, she evidently intended that remark to be taken in a figurative sense; but the children *were* trying, with their endless questions,—especially Jack, the oldest boy, who never believed anything.

Stella, the youngest girl, believed everything. She never had the slightest doubt that all the wonderful things related in the Arabian Nights, Grimm's Goblins, and Mother Goose, actually happened. Stella was Deborah's favorite. She was her uncle John's favorite, too, and Uncle John was of great consequence, because he was the captain of a vessel, and had been all around the world. He was expected home in a few days from a long voyage, and all the children lay awake nights storing up

questions to ask him. He always would tell Stella stories, when he would not tell them to anybody else, because she never asked him if they were true. She asked him everything she could think of, but she never thought of that.

Jack had only asked Deborah who it was that had knocked at the door; what he wanted; of what country he had seemed to be a native; if he was well dressed; what he had on; if he had been drinking; if he had a bundle with him; if he wanted to stay all night; if he wanted anything to eat; if he got anything; if she asked him in; what she thought his name was; if he had a red nose; if his hair was curly; and where she thought he came from. And he did n't think that Deborah ought to be so cross, as if he had asked many questions!

Jack *could* ask questions when he tried, but he had not got fairly under way then.

Stella came into the kitchen with her doll, Cinderella, under her arm, just as Deborah said that. The little girl was going to sprinkle and fold Cinderella's clothes, which were always washed on Monday, and ironed on Tuesday, just like anybody's. But she forgot all about the clothes when she heard Deborah say there was a possibility that the man came from the moon. Stella was

very much interested in the moon. As she firmly believed it to be made of green cheese, and also that one man lived in it, her interest is scarcely to be wondered at.

"Oh, Deborah, was it really the Man in the Moon?" she cried.

"Well, I should n't wonder," said Deborah, and she laughed a little, though she *was* cross. "Come to think of it, he did inquire the way to Norwich. And he seemed terrible hungry, as if he had come a long journey."

"Did you give him anything to eat?" asked Jack.

"I gave him a piece of bread that he could eat if he was hungry. I aint a-goin' to pamper up tramps with my best victuals that I've wore my fingers to the bone a-cookin' of," said Deborah.

"No cheese? Oh, Deborah!" said Stella, reproachfully.

Of course the Man in the Moon was accustomed to eating cheese, since his dwelling-place was made of it,—and he might miss it very much. It was Stella's opinion that Deborah ought to have thought of that.

And why, oh, why, did n't Deborah ask him to come in! To think of coming so near to seeing the Man in the Moon, and missing it! It was very cruel of Deborah.

"Did he look much like ordinary people, Deborah?" asked Stella.

"Come to think of it, he favored a pirate, as much as anything," said Deborah. "Though that might 'a' ben owin' to his havin' but one eye, and that one kind of squinty."

"Do you think he was a cross man, Deborah?" asked Stella, after a moment of deep meditation.

"I don't know nothin' about the dispositions of folks in the moon. I've got all I can do to contend against the tryin' dispositions of them here below," said Deborah.

"There aint any folks in the moon!" said Jack, diving his head into the clothes-basket, and turning a somersault. "If there was, they'd all be like busted balloons; there is n't any air there. Stella believes everything."

"It's boys that don't believe nothin' that comes to the gallows," said Deborah, severely.

Meantime, Stella had slipped into the woodshed, to see if she could catch a glimpse of the man's retreating figure, from the door.

Oh joy! there he sat at the end of the woodpile, only a few rods away.

Stella went into the pantry, and got a huge piece of cheese; then she ran out, and sat down on a log, opposite him. She was at quite a distance from the house, it was growing dark, and the man did look rather cross, but Stella was never afraid

of anything—excepting thunder and curly dogs. Everybody has his weak points, and those were Stella's. She did not once think of being afraid of the Man from the Moon, though she did hope that he was n't cross, because cross people would never answer all the questions that one wanted to ask.

She sat and stared at him for a minute or two, the big piece of cheese in one hand, and Cinderella, held by the heels, in the other. She was casting about in her mind for some suitable way of addressing him; being entirely ignorant of the etiquette of the moon, she was afraid of seeming impolite. But at length, nothing better occurring to her, she said, blandly:

"How do you do, man?"

The man responded, civilly, but rather gruffly, that he was "as well as poor folks could expect to be."

"I suppose you don't have bread at home," remarked Stella.

"Not much, that's a fact," said the man.

"But if you live on cheese entirely, wont you eat the moon all up some day, and tumble down to the ground?" That was a problem that had been troubling Stella ever since she had first heard that the moon was made of cheese.

The man gave her a rather puzzled look, and laughed a little. "Eat the moon up? Well, I be hunger-bitten enough to do it, sometimes, that's a fact. And I'm pesky fond of cheese. I like the looks of that 'ere piece in your hand."

"I brought it on purpose for you," said Stella, presenting it, and making a low bow, to show her respect for so exalted a personage as the Man from the Moon.

The man devoured the cheese, with such great hungry bites that she was more than ever convinced that it was his natural food.

"How did you come down?" was her next question.

"Well, I come down on a broomstick, but I'm going home around by the way of Norwich," he answered.

On a broomstick! Stella wanted to ask him whether he was any relation to the old woman who went up on one to sweep the cobwebs from the sky, but she was afraid it would not be quite polite. She might be only a poor relation, of whom such a great man would not wish to be reminded. But, surely, there could not be many people who could ride on broomsticks! She and Percy, her youngest brother, had tried it, and they had n't gone up a bit.

She was anxious to ask no questions that were not strictly polite, so she was very slow and deliberate.

"Have you any children?"

"Four on 'em," answered the man, between his bites.

"Four! That is very few; there are nine of us. But perhaps it is just as well; they might fall off."

"Fall off?" repeated the man, with a start. "Fall off of what? How come you to know——"

"Why, off the moon, of course; you live in the moon, don't you?"

The man gave her a long, puzzled look; then he tapped his forehead, significantly, with his forefinger. "*Tetched*, as sure as you 're born!" he said to himself. "Though I never did see sich a little one tetched. Mebbe the big one, that give me the dry bread, was loony, too; that might be

from the man all the information possible, and to use it to convince Jack.

"What kind of cheese is green cheese?" she inquired.

"Well, it is sage cheese," answered the man, after some deliberation. "Cheese with so much sage into it that it is kind of greenish complected, so to speak."

"That is what Percy and I thought!" cried Stella. "But Uncle John thought it was *new* cheese."

"There's nobody knows much about the moon, but them as lives there," said the man, in a tone and manner full of mystery.



"WE 'RE GOIN' HOME TO THE MOON AS SOON AS WE CAN FIND A CONVEYANCE," HE SAID. [SEE PAGE 271.]

what made her sich a spitfire. It might be a lunatic hospital;" and he arose and looked back at the house, reflectively.

"Oh yes, I live in the moon," he said, seating himself again. "Sartingly, I live in the moon."

A shadow of painful doubt had been creeping into Stella's mind; he was so very much like other people; his manners were not elegant, and he was very badly dressed; but his own assertion was satisfactory. She heaved a great sigh of relief. Only the fear that he would vanish before she could return prevented her from going in search of Jack, the unbelieving, who certainly would have to believe now, she thought. She resolved to extract

"It must be very funny. But you have n't burst, have you? You don't look very limpsy. Jack says people there must be just like my balloon after he stuck a pin into it, because there is n't any air in the moon."

"Air? bless you, there's air enough! Air and water—that's about all there is that's plenty where I live!" and the man laughed harshly.

Stella resolved to enlighten Jack on that point, the very first thing.

Presently, she asked: "Did you see the cow when she jumped over?"

That was another important point on which Stella wished to obtain testimony, for Jack boldly declared

his opinion that Mother Goose was not a faithful historian.

"The cow? Cows bein' such a plentiful animal, I can't rightly tell which one you mean."

Stella opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Don't you know

"Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon'?"

"Oh, to be sure! That ere event occurred some time ago, and it had kind of slipped my mind. Yes, I see her. She gin the moon a clip with her heels when she went over, and knocked it kind of slantwise. Mebbe you've noticed, sometimes, that it looks kind of slantwise."

"Yes, I have!" cried Stella, eagerly. Surely such proof as this would convince even Jack, she thought.

"Oh, I wish I could go to the moon! You could n't possibly take me, could you? and bring me back again," she added, with a sudden thought of home.

"I expect they think a good deal of you to home, and mebbe they would n't want to spare you," said the man.

"Yes, they do. I am the youngest. Papa says he would n't take a million dollars for me. But, of course, I could come back again."

"Of course. I might take you along with me now, if you was a good girl and did n't make no noise, and I could bring you back again before they missed you," said the man.

"Oh, will you?" cried Stella, hopping on one foot. That was the way in which all the little Mudgetts expressed their greatest joy. "And Cinderella, too! It will be such a thing for Cinderella!"

Stella had heard her mother say that about Polly, their eldest, when she was invited to go on a trip to Europe. "And perhaps they don't have dolls in the moon, and will like to see her."

The man examined Cinderella critically. She was large and heavy, but she was made of wax and had "truly hair," and he said Stella might take her.

He looked cautiously around to see if anybody saw them, as he slung his worn old leather bag across his shoulder by means of a walking-stick, and, taking Stella's hand in his, started off.

Stella wondered whether they were to go up on broomsticks, but her new friend was not as talkative as he had been at first. He seemed to have got tired of answering questions, like Deborah. She could only discover that they were going "by the way of Norwich," which was a sea-port town about ten miles away. Stella had been there, often, with her uncle John; it was from there that his vessel

sailed. But she had never heard that there was any conveyance from Norwich to the moon. Jack would be very much surprised to know it. He would be very likely to say, "I don't believe it." That was almost the last distinct thought that Stella had. She grew so sleepy that she stumbled along, half-dragged by her companion. It was long past her bed-time, and sleep conquered even the delight that she felt that she was on the way to the moon. At length the man, grumblingly, lifted her in his arms, sound asleep. Her hold upon Cinderella had relaxed, and the man stuck Her Dollship, head-first, into his grimy pocket, the legs waving wildly in the air. And so this strangely assorted company traveled on in the darkness.

Stella opened her eyes upon the very queerest place they had ever seen. It was a ship's cabin,—she knew that, at a glance, having often been on board her uncle John's ship,—but the darkest, dingiest, most forlorn one imaginable. She rolled quickly out of the dirty and stifling bunk in which she was lying, and took a survey of her surroundings. One side of the cabin seemed to be a mass of broken timbers, through which came little gleams of daylight and a glimpse of waving grass. The ship was evidently not on the water, and would never be likely to be again. It was very queer, but it might be the fashion in the moon to live in a ship, Stella thought.

Three or four of the raggedest and dirtiest children Stella had ever seen were quarreling over some object. As Stella drew near them, she saw that it was—oh, horror!—the headless body of Cinderella. And the man—her acquaintance of the night before—was holding up, by its golden locks, poor Cinderella's head, for the inspection of a dirty and dejected-looking woman.

Stella screamed at that sight; it was too much even for her stout little heart to bear.

The man shook her roughly and told her to keep still. The children forgot the doll, and gathered about her, staring at her, with mouths and eyes wide open.

"If you *are* the Man in the Moon, you have n't any right to cut off my Cinderella's head!" said Stella, boldly. "If there are any policemen in the moon, I shall have you arrested. And I want to go home. I don't think I shall like the moon at all."

The man and woman both laughed. The man said something that sounded like "reg'lar little Bedlamite." The woman complained that they should find her in the way, and the man replied that he would "keep her till there was a reward offered," and that they "might as well humor her notions." They offered her some fried fish for breakfast, but, brave as she was, she was too home-

sick and frightened to eat. The children were very social, and invited her to accompany them to the deck. There was a rickety ladder, up which they scampered like squirrels, and Stella climbed after them. She looked around her with great curiosity; out-of-doors in the moon might be pleasant if the dwellings were not, she thought.

"Why, it is n't the moon, at all! It is Norwich!" she cried. "If we have n't got there, I don't think I'll go. I would rather go home!"

They were on the wreck of a fishing-schooner, which was half-imbedded in the mud, in a little retired cove just outside the harbor of Norwich. Less than a mile away lay the town.

Stella was disappointed, but a feeling of relief that she was so near home mingled with her disappointment. For the Man in the Moon had certainly not improved upon acquaintance. He was no longer agreeable; he had become very unwilling to answer questions, and he had cruelly murdered Cinderella.

"How do you get to the moon?" asked Stella.

The children looked puzzled, and giggled, and said nothing. An expression came into Stella's face that made her look like Jack.

"Do you live here all the time?" she said, solemnly.

"Oh, no! We've only been here a week. We don't live nowhere. We tramp," said the oldest boy.

This was not very intelligible to Stella. At that moment, the man came up the ladder, and at once sent his children below. Then he said:

"We've just put in here for repairs—clothes and victuals, and sich. We're a-goin' home to the moon just as soon as we can find a conveyance," he said.

It was true, then; and it was very disappointing. It occurred to Stella that Mother Goose was right in saying that he came down "too soon." He might just as well never come at all!

"I think I will go home. May be you wont get a conveyance for a good while, and they'll be worried about me at home." Stella tried to be polite, but she spoke very decidedly.

"Oh, we could n't think of givin' up the pleasure of a visit from you at our beautiful home in the moon!" said the man. "Here you don't see us at our best; our ship has run aground, so to speak. My wife and I are goin' out now, to see if we can't hire a balloon to take us up to-night, and you had better wait and go with us."

It *did* sound inviting—to go in a balloon up to the moon! But Stella was thoroughly homesick. "I'm very much obliged to you, but I think I'd rather go home. Perhaps, the next time you come down, I'll go home with you," she said.

"Well, if you ha' n't changed your mind before night, when we come back with the balloon, I'll take you home," said the man.

And all Stella's pleading and tears were unavailing. The children were sent away, with empty baskets on their arms, in the direction of Norwich; then the man and his wife went off in another direction, and they took down the ladder which led up the vessel's side, so that Stella could not get down to the ground.

And as they went, Stella saw Cinderella's beautiful golden ringlets hanging out of the man's pocket, and she heard the man say to his wife that as the head was wax, and the hair real, they might perhaps sell them for a few cents!

Left alone, poor little Stella sobbed and screamed until she was exhausted. But only the echoes answered. There were woods on one side, the ocean on the other; not a living being was within reach of her voice. Now and then a vessel sailed by, but always too far off to hear her.

Before noon she was hungry enough to eat the few dry crusts which had been left for her dinner, and then she felt a little more hopeful, and, curling herself up in a corner, she forgot all her woes in sleep.

The crashing of thunder awoke her. Her greatest terror had come in the train of her other troubles.

Thunder and lightning were even worse to Stella than curly dogs. Cozily cuddled in her mother's arms a thunder-storm was bad enough, but to be all alone in this strange and solitary place, the sky black, excepting when tongues of flame splintered the clouds, and awful crashes came at intervals, was too much for the bravest little girl to endure calmly. If it had been Jack it would have been different, for he was so queer that he actually liked thunder-showers. He said the banging made it seem like the Fourth of July.

Stella was tempted to go below, where she would be out of sight of the lightning, but the cabin was so dark and close that she felt a horror of it, and it was lonelier, too. Up on deck she could see an occasional vessel, and there was a chance that one might come near enough to see her. So she staid there, and screamed as loud as she could, and waved Cinderella's headless body wildly over her head.

And a vessel did come near enough to see her. She could see a man looking at her through a glass. Stella's screaming was no small matter. She was renowned at home for her ability in that direction. Jack sometimes impolitely called her the "Great American Screecher." And Stella screamed now as she never had screamed before.

And a boat was lowered from the vessel; it was rowed rapidly ashore; a half-dozen sailors climbed

to the deck where she was. And then they asked her questions. Stella wished that Deborah could hear them, she would never say again there "never was nobody like our young ones for asking questions."

And the sailors seemed astonishingly ignorant of history, Stella thought; they had not even heard that there was a Man in the Moon!

But they took her into the boat and carried her over to the vessel, lifted her on board, and put her into her uncle John's arms.

It sounds too good to be true, yet things do happen just right sometimes in the world.

Uncle John hugged her, and kissed her, and laughed over her, and cried over her a little bit, too, big man as he was, for he seemed to think it was a dreadful thing to be carried off by a tramp in that way, and that it was wonderful that he had found her, all safe and sound. He called it just what Deborah called it when she wore her old bonnet and it rained,—“providential.”

And Uncle John would not believe,—any more

than if he had been Jack,—that the man lived in the moon.

When they reached home, they found Stella's mother and father, her eight brothers and sisters, and even Deborah, almost distracted with grief and anxiety.

The whole town was searching for Stella.

The eight brothers and sisters stood around her in a circle, while she related her adventures, and the questions they asked would fill a volume.

Jack said: “I think she dreamed it. It sounds just like a story. I don't believe it.”

An officer was sent to arrest the tramp early the next morning, but the old fishing-schooner was deserted; there were scarcely any signs that anybody had ever lived there, excepting poor Cinderella's body, which he brought home.

Stella's father and Uncle John thought that the man had been frightened by Stella's escape, and had traveled off as fast as possible to avoid arrest.

But Stella's private opinion is that they got the balloon and went up to the moon that night.

SCHOOL-BOY TROUBLES.

BY ONE OF THEM.

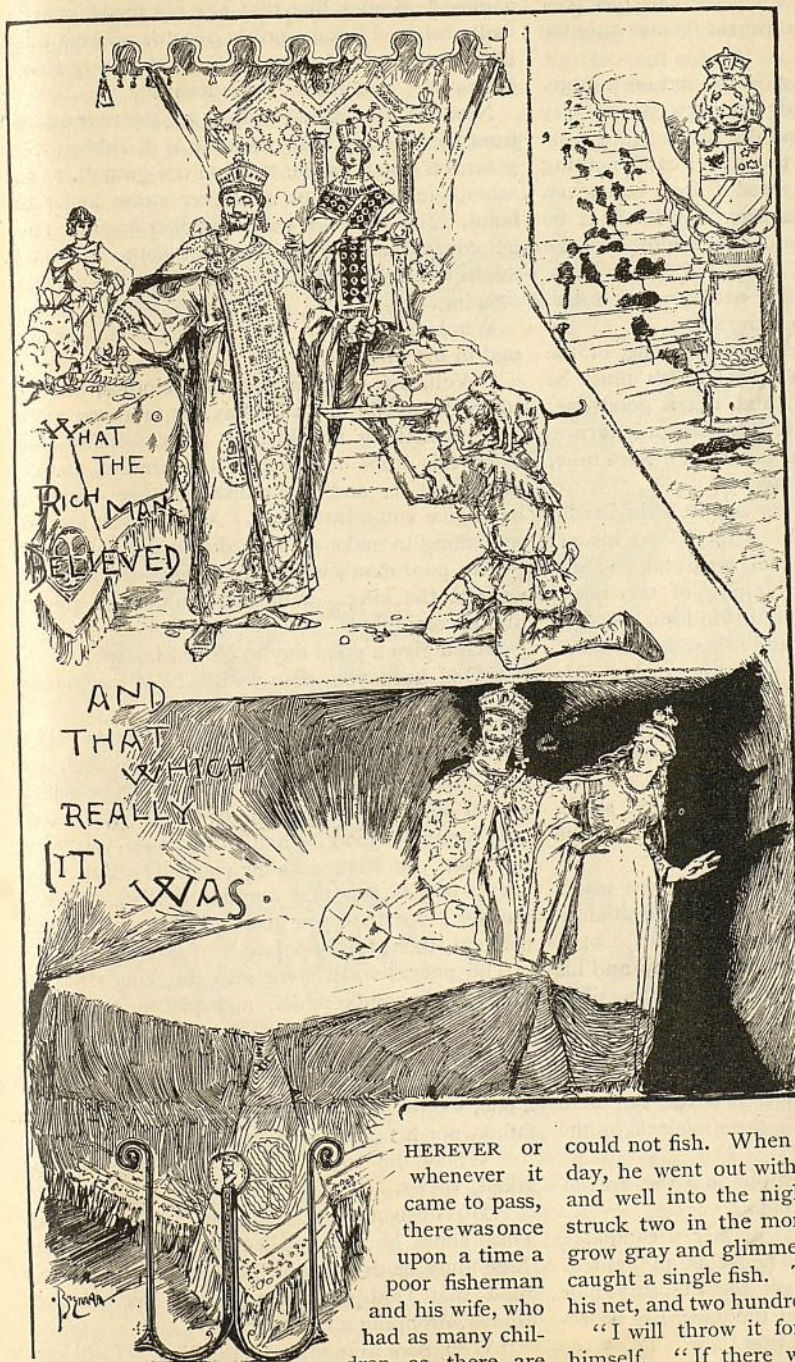


HE witches get in my books, I know,
Or else it 's fairy elves;
For when I study, they plague me so
I feel like one of themselves.
Often they whisper: "Come and play,
The sun is shining bright!"
And when I fling the book away
They flutter with delight.
They dance among the stupid words,
And twist the "rules" awry;
And fly across the page like birds,
Though I can't see them fly.
They twitch my feet, they blur my eyes,
They make me drowsy, too;
In fact, the more a fellow tries
To study, the worse they do.
They can't be heard, they can't be seen —
I know not how they look —
And yet they always lurk between
The leaves of a lesson-book.
Whatever they are I can not tell,
But this is plain as day;
I never 'll be able to study well,
As long as the book-elves stay.

THE ROUND STONE.

(A Hungarian Folk-story.)

BY HON. JEREMIAH CURTIN.



stars in the sky, or grass-blades in a meadow. The poor man fished and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. He was as poor as a church-mouse, or even poorer, for the mouse has, from time to time, a nibble at a cheese, or a crumb of bread, but he had only his soul and body and a fish-net.

The poor man had a very rich brother, who had as many children as there are knots on a water-reed, but if the poor man sent to his brother for a dish of flour, once in a while when he had nothing in the house to eat, the wicked man answered thus: "I will give you a dish of flour if you give me one of your children; if you don't, you may claw the air, eat ice, drink water, and for vegetables have tears and weeping."

So the poor man who had many children, had nothing to give them, not even a morsel as large as my little finger.

One time, the poor man had had no bread in the cupboard for a whole week, and the family lived on roots and stewed earth-berries. The weather was rainy and windy, so he

could not fish. When it grew calm, on the seventh day, he went out with his net, and fished all day and well into the night. The clock had already struck two in the morning, and the east began to grow gray and glimmer, but the poor man had not caught a single fish. Two hundred times he threw his net, and two hundred times he drew out nothing.

"I will throw it for the last time," said he to himself. "If there will be something in it, very

HEREVER or whenever it came to pass, there was once upon a time a poor fisherman and his wife, who had as many children as there are

good; if not, 't will also be well. God's will be done!—Oh, there *is* something! my hand feels it!"

He drew out the net carefully, hauled it on shore, and behold! he took out a round stone from the water.

"If 't is only a stone, what good is it to me? My children can't eat it. A poor man has poor luck." With this, he threw the stone into the middle of the water.

Then the poor man cast in his net once more. As soon as the net moved, he drew it out very cautiously. Again he found the stone.

"What good are stones to me? I catch nothing else. I should not say a word if God had given me a stomach to digest stones." With that he threw the stone again into the middle of the water.

A third time he threw his net into the water, and a third time he drew out the stone.

"Either all the fish are turned to stone, or the witches are playing me a trick! This must be the work of an evil spirit, and not a good one. What can I do with it? If it would only turn to bread!" Then he threw in the stone a third time, but near the edge of the water.

Since the poor man had not caught a single fish, and now was very tired, he gathered up his net at last, and set out for home, sorrowful and discouraged. But he kept thinking of the round stone, as if God had whispered it to him.

Presently he turned back and fished up the stone, saying: "It will do for the children to play with, for they have no bread."

When he came near the house, his children ran out to meet him, asking: "What have you brought? Is it a present?"

"I have brought nothing but a round stone. Here it is; play with it." And he rolled it on the floor.

On the night of the seventh day the poor man's family were hungry and thirsty, but, as the children had something to play with, they played.

The poor man lay down by the chimney, and his wife on a cot-bed with the smaller children. The older ones played and played, rolling the stone about. After a while the stone began to shine, and to grow brighter and brighter, until it filled the whole cabin with light, just as if the sun were shining, although it was but three o'clock in the morning.

The great light shone straight into the eyes of the fisherman, and he cried out:

"What is this? There is neither a candle, a taper, nor a torch, but the house is all lighted. Come, Mother, get up. Just see the stone; it shines like decaying wood in the dark, like a fire-fly, like a star, and even brighter!"

"Father," said the fisherman's wife, "I have heard all my life that there is in the world a kind of stone so beautiful and bright that you can buy an ox for a piece as large as a poppy-seed; may be this is the kind."

"Oh, you simpleton! Where could we get such a stone? Stones like that are not found in every fool's cabin. But a word is a word. There must be something in this stone, for it shines so that it blinds me; and sparks come from it."

Now the poor man got up, took the round stone from the children, went to work at it, rubbed it on grass, on wood, on the wall, on the ground, on the ashes,—in a word, on whatever came under his hand, until, at last, it was altogether bright. Then he covered it with an old foot-cloth, so that it might not light up the house and keep them from sleeping.

When they rose in the morning, the poor man said to his wife:

"Well, wife, put on your best clothes, that you stitched together for a holiday, so that you might have something in which to go to worship God. Take this stone to the king as a present, and say that I sent it; and take a dish with you,—may be he'll give you a little flour. At least, you may get something to make an ash-cake for the children."

The poor man's wife put on her best dress and went to the king. When she came, she greeted him becomingly:

"God give a good day to Your Majesty!"

"God keep you, poor woman! What journey are you on?"

"My husband sends you a little present. He is the man who lives by the stream on the hill, and earns his bread by fishing. But just now neither we nor our children have aught to eat."

"Well, my good woman, what could you bring me when you have nothing yourself? But, whatever it may be, on that account it is agreeable to me, for I see that you give it with a good heart; come in, then, to my palace."

The poor woman went into the king's palace, untied her handkerchief, and placed the round stone on the golden table.

The king was scarcely able to speak from wonder, for the round stone was a diamond, and such a one, too, as neither the king's father, his grandfather, nor his great-grandfather had ever seen.

"Where did you get that, poor woman?" he asked, at last.

"My husband went fishing and caught it. Three times he threw it back into the water, and three times he drew it out. I thought in my simple mind that God gave it to him," said the poor woman, dropping a courtesy.

"Well, poor woman," said the king, "I will keep

the diamond for myself, but I will give you a thousand florins for it."

"H'm! A thousand florins!" exclaimed she, astonished at the greatness of the sum.

But the king thought she was surprised at his offering so little money for a stone that he knew must be very valuable; so he said: "If that's not enough, I'll give you two thousand."

"H'm! Two thousand?"

"Well, I'll give three."

"H'm! Three thousand?"

"Look here, poor woman. Go home and bring

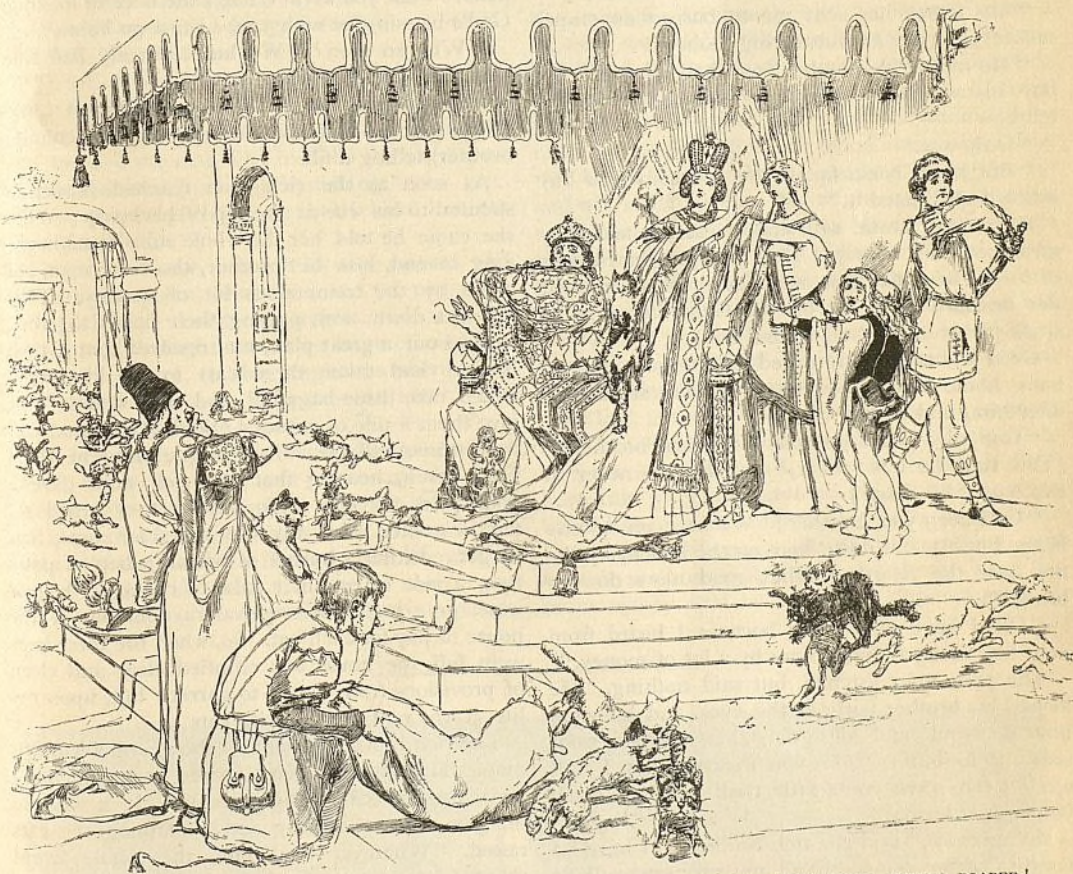
Now the poor man was so rich that you would have had to search far to find his match.

"Well, my dear wife," said the poor man, "we must measure this money so as to know how many bushels of it we have."

"All right; but we have no measure."

"We may borrow one from our stingy brother. Perhaps he will lend us a measure. We'll see if he has soul enough for that. Run, my little boy, Pishka, and ask a measure from my good brother."

Pishka ran to the stingy brother, to see if he would lend an empty measure.



THE HUNGRY CATS WERE RELEASED—THE KING GRIED OUT—THE QUEEN SCREAMED—THE LITTLE PRINCES ROARED!

three bags, and I'll fill the first one for you with gold, the second with silver, and the third with copper."

The poor woman brought three bags, and the king filled them,—the first with gold, the second with silver, and the third with copper; and, besides, he did her the kindness of having a pair of oxen yoked to a wagon in which he sent the money to her home. And when the money was safely housed, one of her sons drove back the wagon and oxen.

"An empty measure!" cried out the stingy brother. "An empty measure? Who has ever heard of such a thing? What good would it be to you, unless your father should measure you all, beginning with your mother? Do you hear me?"

"Of course I do," said the little boy. "They told me an empty measure."

"I won't lend an empty measure, without knowing why. But pack off home and ask whether an

empty measure is wanted or a full one." Thus spoke the rich brother, in a harsh voice.

The poor little fellow went home crying and sobbing, and told his parents what his uncle had said.

"That's nothing," said his father, pacifying him. "The good God will reward every man according to his works. I believe that. But, Martsi, my boy, go you, and if he asks you what it is we are measuring, tell him it is money."

Martsi, taking a pig-whip, which he had made from hemp, having braided it in three strands, ran off straightway to his uncle, and said to him:

"My father has sent me to borrow an empty measure, for we are measuring money."

"Mo-mo-mo-money! You shall have it, my boy. How many measures does he want? I can't tell how —"

"Only one."

"But hurry back, for, if the Jew comes to buy ashes, I shall need it."

Martsi ran home with the measure, and they measured their money. They had just ten bushels of it. When the poor man had finished, he sent the measure home by his son Getsi, but first he stuck pieces of gold all around it.

Getsi had scarcely returned the measure and got back home when the stingy brother strolled in after him, and cried:

"God give you a good day, my dear brother!" (This time he was "dear," but, before, never so much as "brother.")

"God keep you, Brother! We have great news in the house. Sit down here on the bench, by the fire near the hearth. What good news do you bring?"

"Oh, I have only called because I heard from your boy that you have come by a lot of money."

The poor man listened, but said nothing. He looked his brother fairly in the eyes, and knowing how deceitful and designing he was, he said, sadly, to himself: "Oh, you wicked fellow! I'll see if I can serve you a little trick that may teach you a good lesson."

"You know," said the rich brother, "I have no family. After my death all my property will be yours, for I can not take it with me to the grave, you know; so, if you tell me how you got the money, it will be all for your own good."

"Where did I get it? Well, this is how it was: Yesterday, my old cat had kittens, and at the king's palace there are so many mice, and such an army of rats, that it is impossible to take a meal's victuals in peace, for the rats run about the walls so that they are ready to eat up the king. Soldiers are obliged to guard him with pikes and swords, and it's as much as the soldiers can do to hold

their own. I had an idea. So I took the old gray cat on my shoulder and put the two little kittens on a plate, and presented them to the king. He was delighted, and in his joy could not find a place good enough for me. The queen wiped the dust from the golden bench with her apron, seated me by her side, and asked how my wife was. After that, the king measured out three bags of money for me. If you don't believe it, Brother, why I have the money up here in the loft. You can see it with your own eyes."

"We need not go to that trouble, Brother; I believe what you say. What's the need of looking? God's blessing be with you, I must go home."

"Why so soon? We have scarcely had time yet to bid you welcome."

"I have work to do at home. I forgot something, and am in a great hurry," said the cunning brother, telling a fib.

As soon as the rich man reached home, he shouted to his wife at the top of his voice. When she came he told her the whole story from beginning to end, how his brother, the fisherman, had come by the tremendous lot of money. Then they sat down, and, putting their heads together, worked out a great plan, and resolved that if their brother had taken three cats to the king they would take three bags full, and then would n't he give them a pile of money? So they collected cats from three villages. But people brought them from seven, hearing that the rich man gave a good price for cats. No wonder they heard so, for no matter what any one asked for a cat, that he got. Either a bushel of wheat, a bag of potatoes, a side of bacon, a cake of cheese, a keg of wine, or a jug of strong waters went out of the house in pay for each cat. So, when the three bags were full, the house was emptied clear and clean of provisions from cellar to garret; but, upon my life, it was well stocked with cats.

The rich brother set out on the journey with his man. He took four good horses, and packed the three bags of cats into a wagon. It is easy to imagine what a wailing and screaming the cats raised. Wherever he went, the whole world shouted at the wonder; the boys ran after the wagon from one village to another; the dogs barked; and there was such a head-splitting din that the rich man's hair turned gray.

At last, he arrived at the palace.

"Now," said the rich man to his servant, "you remain here by the wagon, so that nothing may be carried off, and I'll go in. But give me the whip, so that if those stupid rats should fall on me, I can drive them away." Then he appeared before the king.

"God give a good day to Your Majesty!"

"God guard you, rich man! What business are you on?"

"I have brought a present to Your Majesty. I have n't brought it in, because I did n't know where Your Majesty would like to have it, here or somewhere else."

"Well, what have you brought, my good man?"

"What have I brought? That which is dearest to Your Majesty, and which you pay gold and silver for."

"Well, what may it be?"

"What may it be? Your Majesty will see directly; and, although I say it, I know Your Majesty will cover me with gold for it."

"Well, but what can it be?"

"To satisfy Your Majesty's curiosity, I will say that I have brought the same as my brother brought. You are pleased to know him personally."

"I know—the man who lives by the stream on the hill, and earns his living by fishing."

"Yes, yes, he is the man; but I have brought still more than he."

"Oh, in that case, bring it in, this minute, and I will call the queen, her ladies, and the pages."

The rich man went to the wagon, and, with his serving-man, brought the three bags of cats into the White Palace, to the king's chamber. But could he find the way? Why should n't he? The chambers are twelve in a row.

