TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

[See "Stories of Art and Artists," page 406.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE SNOW-FILLED NEST.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

It swings upon the leafless tree,
By stormy winds blown to and fro;
Deserted, lonely, sad to see,
And full of cruel snow.

In summer's noon the leaves above
Made dewy shelter from the heat;
The nest was full of life and love;—
Ah, life and love are sweet!

The tender brooding of the day,
The silent, peaceful dreams of night,
The joys that patience overpay,
The cry of young delight,

The song that through the branches rings,
The nestling crowd with eager eyes,
The flutter soft of untried wings,
The flight of glad surprise:—

All, all are gone! I know not where;
And still upon the cold gray tree,
Lonely, and tossed by every air,
That snow-filled nest I see.

I, too, had once a place of rest,
Where life, and love, and peace were mine—
Even as the wild-birds build their nest,
When skies and summer shine.

But winter came, the leaves were dead;
The mother-bird was first to go,
The nestlings from my sight have fled;
The nest is full of snow.

"HARD TO HIT!"

By Ernest Ingersoll.

THE spring weather we sometimes have in March reminds me, especially in the evening, of some days passed so high up in the Rocky Mountains that the summer was left down in the valleys. One such spring-like evening we camped close to the timber-limit, and I made my first trip into the region above, in which no trees grow. Having left the spruce-woods quickly behind, there came some stiff climbing up ledges of broken rocks, standing, cliff-like, to bar the way to the summit. These surmounted, the way was clear, for from the north-east — the side I was on — this mountain presents a smooth, grassy slope to the very top; but the western side of the range is a series of rocky precipices, seamed and shattered. This is true of many mountains in Colorado.

Just above the cliffs grew a number of dwarfed spruces, some of them with trunks six inches in diameter, yet lying flat along the ground, so that the gnarled and wind-pressed boughs were scarcely knee-high. They stood so closely together, and were so stiff, that I could not pass between them; but, on the other hand, they were strong enough to bear my weight, so that I could walk over their tops when it was inconvenient to go around.

Some small brown sparrows, of two or three species, lived there, and they were very talkative. Sharp, metallic chirps were heard, also, as the blue snow-bird flitted about, showing the white feathers on either side of its tail, in scudding from one sheltering bush to another. Doubtless, careful search would have discovered its home, snugly built of circularly laid grasses, and tucked deeply into some cozy hollow beside the root of a spruce.

My pace now became slow, for in the thin air of a place twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, climbing is exhausting work. But before long I came to the top, and stood on the verge of a crag that showed the crumbling action of water and frost. Gaping cracks seamed its face, and an enormous mass of fallen rock covered the broad slope at its foot.

The very moment I arrived there, I heard a most lively squeaking going on, apparently just under the edge of the cliff, or in some of the cracks. It was an odd noise, something between a bark and a scream, and I could think of nothing but young hawks as the authors of it. So I set at work to find the nest, but my search was vain, while the sharp squeaking seemed to multiply and to come from a dozen different quarters. By this time I had crawled down the rough face of the cliff, and had reached the heaps of fallen rock. There I caught a glimpse of a little head with two black eyes, like a prairie-dog's, peering out of a crevice, and I was just in time to see him open his small jaws and say "*skink!*" — about as a rusty hinge would pronounce it. I whipped my revolver out of my belt and fired, but the little fellow dodged the bullet and was gone. Echoes rattled about among the rocks, wandered up and down the cañon, and hammered away at half a dozen stone walls before ceasing entirely; but when they had died away, not another sound was to be heard. Every little rascal had hid.

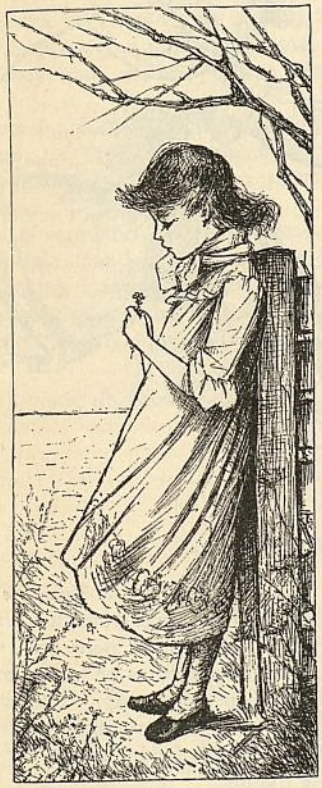
So I sat down and waited. In about five minutes a tiny, timid squeak broke the stillness, then a second a trifle louder, then one away under my feet in some subterranean passage. Hardly daring to breathe, I waited and watched. Finally the chorus became as loud as before, and I caught sight of one of the singers only about ten yards away, head and shoulders out of his hole, doubtless commenting to his neighbor in no complimentary way upon the strange intruder. Slowly lifting my pistol, I pulled the trigger. I was sure he had not seen me, yet a chip of rock flying from where he had stood was my only satisfaction; he had dodged again.

I had seen enough, however, to know that the noisy colony was a community of Little Chief hares (*Lagomys princeps*, as they are named in the text-books), or "conies," as the silver-miners call them. They are related to the woodchucks as well as to the hare, and they live wholly at or above timber-line, burrowing among the fallen and decomposing rocks which crown the summits of all the mountains. Not every peak, by any means, harbors conies; on the contrary, they are rather uncommon, and are so difficult to shoot, that their skins are rare in museums, and their ways are little known to naturalists.

During the middle of the day they are asleep and quiet; but in the evening, and all night when the moon shines, they leave their rocky retreats and forage in the neighboring meadows, meeting the yellow-footed marmot and other neighbors. About the only enemies they have, I fancy, are the rattlesnake and weasel, excepting when a wild-cat may

pounce upon one, or an owl swoop down and snatch up some rambler. In the cold season, of course, their burrows are deep in snow; but then the little fellows are taking their long winter sleep, and neither know nor care what the weather may be.

An Indian will eat a cony,—if he can catch it. He likes to use its fur, also, for braiding his locks into those long plaits which delight his soul; but the lively little rodents are pretty safe from all human foes, even one with a Colt's revolver!



THE VICTORY.

By Bessie Hill.

Why, here 's a blossom! My, how queer!
Is n't it cold, little Flower, out here?
I should think you 'd be 'most frozen, dear!

And yet you look as fresh and gay
As if it were a summer's day.
Let 's run a race with the cold, this way:

We 'll stay as long as we can and rest—
(Though, really, I should be warmly dressed)—
And see which can stand the cold the best.

The wind is rushing through my hair:
There must be needles in the air;—
They prick me so! But I don't care.

Somehow my ears begin to ache,
And now my knees begin to shake,
And now,—I tremble—for your sake!

Why don't you shiver? Do begin!
You must be cold! Why, it 's a sin
To keep you here!—Let 's both go in!

THE THREE GIFTS.

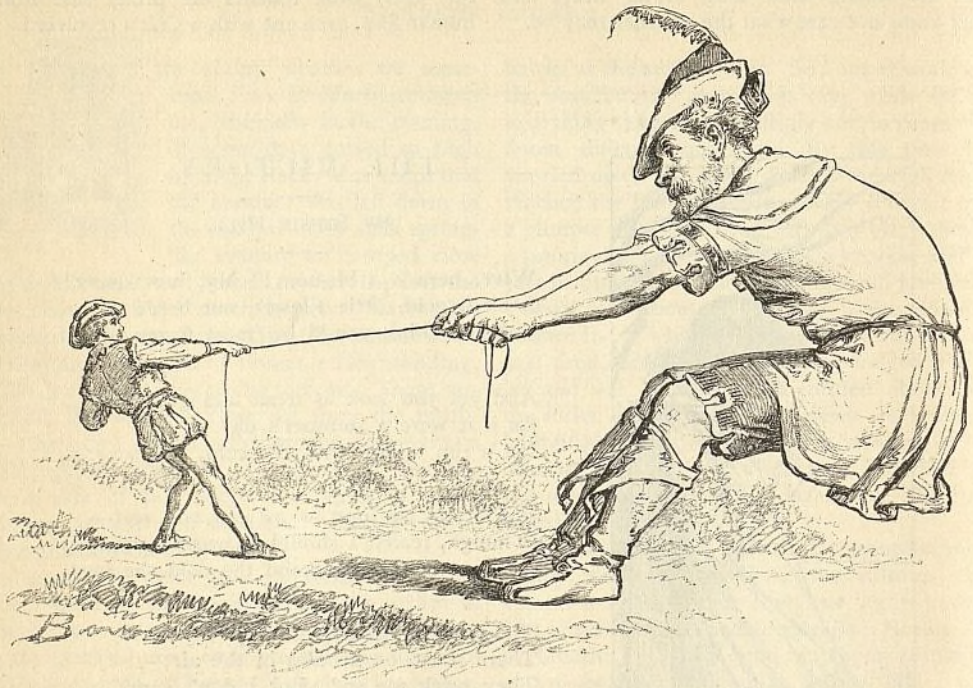
By Thomas Dunn English.

Once upon a time, in the land of Nowhere, there stood, in the center of a wide plain, a high and rocky hill, on top of which was an old castle. In this castle there dwelt a giant named Doubtful. This giant was then poor, although at one time he had been very rich. He had owned the country for miles and miles around, with its mansions, villages, and fertile farms, and had had hundreds of vassals. But, from time to time, his possessions had slipped from his hands, and his vassals had been transferred to other masters, until he was left with a barren hill, a few sterile acres around it, the old castle, and one serving-man, who would not leave him, though he was not always sure of a meal. The giant might possibly have bettered his fortune by some exertion, but he was always undecided as to what he should do, and so he suffered his life to drift on as it might.

Down at the foot of the hill dwelt a dwarf named Try. He had come a year before, and

asked the giant if he might build himself a hut there on the barren ground. He was a bright, lively little fellow, and the giant took pity on him.

By and by, the giant, because he was lonely in his castle, used to go down and talk with the little man, who had given up wood-chopping, and



"THE DWARF AND THE GIANT PULLED AGAINST EACH OTHER."

"The ground is rocky and poor," said Doubtful, "but if you think you can make anything out of it, you are welcome. I give you an acre of ground, on the edge of my land, to belong to you and yours forever; but I warn you that it is of no value."

Try thanked him, and set to work diligently. With the larger stones on the land he soon built a hut, which he covered with boughs brought from the neighboring forest, and he thatched these with sedge-grass.

Then he easily found work in the forest, for he was a skilled wood-chopper; and, on coming home at night, he toiled for hours on his own plot of ground.

Gradually he cleared the place of loose stones, and with them built a wall around his acre. He brought peat from the bogs, and, by permission of the owners, leaves from the forest, and the giant gave him the ashes from his fire. With these he made a large muck-heap, which he then used to make the land fertile. In the course of time, the giant looked down upon a blooming garden beneath him, and at a stone hut on whose rough walls the blossoming vines clambered; and he admired the perseverance and industry of his little neighbor.

depended on his garden for a living. Try had bought some adjoining acres from the owners, who were glad to get rid of their poor land at a trifle, and this land he improved as he had improved the first, and thus prospered greatly. The giant began to be very fond of this cheery and busy dwarf, and the dwarf returned this fondness; so, the two soon became fast friends.

Now, the dwarf was a generous fellow, and any one who came along in need received from him a day's work and a night's lodging, with plenty to eat, and, at parting, the wages of his labor. But to those who were very old, or very young, or weak, or infirm, he gave the food and lodging without asking for anything in return.

One evening, just at night-fall, there came along an old woman, who craved charity. Try gave her a supper, a night's lodging, and breakfast, and, on her leaving, offered her a small piece of money.

But the old woman said to him: "I always pay for my food and bed in some way, and as I have no money, I offer you this, which I beg you to take, and luck go with it." Then she handed him a necklace of rough stones, strung together.

"But what is this?" asked Try, "and what am I to do with it?"

The old woman replied: "It is the necklace of Strength, and whoever wears it can contend with any one. Travel!" Then she departed without further words.

When the giant came down that day to chat with Try, he saw the stones around the neck of the dwarf, and asked him what they were. Then Try told him, and also from whom he had obtained them.

"They can be tested very readily," said the giant. "Suppose you pull against me, and learn whether they have made you any stronger than you were."

The dwarf and the giant pulled against each other, and, to the astonishment of both, Try dragged Doubtful all over the place with the greatest ease.

"There is something in the necklace, after all," said Doubtful; "and while you were pulling me around, I think I must have pulled you out a little; for yesterday and this morning your head was only as high as my knee, and now, as I stand here, I can easily touch your head with my hand, without stooping a bit."

Try found it to be as the giant said.

That evening, an old man, who carried a long and narrow package, came and begged for food and a bed, both of which Try gave him. The next morning, the dwarf bade his guest godspeed, and gave him some food to take with him.

But the old man said to him: "I am always able to pay my way, although I have no money." Thus saying, he undid the package, from which he took a huge two-handed sword, and this he presented to Try.

"What is this, and what am I to do with it?" asked Try.

The old man replied: "This is the sword of Courage, and with this you may smite through steel and brass, and the solid rock, for nothing can resist it. Travel!"

Having said this, the old man went away.

When the giant came down that day, he saw the sword hanging on the wall, and inquired about it of Try, who told him.

"I doubt very much the power of the weapon," said Doubtful; "but it is easy to test it."

"TRY BADE FAREWELL TO THE OLD WOMAN, AND SET OUT ON HIS JOURNEY." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Try took the sword, and going to the hill, at a place where a crag projected, struck the rock with the sword. It did not seem to be much of a blow,

but the weapon went through as though the stone had been turf, and it shaved off about a half-ton fragment, which fell and rolled over, and half-buried itself in the ground.

"A potent weapon, truly," remarked the giant; "but it seems to me you are growing, or I am getting smaller. Yesterday, I could just touch your head with my hand as I stood erect, and to-day you are nearly up to my waist."

And it was just as he said.

That evening, there came along a small boy, bearing a package, and he asked for something to eat, and for shelter for the night. These Try gave him, and the next morning, seeing that the boy was weak and puny, Try offered him some small coins, and wished him speed.

But the boy replied: "Poor as I am, I intend to always pay for what I get, and get what I pay for. Here in this bundle are the shoes of Ambition, which are of no service to me, and I give them to you in return for what I have had."

"But of what use are they, and what am I to do with them?"

"With these you may go as fast as you will, and not be tired. Wear them, and you can make your way over any road, and even climb up the side of walls, or trees, or steep rocks. Travel!"

And the boy ran off. Try looked after him, and he saw only an old man moving on slowly. Then he looked again, and merely saw an old woman, who at length disappeared.

When the giant came down that day, he soon saw that Try wore a pair of new shoes.

"Those are very handsome, and look to be strong," he said. "What did you pay for them?"

Try told him all about them.

"Have you tried what they can do?" asked Doubtful.

"Not yet, but I will," replied Try.

So he ran along the ground for some distance, and, coming to a huge tree, ran up the trunk, and seated himself among the branches. Then he ran down, and returned.

"They are very convenient," said Doubtful, "and I think I should like a pair from the same shop. But, how you do grow! Yesterday, you were nearly up to my waist, and now you are three inches above it. In fact, you are no longer a dwarf, but a tall, stout young man. But what do you intend to do with the three gifts?"

"To-morrow," said Try, "I intend to set out upon long travels in search of adventures and a fortune."

"I shall miss you very much," said the giant, "but I think I shall go with you, if you will have me for a companion."

And Try agreed to this.

The next day, Try put his garden, and the giant put his castle, in charge of the serving-man. Try girt on his sword, and with his necklace around his throat, and his shoes on his feet, he started out with the giant, who was armed with a huge club, in search of adventures.

After they had traveled for three months, and had found nothing remarkable, Doubtful grew tired, and went back to his castle, despite the persuasion of his comrade; but Try kept right on, and that very night came to a hut in a valley, where he sought shelter. The inmate of this hut was an old woman, who made him welcome. Looking at her closely, he saw she was the same who had given him the necklace of Strength.

"Ah! my good mother," said he, "I have traveled as you told me, and thus far have gained nothing thereby."

"Your journey is not over," said she. "Two days from this you will come to a wide plain, on which stands a high rock, known as Mount Inaccessible. On that rock is a castle of steel, and in that castle lives an Ogre. He has carried off the Princess Graceful, the daughter of King Mikron, and because she will not consent to marry him, he keeps her locked up in a tall tower that overhangs the moat, and feeds her on bread and water. Many knights have tried to rescue her, since her father has promised her hand and the succession to his throne to her deliverer; but the Ogre either has come out and slain them, or, if he thought them too powerful, has shut himself up in his castle, and defied them. The hill is a perpendicular rock, with polished sides, and the Ogre leaves and returns to it by a huge set of brazen stairs, that rise or fall at his pleasure. No one, therefore, has been able to scale the hill, nor would they have gained thereby, since the castle is built of the hardest steel. It is this castle that you must gain, and slay the Ogre, and deliver the Princess of Wonderland."

"How shall I find this castle?"

"To-morrow, when you have gone a mile on your journey, my brother will overtake you, and be your companion for a day. You will lodge with him at night-fall, and he will instruct you further. Eat now, and refresh yourself, and then go to sleep, for you have a long journey before you to-morrow."

Try did as he was told, and early the next morning bade farewell to the old woman, who flung her shoe after him as he set out on his journey. After he had gone a mile, he was overtaken by an old man, whom he recognized as the one who had given him the sword. The old man merely nodded his head, but said nothing, and thus the two traveled together. At night-fall, they reached the old man's hut, where they rested.

In the morning, the old man said: "The Ogre will not come down to you, for it has been foretold to him that he can be overcome only by a man without armor, as you now are. Entice him out of his stronghold. Scale the rock, and enter his stronghold, or wait until he comes out; but let him not see you. When you have gone on from here, and have come within a mile of the edge of the plain wherein the hill of the Ogre stands, my son, who is in the forest, will join you, and instruct you further."

Try thanked his host, and resumed his journey. At a mile beyond the hut, a boy came from the wood, and joined him; and Try knew him to be the same who had given him the shoes of Ambition. The boy, who said his name was Helper, told him all about the princess, of whom he said that she was as good as she was beautiful, and that her father, who loved her tenderly, had laid siege to the castle for a whole year, and finding it impossible to take, had at last raised the siege, and had gone home to wait for the champion who was to deliver her from the Ogre's power.

"But," continued the boy, "now that we have arrived at the plain, I must leave you. Here, in this scrip, is food and drink that you may need. Stay here until night-fall, and then go forward in the darkness to the rock which you see yonder. Find some spot where you can mount. The rock is polished, and the shoes of Ambition are useless unless there is some roughness over which they may travel. But there is no armor without a flaw, and some part of the rock, if you look well, may serve your turn."

So the boy left, and Try waited, concealed in the wood, until night-fall, when he made his way to the rock, which he reached at midnight, and finding a hiding-place amid the low growth at the base of the rock, he lay down, and slept until dawn.

As soon as it was light, Try arose and examined the rock, and found it to be polished everywhere. But after having gone nearly around it, he came to a small crevice that extended to the top irregularly, and in this crevice a huge ivy had clambered and fixed itself. Up this, Try readily made his way, and so gained the top. Arrived there, he seemed to be no better off than before, for the walls had apparently no opening but the great gate, and there was a deep moat around the castle, and the draw-bridge was up. So Try sat down under a projecting rock on the surface to consider.

As he sat there, he could see the plain before him, and over it there came a horseman. As he rode nearer, Try could see that it was the old man, mounted on a powerful charger, and bearing a staff in his hand. This he brandished in the air, while loudly defying the Ogre to single combat. But the Ogre did not hear him, or was not disposed to heed, for he did not come out, and after an hour the old man rode away as he had come.

At high noon, there came a palfrey on which the old woman sat. She rode up to the rock and berated the Ogre soundly, calling him coward, and a number of other offensive names, and daring him to come and talk to her. But the Ogre did not hear, or, hearing, only felt contempt, and so did not leave his stronghold. The old woman, having apparently exhausted her stock of words, and finding no good to come of it all, went her way and was seen no more.

Two hours later, there came some one on a pony, and Try knew him for the boy he had left in the forest. This new-comer had no weapons, but he bore a small horn, and he kept sounding this in a very contemptuous and insulting manner. It appeared as if this excited the anger of the Ogre, for the draw-bridge fell, the gates opened, and the Ogre sallied out, and, as the draw-bridge rose and the gate closed, he made his way to where the brazen stairs lay coiled up and waiting for his will to unroll them.

Try sprang forward, sword in hand, and assailed the Ogre, who defended himself vigorously. He was stout and strong, and cunning of fence; but the sword of Courage was too potent for him. Try clove him in twain at a blow, and then turned to enter the castle.

But here was a new difficulty. The moat was impassable even to the shoes of Ambition; the necklace of Strength was useless where no grip was to be had; and the gate was too far off to receive a blow from the sword of Courage. Try wandered around, and for a while saw nothing but the blank steel walls. At length he came to where a projecting turret overhung the moat, and he saw that it had one window guarded by steel bars. Between these there peered a beautiful face, and so he knew this was the prison of the princess.

As he stood there gazing upward, a ball to which a cord was attached was thrown from the window, and fell at his feet. Try pulled the cord, and a silken ladder followed, the end of which he fastened to the ground, and then he mounted. A few blows with the sword of Courage, and the grating was severed and fell inward. Try entered, and knelt at the feet of the princess, who raised him graciously.

Try had no more than time to take one glance at the beautiful face of the lady, when the door of the chamber was thrown open violently, and the retainers of the Ogre, eager to avenge their master, burst in and assailed him. But the sword of Courage did its office. One by one, Try slew all his antagonists, and then, leading the princess, he

"THE DOOR WAS THROWN OPEN VIOLENTLY, AND THE OGRE'S RETAINERS BURST IN."

descended the stairs to the hall of the castle, opened the gate, and lowered the draw-bridge. They went out to the brazen stairs, that were rolled up, but the spell of the dead Ogre still bound them, and they could not be moved by the utmost power which Try could exert. The young pair stood at gaze, five hundred feet above the plain, and unable to get down. The princess was as much a prisoner as before, but with a companion in misfortune. Try forgot about the mode of scaling the rock, and that he might descend, safely bearing the princess, by the way he came. The beauty of Graceful dazed him.

"TRY AND THE PRINCESS WATCHED THE FAIRY UNTIL SHE FADED FROM SIGHT."

Suddenly the princess remembered, and bade Try go to the dead body of the Ogre, and remove the ring of Knowledge from his finger, for that would render all parts of the castle obedient to his will; had Try known this earlier, he would have gained entrance by means of the draw-bridge and gate. Try put on the ring, and, at his wish, the great brazen stairs unrolled themselves and stretched to the ground below. These they descended, and found the boy and the pony, and with him were the horse and palfrey that had been ridden by the old man and the old woman. Try set the princess upon the palfrey, mounted the war-horse, and turned to speak to the boy; but he and the pony were gone. In their stead was a floating car to which three swans were harnessed, and in it sat a lady of surpassing beauty, clad in blue and gold.

"Try," said the lady, "I am the Fairy Friendly,

who presided at thy birth, and I have watched over thee for years. I was the boy, and the old man, and the old woman, and from me came the three gifts. I have summoned hither the King Mikron to receive his daughter, and to bestow her on thee in marriage. Thou hast been successful because thou hast persevered. Go forth, meet the king, and be happy."

Saying this, she smiled, the swans rose in air, and the fairy was borne away in her car. The two watched her until she faded from their sight, and then rode forward to meet the king, whose knights and men-at-arms were debouching into the plain, while he galloped at great speed far in advance. He received them both with tears of joy, and, after the brazen stairs had been made immovable, he placed a garrison in the castle in the name of Try, whom he created Count of Castle Inaccessible.

After they reached Wonderland, Try and Graceful were married amid great rejoicing. During the honeymoon, Try bethought him of his friend the giant, and sent to inquire about him. He learned that Doubtful had been obliged to sell his castle, and that he and his serving-man were living upon Try's few acres. Try at once sent for the giant, who came at the summons. But Try, who had been created prince, and was hailed as heir-presumptive, scarcely knew his friend. While Try himself had grown so high that he towered over those around him, Doubtful had shrunk so in his stature as to be little more than a dwarf.

TRY WELCOMES THE SHRUNKEN GIANT.

However, Try placed Doubtful near his person, and when, some years after, King Mikron died, and Try, with his Queen Graceful, ascended the throne, he made him a great lord of his court, creating him Baron Uncertain and Count Littlefellow.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

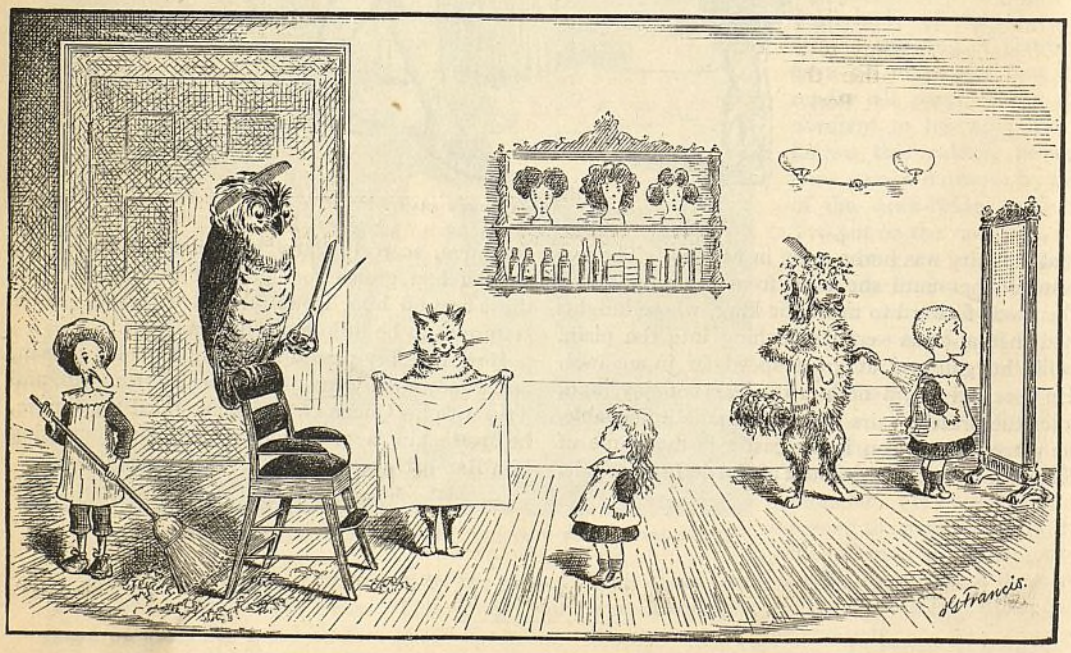
By Nellie L. Tinkham.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Strawberry Jam,
A-growing very red,
"What a most unfortunate creature I am;
I can scarce hold up my head.
To think that I should live to see
An insult offered, like this, to me!
That I should be placed on the very same shelf
(Oh dear! I hardly know myself)
By the side of that odious Blackberry Jam—
That vulgar, common, Blackberry Jam!"

So she fumed and fretted, hour by hour,
Growing less and less contented,
Till her temper became so thoroughly sour
That she at last fermented.
While Mr. Blackberry Jam kept still,
And let her have her say,—
Kept a quiet heart, as blackberries will,
And grew sweeter every day.

One morn there stopped at Dame Smither's fence
The parson,—to say that he might,
By the kind permission of Providence,
Take tea with her that night.
And the good old lady, blessing her lot,
Hastened to open her strawberry pot.
"Oh, what a horrible mess! Dear—dear!
Not a berry fit to eat is here.
After all," putting it down with a slam,
"Nothing will keep like good Blackberry Jam,
Honest, reliable, Blackberry Jam."

Mrs. Strawberry J. went into the pail;
Oh my—what a dire disgrace!
And the pig ate her up, with a twitch of his tail
And a troubled expression of face.
While Blackberry J., in a lovely glass dish,
Sat along with the bread and honey,
And thought, while happy as heart could wish,
"Well, things turn out very funny!"



"A QUEER BARBER-SHOP."

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

By Edward Eggleston.

Chapter XV.

AN ATTEMPT TO COLLECT.

THREE times a week the scholars of the "Greenbank Academy" met at the house of Dr. Lanham to receive instruction from Professor Susan, for the school trustees could not agree on a new teacher. Some of the people wanted one thing, and some another; a lady teacher was advocated and opposed; a young man, an old man, a new-fashioned man, an old-fashioned man, and no teacher at all for the rest of the present year, so as to save money, were projects that found advocates. The division of opinion was so great that the plan of no school at all was carried because no other could be. So Susan's class went on for a month, and grew to be quite a little society, and then it came to an end.

One evening, when the lessons were finished, Professor Susan said: "I am sorry to tell you that this is the last lesson I can give."

And then they all said "Aw-w-w-w-w!" in a melancholy way.

"I am going away to school, myself," Susan went on. "My father thinks I ought to go to Mr. Niles's school at Port William."

"I should n't think you 'd need to go any more," said Joanna Merwin. "I thought you knew everything."

"Oh, bless me!" cried Susan.

In former days the people of the interior—the Mississippi Valley—which used then to be called "the West," were very desirous of education for their children. But good teachers were scarce. Ignorant and pretentious men, incompetent wanderers from New England, who had grown tired of clock-peddling, or tin-peddling, and whose whole stock was assurance, besides impostors of other sorts, would get places as teachers because teachers were scarce and there were no tests of fitness. Now and then a retired Presbyterian minister from Scotland or Pennsylvania, or a college graduate from New England, would open a school in some country town. Then people who could afford it would send their children from long distances to board near the school, and learn English grammar, arithmetic, and, in some cases, a little Latin, or, perhaps, to fit themselves for entrance to some of the sturdy little country colleges already growing up in that region. At Port William, in Kentucky, there was at this time an old minister, Mr. Niles, who really knew what he professed to teach, and it was to his school that Dr. Lanham was now about to send Susan; Harvey Collins and Henry Weathervane had already entered the school. But for poor boys like Jack, and Bob Holliday, and Columbus, who had no money with which to pay board, there seemed no chance.

The evening on which Susan's class broke up, there was a long and anxious discussion between Jack Dudley and his mother.

"You see, Mother, if I could get even two months in Mr. Niles's school, I could learn some Latin, and if I once get my fingers into Latin, it is like picking bricks out of a pavement; if I once get a start, I can dig it out myself. I am going to try to find some way to attend that school."

But the mother only shook her head.

"Could n't we move to Port William?" said Jack.

"How could we? Here we have a house of our own, which could n't easily be rented. There we should have to pay rent, and where is the money to come from?"

"Can't we collect something from Gray?"

Again Mrs. Dudley shook her head.

But Jack resolved to try the hard-hearted debtor, himself. It was now four years since Jack's father had been persuaded to release a mortgage in order to relieve Francis Gray from financial distress. Gray had promised to give other security, but his promise had proved worthless. Since that time he had made lucky speculations and was now a man rather well off, but he kept all his property in his wife's name, as scoundrels and fraudulent debtors usually do. All that Jack and his mother had to show for the one thousand dollars with four years' interest due them, was a judgment against Francis Gray, with the sheriff's return of "no effects" on the back of the writ of execution against the property "of the aforesaid Francis Gray." For how could you get money out of a man who was nothing in law but an agent for his wife?

But Jack believed in his powers of persuasion, and in the softness of the human heart. He had never had to do with a man in whom the greed for money had turned the heart to granite.

Two or three days later, Jack heard that Francis

Gray, who lived in Louisville, had come to Greenbank. Without consulting with his mother, lest she should discourage him, Jack went in pursuit of the slippery debtor. He had left town, however, to see his fine farm, three miles away, a farm which belonged in law to Mrs. Gray, but which belonged of right to Francis Gray's creditors.

Jack found Mr. Gray well-dressed and of plausible manners. It was hard to speak to so fine a gentleman on the subject of money. For a minute, Jack felt like backing out. But then he contrasted his mother's pinched circumstances with Francis Gray's abundance, and a little wholesome anger came to his assistance. He remembered, too, that his cherished projects for getting an education were involved, and he mustered courage to speak.

"Mr. Gray, my name is John Dudley."

Jack thought that there was a sign of annoyance on Gray's face at this announcement.

"You borrowed a thousand dollars of my father once, I believe."

"Yes, that is true. Your father was a good friend of mine."

"He released a mortgage so that you could sell a piece of property when you were in trouble."

"Yes, your father was a good friend to me. I acknowledge that. I wish I had money enough to pay that debt. It shall be the very first debt paid when I get on my feet again, and I expect to get on my feet, as sure as I live."

"But, you see, Mr. Gray, while my mother is pinched for money, you have plenty."

"It's all Mrs. Gray's money. She has plenty. I have n't anything."

"But I want to go to school to Port William. My mother is too poor to help me. If you could let me have twenty-five dollars ——"

"But, you see, I can't. I have n't got twenty-five dollars to my name, that I can control. But by next New Year's I mean to pay your mother the whole thousand that I owe her."

This speech impressed Jack a little, but remembering how often Gray had broken such promises, he said:

"Don't you think it a little hard that you and Mrs. Gray are well off, while my mother is so poor, all because you wont keep your word given to my father?"

"But, you see, I have n't any money, excepting what Mrs. Gray lets me have," said Mr. Gray.

"She seems to let you have what you want. Don't you think, if you coaxed her, she would lend you twenty-five dollars till New Year's, to help me go to school one more term?"

Francis Gray was a little stunned by this way of asking it. For a moment, looking at the entreating face of the boy, he began to feel a disposition to relent a little. This was new and strange for him. To pay twenty-five dollars that he was not obliged by any self-interest to pay, would have been an act contrary to all his habits and to all the business maxims in which he had schooled himself. Nevertheless, he fingered his papers a minute in an undecided way, and then he said that he could n't do it. If he began to pay creditors in that way "it would derange his business."

"But," urged Jack, "think how much my father deranged his business to oblige you, and now you rob me of my own money, and of my chance to get an education."

Mr. Gray was a little ruffled, but he got up and went out of the room. When Jack looked out of the window a minute later, Gray was riding away down the road without so much as bidding the troublesome Jack good-morning.

There was nothing for Jack to do but to return to town and make the best of it. But all the way back, the tired and discouraged boy felt that his last chance of becoming an educated man had vanished. He told his mother about his attempt on Mr. Gray's feelings and of his failure. They discussed the matter the whole evening, and could see no chance for Jack to get the education he wanted.

"I mean to die a-trying," said Jack, doggedly, as he went off to bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

THE next day but one, there came a letter to Mrs. Dudley that increased her perplexity.

"Your Aunt Hannah is sick," she said to Jack, "and I must go to take care of her. I don't know what to do with you."

"I 'll go to Port William to school," said Jack. "See if I don't."

"How?" asked his mother. "We don't know a soul on that side of the river. You could n't make any arrangement."

"May be I can," said Jack. "Bob Holliday used to live on the Indiana side, opposite Port William. I mean to talk with him."

Bob was setting onions in one of the onion-patches which abounded about Greenbank, and which were, from March to July, the principal sources of pocket-money to the boys. Jack thought best to wait until the day's work was finished. Then he sat, where Greenbank boys were fond of sitting, on the sloping top-board of a broad fence,

and told his friend Bob of his eager desire to go to Port William.

"I 'd like to go, too," said Bob. "This is the last year's schooling I 'm to have."

"Don't you know any house, or any place, where we could keep 'bach' together?"

"W'y, yes," said Bob, "if you did n't mind rowing across the river every day, I 've got a skiff, and there 's the old hewed-log house on the Indianny side where we used to live. A body might stay as long as he pleased in that house, I guess. Judge Kane owns it, and he 's one of the best-hearted men in the country."

"It 's eight miles down there," said Jack.

"Only seven if you go by water," said Bob. "Let 's put out to-morry morning early. Let 's go in the skiff: we can row and cordelle it up the river again, though it is a job."

Bright and early, the boys started down the river, rowing easily with the strong, steady current of the Ohio, holding their way to Judge Kane's, whose house was over against Port William. This Judge Kane was an intelligent and wealthy farmer, liked by everybody. He was not a lawyer, but had once held the office of "associate judge," and hence the title, which suited his grave demeanor. He looked at the two boys out of his small, gray, kindly eyes, hardly ever speaking a word. He did not immediately answer when they asked permission to occupy the old, unused log-house, but got them to talk about their plans, and watched them closely. Then he took them out to see his bees. He showed them his ingenious hives and a bee-house which he had built to keep out the moths by drawing chalk-lines about it, for over these lines the wingless grub of the moth could not crawl. Then he showed them a glass hive, in which all the processes of the bees' housekeeping could be observed. After that, he took the boys to the old log-house, and pointed out some holes in the roof that would have to be fixed. And even then he did not give them any answer to their request, but told them to stay to dinner and he would see about it, all of which was rather hard on boyish impatience. They had a good dinner of fried chicken and biscuits and honey, served in the neatest manner by the motherly Mrs. Kane. Then the Judge suggested that they ought to see Mr. Niles about taking them into the school. So his skiff was launched, and he rowed with them across the river, which is here about a mile wide, to Port William. Here he introduced them to Mr. Niles, an elderly man, a little bent, and a little positive in his tone, as is the habit of teachers, but with true kindness in his manner. The boys had much pleasure at recess time in greeting their old school-mates, Harvey Collins, Henry Weathervane, and, above all, Susan Lanham, whom they called Professor. These three took a sincere interest in the plans of Bob and Jack, and Susan spoke a good word for them to Mr. Niles, who, on his part, offered to give Jack Latin without charging him anything more than the rates for scholars in the English branches. Then they rowed back to Judge Kane's landing, where he told them they could have the house without rent, and that they could get slabs and other waste at his little saw-mill to fix up the cracks. Then he made kindly suggestions as to the furniture they should bring — mentioning a lantern, an ax, and various other articles necessary for a camp life. They bade him good-bye at last, and started home, now rowing against the current and now cordelling along the river shore, when they grew tired of rowing. In cordelling, one sits in the skiff and steers, while the other walks on the shore, drawing the boat by a rope over the shoulders. The work of rowing and cordelling was hard, but they carried light and hopeful hearts. Jack was sure now that he should overcome all obstacles and get a good education. As for Bob, he had no hope higher than that of worrying through vulgar fractions before settling down to hard work.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOUSEKEEPING EXPERIENCES.

MRS. DUDLEY having gone to Cincinnati the next day to attend her sister who was ill, Jack was left to make his arrangements for housekeeping with Bob. Each of the boys took two cups, two saucers, two plates, and two knives and forks. Things were likely to get lost or broken, and therefore they provided duplicates. Besides, they might have company to dinner some day, and, moreover, they would need the extra dishes to "hold things," as Jack expressed it. They took no tumblers, but each was provided with a tin cup. Bob remembered the lantern, and Jack put in an ax. They did not take much food; they could buy that, of farmers in Port William. They got a "gang," or, as they called it, a "trot-line," to lay down in the river for catfish, perch, and shovel-nose sturgeon, for there was no game-law then. Bob provided an iron pot to cook the fish in, and Jack a frying-pan and tea-kettle. Their bedding consisted of an empty tick, to be filled with straw in Judge Kane's barn, some equally empty pillow-ticks, and a pair of brown sheets and two blankets. But, with one thing and another, the skiff was well loaded.

A good many boys stood on the bank as they embarked, and among them was Columbus, who had a feeling that his best friends were about to desert him, and who would gladly have been one of the party if he could have afforded the expense.

In the little crowd which watched the embarkation was Hank Rathbone, an old hunter and pioneer, who made several good suggestions about their method of loading the boat.

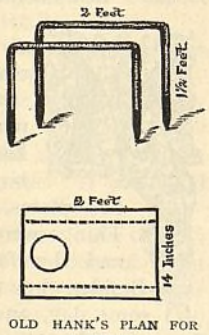
"But where 's your stove?" he asked.

"Stove?" said Bob. "We can't take a stove in this thing. There 's a big old fire-place in the house that 'll do to cook by."

"But hot weather 's comin' soon," said old Hank, "and then you 'll want to cook out in the air, I reckon. Besides, it takes a power of wood for a fire-place. If one of you will come along with me to the tin-shop, I 'll have a stove made for you, of the best paytent-right sort, that 'll go into a skiff, and that wont weigh more 'n three *or* four pounds and wont cost but about two bits."

Jack readily agreed to buy as good a thing as a stove for twenty-five cents, and so he went with Hank Rathbone to the tin-shop, stopping to get some iron on the way. Two half-inch round rods of iron five feet long were cut and sharpened at each end. Then the ends were turned down so as to make on each rod two pointed legs of eighteen inches in length, and thus leave two feet of the rod for a horizontal piece.

"Now," said the old hunter, "you drive about six inches of each leg into the ground, and stand them about a foot apart. Now for a top."



OLD HANK'S PLAN FOR A STOVE.

For this he had a piece of sheet-iron cut out two feet long and fourteen inches wide, with a round kettle-hole near one end. The edges of the long sides of the sheet-iron were bent down to fit over the rods.

"Lay that over your rods," said Hank, "and you 've got a stove two foot long, one foot high, and more than one foot wide, and you can build your fire of chips, instid of logs. You can put your tea-kittle, pot, pipkin, griddle, skillet, *or* grid-iron on to the hole"—the old man eyed it admiringly. "It 's good for b'ilin', fryin', *or* brilin', and all fer two bits. They aint many young couples gits set up as cheap as that!"

An hour and a half of rowing down-stream brought the boys to the old cabin. The life there involved more hard work than they had expected. Notwithstanding Jack's experience in helping his mother, the baking of corn-bread, and the frying of bacon or fish, were difficult tasks, and both the boys had red faces when supper was on the table. But, as time wore on, they became skillful, and though the work was hard, it was done patiently and pretty well. Between cooking, and cleaning, and fixing, and getting wood, and rowing to school and back, there was not a great deal of time left for study out of school, but Jack made a beginning in Latin, and Bob perspired quite as freely over the addition of fractions as over the frying-pan.

They rarely had recreation, excepting that of taking the fish off their trot-line in the morning, when there were any on it. Once or twice they allowed themselves to visit an Indian mound or burial-place on the summit of a neighboring hill, where idle boys and other loungers had dug up many bones and thrown them down the declivity. Jack, who had thoughts of being a doctor, made an effort to gather a complete Indian skeleton, but the dry bones had become too much mixed up. He could not get any three bones to fit together, and his man, as he tried to put him together, was the most miscellaneous creature imaginable,—neither man, woman, nor child. Bob was a little afraid to have these human ruins stored under the house, lest he might some night see a ghost with war-paint and tomahawk; but Jack, as became a boy of scientific tastes, pooh-poohed all superstitions or sentimental considerations in the matter. He told Bob that, if he should ever see the ghost which that frame-work belonged to, it would be the ghost of the whole Shawnee tribe, for there were nearly as many individuals represented as there were bones in the skeleton.

The one thing that troubled Jack was that he could n't get rid of the image of Columbus as they had seen him when they left Greenbank, standing sorrowfully on the river bank. The boys often debated between themselves how they could manage to have him one of their party, but they were both too poor to pay the small tuition fees, though his board would not cost much. They could not see any way of getting over the difficulty, but they talked with Susan about it, and Susan took hold of the matter in her fashion by writing to her father on the subject.

The result of her energetic effort was that one afternoon, as they came out of school, when the little packet-steamer was landing at the wharf, who should come ashore but Christopher Columbus, in his best but threadbare clothes, tugging away at an old-fashioned carpet-bag, which was too much for him to carry. Bob seized the carpet-bag and

almost lifted the dignified little lad himself off his feet in his joyful welcome, while Jack, finding nothing else to do, stood still and hurrahed. They soon had the dear little spindle-shanks and his great carpet-bag stowed away in the skiff. As they rowed to the north bank of the river, Columbus explained how Dr. Lanham had undertaken to pay his expenses, if the boys would take him into partnership, but he said he was 'most afraid to come, because he could n't chop wood, and he was n't good for much in doing the work.

"Never mind, honey," said Bob. "Jack and I don't care whether you work or not. You are worth your keep, any time."

"Yes," said Jack, "we even tried hard yesterday to catch a young owl to make a pet of, but we could n't get it. You see, we 're so lonesome."

"I suppose I 'll do for a pet owl, wont I?" said little Columbus, with a strange and quizzical smile on his meager face. And as he sat there in the boat, with his big head and large eyes, the name seemed so appropriate that Bob and Jack both laughed outright.

But the Pet Owl made himself useful in some ways. I am sorry to say that the housekeeping of Bob and Jack had not always been of the tidiest kind. They were boys, and they were in a hurry. But Columbus had the tastes of a girl about a house. He did not do any cooking or chopping to speak of, but he fixed up. He kept the house neat, cleaned the candlestick every morning, and washed the windows now and then, and as spring advanced he brought in handfuls of wild flowers. The boys declared that they had never felt at home in the old house until the Pet Owl came to be its mistress. He would n't let anything be left around out of place, but all the pots, pans, dishes, coats, hats, books, slates, the lantern, the boot-jack, and other slender furniture were put in order before school time, so that when they got back in the afternoon the place was inviting and home-like. When Judge Kane and his wife stopped during their Sunday-afternoon stroll, to see how the lads got on, Mrs. Kane praised their housekeeping.

"That is all the doings of the Pet Owl," said Bob.

"Pet Owl? Have you one?" asked Mrs. Kane.

The boys laughed, and Bob explained that Columbus was the pet.

That evening, the boys had a box of white honey for supper, sent over by Mrs. Kane, and the next Saturday afternoon Jack and Bob helped Judge Kane finish planting his corn-field.

One unlucky day, Columbus discovered Jack's box of Indian bones under the house, and he turned pale and had a fit of shivering for a long time afterward. It was necessary to move the box into an old stable to quiet his shuddering horror. The next Sunday afternoon, the Pet Owl came in with another fit of terror, shivering as before.

"What 's the matter now, Lummy?" said Jack. "Have you seen any more Indians?"

"Pewee and his crowd have gone up to the Indian Mound," said Columbus.

"Well, let 'em go," said Bob. "I suppose they know the way, don't they? I should like to see them. I 've been so long away from Greenbank that even a yellow dog from there would be welcome."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GHOSTS.

JACK and Bob had to amuse Columbus with stories, to divert his mind from the notion that Pewee and his party meant them some harm. The Indian burying-ground was not an uncommon place of resort on Sundays for loafers and idlers, and now and then parties came from as far as Greenbank, to have the pleasure of a ride and the amusement of digging up Indian relics from the cemetery on the hill. This hill-top commanded a view of the Ohio River for many miles in both directions, and of the Kentucky River, which emptied into the Ohio just opposite. I do not know whether the people who can find amusement in digging up bones and throwing them down-hill enjoy scenery or not, but I have heard it urged that even some dumb animals, as horses, enjoy a landscape, and I once knew a large dog, in Switzerland, who would sit enchanted for a long time on the brink of a mountain cliff, gazing off at the lake below. It is only fair to suppose, therefore, that even these idle diggers in Indian mounds had some pleasure in looking from a hill-top; at any rate, they were fond of frequenting this one. Pewee, and Riley, and Ben Berry, and two or three others of the same feather, had come down on this Sunday to see the Indian Mound and to find any other sport that might lie in their reach. When they had dug up and thrown away down the steep hill-side enough bones to satisfy their jackal proclivities, they began to cast about them for some more exciting diversion. As there were no water-melon patches nor orchards to be robbed at this season of the year, they decided to have an egg-supper, and then to wait for the moon to rise after midnight before starting to row and cordelle their two boats up the river again to Greenbank. The fun of an egg-supper to Pewee's party consisted not so much in the eggs as in the man-

ner of getting them. Every nest in Judge Kane's chicken-house was rummaged that night, and Mrs. Kane found next day that all the nest-eggs were gone, and that one of her young hens was missing also.