When the rich brother came to the chamber, he opened the bags quickly and let out all the cats. As they had eaten nothing for a whole week, and had been in the bags all the time, the cats had grown wild and had their fur torn off. They made such confusion as man had never seen; one smashed a window, another broke a looking-glass, a

third overturned a glass case. They broke everything—glasses, vessels, cups, and goodness knows what.

The king cried out from amazement. The queen screamed, for a cat had torn its way up her snow-white arm; and the king's little sons began to cry and roar as if to split their throats.

As the doors were open from one chamber to another, the cats raced through the whole palace and smashed into bits everything that could be broken. There was scarcely a window, a looking-glass, or a vase left whole in the building.

At last, the soldiers, hearing the unearthly noise, the smashing, screaming, and "sptissing," rushed in, some with clubs, others with spears and swords, and killed the legion of cats, excepting those that had jumped out through the windows. Master Yantchi, for thus they called the rich brother, was neither dead nor alive; he stood there like a boy who knows he has put the wrong stick on the fire and will suffer for it. But as the boy runs from a sound thrashing if he can, so Master Yantchi was up and away. He packed himself off in hot haste, taking no leave of the company, and ran out into the wide world like a stray horse. He never had the courage to come back again to his own village, for every one laughed at his adventure and made sport of him as "the cat-huckster."

At last, news was brought that the cat-huckster had been frozen to death near the robbers' ditch, and, not long afterward, his wife journeyed forth from this world of shadows. Since God had not blessed them with children, the poor brother who had been a fisherman inherited everything, and became so enormously rich that only the king has more money, and he has only a sixpence more.



A BIT OF ADVICE.

• WINTER •

"PRITHEE, my laddie, where go you to-day?
The strong wind is blowing, the heavens are
gray."

"I go to the Northland, far, far away."

"And wherefore, my laddie, if this we may know,
So far on this cold winter morn do you go?"

"To find out the land where there 's nothing
but snow—

"Where icicles hang like the leaves on the tree,
And one may skate merrily over the sea.

And pray, will you go, my fair lasses, with
me?"

"My sleigh is beyond, with its rapid reindeer.
Then—ho for the land where there 's snow
all the year!"

"Nay, thanks, it is quite cold enough for us here!"

"Now, prithee, my laddie, go you on your way;
Good fortune attend you wherever you stray;
But we 'll stay at home, if you please, sir!
Good-day!"





HIS BARQUE IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

JUST as Donald and Dorothy were about to end their outdoor visit to the Danbys, described in our last chapter, Coachman Jack was seen in a neighboring field, trying to catch Mr. Reed's spirited mare, "Lady," that had been let out to have a run. He already had approached her without difficulty and slipped a bridle over her head, but she had started away from him, and he, feeling that she had had playtime enough, was now bent on recapturing her.

Instantly a dozen Danby eyes were following their every motion. Then Donald and Ben, not being able to resist the impulse, scampered over to join in the race, closely followed by Dan and Fandy. Gregory, too, would have gone, but Charity called him back.

It was a superb sight to see the spirited animal, one moment standing motionless at a safe distance

from Jack, and the next, leaping about the field, mane and tail flying, and every action telling of a defiant enjoyment of freedom. Soon, two grazing horses in the same field caught her spirit; even Don's pony, at first looking soberly over a hedge in the adjoining lot, began frisking and capering about on his own account, dashing past an opening in the hedge as though it were as solid a barrier as the rest. Nor were Jack and the boys less frisky. Coaxing and shouting had failed, and now it was an open chase, in which, for a time, the mare certainly had the advantage. But what horse is proof against its appetite? Clever little Fandy had rushed to Mr. Reed's barn, and brought back in his hat a light lunch of oats for the mare, which he at once bore into her presence, shaking it temptingly, at the same time slowly backing away from her. The little midget and his hatful succeeded, where big man and boys had failed. The mare came cautiously up and was about to put her nose into the cap, when Jack's sudden but stealthy effort to seize the bridle made her start sideways

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away from him. But here Donald leaped forward at the other side and caught her.

Jack was too proud of Don's quickness to appear surprised; so, disregarding the hilarious shout of the Danby boys, he took the bridle from the young master with an off-hand air, and led the now gentle animal quietly toward the stable.

But Dorothy was there before him. Out of breath after her brisk run, she was panting and tugging at a dusty side-saddle hanging in the harness-room, when Jack and the mare drew near.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "help me get this down! I mean to have some fun. I'm going to ride that mare back to the field!"

"Not you, Miss Dorry!" exclaimed Jack. "Take your own pony, an' your own saddle, an' it's a go; but this 'ere mare 'd be on her beam ends with you in no time."

"Oh, no she would n't, Jack! She knows me perfectly. (Don't you, Lady?) Oh, do, Jack! That's a good Jack. Please let me! Don's there, you know —"

Dorry said this as if Don were a regiment. By this time the side-saddle clattered down from its peg, with a peculiar buckle-and-leathery noise of its own.

"Wont you, Jack? Ah, *wont* you!"

"No, miss, I wont!" said Jack, resolutely.

"Why, Jack, I've been on her before. Don't you know? There is n't a horse on the place that could throw me. Uncle said so. Don't you remember?"

"So he did!" said Jack, his eyes sparkling proudly. "The Cap'n said them very words. An'," glancing weakly at the mare, "she's standin' now like a skiff in a calm. Not a breath in her sails —"

"Oh, do—*do*, Jack!" coaxed Dorry, seizing her advantage, "quick! They 're all in the lot yet. Here, put it on her!"

"I'm an old fool," muttered Jack to himself, as, hindered by Dorry's busy touches, he proceeded to saddle the subdued animal; "but I can't never refuse her nothin'—that's where it is. Easy now, miss!" as Dorry, climbing up on the feed-box in laughing excitement, begged him to hurry and let her mount. "Easy now. There! You're on, high and dry. Here" (tugging at the girth), "let me tauten up a bit! Steady now! Don't try no capers with her, Miss Dorry, and come back in a minute. Get up, Lady!—get up!"

The mare left the stable so slowly and unwillingly, that Jack slapped her flank gently as she moved off.

Jog, jog went Lady out through the wide stable door-way, across the yard into the open field. Dorry, hastily arranging her skirts and settling her-

self comfortably upon the grand but dingy saddle (it had been Aunt Kate's in the days gone by), laughed to herself, thinking how astonished they all must be to see her riding Lady back to them. For a moment she playfully pretended to be unconscious of their gaze. Then she looked up.

Poor Dorry! Not a boy, not even Donald, had remained in the field! He and the little Danbys were listening to one of Ben's stories of adventure. Even the two horses and Don's pony were quietly nosing the dry grass in search of green tufts.

"I don't care," she murmured, gayly, overcoming her disappointment. "I mean to have a ride, any way. Get up, Lady!"

Lady *did* get up. She shook her head, pricked up her ears, and started off at a beautiful canter across the fields.

"How lovely!" thought Dorry, especially pleased at that moment to see several figures coming toward her from the Danby yard; "it's just like flying!"

Whether Lady missed her master's firm grip upon the rein, or whether she guessed her rider's thought, and was inspired by the sudden shouts and hurrahs of the approaching boys, can never be known. Certain it is that by the next moment Dorry, on Lady's back, was flying in earnest—flying at great speed round and round the field, but with never an idea of falling off. Her first feeling was that her uncle and Jack would n't be pleased if they knew the exact character of the ride. Next came a sense of triumph, because she felt that Don and the rest were seeing it all, and then a wild consciousness that her hat was off, her hair streaming to the wind, and that she was keeping her seat for dear life.

Lady's canter had become a run, and the run soon grew into a series of leaps. Still Dorry kept her seat. Young as she was, she was a fearless rider, and at first, as we have seen, rather enjoyed the prospect of a tussle with Lady. But as the speed increased, Dorry found herself growing deaf, dumb and blind in the breathless race. Still, if she could only hold on, all would be well; she certainly could not consent to be conquered before "those boys."

Lady seemed to go twenty feet in the air at every leap. There was no merry shouting now. The little boys stood pale and breathless. Ben, trying to hold Don back, was wondering what was to be done, and Charity was wringing her hands.

"Oh, oh! She'll be thrown!" cried the girls.

"Not a bit of it!" insisted Donald. "I've seen Dot on a horse before." (But his looks betrayed his anxiety.) "See! The mare's trying to throw her now! But she can't do it—she can't do it! Dot understands herself, I tell you,—

Whoa-o!—Let me go!" and, breaking from Ben, he tore across the field, through the opening in the hedge, and was on his pony's back in a twinkling. How he did it, he never knew. He had heard Dorry scream, and somehow that scream made him and his pony one. Together, they flew over the field; with a steady, calm purpose they cut across Lady's course, and soon were at her side. Donald's "Hold on, Dot!" was followed by his quick plunge toward the mare. It seemed that she certainly

superb grace, almost as if with a bow, and the pony was rubbing its nose against her steaming side.

"Good for you, Dot!" was Donald's first word. "You held on magnificently."

Dorothy stroked Lady's hot neck, and for a moment could not trust herself to look up. But when Jack half pulled, half lifted her from the saddle, and she felt the firm earth beneath her, she tottered and would have fallen, had not Donald, frightened



DONALD TO THE RESCUE!

would ride over him, but he never faltered. Grasping his pony's mane with one hand, he clutched Lady's bridle with the other. The mare plunged, but the boy's grip was as firm as iron. Though almost dragged from his seat, he held on, and the more she struggled, the harder he tugged,—the pony bearing itself nobly, and quivering in eager sympathy with Donald's every movement. Jack and Ben were now tearing across the field, bent on rescue; but they were not needed. Don was master of the situation. The mare had yielded with

at her white face, sprung to the ground just in time to support her.

"Shiver my timbers!" growled Jack, "if ever I let youngsters have their way again!" But his eyes shone with a strange mixture of self-reproach and satisfaction as he looked at Dorry.

"Oh, is she hurt?" cried Charity, who, having stumbled with the baby in her rush across the field, was gathering up the screaming little fellow, catching her balance, and scrambling onward at the same time—"Is she hurt?"

"Is she hurt?" echoed the others, pressing forward in breathless excitement.

"Not hurt at all," spoke up Donald, stoutly, as, still supporting his sister, he saw the color coming back to her cheek—"not hurt one bit! It's only been a splendid ride for her, and a jolly scare for us; but it is high time we were in the house. All's right, Jack. Good-bye, everybody! We'll skip along home, now."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH SOME WELL-MEANING GROWN
FOLK APPEAR.



MR. MCSWIVER—better known as Michael by the Manning family, or, more descriptively, as "Mr. Manning's Mike," at the village store, but always as old Mr. McSwiver to our Liddy—was about to enjoy an evening out. This was a rare occurrence; for Mr. McSwiver, though he had advertised himself as having "no incum-

brance," was by no means an ease-taking man. He united in his august person the duties of coachman, butler, waiter, useful man, and body-servant to Mr. Manning. Seeing him at early dawn blacking his employer's boots, or, later, attending to the lighter duties of the coach-house (he had a stable-boy to help him), one could never imagine the grandeur of that same useful individual when dressed in his best.

"A hall-door and waitin' suit brings out a man's fine points if he has any, so it does; and it's nowise surprisin' that parties callin' after night-fall should be secretly mistakin' me for the boss himself," thought Mr. McSwiver, as he took a final, anxious look at his well-scrubbed countenance before starting to make a formal call on Liddy.

Half an hour afterward he was stalking toward the village store, talking to himself as usual, for lack of better company:

"Humph! Queen Victorior herself could n't be more high and mighty! and all because her young

lady's gone an' had a runaway on horseback! 'Is she kilt?' says I. 'Mercy, no!' says she; 'but I shall be special engaged all the ev'nin', Mr. McSwiver,' says she; and with that she fastens her eyes on me (mighty pooty ones they are, too!) a-noddin' good-bye, till I was forced, like, to take meself off. Miss Josephine herself could n't 'a' been grander to one of them young city swells at the 'cademy! Och!"

Meantime, Lydia had quite forgotten his sudden, nipped-in-the-bud visit. Old Mr. McSwiver was well enough in his own way, and at a fitting time, for he knew her cousins the Crumps; but she could not think of society matters so soon after her darling Miss Dorry had been in danger.

"Did you ever know it to turn out any other way?" said she confidentially to Donald, on that same evening,—after Dorothy, somewhat subdued by dreadful remarks on the subject of nervous shocks and internal injuries, had retired earlier than usual,—“now, did you, Master Donald? There Mr. G. had been taking extra precautions to keep her safe, and, under a merciful Providence, it was only by the skin of that dear child's teeth that she was n't sent to a better world! And, do you know, Master Donald? there's been serious goings on here, too."

"Goings on? What *do* you mean, Liddy?"

"Why, the horrid man came—the very same that looked in at my sitting-room window—and Mr. George opened the door his own self, and spoke very severe to him, and 'I can not see you to-night,' says he. 'Come on next Monday evening, at half-past nine, and not before.' I heard him say those very words."

Donald looked at her anxiously, but made no reply.

"There's no harm in my telling you," continued Liddy, softly, "because you and Mr. G. and me know about him."

"No, I don't, Liddy. I have n't heard half, and you know it!" was Donald's puzzled and indignant rejoinder. "This being let half-way into a secret does n't suit me. If Uncle were not busy this evening, I'd go in and straighten matters at once."

"Oh, hush! please do," whispered Liddy, hurriedly. "Miss Dorry'll hear you. I only meant that you and I both know that he's been hanging about these parts for a week or more, and that his presence does n't bode any good. Why, you noticed it first of anybody. Besides, I want her to sleep. The darling child! She's feeling worse than she lets on, I'm afraid, though I rubbed her back with liniment to make sure. Please don't talk any more about things to-night, my dear. To-morrow I'll ask your uncle to —"

"No, you need n't, thank you, Liddy," interrupted Don. "I'll speak to him myself."

"Oh, my! When?"

"I don't know. When I get ready," he replied, laughing in spite of himself at Lydia's hopeless way of putting the question. "It is sure to come soon. I've had tries at this tangle from time to time without getting a fair pull at it. But I intend to straighten it out soon, or know the reason why."

"Sakes! What an air he has, to be sure!" thought Liddy, as Donald moved away. "The fact is, that boy's getting big. We older folks'll think of them as children to the end of our days; but it's true as sky and water. And it's even more so with Miss Dorry. Those twins are getting older, as sure as I live!"

Monday evening came, and with it the "long, lank man." He did not come before half-past nine; and then, to Lydia's great disappointment (for she had rather enjoyed the luxury of dreading this mysterious visit), he rang the door-bell like any other visitor, and asked, familiarly, for Mr. Reed.

"Mr. Reed is at home, sir," responded Liddy, in a tone of cold disapprobation.

"All right. You're the housekeeper, I s'pose?"

Trembling within, but outwardly calm, silent, and majestic, Liddy threw open the study-door, and saw Mr. Reed rise to receive his guest.

The good woman's sitting-room was directly under the study. Consequently, the rumble of voices overhead soon became somewhat exasperating. But she calmed herself with the thought that Mr. George knew his own business. It was evident that he had something very important to talk over with "that person"; and if a wild thought of carrying in glasses and a pitcher of water *did* enter her head, it met with such a chilling reception from Liddy's better self that it was glad to creep away again.

This, then, was why Lydia, busily engaged at her little sewing-table, was right glad, late as it was, to see Mr. Jack's shining face and newly combed locks appear at the sitting-room door.

"Hullo, messmate! My service to you," was that worthy's salutation.

"Good-evening, sir," said Lydia, severely. "My name is Blum—Miss Lydia Blum, though you've known it these twelve years, and been told of it twenty times as often."

"Miss Blum, then, at your service," growled Jack, bowing very low, and still remaining near the door. "It struck me, Miss Blum, that a chap from the fore-castle might drop into your pretty

cabin for a friendly chat this fine evening, Mrs. Blum."

"Yes, indeed, and welcome," was the laughing reply. "Take a seat, Mr. Jack."

He always was "Mr. Jack," evenings, and she, Miss Blum, each enjoying the other's society all the more because of the mutual conviction that he was no ordinary coachman, and she was far from being an every-day servant. Nora, the red-cheeked housemaid, and Kassy, the cook, felt this; and though treated kindly, even cordially, by both these mighty powers, they understood their distance well enough, and that they were not a part of the family, as Jack and Lydia Blum were.

"Mr. Jack," spoke Lydia, suddenly, "do you know who is upstairs?"

"Aye, aye."

"Did you come on that account?"

Here Jack looked knowing, and said she must not question the man on the lookout.

"Not that I've had even a hint of such a thing from the Captain," added Jack, as his companion nodded approvingly; "but your good sailor looks to the scupper before the ship fills—which does n't apply in partickular, but it has its meaning, nevertheless. Young parties turned in, yet?"

"Master Donald and Miss Dorothy have retired, Mr. Jack," corrected Miss Blum, loftily. "That is, I presume so. At any rate, they are in their rooms, bless them!"

"Bless 'em again!" echoed Mr. Jack, heartily, ignoring the reproof. "A smarter, smiler pair of beauties never came in my range on sea or land. There's Master Donald, now, with the spirit of a man-o'-war in his boy's hull. My, but he's a fine one! And yet so civil and biddable! Always full set when there's fun in the air. Can't tell you, Mistress Blum, how I dote on that 'ere boy. Then there's Miss Dorothy,—the trimmest, neatest little craft I ever see. It seemed, t' other day, that the deck was slipping from under me when I see that child scudding around the lot on Lady's back. You could n't 'a' told, at first, whether she was a-runnin' away with Lady, or Lady a-runnin' away with her. But did n't the skeer follow mighty quick on us? I tell you the wind blew four quarters to once fur a spell, but before one could get there Master Donald had her. Whew! It was mirac'l'us! Never see such a boy—no, nor girl either—as them two twins!"

"Nor I," said Liddy, fervently.

"And what babbies they were!" proceeded Jack. "I can see 'em, now, as I first saw 'em after the wreck,—poor, thin, pinched mites, sneezin' their little heads off, 'most. And then, when you took hold on 'em, Mistress Blum, with your tender care, night an' day, day an' night, always studyin'

their babby naturs so particular and insistin' upon their havin' their grog from one tap ——"

"Mr. Jack, I'm ashamed of you! How often I've requested you not to put it that way! Milk from one cow is a common-sense rule. Every one knows that babies brought up by hand must be treated just so particular. Well, they thrive on it, did n't they?"—her eyes kindling.

"Throve! Shiver my timbers, I—ahem! Beg parding! Throve! Why, they just bounded! I never see anything like it! The brightest, liveliest little pair o' sea-gulls I ever set eyes on; an' grow? Grow, Miss Blum? Well, throw me to the sharks if ever I see anything grow like them babbies!"

"Did n't they!" exclaimed Miss Blum, so happy



"I USED TO STAND AND WONDER AT THEM, WHEN I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WORKIN'."

in recalling her success with the precious, darling little D's that she quite forgot to check Mr. Jack's inelegance. "Ah, many a time I used to stand and wonder at them when I should have been workin'! Why, do you know, Mr. Jack——"

A bell rang violently.

"It's the master!" cried Liddy, and as she sprang up the stairs, Jack followed her rapidly and lightly on tiptoe.

But it was not Mr. George at all. When Liddy hastily opened the library door with a "Did you ring, sir?" and Mr. Reed responded with a surprised "No, thank you!" the good woman ran up the next flight of stairs, and Jack went down again, whistling softly to himself.

Lydia found Donald in tribulation. He had remained up to write a letter to a friend at boarding-school, and somehow had managed to upset his inkstand. His attempts to prevent serious damage had only increased the mischief. A pale but very large ink-stain stared up at him from the wet carpet.

"De-struction!" exclaimed Lydia, as, standing at the open door, she took in the situation at a glance. "If you'd only rubbed it with blotting-paper the instant it happened," she continued, kneeling upon the floor, and rubbing vigorously with a piece that she had snatched from the table, "there would n't have been a trace of it by this time. Sakes!" glancing at the fine towel which Donald had recklessly used, "if you have n't ruined *that*, too! Well," she sighed, slowly rising, "nothing but sour milk can help the carpet now, and I have n't a drop in the house!"

"Never mind," said Donald; "what's a little ink-stain? You can't expect a bachelor's apartment to look like a parlor. I'll fling the rug over the place—so!"

"Not now, Master Donald. Do wait till it dries!" cried Lydia, checking him in the act, and laughing at his bewildered look. She ran downstairs with a half-reproachful "My, what a boy!"—while Donald, carefully putting a little water into the inkstand, to make up for recent waste, went on with his letter, which, it happened, was all about matters not immediately connected with this story.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH PRESENTS A FAITHFUL REPORT OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. REED AND HIS MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

"HOPE the young folks are at home," remarked the "long, lank man," with an off-hand air of familiarity, comfortably settling himself in an arm-chair before the smoldering fire, and thrusting out his ungainly feet as far as possible. "Would be glad to make their acquaintance."

"My nephew and niece have retired for the night, sir," was the stiff reply.

"Ah? Hardly past nine, too. You hold to old-fashioned customs here, I perceive. Early to bed, etcetera, etcetera. And yet they're no chickens. Let me see; I'm thirty-nine. According to my reckoning, they must carry about fourteen years apiece by this time. Dorothy looks it; but the boy seems younger, in spite of his big ways. Why not sit down, George?"

"Dorothy!—George!" echoed Mr. Reed's thought, indignantly. But with a stern resolve to be patient, he seated himself.

"Look here, George, as this is likely to be a

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long session, let's have a little more of a blaze here. I got chilled through waiting for that door to open. Ah, that 's something like!"

Meanwhile this cordial person, carefully selecting suitable pieces from the wood-basket on the hearth, and re-arranging the fire, had seized the bellows and begun to blow vigorously, nearly shutting up his long figure, like a big clasp-knife, in the act.

"Excuse my making myself to home," he continued, jauntily poking a small log into place with the bellows, and then brushing his seedy trousers with his hand; "it was always my style. Most men that's been knocked about all their lives get shy and wary. But that aint Eben Slade. Well, when are you going to begin?"

"I am ready now, Mr. Slade."

"Pshaw! Don't Mr. Slade me. Call me Eben, plain Eben. Just as Kate did."

Mr. Reed's face flushed angrily.

"See here, George," the visitor went on, suddenly changing his sportive style to a manner that was designed to appear quite confidential and friendly,—"see here, I don't want to quarrel with you nor any other man. This here is just a chat between two almost relatives—sort of left-handed brothers, you know, and for my —"

"Slade!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, savagely, rising from his chair, but at once seating himself again, and speaking with forced calmness: "While I have allowed you this interview, I must request you to understand now and for all time, as you have understood very plainly heretofore, that there can be no connection or implied relationship between us. We are strangers, and from this night must remain so!"

"Ex—actly!" interrupted Slade, cheerily—"the kind of strangers two chaps naturally would be, having the same sister—my sister by blood, yours by adoption."

Certainly this was a strong point with Mr. Slade, for he leaned forward and looked boldly into the other's face, as he finished the sentence.

"Yes," said Mr. Reed, with a solemn dignity, "precisely such strangers as the scape-grace brother of a noble girl must be to those who rescued this girl in her earliest childhood, sheltered her, taught her, honored and loved her as true brothers should, and to whom she clung with all a sister's fondness and loyalty."

"Pre—cisely!" observed Mr. Slade, with a mocking air of being deeply impressed. "Go on."

"You know the conditions under which you were adopted by Squire Hinsley, and Kate was adopted by my father, when you were left orphans, homeless, destitute —"

"Thank you. You are right. Quite destitute; —I may say, desperately destitute; though as I was

six years of age at the time, and Kate but two, I have forgotten the painful particulars. Proceed."

"You know well," continued Mr. Reed, with quiet precision, "the agreement, signed, sealed, and delivered, in the presence of witnesses, between my parents and John Hinsley on the one side, and your uncle and lawful guardian, Samuel Slade, on the other. The adoption was absolute. Kate was to have no legal claim on John Hinsley or his family, and you were to have none upon my father and his family. She was to be to my father, in all respects but birth, his own child,—his, Henry Reed's, to support and educate, sharing the fortune of his own children during his life, and receiving an equal share of his estate at his death; all of which was literally and faithfully fulfilled. And you were adopted by John Hinsley under similar conditions, excepting that they were, in fact, more favorable. He and his wife were childless, and rich in worldly goods; and they agreed to shelter and educate you—in fact, so long as you continued to obey and honor them, to treat you in all respects as their son and heir. You know the sequel. You had a pleasant home, tender care, and conscientious training, but, in spite of all, you were lazy, worthless, treacherous—a source of constant grief and anxiety to the good pair who had hoped to find in you a son to comfort their old age."

"Thank you, again!" exclaimed Eben Slade. "I always liked frankness."

"In time, and with good cause, they discarded you," continued Mr. Reed, without noticing the interruption, "and my father, for Kate's sake, did all in his power to win you to a good life, but in vain. Later, in dire want and trouble, when even your worthless companions threw you off, you appealed to me, and I induced Mr. and Mrs. Hinsley to give you one more trial. But you fell into bad company again and ran away, deserting your adopted parents just when they were beginning to trust you. Your subsequent course I do not know, nor where you have been from that day to this. I only know that, although during your boyhood you were free to visit your sister, you never showed the slightest interest in her, nor seemed to care whether she were living or dead. Even when we brought you together, you were cold and selfish in your treatment of her, moved by a jealous bitterness which even her trustful love for you could not dispel. These are disagreeable truths, but I intend that we shall understand each other."

"So I see," muttered Eben.

"Meantime," continued Mr. Reed, in a different tone, and almost as if he were talking to himself and had forgotten the presence of his visitor, "Kate grew in sweetness, in truth, and nobility of nature, into a strong, beautiful girlhood, honored by all,

and idolized by her new parents and by her two brothers, Wolcott and myself. Bearing our name from her babyhood, and coming with us, soon after, into this new neighborhood as our only sister, her relationship never was questioned —"

Eben Slade had been listening in sullen patience, but now he asked, quickly:

"Do they, do the youngsters —"

"My brother's children?" asked Mr. Reed.

"Well, your brother's children, if you wish; do *they* know that she was adopted by their grandparents, that she was not their own flesh-and-blood aunt?"

"They think of her always as the beloved sister of their father and myself, as she was," replied Mr. Reed. "From the first, it was the custom of our household to consider her purely as one of the family. Kate, herself, would have resented any other view of the case — therefore —"

"Therefore the children have been kept in the dark about it," exclaimed Eben Slade, exultingly, as though it were his turn now to utter plain truths.

"The question has never been raised by them. They were but six weeks old when they were brought to this house — and as they grew older, they learned to know of her and love her as their Aunt Kate. If ever they ask me the question direct, I shall answer it. Till then I shall consider Kate Reed — I should say Mrs. Kate Robertson — as my sister and their aunt."

"And I likewise shall continue to consider her as *my* sister, with your permission," remarked Eben, with a disagreeable laugh.

"Yes, and a true sister she would have been. The letters which she wrote you during your boyhood, and which you never answered, showed her interest in your welfare."

"If she had known enough to put money in them, now," sneered Eben Slade. "I was kept down in the closest way, and a little offering of that kind might — but that's neither here nor there, and I don't see the drift of all this talk. What I want to know — what in fact I came for, and what I intend to keep coming for, is to see her will."

"Her will?" asked Mr. Reed with surprise, and in an unconscious tone of relief.

"Yes, now you've hit it! Her adopted parents were dead. She had inherited one-third of their estate. With such a fortune as that, she must have left a will. Where is it? I want to know what became of that money, and why you kept —"

"Silence!" commanded Mr. Reed, sorely tempted to lay hands on the fellow, and thrust him from the house. "No insolence, sir!"

Just then Lydia opened the door, and, as we already know, vanished as soon as she learned her presence had not been called for.

"What I want to know" — began Eben again, in a high key.

"Not so loud," said Mr. Reed, quietly.

His visitor's voice dropped, as, crooking his elbows, and resting a hand on each arm of his chair, he started afresh: "So Miss Kate Reed, as she called herself, and as you called her, never wrote me again after that, eh?"

This was uttered so significantly that his listener responded with a quick:

"Well! what do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean?" echoed Mr. Slade, with a darkening face. "Why didn't she ever write to me afterward?"

This was a bit of acting designed to mislead; for at that moment a yellow, worn letter, written nearly fourteen years before, was tucked snugly away in the visitor's pocket. And it was on the strength of this same letter that he hoped yet to obtain heavy favors from George Reed. Eben knew well enough what had become of the money, but, for some cunning reason of his own, chose to plead ignorance.

"I will ask you a question in return," said Mr. Reed. "Why, if you took so keen an interest in your sister's fortune, did you not apply to me long ago for information?"

"Because," replied Eben Slade, boldly, "I had my reasons. I knew the money was safe; and I could bide my time."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, "do you pretend to be ignorant of the fact that, two years after my sister Kate's marriage, she started with her husband and baby to return to America, absolutely penniless?"

"Who paid their passage, then?" asked Eben; — but meeting Mr. Reed's eyes, he went on in an injured tone, "I know nothing but what you choose to tell me. True, you forgot to advertise for me to come and hear of something to my advantage, but I supposed, very naturally, that coming here I should find Kate had left me a share of her fortune as a matter of course, and that I could go back and settle myself respectably in the far-West. I may as well tell you I have a wife somewhere out there, and if I had means to buy up a splendid mining property which can be had now for a mere song, I'd just buy it clean and settle down to a steady life."

During this speech, Eben Slade's expression of face had become so very frank and innocent that Mr. Reed's conviction began to waver. He had felt sure that Slade remembered well enough having long ago written him two letters — one asking for information concerning Kate's property, the other bemoaning the fact that all was lost, and appealing for help. But now it seemed evident that these

documents, still in Mr. Reed's good keeping, had quite escaped his visitor's memory.

"I don't want to go to law about this thing," continued Slade, slowly, as if to demand closer attention, "especially as it would stir up your home affairs for the public benefit, and so, as I say, I hoped to settle things quietly. If I only had what ought to be coming to me, I would n't be here at all. It would be lonesome for my many friends in this favored spot, but I should be far away, making a man of myself, as they say in the books."

"What is all this to me?" said Mr. Reed, coldly. "You have had your answer concerning Mrs. Robertson's property. It is getting late. Have you any more questions to ask?"

"Well, yes, a few. What about the wreck? No, let's hear from the date of the marriage." And Mr. Slade, inwardly surprised at Mr. Reed's patience, yet unable to forego the luxury of being as familiar and pert as possible, settled himself to listen to the story which Mr. Reed had permitted him to come and hear.

"They sailed," began that gentleman, "early in —"

Slade, leaning back in his easy-chair, waved his hand with a sprightly: "Beg pardon! Go back a little. This Robertson —"

"This Robertson," said Mr. Reed, as though it quite suited him to go back, "was a stranger to me; a friend of the lady whom my brother Wolcott afterward married — indeed, Kate formed his acquaintance while visiting at this lady's home in New York. He was a fascinating, handsome man, of a romantic turn, and without a grain of business capacity."

"Like myself," interrupted the listener, with an ugly attempt at a smile.

"From the first, I opposed the marriage," continued Mr. Reed — "but the poor girl, reasonable in everything else, would listen neither to argument nor to appeal. She was sure that in time we all should know him and love him as she did. I would not even attend the wedding, which took place at her friend's house. Though, by the terms of my father's will, and very much against our judgment, my brother Wolcott and myself, who were her guardians up to the date of her marriage, gave up to her unconditionally one-third of the family estate on her wedding-day. The result was as we had feared. They sailed immediately for England, and once there, he entered into various wild speculations, and in less than two years the little fortune was utterly gone."

"Can you prove it?" interrupted Mr. Slade, suspiciously.

"Meantime," said Mr. Reed, looking at him as

though he were a vicious spaniel, "my brother had married, and had gone with his bride to Europe to remain two years. In a twelvemonth his wife became the mother of twins, a boy and a girl, and before two weeks had passed their father was stricken with fever, and died. News then came to me, not only of this grief, but telling how my sister Kate had become destitute, and had been too proud to let us know of her misfortunes, and finally how, at the moment the letter was written, she and her husband, Robertson, with their baby daughter, then only three weeks old, were living solely on the bounty of Wolcott's widow.

"There was but one thing to be done. The widow was broken-hearted, totally unable to attend to her affairs, and Mr. Robertson was the last man whom I could trust to look after them all. But he at least could come with them to America, and I sent word for them all to come — and bring the three babies — leaving nothing undone which could tend to their comfort and safety on the voyage. They sailed —" Here Mr. Reed paused, bracing himself for the remainder of the recital, which he had resolved should be complete and full. He had at hand legal papers proving that his adopted sister Kate, at the time of her marriage, had received her rightful third of his father's estate; but he did not feel in any way compelled to show these to his unpleasant visitor.

Eben Slade for an instant respected the silence. But he had a point to gain.

"Yes," said he, "but this is sudden news as to the loss of her property. I don't understand it. She must at some time have made a will. Show me documents!"

"There was no will," said Mr. Reed. "As for documents," — here he arose, walked to a high, old-fashioned secretary, unlocked a drawer, and produced two letters, — "you may recognize these!" and he unfolded the yellow, time-worn sheets before Mr. Slade's astonished eyes — astonished, not that they were his own letters, betraying his full knowledge of his sister's loss of property, but that Mr. Reed should be able to produce them after all these fourteen years.

"You see?" said that gentleman, pointing to these heartless words in Slade's own handwriting: "It's terrible news, for *now that Kate's money is all gone, as well as herself, I know there's nothing more to look for in that quarter.*"

Slade peered at the words with well-feigned curiosity. But he had his revenge ready.

"Seeing as you've a fancy for old letters, George, may be this 'ere will interest you?"

Was it magic? Another yellow letter, very much soiled and worn, appeared to jump from Slade's pocket and open itself before Mr. Reed's eyes. He

recognized Kate's clear, bright penmanship at a glance.

"Read it," said Eben, still holding the letter:

"In my extremity, Eben, I turn to you. By this time you may be yourself again, turned from all evil ways. I married against my brother George's consent—and he has as good as cast me off. We are penniless; my husband seems completely broken down. My brother Wolcott has just died. I am too proud to go to his widow, or to my brother George. Oh, Eben, if I starve, if I die, will you take my baby-girl? Will you care for her for our dead mother's sake?"

"I'd have done my duty by that baby," said Eben Slade, slowly folding the letter, and looking with hateful triumph into Mr. Reed's pale face. "I'd have had my rights, too, and you never should have seen hide nor hair of the child if it had lived. I wish it had; she'd 'a' been handy about the house by this time, and my wife, whose temper is none of the best, would have had some one to help her with the chores and keep her in

good humor. What have you got belonging to her? What's her's is mine. Where's the baby-clothes? The things that must have been sent on afterward from England?"

"There was nothing sent," almost whispered Mr. Reed, with a stunned look; but in an instant, he turned his eyes full upon Slade, causing the miserable creature to cringe before him:

"If you had the soul of a man, I could wish for your sake that something had been saved, but there was nothing. My sister was not herself when she wrote that letter. She was frantic with grief and trouble, else she would have known that I would forgive and cherish her. And now, sir, if you are satisfied, I bid you good-evening!"

"I am *not* satisfied," said Eben, doggedly. "Where is the man who saw the shipwreck?"

Mr. Reed opened the window. Seizing something that hung there, he blew a shrill whistle, then lowered the sash and sat down.

Neither spoke a word. Quick steps sounded upon the stairs. The door opened.

"Aye, aye, Captain!" said Jack. Nero stood beside him, growling.

(To be continued.)

HOW A LITTLE GIRL SUGGESTED THE INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE.