About dark, little Allen Mackay, a round-bodied, plump-faced, jolly fellow who lived near the place where the skiffs were landed, and who had spent the afternoon at the Indian Mound, came to the door of the old log-house.

"I wanted to say that you fellows have always done the right thing by me. You 've set me acrost oncet or twicet, and you 've always been 'clever' to me, and I don't want to see no harm done you. You 'd better look out to-night. They 's some chaps from Greenbank down here, and they 're in for a frolic, and somebody's hen-roost 'll suffer, I guess; and they don't like you boys, and they talked about routing you out to-night."

"Thank you," said Jack.

"Let 'em rout," said Bob.

But the poor little Pet Owl was all in a cold shudder again.

About eleven o'clock, King Pewee's party had picked the last bone of Mrs. Kane's chicken. It was yet an hour and a half before the moon would be up, and there was time for some fun. Two boys from the neighborhood, who had joined the party, agreed to furnish dough-faces for them all. Nothing more ghastly than masks of dough can well be imagined, and when the boys all put them on, and had turned their coats wrong-side out, they were almost afraid of one another.

"Now," said Riley, "Pewee will knock at the door, and when they come with their lantern or candle, we 'll all rush in and howl like Indians."

"How do Indians howl?" asked Ben Berry.

"Oh, any way—like a dog or a wolf, you know. And then they 'll be scared to death, and we 'll just pitch their beds, and dishes, and everything else out of the door, and show them how to clean house."

Riley did n't know that Allen Mackay and Jack Dudley, hidden in the bushes, heard this speech, nor that Jack, as soon as he had heard the plan, crept away to tell Bob at the house what the enemy proposed to do.

As the crowd neared the log-house, Riley prudently fell to the rear, and pushed Pewee to the front. There was just the faintest whitening of the sky from the coming moon, but the large apple-trees in front of the log-house made it very dark, and the dough-face crowd were obliged almost to feel their way as they came into the shadow of these trees. Just as Riley was exhorting Pewee to knock at the door, and the whole party was tittering at the prospect of turning Bob, Jack, and Columbus out of bed and out of doors, they all stopped short and held their breaths.

"Good gracious! Julius Cæsar! sakes alive!" whispered Riley. "What—wh—what is that?"

Nobody ran. All stood as though frozen in their places. For out from behind the corner of the house came slowly a skeleton head. It was ablaze inside, and the light shone out of all the openings. The thing had no feet, no hands, and no body. It actually floated through the air, and now and then joggled and danced a little. It rose and fell, but still came nearer and nearer to the attacking party of dough-faces, who for their part could not guess that Bob Holliday had put a lighted candle into an Indian's skull, and then tied this ghost's lantern to a wire attached to the end of a fishing-rod, which he operated from behind the house.

Pewee's party drew close together, and Riley whispered hoarsely:

"The house is ha'nted."

Just then the hideous and fiery death's-head made a circuit, and swung, grinning, into Riley's face, who could stand no more, but broke into a full run toward the river. At the same instant, Jack tooted a dinner-horn, Judge Kane's big dog ran barking out of the log-house, and the enemy were routed like the Midianites before Gideon. Their consternation was greatly increased at finding their boats gone, for Allen Mackay had towed them into a little creek out of sight, and hidden the oars in an elder thicket. Riley and one of the others were so much afraid of the ghost that "ha'nted" the old house, that they set out straightway for Greenbank, leaving their boats. Pewee and the others searched everywhere for their boats, and at last sat down and waited for daylight. Just as day was breaking, Bob Holliday came down to the river with a towel, as though for a morning bath. Very accidentally, of course, he came upon Pewee and his party, all tired out, sitting on the bank in hope that day might throw some light on the fate of their boats.

"Hello, Pewee! You here? What 's the matter?" said Bob, with feigned surprise.

"Some thief took our skiffs. We 've been looking for them all night, and can't find them."

"That 's curious," said Bob, sitting down and leaning his head on his hand. "Where did you get supper last night?"

"Oh! we brought some with us."

"Look here, Pewee, I 'll bet I can find your boats."

"How?"

"You give me money enough among you to pay for the eggs and the chicken you had for supper, and I 'll find out who hid your boats and where the oars are, and it 'll all be square."

Pewee was now sure that the boat had been taken as indemnity for the chicken and the eggs. He made every one of the party contribute something until he had collected what Bob thought sufficient to pay for the stolen things, and Bob took it and went up and found Judge Kane, who had just risen, and left the money with him. Then he made a circuit to Allen Mackay's, waked

"Why?" asked Jack.

"Because," said Pewee, "I 've heard tell that it is ha'nted."

"Ghosts are n't anything when you get used to them," said Jack. "We don't mind them at all."

"Don't you?" said Pewee, who was now rowing against the current.

"No," said Bob, "nor dough-faces neither."

"THE LANDING OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS." [SEE PAGE 358.]

him up, and got the oars, which they put into the boats; and pushing these out of their hiding-place, they rowed them into the river, delivering them to Pewee and company, who took them gratefully. Jack and Columbus had now made their appearance, and as Pewee got into his boat, he thought to repay Bob's kindness with a little advice.

"I say, if I was you fellers, you know, I would n't stay in that old cabin a single night."

Even Pewee's dull mind began to guess that Bob and Jack were well acquainted with ghosts, and might know where they came from.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN HOME.

AS MR. NILES'S school-term drew to a close, the two boys began to think of their future.

"I expect to work with my hands, Jack," said Bob; "I have n't got a head for books, as you have. But I 'd like to know a *leetle* more before I settle down. I wish I could make enough at something to be able to go to school next winter."

"If I only had your strength and size, Bob, I 'd go to work for somebody as a farmer. But I have more than myself to look after. I must help Mother after this term is out. I must get something to do, and then learning will be slow business. They talk about Ben Franklin studying at night and all that, but it 's a little hard on a fellow who has n't the constitution of a Franklin. Still, I 'm going to have an education, by hook or crook."

At this point in the conversation, Judge Kane came in. As usual, he said little, but he got the boys to talk about their own affairs.

"When do you go home?" he asked.

"Next Friday evening, when school is out," said Jack.

"And what are you going to do?" he asked of Bob.

"Get some work this summer, and then try to get another winter of schooling next year," was the answer.

"What kind of work?"

"Oh, I can farm better than I can do anything else," said Bob. "And I like it, too."

And then Judge Kane drew from Jack a full account of his affairs, and particularly of the debt due from Gray, and of his interview with Gray.

"If you could get a few hundred dollars, so as to make your mother feel easy for a while, living as she does in her own house, you could go to school next winter."

"Yes, and then I could get on after that, somehow, by myself, I suppose," said Jack. "But the few hundred dollars is as much out of my reach as a million would be, and my father used to say that it was a bad thing to get into the way of figuring on things that we could never reach."

The Judge sat still, and looked at Jack out of his half-closed gray eyes for a minute in silence.

"Come up to the house with me," he said, rising.

Jack followed him to the house, where the Judge opened his desk and took out a red-backed memorandum-book, and dictated while Jack copied in his own handwriting the description of a piece of land on a slip of paper.

"If you go over to school, to-morrow, an hour earlier than usual," he said, "call at the county clerk's office, show him your memorandum, and find out in whose name that land stands. It is timber-land five miles back, and worth five hundred dollars. When you get the name of the owner, you will know what to do; if not, you can ask me, but you 'd better not mention my name to anybody in this matter."

Jack thanked Mr. Kane, but left him feeling puzzled. In fact, the farmer-judge seemed to like to puzzle people, or at least he never told anything more than was necessary.

The next morning, the boys were off early to Port William. Jack wondered if the land might belong to his father, but then he was sure his father never had any land in Kentucky. Or, was it the property of some dead uncle or cousin, and was he to find a fortune, like the hero of a cheap story? But when the county clerk, whose office it is to register deeds in that county, took the little piece of paper, and after scanning it, took down some great deed-books and mortgage-books, and turned the pages awhile, and then wrote "Francis Gray, owner, no incumbrance," on the same slip with the description, Jack had the key to Mr. Kane's puzzle.

It was now Thursday forenoon, and Jack was eager on all accounts to get home, especially to see the lawyer in charge of his father's claim against Mr. Gray. So the next day at noon, as there was nothing left but the closing exercises, the three boys were excused, and bade good-bye to their teacher and school-mates, and rowed back to their own side of the river. They soon had the skiff loaded, for all three were eager to see the folks at Greenbank. Jack's mother had been at home more than a week, and he was the most impatient of the three. But they could not leave without a good-bye to Judge Kane and his wife, to which good-bye they added a profusion of bashful boyish thanks for kindness received. The Judge walked to the boat-landing with them. Jack began to tell him about the land.

"Don't say anything about it to me, nor to anybody else but your lawyer," said Mr. Kane; "and do not mention my name. You may say to your lawyer that the land has just changed hands, and the matter must be attended to soon. It wont stand exposed in that way long."

When the boys were in the boat ready to start, Mr. Kane said to Bob:

"You would n't mind working for me this summer at the regular price?"

"I 'd like to," said Bob.

"How soon can you come?"

"Next Wednesday evening."

"I 'll expect you," said the Judge, and he turned away up the bank, with a slight nod and a curt "Good-bye," while Bob said: "What a curious man he is!"

"Yes, and as good as he 's curious," added Jack.

It was a warm day for rowing, but the boys were

both a little homesick. Under the shelter of a point where the current was not too strong the two rowed and made fair headway, sometimes encountering an eddy which gave them a lift. But whenever the current set strongly toward their side of the river, and whenever they found it necessary to round a point, one of them would leap out on the pebbly beach and, throwing the boat-rope over his shoulder, set his strength against the stream. The rope, or *cordelle*,—a word that has come down from the first French travelers and traders in the great valley,—was tied to the row-locks. It was necessary for one to steer in the stern while the other played tow-horse, so that each had his turn at rest and at work. After three hours' toil, the wharf-boat of the village was in sight, and all sorts of familiar objects gladdened their hearts. They reached the landing, and then, laden with things, they hurriedly cut across the commons to their homes.

As soon as Jack's first greeting with his mother was over, she told him that she thought she might afford him one more quarter of school.

"No," said Jack, "you 've pinched yourself long enough for me; now it 's time I should go to work. If you try to squeeze out another quarter of school for me you 'll have to suffer for it. Besides, I don't see how you can do it, unless Gray comes down, and I think I have now in my pocket something that will make him come down." And Jack's face brightened at the thought of the slip of paper in the pocket of his roundabout.

Without observing the last remark, nor the evident elation of Jack's feelings, Mrs. Dudley proceeded to tell him that she had been offered a hundred and twenty dollars for her claim against Gray.

"Who offered it?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Tinkham, Gray's agent. May be Gray is buying up his own debts, feeling tired of holding property in somebody else's name."

"A hundred and twenty dollars for a thousand! The rascal! I would n't take it," broke out Jack, impetuously.

"That 's just the way I feel, Jack. I 'd rather wait forever, if it was n't for your education. I can't afford to have you lose that. I 'm to give an answer this evening."

"We wont do it," said Jack. "I 've got a memorandum here," and he took the slip of paper from his pocket and unfolded it, "that 'll bring more money out of him than that. I 'm going to see Mr. Beal at once."

Mrs. Dudley looked at the paper without understanding just what it was, and, without giving her any further explanation, but only a warning to secrecy, Jack made off to the lawyer's office.

"Where did you get this?" asked Mr. Beal.

"I promised not to mention his name—I mean the name of the one who gave me that. I went to the clerk's office with the description, and the clerk wrote the words 'Francis Gray, owner, no incumbrance.'"

"I wish I had had it sooner," said the lawyer. "It will be best to have our judgment recorded in that county to-morrow," he continued. "Could you go down to Port William?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, a little reluctant to go back. "I could if I must."

"I don't think the mail will do," added Mr. Beal. "This thing came just in time. We should have sold the claim to-night. This land ought to fetch five hundred dollars."

Mr. Tinkham, agent for Francis Gray, was much disappointed that night when Mrs. Dudley refused to sell her claim against Gray.

"You 'll never get anything any other way," he said.

"Perhaps not, but we 've concluded to wait," said Mrs. Dudley. "We can't do much worse if we get nothing at all."

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Tinkham said: "I 'll do a little better by *you*, Mrs. Dudley. I 'll give you a hundred and fifty. That 's the very best I *can* do."

"I will not sell the claim at present," said Mrs. Dudley. "It is of no use to offer."

It would have been better if Mrs. Dudley had not spoken so positively. Mr. Tinkham was set a-thinking. Why would n't the widow sell? Why had she changed her mind since yesterday? Why did Mr. Beal, the lawyer, not appear at the consultation? All these questions the shrewd little Tinkham asked himself, and all these questions he asked of Francis Gray that evening.

CHAPTER XX.

A FOOT-RACE FOR MONEY.

"THEY 'VE got wind of something," said Mr. Tinkham to Mr. Gray, "or else they are waiting for you to resume payment,—or else the widow 's got money from somewhere for her present necessities."

"I don't know what hope they can have of getting money out of me," said Gray, with a laugh. "I 've tangled everything up, so that Beal can't find a thing to levy on. I have but one piece of property exposed, and that 's not in this State."

"Where is it?" asked Tinkham.

"It 's in Kentucky, five miles back of Port William. I took it last week in a trade, and I have n't yet made up my mind what to do with it."

"That 's the very thing," said Tinkham, with his little face drawn to a point,—"the very thing. Mrs. Dudley's son came home from Port William yesterday, where he has been at school. They 've heard of that land, I 'm afraid; for Mrs. Dudley is very positive that she will not sell the claim at any price."

"I 'll make a mortgage to my brother on that land, and send it off from the mail-boat as I go down to-morrow," said Gray.

"That 'll be too late," said Tinkham. "Beal will have his judgment recorded as soon as the packet gets there. You 'd better go by the packet, get off, and see the mortgage recorded yourself, and then take the mail-boat."

To this, Gray agreed, and the next day, when Jack went on board the packet "Swiftsure," he found Mr. Francis Gray going aboard also. Mr. Beal had warned Jack that he must not let anybody from the packet get to the clerk's office ahead of him,—that the first paper deposited for record would take the land. Jack wondered why Mr. Francis Gray was aboard the packet, which went no farther than Madison, while Mr. Gray's home was in Louisville. He soon guessed, however, that Gray meant to land at Port William, and so to head him off. Jack looked at Mr. Gray's form, made plump by good feeding, and felt safe. He could n't be very dangerous in a foot-race. Jack reflected with much hopefulness that no boy in school could catch him in a straight-away run when he was fox. He would certainly leave the somewhat puffy Mr. Francis Gray behind.

But in the hour's run down the river, including two landings at Minuit's and Craig's, Jack had time to remember that Francis Gray was a cunning man, and might head him off by some trick or other. A vague fear took possession of him, and he resolved to be first off the boat before any pretext could be invented to stop him.

Meantime, Francis Gray had looked at Jack's lithe legs with apprehension. "I can never beat that boy," he had reflected. "My running days are over." Finding among the deck passengers a young fellow who looked as though he needed money, Gray approached him with this question:

"Do you belong in Port William, young man?"

"I don't belong nowhere else, I reckon," answered the seedy fellow, with shuffling impudence.

"Do you know where the county clerk's office is?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes, and the market-house. I can show you the way to the jail, too, if you want to know, but I s'pose you 've been there many a time," laughed the "wharf-rat."

Gray was irritated at this rudeness, but he swallowed his anger.

"Would you like to make five dollars?"

"Now you 're talkin' interestin'. Why did n't you begin at that eend of the subjick? I 'd like to make five dollars as well as the next feller, provided it is n't to be made by too much awful hard work."

"Can you run well?"

"If they 's money at t' other eend of the race I can run like sixty *fer a spell*. 'T aint my common gait, howsumever."

"If you 'll take this paper," said Gray, "and get it to the county clerk's office before anybody else gets there from this boat, I 'll give you five dollars."

"Honor bright?" asked the chap, taking the paper, drawing a long breath, and looking as though he had discovered a gold mine.

"Honor bright," answered Gray. "You must jump off first of all, for there 's a boy aboard that will beat you if he can. No pay if you don't win."

"Which is the one that 'll run ag'in' me?" asked the long-legged fellow.

Gray described Jack, and told the young man to go out forward and he would see him. Gray was not willing to be seen with the "wharf-rat," lest suspicions should be awakened in Jack Dudley's mind. But after the shabby young man had gone forward and looked at Jack, he came back with a doubtful air.

"That 's Hoosier Jack, as we used to call him," said the shabby young man. "He an' two more used to row a boat acrost the river every day to go to ole Niles's school. He 's a hard one to beat,—they say he used to lay the whole school out on prisoners' base, and that he could leave 'em all behind on fox."

"You think you can't do it, then?" asked Gray.

"Gimme a little start and I reckon I 'll fetch it. It 's up-hill part of the way and he may lose his wind, for it 's a good half-mile. You must make a row with him at the gang-plank, er do somethin' to kinder hold him back. The wind 's down stream to-day, and the boat 's shore to swing in a little aft. I 'll jump for it and you keep him back."

To this, Gray assented.

As the shabby young fellow had predicted, the boat did swing around in the wind, and have some trouble in bringing her bow to the wharf-boat. The captain stood on the hurricane-deck calling to the pilot to "back her," "stop her," "go ahead on her," "go ahead on yer labberd," and "back on yer stabberd." Now, just as the captain was backing the starboard wheel and going ahead on his larboard, so as to bring the boat around right, Mr. Gray turned on Jack.

"What are you treading on my toes for, you impudent young rascal?" he broke out.

Jack colored and was about to reply sharply, when he caught sight of the shabby young fellow, who just then leaped from the gunwale of the boat amidships and barely reached the wharf. Jack guessed why Gray had tried to irritate him,—he saw that the well-known "wharf-rat" was to be his competitor. But what could he do? The wind held the bow of the boat out, the gang-plank which had been pushed out ready to reach the wharf-boat was still firmly grasped by the deck-hands, and the farther end of it was six feet from the wharf, and much above it. It would be ten minutes before any one could leave the boat in the regular way. There was only one chance to defeat the rascally Gray. Jack concluded to take it.

He ran out upon the plank amidst the harsh cries of the deck-hands, who tried to stop him, and the oaths of the mate, who thundered at him, with the stern order of the captain from the upper deck, who called out to him to go back.

But, luckily, the steady pulling ahead of the larboard engine, and the backing of the starboard, began just then to bring the boat around, the plank sank down a little under Jack's weight, and Jack made the leap to the wharf, hearing the confused cries, orders, oaths, and shouts from behind him, as he pushed through the crowd.

"Stop that thief!" cried Francis Gray to the people on the wharf-boat, but in vain. Jack glided swiftly through the people, and got on shore before anybody could check him. He charged up the hill after the shabby young fellow, who had a decided lead, while some of the men on the wharf-boat pursued them both, uncertain which was the thief. Such another pell-mell race Port William had never seen. Windows flew up and heads went out. Small boys joined the pursuing crowd, and dogs barked indiscriminately and uncertainly at the heels of everybody. There were cries of "Hurrah for Long Ben!" and "Hurrah for Hoosier Jack!" Some of Jack's old school-mates essayed to stop him to find out what it was all about, but he would not relax a muscle, and he had no time to answer any questions. He saw the faces of the people dimly; he heard the crowd crying after him, "Stop, thief"; he caught a glimpse of his old teacher, Mr. Niles, regarding him with curiosity as he darted by; he saw an anxious look in Judge Kane's face as he passed him on a street corner. But Jack held his eyes on Long Ben, whom he pursued as a dog does a fox. He had steadily gained on the fellow, but Ben had too much the start, and, unless he should give out, there would be little chance for Jack to overtake him. One thinks quickly in such moments. Jack remembered that there were two ways of reaching the county clerk's office. To keep the street around the block was the natural way,—to take an alley through the square was neither longer nor shorter. But by running down the alley he would deprive Long Ben of the spur of seeing his pursuer, and he might even make him think that Jack had given out. Jack had played this trick when playing hound and fox, and at any rate he would by this turn shake off the crowd. So into the alley he darted, and the bewildered pursuers kept on crying "stop thief" after Long Ben, whose reputation was none of the best. Somebody ahead tried to catch the shabby young fellow, and this forced Ben to make a slight curve, which gave Jack the advantage, so that just as Ben neared the office, Jack rounded a corner out of an alley, and entered ahead of him, dashed up to the clerk's desk and deposited the judgment.

"For record," he gasped.

The next instant the shabby young fellow pushed forward the mortgage.

"Mine first!" cried Long Ben.

"I 'll take yours when I get this entered," said the clerk, quietly, as became a public officer.

"I got here first," said Long Ben.

But the clerk looked at the clock and entered the date on the back of Jack's paper, putting "one o'clock and eighteen minutes" after the date. Then he wrote "one o'clock and nineteen minutes" on the paper which Long Ben handed him. The office was soon crowded with people discussing the result of the race, and a part of them were even now in favor of seizing one or the other of the runners for a theft, which some said had been committed on the packet, and others declared was committed on the wharf-boat. Francis Gray came in, and could not conceal his chagrin.

"I meant to do the fair thing by you," he said to Jack, severely, "but now you 'll never get a cent out of me."

"I 'd rather have the law on men like you, than have a thousand of your sort of fair promises," said Jack.

"I 've a mind to strike you," said Gray.

"The Kentucky law is hard on a man who strikes a minor," said Judge Kane, who had entered at that moment.

Mr. Niles came in to learn what was the matter, and Judge Kane, after listening quietly to the talk of the people, until the excitement subsided, took Jack over to his house, whence the boy walked home that evening, full of hopefulness.

Gray's land realized as much as Mr. Beal expected, and Jack studied Latin hard, all summer, so as to get as far ahead as possible by the time school should begin in the autumn.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF BOUNDS.

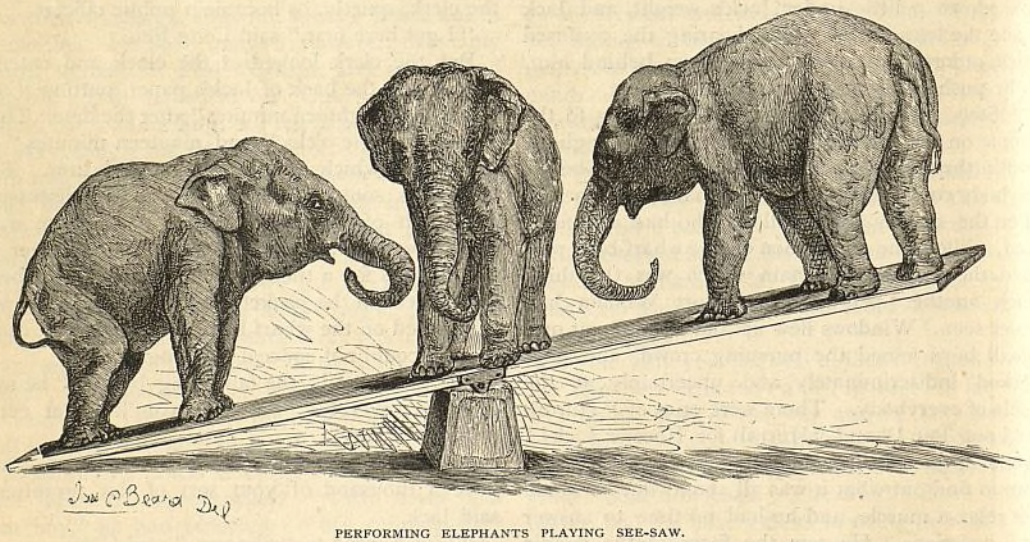
A FROG leaped his way up a tree.
"I can sing," said he,—"listen to me;"
So he uttered a shout,
And an owl found him out,
And no more a musician was he.

Said a tiger, "I 'll walk through the clover,
Yea, verily, yes, and moreover;"
But the bees who were there
Sadly ruffled his hair,
When they battled this tropical rover.

A baboon once said, "I can swim;"
So he dived from the end of a limb,
And a crocodile there
Quickly rose from its lair,
And there was n't a surplus of him.

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

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



PERFORMING ELEPHANTS PLAYING SEE-SAW.

THE railway train that carries a modern American show contains all sorts of cars and trucks, and is well laden. Indeed, it has so many cars that it is divided into several sections, each section equal to an ordinary train, and drawn by its own engine. These trains—including a dozen Pullman "sleepers" and the elephant cars, in each of which five of the huge beasts are stowed—bear along about five hundred men and three hundred horses, besides the other show animals and the miscellaneous freight.

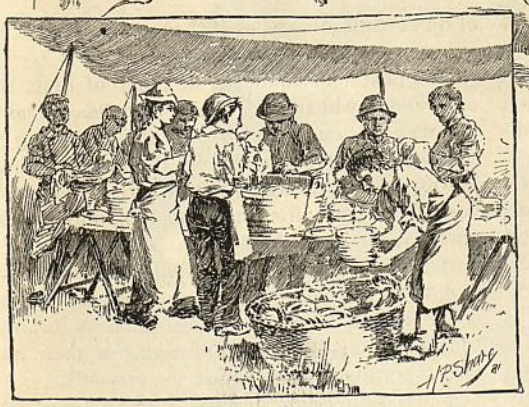
The "trick-horses," of course, are few in number, and often they are the private property of the men and women who perform with them. All the "great artists" prefer to appear in the ring with the animals with which they have done their own training, if these are good ones. The horses, too, are artists in their way, and not a few of them have world-wide reputations of their own in the business, won under a long succession of famous riders. The actual work of a trick-horse is not very severe, but he requires to be kept up to his full training, in season and out of season. Upon the perfection of his performance may depend not only the applause of the spectators, but even the life of his rider.

Most of the other horses of the circus are mere

draught animals, but they need to be both good and good-looking. Any lack of horses, or any misbehavior on their part, might ruin the impression of the "grand procession" which regularly convinces the staring multitudes of the unusual size of each "mammoth show."

As for the men and women, only a few of these are actual performers in the "ring"; but if the rank and file of the circus army is deficient in the performance of its share of the work in hand, the prosperity of the tent-city will come to grief on its first morning out of winter quarters.

THE COOKING-TENTS.



WASHING THE DISHES.

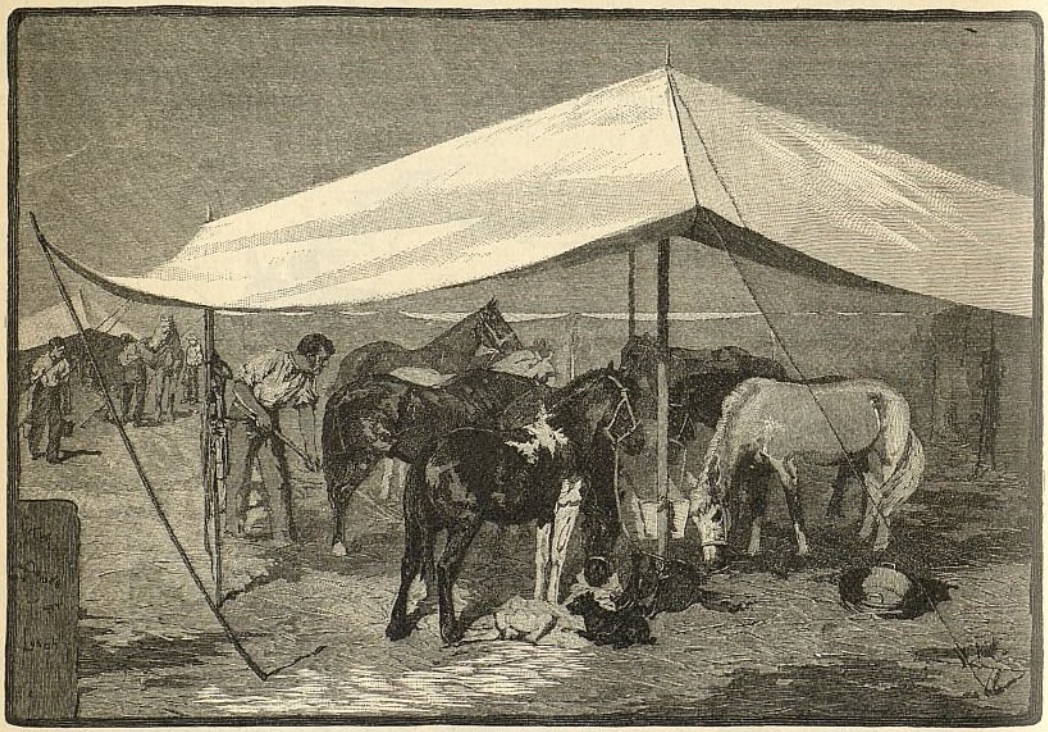
All things are generally so arranged and the movements so timed that circus traveling and transportation may be done by night, since any day wasted without giving an exhibition would show a heavy loss in the manager's accounts. The wages of all the human beings employed, and the eating and drinking done by them and by the animals, wild and tame, with nearly all other current expenses, go right along whether or not the big tent is up and money is coming in for tickets.

The book-keeping, cash taking, and cash paying of such a business require as perfect training as almost any other part of it. A separate van is arranged and fitted up as a business office, with safes and desks and clerks, and when the "cash is settled" at the close of each day's work, it is well known in that van how much has been made or lost. The cashier's van is one of the first things to be pulled ashore, so to speak, on any arrival, for the paying out of money begins right away, rain or shine.

When a circus train has arrived in an exhibition town, and has arranged its odd-looking cars upon the side tracks, where they are to be unloaded, the very first duty to be attended to is the care of the horses, since all these must be fed and groomed before the grand procession can start.

Off rolls the first wagon, a large one, loaded with hay and straw. A team is hitched to it, and it is hurried away to the spot where the tents are to go up. Sometimes, indeed, the men who were "sent ahead" have already delivered sufficient forage

upon the ground. Other wagons are rolled off, hitched up, and driven away, for all their cargoes are ready-packed upon them. Groups of spare animals follow, and as many of these as can, begin work upon their breakfasts before the canvas stables are set up.



THE TENT FOR THE PONIES.

The exhibition ground is pretty sure to be an open space, well situated for the purpose and often used for circuses, but it rarely is in perfect condition or clear of rubbish.

Experienced men, with gangs of helpers, are instantly at work with tape-lines and pennoned marking-pins, laying off the exact places and dimensions of the areas to be occupied by the tents, and designating the spots where poles are to stand and stakes to be driven. Almost as fast as a spot is marked, a tent-stake is dropped beside it, for cargoes after cargoes of material, with men who know what to do with it all, are constantly arriving from the cars. They start and travel and come in regular order, and yet hardly anything reaches the grounds many minutes before it is wanted. Gangs of strong-armed fellows with sledge-hammers follow close behind the stake-droppers, and the stakes are driven in firmly, while other gangs clear loose rubbish from the surface. Every one minds his business earnestly, and it seems but a few moments before the long, low-crowned stable-tents are up, the bedding for the horses is pitched around in place, and the animals themselves are quietly feeding, with a look of quiet contentment, as if they were saying, "Here we are, gentlemen, all at home at last."

The next tent to these, in point of time, is the one under which such important people as elephants and camels are to take their morning hay; but the "traveling hotel" for the human beings is hardly less essential, and it is sure to be ready a very short time after the head-cook and his assistants have started their fires. The cooks are "experts," every one, and they will generally be prepared to offer their hungry fellow-travelers hot coffee and a capital breakfast in from twenty to thirty minutes after the unloading of their ingenious "portable range" upon the grounds.

The cooking-tents and the canvas dining-rooms are quite enough to put any old soldier in mind of his campaigns. But the rations furnished are of the best. All the work is done by exact rules, but it is not every man who has genius of the kind required to set up a hotel in half an hour and feed five hundred guests the first morning. They are apt to be a hungry set, indeed, and it may be noteworthy that P. T. Barnum's present head-

cook is an ex-lion-king, and has passed much of his life in hourly peril of being eaten up.

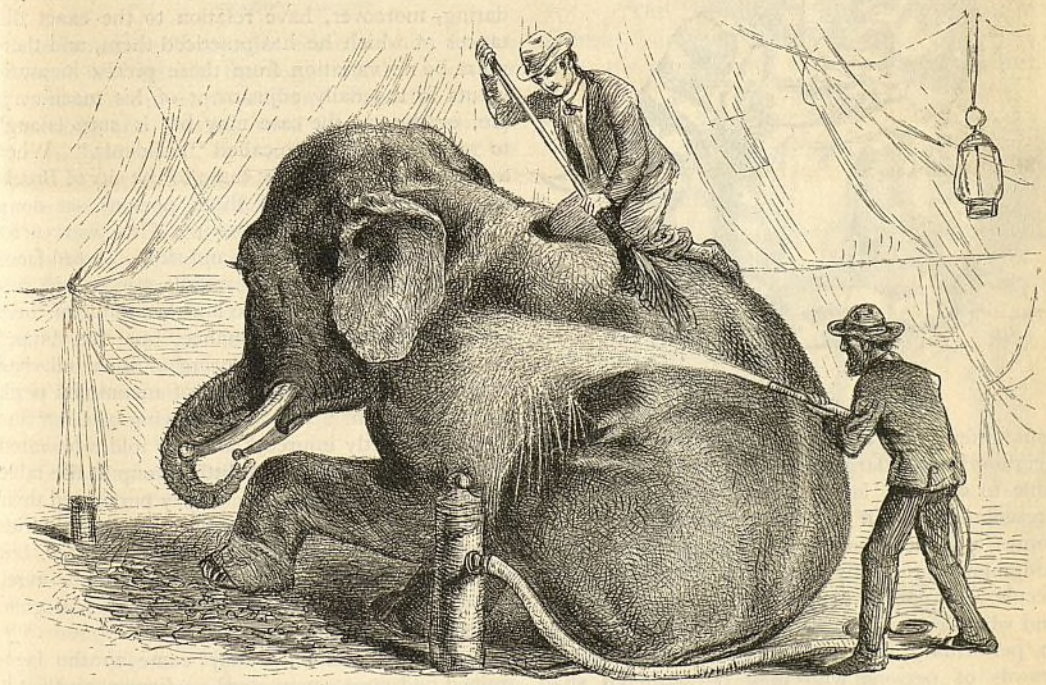
Not all the motley inhabitants of the tent-city will take their meals in the same room nor at the same table. There is a strong caste feeling between the skilled performers of different callings and varied fame, and the living curiosities have a pride all their own. For instance, it could not be expected that a lady weighing half a ton, more or less, should have a small opinion of herself, nor that a giant should fail to look down upon almost anybody else. There is no confusion in the management of the dining-room, but there is no long lingering at table, for all the guests have work before them, and as fast as one swarm flits away another settles in the places left empty.

With three hundred horses of all sorts to care for, there is constant need of the services of a blacksmith, and the smithy, forge and all, must be promptly in working order. The smith, indeed, must be ready with his hammer and fire before he gets his breakfast, for there is much iron-work about the tools, wagons, tent gear, and housekeeping apparatus, as well as upon the feet of the horses.

Neither is it to be supposed that the people of the tent-city preserve the beauty of their linen without the aid of a laundry; and the tub, the wringer, and the clothes-line speedily offer ample evidence that the washerman is at work. Every day in the week is washing-day, and there is no time to spare, even then.

The minor tents go up rapidly, but the raising of the "exhibition tent" and its adjoining canvases is no small affair. That is, there is nothing apparently difficult about it in the hands of the circus men, but twice their number of untrained workers, say two full companies of militia, would make many trials at it before succeeding. Every peg and stake is driven, and every rope is in its place; the center-poles grandly rise in the air; the side-poles or stretchers are lifted, one by one, and their stays are hauled upon till all are taut and firm, and then the great central canvas "skin" of the vast fabric is skillfully slipped on and stretched to unwrinkled smoothness. The whole operation is an example of the marvelous results to be obtained by discipline and concert of action; and it is performed every few days, often daily, throughout the exhibiting season.

If the entire circus-menagerie, when packed for transportation, should be compared to a chest of tools, the collection of implements appears, when unpacked for use, altogether too large to be again reduced to the space it occupied. Applied as are those tools, however, to one perpetually recurring job, and all being numbered and fitted to their



THE ELEPHANT'S TOILET.

places in the box, or rather boxes, they come out and return again, time after time, without crowding. However, they do not all have to be brought into use upon every exhibition of the show, for no two days present precisely the same job to the workmen. No two consecutive exhibition-grounds, in the first place, present the same features of size, shape, surface, or character of soil, and all these points must be taken into consideration. Neither are any two towns or cities alike, nor are the expected audiences the same in size or tastes or character. The performances must be varied with

THE CLOWN "MAKING-UP."

some reference to all these things, and even in the neighborhood of large cities, it is sometimes impossible to obtain a large enough space for the full presentation of all the show's attractions. Here comes in a demand upon the manager for good judgment, promptly used. He must instantly decide what part of his programme he will cut out and what he must leave in, and he must succeed in performing this delicate duty so that all the crowds of persons who may be gathered shall leave the tents with a satisfied feeling that they have had the full worth of their money.

The most important business, after the tents are up, is the formation of the "ring" and the setting up of the gymnastic machinery for the performances of the acrobats.

The "ring" is generally a little more than forty feet in diameter, and it looks like a rude enough affair, but its preparation calls for both care and skill. The ground for it is leveled with nicety. The barrier, a circular mound of earth of about one hundred and twenty-five feet inside circumference, is raised to a height of somewhat over twenty inches on its inner face. It must be thick, firm, and strong, to bear the hard blows of a horse's feet or the sudden leaning upon it of an elephant. It must, therefore, be banked, and pounded with sledge-hammers, until no strain to which it can be subjected will break it down, and it must retain no looseness nor unevenness, to trip a horse or endanger the life of a rider. It is the work of a few hours only, but there is a man busy upon almost every square yard of it while it is rising.

As to the machinery for the acrobats, simple as is the appearance of the uprights and cross-bars, they must be set up with especial care, so as to leave no possibility of their breaking down. The performer using them must be able to trust his appliances absolutely, or he could never have the nerve and confidence to delight the crowd at the risk of his neck. All his feats of skill and daring, moreover, have relation to the exact distances at which he has practiced them, and there must be no variation from those precise measurements in the daily adjustment of his machinery. He, or she, as the case may be, is sure enough to meet with what are called "accidents." When a "great show" recently came to the city of Brooklyn, a family group of three persons sat down together in the breakfast-tent. They were acrobats of unsurpassed agility and skill. A sad-faced woman, a young man of middle size, a girl just entering her teens. There had been four of them prior to a recent performance, but the "star," an older girl, the most daring of them all, had "missed her motion" in a feat of uncommon peril, and had fallen upon the receiving net. "She was but slightly injured," all were told who cared or thought to ask, but the little group at the table knew that she was dying. They performed their parts, that day, as skillfully as ever, though with so much more weight than usual to carry, but when the evening exhibition was over there were, indeed, but three of them. The fourth had gone forever.

Such an "accident" may come to the best-trained and most experienced performer, and yet it is a mistake to suppose that acrobats are necessarily a short-lived race. The constant exercise, the enforced temperance, the out-of-doors life, amount, in fact, to a careful observance of well-known laws of health. If a professional athlete escapes the more serious disasters which are continually

possible to him, it is his own fault if he does not remain for many years a man of comfortable body.

REPAIRING DAMAGES.

His worst perils do not come to him in the "ring," but during the long months when he is necessarily unemployed, and when he has no immediate and pressing need for careful training. For, in this interval, he is in danger of relaxing his habits of careful living, and a very little over-indulgence will put out of order that wonderful machine, —his body,— on the perfect condition of which depends his power to do the feats required of him.

The actual term of service as a practical acrobat can not, indeed, be a long one. The public is capricious, and has a rooted prejudice against the appearance of elderly men and women in exhibitions of physical agility and strength. Even the star performers must sooner or later drift into other callings.

When, at the beginning of an exhibition season, after passing the manager's inspection, an athlete of any kind gets into the ring, he represents a vast amount of hard and thoughtful labor and instruction. He has been in "winter quarters," of some kind, but he has also been at "school," and the younger he is, the more he has had to endure from exacting and often severe teachers.

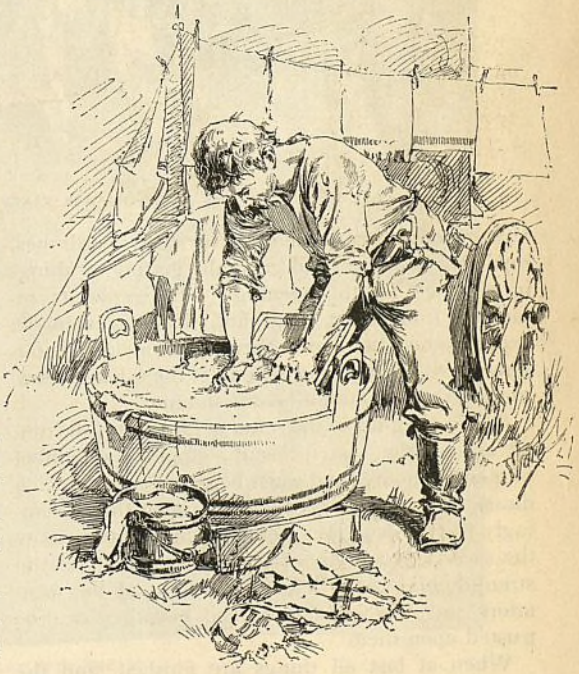
The larger shows and more enterprising showmen often set up "schools" of their own, connected, it may be, with the establishments wherein they keep and train their quadruped performers.

In every such school of the circus there is a good deal of machinery, as well as an experienced professor of the art of doing impossible things. There are kept on hand every kind of gymnastic apparatus for the development of activity and muscular strength. These latter vary, of course, with the nature of the lessons the pupil is learning, and at last he is confronted with the very things he is to employ in the presence of watching crowds.

By the pitiless severity meted out to all needless failures made in the presence of his exacting trainer, the "school-master," he is made to understand at an early day that he must never make a failure in the presence of paying spectators.

The trainer represents the keen-eyed public, and also the demands of his employer, the manager, and he must give a good account of the time and money expended upon the school. If any boy should be seized with a "fever" to distinguish himself in the "ring," nothing would be so likely to cure him as a week or so under a careful and faithful teacher in a winter school for the circus. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the scholar would forever afterward be contented to remain outside the rope circle.

The "grand procession" is a good advertisement, but it serves other practical purposes. It keeps the crowds away from the grounds until the



THE LAUNDRY.

preparations are completed, and besides it gives the animals their morning exercise, after their stiffen-

ing ride on the cars. When it returns, there is work for all hands. The grooms and riders are busy with the horses. The performers are in the comes an hour of excitement and amusement,—to everybody who does not belong to the circus-menagerie. The show people are busy with the

THE SNAKE-CHARMER TAKES THE BOA OUT OF ITS CAGE.

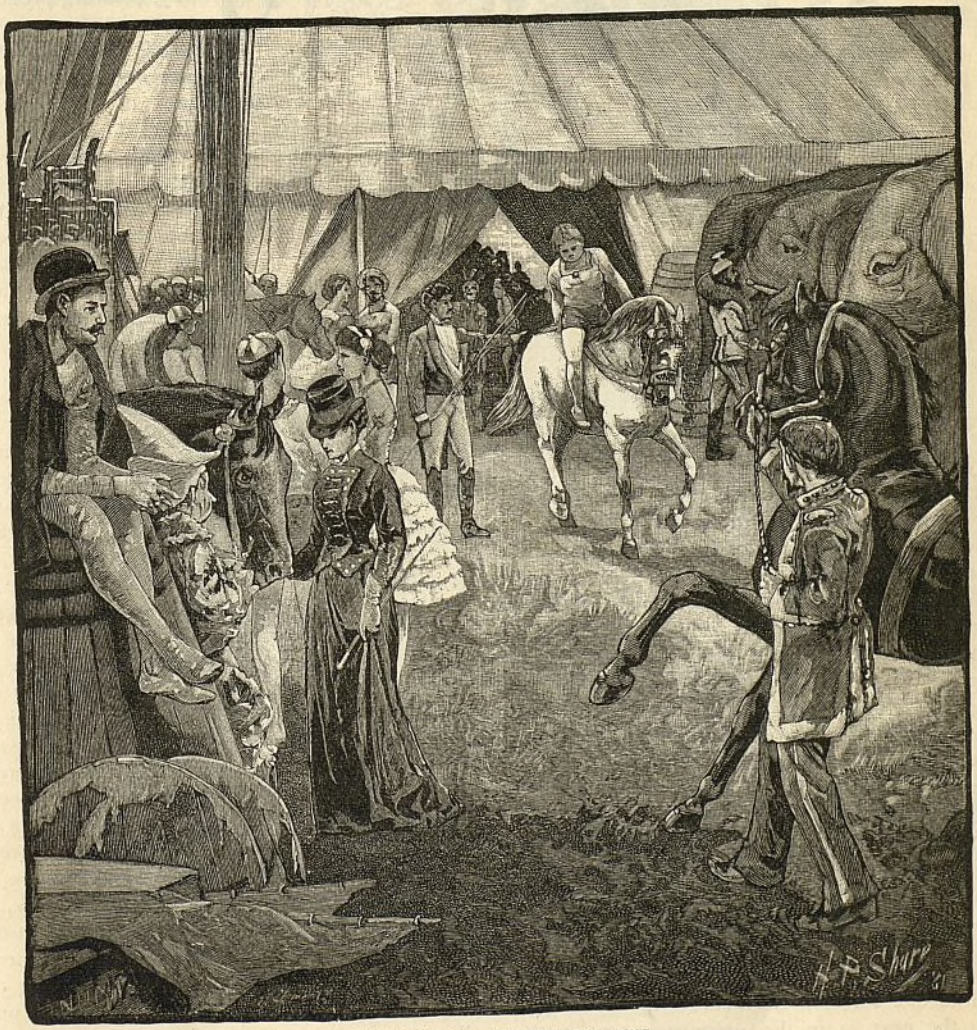
"greenroom" tent, looking over their wardrobes, repairing damages, and generally getting all things in readiness for the opening. The elephants, returning from their long, hot, dusty promenade, expect some attention to their own toilet, and it is something of a task to give one of the thick-skinned monsters a bath and a broom shampoo.

The setting-up of the seats of the amphitheater, all around the vast inclosure, employs a number of men for hours, and must be done with care. A disaster to any part of the crowd upon those seemingly fragile structures would be all but ruinous to the show. Hundreds of dollars are often spent in strengthening them before the weight of the spectators and the fortunes of the manager can be trusted upon them.

When at last all things are finished, and the hour has arrived for the band to strike up, and the guests of the tent-city have gathered to witness the results of all this outlay and care and toil, there hard, anxious work of making fun for the visitors. Quick eyes among them are watching every rope and wire and stake. The exact condition of every horse and human being is known, and just what and how much each can be safely called upon to do at that day and hour. There must be no failure, no blunder, no accident, and if one of these by any means occurs, it must be instantly covered, hidden, and carried beyond the knowledge of the public. The perfect smoothness, promptness, clock-like regularity attained by practice and sharp discipline make an indispensable feature and attraction of the entire performance.