SOME of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago, there was living in the town of Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

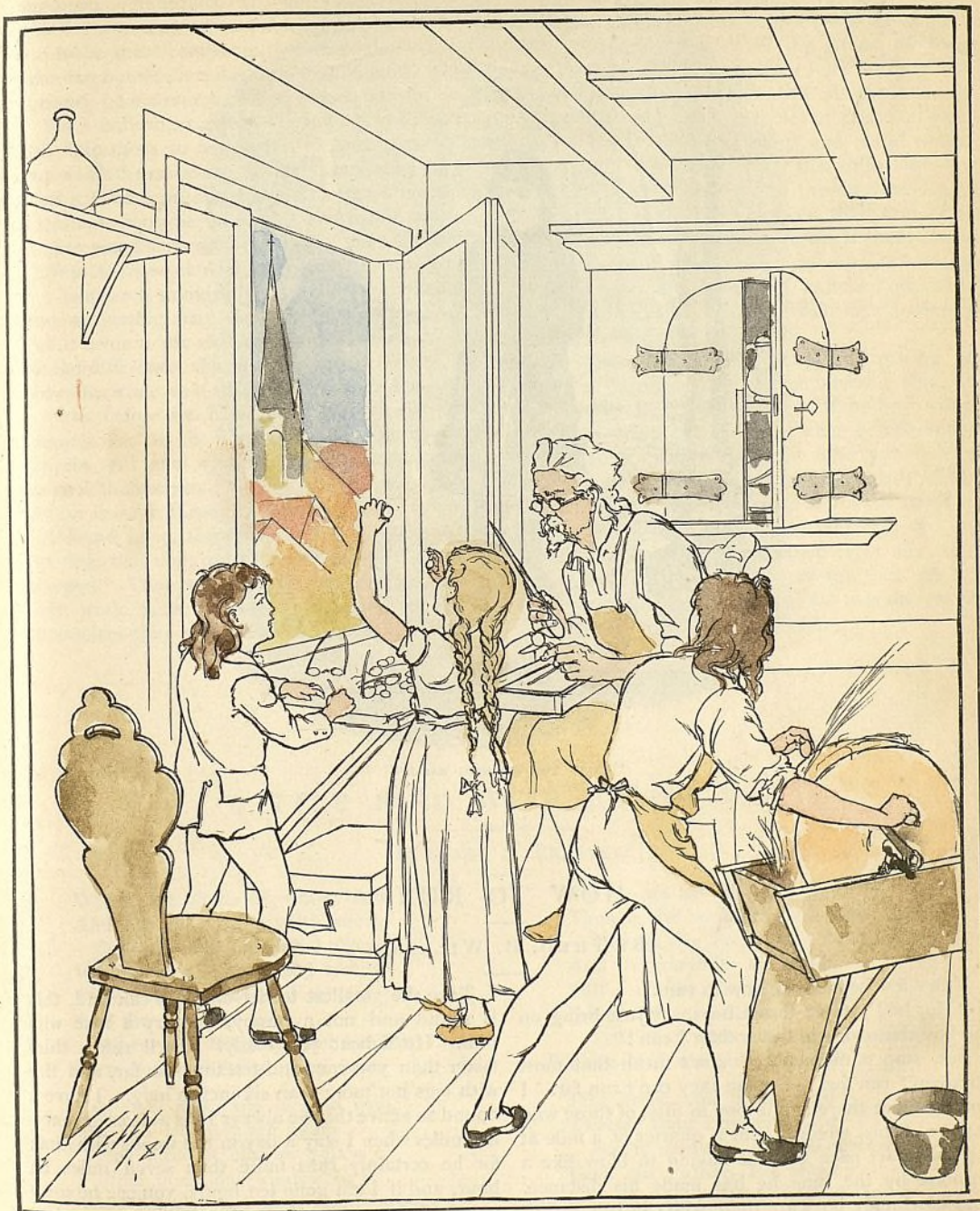
Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other at arm's length; and, calling his daughter to his

side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was plano-convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance."

Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the

principle of the telescope two years earlier than nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe



"OH, PAPA! SEE HOW NEAR THE STEEPLE COMES!"

edged that to one of these two men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.



"UP IN THE MORNING EARLY!"

HOW TO RUN.

BY THEO. B. WILLSON.

VERY few boys know how to run.

"Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys. "Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can!"

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those who may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier-dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least seventy-five miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone ten hours, you see he must travel about seventy-five miles of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than three hundred and fifty miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying dispatches, and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who can not run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I'm going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose!

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to puff through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they can not get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So, possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble, are caught and kept out by this little hairy network. Then the passages of the nose are longer, and smaller, and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan, they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will go far to make you the best runner in the neighborhood.

"LITTLE BIRD WITH BOSOM RED."

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

WHEN the winds of winter blow,
And the air is thick with snow,
Drifting over hill and hollow,
Whitening all the naked trees,—
Then the bluebird and the jay
And the oriole fly away,
Where the bobolink and swallow
Flew before them at their ease.

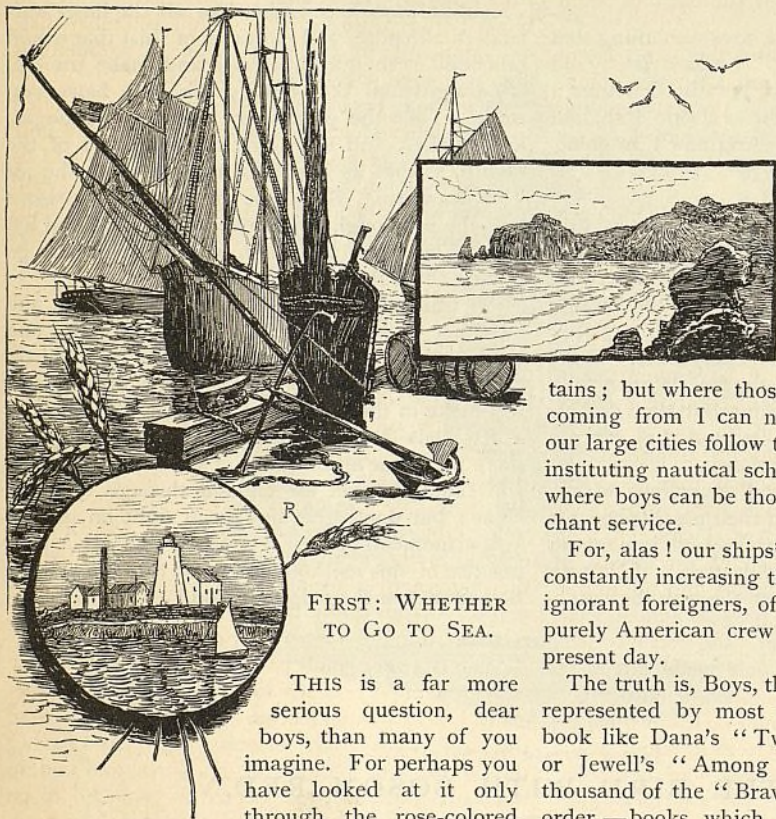
You may look, and look in vain,
For you will not see again
Any flash of blue or yellow
Flitting door and window by;
They have spread their dainty wings,
All the sunshine-loving things,
Gone to pipe away their mellow
Tunes beneath a Southern sky.

But we are not left alone,
Though the summer birds have flown,
Though the honey-bees have vanished,
And the katydids are dead;
Still a cheery ringing note
From a dear melodious throat,
Tells that winter has not banished
"Little bird with bosom red."

Pipe away, you bonny bird!
Sweeter song I never heard,
For it seems to say, Remember!
God, our Father, sits above;
Though the world is full of wrong,
Though the winter days are long,
He can fill the bleak December
With the sunshine of His love.

GOING TO SEA—A TALK WITH BOYS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

FIRST: WHETHER
TO GO TO SEA.

THIS is a far more serious question, dear boys, than many of you imagine. For perhaps you have looked at it only through the rose-colored spectacles of Mr. Cooper or Mr. Marryatt, and it may be that some have even used the more glaring ones furnished gratis by the sensational-story writer of to-day. And thus fancying that a sailor must be a sort of combined Jack Easy and Ralph Rackstraw, I know from experience how eager becomes the desire for "a life on the ocean wave." But both Cooper and Marryatt wrote of sea life as it was connected with the naval service of their day, giving only the very brightest side of the picture at that. And the naval service of then or now is as unlike the merchant service as can possibly be imagined.

The time has been when a boy with a natural aptitude for sea life could ship on board some of our American vessels, and the discipline be good for him, whether he ultimately followed the sea or not. This was when crews were made up of some, from our own sea-board towns, whose purpose in going to sea was to fit themselves for the quarter-

deck, as rapidly as good habits, energy, and application would do it. They were, as a rule, intelligent, clean-lived young men, respecting themselves, and respected by their officers, who were too wise and too upright to use toward them the language and abuse so common at the present day. From such as these sprang many of our best American cap-

tains; but where those of the next generation are coming from I can not imagine, unless more of our large cities follow the example of New York in instituting nautical school-ships like "St. Mary's," where boys can be thoroughly trained for the merchant service.

For, alas! our ships' forecastles are filled with a constantly increasing throng of vicious and grossly ignorant foreigners, of many nationalities, while a purely American crew is very seldom seen at the present day.

The truth is, Boys, that sea-going is terribly misrepresented by most nautical writers. For one book like Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," or Jewell's "Among our Sailors," there are a thousand of the "Brave Bill, the Boy Buccaneer" order,—books which represent sea-going as an adventurous, romantic, jolly sort of life, abounding in marvelous incidents by sea and land. Nothing is said of the wearying round of unpleasant tasks, of hardships most terrible, sufferings almost incredible, dangers without number, shipwreck—death. I do not wonder that boys who read these books get false views of sea life, as well as false views of life in general.

"Ah," I hear you say, "we know that there are hardships and dangers to be met with in a sailor's life; we expect them."

But bless you, Boys, while I don't mean to be impolite, I must flatly contradict you, and say that you don't know anything about it, excepting in the vaguest sort of way—excepting as you imagine yourself, on your return, saying to some of your admiring school-mates: "I tell you, fellows, it was lively times the night we lost our to'gallant-masts, and I had four fingers frost-bitten reefing topsails off Cape Horn, last December," or, "I say, my

lads, how would you like to have been in my shoes a year ago to-day, when the old 'Susan' went ashore in a living gale, and only three of us were saved out of the whole ship's company?" You may fancy such incidents interesting to recount, but their actual suffering and terror you can not begin to realize in advance.

However, my object in writing this paper is not to throw cold water on any projected sea-going, if it is honestly, knowingly, and properly entered into. But it is always a good plan to look squarely at both sides of so important a question as whether to go to sea or not.

If a boy has not some natural aptitude for a sea life, he would better by far stay at home. He may be strong, active, and courageous, and yet be entirely unfit for a sailor. And one trouble is, that boys who are attacked with "ship-fever" often mistake for aptitude what is merely inclination. Out of one hundred and forty-eight boys admitted to the "St. Mary's" nautical school, seventy-eight were discharged before the end of the year,—cured. Yet in the code of regulations for admittance to membership, it is specially stated that boys who make application "must evince some aptitude or inclination for a sea life." And I can not help thinking that if such boys could not accustom themselves to the gentle discipline and admirable routine of that most excellent nautical school, what would they have done on board the average merchant-vessel, where they certainly could not leave at the first, nor the twentieth, touch of hardship?

But beyond all this, the would-be sailor must be strong and resolute, for the system of "four hours off that you're never sure of, and four hours on, that you're always sure of" (to use Jack Tar's expression), is a most exhausting one in itself. Through day and night, storm or calm, heat or cold, at the end of the alternate four hours' sleep which the sailor may be lucky enough to get in the foul atmosphere of a dirty fore-castle, a vigorous pounding on the door summons him from his slumbers. And on shipboard one can not say in answer, "I don't feel very well—I guess I won't get up yet awhile." No, indeed. Then follow two hours at the wheel, or on the lookout, where he must attend strictly to business, though drenched, it may be, to the skin, or shivering in the most piercing of midwinter blasts. And, leaving this task, he may be sent immediately aloft, where for an hour or two longer he balances himself on a slippery foot-rope, and, clinging by his elbows to a swaying yard, battles with the stiffened, slatting canvas, his fingers benumbed, and his ears and nose almost freezing.

Through it all, or while about his ordinary duties on deck, he must accustom himself to hear

his name coupled with harsh words or reproaches, according to the fancy of those in authority over him. And I do not mean by this the extraordinary personal abuse which has been, and is occasionally at the present day, carried to such terrible lengths. On shore, one may at least defend himself from word or blow. But remember that, on shipboard, to even look your resentment is almost to take your life in your hand.

A boy may be better born and better educated than the officers over him, but the great social gulf between fore-castle and quarter-deck will seldom be bridged by kindly, never by familiar, words. And however hungry he may become for congenial companionship, he must not expect to find it in the fore-castle. Many of the sailors whom he will meet there at the present day are worse than ignorant; they are foul-mouthed and profane.

Associated with a boy's dreams of sea life is almost always the delightful hope of sight-seeing in foreign lands. But if he stays by his ship in port—the only safe thing for him to do—he is kept continually at work, from early dawn till dark. And sight-seeing in a foreign city after dark has numberless disadvantages. If he is foolish enough to leave his ship when she arrives in port, he not only loses the chance of joining her again, but the thousand allurements on every hand are almost sure to lead a boy, thus separated from all restraint, into the downward path.

Such is a very small part of the unvarnished side of merchant-service sea life, of which more especially I have written because so few boys can take the navy as a medium for sea-going. And having thus shown you some of its actualities, and finding that, after all, you have elected for yourself to go to sea, let us now look at the other question:

HOW TO GO TO SEA.

HAVING made up your mind that you are of the right sort of sailor-material, both physically and morally, and that in fact Nature has designed you for a sailor, what are your actual plans as to your proposed sea life; or, in other words, why and how are you going?

Is it "to have a good time generally," as the expression is? You will be terribly disappointed if that is all; as, also, you will be, if you are going "to see the world," in the sense of "seeing life," as some phrase it. For such generally see only the worst of life, no matter what part of the world they may be in.

Of course, I expect better things of you than would justify my asking whether you only propose to learn seamanship enough to qualify you as an

able seaman, at eighteen or twenty dollars a month. Yet I have known boys of good parentage and education to stop right there, and remain stranded



in a ship's fore-castle the rest of their days, without energy or ambition to be anything higher than a common sailor.

But, proceeding now to the other extreme, I hope you do not go on board ship with the expectation of springing at one bound from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck, or think that, once there, nothing remains but to walk around with a spy-glass under one arm, giving orders. For, if so, again you are doomed to disappointment. The gradual advancement from fore-mast-hand to second mate, first mate, and finally captain, is only attained by the most laborious and painful exertion, while the life of the ship-master himself is one from which great care and responsibility are never absent.

Well, I hear you say that none of these guesses of mine is correct—that, purposing to make the sea your profession, you mean to shun its evils, as far as you can—God helping you—and learn its duties step by step, until you have reached a captaincy. Very good. Since you have this praiseworthy end in view, I will try to tell you, in part at least, how to go to sea.

And first, no sensible boy will go without his parents' consent—that is a matter of course. I will suppose, then, your father and mother have said that, when you are sixteen or seventeen, as the case may be, you may make your trial voyage. Now, if I were you, I should fill up all my spare time with such studies and profitable reading as I could

well manage. In addition to the study of navigation, I should perfect myself in mathematics and physical geography, and get a fair knowledge of French and Spanish. I should read carefully "Maury's Sailing Directions," and also see how much general information I could get as to the laws of commerce. Not that all these are absolutely essential, but if you are really to be a sailor, you will find them wonderfully helpful.

When the time for leaving home draws near, and the question of "outfit" comes up, by all means consult some sailor friend as to clothing, etc. You will find a difference of opinion between what you think advisable to take and what he thinks necessary, but you will be wise to abide by his decision.

Mother and father will give you much tender counsel. Treasure up just as much of it as possible. The most pithy advice I ever heard came from the father of a shipmate of mine, as he and I started away from home together, on our first voyage.

"Harry," he said, "remember your earthly mother and your Heavenly Father. Try to live so that you'll not be ashamed at any moment to meet either of them. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

I might add that Harry not only heard the advice, but took it with him into the "Rochester's" fore-castle. And by sobriety, energy, hard study, and harder work, he rose in five years to be the smartest young ship-master sailing out of a "down East" port.

I presume that all boys who read this have an average share of common sense, and it is not to be supposed that any such would start off at hap-hazard to look up a ship for themselves. They will, of course, have had some friend who is interested in shipping matters, and acquainted with captains, to do this for them. Through his influence, the captain will probably promise to "keep an eye on them." But this must be taken in its most literal sense. Don't fancy for a moment—if you are one of these boys—that it suggests the remotest shadow of any favor to be shown to you. In one ship, my berth-mate, Joe, was the captain's only brother. And yet, Captain R—addressed a remark to Joe only once during an eighty days' passage; and then he told him that, if he could n't steer any straighter, he'd send another man to take his place at the wheel. We two boys thought, then, that this was pretty hard. I see now, though, that it is only a part of the wholesome discipline which helps to make the thorough seaman.

If you are fortunate in getting a good ship—and you'll know at the end of your first voyage what I mean by this—stick to her. Staying in one ship, with one captain, is the surest possible step toward advancement, if there's anything in you to advance.

But remember, besides ability you must have good, steady habits.

It may seem a small thing to run out of an evening in Liverpool or London for a glass of ale, or in Havre or Cadiz for a tumbler of red wine, but in this matter, if in no other, the captain will keep his eye on you. For no one knows better than he that the one rock on which sailor and officer alike too often make shipwreck is intemperance. And no one knows better than a captain how to appreciate the services of a thoroughly sober second or first mate—especially in port, when he himself is absent from the ship.

The boy, at his first going on board, looks with dismay at the maze of cordage above and around him. Each of the ropes, having its particular name and office, must be readily found in the darkest night. But spars, sails and rigging, braces, halyards, and running-gear, as well as learning "to knot, splice, hand, reef, and steer," are—so to speak—"object lessons," and, as such, are far more readily acquired by patient perseverance than you now imagine. I have no fear that the boy intended for a sailor will not readily learn these matters,—I am far more anxious about the things he ought not to learn.

For a ship's fore-castle will try a boy's moral worth to the very utmost. If one can carry what Mr. Hughes calls "the manliness of Christ" untarnished through his fore-castle life, I will trust him anywhere in the world. For I am sorry to say that, in almost every crew, there are some who seem to take a wicked delight in trying to make others as bad as themselves.

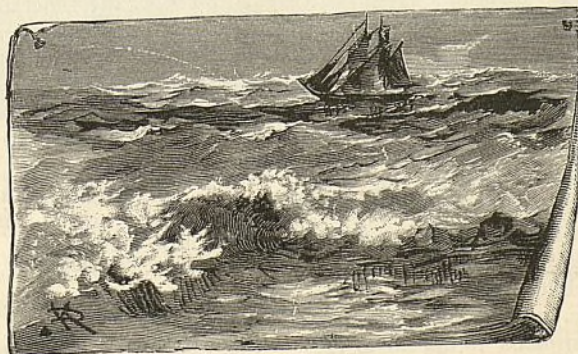
The only way to do is to show your colors at the very outset, and then nail them to the mast. Make up your mind that, come what will, Mother's teaching and Father's advice shall be your safeguard. When it is found that you can not be shaken in your stand against wrong doing and

wrong saying, you will not only be let severely alone, but you will secretly be respected. I remember a striking example of this in the case of a little Boston boy, who, though wholly unfitted by birth and natural tastes for a sailor's life, took it into his head that it would be a delightful thing to go to sea, and happened to ship in the same crew with myself. He was a delicate, pale-faced lad, with rather effeminate tastes, and as pure-minded a boy as I ever knew. But, although effeminate in some things, he was manly enough to stand out against the evil which beset him on every hand, and no coaxing, persuasion, or threats could shake his good resolutions.

"Why," said old Bolan,—a packet-sailor of thirty years,—as he spoke to me afterward on the subject, "blowed if that there little thread-paper cove 'ad n't more pluck in 'is little finger than I've got in the 'ole of this battered ol' 'ulk o' mine." It was roughly expressed, but true enough.

Don't try to ape the manners of the old sailor, especially as to his vices. It is not necessary even to learn to use tobacco in order to be a thorough seaman. But be respectful and obliging to all, so far as it is possible. And if in the crew you find some one—as is sometimes the case—who has much of good underlying his rough nature, cultivate his friendship. It will be of great value to yourself, while you may, without doubt, do him good—who shall say?

You will see, even from this imperfect showing, that not only should a sea life not be entered into lightly, but that it is well to know the wrong and the right way of entering. It is a noble profession for those who are fitted for it, and there is a strange fascination for such in its very hardships and dangers. But, truth to tell, unless I should be perfectly satisfied that a boy was well qualified for this profession, my advice to him would be that of Mr. Punch to those about to marry: "Don't."



CORNWALLIS'S BUCKLES.

By A. J. C.



I AM not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party, was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him!"

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general!"

"But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood,

with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to head-quarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British

only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.



"I WANT MY COW!"

officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General

Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

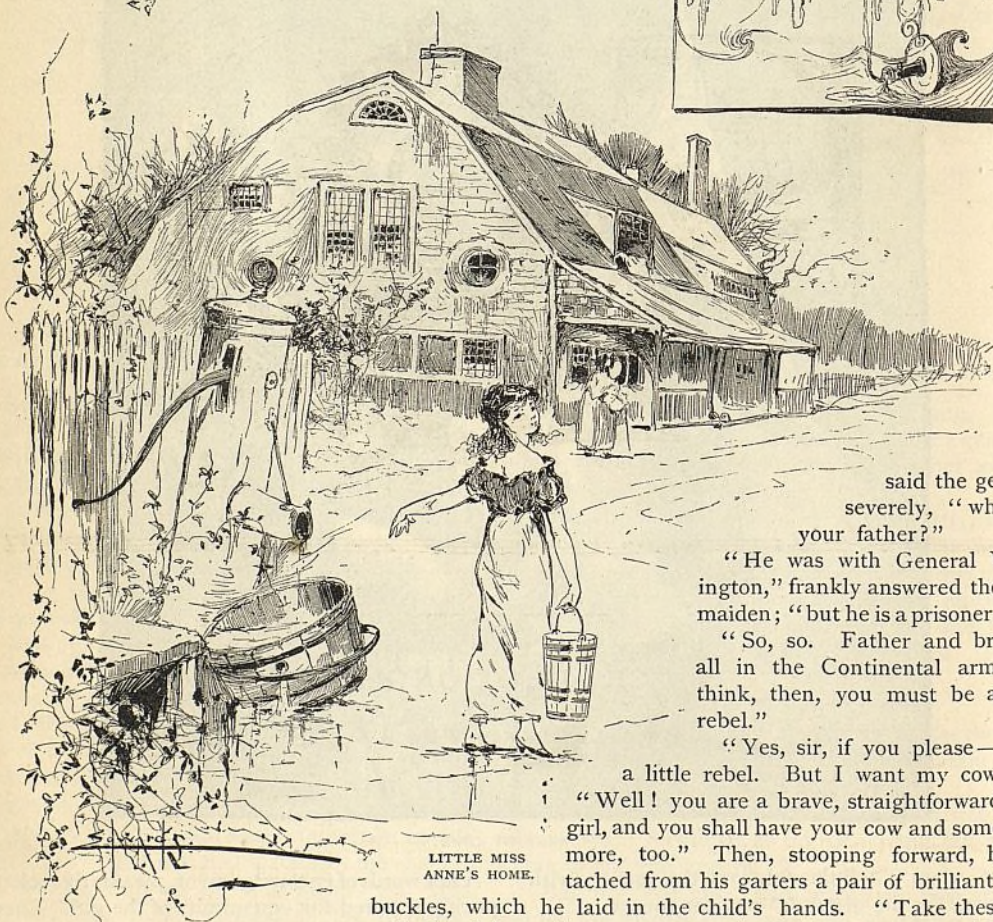
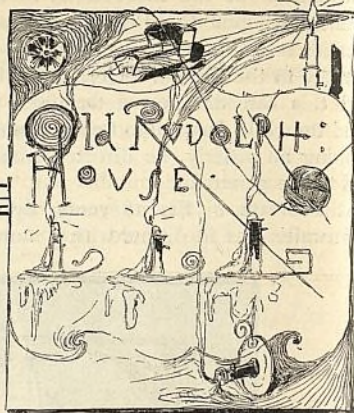
"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now,"



said the general, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well! you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-

buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe

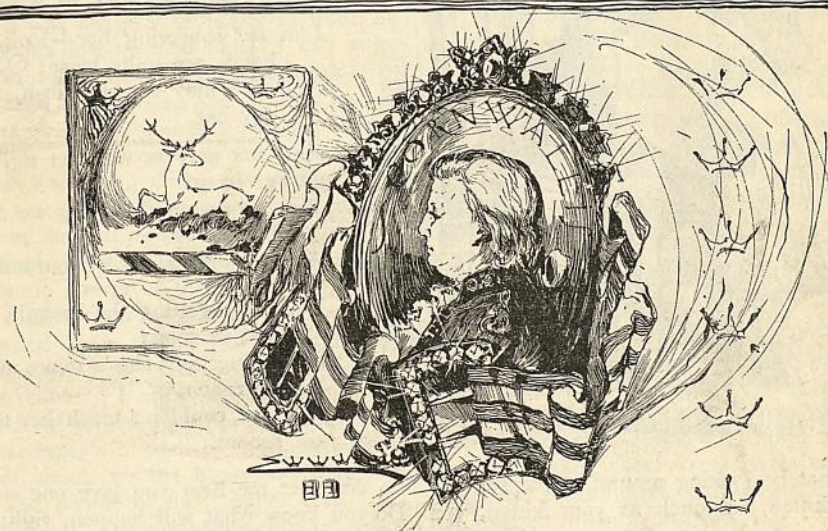
that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.

In the spring following this event, the same young lady had the pleasure of witnessing the celebrated "Meschianza," a very brilliant farewell entertainment of the British officers to Philadel-

phia, planned and carried out by the unfortunate André. Time sped on, and the little Anne grew to be a wife, a mother, and at last a widow; but many years still remained to her, and she lived to see a fourth generation of descendants, who loved to gather in a group about her arm-chair and listen to her stories of the Revolution. Then, one winter, a fall on the ice disabled her, and from that time the dear old grandmother remained on her couch.

Now, mark the indomitable spirit of this girl of the Revolution! Eighty years of age, bedridden and suffering, she would permit no watcher to

remain with her at night, not even an attendant to sleep in the same room; but with a wax candle on her table, within reach, and her knitting beside her, with which to occupy her hours of restlessness and quiet her nerves, alone she would fight through the silent watches of the night. One morning, when the attendant early entered her room, the candle was burning low in the socket, the venerable form was sitting up in the bed, knitting in hand, with the needles crossed in the act of forming a stitch,—but the heart that once beat so high and free was now still forever, and the brave spirit was at rest.



CRADLE SONG.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

To and fro,
So soft and slow,
Swingeth the baby's cradle O!
Still he lies
With laughing eyes,
And will not into Dreamland go.

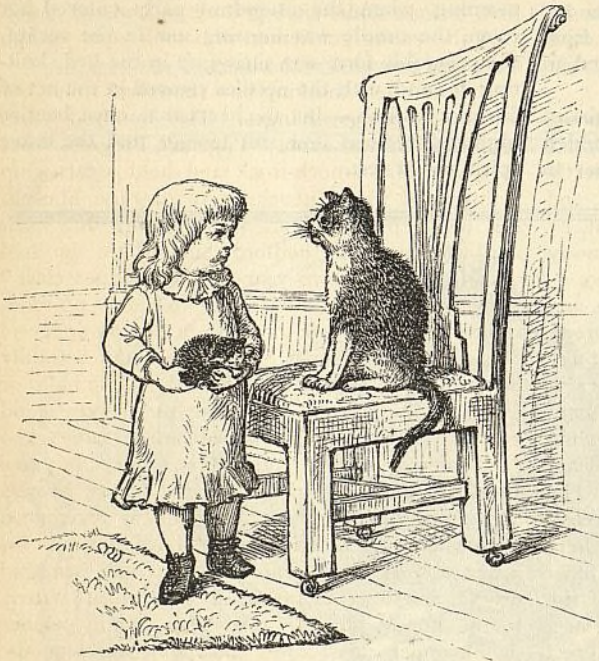
Lullaby!
The crickets cry,
The twinkling stars are in the sky.
Soft dews fall,
While robins call,
And homeward swift the swallows fly.

Sleep, oh, sleep!
In slumber deep.
Sweet dreams across thine eyes shall creep,
And all night
The soft moonlight
Within thy curtained cradle peep.

Hush! he sighs—
The laughter flies
All swiftly from his drowsy eyes.
To and fro,
More soft—more slow—
And fast asleep the baby lies.

PARTNERSHIP.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



YOU need not be looking around at me so;
 She's my kitten, as much as your kitten, you
 know,
 And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go!

You know very well that, the day she was
 found,
 If I had n't cried, she'd have surely been
 drowned,
 And you ought to be thankful she's here
 safe and sound!

She is only just crying because she's a
 goose;
 I'm *not* squeezing her—look, now!—my
 hands are quite loose;
 And she may as well hush, for it's not
 any use.

And *you* may as well get right down and
 go 'way!
 You're not in the thing we are going to
 play,
 And, remember, it is n't your half of the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made—
 and so soon!
 In the morning she's mine, and yours all
 afternoon,
 And *you* could n't teach her to eat with a
 spoon!

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.
 Do you know what will happen, right off, if you
 do?
 She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons too!

A CURIOUS DRAMA.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

IT is more than four years since I saw that quaint and touching drama arranged from the second part of "Pilgrim's Progress," by Mrs. George MacDonald, and acted by her sons and daughters, with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald. A kind invitation for me to see the play came one day, when I was obliged to answer that I had another engagement at that hour.

I was disappointed that I could not accept the invitation, for I had heard very favorable and enthusiastic accounts of the drama from those who had seen it. Besides, I was a lover of Dr. George

MacDonald and his stories—such as "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes," and "David Elginbrod." I hope the young readers of these lines have seen his lovely fairy story, "The Princess and the Goblin." You surely ought to read that, if you love a story that may be truly called heavenly for its delightfulness. And while I am about it, there is also "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood," a sweet, brave, manly story for boys, written by MacDonald, which I wish to recommend to boys whose taste is not yet spoiled by reading too much literary pepper-sauce and spicery.

It was with sincere regret, as you may believe, that I got into a cab to keep my engagement in a remote quarter of London. When I reached my destination, I found that a sudden turn in events had left me free to pass the afternoon as I pleased. There was hardly time then to drive to the mansion in Portman Square in which the drama was to be given. Luckily I found my cabman yet standing where I had discharged him, hoping, perhaps, that I should want him again.

"If you'll reach Portman Square in an hour, I'll make it right with you," I said.

At this hint of extra pay my driver sprang alertly to his seat, away up behind, seized the reins, and by the time I was fairly in my place in front, he was whirling his two-wheeled hansom cab away through the crowded streets of Eastern London.

On we dashed and twisted and turned, in and out among the vehicles, plunging into the throng of Fleet street, and thence into the roar of the Strand, through Charing Cross, past the insignificant-looking statue of Nelson on the tall column with four great lions at its base, and then bowling away, as though for dear life, through the clean, airy, aristocratic streets of the West End. The change was sudden from the poverty-stricken east, and the crowded streets of the "city," to the lofty and exclusive-looking region of Portman Square.

When the cabman landed me in front of the house in which the representation was to take place, there were carriages with coats-of-arms and liveried coachmen all about, for the house was that of a noble earl, and people of the "upper class" (as they say, frankly, in England) were coming to see *Christiana* and her children journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

The large dining-room was fitted up with a little stage, and with seats, and was quite filled, so that the hostess—a lady better known in London by her intellectual gifts and her intelligent helpfulness to the poor than by her high rank—was obliged to order chairs for the vacant spaces in the room, and two young gentlemen actually took seats on the buffet!

They say that Americans like to know the cost of everything, and it may interest you to be told that the admission fee was ten shillings and sixpence. Being an American, I was puzzled at first to know why that odd sixpence was charged. But I remembered that ten shillings and a half was just half a guinea. There is to-day no such coin as the guinea in circulation in England; yet the prices of certain articles are always counted in guineas. The guinea is a gentleman; the pound, or sovereign, is nobody in particular. You pay your domestic servant in pounds and shillings, but you buy a work of art in guineas. You purchase your

corn and flour for so many pounds; but for a fine horse you must pay in guineas. So the odd sixpence in the price of admission to the "Pilgrim's Progress" was the most natural thing in the world to an Englishman. It was a mark of entire respectability.

At last the audience is getting packed away, and even the young gentlemen who took seats on the buffet are provided with chairs.

I can not help thinking how time turns round the wheel and brings changes. Two hundred years ago, Bunyan, who wrote "*Pilgrim's Progress*," put on a wagoner's smock-frock and held a cart-whip in his hand while preaching, to disguise himself, and so keep the officers from putting him back into the wretched Bedford jail, where he had already passed twelve years. The "upper class" of that time laughed and railed at him as an ignorant tinker, who wrote in rough prose and doggerel verse. No gentleman of standing, and certainly no nobleman, ever invited him into wide halls or elegant dining-rooms. His writings were good enough rubbish for the uneducated; ladies and gentlemen of culture laughed at them. But now Bunyan's statue stands in Bedford, where he was once imprisoned, and his "*Pilgrim*" is revered everywhere; great critics write about him, and his little story is turned into a quaint and beautiful drama, and acted by the family of a favorite writer, in the houses of earls and dukes, while persons of the upper class crowd the room, and wipe the tears from their eyes as they listen to the tender words and touching passages written by the rough but inspired tinker in Bedford jail.

Time turns things round, but I am not sure that Bunyan, the "Baptist bishop," as they used to nickname him, would have gone to see *Christiana* on the stage. I am afraid that even so good a play as this would have seemed a little naughty to the good tinker. Indeed, Mrs. MacDonald does not call her arrangement a drama. It is announced, modestly, as "*Representations of Passages from the second part of Pilgrim's Progress*."

While I am thinking about this, the curtain has risen, and we are in the City of Destruction, in the house of *Christiana*, wife of *Christian*, the pilgrim, who left some time ago to make a pilgrimage. We are witness to a touching scene between the sorrowful *Christiana* and her four boys, who try to comfort her, and immediately we are made to laugh at *Mrs. Bat's-Eyes*, in green goggles, and *Mrs. Timorous*, who, coming in, seek to dissuade the family from setting out to follow *Christian*.

Mercy, another neighbor, joins *Christiana* and her boys, and, laughed at by their neighbors, they set forth together to seek the heavenly city.

One of the most striking scenes and some of the

finest acting come when *Mercy* is left outside, while the rest are received at the Wicket Gate. In this scene, *Christiana* was the realization of motherly sweetness and heavenly grace, while the part of *Mercy* was a perfect picture of maidenly simplicity, sincerity, and earnestness. Her alternations of hope and despair moved the audience deeply.

The parts borne by the sons of the family were also excellent. One whose acting particularly impressed me will assist no more in the drama—the noble youth has himself been called by the King's messenger to the other side of the river.

The scenes in the House Beautiful are in Bunyan's most poetic vein, and their spirit is charmingly preserved in the dramatic arrangement of Mrs. MacDonald, who takes the part of *Prudence*.

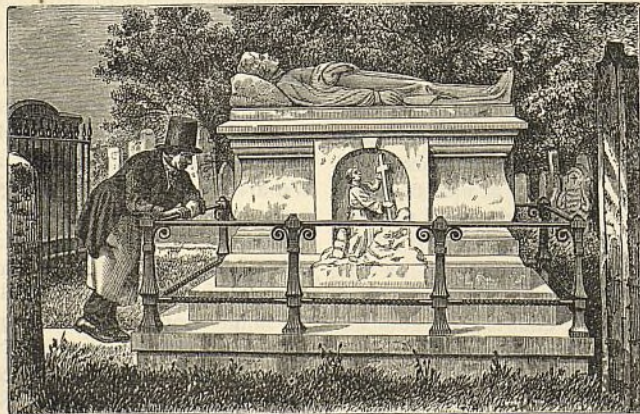
Mr. MacDonald did not intend to take a part himself; but, when he saw the play given, he was so much pleased with it that he consented to act in the part of *Greatheart*, and thus the family act all together in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Dr. MacDonald, indeed, has no need to feign. Nature made him a *Greatheart*, and he only acts out himself. It adds to the quaintness of the piece to find *Greatheart* speaking with a distinct Scotch burr. Mr. MacDonald also took the part of *Evangelist*, who appears only in the first scene. And I am told that in later representations a strong impression has been made by his appearance in this part, clad in a peculiar robe of gold-colored satin cloth. For, indeed, his looks would become a prophet or heavenly messenger.