There is one other attraction, born of an evil taste in the popular mind, the secret of which is a sore temptation to all managers. There still lurks among us, in spite of all our civilization, a relic of the coarse and morbid appetite which made the heathenish, savage populace of Rome clamor for the bloody shows of the arena. We are still un-

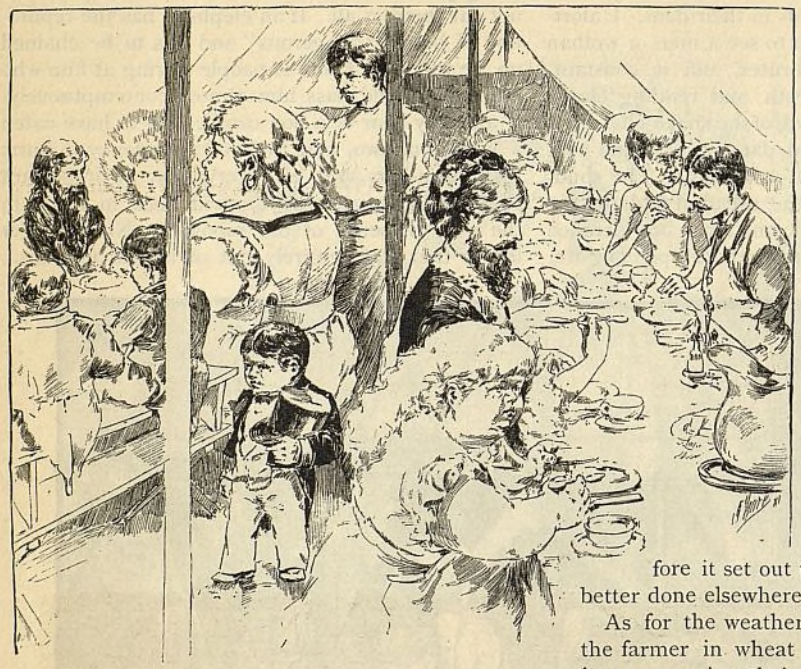
civilized enough, many of us, to be drawn to gaze upon a performance which seems to be full of danger. It is a disgraceful appetite, but every manager caters to it, more or less. The provision for it begins with the wild animals in their dens. Unfortunately, some people love to see a man or woman in among the ferocious brutes, and in constant, deadly peril of strong teeth and rending claws. The fascination, to the crowd, of the snake-charmer's exhibition is the supposed danger he is in, with his hideous pets twisted around him. The shuddering folk who stare at the dreadful folds of the boa constrictor, with the doomed pigeons perched upon them, do not know how safe the pigeons are, but they enjoy their shudder all the same. The "big serpent" in captivity, whatever he may do in freedom, never eats oftener than once in two or three months. He is more likely to call for a meal at the end of six months or a year, and then to be satisfied with a few doves or chickens — permission being given him to swallow them alive, or he will not eat them at all. If an elephant has the reputation of being "dangerous" and has to be chained up, he will have knots of people staring at him who otherwise would pass him almost contemptuously. If a grizzly bear or a lion can be said to have eaten a keeper or two, and to have a tendency to burst his prison-bars and eat everybody, an important class of circus-ticket buyers will flock to shiver in the near presence of the monster. No manager leaves that class entirely out of his calculations.



READY TO BE CALLED INTO THE RING.

The danger element of attraction by no means ceases at the door of the menagerie. The ring itself is full of it. The ordinary feats of bare-

back horsemanship answer well enough for the demands of many, and they are only not perilous because of the great skill of the horses and their riders. The spectators know very well that every now and then a "champion" or a "queen of the ring" meets with a terrible fall in one of those swift circlings and graceful leaps. They will respond with enthusiastic cheering to some specially sensational spring or plunge.



THE HUMAN CURIOSITIES AT DINNER.

The perilous and the impossible are especially demanded of the acrobats, and the only limit set them may be said to be in the kindlier sensibilities of another large class of ticket-buyers who "will not go to look at such dreadful things." There is, therefore, a constant effort made to steer a middle course and satisfy all comers.

The public will endure a considerable degree of danger to the performers, but it is very sensitive on its own account, and it is rare indeed that it is called upon to face any genuine peril. Discomforts will sometimes come, such as sudden rainstorms and cold winds, and the great tent is but an imperfect shelter after all, even though it requires a terrible gale to bring it down.

While one set of performers is in the ring, at work, the next is in the greenroom-tent getting ready, and that is a part of the "show" which is not shown, but is very interesting. The very horses wait and watch for the signal as anxiously as do their human associates, and the elephants seem to be eager for the duty before them. The last touches are given to the performers' finery, the last instructions are received, the applause outside tells of a completed "act" of the performance, the band strikes up, the ring-manager raises his hand, and the greenroom sends forth the next installment of the show.

The telegraph, railway, printing-press, and even the "weather-bureau" itself, are the regular and constant servants of the traveling show.

Such trades as are not actually represented on its weekly pay-roll are not there only because their work was done before it set out upon its travels, or can be better done elsewhere than under the tents.

As for the weather-bureau and its prophets, the farmer in wheat harvest is not more anxious concerning their accuracy than is the circus manager. There is no law, in spring, summer, or autumn, which compels bad weather to come at night or on Sundays. A few days or a week of storms and rains will sometimes make a doleful hole in the calculations for an exhibition season, not only in the mere prevention of specific performances, advertised beforehand, but in the consequent disarrangement of others set for days yet farther on. There must be postponements and omissions and disappointments, and a danger that the show will get a bad name for not being "on hand." If a hurricane or a broken bridge prevents the setting up of the tents in Bungtown on Wednesday, and the performance is therefore given at that place on Thursday, the expectant people of Scrabbleville can not be gratified on that same Thursday, nor can Catamount Centre be delighted on Friday. The weather, therefore, has much to do with the success of a great show, and any manager would be glad to have the control of it, so far as his list of performances is concerned.

The experiences of any great show bring to it one more great trial, constantly recurring under all sorts of circumstances of locality, weather, and weariness. There is one hour which, more than any other, tests to the uttermost the temper, skill, and discipline of the force under the command of

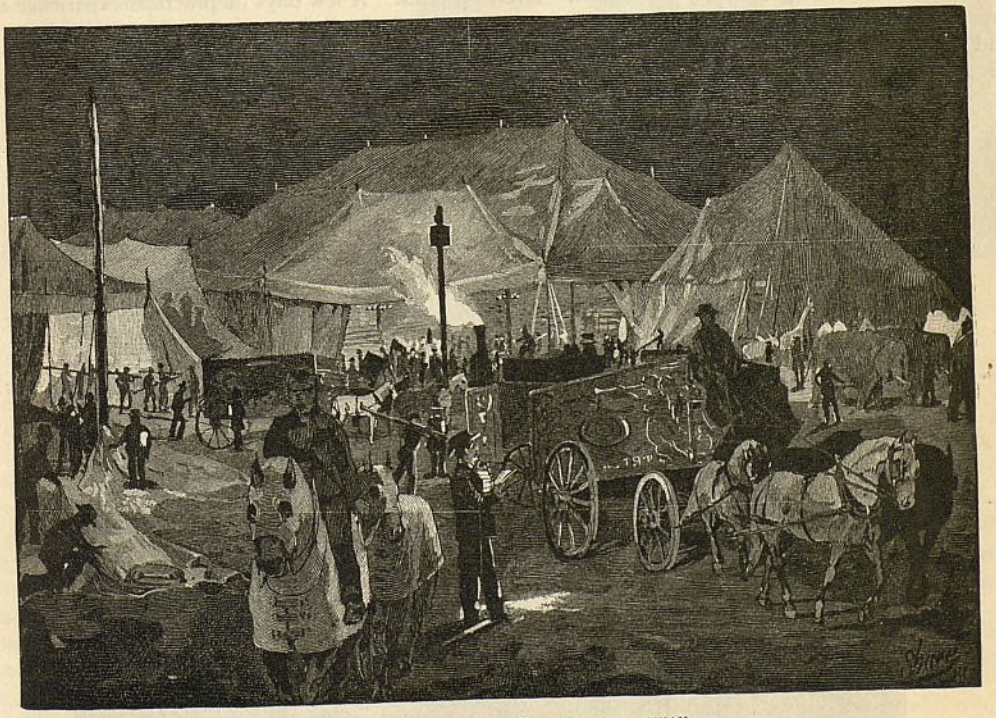
the circus manager. It is the hour when the tents must be "struck," or taken down, and the vast establishment packed up for removal to its next stopping-place.

Slowly the audience has leaked away through the narrow entrance, though some of its younger members linger until it is necessary to scare them out. The preparations for departure began long ago. Every article of dress taken off was instantly packed for travel. Every animal has been fed and cared for. Every tool is in its place, for present use or for transportation, as the case may be. There are miles and hours of traveling to be done, and every minute is precious. The least confusion or mismanagement would surely bear bad fruit on the morrow.

The experts of all sorts—acrobats, animal trainers, keepers—are caring for their wardrobes or themselves, or for the precious beasts in their charge. The horses in their canvas stables know that their time is up, and meet their grooms as if prepared to go. The cook and his assistants have fed their last "boarder," and already have packed their pots and crockery, and the fire is dead in the portable range. Every man who has not completed his task is working at it with all his might, but the center of interest is the great tent and its appliances. There is comparatively little shouting of orders, but scores of men are taking their positions by stakes and ropes, knowing exactly what to do and where and when to do it. There are, perhaps (to give the exact size of one big tent), one hundred and sixty-eight thousand square yards of canvas to come down, with all that held it up. The huge, hollow interior is empty at last, with the exception of a few loiterers who hurry out in great alarm, as they hear a loud shout of "Let go!" from the manager. The shout was meant to scare them out, and not a man looses his hold upon a rope. It is a plan which always clears away the loiterers.

The immense space is clear, but vaguely shadowy and dim, for the lights are out and there is nothing there to "show."

Another order, another, another, follow in quick succession; ropes are hauled upon or let go; the canvas steadily pulls away, and the center poles and stays, all the airy skeleton of the tent, stand as bare as when they were first lifted there. These, too, come down in regular order, rapidly and without a sign of hesitation or confusion. Thus every peg and pole and board is removed from the tent-area to its proper place on its own wagon.



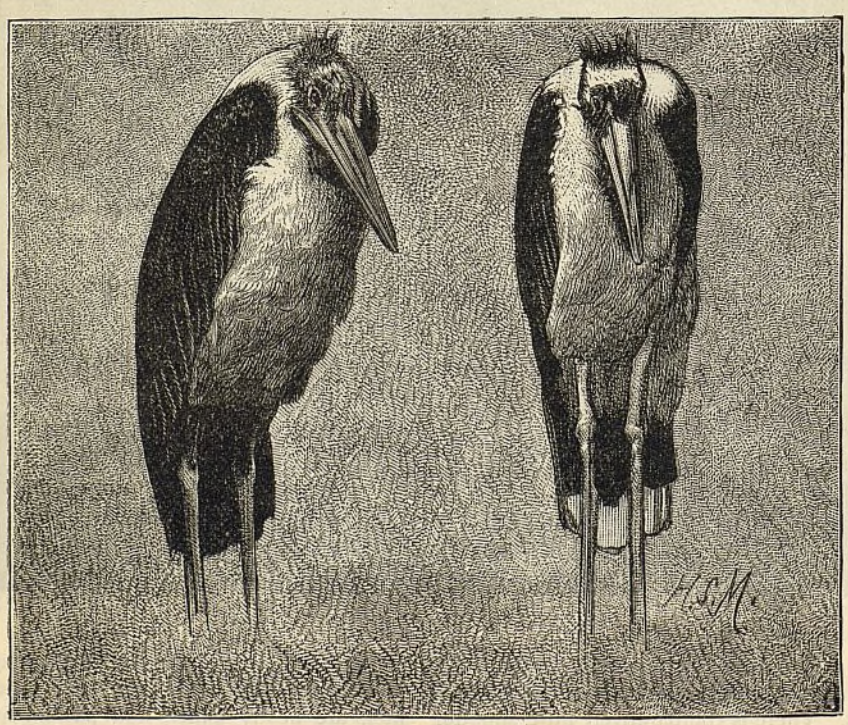
BREAKING UP AT NIGHT, AND STARTING AWAY.

More than a quarter of a million square yards of "duck," and every flag, rope, pole, and pennon, are neatly folded and packed away in the

wagons. And all this has been done in less than twenty minutes! Not a rope is mislaid, nor a tool lost sight of, and the secret of it is that some one person has been made personally responsible for each of all those numberless items of duty. Not too much has been laid upon any one, but mercilessly strict will be the inquiry concerning the least short-coming.

The general crowd of spectators hurries home at once, all the sooner if the night is dark or rainy, or if it be the last performance and the tents are coming down. The latest to depart are invariably the boys, to whom the show presents a world of weird, strange fascination. It is almost hard upon them that their attachment is not reciprocated. Neither the manager nor his corps of trained workers has any use for boys. The former "does not want 'em around." He would not have them at any price, although hundreds are sure to offer, continually, with their heads full of dime-novel ideas of circus life, its "adventures," and its "glories." They know nothing at all of the hard work, the patient training beforehand, neither do they think of the experience and thorough knowledge of at least some one trade required by every member of the manager's army of helpers. Even the "bill-stickers" must know how to do their work, and work hard in doing it, but boys with the circus-fever are after something which will enable them to wear tights and spangles. They seldom if ever think of the hard work, severe training, wearying repetitions, and terrible risks of injury and life-long maiming that must be undergone before a manager will allow a performer to appear in public. For instance, in learning circus feats of but one kind — riding on bareback horses — severe falls are always likely to happen. To lessen the danger, however, almost every large circus-school has a derrick with a long arm. Through a pulley in the end of this arm is passed a rope which is fastened to the learner's belt, the other end being held by a watchful attendant, who secures it whenever the rider loses his balance. A second man keeps the arm revolving just above the pupil as he rides around the ring, and the instructor leads the horse by a lariat. Thus, three men are needed in teaching one to ride bareback, and each new lesson has to be repeated a great many times in the same wearisome round.

It is likely that most of the youngsters who so eagerly volunteer are in a kind of mental fog. They could hardly say, if they were asked, whether they prefer to be hired as owner, manager, clown, "king of the ring," or to train and handle the elephants. A few days of practical experience might teach them wisdom, or it might, indeed, set them at a solemn consideration of the whole matter, in some such doleful attitude as this:



THE PRETTY PURITAN.

By Celia Thaxter.

LIGHT she trips across the snow—
Downcast eyes and cheeks that glow,
While her golden hair escapes
O'er the daintiest of capes.

Berries of the holly bright,
Which she holds with clasp so light!
Her red lips have stolen from you
Tint as fresh as morning dew.

Fairer picture ne'er was seen
The bare wintry boughs between!
Like some rich and lovely flower
Blooming in a frosty hour.

All alight with color sweet,
Beautiful from head to feet.
'Neath her quiet lids demure
Hide her glances shy and pure.

Thoughts like lilies, snow-drops, daisies,
Look forth when those lids she raises.
Happy little maiden she,
Gentle rose of modesty!

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

Chapter XI.—Jack.

THE faithful reader will remember that Jack and Nero had just entered the library, where Mr. Reed and Eben Slade sat waiting.

Jack's entrance had a peculiar effect upon Eben Slade. It gave him a drowsy appearance. Some men have that look when they are specially on their guard.

"Did you want me, Capt'n?" asked Jack, after standing a few seconds and receiving no orders.

"No, I want you," spoke up Eben Slade, in an uneasy yet bold tone. "Let 's see if you can answer a few plain questions."

Jack glanced inquiringly at Mr. Reed; then, brightening, replied to Slade as to one not at all worthy of his respect:

"Questions? P'raps. Reel 'em out."

It was plain from the start that, if the sailor-coachman could have his own way, Eben Slade would get but little information out of him. He had despised the fellow as a "skulker," from the

moment he had seen him sneaking about the grounds like a spy, as he truly suspected him to be.

"So," began the questioner grandly, as if to awe his man into a becoming deference, "you are the person who, according to Mr. Reed, rescued the twins? How, I mean in what way, by what means, did you save them?"

"Mostly by tryin', your honor," replied Jack, sullenly.

Eben Slade looked vexed, but he returned blandly:

"Undoubtedly so. But I want the details of the saving. Let us hear from the beginning."

"There war n't any beginning," growled Jack. "The first we knew about it, it was all over."

"Well, but you had some part in the wreck, had n't you? What was it?"

"I did n't have no part in it, bless you," replied Jack, with grim humor. "It did itself."

"Clever tar!" exclaimed Mr. Slade, in mock admiration, inwardly resolved to conciliate the man by letting him have his own way for awhile. "Well, I was on the wrong tack, as you sailors would say. Now, to start fair, can you tell me what happened after the first shock of the shipwreck was over. Which of the children did you pick up first?"

"Sorry I can't oblige you," said Jack, "but you see it was night, and, besides, I 'd forgot my specs."

"Have you any recollection whatever on that point, Jack?" asked Mr. Reed, as though he well knew what the answer must be.

"No, sir," replied Jack, respectfully; but instantly throwing a tone of pathetic appeal into his voice. "Why, Capt'n, look a' here! It 's hard seein' any diff'rence between young babbies in broad sunlight and a smooth sea; but down in the ragin' waves, an' in the night time, now? It taint in reason."

Mr. George nodded, and Slade, after thinking a moment, came out with a mild:

"Did you happen to know any of the passengers, Jack?"

"When a cove hails from the forecastle, your honor, he aint apt to be over intimate in the cabins; but I knew one lady aboard, if I do say it."

"Ah," exclaimed Eben Slade, "now we have it! You knew one lady aboard. *Which* of the ladies was this?"

"It was the stewardess, sir, and she was drownded."

"And you knew no other lady, eh?"

"Can't say, sir. Opinions differ as to knowin'—what some might call bein' acquainted, another might call otherwise;" said Jack, with a scrape, and a light touch at his forelock.

"Right!" pursued Eben Slade. "Now, did you happen to be 'acquainted or otherwise' with either Mrs. Reed or Mrs. Robertson?"

"I was 'otherwise,' your honor, with every lady on the ship, exceptin' the party I told you was drownded."

"Then you did n't know Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Robertson apart, I understand?" asked Slade, sharply.

"Can't say, sir. Never saw 'em apart."

"Ah! They were always together, then; now we 're getting it. Could you tell which was the mother of the twins?"

Here Jack turned toward Mr. George, with a doleful:

"Now, Capt'n, hear that! Could I tell which was the mother of the twins? Why, man,"—turning angrily toward Slade again,—"boxin' the compass back'ard would be nothin' compared to that. All I can tell you is we was 'most all hove out into the sea, high and low together."

"I 'd have you hove out again if you were my man, or make you keep a civiler tongue in your head," was Eben's savage retort. "Now, sir, will you or will you not tell me how you saved the two babies, and what became of the other one?"

"I will not," answered Jack, doggedly; then seeing that Mr. George was about to reprove him, he added, in an altered tone: "As for the saving, that 's my business; but the other poor little critter went down in the boat with its poor mother. I see that myself."

Eben leaned forward, and asked with some gentleness:

"How did you know it was the mother?"

"Because—well, by the way the poor soul screamed for it,—when they were letting her and the rest down into the boat,—and the way she quieted when she got it again,—that 's how."

"And where was the other mother?"

Jack turned an imploring glance toward Mr. Reed. *Must* he go on humoring the fellow?—but Mr. Reed's expressive nod compelled him to reply:

"The other mother? I don't know where she was. One instant we men was all obeyin' orders, the next everything was wild. It was dark night, women screamin', men shoutin', the ship sinkin', some hollerin' she was afire, and every one savin' himself an' others as best he could. Perhaps you aint awar' that folks don't gen'rally sit down and write out their obserwations at such times for future ref'rence."

"Did you see Mr. Robertson?" asked Slade, loftily. "Was he with the lady in the boat?"

"Now, Capt'n, hear that. Was he with the lady in the boat? Did I see him? Why man," turning toward Slade again, "out of all that ship-

load, only a dozen men and wimen ever saw the sun rise again; and Mr. Robertson, no nor his wife, nor the babby, nor t' other poor lady, warnt amongst them, as the master here can tell you, and none on 'em could n't make us any the wiser about the babbies. An' their mothers was n't hardly ever on deck; 'most like they was sick in their state-rooms, for they was born ladies, both of 'em, and that 's all you 'll learn about it, if I stand here till daylight. Now, Capt'n, shell I pilot the gentl'man out?"

"Yes, you may," cried Eben, rising so suddenly that Jack's eyes blinked, though, apart from that, not a muscle stirred. "I 'll have a talk with you outside."

"Jest my idee!" said Jack, with alacrity, holding wide the door. "No place like the open sea for a collision——" Again his glance questioned Mr. Reed. He was in the habit of studying that face, just as in times past he had studied the sky, to learn the weather. But the stern answer he found there this time disappointed him, and "saved Eben Slade from bein' stove in an' set beam-end in less than no time," as Jack elegantly remarked to himself, while Mr. George rose and bade his visitor a stiff "good evening."

Chapter XII.

A day in New York.

On the next morning, when Donald and Dorothy were advised by their uncle not to go to the Danbys' for the present, Dorry exclaimed, tragically:

"Not even to the Danbys', Uncle! Why, what have *they* done?"

His smiling reply was far from satisfactory to the young lady.

"Done? Nothing at all, my girl. We 'll not keep you in close confinement very long, so you must try to bear your captivity with fortitude. There are worse things, Dot, than being obliged to stay within one's own domain for a few days."

"I know it, Uncle!" said Dorry; then, resolving to be brave and cheerful, she added, with a mischievous laugh: "Would n't it be a good plan to tether us in the lot with Don's pony?"

"Excellent!" replied Uncle. "But, by the way, we need not tether you quite yet. I have business in town to-morrow, and if you and Donald say 'yes,' it shall be a party of three."

"Oh, indeed, we say yes," cried the now happy Dorry. "Shall you be there all day, Uncle?"

"All day."

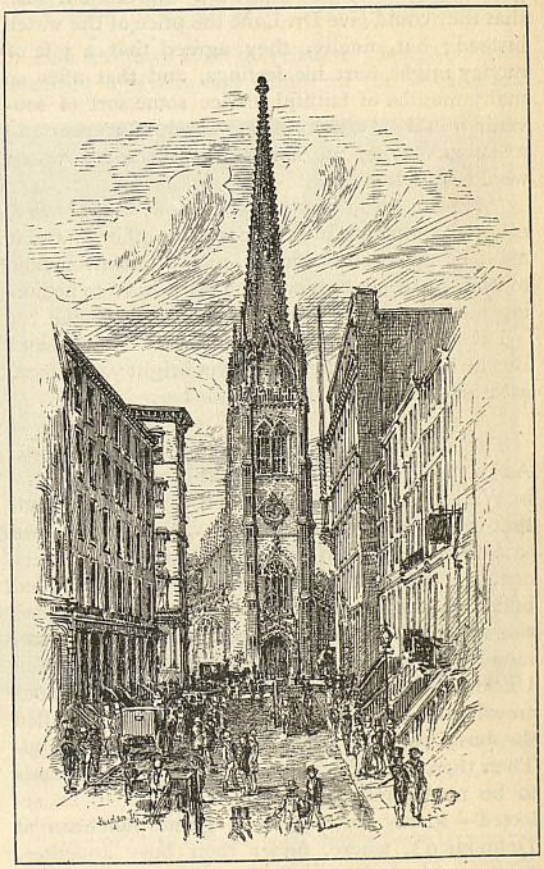
"Good! good!" and off she ran to tell the glad news to Liddy. "Only think, Liddy! Donald and I are to be all day in New York. Oh, we 'll have such a nice time! and I 'll buy you the prettiest white apron you ever wore in all your life!"

The new morning, tripping across the sparkling lake, climbed up to Dorry's window and wakened her with its sunny touch.

"Get up, Don," she called, tapping briskly on her wall at the same time. "It 's a glorious day!"

No answer. She tapped again.

A gruff, muffled sound was the only response. In a few moments, however, Dorry heard Don's win-



TRINITY CHURCH AND THE HEAD OF WALL STREET.

dow-blinds fly open with spirit, and she knew that her sisterly efforts had not been in vain.

Uncle George was fond of pleasant surprises, so when at last they all three were comfortably settled in the rail-cars, he remarked carelessly to Dorothy that he thought her idea an excellent one.

"What idea, please, Uncle?"

"Why, don't you remember expressing a wish that you and Donald could make Dr. Lane a nice present before his departure?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle; but I did n't know that you heard me."

Well, they talked the matter over quite confidentially under the friendly racket of the train, and finally it was decided to present to their good tutor a nice watch, with "Donald and Dorothy" engraved on the inside of the case. Donald had proposed a seal-ring, but Mr. Reed said heartily that while they were about it they might as well make it a watch; and Dorry, in her delight, longed to jump up and hug her uncle before all the passengers. It is true, she afterward expressed a wish that they could give Dr. Lane the price of the watch instead; but, finally, they agreed that a gift of money might hurt his feelings, and that after so many months of faithful service some sort of souvenir would be a more fitting token of respect and affection. Yes, all things considered, a watch would be best.

"He has n't any at all, you know," said Dorry, earnestly, looking from one to the other, "and it must be an awful — I mean, a *great* inconvenience to him — especially now when he 'll have to be taking medicines every two hours or so, poor man."

Donald smiled; the remark was so like Dorry! But he looked into her grave yet bright young face, with his heart brimful of love for her.

The day in town passed off pleasantly indeed. As Uncle George's business took him to a banker's in Wall street, the D's enjoyed a walk through that wonderful thoroughfare where fortunes are said to come and go in an hour, and where every one, in every crowded room of every crowded building, and on almost every foot of the crowded sidewalk, thinks, speaks, and breathes "Money, money, money!" from morning till night. But Uncle's business was soon dispatched; the anxious crowds and the "clerks in cages," as Dorry called the busy workers in the banks, were left behind. Then there were fresh sights to be seen, purchases to be made, and, above all, the watch to be selected — to say nothing of a grand luncheon at Delmonico's, where, under their busy appetites, things with Italian and French names became purely American in an incredibly short space of time.

Uncle George delighted in the pleasure of the D's. The more questions they asked, the better he liked it, and the more sure he became that his Don and Dot were the brightest, most intelligent pair of young folk under the sun. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the holiday as heartily as they did, excepting toward the latter part of the afternoon, when Dorothy surprised him with a blank refusal to go nearly three hundred feet above the street.

You shall hear all about it.

They were homeward bound, — that is to say, they were on their way to the down-town ferry-boat that would carry them to the railroad station, — when Donald suddenly proposed that they should stay over till a later train.

"And suppose we walk on down to Wall street, Uncle," he continued, "and go into Trinity Church? There 's a magnificent view from the steeple."

"Yes," was his uncle's rather frightened comment. "But the steeple is more than two hundred and eighty feet high. What are you going to do about that?"

"Why, climb up, sir, of course. You know there 's a good stair-way nearly all the way, perhaps all the way. Anyhow, we can get to the top, I know, and Ed. Tyler says the view is perfectly stupendous."

"So I 've heard," said Uncle, half-ready to yield; "and the climb is stupendous, too."

"Yes, but you can look down and see the city, and the harbor, and all the shipping, and the East River, and everything. There 's an hour to spare yet. We can take it easy. What say you, Uncle?"

"Well, I say, yes," said Uncle, with forced heartiness, for he dearly loved to oblige the twins.

Then they turned to Dorry, though it seemed hardly necessary; she always was ready for an adventure. To their surprise she came out with an emphatic:

"And *I* say, please let me wait somewhere till Uncle and you come down again. I don't care to go up."

"Why, Dot, are you tired?" asked her uncle, kindly.

"Oh, no, Uncle, not a bit. But whenever I stand on a high place I always feel just as if I *must* jump off. Of course, I would n't jump, you know, but I don't wish to have the feeling. It 's *so* disagreeable."

"I should think as much," said Donald; but Mr. Reed walked on toward the ferry, silently, with compressed lips and a flushed countenance; he did not even mention the steeple project again.

Meantime the noble old church on Broadway stood calmly overlooking the bustle and hurry of Wall street, where the "money, money, money" chorus goes on day after day, ceasing only on Sundays and holidays and when the clustering stars shed their light upon the spire.

"Uncle thinks I 'm a goose to have such silly notions," pondered Dorry, taking very long steps so as to keep up with her companions, who, by the way, were taking very short steps to keep pace with Dorry. "But I can't help my feelings. It really is true. I hate to stand on high places, like roofs and precipices." Finally, she spoke:

"Uncle, did n't you ever hear of other persons having that feeling?"

"What feeling, Dorothy?"

How sternly Mr. Reed said it! Surely he could not blame the poor girl for asking so natural a question as that? No. But the incident had saddened him strangely, and he was unconscious of the severity of his tone until Dorothy's hesitating manner changed the current of his thoughts. And then, awaiting her reply, he cheered her with a look.

"Why — why the —" she began, adding: "Oh, it does n't matter, Uncle. I suppose I am foolish to ask such questions. But Don is ever so much steadier-headed than I am — are n't you, Don? I do believe he 'd like to stand on the top of that telegraph-pole if he could get there."

"There 's no 'if' about that," said Donald, jokingly. "It 's a mere question of time. If a fellow can climb a pole at all, a little more height makes no difference. Why, if I had n't on my crack suit, I 'd ask you and Uncle to wait and let me have a try at it."

"Oho!" laughed Dorry: 'crack' suit is slang; so is 'have a try.' Five cents apiece. That 's ten cents fine for you, sir! Well, we ought to be thankful he has n't on his old clothes, Uncle! Ahem! The 'crack' would be in the head then, instead of the suit, I 'm afraid."

"Poor joke!" retorted Don; "ten cents fine for *you*, young lady."

And so they walked on, the light-hearted D's bantering each other with many laughing sallies, and a firm belief that Uncle George enjoyed it exceedingly.

And all the while he was thinking:

"Strange! Every day something new. Now it 's this dread of standing on high places. What will it be to-morrow? And yet, as the child herself intimates, many other persons have the same feeling. Now I think upon it, it 's the commonest thing in he world."

CHAPTER XIII.

DONALD AND DOROTHY ENTERTAIN FANDY.

IN a few days after the visit to town, Mr. Reed received à letter, very dingy on the outside and very remarkable within. It was brought by one of the little Danby boys, and read as follows:

THE GARRET BEFORE FANDY'S ARRIVAL. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"GEORGE REED ESQUIR.

"*Dear Sir:* I take my pen to say that the border left yesterday without notis owin us fur the hole time. He hadent a portmanter nor any luggage except paper collars, which enabeled him to go off without suspition. A tellygram whitch he forgot and my wife afterward pikt it up said for him to go right to Pensivania old Squir Hinson was dying. It was from a party caling himsef Janson K. The border as I aught to enform you has told my children inclooding Francis Ferdinand who bares this letter a cockanbull story about bein related to your honered self by witch we know he was an imposture. I write insted of calling at the house as I am laim from cuttin my foot with an ax yesterday and it dont apear quite concistent to send you a verble message.

"Your respec. servent

"ERASMUS DANBY.

"SATERDAY"

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, drawing a deep sigh of relief as he folded the missive. Then, conscience-smitten at his indifference to the Danby

interests, and resolved that, in the end, Mr. Danby should be no loser by "the border," he looked toward Master Danby. That young gentleman, dressed in a made-over Sunday suit, still stood hat in hand in the library door-way.

"Is your father badly cut, my little man?"

"No, sir," replied Fandy rapidly, and with a solemn countenance. "His thick boot saved him. The ax fell and cut through down to his skin, and it bled a sight, and 'Mandy 'most fainted, and Ma bandaged it up so tight he hollered a bad word."

"WHAT?"

"Yes, sir. He said 'blazes!' And Ma said for him not to forget hisself if he *was* hurt, and he said he would n't again. And Ma devised him, as Sunday was comin' so soon, to take Saturday, and so give his foot two days to heal, and he 's doin' it."

"But 'blazes' is n't a very, very bad word, is it?"

"No, sir, not very wicketly bad. But Pa and Ben mean it instead of swearin' words, and Ma 's breaking them of it. Ma 's very particular."

"That 's right," said Mr. Reed. "So, Master Francis Ferdinand," referring to the letter, "the boarder told you that he was a relation of mine, did he?"

"Yes, sir, but we knew better. He was a bad lot, sir."

"A very bad lot," returned Mr. Reed, much amused.

"Ma said I could stay, sir, if I was asked."

"Very well," said Mr. Reed, smiling down at the little midget. "You probably will find Donald and Dorothy up in the garret."

"Yes, sir!" and off went Fandy with nimble dignity through the hall; then soberly, but still lightly, up the stair-way to the landing at the first turn; then rapidly and somewhat noisily across the great square hall on the second story to the door of the garret stair-way, and, finally, with a shrill "whoop!" leaping up two steps at a time, till he found himself in the open garret, in the presence of — the family cat!

No Donald or Dorothy was to be seen. Only the cat; and she glared at him with green eyes. Everything up there was as still as death; grim shadows lurked in the recesses and far corners; the window was shaded by some lank garments hanging near it, and now stirring drearily. Fandy could chase angry cattle and frighten dogs away from his little sisters, but lonely garrets were quite another matter. Almost any dreadful object could stalk out from behind things in a lonely garret! Fandy looked about him in an awe-struck way for an instant, then tore, at a break-neck speed, down the stairs, into the broad hall, where Donald, armed like a knight, or so it seemed to the child, met him with a hearty: "Ho, is that you, Fandy Danby? Thought I heard somebody falling. Come right into my room. Dorry and I are practicing."

"Praxin' what?" panted the relieved Fandy, hurrying in as he spoke, and looking about him with a delighted:

"Oh my!"

Dorothy was a pretty girl at any time, but she certainly looked very pretty indeed as she turned toward the visitor — her bright hair tumbled, her face flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling merrily. She held a fencing-mask in one hand and a foil, lightly upraised, in the other.

"Oh, Fandy!" she said, "you are just the one we want. Don is teaching me to fence, and I can't half see how he does it, because I have to wear the mask. Here, let me put it on you — that 's a good boy," and she suited the action to the word, laughing at the astonished little face which Fandy displayed through the wire net-work.

"Here, take the foil now! — No, no. In your right hand, so." Then, addressing Donald, she added: "Now he 's ready! Fall to, young man!"

"Yes! fall to-o!" shouted Fandy, striking an attitude and catching the spirit of the moment, like the quick little fellow he was. "Fall to-o!"

Donald laughingly parried the small child's valiant but unscientific thrusts, while Dorry looked on in great satisfaction, sure that she now would catch the idea perfectly.

No knight in full armor ever appeared braver than Fandy at this moment.

Fortunately, cats can tell no tales.

A very active youngster of eight, with a long foil in his strong little hand, striking right and left regardless of consequences, and leaping from the ground when making a thrust at his opponent's heart, or savagely attempting to rival the hero of Chevy Chase who struck off his enemy's legs, is no mean foe. Donald was a capital fencer; and, well skilled in the tricks of the art, had a parry for every known thrust; but Fandy's thrusts were unknown. Nothing more original or unexpected could be conceived, and every time Dorry cried "foul!" he redoubled his strokes, taking the word as a sort of applause. For a while, Donald laughed so much that he scarcely could defend himself; but, whenever he found himself growing short of breath, he would be in earnest just long enough to astonish his belligerent foe. At the moment when that lively young duelist flattered himself that he was doing wonders, and pressing his enemy hard, Donald would stop laughing for a second, make a single sudden pass toward Fandy, with a quick turn of his wrist, and, presto! the eight-year-old's foil, much to his amazement, left his hand

as if by magic, and went spinning across the floor. But Fandy, utterly unconscious that this unaccountable accident was a stroke of art on Donald's part, was not in the least disconcerted by it.

"Hello!" he would shout, nothing daunted, "I 've dropped my soword! Wait a minute. Don't hit me yet!" And then, picking up his weapon, he would renew the attack with all his little might.

At last Donald, wearying of the sport, relieved himself of his mask and consulted his watch, a massive but trusty silver affair, which had been worn by his father when a boy.

Was Fandy tired? Not a bit. Practice had fired his soul. "Come on, Dorothy!" he cried. "Pull to-o! I mean, fall to-o!"

But Dorry thanked him and declined, whereat a thought struck the young champion. His expression grew fierce and resolute as, seizing the foil with a sterner grip, he turned to Donald.

"There 's a cat upstairs. I guess it 's a wild-cat. D' YOU WANT IT KILLED?"

"Oh, you little monster!" cried Dorry, rushing to the door and standing with her back against it. "Would you do such a thing as that?"

"I would to d'fend myself," said Fandy, stoutly. "Don't hunters kill tigers?"

"But this is n't a tiger, nor even a wild-cat. It 's tame. It 's our Nan!"

"Let him go try," spoke up Donald. "He 'll get the worst of it."

"Indeed I 'll not let him try, either," cried Dorry, still holding her position.

But Fandy already was beginning to cool down. Second thoughts came to his rescue.

"I don't believe in hurtin' tame animals," said he. "It taint right," and the foil and mask were laid carefully upon the table.

"Who taught you to fight with these things?" he asked Donald in an off-hand way, as though he and Don were about equal in skill, with the great difference that his own power came to him by nature, while Donald's undoubtedly was the result of severe teaching.

FANDY'S FIRST FENCING-MATCH.

"Professor Valerio."

"Oh, did he? I 've heard 'Manda talk about *him*. She says he 's the—the—somethingest man in the village. I forget now what she called him. What 's those things?" Here the visitor pointed to Don's boxing-gloves.

At any other time Don would have taken them from the wall and explained their use, but it was nearly three o'clock, and this was his fencing-lesson day. So he merely said: "They 're boxing-gloves."

"Do you *wear* 'em?" asked Fandy, looking in a puzzled way, first at the huge things, then at Donald's hands, as if comparing the sizes.

"Yes, when I 'm boxing," returned Donald.

"What will you do about your fencing-lesson, Don?" said Dorry. "Do you think Uncle will let you go? We 're prisoners, you know."

"Of course he will," replied Donald, taking his hat (he had a mask and foil at the professor's) and preparing to go down-stairs. "I 'm to call for Ed. Tyler at three. We 'll have rare times to-day; two fellows from town are to be there,—prime fencers, both of them,—and we are to have a regular match."

"You 'll beat," said Dorry. "You always do. Ed. Tyler says you are the finest fencer he ever saw, excepting Professor Valerio, and he says you beat even the professor sometimes."

"Nonsense!" said Donald, severely, though his face betrayed his pleasure. "Ed. Tyler himself 's a match for any one."

"What a mutual admiration society you two are!"

Dorry said this so good-naturedly that Donald could not resent it, and *his* good-nature made her add:

"Well, I don't care. You 're *both* splendid, if I do say it; and, oh, is n't the professor handsome! He 's so straight and tall. Uncle says he 's a standing argument against round shoulders."

Dorry had taken a photograph from the table, and had been talking partly to it and partly to Donald. As she laid the picture down again, Fandy stepped up to take a look.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It 's Professor Valerio, Don's fencing-master."

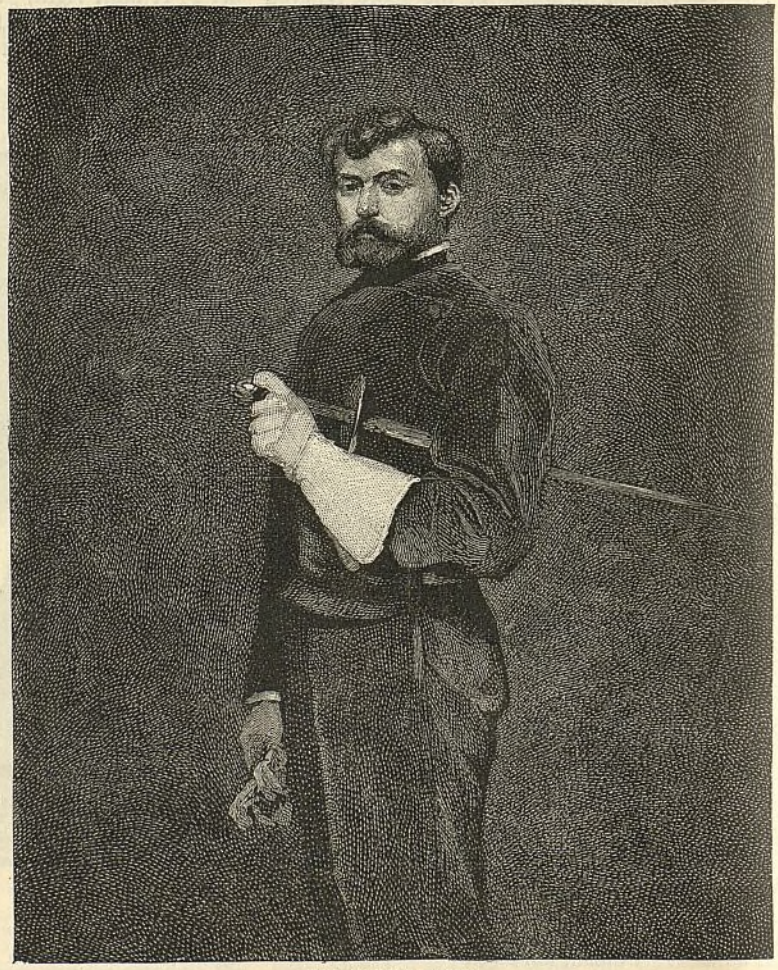
"Whew! See his soword!" exclaimed the small boy, looking at the picture in great admiration. "My, would n't I like to fight *him!*"

Here Dorry looked out of the window.

"There goes Don," she said. "Uncle must have consented."

"Consented!" echoed Fandy. "Why, can't Donald go out 'thout askin'? Ben can, and Dan David, too; so can 'Mandy and — Hello, Charity, I 'm a-comin'."

This last remark was shouted through the open window, where Dorothy now stood waving her hand at the baby.



THE FENCING-MASTER.

"Can you come up, Charity?" she called out.

"No, thank you. Mother said I must hurry back. She wants Fandy."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH UNCLE GEORGE PROPOSES SOMETHING DELIGHTFUL.

DR. LANE, made proud and happy in the affection shown him by his bright young pupils, as well

as by their beautiful gift, bade Mr. Reed and the D's good-bye, with repeated promises to write in due time and tell them how he liked the sunny South, and how it fared with him.

"I shall like it, I know," he assured them, "and the climate will make me strong and well. Good-bye once more, for you see" (here he made a playful show of consulting his watch as he took it proudly from his vest-pocket) "it is precisely six and three-quarter minutes after three, and I must catch the 4.20 train to town. Good-bye."

But there were more good-byes to come, for Jack had brought the Rockaway to the door, and Donald and Dorothy insisted upon driving with him and Dr. Lane to the station.

Upon their return, they found their uncle and Liddy engaged in consultation.

The evening came on with change of wind and all the signs of a long storm.

"I have been thinking," remarked Mr. Reed, while he and the D's were waiting for supper, "that it would be a good idea to have a little fun between times. What say you, my dears?"

The dears looked at each other, and Don asked: "Between what times, Uncle?"

"Why, between the going of our good friend Dr. Lane and the coming of that awful, yet at present unknown personage, the new tutor."

"Oh, yes, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands, "I 'm ready for anything. But then," she added, half-playfully, half-dolefully, "you forget we 're prisoners, like the princes in the tower!"

"Not prisoners at all," he exclaimed, "unless the storm should prove your jailer. You are free as air. Let me see," he went on, taking no notice of the D's surprise at this happy turn of affairs, and speaking slowly and deliberately — just as if he had not settled the matter with Liddy some days ago! —"Let me see. What shall it be? Ah, I have it. A house-picnic!"

"What 's that, Uncle?" asked Dorry, half-suspiciously.

"You don't know what a house-picnic is!" was the surprised rejoinder. "Well, upon my word!"

"Now, Uncle, do — don't!'" coaxed Dorry, and Don echoed, laughingly: "Yes, Uncle, do — don't!" But he was as eager as she to hear more.

"Why, my dears, a house-picnic means this: It means the whole house thrown open from ten in the morning till ten at night. It means fun in the garret, music and games in the parlor, story-telling in odd corners, candy-pulling in the kitchen, sliding curtains, tinkling bells, and funny performances in the library; it means almost any right thing within bounds that you and about thirty other youngsters choose to make it, with the house thrown open to you for the day."

"No out-of-doors at all?" asked Donald, doubtfully, but with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, yes, a run or two when you wish, for fresh air's sake; but there 'll be drizzling days all the week, I suspect, and that will make your house-picnic all the pleasanter."

"So it will! How splendid!" cried Dorry. "Jack can take the big covered wagon and go for the company, rain or not, while Don and you and I plan the fun. We 'll try all sorts of queer out-of-the-way things. Good for the house-picnic!"

"Good for the house-picnic!" shouted Donald, becoming almost as enthusiastic as Dorry.

"Oh, Uncle," she went on, "you are too lovely! How *did* you happen to think of it?"

"Well, you see," said Uncle, with the glow-look, as Liddy called it, coming to his face, "I thought my poor princes in the tower had been rather good and patient under the persecutions of their cruel Uncle Gloucester, and so Liddy and I decided they should have a little frolic by way of a change."

"Has *he* gone from the neighborhood, I wonder?" thought Donald (strange to say, neither he nor Dorry had known of the Danbys' boarder); but he said aloud: "We 're ever so glad to hear it, Uncle. Now, whom shall we invite?"

"Oh, *do* hear that 'whom'!" exclaimed Dorry, in well-feigned disgust, while Don went on gayly: "Let 's have plenty of girls this time. Don't you say so, Dorry?"

"Oh, yes, I say for fifteen girls and fifteen boys. Let 's invite all the Danbys; may we, Uncle? It would be such a treat to them; you know they never have an opportunity to go to a party."

"Just as you please, my girl; but will not ten of them be rather a large proportion out of thirty?"

"Mercy, no, Uncle dear. They can't *all* come — not the very littlest ones, any way. At any rate, if Don 's willing, I 'd like to ask them."

"Agreed!" assented Don.

"The ayes have it!" said Uncle George. "Now let 's go to supper."

Dorry ran on ahead so as to have a word with Liddy on the delightful subject of house-picnics; but Don, lingering, startled his uncle with a whispered:

"I say, Uncle, has Jack thrashed that fellow?"

"I have heard nothing to that effect," was the reply. "He was called away suddenly."

"Oh," said Donald, in a disappointed tone, "I hoped you had given him his walking papers."

"I have, perhaps," returned Mr. Reed, smiling gravely, "but not in the way you supposed."

Don looked up, eagerly, hoping to hear more, but his uncle merely led the way into the supper-room.