In the fifth part the play reached its climax. *Old Mr. Honesty* and the good brother *Ready-to-Halt* were both amusing and pathetic in their goings-on and their takings-off. But when *Christiana* came to bid adieu to her children, and to her companion, *Mercy*, the simple, human feeling, expressed by

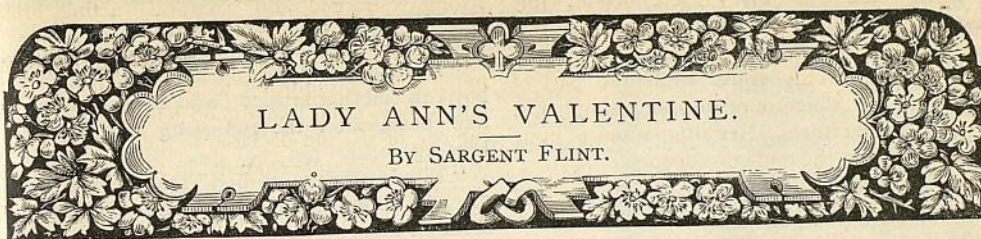
strong, restrained, and "natural" acting, brought tears to all eyes, and I heard many sobs. A gentleman sitting near me, who did not believe much in the attempting to put a religious subject into a play, cried like a good fellow along with all the rest of us, and declared to me that there probably was not another family in all England whose members possessed such deep religious feeling joined with such rare acting ability. I met another gentleman, a few days later, who was a friend of Mr. MacDonald's family, but who could not bear to see the drama, because it moved him to tears. You know that a man does hate to cry!

All good things have an end, and the audience slowly passed to the street through the wide hall. With true English hospitality, a table had been spread in an anteroom, and each person was courteously invited by a servant to stop and take coffee. I mention these little things because they will interest many young readers whose life and circumstances are very different from the life in a great European capital like London.

Dr. MacDonald's family were living at that time in a pleasant house overlooking the Thames, near Hammersmith bridge. The house had a deep garden behind it, and a pleasant yard full of shrubbery in front. It will amuse the young American readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* to be told that, to enter this and most other houses of its kind in the suburbs of London and other European cities, one must ring at the gate and be admitted through the high wall or fence by a "wicket gate," or something corresponding to it. The MacDonalds no longer live at Hammersmith, but have now a house in the Riviera, the pleasantest coast in Italy. They return to England every now and then, and when they are in England the "Pilgrim's Progress" is in great request. I heard that it was given nine times there in the early part of last summer.



TOMB OF JOHN BUNYAN, IN BUNHILL FIELDS CEMETERY,
LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE snow lay heavy upon hill and valley. The wind had ceased, and in unsheltered places the sun had turned the snow into little rivulets, that ran merrily away from their starting-points.

"Good-morning, Peedee, and may thy choice be a happy one," said one little bird to another, as he flew down upon the glittering snow.

"The same blessing to yourself, Peeree, and thank God for a pleasant Fourteenth," returned Peedee.

"I thank God," said Peeree, "although I could choose my mate to-day, even if there were no sunlight to help me."

"Well said, friend; and where do you think of building?"

"I am looking about."

"Try an elm near Squire Johnson's back door. I shall build near there, God willing."

"The very spot I selected!" cried Peeree; "but the mate I would choose happened to see the new moon over her left wing as she went the first time to visit it."

"And wilt thou give it up for that, Peeree?"

"I have visited it often by myself, Peedee; the house-dog talks in his sleep."

"Be frank! Tell me all, dear friend. I would not build in an unlucky place."

"I had it all from the house-dog that talks in his sleep."

"Yes, yes. Does he dream of cats, or of boys who can climb?"

"Nay, nay! The old Squire keeps no cats, but he is a cruel man, I trow. Think you, Peedee, that a man who will not visit his own folk, but drives them from his door, would save a crumb for birds?"

"If this be true, Peeree, I've heard it in good time. I saw the grand old trees, and did forget the crumbs; but more than grub or crumb, I seek a peaceful spot."

"Then follow me, Peedee."

And the two birds spread their wings, and flew away.

When they alighted, it was before the door of a very humble little house, with blue painted steps.

"What is that round bundle with a red top, on the steps?" asked Peedee.

"Round bundle indeed!" returned Peeree, indignantly. "Why, that's Lady Ann herself!"

Just then the round bundle turned about, and Peedee saw a plump little girl, with a red hood of coarse flannel upon her head, and shining rubber boots upon her feet.

The sun had had his own way here, for the melted snow was trickling rapidly away in many little streams down the blue steps. Lady Ann tried to stop it by planting her small, almost round, foot firmly in its way; but the melted snow, with a gurgle of delight, shot around the toe and heel of the small rubber boot, and sped onward in its course. Perhaps there was something in its perseverance that touched Lady Ann, for, like many a persecutor before her, she suddenly turned reformer, and could hardly sweep the melting flakes fast enough down the steps with her tiny broom toward the snow below.

As she stopped a moment to rest, a red pung, with heavy bells, drove up to the gate, and a merry, boyish voice sang out: "Lady Ann, wilt thou be mine, and may I call thee Valentine?"

With a joyful little cry, Lady Ann threw down her broom: "Oh, Billy, Billy! Mamma has gone to carry home the sewing, but I can open the door. Did you bring me anything, Billy?"

"Ah! Lady Ann," said Billy, with a pathetic shake of his stubby old whip, "although I get up by the light of a lantern, take down shutters, and sweep out the store, carry sugar and tea, from morn till dewy eve, to say nothing of slow molasses on cold mornings, and all for two dollars per week, and eat off myself, yet would I have it known that on St. Valentine's day no grocery-man in all Brookfield brings his lady so fine a valentine as I!"

"What is a waluntine, Billy?"

He looked down at her, with a wise, explanatory expression upon his broad, freckled face. "A *waluntine*, Lady Ann, is a—a—well, if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two, and I send you a waluntine. No, that is n't quite right, because I might be violently attached to you,

and you not be able to resipercate my affections, as some of 'em say, but still I might send you a waluntine—see?"

"Well, what is it, Billy?"

"It's a softener," said Billy.

"A softener!" she repeated. "Let me see it."

He handed her a valentine he could ill afford to buy.

"Why, it's a pretty letter, with flowers and birds on it! Oh, you good Billy!"

"I hope the 'sentiment,' as they call it, is all right," he said. "I had n't time to read it. I'm off now to carry sugar and flour to Squire Johnson's; may the flour make heavy bread, and the sugar sweeten less than sand. Your grandfather is a double-dyed villain; did you know it, Lady Ann?"

"I—w-i-l-l," said Lady Ann, spelling out the words on her valentine.

"He is a scoundrel, Lady Ann!"

"Is he?" she said, mildly. "A little girl told me he would chase me away if I went to his house; but I don't want to go to his house."

"He would n't."

"Why not?" she said, indifferently.

"'Cause he could n't."

"Can't he run?"

"No."

"Has he broke his foot?" Lady Ann's tone had a slight touch of sympathy.

"No," said Billy, as he took up the reins, "but he is sick. When folks lock their doors on their own children, and then swallow the key, it 'most generally makes 'em sick."

"Billy!" exclaimed Lady Ann, "has Grandpa swallowed a key?"

"Yes, and it lies heavy," said Billy, "and good enough for him. Rich as he is, no one will send him a waluntine to-day, Lady Ann."

"Say, Billy——"

But the red pung, with its heavy bells, had gone on its way.

Left alone, Lady Ann gave up the spelling and kept thinking to herself: "Billy says my grandpa has swallowed a key, and no matter if his pocket is full of money, nobody will send him a waluntine, even if he is sick!"

Looking through the snow-laden trees, she could see the great house where her grandfather lived. She opened the valentine, smelt at one of the painted roses, and kissed the two doves that looked out at her. Simple little Lady Ann! At the same moment there came into her thoughts the few words her mother had taught her to say every night in her prayer for her grandfather, whose hand she had never touched.

"He *shall* have a waluntine!" she said, firmly,

and the stubby little boots started up the hill as fast as her fat baby legs could propel them.

"Dost thou suppose, Peeree, that yonder horrid boy can call that music?" said Peedee, as the birds flew back, after the red pung was well out of hearing.

"Billy's ears are so big," said Peeree, "that a fine, bird-like sound might be lost in traveling through them; but his heart moves as quickly as a bird's. There would have been no valentine for little Lady Ann to-day if Billy had forgotten her."

"See!" said Peedee. "The Lady Ann is trudging fast away, and she has not thrown us a crumb."

"And hast thou earned thy crumb, Peedee? Come, let us fly fast before her and tell the house-dog she is coming, that he may have a care of her."

"Why need we haste, Peeree? Short legs travel but slowly through deep snow."

"Aye; but a warm heart breaketh a path like the sun, Peedee."

By the time Lady Ann reached the great house, her breath came very fast, and she was obliged to sit down on the stone steps to rest. As she sat there, a huge dog came and rubbed his cold nose on her red cheek and wagged his tail most politely. When she was rested, she walked up and down the wide piazza and looked in through the long windows. There, at last, the housekeeper saw her, came out, and told her gently to go away. "Are you not little Ann?" she said. "The Squire is in pain to-day, and if he should see you he would be very angry."

"The key hurts him very much," thought Lady Ann, but she said: "Here is a waluntine for him; will you put it in his hand?"

"I dare not, little Ann," said the woman.

"Why?" said Lady Ann, in wild astonishment.

"Don't you dare give him a waluntine, big though you are! Then let me go in."

"Well, then, come in," said the housekeeper, kindly, adding under her breath, "may be, good will come of it."

With the house-dog close following at her heels, and her "waluntine" so tightly clutched that the doves and flowers within were sadly mixed, little Lady Ann, for the first time, entered her grandfather's house.

In a great chair before the open fire of his own room sat the Squire, with his head back and his eyes closed.

"This is Mary's child," said the old dog, coming in before Lady Ann, as if he felt called upon to introduce her. And then he thought within himself: "This child's mother fed me when I was a pup. Should a dog remember better than his master?"

It may be the Squire understood him, for he raised his cane high in the air, and cried sternly: "Begone, sir!" But when he saw the round little figure of Lady Ann, he dropped the cane, pulled down the gold spectacles from the top of his head, and stared at her without a word. And as she advanced and placed the valentine upon the old man's knee, the house-dog followed close behind her, wagging his tail slowly.

"What is this?" demanded the crusty Squire, knitting his brows. "A waluntine," said she, not without a small pang, thought of the beautiful doves and flowers, now lost to her forever. "What 's a 'waluntine'?" he asked, looking down at her bright little face.

"A waluntine is a softener," she said instantly, rather proud that she had not forgotten Billy's definition.



LADY ANN ADVANCED AND PLACED THE VALENTINE UPON THE OLD MAN'S KNEE.

"A *what*?" exclaimed the Squire, frowning fiercely. "A *softener*," said Lady Ann, not at all afraid, and sure that the word must mean something very nice. And then she added, in a coaxing tone: "Read it." God seldom closes every channel to an old man's heart. Proud, unforgiving, even cruel sometimes, the old Squire still had a rare sense of the ridiculous, and he read aloud:

"I will not part from thee, I will not let thee free,
Till thou dost promise me my Valentine to be."

When he had read these lines, and looked over the top of the valentine, and when he saw the small Lady Ann sitting before the fire, he wondered if she meant to sit there until he had promised. He thought he saw a patient determination in every feature, not excepting the stubby rubber boot which

persistently pointed at him, on account of its owner being obliged to hold it up across the other to rest the little short legs which had trudged so far to give him pleasure. He never could tell just how it was—he only knew he laughed as he had not laughed for years, which opened the one channel to his heart so wide that, almost before he knew it, the little Lady Ann went drifting in, coarse red hood, rubber boots, and all!

"What name do you bear?" he asked, as he wiped away the tears that followed the laugh.

"My name?" she said, laughing too.

"Yes, what name does your—what do they call you?"

"Ann."

"Just Ann, plain Ann?" he said. "No i-e's nor e-y's?"

"Billy calls me Lady Ann," she answered.

"Aye! that beggar Billy. I know him—drives Stone's grocery-wagon. When I see him, he shall feel my cane on his back."

"What, Billy! my Billy! Why he gave me the valentine!"

"Oh, he did, did he? Told you to fetch it to me, may be."

"No, he did n't, but he told me you would n't have any, and he told me about the key."

"What key, child? Billy seems very well informed about me—knows more than I myself."

"He said you locked all your doors and swallowed the key, and it hurt you—but I guess now that he just said it for fun—but I b'lieved him—at first." She shrugged her small shoulders, laughed, and looked up at the Squire as if she felt quite willing that he, as well as herself, should enjoy her simple confidence in Billy.

"Well, I almost believe the young scamp was half-right, Lady Ann; for when we turn the key against our own, it rusts in the heart in spite of ourselves, and that makes pain."

Lady Ann smiled cheerfully, and rubbed her boots, polishing first one and then the other with her bright mitten. What had she to do with anything so old as pain in the heart?

The winter sunshine flooded the room. The old dog slept by the fire, and did not even talk in his sleep.

"Go home, little Ann," said the Squire, "and take this bunch of keys to—to Mary, your mother, and tell her they unlock every door of her home! But, Lady Ann—*hang your father!* Yet hold, child, a moment; you need not say that."

"No," said Lady Ann, with the same cheerful smile; "I wont say that."

When the merry sun went down, Lady Ann was sleeping in the great house. Two queer-looking rubber boots rested, after their day's work, before the fire. When one fell, as if it missed a little round foot and stout leg and could not stand without them, the grandfather set it right again, and laughed in spite of the pain it cost him to move. The house-dog opened his eye just enough to see that Lady Ann's crushed "valentine" still lay in the old Squire's hand.

"I tell thee, Peedee, I had it all from the dog—all straight from the dog, and not in his sleep."

"Then tell me again, if thou wilt, Peerec, for if the spot be pure and free from selfish anger, I should like naught so well as that thou shouldst build near me."

"May our children be friends, Peedee."

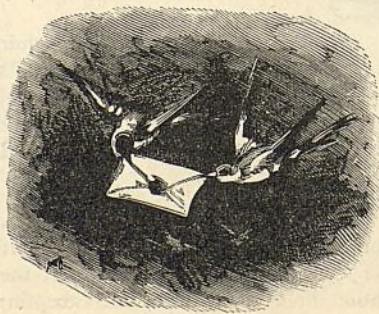
"You say the Squire forgives all, and peace dwells in the house; but will you not tell me, Peerec, what made all the trouble at first?"

"Ah! Peedee, Peedee! When the sun shines so bright, is it a bird that would ask the reason of a storm that is all over? Why, Peedee!"

"Thou dost ever chide one so gently, Peerec; but answer me this: would the Squire have opened his heart so wide had the child not been called for *his own mother?*"

"Dost thou not see fresh crumbs at the kitchen door, Peerec?"

"Thank God for this happy Fourteenth, Peedee! And may Mrs. Peerec, that is to be, never see the new moon over her left wing any more!"





THE WINTER OF LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

I HAD many times seen pictures of battle-fields and had often read about them, but the most terrible scenes of carnage my boyish imagination had ever figured fell far short of the dreadful reality as I beheld it after the great battle of the war. It was the evening of Sunday, July 5, 1863, when, at the sug-

gestion of Andy, we took our way across the breast-works, stone fences, and redoubts to look over the battle-field. Our shattered brigade had been mainly on reserve during the last three days; and as we made our way through the troops lying in our front, and over the defenses of stone and earth and ragged rocks, the scene among our troops was one for the pencil of a great artist.

Scattered about irregularly were groups of men discussing the battle and its results, or relating

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exciting incidents and adventures of the fray; here, one fellow pointing out bullet-holes in his coat or cap, or a great rent in the sleeve of his blouse made by a flying piece of shell; there, a man laughing as he held up his crushed canteen, or showed his tobacco-box with a hole in the lid and a bullet among his "fine cut"; yonder, knots of men frying steaks and cooking coffee about the fire, or making ready for sleep.

Before we pass beyond our own front line, evidences of the terrible carnage of the battle environ us on all sides. Fresh, hastily dug graves are there, with rude head-boards telling the poor fellows' names and regiments; yonder, a tree on whose smooth bark the names of three Confederate generals, who fell here in the gallant charge, have been carved by some thoughtful hand. The trees round about are chipped by the balls and stripped almost bare by the leaden hail, while a log-house near by in the clearing has been so riddled with shot and shell that scarcely a whole shingle is left to its roof.

But sights still more fearful await us as we step out beyond the front line, pick our way carefully among the great rocks, and walk down the slope to the scene of the fearful charge. The ground has been soaked with the recent rains, and the heavy mist which hangs like a pall over the field, together with the growing darkness, renders objects but indistinctly visible and all the more ghastly. As the eye ranges over so much of the field as the shrouding mist allows us to see, we behold a scene of destruction terrible indeed, if ever there was one in all this wide world! Dismounted gun-carriages, shattered caissons, knapsacks, haversacks, muskets, bayonets, accouterments, scattered over the field in wildest confusion,—horses (poor creatures!) dead and dying,—and, worst and most awful of all, dead men by the hundreds! Most of the men in blue have been buried already, and the pioneers yonder in the mist are busy digging trenches for the poor fellows in gray.

As we pass along, we stop to observe how thickly they lie, here and there, like grain before the scythe in summer-time,—how firmly some have grasped their guns, with high, defiant looks,—and how calm are the countenances of others in their last solemn sleep; while more than one has clutched in his stiffened fingers a piece of white paper, which he waved, poor soul, in his death-agony, as a plea for quarter, when the great wave of battle had receded and left him there, mortally wounded, on the field.

I sicken of the dreadful scene,—can endure it no longer,—and beg Andy to "Come away! Come away! It's too awful to look at any more!"

And so we get back to our place in the breast-works with sad, heavy hearts, and wonder how we ever could have imagined war so grand and gallant a thing when, after all, it is so horribly wicked and cruel. We lie down—the thirteen of us that are left in the company—on a big flat rock, sleeping without shelter, and shielding our faces from the drizzling rain with our caps as best we may, thinking of the dreadful scene in front there, and of the sad, heavy hearts there will be all over the land for weary years, till kindly sleep comes to us with sweet forgetfulness of all.

Our clothes were damp with the heavy mists and drizzling rain when we awoke next morning, and hastily prepared for the march off the field and the long pursuit of the foe through the waving grain-fields of Maryland. Having cooked our coffee in our blackened tin cups, and roasted our slices of fresh beef, stuck on the end of a ramrod and thrust into the crackling fires, we were ready in a moment for the march, for we had but little to pack up.

Straight over the field we go, through that valley of death where the heavy charging had been done, and thousands of men had been swept away, line after line, in the mad and furious tempest of the battle. Heavy mists still overhang the field, even dumb Nature seeming to be in sympathy with the scene, while all around us, as we march along, are sights at which the most callous turn faint. Interesting enough we find the evidences of conflict, save only where human life is concerned.

We stop to wonder at the immense furrow yonder which some shell has plowed up in the ground, we call one another's attention to a caisson shivered to atoms by an explosion, or to a tree cut clean off by a solid shot, or bored through and through by a shell. With pity we contemplate the poor artillery horses hobbling, wounded and mangled, about the field, and we think it a mercy to shoot them as we pass. But the dead men! Hundreds of torn and distorted bodies yet on the field, although thousands already lie buried in the trenches. Even the roughest and rudest among us marches awed and silent, as he is forced to think of the terrible suffering endured in this place, and of the sorrow and tears there will be among the mountains of the North, and the rice-fields of the far-off South.

We were quiet, I remember,—very quiet,—as we marched off that great field; and not only then, but for days afterward, as we tramped through the pleasant fields of Maryland. We had little to say, and we all were pretty busily thinking. Where were the boys who, but a week before, had marched with us through those same fragrant fields, blithe as a sunshiny morn in May? And so, as I have told you, when those young ladies and gentlemen came out to the end of that Maryland village to

meet and cheer us after the battle, as they had met and cheered us before it, we did not know how heavy-hearted we were until, in response to their song of "Rally round the Flag, Boys," some one proposed three cheers for them. But the cheers would not come. Somehow, after the first hurrah, the other two stuck in our throats or died away soundless on the air. And so we only said: "God bless you, young friends: but we can't cheer to-day, you see!"

CHAPTER X.

THROUGH "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

OUR course now lay through Maryland, and we performed endless marches and countermarches over turnpikes, and through field and forest.

After crossing South Mountain,—but stop, I just *must* tell you about that—it will take but a paragraph or two. South Mountain Pass we entered one July evening, after a drenching rain, on the Middletown side, and marched along through that deep mountain gorge, with a high cliff on either side and a delightful stream of fresh water flowing along the road, emerging on the other side at the close of day. Breaking off the line of march by the right flank, we suddenly crossed the stream and were ordered up the mountain-side in the gathering darkness. We climbed very slowly at first, and more slowly still as the darkness deepened and the path grew steeper and more difficult. At about nine o'clock, orders were given to "sleep on arms," and then, from sheer fatigue, we all fell sound asleep, some lying on the rocks, some sitting bolt upright against the trees, some stretched out at full length on beds of moss or clumps of bushes.

What a magnificent sight awaited us the next morning! Opening our eyes at peep o' day, we found ourselves high up on top of a mountain-bluff overlooking the lovely valley about Boonesboro. The rains were past; the sun was just beginning to break through the clouds; great billows of mist were rolling up from the hollows below, where we could catch occasional glimpses of the movements of troops,—cavalry dashing about in squads, and infantry marching in solid columns. What may have been the object of sending us up that mountain, or what the intention in ordering us to fell the trees from the mountain-top and build breastworks hundreds of feet above the valley, I have never learned. That one morning amid the mists of the mountain, and that one grand view of the lovely valley beneath, were to my mind sufficient reason for being there.

Refreshed by a day's rest on the mountain-top, we march down into the valley on the 10th, exhilarated by the sweet, fresh mountain air, as well as by the prospect, as we suppose, of a speedy

end being put to this cruel war. For we know that the enemy is somewhere crossing the swollen Potomac back into Virginia, in a crippled condition, and we are sure he will be finally crushed in the next great battle, which can not now be many hours distant. And so we march leisurely along, over turnpikes and through grain-fields, on the edge of one of which, by and by, we halt in line of battle, stack arms, and, with three cheers, rush in a line for a stake-and-rider fence, with the rails of which we are to build breastworks. It is wonderful how rapidly that Maryland farmer's fence disappears! Each man seizing a rail, the fence literally walks off, and in less than fifteen minutes it re-appears in the shape of a compact and well-built line of breastworks.

But scarcely is the work completed when we are ordered into the road again, and up this we advance a half-mile or so, and form in line on the left of the road and on the skirt of another wheat-field. We are about to stack arms and build a second line of works, when—

Z-i-p! z-i-p! z-i-p!

Ah! It is music we know right well by this time! Three light puffs of smoke rise yonder in the wheat-field, a hundred yards or so away, where the enemy's pickets are lying concealed in the tall grain. Three balls go singing merrily over my head—intended, no doubt, for the Lieutenant who is Acting-adjutant, and who rides immediately in front of me, with a bandage over his forehead, but who is too busy forming the line to give much heed to his danger.

"We'll take you out o' that grass a-hopping, you long-legged rascals!" shouts Pointer, as the command is given:

"Deploy to right and left, as skirmishers,"—while a battery of artillery is brought up at a gallop, and the guns are trained on a certain red barn away across the field, from which the enemy's sharp-shooters are picking off our men.

Bang! Hur-r-r! Boom! One, two, three, four shells go crashing through the red barn, while the shingles and boards fly like feathers and the sharp-shooters pour out from it in wild haste. The pickets are popping away at one another out there along the field and in the edge of the wood beyond; the enemy is driven in and retreats, but we do not advance, and the expected battle does not come off after all, as we had hoped it would. For, in the great war-council held about that time, as we afterward learned, our generals, by a close vote, have decided not to risk a general engagement, but to let the enemy get back into Virginia again, crippled indeed, but not crushed, as every man in the ranks believes he well might be.

As we step on the swaying pontoons to recross

the Potomac into old Virginia, there are murmurs of disappointment all along the line.

"Why did n't they let us fight? We could have thrashed them now, if ever we could. We are tired of this everlasting marching and counter-marching up and down, and we want to fight it out and be done with it."

But for all our feelings and wishes, we are back again on the south side of the river, and the column of blue soon is marching along gayly enough among the hills and pleasant fields about Waterford.

We did not go very fast nor very far those hot July days, because we had very little to eat. Somehow or other our provision trains had lost their reckoning, and in consequence we were left to subsist as best we could. We were a worn, haggard-looking, hungry, ragged set of men. As for me—out at knee and elbow, my hair sticking out in tufts through holes in the top of my hat, my shoes in shreds, and my haversack empty—I must have presented a forlorn appearance, indeed. Fortunately, however, blackberries were ripe and plentiful. All along the road and all through the fields, as we approached Warrenton, these delicious berries hung on the vines in great luscious clusters. Yet, blackberries for supper and blackberries for breakfast give a man but little strength for marching under a July sun all day long. So Corporal Harter and I thought, as we sat one morning in a clover-field where we were resting for the day, busy boiling a chicken at our camp-fire.

"Where did you get that chicken, Corporal?" said I.

"Well, you see, Harry, I did n't steal her, and I did n't buy her, neither. Late last night, while we were crossing that creek, I heard some fellow say he had carried that old chicken all day since morning, and she was getting too heavy for him, and he was going to throw her into the creek; and so I said I'd take her, and I did, and carried her all night, and here she is now in the pan, sizzling away, Harry."

"I'm afraid, Corporal, this is a fowl trick."

"Fair or fowl, we'll have a good dinner, anyway."

With an appetite ever growing keener as we caught savory whiffs from the steaming mess-pan, we piled up the rails on the fire and boiled the biddy, and boiled, and boiled, and boiled her from morn till noon and from noon to night, and could n't eat her then, she was so tough!

"May the dogs take the old grizzle-gizzard! I'm not going to break my teeth on this old buzzard any more," shouted the corporal, as he flung the whole cartilaginous mass into a pile of brush near by. "It was a fowl trick, after all, Harry, was n't it?"

Thus it chanced that, when we marched out of

Warrenton early one sultry summer morning, we started with empty stomachs and haversacks, and marched on till noon with nothing to eat. Halting then in a wood, we threw ourselves under the trees, utterly exhausted. About three o'clock, as we lay there, a whole staff of officers came riding down the line—the Quartermaster-General of the Army of the Potomac and staff, they said it was. Just the very man we wanted to see! Then broke forth such a yell from hundreds of famished men as the Quartermaster-General had probably never heard before nor ever wished to hear again:

"Hard-tack!"

"Coffee!"

"Pork!"

"Beef!"

"Sugar!"

"Salt!"

"Pepper!"

"Hard-tack! Hard-tack!"

The Quartermaster and Staff put their spurs to their horses and dashed away in a cloud of dust, and at last, about night-fall, we got something to eat.

By the way, this reminds me of an incident that occurred on one of our long marches; and I tell it just to show what sometimes is the effect of short rations.

We drummer-boys were, by the colonel's orders, put in the care of our regimental surgeon,—a man far too old, nervous, and peevish for the service. He established his quarters a short distance to the rear of the breastworks, on the bank of a little stream, and here we pitched our tents. Rations were getting scarce, for we were in an immense forest,—a continuation, indeed, of that great "Wilderness" in which we saw another fight one year later. The roads were bad, transportation was difficult, and we were putting ourselves on short allowance.

"I wish I had some meat, Harry," said Pete Grove, anxiously inspecting the contents of his haversack; "I'm awful hungry for meat."

"Well, Pete," said I, "I saw some jumping around here pretty lively a while ago. May be you could catch it."

"Meat jumping around here? Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, frogs to be sure—frogs, Pete. Did you never eat frogs?"

"Bah! I think I'd be a great deal hungrier than I am now, ever to eat a frog! Ugh! No, indeed! But where is he? I'd like the fun of hunting him, anyhow."

So saying, he loaded his revolver and we sallied forth along the stream, and Pete, who was a good marksman, in a short time had laid out Mr. Froggy at the first shot.

"Now, Pete, we'll skin him, and you shall have a feast fit for a king."

So, putting the meat into a tin cup with a little water, salt, and pepper, boiling it for a few minutes, and breaking some hard-tack into it when done, I set it before him, being myself still too feverish to eat. I need hardly say that when he had once tasted the dish he speedily devoured it, and when he had devoured it, he looked up his revolver and hunted frogs for the rest of that afternoon.

Drum and fife have more to do with the discipline of an army than an inexperienced person would imagine. The drum is the tongue of the camp. It wakes the men in the morning, mounts the guard, announces the dinner-hour, gives a peculiar charm to dress-parade in the evening, and calls the men to quarters with its pleasant tattoo at night. For months, however, we had had no drums. Ours had been lost, with our knapsacks, at Gettysburg. [And I will here pause to say that if any good friend across the border has in his possession a snare-drum with the name and regiment of the writer clearly marked on the inside of the body, and will return the same to the owner thereof, he will confer no small favor, and will be overwhelmed with an ocean of thanks!]

We did not know how really important a thing a drum is until, one late September day, we were ordered to prepare for a dress-parade—a species of regimental luxury in which we had not indulged since the early days of June.

"Major, you don't expect us drummer-boys to turn out, do you?"

"Certainly. And why not, my boy?"

"Why, we have no drums, Major!"

"Well, your fifers have fifes, have n't they? We'll do without the drums; but you must all turn out, and the fifers can play."

So, when we stood drawn up in line on the parade-ground among the woods and the order was given:

"Parade, rest! Troop, beat off!"—

Out we drummers and fifers wheeled from the head of the line, with three shrill fifes screaming out the rolls, and started at a slow march down the line, while every man in the ranks grinned, and we drummer-boys laughed and the officers joined us, until at last the whole line, officers and men alike, broke out into loud haw-haws at the sight. The fifers could n't whistle for laughing, and the major ordered us all back to our places when only half down the line, and never even attempted another parade until a full supply of brand-new drums arrived for us from Washington.

Then the major picked out mine for me, I remember, and it proved to be the best in the lot.

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

WHAT glorious camp-fires we used to have in the fall of that year! It makes one rub his hands together yet, just to think of them. The nights were getting cold and frosty, so that it was impossible to sleep under our little shelters with comfort; and so half the night was spent around the blazing fires at the ends of the company streets.

I always took care that there should be a blazing good fire for our little company, anyhow. My duties were light, and left me time which I found I could spend with pleasure in swinging an ax. Hickory and white-oak saplings were my favorites; and with these cut into lengths of ten feet and piled up as high as my head on wooden fire-dogs, what a glorious crackle we would have by midnight! Go out there what time of night you might please,—and you were pretty sure to go out to the fire three or four times a night, for it was too bitterly cold to sleep in the tent more than an hour at a stretch,—you would always find a half-dozen of the boys sitting about the fire on logs, smoking their pipes, telling yarns, or singing odd catches of song. As I recall those weird night-scenes of army life,—the blazing fire, the groups of swarthy men gathered about, the thick darkness of the forest where the lights and shadows danced and played all night long, and the rows of little white tents covered with frost,—it looks quite poetical in the retrospect; but I fear it was sometimes prosy enough in the reality.

"If you fellows would stop your everlasting arguing there, and go out and bring in some wood, it would be a good deal better; for if we don't have a big camp-fire to night we'll freeze in this snow-storm."

So saying, Pointer threw down the butt-end of a pine sapling he had been half-dragging, half-carrying out of the woods in the edge of which we were to camp, and, ax in hand, fell to work at it with a will.

There was, indeed, some need of following Pointer's good advice, for it was snowing fast and was bitterly cold. It was Christmas Eve, 1863, and here we were with no protection but our little shelters pitched on the hard, frozen ground.

Why did we not build winter quarters, do you ask? Well, we had already built two sets of winter quarters, and had been ordered out of them in both instances to take part in some expedition or other; and it was a little hard to be houseless and homeless at this merry season of the year, when folks up North were having such happy times, was n't it?

But it is wonderful how elastic the spirits of a soldier are, and how jolly he can be under the most adverse circumstances.

"Well, Pointer, they had n't any business to put me out of the mess. That was a mean trick, any way you take it."

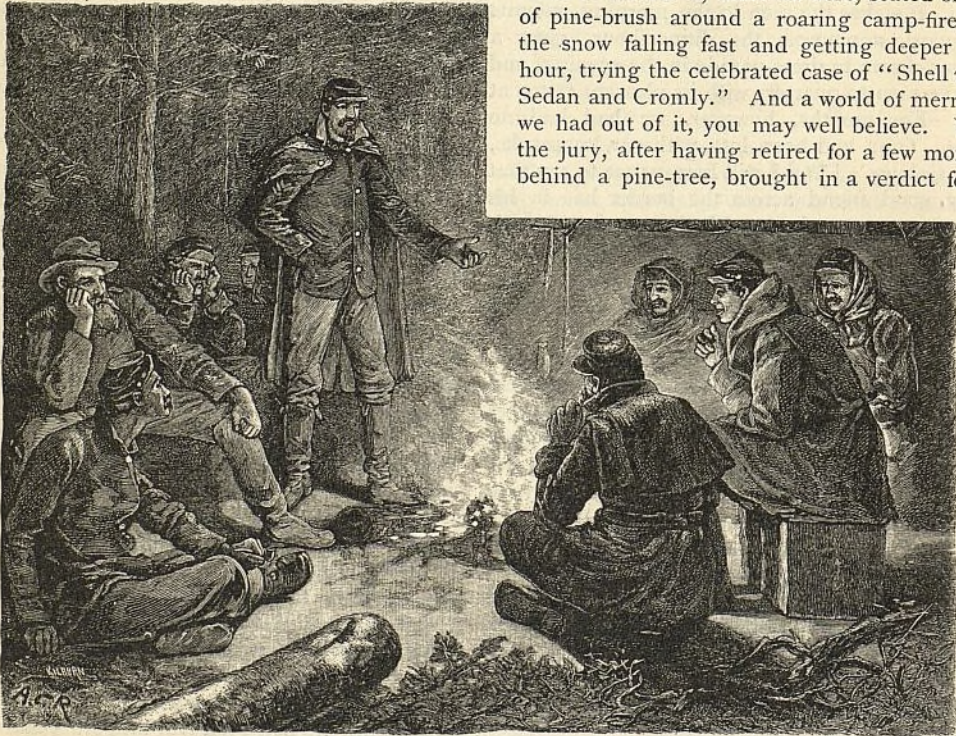
"If we had n't put you out of our mess, you'd have eaten up our whole box from home in one night. He's an awful glutton, Pointer."

"Say, boys, I move we organize ourselves into a court, and try this case," said Sergeant Cummings. "They've been arguing and arguing about this thing the whole day, and it's time to take it up

the cold charities of the camp; and he, the said Shell, now lodges a due and formal complaint before this honorable court, presently sitting on this pile of pine-brush, and humbly prays and petitions re-instatement in his just rights and claims, *sine qua non, e pluribus unum pro bono publico!*"

"Silence in the court!"

To organize ourselves into a court of justice was a matter of a few moments. Cummings was declared judge, Reed and Slocum his assistants. A jury of twelve men, good and true, was speedily impaneled. Attorneys and tipstaves, sheriff and clerk were appointed, and in less time than it takes to narrate it, there we were, seated on piles of pine-brush around a roaring camp-fire, with the snow falling fast and getting deeper every hour, trying the celebrated case of "Shell *versus* Sedan and Cromly." And a world of merriment we had out of it, you may well believe. When the jury, after having retired for a few moments behind a pine-tree, brought in a verdict for the



CHRISTMAS-EVE AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

and put an end to it. The case is—let's see; what'll we call it? I'm not a very good hand at the legal lingo, but I suppose if we call it a 'motion to quash a writ of ejectment,' or something of that sort, we'll be within the lines of the law. Let me now state the case: Shell *versus* Sedan and Cromly. These three, all members of Company D, after having lived, messed, and sojourned together peaceably for a year or more, have had of late some disagreement, quarrel, squabble, fracas, or general tearing out, the result of which said disagreement, quarrel, squabble, et cetera, et cetera, has been that the hereinbeforementioned Shell has been thrown out of the mess and left to

plaintiff, it was full one o'clock on Christmas morning, and we began to drop off to sleep, some rolling themselves up in their blankets and overcoats and lying down, Indian fashion, feet to the fire; while others crept off to their cold shelters under the snow-laden pine-trees for what poor rest they could find, jocularly wishing one another a "Merry Christmas."

Time wore away monotonously in the camp we established there, near Culpepper Court-house. All the more weary a winter was it for me, because I was so sick that I could scarcely drag myself about. So miserable did I look that one day a Company B Boy said, as I was passing his tent:

"Young mon, an' if ye don't be afther pickin' up a bit, it's my opinion ye 'll be gathered home to your fathers purty soon."

I was sick with the same disease which slew more men than fell in actual battle. We had had a late fall campaign, and had suffered much from exposure, of which one instance may suffice:

We had been sent into Thoroughfare Gap to hold that mountain pass.

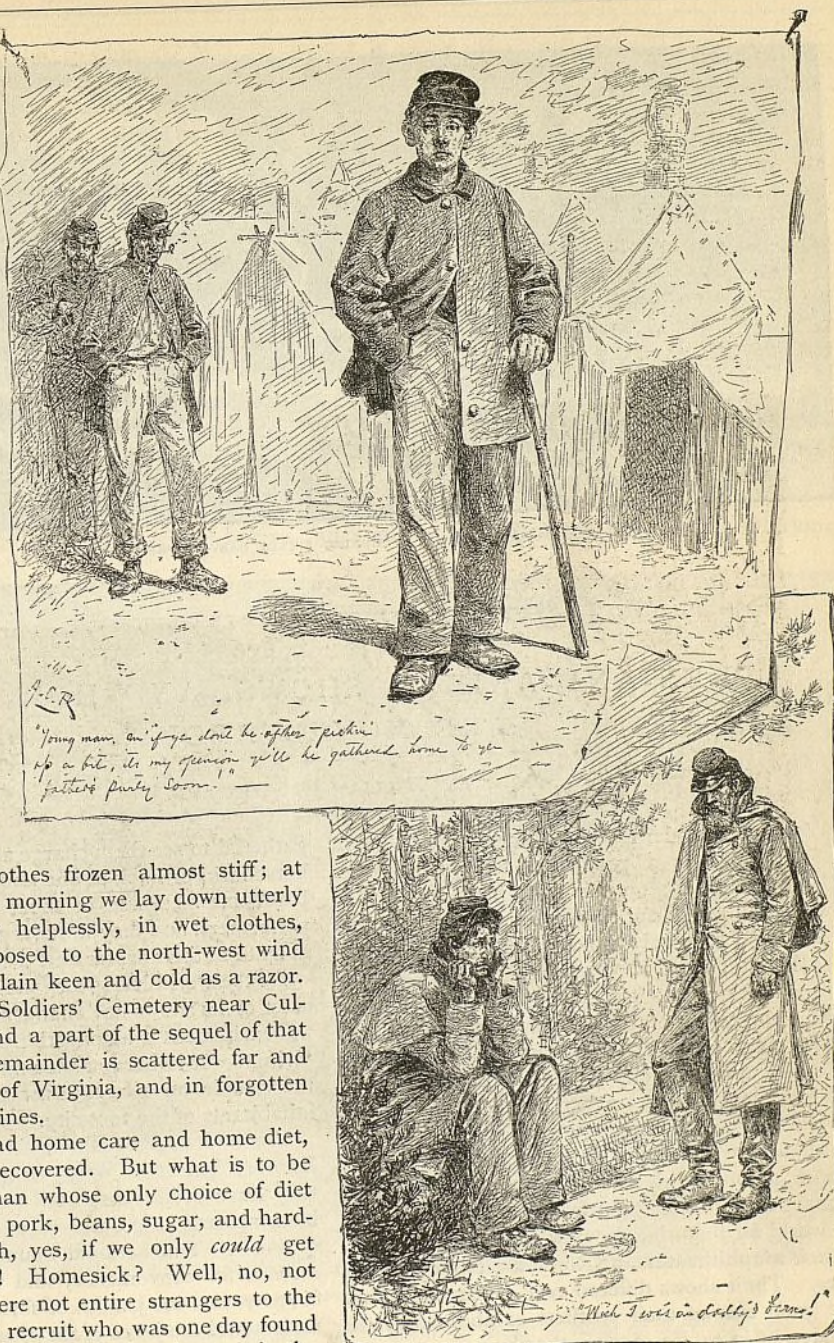
Breaking camp there at daylight in a drenching rain, we marched all day long, through mud up to our knees, and soaked to the skin by the cold rain; at night we forded a creek waist-deep, and marched on with clothes frozen almost stiff; at one o'clock the next morning we lay down utterly exhausted, shivering helplessly, in wet clothes, without fire, and exposed to the north-west wind that swept the vast plain keen and cold as a razor. Whoever visits the Soldiers' Cemetery near Culpepper will there find a part of the sequel of that night-march; the remainder is scattered far and wide over the hills of Virginia, and in forgotten places among the pines.

Could we have had home care and home diet, many would have recovered. But what is to be done for a sick man whose only choice of diet must be made from pork, beans, sugar, and hard-tack? Home? Ah, yes, if we only *could* get home for a month! Homesick? Well, no, not exactly. Still we were not entire strangers to the feelings of that poor recruit who was one day found by his lieutenant sitting on a fallen pine-tree in the woods, crying as if his heart would break.

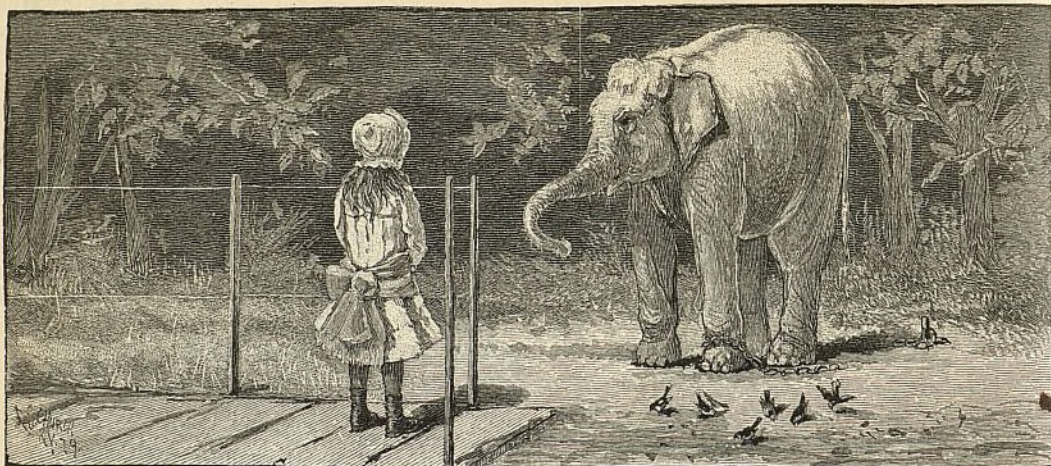
"Why," said the Lieutenant, "what are you crying for, you big baby, you?"

"I wish I was in my daddy's barn, boo, hoo!"

(To be continued.)



"And what would you do if you were?"
The poor fellow replied, between his sobs:
"Why, if I was in my daddy's barn, I'd go into the house mighty quick!"



"OH, WHAT A CUNNING LITTLE BABY-ELEPHAN !"

MEN-AND-ANIMAL SHOWS, AND HOW THEY ARE MOVED ABOUT.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

WHEN a modern "circus-menagerie" is in motion, there is a good-sized town on wheels. When one is set up for exhibition, there is a strange and wonderful city on the ground that was so open and bare only the day before. It is a well-peopled city, even if you leave out of sight the crowds that come to it as paying visitors.

And the object of this article is to explain, very briefly, some of the ways and customs of this great, movable, wonderful city of tents and cages.

There probably was never a time when people were not fond of staring at "shows." Getting up shows to be stared at is therefore as old as almost anything else in history. The ancient Romans understood it perfectly, and sent all over the world for materials for new and startling sights in their amphitheaters, at Rome itself and in other cities. Their shows differed very much from ours. The great aim of their costliest exhibitions seems to have been to see, during the show, as many as possible of the performers killed, both men and wild beasts. Nowadays we are willing that all the performers should remain alive, and we are satisfied if it merely looks as if somebody were quite likely to be either killed or eaten.

In the Middle Ages, the greatest "shows" were given by warlike knights in armor, and vast crowds

gathered to see them charge against one another on horseback, or hack at one another with swords and battle-axes. Some of them were really splendid performers, and they were very apt to be hurt badly, in spite of their armor and their skill.

As the world has grown more civilized, the character of its shows has changed, and now nearly all the excitement is among the people outside of the "ring." It is hard work and regular business to the people on the sawdust and to all the other inhabitants of the tent-city.

There are great shows in some countries of Europe, but it is only within a few years that they have been transported long distances. They have settled in great central cities, like London or Paris. The national boundaries were too numerous for convenience, and the people of each country were too jealous of foreigners, or unable to understand the jokes of the clown in a different language. Even now, few European shows travel so far on land as ours do, or carry so much with them. One reason may be the small number of European boys and girls with enough pocket-money to buy tickets. America is the country for the show business.

Not a great many years ago, there were several different kinds of shows, but, as time went on, it was found profitable to gather all the varied attrac-

tions possible into one concern. And now, although there are many shows, there is a strong family resemblance among them, and the show-bills of one would answer for another, very nearly, if the names and dates were changed.

The "menagerie," in the last generation, often was called a "caravan," and, for a while, these collections held out stoutly for separate existence. Then the circuses began to have a few cages of beasts as a sort of "side show," and the days of the "caravans" were numbered, for their owners discovered that nothing that they could carry around would gather a paying crowd.

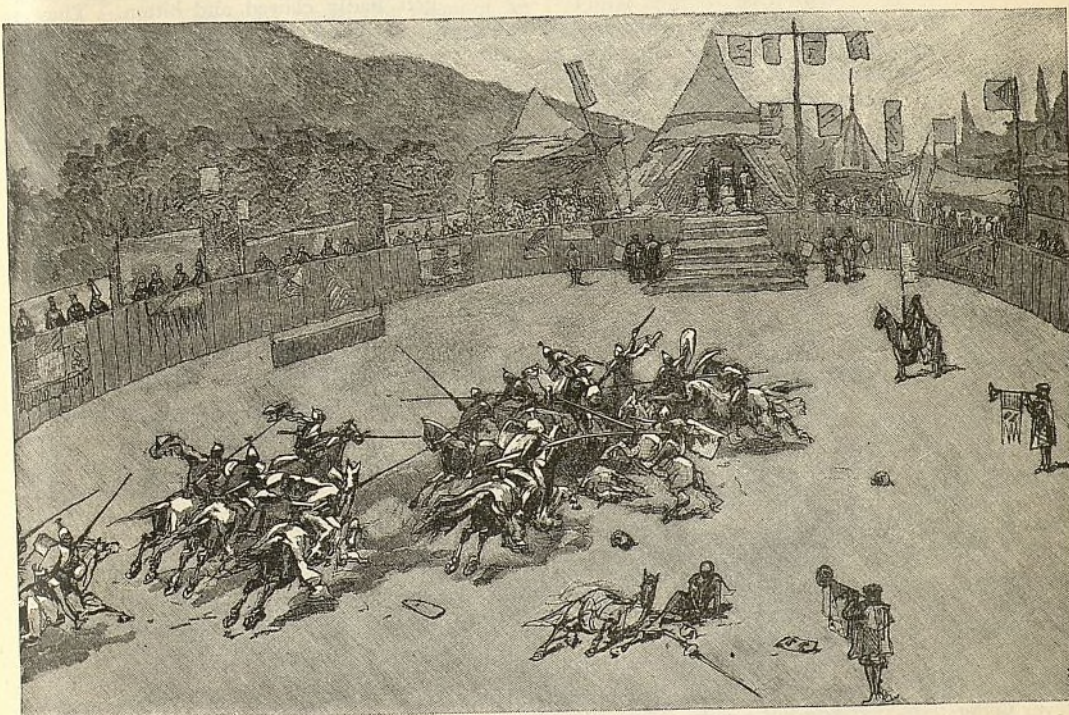
One secret of this was that the wildest beasts had ceased to be strangers in the eyes of American young people; as soon as the country became flooded with illustrated books, magazines, and papers, and boys and girls knew as much about giraffes and boa-constrictors as their grandparents had known

which the books and papers have not told all about beforehand. Most youngsters who pay their way into a tent know every animal at sight, and, as soon as they have nodded recognition at him, are sure to ask:

"What can he do?"

For this reason, almost every dangerous creature in the best recent collections has been both wild and tame. The lions, the tigers, the panthers, are as large and terrible-looking as ever, and it would be just as dreadful a thing if they should get loose among the spectators. It is worth while, therefore, to see them all playfully submissive to a little man or woman with a mere whip in hand.

A direct consequence of all this is, that the more a wild beast can be taught, the more he is worth, but there is no telling how stupid some lions and other savages are. The very best of them, even after all kinds of good schooling, retain a lurking



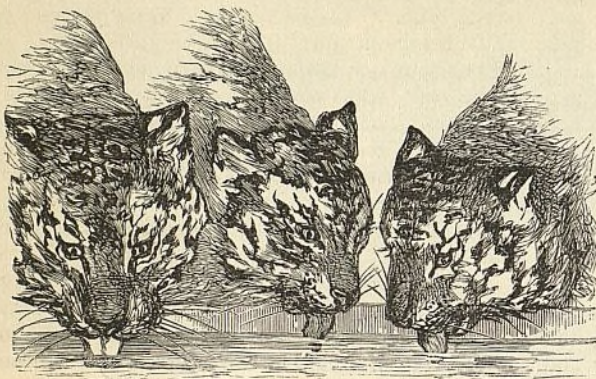
A TOURNAMENT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

about rabbits and rattlesnakes. So, after having seen them once, living serpents and antelopes ceased to be regarded as an attraction.

The menagerie managers learned a costly lesson, and the circus men learned another. The latter are still compelled to carry along a goodly number of rare beasts with their other attractions. No circus-menagerie would be called "great" without the cages, but these must now contain something

disposition to make a meal of their keeper, or of anybody else, if a good opportunity is given for it. "Taming" is a process which has to be constantly renewed, for the tamest tiger is a tiger still, and there has been no change in his born conviction that all other living creatures are "game" for him. The best lion and tiger "kings" of to-day say that every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands.

"Gentle?" remarked one of these venturesome folk the other day. "Those tigers of mine?—Why, do you see that whip? I know, as well as I



TIGERS DRINKING.

know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage, they'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with the whip, first; then with my voice; then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? No use at all. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take on a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feeding them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; before I go in among them. Then I do that. It's a ticklish piece of business, going in the first time; and I pick my chance for it when they're specially peaceable. I go right in, just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It's all humbug that a man's eye has any power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough if you're getting careless. They're sure enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among 'em as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wild, in about four weeks, so he will do all that the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard or a tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. They never understand anything but a club. The easiest to train, because they know the most, are pumas. I can teach a puma all it needs to know, in four weeks. Affection? Teach those fellows to love you? That's all nonsense. They'll fawn and fawn on you, and you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you go into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do. See that dent in the side of my head and those deep scars on my arm! There are more down

here,"—patting his leg. "Got 'em from the best-trained lions you ever saw. It's awful, sometimes, to have one of those fellows kind o' smell of you and yawn and shut his jaws, say, close to one of your knees! See my wife, there? She's the 'Panther Queen,' just as I'm a 'Tiger King,' and that fellow yonder's a 'Lion King.' Her pets are playing with her now, but they've scratched her well, I tell you. There's great odds among them, though, and that young puma with her head up to be kissed is what you might call gentle. Only they're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after a while. I could name more than a dozen of the best who have given it up right in the prime of life. Once they give it up, nothing'll tempt 'em inside of a cage again. You see, every now and then, some other tamer gets badly clawed and bitten. They've all been clawed and bitten more or less themselves. The strain on a man's nerves is pretty sharp,—sure death around him all the while. And the pay is n't anything like what it was."

It may be true that the strictly predatory animals of the cat kind are never to be trusted, but the now three-years-old hippopotamus of the leading American "show" seems to have formed a genuine attachment for his keeper, a young Italian. He is savage enough to all other men, and when out of his den for his very limited exercise, it is fun for all but the person chased to see how clumsily, yet swiftly, he will make a sudden "charge" after a luckless bystander. After that, he will crustily and gruntingly obey his keeper, and permit himself to be half enticed, half shouldered into his den again. There should be more room for brains and, consequently, for affection, in the splendid front of a lion, than between the sullen eyes of even a very youthful hippopotamus.

The "keeper" question is one of prime importance in collecting and managing wild animals. Trainers of the right kind are scarce, and although high pay hardly can be afforded, it will not do to put rare and costly animals in the care of stupid or ignorant men. Such qualities as courage, patience, good temper, and natural aptitude for the occupation are also needful, and they are not always to be had for the asking. Unless the right men are secured, however, the failure of the menagerie is only a question of time. As for the "specimens" themselves, it is much easier to obtain them than it once was, owing to the better facilities for transporting them from the several "wild-beast countries." Catching them in their native wildernesses has been a regular trade for ages. There have been "wild-beast merchants," and their trade has

been carried on as systematically as any other, since the earliest days of commerce. The head-quarters of this trade have for a long time been at Hamburg, with branches, agencies, and correspondents wherever in the known world there are "show animals" to be captured. Some of the leading showmen, however, having capital as well as enterprise, send out hunters on their own account, or trusty agents, who travel in savage lands and purchase whatever the native hunters may bring them that will answer their purposes.

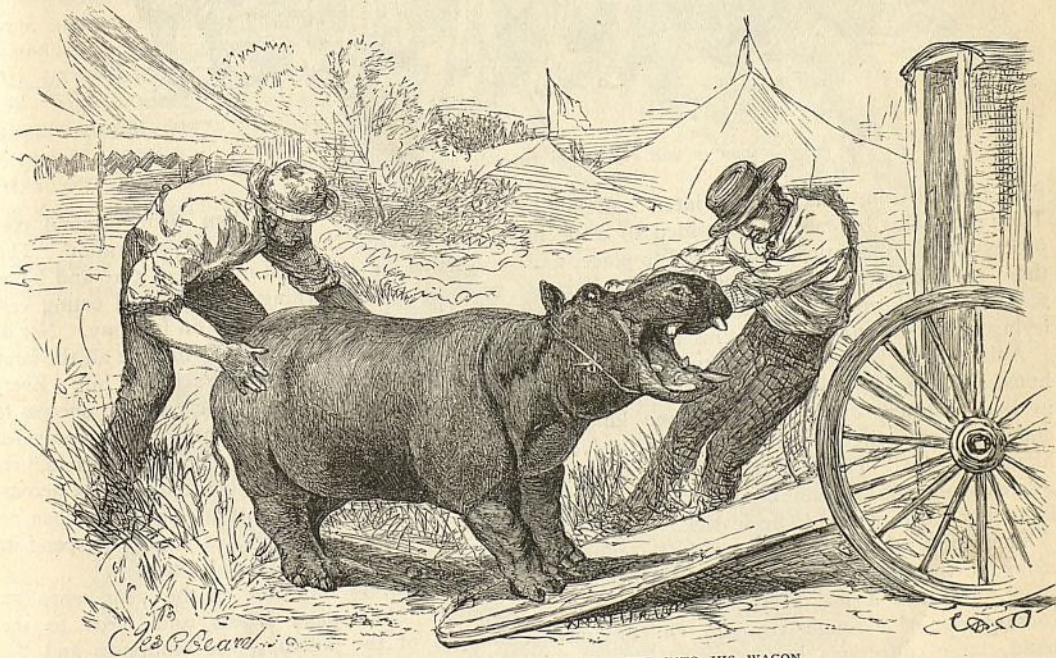
The market price of a menagerie animal of any kind varies from time to time, like that of other merchandise, according to the demand and supply. A writer stated recently that zebras are sold at a little over \$2,000 a pair, gnus at about \$800 a pair, while rhinoceroses cost some \$6,000 per pair, and tigers about \$1,500 each. A short time ago, however, and perhaps now, a very good "uneducated" tiger could be bought in London for from \$500 to \$800. The same beast, the moment he takes kindly to learning and promises to be sparing of his keepers, doubles and trebles in value. There is no telling what he would be worth should he show further signs of intellect or good morals, but he is like a human being in this respect—the more

Managers find that a moderate number of first-class animals, including as many well-trained notabilities as can be had, will "draw" better, and cost less for keeping and feeding, than a mere mob of all sorts, however crowded with "rare specimens."

It is, indeed, an easy matter to lose a menagerie, after all the toil and cost of getting it together. A lion or tiger will eat fifty pounds of raw beef per day, if he can get it, but it must be specially prepared for him. All the bones must be taken out, lest he hurt his mouth upon them, for he will not grind away at them so patiently in his cage as in his forest lair.

All the fat must be cut away for him or any other great cat of the woods, or, as he has little exercise, a fatty deposit will form around his lungs and he will die. His den must be kept clean, and he himself must be vigorously encouraged in good personal habits, or various diseases will assail him, and he will die before his time.

Other animals, such as the hippopotamus, polar bear, and sea lion, accustomed in their wild state to abundant water, must have their bath liberally supplied, and frequently renewed. If, as is often the case, they exhibit, like some boys, a froward and unhealthy dislike for it, they must be shoved

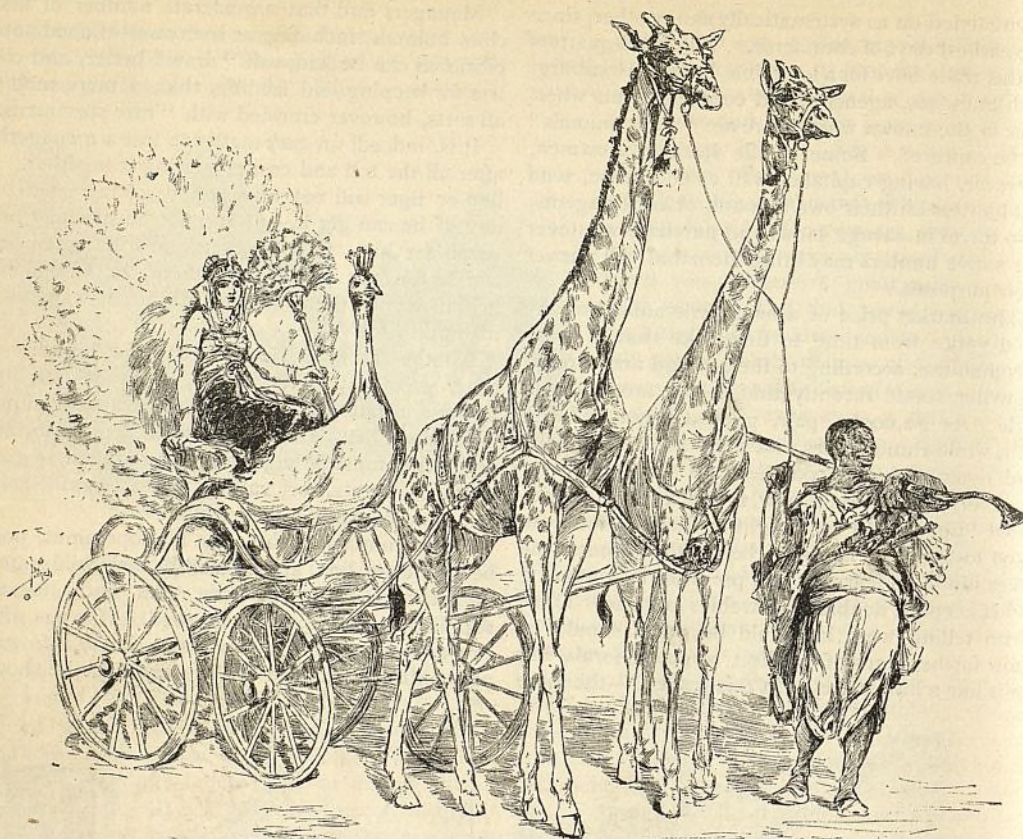


PERSUADING THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS TO GET INTO HIS WAGON.

he knows, the more it will pay to give for him. The same rule applies to the entire list, from elephants to monkeys, so that no precise idea can be given of the probable cost of a menagerie.

in, even at the risk of brief quarrels with their keepers.

All care of this sort, and much more, must be given to the most ferocious beasts, not only during



A CIRCUS-WAGON IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS, BEFORE THE SHOW.

the show season, but in the winter retirement. They must also be carefully attended to while in process of transportation from place to place, and there are difficulties enough on land, but it is at sea that the keeper and trainer meets his most trying obstacles, and the owner his heaviest losses.

Animals on board ship are very much like human beings, for while some of them get seasick in bad weather, others of the same kind will endure all the pitching and rolling of the vessel like "old salts." There is nothing quite so disconsolate as a bilious elephant in a gale of wind. There is so very much of him to be seasick.

The worst of it is that the sickness clings to many of the poor beasts after they reach the shore, and not a few of them die on land in consequence of a rough voyage. On the other hand, large collections have been safely carried to distant countries, visiting even such far-off places as Australia.

After his collection is made, the showman's cost and risk begin before the show is set in motion. Trained animals, as they are trained nowadays,

stand for much more than their original cost. They represent time spent in preparation. That means weeks and often months of care and labor, when they were earning nothing, and eating well, and when their keepers were on full pay. Nor do mere "food and attendance" include all the large items of a quadruped savage's board bill. Every menagerie, with enough of capital or success to keep it out of the sheriff's hands, must be provided with ample and permanent "winter quarters," or, in other words, space and buildings for its accommodation during that part of the year when no kind of show would tempt a crowd to spend its time under the cold shelter of a tent.

That, too, is the time of the year when an exposure of tropical beasts and birds to the changes of the weather, the dampness and the cold, would simply entail upon the manager the additional expense of funerals for his costliest curiosities.

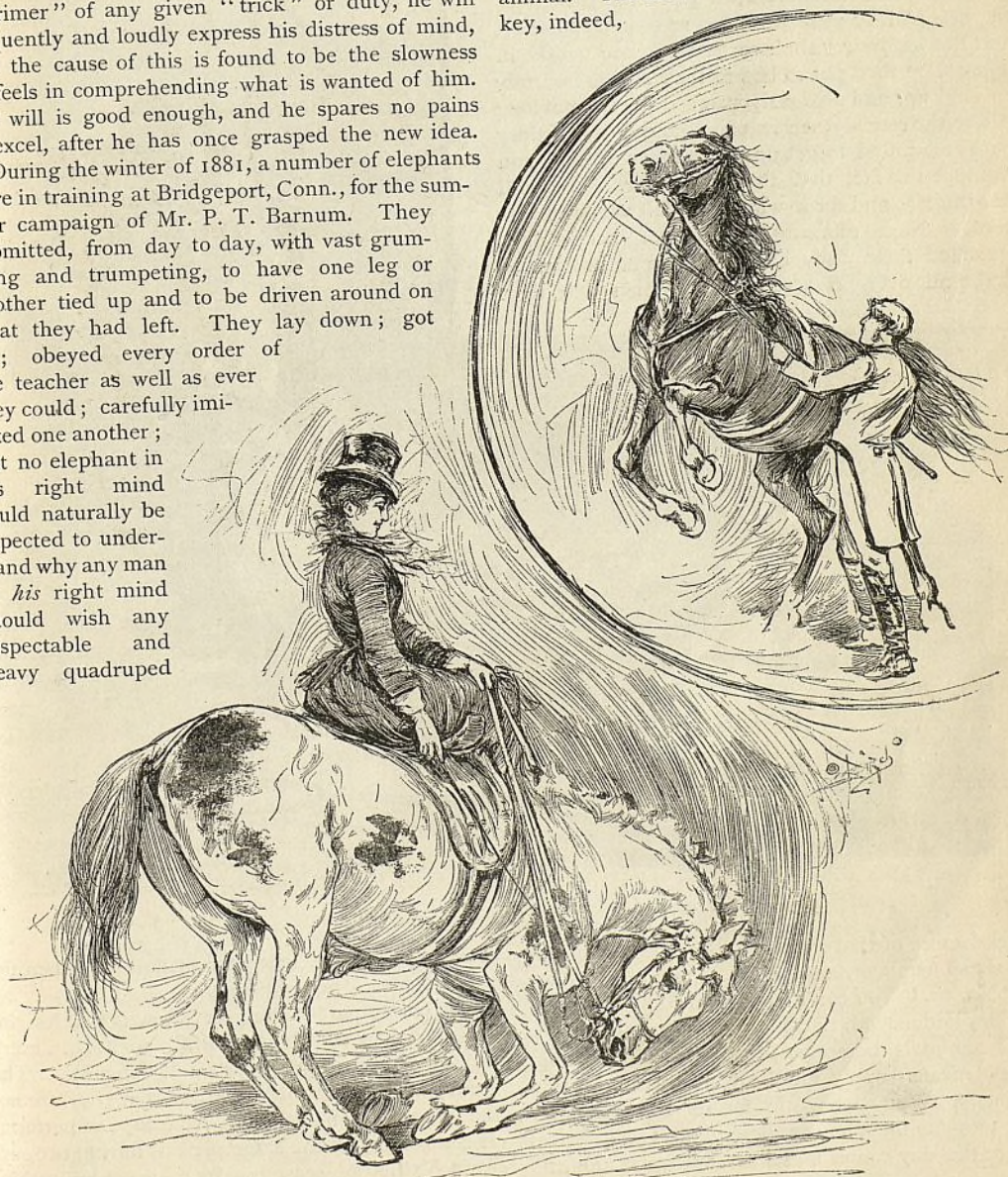
Nevertheless, vacation time is by no means idle time for the showman. Training involves hard and patient toil, and it receives a sort of compensation

from the larger and more intelligent animals, in the dumb earnestness with which many of them will meet their human friends half-way, and strive to learn the lessons set them. The anecdotes of the sagacity of horses, for instance, are innumerable, but there are points at which the elephant may be said to have fairly beaten all animals below man. He is even able to offer a good example to some men, for it is found that the great unwieldy brute is himself desirous of obtaining a liberal education. In the earlier stages of his instruction, while he is studying, so to speak, the "primer" of any given "trick" or duty, he will frequently and loudly express his distress of mind, and the cause of this is found to be the slowness he feels in comprehending what is wanted of him. His will is good enough, and he spares no pains to excel, after he has once grasped the new idea.

During the winter of 1881, a number of elephants were in training at Bridgeport, Conn., for the summer campaign of Mr. P. T. Barnum. They submitted, from day to day, with vast grumbling and trumpeting, to have one leg or another tied up and to be driven around on what they had left. They lay down; got up; obeyed every order of the teacher as well as ever they could; carefully imitated one another; but no elephant in his right mind could naturally be expected to understand why any man in *his* right mind should wish any respectable and heavy quadruped

to stand upon three or two legs, or upon his dignified head. Their great sagacity was shown after the animals were left a little to themselves. The keepers observed them on their exercise ground, with no human teacher near to offer a word of suggestion or explanation, and yet, singly or in pairs, the huge scholars gravely repeated their lessons and did their "practicing" on their own account. This was the secret of the wonderful proficiency they afterward exhibited in the ring.

Up to this time, it seems, no such intelligent self-help can be looked for from any other wild animal. The monkey, indeed,



"TRAINED HORSES."

will "practice" all sorts of things, with more or less understanding, but he is more than likely to select performances not on the programme, and omit those he has been taught. In this, and other doings, the monkey is a queer caricature of humanity.

Special attention must be paid to the health of creatures that have cost so much, and the keeper is a kind of attending physician, with a sharp eye for all doubtful symptoms. Two of Mr. Barnum's wisest elephants, one day last winter, after careless exposure to wet and cold, were found shivering with a sudden chill. Nothing could be more dangerous to their valuable lives. Several gallons of the best whisky were procured as soon as possible, and the gigantic "shakers" were forced to take it. They were then put to bed in their shelter, warmly covered up, and anxiously watched. It was not long before the remedy had its effect, and the half-tipsy patients wanted to get up and stagger around and trumpet the fact that they felt better. The chill was broken, and for a while they felt very well indeed. Next morning, when their keeper approached them, they began, with one accord, to shake all over, as a strong intimation that they

matter how short may be the distance. At the hour for moving, the manager must be sure that he is provided with every man, woman, and child required for every service connected with his advertised performances, and that every one of these knows exactly what to do and when and where to do it. He also must know that he has supplied himself with every van, wagon, car, tent, rope, tool, implement, of whatever kind, which any part of his huge establishment may need, and that all



THE PANTHER QUEEN AND HER PETS.

needed more of that medicine; but the doctor was too sharp for them, and roared at the nearest one:

"No, sir. You can't have a drop!"

They understood, and the chill disappeared.

The animals themselves, their care and training, by no means supply all the winter-work of preparing a circus-menagerie for its summer tour. The tent-city must be complete in all its appliances before the day comes for its first transportation, no

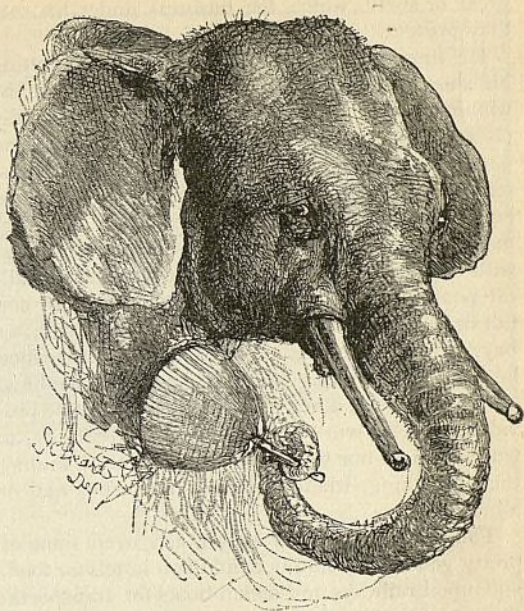
these are in place, ready for instant use when the order to start is actually given.

The circus part of the great show is not less interesting than its "better half," and it is in every way attended with great costs and difficulties. The circus has also its winter quarters, but they are not like those of the menagerie. No troupe of performers comprises just the same persons during two successive exhibition seasons. Its entire membership,

excepting perhaps the managers and a few prime favorites, breaks up and scatters over the country at the close of a season's engagements. Each particular wonder or group of wonders takes care of itself as best it can during the idle months.