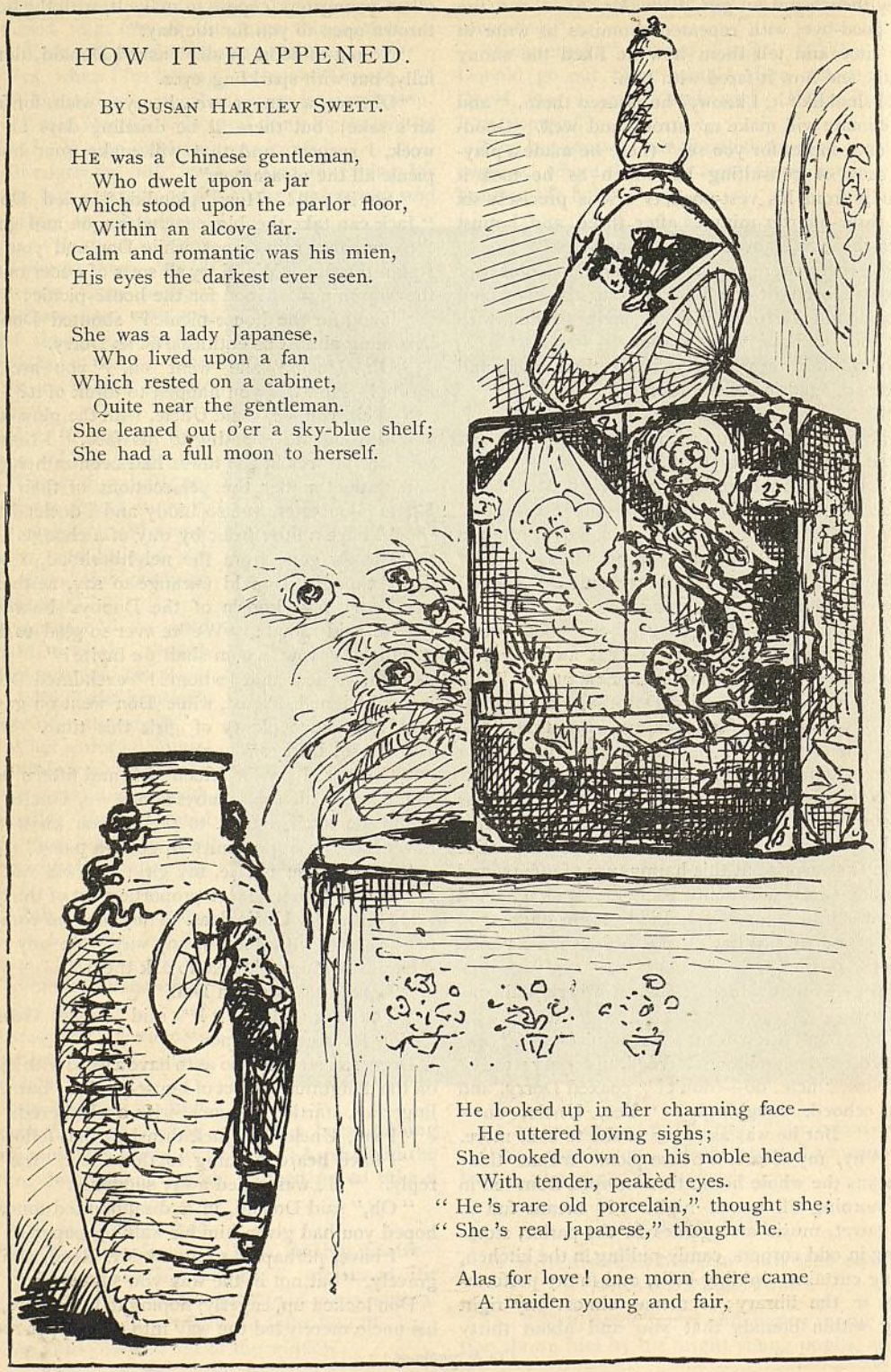
(To be continued.)

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

HE was a Chinese gentleman,
Who dwelt upon a jar
Which stood upon the parlor floor,
Within an alcove far.
Calm and romantic was his mien,
His eyes the darkest ever seen.

She was a lady Japanese,
Who lived upon a fan
Which rested on a cabinet,
Quite near the gentleman.
She leaned out o'er a sky-blue shelf;
She had a full moon to herself.



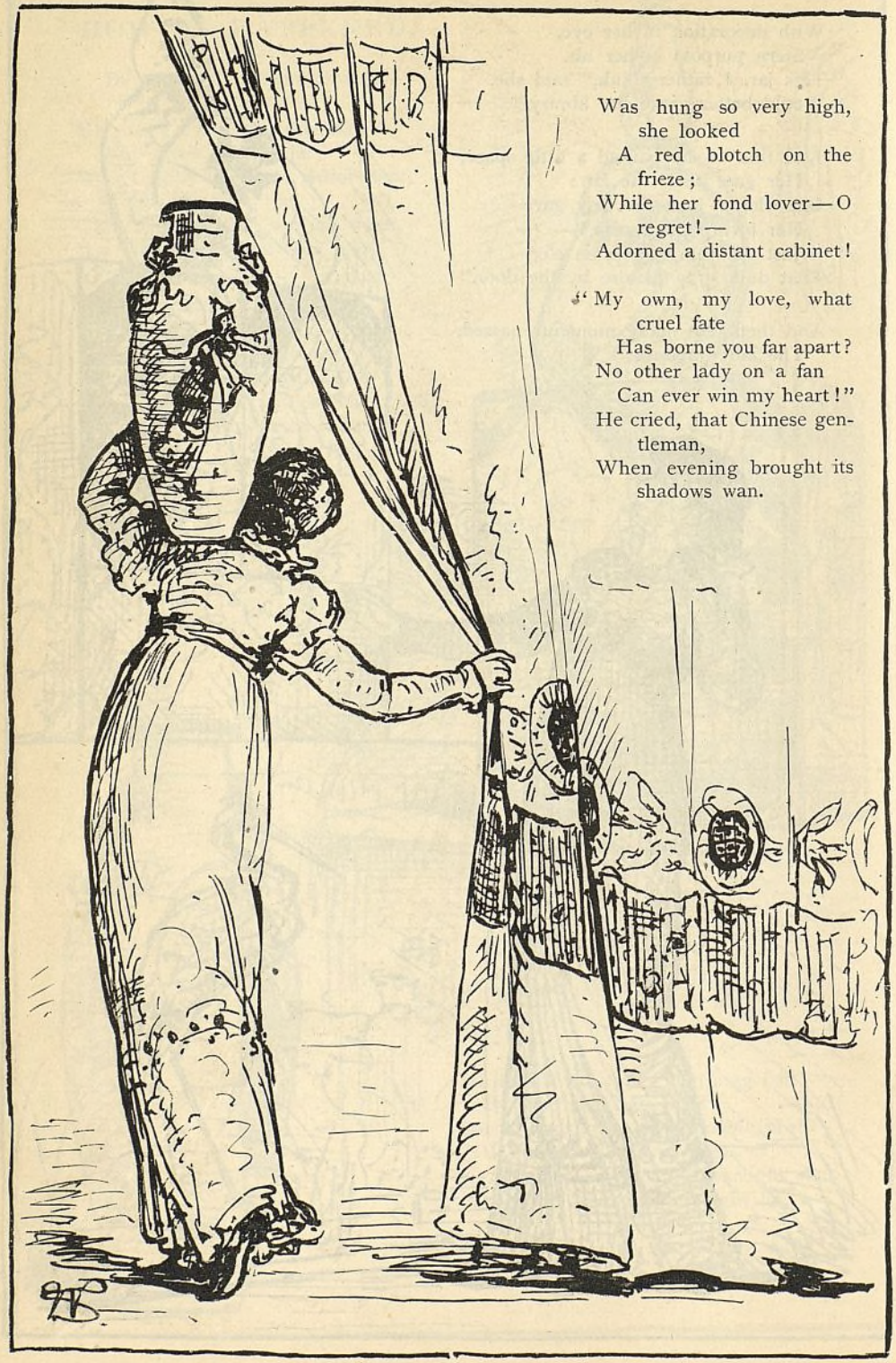
He looked up in her charming face—
He uttered loving sighs;
She looked down on his noble head
With tender, peakèd eyes.
"He 's rare old porcelain," thought she;
"She 's real Japanese," thought he.

Alas for love! one morn there came
A maiden young and fair,

With decoration in her eye,
Stern purpose in her air.
"This jar, I rather think," said she.
"Would better grace the library."

"And this"—she paused a little space,
Her gaze upon the fan:
Oh, what a look the lady gave
Her loving gentleman!—
"Is just the thing to fasten o'er
That dull, gray picture by the door."

And then, ere many moments passed,
The lady Japanese



Was hung so very high, she looked
A red blotch on the frieze;
While her fond lover—O regret!—
Adorned a distant cabinet!

"My own, my love, what cruel fate
Has borne you far apart?
No other lady on a fan
Can ever win my heart!"
He cried, that Chinese gentleman,
When evening brought its shadows wan.

"Pray come to me, my
lover dear,
Or all alone I die,"
He heard his lady's
silv'ry voice,
Quite faint because
so high.

"I will," he answered, "though, my Sweet,
I risk my life in such a feat."

Next morning, when the maiden fair
Came tripping round that way,
The sight that met her wond'ring eyes
Her soul filled with dismay.

The jar lay broken by the door,
The fan was shattered on the floor.

"Who broke these works of art?" she cried;
No answer reached her ears.
She did not see the shepherdess,
Upon a screen, shed tears;
And to this day she is in doubt
How such disaster came about.

THE END.

PUSSY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

By Harry M. Kieffer.

Chapter XII.

OUR FIRST DAY IN "THE WILDERNESS."

At last the long winter, with its deep snows and intense cold, was gone, and on May 4, 1864, at four o'clock in the morning, we broke camp. In what direction we should march, whether north, south, east, or west, none of us had the remotest idea; for the pickets reported the Rapidan River so well fortified by the enemy on the farther bank, that it was plainly impossible for us to break their lines at any point there. But in those days we had a general who had no such word as "impossible" in his dictionary, and under his leadership we marched that May morning straight for and straight across the Rapidan, in solid column. All day we plodded on, the road strewn with blankets and overcoats, of which the army lightened itself now that the campaign was opening; and at night we halted, and camped in a beautiful green meadow.

Not the slightest suspicion had we, as we slept quietly there that night, of the great battle, or rather series of great battles, about to open on the

following day. Even on that morrow, when we took up the line of march and moved leisurely along for an hour or two, we saw so few indications of the coming struggle that, when we suddenly came upon a battery of artillery in position for action by the side of the road, some one exclaimed:

"Why, hello, fellows: that looks like business!"

Only a few moments later, a staff-officer rode up to our regiment and delivered his orders:

"Major, you will throw forward your command as skirmishers for the brigade."

The regiment at once moved into the thick pine-woods, and was lost to sight in a moment, although we could hear the bugle clanging out its orders "deploy to right and left," as the line forced its way through the tangled and interminable "Wilderness."

Ordered back by the Major into the main line of battle, we drummer-boys found the troops massed in columns along a road, and we lay down with them among the bushes. How many men were there we could not tell. Wherever we looked, whether up or down the road, and as far as the eye could reach, were masses of men in blue. Among them was a company of Indians, dark, swarthy, stolid-looking fellows, dressed in our uniform and serving with some Iowa regiment, under the command of one of their chiefs as captain.

But hark!

"Pop! Pop! Pop-pop-pop!" The pickets are beginning to fire, the "ball is going to open," and things will soon be getting lively.

A venturesome fellow climbs up a tall tree to see what he can see, and presently comes scrambling down, reporting nothing in sight but signal-flags flying over the tree-tops, and beyond them nothing but woods and woods for miles.

Orderlies are galloping about and staff-officers are dashing up and down the line, or forcing their way through the tangled bushes, while out on the skirmish line is the ever-increasing rattle of the musketry,—

"Pop-pop! Pop-pop-pop!"

"Fall in, men! Forward, guide right!"

There is something grand in the promptitude with which the order is obeyed. Every man is at his post. Forcing its way as best it can through the tangled undergrowth of briars and bushes, across ravines and through swamps, our whole magnificent line advances, until, after a half-hour's steady work, we reach the skirmish line, which, hardly pressed, falls back into the advancing column of blue as it reaches a little clearing in the forest. Now we see the lines of gray in the edge of the woods on the other side of the little field; first their pickets behind clumps of bushes, then the solid column appearing behind the fence, coming on yelling like demons, and firing a volley that fills the air with smoke and cuts it with whistling lead. Sheltered behind the trees, our line reserves its fire, for it is likely that the enemy will come out on a charge, and then we 'll mow them down!

With bayonets fixed, and yells that make the woods ring, here they come, Boys, through the clearing, on a dead run! And now, as you love the flag that waves yonder in the breeze, up, Boys, and let them have it! Out from our Enfields flashes a sheet of flame, before which the lines of gray stagger for a moment; but they recover and push on, then reel again and quail, and at length fly before the second leaden tempest, which sweeps the field clear to the opposite side.

With cheers and shouts of "Victory!" our line, now advancing swiftly from behind its covert of the trees, sweeps into and across the clearing, driving back the enemy into the woods from which they had so confidently ventured.

The little clearing over which the lines of blue are advancing is covered with dead and dying and wounded men, among whom I find Lieutenant Stannard, of my acquaintance.

"Harry, help me, quick! I 'm bleeding fast. Tear off my suspender or take my handkerchief, and tie it as tight as you can draw it around my thigh, and help me off the field."

Ripping up the leg of his pantaloons with my knife, I soon check the flow of blood with a hard knot—and none too soon, for the main artery has been severed. Calling a comrade to my assistance, we succeed in reaching the woods, and make our way slowly to the rear in search of the division hospital.

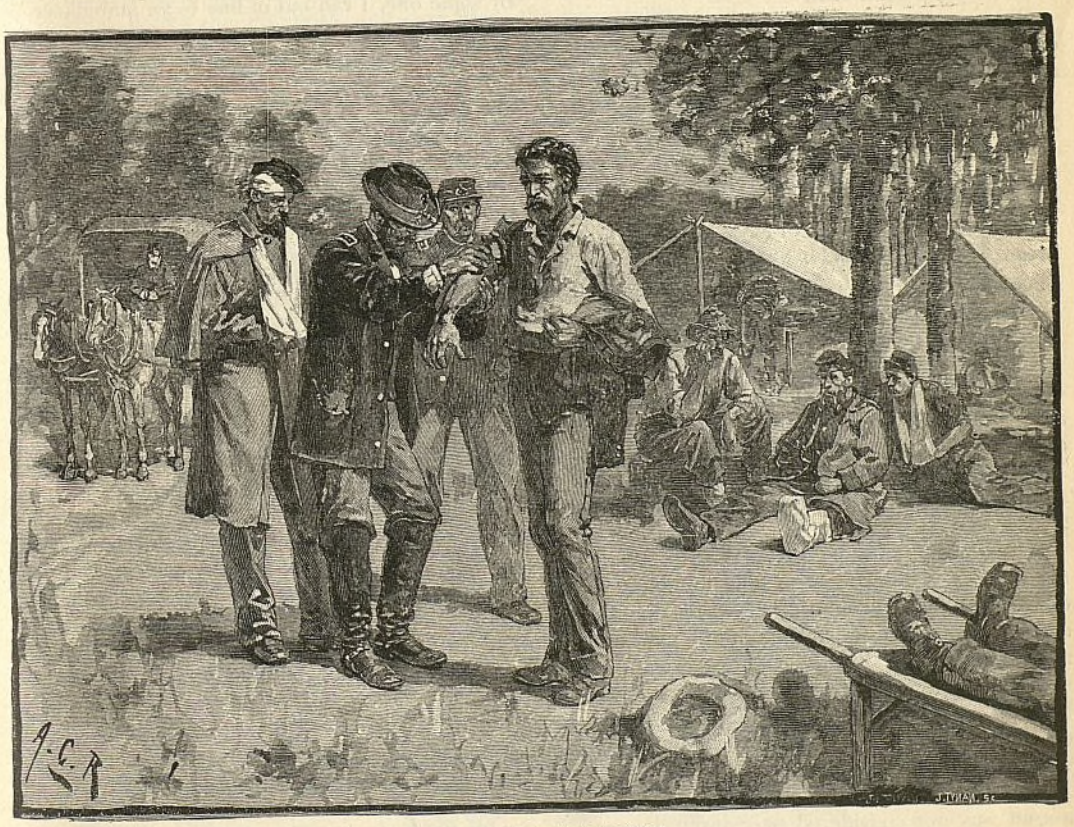
Whoever wishes to know something of the terrible realities of war should visit a field hospital during some great engagement. No doubt the boys of ST. NICHOLAS imagine war to be a great and glorious thing, and so, indeed, in many regards it is. It would be idle to deny that there is something stirring in the sound of martial music, something strangely uplifting and intensely fascinating in the roll of musketry and the loud thunder of artillery. Besides, the march and the battle afford opportunities for the unfolding of manly virtue, and as things go in this disjointed world, human progress seems to be almost impossible without war.

Yet still, war is a terrible, a horrible thing. If the boys of ST. NICHOLAS could have been with us as we helped poor Stannard off the field that first day in "the Wilderness"—if they could have seen the surgeons of the first division of our corps as we saw them, when passing by with the Lieuten-

ant on a stretcher, they would, I think, agree with me that if war is a necessity, it is a *dreadful* necessity. There were the surgeons, busy at work, while dozens of poor fellows were lying all around on stretchers, awaiting their turns.

"Hurry on, Boys! Hurry on! Don't stop here. I can't stand it," groaned our charge.

So, we pushed on with our burden, until we saw our Division colors over in a clearing among the pines, and on reaching this we came upon a scene that I can never adequately describe.



A PART OF THE FIELD-HOSPITAL.

There were hundreds of the wounded already there; other hundreds, perhaps thousands, were yet to come. On all sides, within and just without the hastily erected hospital-tents, were the severely and dangerously wounded, while great numbers of slightly wounded men, with hands or feet bandaged or heads tied up, were lying about the sides of the tents or out among the bushes. The surgeons were everywhere busy,—here, dressing wounds, there, alas! stooping down to tell some poor fellow, over whose countenance the pallor of death was already spreading, that there was no longer any hope for him,—and down yonder, about a row of tables, each under a fly,* stood groups of them, ready for their dreadful and yet helpful work.

To one of these groups we carried poor Stannard, and I stood by and watched; the sponge saturated with chloroform was put to his face, rendering him unconscious while the operation of tying the severed artery was performed. On a neighboring table was a man whose leg was being taken off at the thigh, and who, chloroformed into unconsciousness, interested everybody by singing at the top of his voice, and with a clear articulation, five verses of a hymn to an old-fashioned Methodist tune, never once losing the melody nor stopping for a word. I remember seeing another poor fellow with his arm off at the shoulder, lying on the ground and resting after the operation; he appeared to be very much amused at himself, "because" (he said, in answer to my inquiry as to what he was laughing at) "he had felt a fly on his right hand, and when he went to brush it off with his left there was no right hand there any more!"

* A piece of canvas stretched over a pole and fastened to tent-pins by long ropes; having no walls, it admits light on all sides.

I remember, too, seeing a tall prisoner brought in and laid on the table,—a magnificent specimen of physical development, erect, well-built, and strong looking, and with a countenance full of frank and sturdy manliness,—and the surgeon said, as the wounded prisoner was stretched out on the table:

"Well, Johnny, my man; what is the matter with you, and what can we do for you to-day?"

"Well, doctor, your people have used me rather rough to-day. In the first place, there 's something down in here," feeling about his throat, "that troubles me a good deal."

Opening his shirt-collar, the surgeon found a deep blue mark an inch or more below the "Adam's apple." On pressing the blue lump a little with the fingers, out popped a "Minié" ball which had lodged just beneath the skin.

"Lucky for you that this was a 'spent ball,' Johnny," said the surgeon, holding the bullet between his fingers.

"Give me that, doctor—give me that ball; I want it," said Johnny, eagerly reaching out his left hand for the ball; then he carefully examined it, and put it away into his jacket-pocket.

"And now, doctor, there 's something else, you see, the matter with me, and something more serious, too, I 'm afraid. You see, I can't use my right arm. The way was this: we were having a big fight out there in the woods. In the bayonet-charge I got hold of one of your flags, and was waving it, when all on a sudden I got an ugly clip in the arm here, as you see."

"Never mind, Johnny. We shall treat you just the same as our own boys, and though you are dressed in gray, you shall be cared for as faithfully as if you were dressed in blue, until you are well and strong again."

We had carried Stannard into a tent, and laid him on a pile of pine-boughs, where, had he only been able to keep quiet, he would have done well enough. But he was not able to keep quiet. A more restless man I never saw. Although his wound was not considered necessarily dangerous, yet he was evidently in great fear of death, and for death, I grieve to say, he was not at all prepared. He had been a wild, wayward man, and now that he thought the end was approaching, he was full of alarm. As I bent over him, trying my best, but in vain, to comfort and quiet him, my attention was called to a man on the other side of the tent, whose face I thought I knew, in spite of its unearthly pallor.

"Why, Smith," said I, "is this you? Where are you hurt?"

"Come turn me around and see," he said.

Rolling him over carefully on his side, I saw a great, cruel wound in his back.

My countenance must have expressed alarm when I asked him, as quietly as I could, whether he knew he was very seriously wounded and might die.

Never shall I forget the look that man gave me, as, with a strange light in his eye, he said:

"I am in God's hands; I am not afraid to die."

Two or three days after that, while we were marching on rapidly in column again, we passed an ambulance-train filled with wounded, on their way to Fredericksburg. Hearing my name called by some one, I ran out of line to an ambulance, in which I found Stannard.

"Harry, for pity's sake, have you any water?"

"No, Lieutenant. I 'm very sorry, but there 's not a drop in my canteen, and there 's no time now to get any."

It was the last time I ever saw him. He was taken to Fredericksburg, submitted to a second operation, and died—and I have always believed that his death was largely owing to want of faith.

Six months, or may be a year, later, Smith came back to us with a great white scar between his shoulders, and I doubt not he is alive and well to this day.

And there was Jimmy Lucas, too. They brought him in about the middle of that same afternoon, two men bearing him on their arms. He was so pale that I knew at a glance he was severely hurt. "A ball through the lungs," they said, and "he can't live." Jimmy was of my own company, from my own village. We had been school-fellows and playmates from childhood almost, and you may well believe it was sad work to kneel down by his side, and watch his slow and labored breathing, looking at his pallid features, and thinking—ah, yes, that was the saddest of all—of those at home. He would scarcely let me go from him a moment, and when the sun was setting he requested every one to go out of the tent, for he wanted to speak a few words to me in private. As I bent down over him, he gave me his message for his father, and mother, and a tender good-bye to his sweetheart, begging me not to forget a single word of it all if ever I should live to see them; and then he said:

"And, Harry, tell Father and Mother I thank them now for all their care and kindness in trying to bring me up well and in the fear of God. I know I have been a wayward boy, sometimes, but I can trust in the Forgiving Love."

When the sun had set that evening, poor Jimmy had entered into rest. He was buried somewhere among the woods that night, and no flowers are strewn over his grave on "Decoration Day" as the years go by, for no head-board marks his resting-place among the moaning pines.

Chapter XIII.

IN THE FRONT AT PETERSBURG.

"Andy, let 's go a-swimming."

"Well, Harry, I don't know about that. I 'd like to take a good plunge; but, you see, there 's no telling how soon we may move."

It was the afternoon of Tuesday, June 14, 1864. We had been marching and fighting almost continually for five weeks and more, from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania, over the North Anna, in at Cold Harbor, across the Pamunky and over the Chickahominy to the banks of the James River, about a mile and a half from which we were now lying, along a dusty road. We were sun-burned, covered with dust, and generally used up, so that a swim in the river would be a refreshment indeed.

Having learned from one of the officers that the intention evidently was to remain where we then were until the entire corps should come up, and that we should probably cross the river at or somewhere near that point, we resolved to risk it.

So, over a corn-field we started at a good pace. We had not gone far when we discovered a mule tied up in a clump of bushes, with a rope around his neck. And this long-eared animal, somewhat "gothic" in his style of architecture, we decided, after a solemn council of war, to declare contraband, and forthwith we impressed him into service, intending to return him, after our bath, on our way back to camp. Untying Bucephalus from the bush, we mounted, Andy in front and I on behind, each armed with a switch, and we rode along gayly enough, with our feet dangling among the corn-stalks.