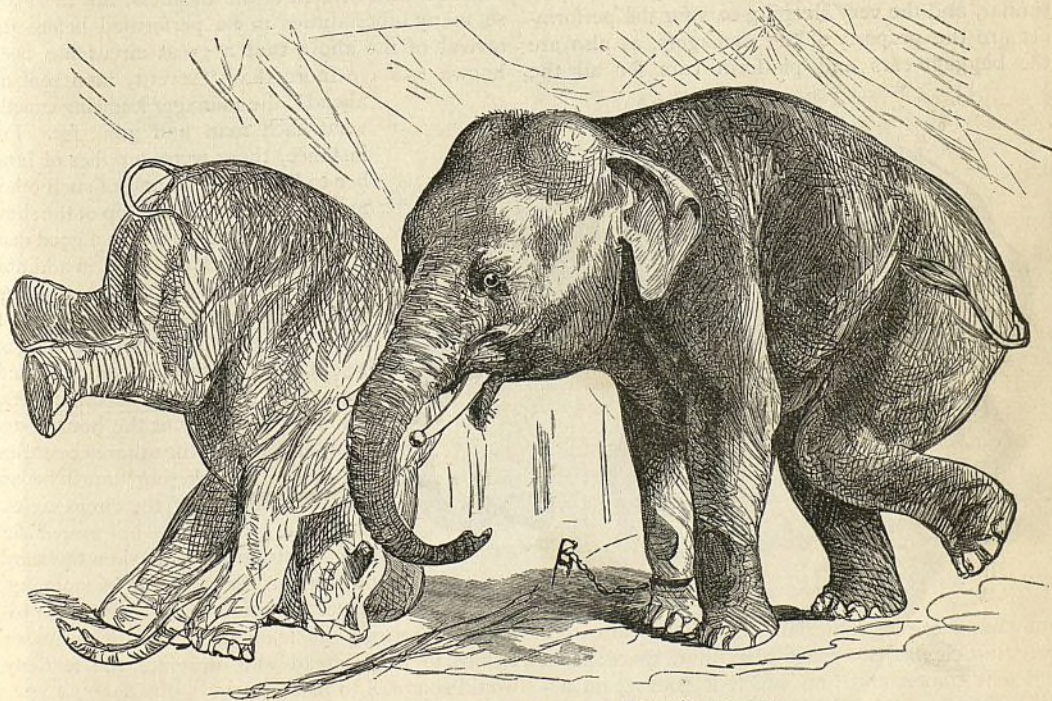
Each season, therefore, the attractions to be offered must be sought, corresponded for, gathered, organized anew. All engagements are made early enough in advance, but not in any case without careful inquiry and inspection by the manager as to the physical and moral condition of the person or persons he is bargaining with. The special abilities of all capable performers, such as riders, acrobats, giants, dwarfs, magicians, clowns, pantomimists, are well known to the trade, and so are all their particular failings. No manager in his senses will engage a performer who has permitted himself or herself to get out of practice or to acquire such bad habits as will endanger the regularity and attractiveness of the season's "appearances."

The human members of the show are scattered, indeed, but they can not be altogether idle, for they must be in perfect training when they come to be inspected by the keen eyes of the man who is to direct their movements, after deciding whether or not they will answer his purposes. He can not afford to hire an intemperate man at any wages.



"PHEW! CIRCUS FEATS ARE WARM WORK!"

ing all the while. Generally, he is at least part-owner of the concern he is to manage, or is directly



ELEPHANTS PRACTICING DURING THE TEACHER'S ABSENCE.

The manager may be one man, or two or three men acting as one, but he is in anxious training all the while. Generally, he is at least part-owner of the concern he is to manage, or is directly interested in its profits and losses, and has therefore a sharp and watchful eye upon every question,

great or small, which the business under his care may present.

His first anxiety, as well as outlay, is in getting his show well together, and right along with the winning of that victory comes a trial which fully tests all his capacity for management and good generalship. All that huge aggregate of animals, tents, wagons, machinery, and appliances must be cut down to the smallest possible weight, the "fat man" and the giant excepted. Then everything, with or without life, must be packed into the smallest possible space for transportation. There can not be employed nor carried one needless man, or boy, or beast, nor can one that will be needed be safely left behind. All are picked and disciplined beforehand. All other requisite things must be provided, since it will not do, even in a great city, to trust to luck, nor to waste precious time in finding the right thing, whether it be a horseshoe-nail or a breakfast.

Time was when small shows, and even some of pretty good size, could depend upon hotels for food, and upon railways and steam-boats for transportation; but it will not do to run any such risks with the monster shows which are brought together nowadays. Hotels and steamers have no spare accommodations for the entertainment of a suddenly arriving "city." On the railways the case is similar, and the very sleeping-cars for the performers are the property of the managers, as also are the baggage-cars and platform cars for all the

over with patient care, for instruction and drill, and each department or section is under a sort of foreman, that the eyes of the master may be multiplied. While a manager is wrestling with his packing problem, he is also dealing with another which is hardly less important. A valuable part of his varied learning is the knowledge he has of the country through which his show is to be carried and exhibited, and of the peculiar tastes and demands of its several local populations. If anybody supposes these requirements to be the same, or nearly so, North, South, East, and West, he is very much mistaken.

The show which suits one set of people may fail to suit another. As soon as a manager has studied the field of his coming campaign, and decided upon the best tour for just such a show as the one he has prepared, his next business is to send ahead experienced and competent men to prepare the way.

Spaces in which to exhibit have to be contracted for in advance, and the most suitable sites soon become known to all the managers. A tent pitched in some spot difficult of access, or to which the people were unaccustomed, might fail to have any audience under it, no matter what else should be there.

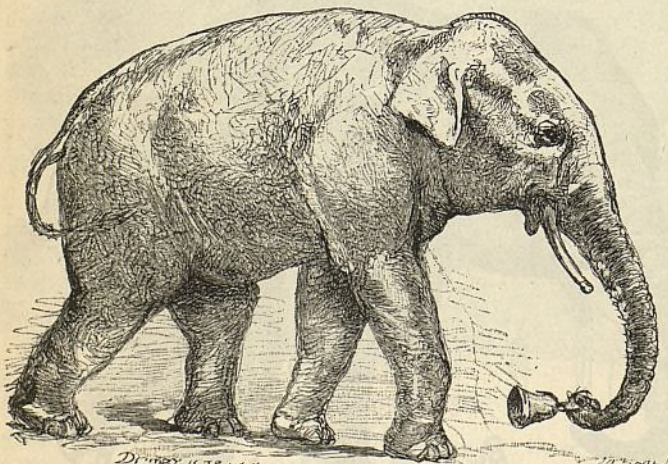
A few energetic men, with due instruction, can attend to this branch of the business, but there are so many other duties to be performed before the arrival of the show, that a great circus has been known to have more than "seventy men sent on

ahead," the manager knowing exactly what each man had gone for. For instance, there were supplies of lumber to be procured, and of such other materials as the setting up of the show called for. There is often a good deal of carpenter work required, in addition to all that is carried along or that can be done by the regular carpenters of the concern. There are fresh meat to be obtained for the wild animals, and grain and forage for the tame ones. All must be ready at the hour of arrival, and among the other necessities the heavy "marketing" must be on hand for the uses of the circus cooks. Not one article can be waited for after the train with the show on board pulls up on the switch at its stopping-place. If there were lack of knowl-

edge concerning stock on hand or deficiencies, or failure to send ahead and provide, the tent-city would soon fall to pieces.

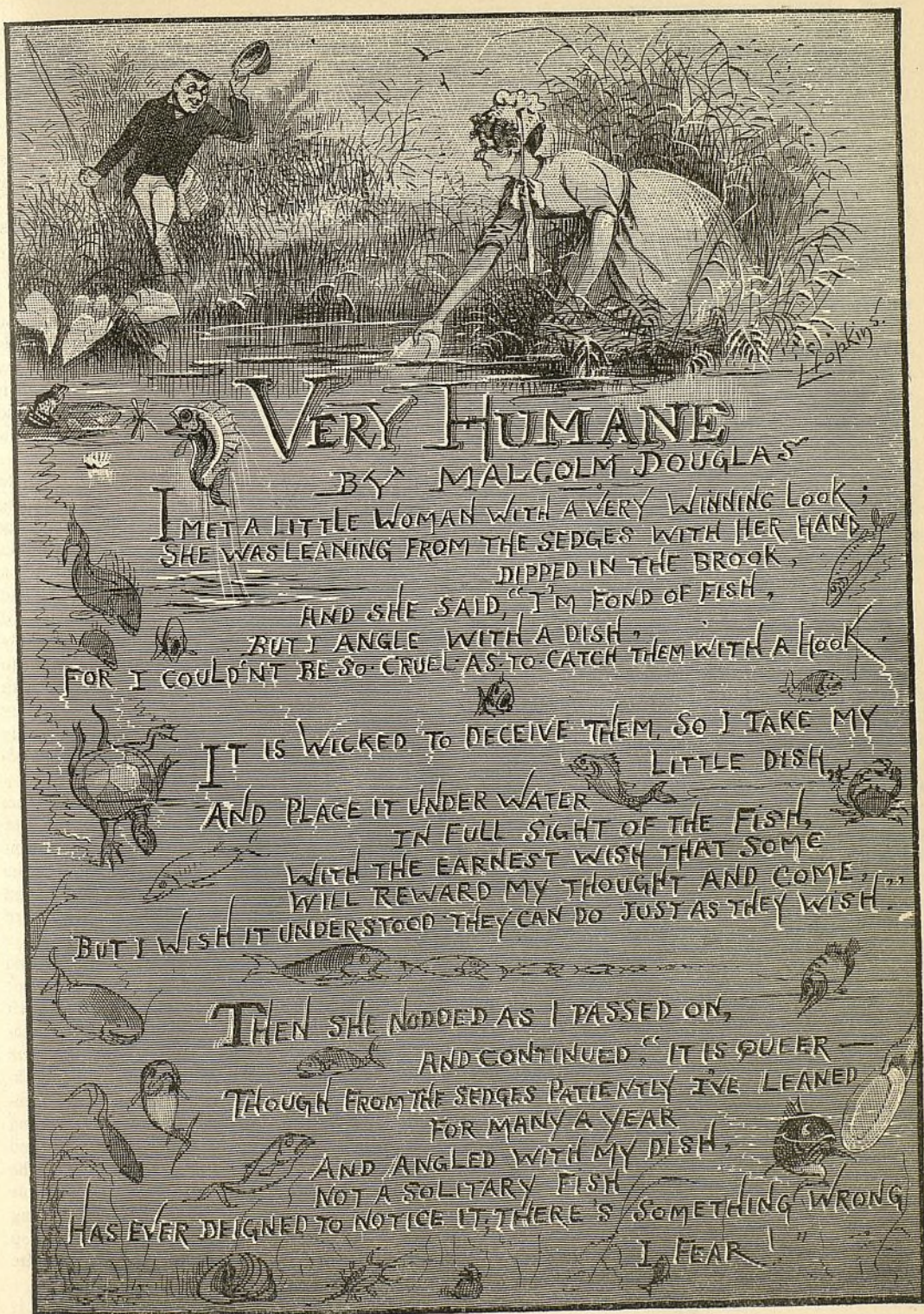
One great trial is fairly passed when the railway train with the show on board gets under way for the first time.

(To be concluded next month.)



RINGING THE BELL FOR DINNER.

immense store of material. On these cars, too, every article has its exact place and space, from which it comes, and into which it goes again according to an established rule, and the men in charge know, therefore, where it is when it is wanted. The first "packing" is done over and



THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER IX.

PIGEON POT-PIE.

HAPPY boys and girls that go to school nowadays! You have to study harder than the generations before you, it is true; you miss the jolly spelling-schools, and the good old games that were not half so scientific as base-ball, lawn tennis, or lacrosse, but that had ten times more fun and frolic in them; but all this is made up to you by the fact that you escape the tyrannical old master. Whatever faults the teachers of this day may have, they do not generally lacerate the backs of their pupils, as did some of the old teachers.

At the time of which I write, thirty years ago, a better race of school-masters was crowding out the old, but many of the latter class, with their terrible switches and cruel beatings, kept their ground until they died off one by one, and relieved the world of their odious ways.

Mr. Ball would n't die to please anybody. He was a bachelor, had no liking for children, but taught school five or six months in winter to avoid having to work on a farm in the summer. He had taught in Greenbank every winter for a quarter of a century, and having never learned to win anybody's affection, had been obliged to teach those who disliked him. This atmosphere of mutual dislike will sour the sweetest temper, and Mr. Ball's temper had not been honey to begin with. Year by year he grew more and more severe—he whipped for poor lessons, he whipped for speaking in school, he took down his switch for not speaking loud enough in class, he whipped for coming late to school, he whipped because a scholar made a noise with his feet, and he whipped because he himself had eaten something unwholesome for his breakfast. The brutality of a master produces like qualities in scholars. The boys drew caricatures on the blackboard, put living cats or dead ones into Mr. Ball's desk, and tried to drive him wild by their many devices.

He would walk up and down the school-room seeking a victim, and he had as much pleasure in beating a girl or a little boy as in punishing an overgrown fellow.

And yet I can not say that Mr. Ball was impartial. There were some pupils that escaped. Susan Lanham was not punished, because her father, Dr. Lanham, was a very influential man in the town;

and the faults of Henry Weathervane and his sister were always overlooked after their father became a school trustee.

Many efforts had been made to put a new master into the school. But Mr. Ball's brother-in-law was one of the principal merchants in the place, and the old man had had the school so long that it seemed like robbery to deprive him of it. It had come, in some sort, to belong to him. People hated to see him moved. He would die some day, they said, and nobody could deny that, though it often seemed to the boys and girls that he would never die; he was more likely to dry up and blow away. And it was a long time to wait for that.

And yet I think Greenbank might have had to wait for something like that if there had n't come a great flight of pigeons just at this time. For whenever Susan Lanham suggested to her father that he should try to get Mr. Ball removed and a new teacher appointed, Dr. Lanham smiled and said "he hated to move against the old man; he'd been there so long, you know, and he probably would n't live long, anyhow. Something ought to be done, perhaps, but he could n't meddle with him." For older people forgot the beatings they had endured, and remembered the old man only as one of the venerable landmarks of their childhood.

And so, by favor of Henry Weathervane's father, whose children he did not punish, and by favor of other people's neglect and forgetfulness, the Greenbank children might have had to face and fear the old ogre down to this day, or until he dried up and blew away, if it had n't been, as I said, that there came a great flight of pigeons.

A flight of pigeons is not uncommon in the Ohio River country. Audubon, the great naturalist, saw them in his day, and in old colonial times such flights took place in the settlements on the seaboard, and sometimes the starving colonists were able to knock down pigeons with sticks. The mathematician is not yet born who can count the number of pigeons in one of these sky-darkening flocks, which are often many miles in length, and which follow one another for a whole day. The birds, for the most part, fly at a considerable height from the earth, but when they are crossing a wide valley, like that of the Ohio River, they drop down to a lower level, and so reach the hills quite close to the ground, and within easy gunshot.

When the pigeon flight comes on Saturday, it is

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very convenient for those boys that have guns. If these pigeons had only come on Saturday instead of on Monday, Mr. Ball might have taught the Greenbank school until to-day,—that is to say, if he had n't quite dried up and blown off meanwhile.

For when Riley and Ben Berry saw this flight of pigeons begin on Monday morning, they remembered that the geography lesson was a hard one, and so they played "hookey," and, taking their guns with them, hid in the bushes at the top of the hill. Then, as the birds struck the hill, and beat their way up over the brow of it, the boys, lying in ambush, had only to fire into the flock without taking aim, and the birds would drop all around them. The discharge of the guns made Bob Holliday so hungry for pigeon pot-pie, that he, too, ran away from school, at recess, and took his place among the pigeon-slayers in the paw-paw patch on the hill-top.

Tuesday morning, Mr. Ball came in with darkened brows, and two extra switches. Riley, Berry, and Holliday were called up as soon as school began. They had pigeon pot-pie for dinner, but they also had sore backs for three days, and Bob laughingly said that he knew just how a pigeon felt when it was basted.

The day after the whipping and the pigeon pot-pie, when the sun shone warm at noon, the fire was allowed to go down in the stove. All were at play in the sunshine, excepting Columbus Risdale, who sat solitary, like a disconsolate screech-owl, in one corner of the room. Riley and Ben Berry, still smarting from yesterday, entered, and without observing Lummy's presence, proceeded to put some gunpowder in the stove, taking pains to surround it with cool ashes, so that it should not explode until the stirring of the fire, as the chill of the afternoon should come on. When they had finished this dangerous transaction, they discovered the presence of Columbus in his corner, looking at them with large-eyed wonder and alarm.

"If you ever tell a living soul about that, we'll kill you," said Ben Berry.

Will also threatened the scared little rabbit, and both felt safe from detection.

An hour after school had resumed its session, Columbus, who had sat shivering with terror all the time, wrote on his slate:

"Will Riley and Ben B. put something in the stove. Said they would kill me if I told on them."

This he passed to Jack, who sat next to him. Jack rubbed it out as soon as he had read it, and wrote:

"Don't tell anybody."

Jack could not guess what they had put in. It might be coffee-nuts, which would explode harmlessly; it might be something that would give a bad

smell in burning, such as chicken-feathers. If he could have believed that it was gunpowder, he would have plucked up courage enough to give the master some warning, though he might have got only a whipping for his pains. While Jack was debating what he should do, the master called the Fourth-Reader class. At the close of the lesson he noticed that Columbus was shivering, though indeed it was more from terror than from cold.

"Go to the stove and stir up the fire, and get warm," he said, sternly.

"I'd—I'd rather not," said Lum, shaking with fright at the idea.

"Umph!" said Mr. Ball, looking hard at the lad, with half a mind to make him go. Then he changed his purpose and went to the stove himself, raked forward the coals, and made up the fire. Just as he was shutting the stove-door, the explosion came—the ashes flew out all over the master, the stove was thrown down from the bricks on which its four legs rested, the long pipe fell in many pieces on the floor, and the children set up a general howl in all parts of the room.

As soon as Mr. Ball had shaken off the ashes from his coat, he said: "Be quiet—there's no more danger. Columbus Risdale, come here."

"He did not do it," spoke up Susan Lanham.

"Be quiet, Susan. You know all about this," continued the master to poor little Columbus, who was so frightened as hardly to be able to stand. After looking at Columbus a moment, the master took down a great beech switch. "Now, I shall whip you until you tell me who did it. You were afraid to go to the stove. You knew there was powder there. Who put it there? That's the question. Answer, quick, or I shall make you."

The little skin-and-bones trembled between two terrors, and Jack, seeing his perplexity, got up and stood by him.

"He did n't do it, Mr. Ball. I know who did it. If Columbus should tell you, he would be beaten for telling. The boy who did it is just mean enough to let Lummy get the whipping. Please let him off."

"You know, do you? I shall whip you both. You knew there was gunpowder in the fire, and you gave no warning. I shall whip you both—the severest whipping you ever had, too."

And the master put up the switch he had taken down, as not effective enough, and proceeded to take another.

"If we had known it was gunpowder," said Jack, beginning to tremble, "you would have been warned. But we did n't. We only knew that something had been put in."

"If you'll tell all about it, I'll let you off easier; if you don't, I shall give you all the whipping I

know how to give." And by way of giving impressiveness to his threat he took a turn about the room, while there was an awful stillness among the terrified scholars.

I do not know what was in Bob Holliday's head, but about this time he managed to open the western door while the master's back was turned. Bob's desk was near the door.

Poor little Columbus was ready to die, and Jack was afraid that, if the master should beat him as he threatened to, the child would die outright. Luckily, at the second cruel blow, the master broke his switch and turned to get another. Seeing the door open, Jack whispered to Columbus:

"Run home as fast as you can go."

The little fellow needed no second bidding. He tottered on his trembling legs to the door, and was out before Mr. Ball had detected the motion. When the master saw his prey disappearing out of the door, he ran after him, but it happened curiously enough, in the excitement, that Bob Holliday, who sat behind the door, rose up, as if to look out, and stumbled against the door, thus pushing it shut, so that by the time Mr. Ball got his stiff legs outside the door, the frightened child was under such headway that, fearing to have the whole school in rebellion, the teacher gave over the pursuit, and came back prepared to wreak his vengeance on Jack.

While Mr. Ball was outside the door, Bob Holliday called to Jack, in a loud whisper, that he had better run, too, or the old master would "skin him alive." But Jack had been trained to submit to authority, and to run away now would lose him his winter's schooling, on which he had set great store. He made up his mind to face the punishment as best he could, fleeing only as a last resort if the beating should be unendurable.

"Now," said the master to Jack, "will you tell me who put that gunpowder in the stove? If you don't, I'll take it out of your skin."

Jack could not bear to tell, especially under a threat. I think that boys are not wholly right in their notion that it is dishonorable to inform on a school-mate, especially in the case of so bad an offense as that of which Will and Ben were guilty. But, on the other hand, the last thing a master ought to seek is to turn boys into habitual spies and informers on one another. In the present instance, Jack ought, perhaps, to have told, for the offense was criminal; but it is hard for a high-spirited lad to yield to a brutal threat.

Jack caught sight of Susan Lanham telegraphing from behind the master, by spelling with her fingers:

"Tell or run."

But he could not make up his mind to do either,

though Bob Holliday had again mysteriously opened the western door.

The master summoned all his strength and struck him half a dozen blows, that made poor Jack writhe. Then he walked up and down the room awhile, to give the victim time to consider whether he would tell or not.

"Run," spelled out Susan on her fingers.

"The school-house is on fire!" called out Bob Holliday. Some of the coals that had spilled from the capsized stove were burning the floor—not dangerously, but Bob wished to make a diversion. He rushed for a pail of water in the corner, and all the rest, aching with suppressed excitement, crowded around the fallen stove, so that it was hard for the master to tell whether there was any fire or not. Bob whispered to Jack to "cut sticks," but Jack only went to his seat.

"Lay hold, boys, and let 's put up the stove," said Bob, taking the matter quite out of the master's hands. Of course, the stove-pipe would not fit without a great deal of trouble. Did ever stove-pipe go together without trouble? Somehow, all the joints that Bob joined together flew asunder over and over again, though he seemed to work most zealously to get the stove set up. After half an hour of this confusion, the pipe was fixed, and the master, having had time, like the stove, to cool off, and seeing Jack bent over his book, concluded to let the matter drop. It proved, however, to be a matter that would not drop.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND HIS MOTHER.

JACK went home that night very sore on his back and in his feelings. He felt humiliated to be beaten like a dog, and even a dog feels degraded in being beaten. He told his mother about it—the tall, dignified, sweet-faced mother, very patient in trouble and very full of a high goodness that did not talk much about goodness. She did not keep telling Jack to be good, but she always took it for granted that *her* boy would not do anything mean. She made a healthy atmosphere for a brave boy to grow in. Jack told her of his whipping, with some heat, while he sat at supper. She did not say much then, but after Jack's evening chores were all finished, she sat down by the lamp where he was trying to get out some sums, and questioned him carefully.

"Why did n't you tell who did it?" she asked.

"Because it makes a boy mean to tell, and all the boys would have thought me a sneak."

"It is a little hard to face a general opinion like that," she said.

"But," said Jack, "if I had told, the master would have whipped Columbus all the same, and the boys would probably have pounded him too. I ought to have told beforehand," said Jack, after a pause. "But I thought it was only some coffee-nuts that they had put in. The mean fellows, to let Columbus take a whipping for them! But the way Mr. Ball beats us is enough to make a boy mean and cowardly."

After a long silence, the mother said: "I think we shall have to give it up, Jack."

"What, Mother?"

"The schooling for this winter. I don't want you to go where boys are beaten in that way. In the morning, go and get your books and see what you can do at home."

Then, after a long pause, in which neither liked to speak, Mrs. Dudley said:

"I want you to be an educated man. You learn quickly; you have a taste for books, and you will be happier if you get knowledge. If I could collect the money that Gray owes your father's estate, or even a part of it, I should be able to keep you in school one winter after this. But there seems to be no hope for that."

"But he is a rich man, is n't he?"

"Yes, but not in his own name. He persuaded your father, who was a most kind-hearted man, to release a mortgage, promising to give him some other security the next week. But, meantime, he put his property in such a shape as to cheat all his creditors. I don't think we shall ever get anything."

"I am going to be an educated man, anyhow."

"But you will have to go to work at something next fall," said the mother.

"That will make it harder, but I mean to study a little every day. I wish I could get a chance to spend next winter in school."

"We'll see what can be done."

And long after Jack went to bed that night the mother sat still by the candle with her sewing, trying to think what she could do to help her boy to get on with his studies.

Jack woke up after eleven o'clock, and saw her light still burning in the sitting-room.

"I say, Mother," he called out, "don't you sit there worrying about me. We shall come through this all right."

Some of Jack's hopefulness got into the mother's heart, and she took her light and went to bed.

Wearily, and sore, and disappointed, Jack did not easily get to sleep himself after his cheerful speech to his mother. He lay awake long, making boy's plans for his future. He would go and collect money by some hook or crook from the rascally Gray; he would make a great invention; he would discover a gold mine; he would find some rich

cousin who would send him through college; he would —, but just then he grew more wakeful and realized that all his plans had no foundation of probability.

CHAPTER XI.

COLUMBUS AND HIS FRIENDS.

WHEN he waked up in the morning, Jack remembered that he had not seen Columbus Risdale go past the door after his cow the evening before, and he was afraid that he might be ill. Why had he not thought to go down and drive up the cow himself? It was yet early, and he arose and went down to the little rusty, brown, unpainted house in which the Risdales, who were poor people, had their home. Just as he pushed open the gate, Bob Holliday came out of the door, looking tired and sleepy.

"Hello, Bob!" said Jack. "How 's Columbus? Is he sick?"

"Awful sick," said Bob. "Clean out of his head all night."

"Have you been here all night?"

"Yes, I heerd he was sick last night, and I come over and sot up with him."

"You good, big-hearted Bob!" said Jack. "You're the best fellow in the world, I believe."

"What a quare feller you air to talk, Jack," said Bob, choking up. "Air you goin' to school today?"

"No. Mother 'd rather have me not go any more."

"I'm not going any more. I hate old Ball. Neither 's Susan Lanham going. She's in there," and Bob made a motion toward the house with his thumb, and passed out of the gate, while Jack knocked at the door. He was admitted by Susan.

"Oh, Jack! I'm so glad to see you," she whispered. "Columbus has asked for you a good many times during the night. You've stood by him splendidly."

Jack blushed, and asked how Lummy was now.

"Out of his head most of the time, Bob Holliday staid with him all night. What a good fellow Bob Holliday is!"

"I almost hugged him, just now," said Jack, and Susan could n't help laughing at this frank confession.

When Jack passed into the next room, he saw Columbus's mother sitting by his bed, and the poor little fellow with his big head resting on the white pillow. Columbus turned his large eyes on Jack, and then reached out both his puny arms.

"Come, Jack, dear old fellow," he said.

Jack bent over him, while the wan-faced Columbus put the poor little reed-like arms about his neck.

"Jack," he sobbed, "the old master's right over there in the corner all the time, straightening out his ugly long switches. He says he's going to beat me again. But I know you won't let him. Will you, Jack, you dear old fellow?"

"No, he sha'n't touch you."

"Let's run away, Jack," he said, presently. And so the poor little fellow went on, his great disordered brain producing feverish images of terror from which he continually besought "dear good old Jack" to deliver him.

When at last he dropped into a troubled sleep, Jack slipped away and drove up the Risdale cow, and then went back to his breakfast. He was a boy whose anger kindled slowly; but the more he thought about it, the more angry he became at the master who had given Columbus such a fright as to throw him into a brain fever, and at the "mean, sneaking, contemptible villains," as he hotly called them, who would not come forward and confess their trick, rather than to have the poor little lad beaten.

"Let us make some allowances," his mother said, quietly.

"That's what you always say, Mother. You're always making allowances."

After breakfast and chores, Jack thought to go again to see his little friend. On issuing from the gate, he saw Will Riley and Ben Berry waiting for him at the corner. Whether they meant to attack him or not he could not tell, but he felt too angry to care.

"I say, Jack," said Riley, "how did you know who put the powder in the stove? Did Columbus tell you?"

"Mind your own business," said Jack, in a tone not so polite as it might be. "The less you say about gunpowder, hereafter, the better for you both. Why did n't you walk up and tell, and save that little fellow a beating?"

"Look here, Jack," said Berry, "don't you tell what you know about it. There's going to be a row. They say that Doctor Lanham's taken Susan, and all the other children, out of school, because the master thrashed Lummy, and they say Bob Holliday's quit, and that you're going to quit, and Doctor Lanham's gone to work this morning to get the master put out at the end of the term. Mr. Ball did n't know that Columbus was kin to the Lanhams, or he'd have let him alone, like he does the Lanhams and the Weathervanes. There is going to be a big row, and everybody'll want to know who put the powder in the stove. We want you to be quiet about it."

"You do?" said Jack, with a sneer. "You do?"

"Yes, we do," said Riley, coaxingly.

"You do? You come to me and ask me to keep it secret, after letting me and that poor little baby take your whipping! You want me to hide what you did, when that poor little Columbus lies over there sick abed and like to die, all because you sneaking scoundrels let him be whipped for what you did!"

"Is he sick?" said Riley, in terror.

"Going to die, I expect," said Jack, bitterly.

"Well," said Ben Berry, "you be careful what you say about us, or we'll get Pewee to get even with you."

"Oh, that's your game! You think you can scare me, do you?"

Here Jack grew more and more angry. Seeing a group of school-boys on the other side of the street, he called them over.

"Look here, boys," said Jack, "I took a whipping yesterday to keep from telling on these fellows, and now they have the face to ask me not to tell that they put the powder in the stove, and they promise me a beating from Pewee if I do. These are the two boys that let a poor sickly baby take the whipping they ought to have had. They have just as good as killed him, I suppose, and now they come sneaking around here and trying to scare me into keeping still about it. I didn't back down from the master, and I won't from Pewee. Oh, no! I won't tell anybody. But if any of you boys should happen to guess that Will Riley and Ben Berry were the cowards who did that mean trick, I am not going to say they were n't. It would n't be of any use to deny it. There are only two boys in school mean enough to play such a contemptible trick as that."

Riley and Berry stood sheepishly silent, but just here Pewee came in sight, and seeing the squad of boys gathered around Jack, strode over quickly and pushed his sturdy form into the midst.

"Pewee," said Riley, "I think you ought to pound Jack. He says you can't back him down."

"I did n't," said Jack. "I said *you* could n't scare me out of telling who tried to blow up the school-house stove, and let other boys take the whipping, by promising me a drubbing from Pewee Rose. If Pewee wants to put himself in as mean a crowd as yours, and be your puppy dog to fight for you, let him come on. He's a fool if he does, that's all I have to say. The whole town will want to ship you two fellows off before night, and Pewee is n't going to fight your battles. What do you think, Pewee, of fellows that put powder in a stove where they might blow up a lot of little children? What do you think of two fellows that want me to keep quiet after they let little Lum Risdale take a whipping for them, and that talk about setting you on to me if I tell?"

Thus brought face to face with both parties, to his own home, declaring that he was going
King Pewee only looked foolish and said nothing. to tell everybody in town. But when he entered



"COUSIN SUKEY," SAID LITTLE COLUMBUS, COAXINGLY, "I WANT TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU." [SEE PAGE 331.]

Jack had worked himself into such a passion the house and looked into the quiet, self-controlled
that he could not go to Risdale's, but returned face of his mother, he began to feel cooler.

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"Let us remember that some allowances are to be made for such boys," was all that she said.

"That 's what you always say, Mother," said Jack, impatiently. "I believe you 'd make allowances for Satan himself."

"That would depend on his bringing up," smiled Mrs. Dudley. "Some boys have bad streaks naturally, and some have been cowed and brutalized by ill-treatment, and some have been spoiled by indulgence."

Jack felt more calm after a while. He went back to the bedside of Columbus, but he could n't bring himself to make allowances, as his mother did.

CHAPTER XII.

GREENBANK WAKES UP.

IF the pigeons had not crossed the valley on Monday, nobody would have played truant, and if nobody had played truant on Monday, there would not have been occasion to beat three boys on Tuesday morning, and if Ben Berry and Riley had escaped a beating on Tuesday morning, they would not have thought of putting gunpowder into the stove on Wednesday at noon, and if they had omitted that bad joke, Columbus would not have got into trouble and run away from school, and if he had escaped the fright and the flight, he might not have had the fever, and the town would not have been waked up, and other things would not have happened.

So then, you see, this world of ours is just like the House that Jack Built: one thing is tied to another and another to that, and that to this, and this to something, and something to something else, and so on to the very end of all things.

So it was that the village was thrown into a great excitement as the result of a flock of innocent pigeons going over the heads of some lazy boys. In the first place, Susan Lanham talked about things. She talked to her aunts, and she talked to her uncles, and, above all, she talked to her father. Now Susan was the brightest girl in the town, and she had a tongue, as all the world knew, and when she set out to tell people what a brute the old master was, how he had beaten two innocent boys, how bravely Jack had carried himself, how frightened little Columbus was, and how sick it had made him, and how mean the boys were to put the powder there, and then to let the others take the whipping,—I say, when Susan set out to tell all these things, in her eloquent way, to everybody she knew, you might expect a waking up in the sleepy old town. Some of the people took Susan's side and removed their children from the school, lest they, too, should get a whipping and run home and have brain fever. But many stood up for

the old master, mostly because they were people of the sort that never can bear to see anything changed. "The boys ought to have told who put the powder in the stove," they said. "It served them right."

"How could the master know that Jack and Columbus did not do it themselves?" said others. "May be they did!"

"Don't tell me!" cried old Mrs. Horne. "Don't tell me! Boys can't be managed without whipping, and plenty of it. 'Bring up a child and away he goes,' as the Bible says. When you hire a master, you want a master, says I."

"What a tongue that Sue Lanham has got!" said Mr. Higbie, Mr. Ball's brother-in-law.

The excitement spread over the whole village. Doctor Lanham talked about it, and the ministers, and the lawyers, and the loafers in the stores, and the people who came to the post-office for their letters. Of course, it broke out furiously in the "Maternal Association," a meeting of mothers held at the house of one of the ministers.

"Mr. Ball can do every sum in the arithmetic," urged Mrs. Weathervane.

"He's a master hand at figures, they do say," said Mother Brownson.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dudley, "I don't doubt it. Jack's back is covered with figures of Mr. Ball's making. For my part, I should rather have a master that did his figuring on a slate."

Susan Lanham got hold of this retort, and took pains that it should be known all over the village.

When Greenbank once gets waked up on any question, it never goes to sleep until that particular question is settled. But it does n't wake up more than once or twice in twenty years. Most of the time it is only talking in its sleep. Now that Greenbank had its eyes open for a little time, it was surprised to see that while the cities along the river had all adopted graded schools,—*de-graded* schools, as they were called by the people opposed to them,—and while even the little villages in the hill country had younger and more enlightened teachers, the county-town of Greenbank had made no advance. It employed yet, under the rule of President Fillmore, the same hard old stick of a master that had beaten the boys in the log school-house in the days of John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson. But, now it was awake, Greenbank kept its eyes open on the school question. The boys wrote on the fences, in chalk:

DOWN WITH OLD BAWL!

and thought the bad spelling of the name a good joke, while men and women began to talk about getting a new master.

Will Riley and Ben Berry had the hardest time. For the most part they staid at home during the excitement, only slinking out in the evening. The boys nicknamed them "Gunpowder cowards," and wrote the words on the fences. Even the loafers about the street asked them whether Old Ball had given them that whipping yet, and how they liked "powder and Ball."

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFESSOR SUSAN.

MR. BALL did not let go easily. He had been engaged for the term, and he declared that he would go on to the end of the term, if there should be nothing but empty benches. In truth, he and his partisans hoped that the storm would blow over and the old man be allowed to go on teaching and thrashing as heretofore. He had a great advantage in that he had been trained in all the common branches better than most masters, and was regarded as a miracle of skill in arithmetical calculations. He even knew how to survey land.

Jack was much disappointed to miss his winter's schooling, and there was no probability that he would be able to attend school again. He went on as best he could at home, but he stuck fast in the middle of the arithmetic. Columbus had by this time begun to recover his slender health, and he was even able to walk over to Jack's house occasionally. Finding Jack in despair over some of his "sums," he said:

"Why don't you ask Susan Lanham to show you? I believe she would; and she has been clean through the arithmetic, and she is 'most as good as the master himself."

"I don't like to," said Jack. "She would n't want to take the trouble."

But the next morning Christopher Columbus managed to creep over to the Lanhams:

"Cousin Sukey," he said, coaxingly, "I wish you 'd do something for me. I want to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, Columbus?" said Sue. "Anything you ask shall be given, to the half of my kingdom!" and she struck an attitude, as Isabella of Castile, addressing the great Columbus, with the dust-brush for a scepter, and the towel, which she had pinned about her head, for a crown.

"You are so funny," he said, with a faint smile. "But I wish you 'd be sober a minute."

"Have n't had but one cup of coffee this morning. But what do you want?"

"Jack —"

"Oh, yes, it's always Jack with you. But that's right — Jack deserves it."

"Jack can't do his sums, and he-wont ask you to help him."

"And so he got you to ask?"

"No, he did n't. He would n't let me, if he knew. He thinks a young lady like you would n't want to take the trouble to help him."

"Do you tell that stupid Jack, that if he does n't want to offend me so that I'll never, never forgive him, he is to bring his slate and pencil over here after supper this evening. And you'll come, too, with your geography. Yours truly, Susan Lanham, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science in the Greenbank Independent and Miscellaneous Academy. Do you hear?"

"All right." And Columbus, smiling faintly, went off to tell Jack the good news. That evening Susan had, besides her own brother and two sisters, two pupils who learned more arithmetic than they would have gotten in the same time from Mr. Ball, though she did keep them laughing at her drollery. The next evening, little Joanna Merwin joined the party, and Professor Susan felt quite proud of her "academy," as she called it.

Bob Holliday caught the infection, and went to studying at home. As he was not so far advanced as Jack, he contented himself with asking Jack's help when he was in trouble. At length, he had a difficulty that Jack could not solve.

"Why don't you take that to the professor?" asked Jack. "I'll ask her to show you."

"I durs n't," said Bob, with a frightened look.

"Nonsense!" said Jack.

That evening, when the lessons were ended, Jack said:

"Professor Susan, there was a story in the old First Reader we had in the first school that I went to, about a dog who had a lame foot. A doctor cured his foot, and some time after, the patient brought another lame dog to the doctor, and showed by signs that he wanted this other dog cured, too."

"That's rather a good dog-story," said Susan. "But what made you think of it?"

"Because I'm that first dog."

"You are?"

"Yes. You've helped me, but there's Bob Holliday. I've been helping him, but he's got to a place where I don't quite understand the thing myself. Now Bob would n't dare ask you to help him —"

"Bring him along. How the Greenbank Academy grows!" laughed Susan, turning to her father.

Bob was afraid of Susan at first — his large fingers trembled so much that he had trouble to use his slate-pencil. But by the third evening his shyness had worn off, so that he got on well.

One evening, after a week of attendance, he was

missing. The next morning he came to Jack's house with his face scratched and his eye bruised.

"What 's the matter?" asked Jack.

"Well, you see, yesterday I was at the school-house at noon, and Pewee, egged on by Riley, said something he ought n't to, about Susan, and I could n't stand there and hear that girl made fun of, and so I up and downed him, and made him take it back. I can't go till my face looks better, you know, for I would n't want her to know anything about it."

But the professor heard all about it from Joanna, who had it from one of the school-boys. Susan sent Columbus to tell Bob that she knew all about it, and that he must come back to school.

"So you've been fighting, have you?" she said, severely, when Bob appeared. The poor fellow was glad she took that tone—if she had thanked him he would n't have been able to reply.

"Yes."

"Well, don't you do it any more. It's very wrong to fight. It makes boys brutal. A girl with ability enough to teach the Greenbank Academy can take care of herself, and she does n't want her scholars to fight."

"All right," said Bob. "But I'll thrash him all the same, and more than ever, if he ever says anything like that again."



CHAPTER XIV.

CROWING AFTER VICTORY.

REENBANK was awake, and the old master had to go. Mr. Weathervane stood up for him as long as he thought that the excitement was temporary.

But when he found that Greenbank really was awake, and not just talking in its sleep, as it did for the most part, he changed sides,—not all at once, but by degrees. At first he softened down a little, "hemmed and hawed," as folks say. He said he did not know but that Mr. Ball had been hasty, but he meant well. The next day he took another step, and said that the old master meant well, but he was *often* too hasty in his temper. The next week he let himself down another peg in saying that "may be" the old man meant well, but he was altogether too hot in his temper for a school-master. A little while later, he found out that Mr. Ball's way of teaching was quite out of date. Before a month had elapsed, he was sure that the old curmudgeon ought to be put out, and

thus at last Mr. Weathervane found himself where he liked to be, in the popular party.

And so the old master came to his last day in the brick school-house. Whatever feelings he may have had in leaving behind him the scenes of his twenty-five years of labor, he said nothing. He only compressed his lips a little more tightly, scowled as severely as ever, removed his books and pens from his desk, gave a last look at his long beech switches on the wall, turned the key in the door of the brick school-house, carried it to Mr. Weathervane, received his pay, and walked slowly home to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Higbie.

The boys had determined to have a demonstration. All their pent-up wrath against the master now found vent, since there was no longer any danger that the old man would have a chance to retaliate. They would serenade him. Bob Holliday was full of it. Harry Weathervane was very active. He was going to pound on his mother's bread-pan. Every sort of instrument for making a noise was brought into requisition. Dinner-bells, tin-pails, conch-shell dinner-horns, tin-horns, and even the village bass-drum, were to be used.

Would Jack go? Bob came over to inquire. All the boys were going to celebrate the downfall of a harsh master. He deserved it for beating Columbus. So Jack resolved to go.

But after the boys had departed, Jack began to doubt whether he ought to go or not. It did not seem quite right; yet his feelings had become so enlisted in the conflict for the old man's removal, that he had grown to be a bitter partisan, and the recollection of all he had suffered, and of all Columbus had endured during his sickness, reconciled Jack to the appearance of crowing over a fallen foe, which this burlesque serenade would have. Nevertheless, his conscience was not clear on the point, and he concluded to submit the matter to his mother, when she should come home to supper.

Unfortunately for Jack, his mother staid away to tea, sending Jack word that he would have to get his own supper, and that she would come home early in the evening. Jack ate his bowl of bread and milk in solitude, trying to make himself believe that his mother would approve of his taking part in the "shiveree" of the old master. But when he had finished his supper, he concluded that if his mother did not come home in time for him to consult her, he would remain at home. He drew up by the light and tried to study, but he longed to be out with the boys. After a while, Bob Holliday and Harry Weathervane came to the door and importuned Jack to come with them. It was lonesome at home; it would be good fun to celebrate

the downfall of the old master's cruel rule, so, taking down an old dinner-bell, Jack went off to join the rest. He was a little disgusted when he found Riley, Pewee, and Ben Berry in the company, but, once in the crowd, there was little chance to back out with credit. The boys crept through the back alleys until they came in front of Mr. Higbie's house, at half-past eight o'clock. There was but one light visible, and that was in Mr. Ball's room. Jack dropped behind, a little faint of heart about the expedition. He felt sure in himself that his mother would shake her head if she knew of it. At length, at a signal from Bob, the tin pans, big and little, the skillet-lids grinding together, the horns, both conch-shell and tin, and the big bass-drum, set up a hideous clattering, banging, booming, roaring, and racketing. Jack rang his dinner-bell rather faintly, and stood back behind all the rest.

"Jack's afraid," said Pewee. "Why don't you come up to the front, like a man?"

Jack could not stand a taunt like this, but came forward into the cluster of half-frightened peace-breakers. Just then, the door of Mr. Higbie's house was opened, and some one came out.

"It's Mr. Higbie," said Ben Berry. "He's going to shoot."

"It's Bugbee, the watchman, going to arrest us," said Pewee.

"It's Mr. Ball himself," said Riley, "and he'll whip us all." And he fled, followed pell-mell by the whole crowd, excepting Jack, who had a constitutional aversion to running away. He only slunk up close to the fence and so stood still.

"Hello! Who are you?" The voice was not that of Mr. Higbie, nor that of the old master, nor of the watchman, Bugbee. With some difficulty, Jack recognized the figure of Doctor Lanham. "Oh, it's Jack Dudley, is it?" said the doctor, after examining him in the feeble moonlight.

"Yes," said Jack, sheepishly.

"You're the one that got that whipping from the old master. I don't wonder you came out to-night."

"I do," said Jack, "and I would rather now that I had taken another such whipping than to find myself here."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "boys will be boys."

"And fools will be fools, I suppose," said Jack.

"Mr. Ball is very ill," continued the doctor.

"Find the others and tell them they must n't come here again to-night, or they'll kill him. I would n't have had this happen for anything. The old man's just broken down by the strain he has been under. He has deserved it all, but I think you might let him have a little peace now."

"So do I," said Jack, more ashamed of himself than ever.

The doctor went back into the house, and Jack Dudley and his dinner-bell started off down the street in search of Harry Weathervane and his tin pan, and Bob Holliday and his skillet-lids, and Ben Berry and the bass-drum.

"Hello, Jack!" called out Bob from an alley. "You stood your ground the best of all, did n't you?"

"I wish I'd stood my ground in the first place against you and Harry, and staid at home."

"Why, what's the matter? Who was it?"

By this time the other boys were creeping out of their hiding-places and gathering about Jack.

"Well, it was the doctor," said Jack. "Mr. Ball's very sick and we've 'most killed him; that's all. We're a pack of cowards to go tooting at a poor old man when he's already down, and we ought to be kicked, every one of us. That's the way I feel about it," and Jack set out for home, not waiting for any leave-taking with the rest, who, for their part, slunk away in various directions, anxious to get their instruments of noise and torment hidden away out of sight.

Jack stuck the dinner-bell under the hay in the stable-loft, whence he could smuggle it into the house before his mother should get down-stairs in the morning. Then he went into the house.

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Dudley. "I came home early so that you need n't be lonesome."

"Bob Holliday and Harry Weathervane came for me, and I found it so lonesome here that I went out with them."

"Have you got your lessons?"

"No, ma'am," said Jack, sheepishly.

He was evidently not at ease, but his mother said no more. He went off to bed early, and lay awake a good part of the night. The next morning he brought the old dinner-bell and set it down in the very middle of the breakfast-table. Then he told his mother all about it. And she agreed with him that he had done a very mean thing.

And so do I, for that matter.

(To be continued.)



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHEW! How cold it is. Are you all dressed warmly, my chicks? And do you know of any little chap who is not? or of any little shivering girl? If you *do*, don't stay here and listen to me, my muffled ones, but run right straight off and talk to Father or Mother about it. See if something can not be done; and when it is settled that the other little body shall be warm, then bring your rosy cheeks and happy eyes here. We've many subjects before us this time. All sorts of things, I may say; but we'll make a beginning with:

THE LAUGHING PLANT.

THIS is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. A boy-friend writes me that he has just been reading about it. It grows in Arabia, and is called the Laughing Plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing-gas. The flowers, he says, are of a bright yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus-clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing, and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

GOOD TASTE AMONG THE MIGHTY.

THE more I think about elephants the more wonderful they seem to be. The great, clumsy creatures are so very knowing, so very loving, and so like human beings in many of their qualities.

They know their power well, and they also know just when they must not use it. Deacon Green tells me that keepers and trainers of elephants often lie down on the ground and let the huge fellows step right over them; and that they feel perfectly safe in doing so, because they know the elephants will pick their way carefully over the prostrate forms, never so much as touching them, still less treading on them. Yet the mighty creatures can brush a man out of existence as easily as a man can brush away a fly. And what delicate tastes they have—delighted, I'm told, with strawberries, gum-drops, or any little dainty of that kind! They are fond of bright colors, too, and travelers tell wonderful tales of seeing elephants gather flowers with the greatest care, and smell them, apparently with the keenest pleasure.

It is true they *eat* the same flowers afterward, but dear me! I've seen girls do the same thing! Many a time I've watched a little lady pluck a wild rose, look at it a moment, sigh "how lovely!" then open her pretty lips and swallow the petals one by one.

Why should n't an elephant?

A LONG WAGON, A LONG TEAM, AND A VERY LONG WHIP.

THE birds have brought me a true letter about a very wonderful sort of team, the like of which has never been seen in my meadow. But you shall read the letter yourselves, my chicks, and then let me see who can guess at the length of the entire thing—train, animals, whip, and all:

DEAR JACK: A friend was telling me a few days ago about the kind of wagon they used in Cape Colony, when he was there twenty-two years ago. It was six yards long, and but little over a yard in width; about two feet and a half in depth at the front, but deeper at the back. The canvas tent added five feet to the wagon's height. The "fore-clap" and "after-clap" are the curtains which hung in the front and in the rear of the wagon; they reached to within a few inches of the ground. The vehicle was steered by a pole called the dissel-boom, at the end of which was a long tow-line.

Now, imagine twelve oxen yoked to this wagon, or twenty-six, as my friend often saw when a vehicle was caught in the mire, with a leader at the tow-line, and a driver on the wagon-seat. But the picture is not complete till your mind paints in the driver's whip. The handle of this whip is a bamboo pole more than twenty feet in length: the thong is at least twenty-five feet; to this last is fastened the "after-slock," and to the end of this again is sewed the "fore-slock," which corresponds to the little whip-cord lash of our carriage-whips, or the "cracker." This is at least a yard in length, so that from tip to tip the Cape wagon-whip would measure between fifty and sixty feet. Yet, immense as it is, the driver wields it with dexterity and grace. He establishes, by its reports, as he "cracks" it—and they are as loud as a gun's—a system of signals by which he communicates with the man who is leading at the end of the tow-line. Even when this man is herding the oxen a mile away, the driver's whip will tell him to bring up the beasts to be "in-spanned."—Your friend, S.

VALELLA-SAPHOIDEA.

THIS pretty Latin name means "a little sail, like a boat," and it very exactly describes the tiny, animated boat which spreads its own sail, and steers itself. The small, round, flat sail-boat is only a little valella, or living plate, of a light but firm material, covered with a coat of perfectly transparent jelly. From the upper surface of the plate rises a thin strip of cartilage, which serves as a mast. On this is spread a sail, delicate and gossamer-like enough to make a sail for the Fairy

Queen's own boat. From the lower surface of the plate extend slender tentacles, or threads, like fish-lines, ever on the watch for food; for even a valella, fairy-like as it looks, must eat to live.

GOLDEN WIRE.

A VERY curious thing, I'm told, is a gold wire as fine as a thread of a spider's web, and interesting to see men make it. They cover a gold wire with silver, and then draw it as fine as they can make a wire, which is smaller than a hair, let me tell you. After this they put it into an acid which eats off the silver, and exposes the delicate thread of gold inside, which is exquisitely fine.

Deacon Green says that some writers treat fine ideas in a similar way as to spinning out, but forget to tell you how to find the original golden thread again.

AN EEL THAT CURLED NATURALLY.

THIS eel lived by mistake in a fine river along with a number of very straight pikes and sword-fish, who evidently envied him his curl, for they always were chasing him. But the more they chased him, the more he curled, until one day, becoming rather —

[Eh? How? Oh, is that you, my dear? You beg pardon, but you'd be glad if I'd leave off, for this month, and let you print something that has just come in?

Oh, certainly, my dear, with pleasure.]

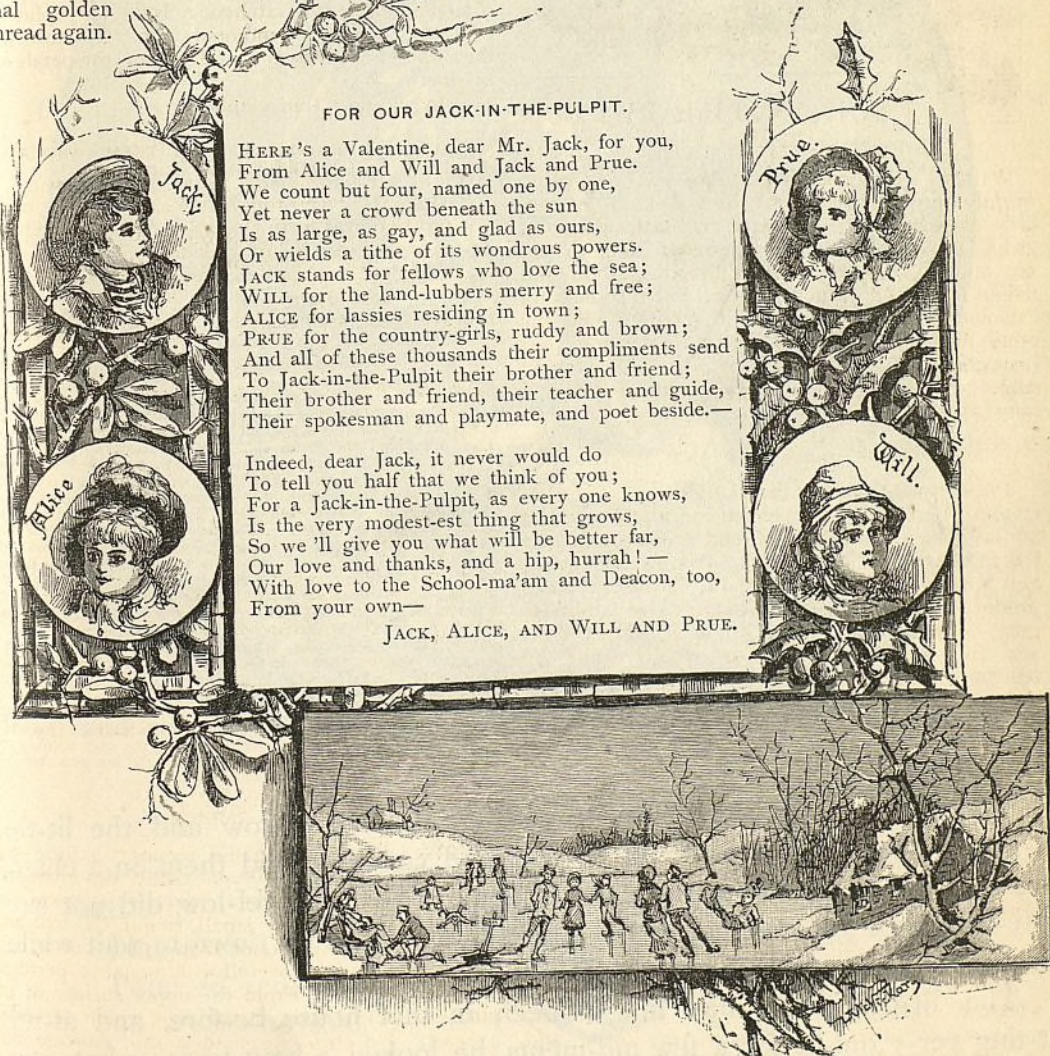
Now, what can it be? I never can refuse that blessed Little School-ma'am anything. So good-bye, my little men and women, till March. Meantime I hope you, one and all, have begun a very happy New Year.

FOR OUR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE'S a Valentine, dear Mr. Jack, for you,
From Alice and Will and Jack and Prue.
We count but four, named one by one,
Yet never a crowd beneath the sun
Is as large, as gay, and glad as ours,
Or wields a tithe of its wondrous powers.
JACK stands for fellows who love the sea;
WILL for the land-lubbers merry and free;
ALICE for lassies residing in town;
PRUE for the country-girls, ruddy and brown;
And all of these thousands their compliments send
To Jack-in-the-Pulpit their brother and friend;
Their brother and friend, their teacher and guide,
Their spokesman and playmate, and poet beside.—

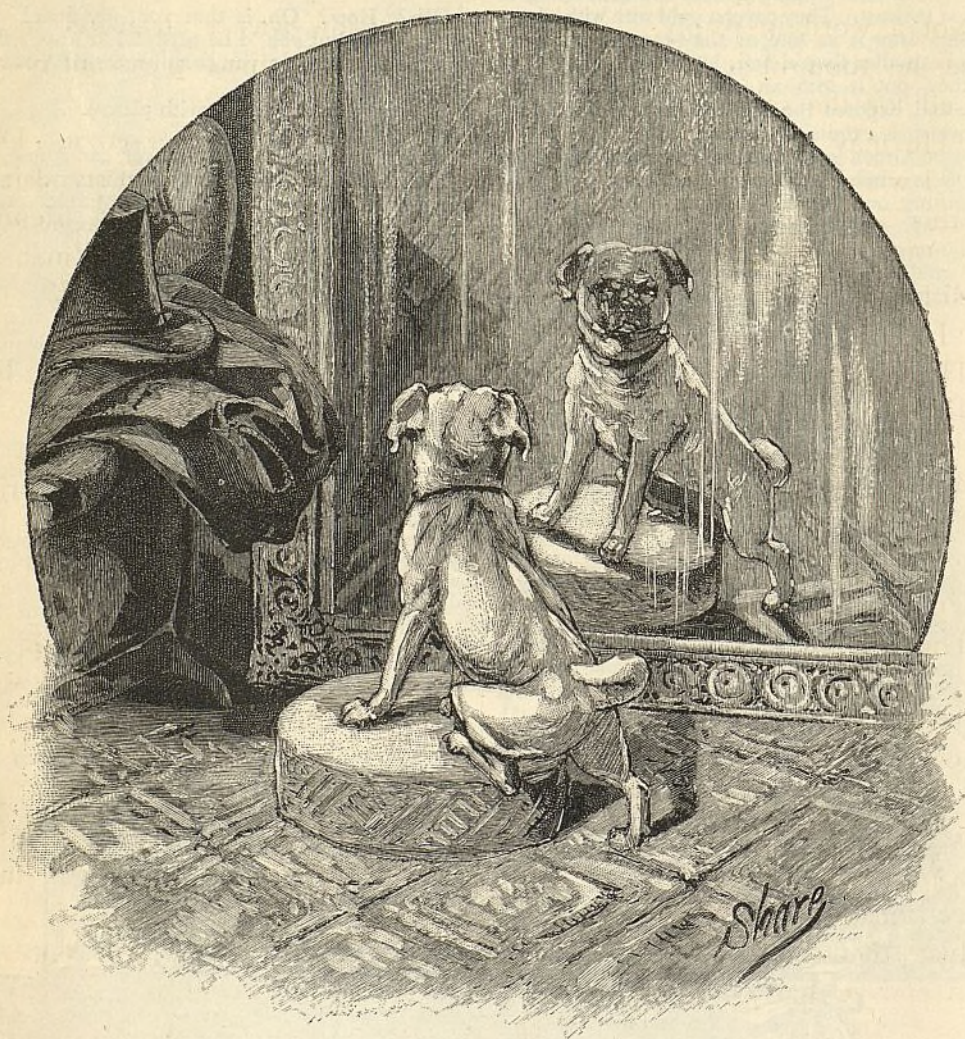
Indeed, dear Jack, it never would do
To tell you half that we think of you;
For a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, as every one knows,
Is the very modest-est thing that grows,
So we'll give you what will be better far,
Our love and thanks, and a hip, hurrah! —
With love to the School-ma'am and Deacon, too,
From your own—

JACK, ALICE, AND WILL AND PRUE.



WHAT STRANGE MAN-NERS.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



THEY came in-to the house to-geth-er, the tall fel-low and the lit-tle fel-low. The tall one took off his hat and coat and laid them on a chair, and then told the oth-er to wait for him. The lit-tle fel-low did not say a-ny-thing, for he was not ver-y talk-a-tive, and he sat down to wait while his com-pan-ion made a call.

The lit-tle fel-low had nev-er been in that house be-fore, and af-ter sit-ting ver-y qui-et for a few mo-ments, he looked a-bout to see what sort

of a place it might be. He had been sit-ting on a crick-et, for he was rath-er short, and as he looked a-round he saw an-oth-er lit-tle fel-low. Of course, he stood up and said, po-lite-ly: "Good-morn-ing, sir."

The oth-er did not say a word.

"Good-morn-ing, sir," said he a-gain.

Not a word in re-ply. As the lit-tle fel-low was a stran-ger in the house, he thought it best to be friend-ly, so he smiled pleas-ant-ly and wait-ed for the oth-er to speak.

"He may be deaf. I'll not let him know that I ob-served it. Dear me! I wish he would say some-thing or sit down. I'm tired of stand-ing." All this he said to him-self, and then he smiled a-gain in a friend-ly way. At once the oth-er smiled, too, in the most friend-ly man-ner pos-si-ble.

"It's a beau-ti-ful day," said the first lit-tle fel-low.

The oth-er o-pened his mouth, as if he meant to say it was tru-ly a love-ly day, but he nev-er said a word.

"If you'll ex-cuse me, I'll sit down."

As the oth-er did not speak, the lit-tle fel-low sat down on the crick-et. At once the oth-er sat down, too.

"Re-al-ly! He's ver-y strange! I'll stand up."

Up jumped the oth-er fel-low.

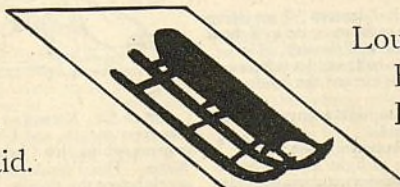
The first one was now re-al-ly per-plexed, and per-haps he frowned. The oth-er frowned, too. He be-gan to be an-gry and walked to-ward the stran-ger, when the stran-ger walked to-ward him, till their nos-es al-most touched.

"What strange man-ners! I've a great mind to tell him how rude-ly he be-haves. Oh! In-deed! Now you're los-ing your tem-per, sir. You are a ver-y bad young fel-low, and I'll thank you to cast no more re-flec-tions on me."

Just then they touched nos-es,—and the lit-tle fel-low at once sat down and re-marked to him-self: "It's a strange world!"

Fred

Has a sled
Paint-ed red,—
So he said.



Lou

Has one, too;
Hers is blue;
What have you?

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and I want to know if a set of sails made as described in your January number, 1881 (only with a single yard, with a hole in the middle of its length, instead of the compound one described), could be fastened to a mast in the middle of a sled, by having a shoulder on the mast to fit through the hole in the yard. It could be worked more easily, I think, than when on either side.—Yours,
F. K. F.

MR. NORTON, the author of the article on "Skate Sailing," answers F. K. F. as follows:

Never make a hole in a spar when it can possibly be avoided. I have known a mast break at a point where two or three tacks were driven into it. And a hole large enough for the purpose named in your letter would weaken it where it should be strongest. Lash a ring to the spar, or make a lashing with a loop standing out from it, and slip this over your mast.

The middle of the sled is a good place for the mast, but it is more in the way than if placed at the side, as recommended in St. NICHOLAS (January number), and, moreover, there is nothing to fasten it to, unless you put on a cross-piece near the runners (which would be awkward in case of lumps on the ice), or have a system of braces "on deck"—so to speak—which would be very much in the way. At the side of the sled the mast can be securely stepped, with very little trouble.

HERE is an interesting little letter sent from Fort Omaha, Nebraska, by a little girl of nine years, to her aunt in Connecticut:

DEAR AUNT C.: I want to tell you about a place which we visited before we left Fort McKinney. It is called "Old Fort Phil Kearney," and it is seventeen miles from McKinney. The post was destroyed by the Indians some time ago. It happened in this way: The commanding officer of the post sent a detachment of soldiers up into the mountains to cut wood. When they had enough, they were coming home, when the Indians attacked them; so they sent in one or two of the soldiers to tell that the Indians were upon them. When General Fetterman (who commanded the post) heard this, he got all the troops together, and went after the Indians; but when he got there, the Indians had killed the wood-party, and were pretending to run away, as though they were afraid of them; so they ran up into the mountains, and the troops followed them; but when the Indians got them up far enough, they turned around and killed every person. The Indians wanted to kill some more, but Red Cloud said they had enough blood for one day. The soldiers' graves were in a hollow, and a broken fence around them, and a monument to tell them; but the Indians destroyed everything they could lay hands on.

Mamma brought home a horseshoe, and Mammy [the nurse] found a door-latch. We had a very nice ride, and a long one. Fort Fetterman was named after General Fetterman, who was killed in the fight.

From your niece,

KATY P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the November number of St. NICHOLAS how to make a pig-a-graph. I made a book out of writing paper, with a brown-paper cover, took it to school, and got a great many girls to draw a pig in it with their eyes shut. It was great fun to see how ridiculous some of the drawings looked. One little girl was so enthusiastic over it that she made a pig-a-graph, a horse-a-graph, and an elephant-a-graph. The elephant did not take as well as the pig and horse, as it is almost impossible to draw an elephant well, even with the eyes open.—Yours truly,
B. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The snow "jack-o'-lantern" I am going to tell you of may be used as the head of a snow-man, or to light a snow-house, such as you told us how to build in February, 1880.

The directions are, first, roll a large snow-ball, and let it freeze so that it will not break while preparing, then cut out the inside, and make the features of a face.

Bits of colored paper will cause the eyes to have a singular effect when the lamp or candle is put in and lighted.

The top should be of wood, because the flame will melt snow.

A hollow snow-pyramid may also serve to light a snow-house. The way to make this is to cut squares of snow-crust during a thaw, each a little smaller than the other, hollow them out, and place one

on the other till you come to the top, then cut small windows on the front and sides. You may put thin, colored paper at the windows, and at the back there should be a hole large enough to put your hand in to light the lamp. The effect is fine; but the pyramid takes a long while to make, and should be sixteen inches wide at base and three feet high.

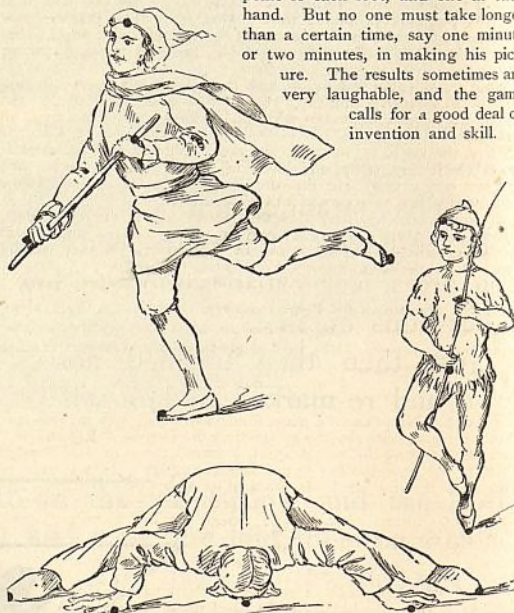
An empty barrel is better than a snow-ball for the door of a fort or snow-house, as the snow-ball is apt to break.—Yours truly,
CHARLES W. JEROME, twelve years.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in a very lonely place and we have no brothers, and so we don't see many boys; we are both afraid of boys; but we have you, and that is a comfort, and one aged sister, who is going to be married. We are all very fond of reading your magazine—it is so interesting. I am studying Spanish, as I am going to spend next winter in Spain; and my sister, who is writing with me, is studying Russian, as she is going to stay all next summer with our uncle in Russia. Good-bye.—From your constant readers,

CLEOPATRA DORCAS OSHKOSK.
WILHELMINA SPIDALE OSHKOSK.

D. J. SENDS some clever drawings, each of which was made in one minute, during a "Five-dot Game"; and, as some of our readers may like to try the pastime, we here give the pictures and an explanation:

Any number can play. Paper and pencils being ready, each player marks five dots in any arrangement on the piece of paper before him, and passes it to his next neighbor at the left hand. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed to him, and tries to draw on it some human figure in such a posture as to bring one of the five dots at the middle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one at each hand. But no one must take longer than a certain time, say one minute or two minutes, in making his picture. The results sometimes are very laughable, and the game calls for a good deal of invention and skill.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You seem like a bunch of Christmas to me every month, and I hope all the good people you meet have had a great, white, rich Christmas. I am glad you think of the Garfield home. The President loved children, I guess. Last fall, about a week before the election, I sent him a funny card. It was a picture of a black man holding up a can of beef, and saying: "De candidate

dat eats dis yah beef is de man to be 'lected," and I wrote him a letter to tell him I hoped he'd eat the beef and get elected; that I'd like to vote for him, but I was n't ten years old. He mailed me from Mentor a fine picture of himself, with his fresh-written name under it. I suppose he ate the beef.

I went with Mamma to visit Mr. Whittier and Mr. Longfellow. They both like boys. Mr. Longfellow said: "Now, Vickers, I want you to sit in this chair, which the Cambridge children gave me." You know it's a great big chair, made out of an old chestnut-tree, but it has a green spring seat, and is very pretty. The people must have thought Mr. Longfellow large and stout, but he is n't at all. Mr. Whittier is more of a long fellow; he is very kind, and I love him more than any man, 'most, but Papa. I never saw a fat poet. Good-bye. I hope you 'll all have Christmas all the year.

VICKERS OBERHOLTZER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As some of the boys who read you may be in the same fix that I was in, I want to tell them in the "Letter-box" how I got out of it.

I am nine years old. Papa bought me a beautiful pair of skates, but Mamma would not let me use them, because we have no skating, rink in this town, and she was afraid I should get drowned if I should go on the river. I felt awfully bad, but Papa said he would try to fix it some way. So one morning he went on the lawn that was covered with snow, and marked out a big circle. Then he had Joe heap up the snow all around the circle, and just before dark, when it was freezing hard, he had Joe put the hose on the pump and fill the ring with two or three inches of water. The next morning I had a beautiful sheet of ice. And now when it gets cut up we only have to flood it again, and let it freeze, to have the best kind of skating.

Will Sterling and the rest of the boys come over every day, and we have lots of fun.—Your friend,
HORACE T. CONANT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many letters from your readers telling of their wonderful pet animals of nearly every kind, that I thought I should like to tell you about our pets. My brother Harry and I have two dogs, more than a hundred chickens of different kinds, a cat, a canary, and a lamb called "Billy." One of the dogs is an Irish setter, the other a Gordon setter; their names are respectively "Shot" and "Beau."

Beau is all that his name expresses—beautiful, glossy, black. He is very intelligent and very wonderful, we think. Last spring, in the back of his kennel, a hen hatched out a large brood of chicks. Whenever the hen went off the nest, Beau would lie patiently outside the kennel until Mother Hen came back. He was careful of the eggs, and never injured them. Don't you think that was nice of our doggie? He is very uneasy if the roosters fight, and he tries to separate them. Although a bird-dog, he never chases the fowls, but, indeed, tries to watch over them.

Shot is a splendid watch-dog, and Papa has good sport shooting prairie chickens over him each year; for he points beautifully. In winter we harness him to our sled and he drags us (one at a time) all around.

Billy, the lamb, is our next favorite. Although not "as white as snow," he is very pretty, and has a bell tied around his neck. We got him very young. He runs after Harry like a dog, and will follow him everywhere, no rope nor cord on him at all.

It would take too long to tell of the doings of our other pets, excepting to say my canary is seven or eight years old, and is still lively and nimble, and sings sweetly. How long do they usually live? I should like to know.—Your loving admirer,
HELEN McILVAINE, thirteen years.

In ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1877, there is "A Talk about Canaries," in which Helen will find an answer to her question, besides many pictures, and useful suggestions about caring for these cheerful singing-birds.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made from holly wood, with my fret-saw, a puzzle square like the one pictured in the October "Riddle-box," and after cutting the pieces apart, I mixed them up and handed them to my little brother to put together again. He was ever so long about it,—for which Ma thanked me afterward privately,—and when he had succeeded, he felt as proud and looked as happy as little Jack Horner when he had picked out the plum and cried, "What a brave boy am I!"—Yours truly,
J. E. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can match the incident of a cat being fond of music, which Harry MacCord relates in the August ST. NICHOLAS, for 1881. I live in the South, where there are a great many negroes. I once had a cat that was so fond of music that when she was a little kitten she would lie under the piano when I practiced. One day there was no one at home excepting our old negro servant. When I came home she said: "Law, Honey! I was in your mamma's room and I heer'd, bless your soul, somethin' playin' on the piano. And, law, Honey! I thought it must be a ghost. So I jes' gather up all my courage, and I jes' bolt in de par-

lor, and if that little black cat was n't a runnin' up an' down de piano keys, my name aint Aunt Sarah." C. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read with much interest the first two installments of "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," and an intimate acquaintance with the author prompts me to relate to you a most interesting fact, which I know Harry M. Kieffer himself would never mention.

He is one of four brothers, who each graduated at the head of his class, and all are clergymen. These circumstances appear to me so unusual, perhaps without a parallel in the country, that it may prove interesting to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to know them.

We were college mates, though not classmates—he of the class of '70, I of '68—at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., and a friendship, born of distant relationship and membership in the same literary society, frequently brought us together at Sunnyside, a delightful place, where he boarded, immediately opposite Wheatland, the residence of President James Buchanan.

Many a pleasant hour we spent together, and many a tale of his army experience he rehearsed as we sat round the fire at Sunnyside, and when I say that no one knows better how to tell a story, I leave your readers to imagine what is in store for them from Harry Kieffer's pen; and though no longer a boy, I always await with impatience the appearance of ST. NICHOLAS to see what Harry has to say.—Hoping the facts mentioned may be of interest, I remain,
Very truly yours,
EDW. P. KREMER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask if any of your readers can tell us any recipe for marshmallow candy? We should like recipes for any other kinds of confectionery; but particularly for that one.—Yours truly,
TWO WESTERN GIRLS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a slip which I cut from a newspaper, and I think it will interest you:

"Taken as a whole, Vienna speaks highly of the courtesy of the royal guests from Italy. Our own country certainly can find no fault in the attention paid by them to its representative. The Ministers Depretis and Mancini called at the American Legation. During their short stay at the royal reception of the diplomatic corps, King Humbert expressed to Mr. Phelps his personal regret for President Garfield's death, as well as his hearty admiration for America. A pleasing incident of the occasion was when Queen Margherita told Mr. Phelps that he might speak English to her,—the conversation with the King had been in French,—and laughingly told how she had learned it by reading American books to her children. 'I read your ST. NICHOLAS to them,' said she, 'and I like the stories as well as they do.' I wonder how many American boys who pore over their ST. NICHOLAS would have believed that its pictures and puzzles and tales brought delight to the nursery of the Roman Court." M. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Are you sure Mr. Hebard, in his complaint of the abuse of Mr. Up in September number, has not misused Mr. Passed and slighted Mr. Adopted in the last sentence of his article?—Your friend and reader,
LESTER AINSWORTH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At our house we were much interested by the story of "Master Hyrax," in your September number; and I was deputed to write to you some more curious facts about that funny no-tailed creature. Although it is so small, it is related to the gigantic hippopotamus and rhinoceros. Its teeth resemble very closely those of the hippopotamus, and besides, it has no claws; but each of its toes ends in a tiny black hoof, the exact shape of the hoof of a rhinoceros. Yet the little rabbit-like animal can climb a ragged tree-trunk without the least difficulty. It is an interesting creature to naturalists, who mention it as the 'missing link,' uniting the families of its two great relatives; and it is very interesting also to unscientific persons, on account of its being a dainty article of food.—Yours truly,
T. G. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the way Christmas Eve is celebrated in some parts of northern Germany. They have no Santa Claus there, but a reverend personage whom they name Knecht Rupert. If the village is not large, all the parents in it send the presents they intend for their children to some one man; and on the evening before Christmas Knecht Rupert knocks at the cottage door. The parents go to let him in, and the children peep around doors and corners to catch a glimpse of him.

He is a big, stout person, with a false face that wears a serious look. On his feet are great boots, and he wears a long white robe and long, thick flaxen hair. He is received with great ceremony, and presently he calls for the children, who all stand before him.

Then he asks the parents about the conduct of their little ones during the year, and when handing a present to a child he adds a few words of praise or blame, as the case may be; but the having to give so many nice presents must be such a pleasant task that I suppose he finds it goes against the grain to say anything very severe, even to a really naughty boy or girl, if he should chance to find one.—Yours truly,
A. A. C.

UTRECHT, HOLLAND.

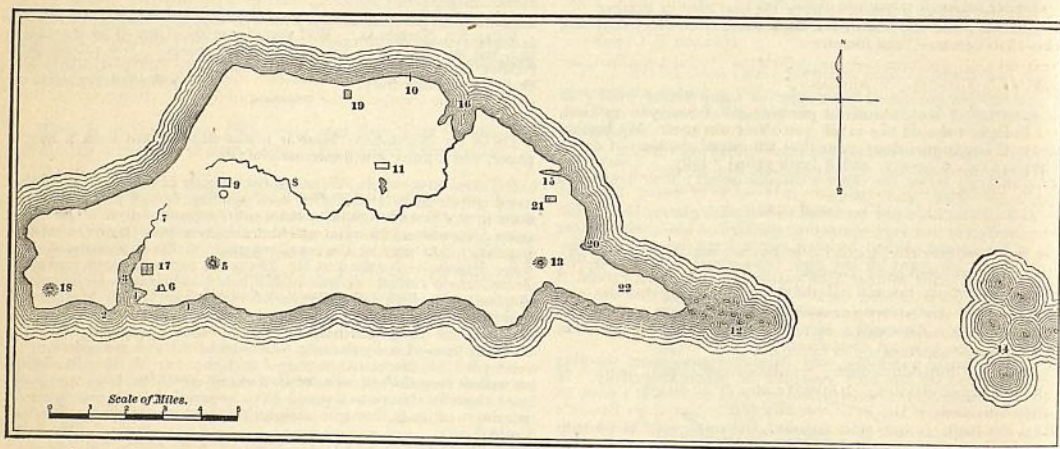
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you a little about the peculiar way the lower classes of our country celebrate the St. Nicholas feast. It is on the sixth of December. The children all believe in the good saint; and in very many families a friend or relative dresses up, and comes in, followed by his black servant, who always accompanies the saint. The good children get a great many sweets and presents, which St. Nicholas strews out of a large bag that his servant carries. The naughty children only receive a rod, and are threatened that the black servant will carry them off; at this they are very frightened. This is one way of celebrating the sixth of December; but the following way is still more general:

On the evening of the fifth, each of the children takes his or her "klomp," or wooden shoe, and fills it with fresh, sweet hay. The hay is intended for the saint's horse, which is supposed to be very tired by going around to so many children, and by having traveled so far. (St. Nicholas is supposed to live in Spain.) The parents take out the hay when the little ones are asleep, and they all think that it has been eaten by the horse. The parents then fill the "klomp" with sweets and little presents. Some people, however, content themselves with sending each other numerous anonymous

presents, packed up in the strangest manner; they also arrange funny surprises; for instance, a large basket of potatoes is brought in, and in one of the potatoes a diamond ear-ring is hidden. Of course, then it is a great trouble to find it, as one must cut open every potato to find the present. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—I remain, your constant reader,
CLARA TWISS, thirteen years.

A FRIENDLY correspondent, who is a great admirer of Daniel Defoe's famous story, "Robinson Crusoe," sends us the map given below. He made it up, he says, by comparing forty-eight passages in the narrative. Besides showing what seems to have been Defoe's idea of the general shape of the island, the map indicates the following interesting landmarks:

1. Where he first came on shore. 2. Where the boat was washed up. 3. The little creek. 4. The cove where he landed his raft. 5. The hill used for an outlook. 6. His house, facing north by west. 7. The brook. 8. The stream, flowing north. 9. The bower and goat-pen. 10. The pole set up for a landmark. 11. The valley where he was lost, with the goat-pen and cave. 12. The point of rocks partly under water. 13. The hill overlooking the sea. 14. The rock out at sea, where the Spanish vessel was wrecked. 15. The cave where he slept all night in his boat. 16. The bay and harbor where he kept his boat. 17. The two grain-fields. 18. The hill where he watched for savages. 19. Where the two Englishmen settled. 20. The cove where he hid his boat from the savages. 21. Where the three Englishmen settled. 22. The point to which the thirty-seven savages were confined.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—ELEVENTH REPORT.

In response to repeated and urgent requests, and according to our promise of last month, we will briefly outline a somewhat systematic course of work for the members of the several Chapters. We have hesitated seriously about doing this, fearing lest our study should in some way slip into a routine of text-book reading.

Nature must be studied out-of-doors. Natural objects must be studied from the specimens themselves. The rocks must be broken open, the flowers must be studied as they grow, and animals must be watched as they live freely in their own strange homes. Listen to quaint old Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia":

"Botanists mislead us. They must have magnifying glasses and scales in order to class the trees of a forest! To show me the character of a flower, it is presented to me dry, discolored, and spread out on the leaf of an herbary. Who can discover the queen of the flowers in a dried rose? In order to its being an object at once of love and of philosophy, it must be viewed when, issuing from the cleft of a humid rock, it shines on its native verdure, when the zephyr sways it, on a stem armed with thorns."

Nothing can take the place of personal contact with Nature. No great naturalist has learned his lessons from books.

Agassiz had learned more about fishes before he ever saw a fish-book, than he found in the book after he got it.

Audubon lived in the woods and learned the voices of all the birds, and could tell them also by their flight.

Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist, used to lie in caves all night, watching the habits of each prowling beast.

Gilbert White wrote charming letters about the swallows under his eaves, the cricket on his hearth, and the old tortoise that lived in his kitchen-garden.

W. W. Bailey braves the frosts of winter, and rambles by the icy brooks, or through the snow-carpeted aisles of the naked forest, to see what Nature does when summer is ended. Hear him:

"The pretty little stream is bordered by a fringe of white ice, under which we can see great bubbles press, squeezing themselves into very curious forms. The stream murmurs some pleasant story of the summer violets. On its still pools float leaf-gondolas of curious patterns. Great fern-feathers, unwithered by the frost, droop over the brook, and velvety mosses cushion the shores."

These men have the right notions about Nature. They enter into the spirit of her mighty, throbbing life, and interpret the secrets of her wondrous lore.

But if you have ever known what it is to feel a great love for the

very earth, so that on some sunny day you have wandered off alone, and under the fragrant shade of an ancient pine have thrown yourself upon her broad bosom, like a tired child; or if, when the wind was bending the long grass, you have lain among the daisies, like Robert Falconer, watched your kite floating far up in the blue sky, and wondered what there was beyond the kite, and beyond the sky; or if, on some dark day in December, when the gray clouds were skurrying across the sky, you have climbed alone a hill, and from a swaying perch in a leafless beech watched the driving and drifting snow as it wrapped the cold world in a robe of kingly ermine,—then you may believe that a portion of the spirit which animated Agassiz, and Edward, and Audubon, and White, and Wordsworth has fallen upon you. A naturalist must be a poet. You will understand that by and by, if not yet.

Remember, then, that our Constitution makes the prime object of our Association the study of natural objects, and not of books. With this warning, I yield reluctantly to a many-voiced request for a "systematic plan."

The Presidents of those Chapters which desire to study the scientific classification of the objects of Nature will do well to follow some such method as this: Consider, first, the three great kingdoms—Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral. Let one meeting be devoted to the study of each as a kingdom. Let all the objects in your collection be classified so far as to determine regarding each whether it belongs to the first, second, or third of these kingdoms. Determine the same regarding a multitude of substances—as air, water, milk, sugar, amber, alcohol, ink, paper, steel, paint, silk, flannel, steam, smoke, coal, kerosene, vinegar, etc.

Next take up the branches into which the several kingdoms are subdivided. These are for Animals:

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| I. Protozoa. | V. Arthropoda. |
| II. Coelenterata. | VI. Molluscoidea. |
| III. Echinodermata. | VII. Mollusca. |
| IV. Vermes. | VIII. Tunicata. |
| | IX. Vertebrata. |

Let these be carefully studied one by one, and thoroughly discussed, and illustrated by specimens, until any animal can readily be referred to its proper branch. If the books which contain this later classification are not at your command, you will do very well with the older divisions after Cuvier, viz.: 1. Vertebrates; 2. Articulates; 3. Molluscs; 4. Radiates; 5. Protozoans.

These you will find in ordinary text-books, and I may mention as peculiarly adapted to young people, Tenney's "Zoölogy."

The subdivisions of the Vegetable kingdom are given in Bessey's "Botany," which is one of the best and latest authorities on this subject; and in Gray's various botanical works—the best of which for the general student is his "Lessons and Manual," or for younger ones, "School and Field Botany." These divisions are: Series I., PHÆNOGAMOUS, or Flowering Plants. Series II., CRYPTOGAMOUS, or Flowerless Plants. These and their further subdivisions should be studied, as in the case of the animals, carefully and patiently. The mineral kingdom is divided into metallic and non-metallic substances, and these again comprise objects which exhibit different degrees of hardness, of fusibility, of specific gravity, etc., regard being had also to their chemical composition and their peculiar forms of crystallization. This is the most difficult kingdom for an unaided student. Dana's "Mineralogy" is a good popular guide, and Brush's "Determinative Mineralogy and Blow-pipe Analysis" is an excellent manual for more advanced students.

The object of this division and subdivision in the several kingdoms is so to classify all natural objects that we may afterward determine the precise name of any specimen we may find. The more minute the subdivision, as a rule, the more difficult becomes the analysis made with a view to classification. Thus, it is usually an easy matter to distinguish between an animal and a vegetable. It is not difficult to determine whether we are examining an insect. If we find an insect, we may presently refer it to the lepidoptera, and then to the butterflies; but when it comes to distinguishing between the various *vanessas*, with their curious punctuation marks, the matter grows more serious, and we are at least compelled to obtain a book more restricted in scope than any zoölogy, and, indeed, than most entomologies.

As a result of this, it becomes necessary for him who would accurately study any department of Nature to limit himself early

to a small field. One will choose, for instance, *dragon-flies*, and by devoting years to them will become a specialist and an authority in that department. It is the tendency of the times to produce specialists. For one, I confess that I should be unwilling to spend my life in a microscopical investigation of the minute characteristics which cause one spring beetle to differ from another. I had rather range freely over mountain and along stream, and having acquired the power to analyze a flower or determine a mineral, if need be, I had rather leave the one to nod and smile on its dewy stem in undissected beauty, and the other to sparkle in the sunlight, instead of crackling in the reducing flame of a compound blow-pipe. Yet we must have strict scientists, and must honor the men who, for the sake of expanding the world's knowledge, are found willing to confine their researches to a narrow field.

For those, then, who are old enough to pursue a systematic course, we have briefly outlined a plan which may be followed in any department of Natural Science. It consists in first obtaining a general view of the whole field, and then in learning its successive subdivisions, until analysis is complete.

For the rest of you, and especially for you, my little folk of ten years old and under, leave the Latin names unsaid and the big books unopened. Watch the minnows dart about in the crystal water; count the daisy flowers to find whether "he loves you or loves you not"; blow off the dandelion's feathers to see if Mother wants you; test your love for butter by the yellow glimmer of the buttercup beneath your chin; find pretty pebbles by the brook and keep them bright in glasses of water; gather brilliant autumn leaves and press them for the days when their colors will be in the sky; study the beautiful crystals of the snow lightly falling on your sleeve as you plod to school; learn to love the music of the rain, and the singing of the wind, and the moaning of the sea, and remember that

"... the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

But, ah me! here is the end of my paper! This will never do. I must give you a chance to be heard. Next month I promise to be as still as a mouse, and let you all chatter away to your hearts' content. You shall tell what you've been doing, and what exchanges you wish, and what you think of the badge, and what you think of having over 1,600 members already, and anything else you wish.

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

CHAPTERS RECENTLY ORGANIZED.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
119.	Oskaloosa, Iowa (A).....	10..	Miss R. Anna Morris.
120.	Detroit, Mich. (B).....	8..	Miss Ella M. Leggett, 62 Miami ave.
121.	St. Paul, Minn. (A).....	15..	Frank Ramaley.
122.	Orono, Maine (A).....	8..	A. P. Starrett.
123.	Waterbury, Ct. (A).....	7..	H. N. Johnson.
124.	Jamaica Plain, Mass.	4..	George W. Wheelwright.
125.	Nashua, N. H. (C).....	4..	Charles Howard.
126.	Philadelphia (F).....	5..	Raymond Kaighn, 214 Ridge ave.
127.	Beverly, Mass. (A).....	11..	Geo. O. Swasey.
128.	Eaton, O. (A).....	9..	William E. Loy (Preble Co.).
129.	Zanesville, O. (A).....	6..	Miss Lulu Lillibridge.
130.	Champaign, Ill. (A).....	11..	Miss Anna Shattuck.
131.	Nevada City, Cal. (A).....	11..	Watson Charles.
132.	Buffalo, N. Y. (B).....	8..	Herbert N. Williams, 163 Delaware st.
133.	Greenwood Lake, Ky. (A).....	7..	Miss L. M. Bedinger.
134.	Le Pere, Wis. (A).....	17..	George Marston (Brown Co.).
135.	Jackson, Mich. (A).....	13..	Chas. C. Ames, 321 Main st.

NOTES BY MEMBERS.

NEUFCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND, Oct. 1, 1881.

Professor Agassiz was born just opposite here, on the other side of the lake (Geneva), and we are within half a mile of the college where he taught for twelve years. The upper part of this building is a museum which he started. When Agassiz was young he was very poor. He had a collection of fishes, and wanted to get some book relating to them. At last he managed to get one, when what was his disgust to find that he had more kinds and knew more about fishes than the book did! I send you some Alpine flowers arranged on a card, and if you know of any one who would like to trade

something for cards like it, please give him my address, and ask him to write, telling whether he wants black or white cards, and what he will give in exchange, before he sends me anything. I prefer pressed flowers and small autumn-leaves. Ferns and mosses also desired.

My sister and my mother and I made up this badge. The Swiss cross is appropriate, as Agassiz was a Swiss.

KENNETH BROWN,
7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

[Kenneth's design for a badge commends itself to us as exceedingly appropriate. On the lower arm of the cross is to be engraved the name of the chapter; on the others, either the words "Animal," "Vegetable," and "Mineral," or, perhaps better, a picture of a representative of each kingdom—*e. g.*, a butterfly, a fern-leaf, and a crystal of quartz. The adoption of this as our badge will not at all interfere with the ribbon badge described already, for the Swiss cross can be worn upon the ribbon by those who can afford something a little expensive, while for the rest of us the ribbon serves an excellent purpose. If some artist among us will elaborate this idea, and send us a finished design based upon these hints, we will show it to some good jeweler and obtain his price for manufacturing these crosses in gold and silver.]

Edward Moran writes: The Bat makes an excellent subject in comparative anatomy. The five fingers of each hand are nicely shown in the wing, and there are just five claws at the ends of the legs. For birds I use "Coues's Key to N. A. Birds," and I have never known it to fail.

I find patent porous paper a great success for pressing flowers.
F. M. POLHAMUS, Hot Springs, Ark.

My little sister and I keep caterpillars in boxes, and give them leaves to eat. Their feet are very queer when you look at them through a microscope. They are light yellow, and they have sixteen little red toes that they hook around things when they walk. Our cat catches fish, but she won't eat them. She brings them to the house alive sometimes, and we put them into the fountain with the gold-fish. One day, Mamma saw a fly on the window that had something hanging to its side. The fly was very weak. The thing was a horrid-looking tick. It looked like a crab. It had six claws, and was fastened to the fly. My "Packard's Common Insects" gave a picture of some ticks that looked nearly like it, but there was none that looked exactly like it.

IRENE PUTNAM, Bennington, Vt.

One of my birthday books was about catching and mounting insects, by W. P. Manton. It told how to rout the cabinet insect if he gains possession. *Give the box, insects and all, a good baking in an oven.* ANNIE L. BOSWORTH, Woonsocket, R. I.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE OBSERVATORY,
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., October 3, 1881. }

As my report for September I send you the results in barometric hypsometry obtained by me in August, 1881. I send only final results, but I will forward a copy of the observations and reductions if you desire. The altitude of Greylock (the highest mountain in Massachusetts) is the mean of six observations, with a probable error of 3.10 feet; other determinations from single observations.

Station.

Greylock.....	Above sea level.
Bald Mountain.....	3539.6 feet.
Vista Mountain.....	2596.9 "
	2380.6 "

Very truly yours, JOHN TATLOCK, JR.

HILLSBORO, ILL., Oct. 1, 1881.

I noticed a green worm at the foot of a tree. The worm was about an inch long. Soon I saw a wasp circle around and get nearer and nearer to it. At last it stung the worm, and straddling it, dragged it along the ground very swiftly. It soon came to a small hole in the ground. The wasp entered and began to drag the worm in. It then ran out and pushed the worm in the rest of the way. The worm fitted the hole exactly. The wasp then filled the top of the hole with dirt. Did the wasp dig the hole to fit the worm? Will the worm return to eat the worm? Was it a Digger-wasp or not?

WARRICK R. EDWARDS.

Who will answer Warrick?

Here is a report from D. M. Perine, aged twelve:

The cat-bird is one of the commonest birds of North America. Its coloring is not very striking, its back being light slate, crown dark slate, beak black, wings dark slate, tail dark slate, and feet the same. This bird measures nine inches in length. Its nest is built of dead leaves, sticks, pieces of paper, and rags. The inside is lined with dried grass. The nest is generally posed in a briar-bush or a sapling, and sometimes in a vine. The cat-bird lays four or five eggs of a bluish green. [The writer forgot to inclose his address.]

The American woodbine, with which our piazzas are covered, is somewhat infested with a large, handsome green worm. We have found ever so many of them covered with little white things, about the size of kernels of rice. On examining them, we found them to be perfect little cocoons. Will you give some explanation of this?

DELIA M. L. SHERILL, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

St. Louis (B) has a very neat card printed, as follows:

The Agassiz Association,

St. Louis Branch B.

Meetings held at
1822 Carr st. Friday evenings.

Address communications to
H. B. Cruicknell, 1233 N. 21st.

A brave girl writes from a plantation near Baton Rouge:

I can not get up a chapter, as the nearest town is across the river; but will try to do the best I can by myself.

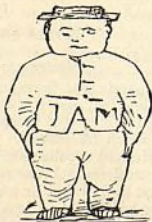
Pansy Smith, of Aurora, Ill., says she is studying botany out of school, and adds:

Before the flowers come, I count the birds'-nests on my way to school. There is an oriole's nest that I want dreadfully, for I am sure it is not occupied, though I understand it is for rent.

Here is the way a Massachusetts girl goes to work:

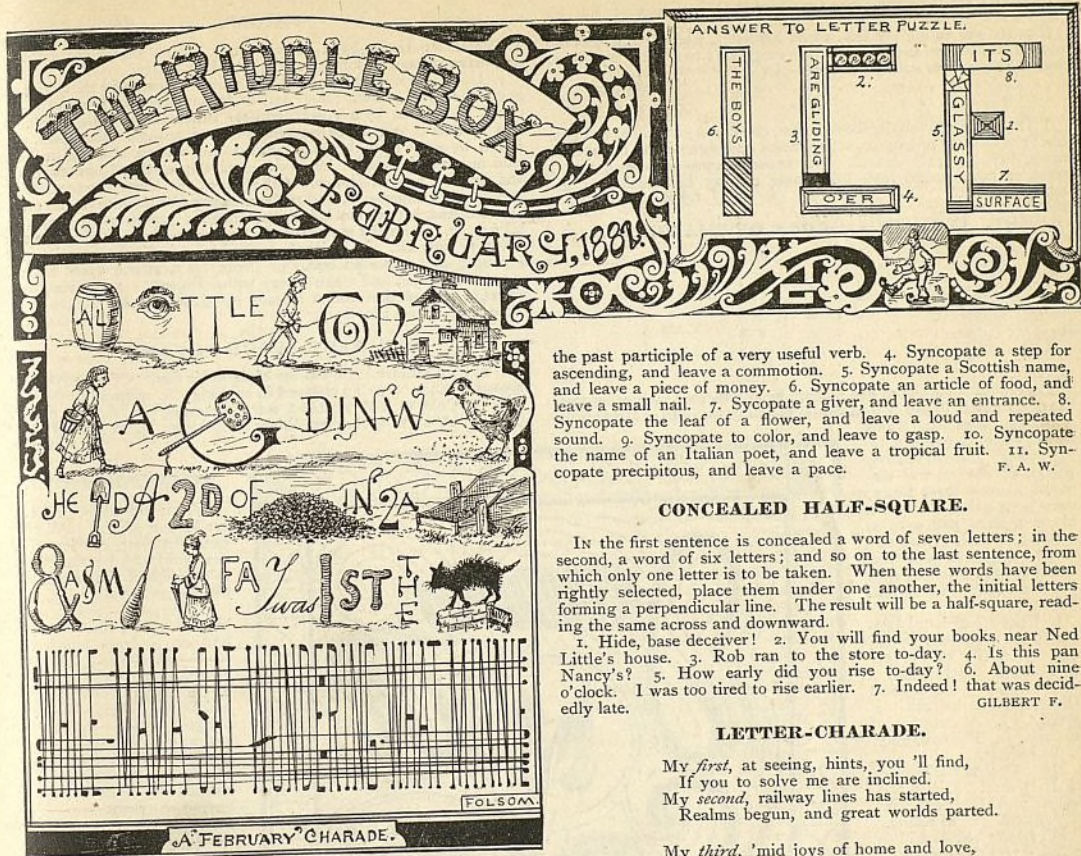
I have a small sand-dollar, a sea-urchin, and several kinds of shells. They are all from Cape Ann. In the sea-urchin, the mouth is situated in the hole on the under side, and it has five sharp teeth, all pointing toward the center. It is covered with spines, with little ball-and-socket joints. Besides the spines, long, transparent stems, with knobs at the end, branch out from all parts of the body. I have found all of these in the summer; have made aquaria for them, and watched them all.

MARION E. CROCKER.



WHAT BECAME OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO ATE TOO MUCH JAM. (DRAWN BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.)

1882.]

**ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.**

THE answer to the above puzzle is a word of ten letters. To solve this puzzle, first read the picture as a rebus. The result will be a four-line stanza, which is the text of the charade. G. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS, a daughter of Sol, celebrated for her skill in magic. FINALS, a daughter of Tantalus, whom grief turned to stone. CROSS-WORDS: 1. The ferry-man of the river Styx. 2. The people over whom Boadicea reigned. 3. A kind of florid ornamentation. 4. A subterraneous place of burial. 5. The Muse that presides over wind instruments. N. B. S.

CHARADE.

BORN in the North, where winter rages,
My first the Summer's heat assuages.

If my second you be,
For the doctor you send;
And my third you remain
Till the trouble shall end.

When Summer's near gone,
Of my second and third
The sound, in the grain-field,
Is frequently heard.

My whole, while growing, day by day,
Forever downward takes its way.

W. H. A.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a saint, who was executed by order of the Emperor Claudius, and who is especially brought to mind in February.

1. Syncopate dispatch, and leave aversion. 2. Syncopate a name, and leave a plate of baked clay. 3. Syncopate a number, and leave

the past participle of a very useful verb. 4. Syncopate a step for ascending, and leave a commotion. 5. Syncopate a Scottish name, and leave a piece of money. 6. Syncopate an article of food, and leave a small nail. 7. Syncopate a giver, and leave an entrance. 8. Syncopate the leaf of a flower, and leave a loud and repeated sound. 9. Syncopate to color, and leave to gasp. 10. Syncopate the name of an Italian poet, and leave a tropical fruit. 11. Syncopate precipitous, and leave a pace. F. A. W.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

In the first sentence is concealed a word of seven letters; in the second, a word of six letters; and so on to the last sentence, from which only one letter is to be taken. When these words have been rightly selected, place them under one another, the initial letters forming a perpendicular line. The result will be a half-square, reading the same across and downward.

1. Hide, base deceiver! 2. You will find your books near Ned Little's house. 3. Rob ran to the store to-day. 4. Is this pan Nancy's? 5. How early did you rise to-day? 6. About nine o'clock. I was too tired to rise earlier. 7. Indeed! that was decidedly late. GILBERT F.

LETTER-CHARADE.

My first, at seeing, hints, you'll find,
If you to solve me are inclined.
My second, railway lines has started,
Realms begun, and great worlds parted.

My third, 'mid joys of home and love,
Forever in a round doth move.
My last, though head of nations, fain
Must come to naught and end in vain.

Through me more men have lost their lives—
Though who partakes of me revives—
Than ever died the wide world o'er,
By other cause, on any shore.

Industry is advanced by me
More than by aught on land or sea;
On land, on water, under-ground,
By all who seek I can be found. R. M. H.

CHANGED HEADS.

FOR each sentence, find a suitable word to fill the first blank, changing only its initial letter for each succeeding blank.

1. Harry's — bore more flowers than any of the others. 2. — was the son of Ham. 3. They stood upon the embankment to see the water — out. 4. The mother laid aside her work, that she might — the baby. 5. The meadow-grass was — and green. 6. Annie was naughty, and would not eat her —. 7. A little — will sometimes move a great weight. 8. The sheriff started off with a —, in hope of overtaking the man. 9. "—" exclaimed the farmer, "I never will believe it." M. C. D.

QUINCUNX.

* * * * *

Across: 1. Lazy. 2. To touch gently. 3. Armorial ensigns. 4. Chance. 5. Short sleeps. DIAGONALS, reading downward from left to right, beginning at the lower left-hand letter: 1. In winter. 2. An exclamation. 3. A narrow piece of leather. 4. Lights. 5. The goddess of plenty. 6. In winter. DYCIE.

CHARADE.

TOMMY was eating my first, when his sister, whose name was my second, called him and sent him to a neighbor's to borrow my whole, which she used to season her apple-pie. M.

PI.

"Teh teh derilos eb darabo fi eh lilw, eh nca od gothnin ni thsi gea. hee'r si tonhear ronpegsea, a nagpeeros lses pignmosi ni het syee fo seom, herpsap gniuctisnani. Teh chosol-starne si dabaro, nad I strut od mhi, merad itwh hsi miprer, stainag het ridelos ni flul timilyar ayra." LORD BROUGHAM.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

This cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times; once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

- I. Upper Left-hand Diamond. 1. In cheap. 2. To tap. 3. A city of Europe. 4. To bind. 5. In brisk.
- II. Upper Right-hand Diamond. 1. In ask. 2. Ready. 3. A country of Europe. 4. The extremity. 5. In ending.
- III. Central Diamond. 1. In ponds. 2. To consume. 3. A glossy silk cloth. 4. A metal. 5. In riding.
- IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond. 1. In satyr. 2. A rodent. 3. A kind of antelope that is found in India. 4. A twitching of the muscles of the face. 5. In uncertain.
- V. Lower Right-hand Diamond. 1. In pruning. 2. A small horse. 3. Uncovered. 4. A precious stone. 5. In end.

"WILL O. TREE."



SOLUTION TO JANUARY MAZE.

UNIONS.

EXAMPLE: Unite, by a vowel, a quick blow and a large town, and make seizure by force. ANSWER: Rap-a-city.

1. Unite, by a vowel, a part of a wheel and a piece of land, and make the town where King Arthur is supposed to have held his court.
2. Unite, by a vowel, musical instruments and a combination of tones, and make an old-fashioned musical instrument.
3. Unite, by a vowel, a domestic animal and a high hill, and make a wild animal.
4. Unite, by a vowel, closely confined and expense, and make a solemn festival of the Jews.
5. Unite, by a vowel, a person and a sheep-pen, and make numerous.
6. Unite, by a vowel, to write, and a portable lodge, and make a person who repents of his sins.
7. Unite, by a vowel, equal value and a darling, and make a wall or rampart.
8. Unite, by a vowel, a word or expression and a people, and make an end.
9. Unite, by a vowel, quick breathing and a mimic, and make a play without words.
10. Unite, by a vowel, a conjunction and a human being, and make the name of some East Indian islands.

MABEL.

TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. ONE hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet. 2. The name of a famous mosque. 3. To contend in running. 4. Caused to follow.
- II. 1. Cold to look at, but a warm covering. 2. A river of Europe. 3. A warm spot when dinner is cooking. 4. A slender rod.

J. AND J.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

WHEN the right word is set in one of the blanks in each sentence, the letters of that word may be transposed to fill each of the remaining blanks, and make sense.

1. The _____ wore a dark brown _____, and his wife had on a dress which for _____ and _____ might have vied with a princess's robe.
2. On account of a dispute which arose, every _____ was obliged to _____ his place; and at present peace _____ in the choir.
3. In crossing a field, Charles saw an _____ near an old, stone wall; but, having a great _____ of such venomous creatures, he _____ not go near enough to kill it.
4. _____ has a _____ crow, and is anxious to get a _____ for it, that she may harness them in a _____ and teach them tricks.
5. A terrific _____ of thunder sounded through the courtroom: the lawyer stopped short in his _____, the accused turned _____, and there were few present whose hearts did not _____ with sudden fear.

D. C. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES. A Letter Puzzle: Ice (see illustrated head-piece, page 343). An Anagram: Baltimore.

- SYNCOPIATIONS. Socrates. 1. Du-S-ty. 2. Sh-O-ut. 3. Pe-Can. 4. La-R-va. 5. Ch-A-in. 6. Ma-T-in. 7. Pi-E-ty. 8. Ba-S-il. DOUBLE ZIG-ZAG. Santa Claus—St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. SapS. 2. SATe. 3. ANNa. 4. JusT. 5. SCAn. 6. ACHe. 7. LemO. 8. BALd. 9. LAND. 10. SinS.

FRACTIONS. January. 1. Au (August); 2. R (March); 3. A (April); 4. N (June); 5. Jy (July).

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Thus with the year seasons return." *Paradise Lost*. Book III. Line 40.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, January; finals, New Year.

Cross-words: 1. JavelIN. 2. AusterE. 3. NarroW. 4. UniversitY.

5. AthletE. 6. RegaliA. 7. YoungsteR.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals: Skating. Across: 1. MarShal. 2. WaKed. 3. JAr. 4. T. 5. NIp. 6. CaNon. 7. TraGedy.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the January number, from "Two Dromios," 8—Hester M. Frere Powell, Gloucestershire, England, 4—"Dycie," Glasgow, Scotland, all—E. R. Payne, England, 3.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Morris D. Sample, 1—Tiny Rhodes, 1—J. M. R., 1—G. H. and W. H., 2—Bessy Guyton, 1—Ruth, 1—Harry S. Bowen, 1—Hattie H. D., 1—J. M. R., 1—Lilian T. Edwards, 1—Alice J. Bliss, 2—Harry and Walter Whitman, 5—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Flossie De Platt, 2—Ray Thurber, 3—Sallie Viles, 5—Grace E. Hopkins, 7—C. K. and H. W., 6—Annie Rayhouser, 1—Marion Browne, 1—Two Subscribers, 7—Ruby and Tom Twist, 2—"Punch," 2—"Mustard," 1—Louie B. Chesebrough and Woolsey A. Moran, 1—Nellie Caldwell, 4—Lester W. Pease, 2—M. J. and N. G., 3—Robert A. Barry, Jr., 4—Geordie T. Anderson, 1—Em and Nanie Gordon, 4—Gracie L. Dwinell, 5—Marguerite J. G. S., 6—J. C. Shields, 5—Professor & Co., 7—Belle Wyman, 1—Bessie P. McCollin, 5—Orin C. Painter and James R. Taylor, 4—J. S. Tennant, 7—Madge and Katie Robertson, 4—Paul England, 2—Mystic Trio, 1—Charlie and Josie Treat, 5—Mamie Mensch, 2—"Queen Bess," 6—Ralph Hillman, 1—"Engineer," 7—Weston Stickney, 6—Rory O'More, 1—G. E. T., 2—Alcibiades, 6—Chickie Chalmers, 1—Marna and Ba, 7—Eddie P. Tobie, Jr., 3—Arabella Ward, 2—J. Ollie Gayley, 4—Firefly, 6—Mattie G. Colt, 1—The Peterkins, 5—Florence Leslie Kyte, 6—Lucy V. Holt, 3—Herbert Barry, 7—Gertrude Van Loan, 1—Daisy May, 5—Angie Tassin, 5—Florence E. Pratt, 5—C. H. Reeves, 1—Lyde McKinney, 5—M. L. Poor, 2.

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J. AND J.

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Nellie Cald-
Robert A.
Gordon, 4—
Shields, 4—
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Madge and
Charlie and
Ralph Hill-
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Gayley, 4—
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Van Loan,
5— C. H.