"BETTER GIT OFF 'N DAT DAR MULE!"

For a while all went well. We fell to talking about the direction we had come since leaving the Pamunky; and Andy, who was usually such an authority on matters geographical and astronomical that on the march he was known in the company as "the compass," confessed to me as we rode on that he himself had been somewhat turned about, in that march over the Chickahominy swamp.

"And as for me," said I, "I think this is the awfullest country to get turned about in that I ever

did see. Why, Andy, while we were lying over there in the road it seemed to me that the sun was going down in the east. Fact! But when I took my canteen and went over a little ridge to the rear to look for water for coffee, I found, on looking up, that on that side of the ridge the sun was all right. Yet when I got back to the road and looked around, judge of my surprise when I found the whole thing had somehow swung around again, and the sun was going down in the east. And you may judge still further of my surprise, Andy, when, on going and walking back and forth across that ridge, I found one particular spot, from which, if I looked in one direction, the sun was going down all right in the west; but if in the opposite direction, he was going down all wrong, entirely wrong, in the east!"

"Whoa dar! Whoa dar! Whar you gwine wid dat dar mule o' mine? Whoa, Pete!"

The mule stopped stock-still as we caught sight of the black head and face of a darkey boy peering forth from the door of a tobacco-house that we were passing. Possibly, he was the owner of the whole plantation now, and the mule Pete might be his only live-stock.

"Where are we going, Pompey? Why, we 're going 'on to Richmond!'"

"On ter Richmon'! An' wid dat dar mule o' mine! 'Clar to goodness, sodgers, can't git along widout dat mule. Better git off 'n dat dar mule!"

"Whip him up, Andy!" shouted I.

"Come up, Bucephalus!" shouted Andy.

And we both laid on right lustily. But never an inch would that miserable mule budge from the position he had taken on hearing the darkey's voice, until all of a sudden, and as if a mine had been sprung under our feet, there was such a striking out of heels and such an uncomfortable elevation in the rear, the angle of which was only increased by increased cudgelling, that at last, with an enormous spring, Andy and I were sent flying off into the corn.

"Yi! yi! yi! Did n' I say better git off 'n dat dar mule o' mine? Yi! yi! yi!"

Laughing as heartily as the darkey at our misadventure, we felt that it would be safer to make for the river afoot. We had a glorious plunge in the waters of the James, and returned to the regiment at sunset, greatly refreshed.

The next day we crossed the James in steamboats. There were thousands of men in blue all along both shores; some were crossing, some were already over, and others were awaiting their turn. By the middle of the forenoon we were all well over, and it has been said that, had we pushed on without delay, the story of the siege of Petersburg would have read quite differently. But we waited, —for provisions, I believe,—and during this halt the whole corps took a grand swim in the river. We marched off at three o'clock in the afternoon, over a dusty road and without fresh water, and reached the neighborhood of Petersburg at midnight, but did not get into position until after several days of hard fighting in the woods.

It would be impossible to give a clear and interesting account of the numerous engagements in which we took part around that long-beleagured city, where for ten months the two great armies of the North and South sat down to watch and fight each other until the end came. For, after days and days of maneuvering and fighting, attack and sally, it became evident that Petersburg could not be carried by storm, and there was nothing for it but to sit down stubbornly, and, by cutting off all railroad supplies and communications, starve it into surrender.

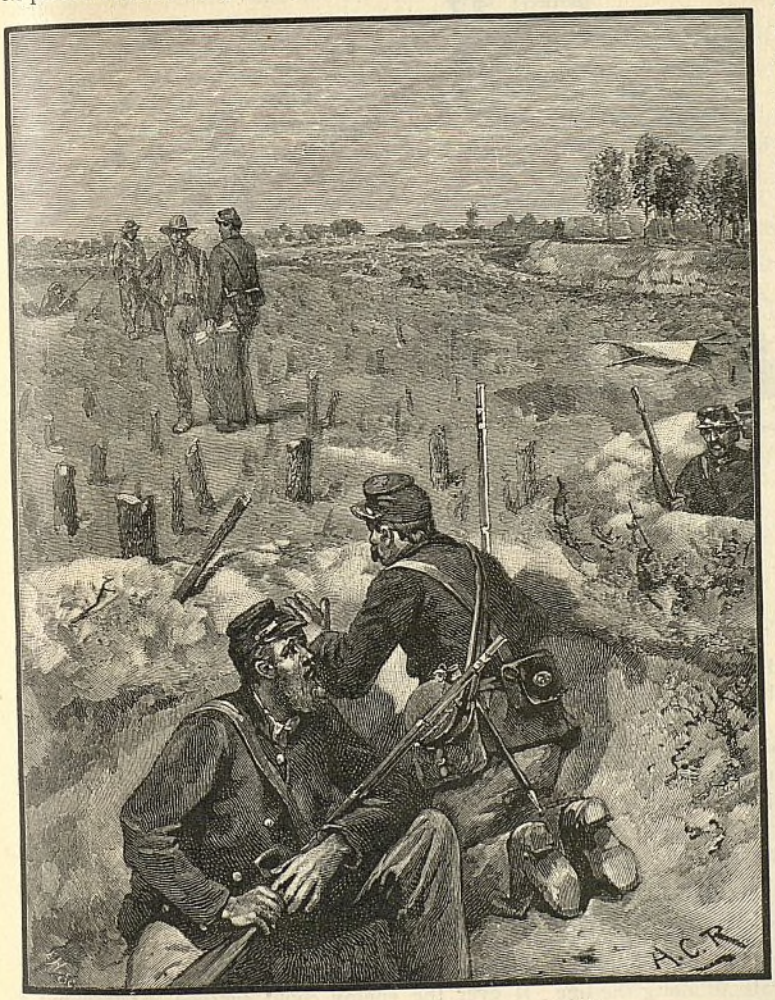
It may be interesting, however, to tell something of the every-day life and experience of our soldiers during that great siege.

Digging becomes almost an instinct with the experienced soldier. It is surprising how rapidly men in the field throw up fortifications, how the work progresses, and what immense results can be accomplished by a body of troops in a single night. Let two armies fight in the open field one evening—by the next morning both are strongly intrenched behind rifle-pits and breastworks, which it will cost either side much blood to storm and take. If spades and picks are at hand when there is need of fortifications, well; if not, bayonets, tin cups, plates, even jack-knives, are pressed into service until better tools arrive; and every man works like a beaver.

Thus it was that although throughout the 18th of June the fighting had been severe, yet, in spite of weariness and darkness, we set to work, and the morning found us behind breastworks; these we soon so enlarged and improved that they became well-nigh impregnable. At that part of the line where my regiment was stationed, we built solid works of great pine-logs, rolled up, log on log, seven feet high and banked with earth on the side toward the enemy, the whole being ten feet through at the base. On the inside of these breastworks we could walk about perfectly safe from the enemy's bullets, which usually went singing harmlessly over our heads.

On the outside of these works were further defenses. First, there was the ditch made by throwing up the ground against the logs; then, farther out, about twenty or thirty yards away, was the abatis—a peculiar means of defense, made by cutting off the tops and heavy limbs of trees, sharpening the ends, and planting them firmly in

the ground in a long row, the sharpened ends pointing toward the enemy, the whole being so close and so compacted together with telegraph-wires everywhere twisted in, that it was impossible for a line of battle to get through it without being cut off to a man. Here and there, at intervals, were left gaps wide enough to admit a single man, and it was through these man-holes that the pickets passed out to their pits beyond.



SCENES AMONG THE RIFLE-PITS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Fifty yards in front of the abatis the pickets were stationed. When first the siege began, picketing was dangerous business. Both armies were bent on fight, and picketing meant simply sharp-shooting. As a consequence, at first the pickets were posted only at night, so that from midnight to midnight the poor fellows lay in their rifle-pits under a broiling July sun, with no protection from the intolerable heat, excepting the scanty shade of a little pine-brush erected overhead, or in front of the pit as a screen. There the picket lay, flat on his face, picking off the enemy's men whenever he could catch sight of a head or even so much as a hand; and right glad would he be if, when the long-awaited relief came at length, he had no wounds to show.

But later on, as the siege progressed, this murderous state of affairs gradually disappeared. Neither side found it pleasant, nor profitable, and nothing was gained by it. It decided nothing, and only wasted powder and ball. And so, gradually, the pickets on both sides began to be on quite friendly terms. It was no unusual thing to see a Johnny picket—who would be posted scarcely a hundred yards away, so near were the lines—lay down his gun, wave a piece of white paper as a signal of truce, walk out into the neutral ground between the picket-lines, and meet one of our own pickets, who, also dropping his gun, would go out to inquire what Johnny might want to-day.

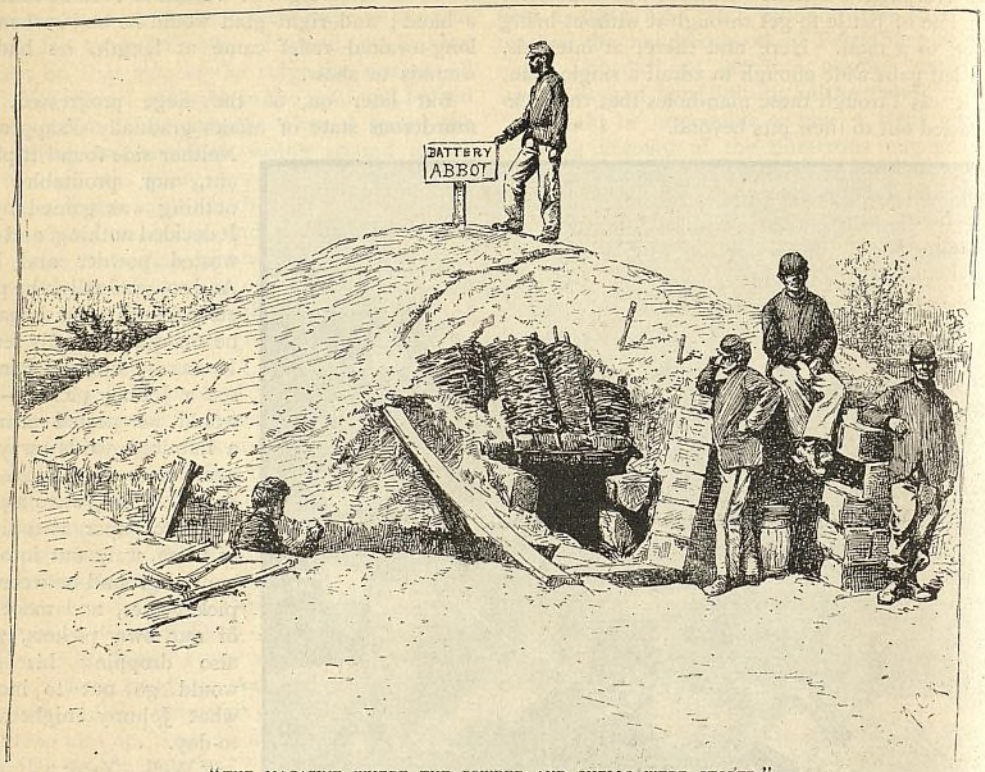
"Well, Yank, I want some coffee, and I 'll trade tobacco for it."

"Has any of you fellows back there some coffee to trade for tobacco? 'Johnny Picket,' here, wants some coffee."

Or, may be he wanted to trade papers, a Richmond *Enquirer* for a New York *Herald* or *Tribune*, "even up and no odds." Or, he only wanted to talk about the news of the day—how "we 'uns whipped you 'uns up the valley the other day"; or how, "if we had Stonewall Jackson yet, we 'd be in Washington before winter"; or may be he only wished to have a friendly game of cards!

There was a certain chivalrous etiquette developed through this social intercourse of deadly foemen, and it was really admirable. Seldom was there breach of confidence on either side. It would have gone hard with the comrade who should

have ventured to shoot down a man in gray who had left his gun and come out of his pit under the sacred protection of a piece of white paper.



"THE MAGAZINE WHERE THE POWDER AND SHELLS WERE STORED."

If disagreement ever occurred in bartering, or high words arose in discussion, shots were never fired until due notice had been given. And I find mentioned in one of my old army letters that a general fire along our entire front grew out of some disagreement on the picket-line about trading coffee for tobacco. The two pickets could n't agree, jumped into their pits, and began firing, the one calling out: "Look out, Yank, here comes your tobacco." Bang!

And the other replying: "All right, Johnny, here comes your coffee." Bang!

Great forts stood at intervals all along the line as far as the eye could see, and at these the men toiled day and night all summer long, adding defense to defense, and making "assurance doubly sure," until the forts stood out to the eye of the beholder, with their sharp angles and well-defined outlines, formidable structures indeed. Without attempting to describe them in technical military language, I will simply ask you to imagine a piece of level ground, say two hundred feet square, surrounded by a bank of earth about twenty feet in height, with rows of gabions* and sand-bags arranged on top of the embankment, and at intervals along the sides embrasures or portholes, at which the great cannon were planted,—and you will have some rough notion of what one of our forts looked like. Somewhere within the inclosure, usually near the center of it, was the magazine, where the powder and shells were stored. This was made by digging a deep place, something like a cellar, covering it over with heavy logs, and piling up earth and sand-bags on the logs, the whole, when finished, having the shape of a small, round-topped pyramid. At the rear was left a small passage, like a cellar-way, and through this the ammunition was brought up. If ever the enemy could succeed in dropping a shell down that little cellar-door, or in otherwise piercing the magazine, then good-bye to the fort and all and everybody in and around it!

On the outside of each large fort there were, of course, all the usual defenses of ditch, abatis, and *chevaux-de-frise*, to render approach very dangerous to the enemy.

The enemy had fortifications like ours—long lines of breastworks, with great forts at commanding positions; and the two lines were so near that,

*Bottomless wicker baskets, used to strengthen earthworks.

standing in one of our forts, I could have carried on a conversation with a man in the fort opposite. I remember, while on the picket-line one evening, watching a body of troops moving along the edge of a wood within the enemy's works, and quite easily distinguishing the color of their uniforms.

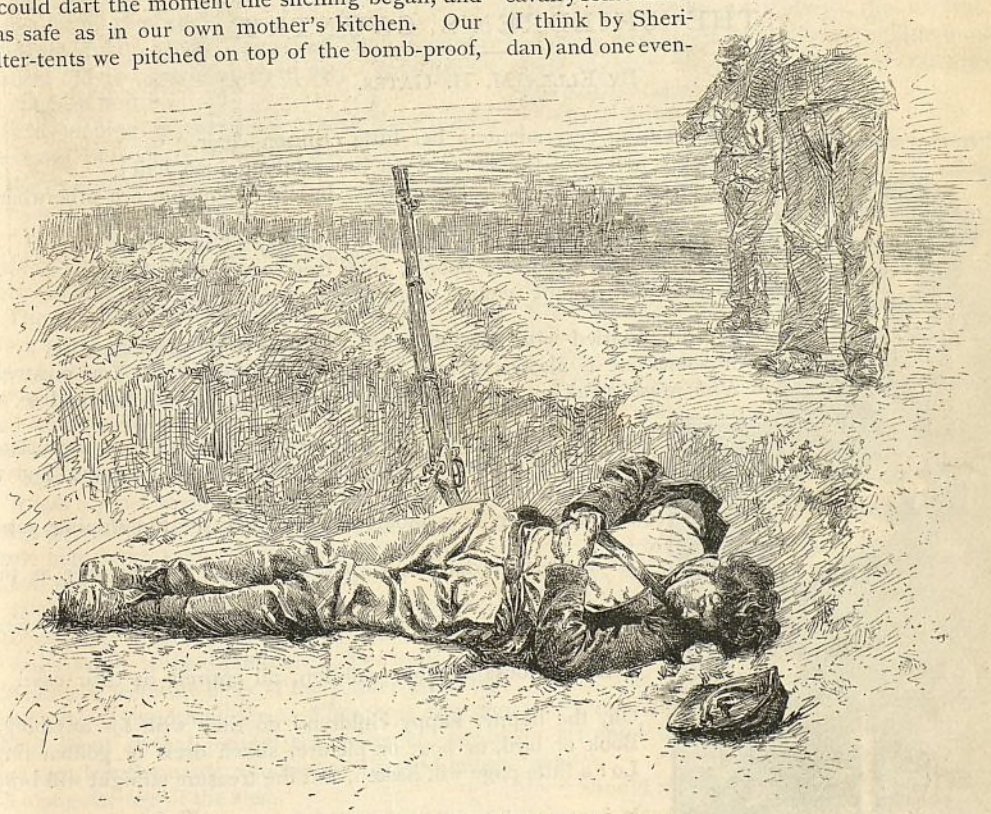
I have said already that, inside of our breastworks, one was quite secure against the enemy's bullets. But bullets were not the only things we had to look out for — there were the shell, the case-shot, and I know not what shot besides. Every few hours these would be dropped behind our breastworks, and often much execution was done by them. To guard against these missiles, each mess built what was called a "bomb-proof," which consisted of an excavation about six feet square by six deep, covered with heavy logs, the logs covered with earth, a little back cellar-way being left on the side away from the enemy. Into this bomb-proof we could dart the moment the shelling began, and be as safe as in our own mother's kitchen. Our shelter-tents we pitched on top of the bomb-proof, and in this upper story we lived most of the time, dropping down occasionally into the cellar.

Bang! bang! bang!

"Fall into your pits, boys!" and in a trice there was n't so much as a blue coat in sight.

Familiarity breeds contempt — even of danger; and sometimes we were caught. Thus, one day, when there had been no shelling for a long time and we had grown somewhat careless, and were scattered about under the trees, some sleeping and others sitting on top of the breastworks to get a mouthful of fresh air, all of a sudden the guns of one of the great forts opposite us opened with a rapid fire, dropping shells right among us. Of course there was a "scatteration" as we tried to fall into our pits pell-mell; but, for all our haste, several of us were severely hurt. There was a boy from Philadelphia, — I forget his name, — sitting on the breastworks writing a letter home; a piece of shell tore off his arm with the pen in his hand. A lieutenant received an iron slug in his back, while a number of other men were hurt. And such experiences were of frequent occurrence.

A great victory had been gained by our cavalry somewhere (I think by Sheridan) and one evening an orderly rode along the line to each regimental head-quarters, distributing dispatches containing an account of the victory, with instructions that the papers be read to the men. Cheers were given all along the line that night,



FINDING A WOUNDED PICKET IN A RIFLE-PIT.

and a shotted salute was ordered at daylight the next morning.

At sunrise every available gun from the Appomattox to the Weldon Railroad must have been brought into service and trained against the enemy's works, for the noise was terrific. And still further to increase the din, the Johnnies, supposing it to be a grand assault along the whole line, replied with every gun they could bring to bear, and the noise was so great that you would have thought the very thunders of doom were rolling. After the firing had ceased, the Johnnies were informed that "we have only been giving three iron cheers for the victory Sheridan has gained up the valley lately." There was, I presume, some regret on the other side over the loss of powder and shot. At all events, whenever, after that, similar iron cheers were given, and this was not seldom the case, the enemy preserved a moody silence.

After remaining in our works for about a month, we were relieved by other troops and marched off to the left in the direction of the Weldon Railroad, which we took after severe fighting. We held it, and at once fortified our position with a new line of works, thus cutting off one of the main lines of communication between Petersburg and the South.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.

SHE is sitting very silent in her little crimson chair,
With the flicker of the firelight on her pretty golden hair;
And all pleasant things surround her, but her thoughts are otherwhere.

For these little lads and lasses have a country of their own,
Where, without the older people, they can wander off alone,
Into dim and distant regions, that were never named or known.

They are wearied with the questions, and the running to and fro,
For some one is always saying, "You must come," or "You must go."
"You must speak and write correctly, sitting, standing, thus and so."

So they turn at any moment from the figures on their slates;
And the names of all the islands, and the oceans, and the States
Are forgotten in a moment when they see the shining gates

Of their own delightful country, where they wander as they please
On the great enchanted mountains, or beneath the forest trees,
With a thousand other children, all entirely at their ease.

Oh, the happy, happy children! do they wish for anything,
Book or bird, or boat or picture, silken dress or golden ring?
Lo! a little page will hasten, and the treasure straight will bring.

It is strange the older people can not find this land at all;
If they ever knew its language, it is lost beyond recall,
And they only, in their dreamings, hear its music rise and fall.

Oh, the riches of the children with this country for their own!
All the splendor of its castles, every flower and precious stone,
Until time itself is ended, and the worlds are overthrown.

THIN ICE.

By William O. Stoddard.

Mort Hubbard was a hero among the Pondville boys that winter morning.

He was a good deal more than that, for he had been a traveler, and so now he was a curiosity; and a round half-dozen of the boys were making a study of him.

He had spent Christmas and New Year's Day at his grandfather's, a hundred miles away, and his school-fellows had not seen an inch of him for more than three weeks. He must have changed a good deal in so long a time as that! Of course they could hardly suspect him of having a beard yet, for his twelfth birthday had come only a little before Christmas; but he might have had two beards for all they could see of his face.

"Here, I say, Mort," remarked Penn Landers, "where did you get so much tippet? Your head 's all done up in it."

(The making of that tippet must have used a great deal of wool, of wonderful dyes.)

Mort's muffled reply was:

"Christmas."

"Look at his boots!" said Dorr Hopkins. "He can tuck his trousers 'way down. New mittens, too!"

These village chums of his had never seen Mort come out of his front gate in such style before; but he had been holding the gate open for something that was coming out behind him, and now he gave a shout that had a triumphant sound, in spite of coming through so much tippet.

"Christmas! Look at that sled, will you?"

It was a great thing — to go a hundred miles to your grandfather's, and stay there so long, and come home with such a sled as that. The like of it had never been seen in Pondville!

It was long; it was low on its runners; it curved up gracefully in front; it was wider than common; it was strong; it was brand-new. The only places not painted were the faces of the runner-irons, and they were as smooth as glass. There was only one thing about it that puzzled the group of gazers, and that was the name, which shone in gold letters all along the top of the sled.

"C-e-n-t-i-p-e-d-e! — Centipede!" exclaimed Penn. "Who ever heard of a sled with such a name as that?"

"It means a hundred thousand legs," said Mort, "and that sled 'll run away from anything."

"We 'll see!"

"Fancy sleds never run well."

"There 's good coasting on the hill. Just you come and try it now."

"But the ice in the river 's awfully thin," said Dorr. "The old ice went out in the January thaw, and the new ice wont bear a dog."

The boys were already on their way down to the old bridge, across the little river, beyond which was a short strip of level road, and then the hill began. It was a splendid hill for coasting, with three roads that went up and up, till no boy would care to drag a sled farther. As the little group reached the bridge, every boy with his sled behind him, and two or three of them were remarking how wide the river looked, just there, and how smooth and "glary" the ice was, and all were wishing it would freeze a little harder,— suddenly they all shouted pretty nearly the same thing at the same moment:

"Sam Smith 's broken in!"

Even Mort Hubbard started on a run with the rest, but they dropped their sled-ropes while he kept a firm grip of his.

For a moment all that could be seen was a bunch of fiery-red hair, in the middle of a big patch of water; and the mouth that belonged to it was wide open in a long, shivering, astonished yell.

"He 's a-sitting down on his sled!"

"Broken through, sled and all!"

It was nearly thirty feet from shore, but the moment Sam stood up in the water they all knew just how deep it was.

"It can't drown him."

"He 's coming ashore."

"Saved his sled, too."

"Oh, but is n't he wet!"

"What made you break in, Sam?" asked Penn.

"I — I — I — just w-w-went on t-t-to try the i-i-ice," shivered poor Sam. "It 's t-t-too thin."

"It must be even thinner out there."

"I 'm g-g-going home!"

"I think you 'd better; but what 'll your folks say?"

"Should n't w-wonder if Aunt B-B-Betsy would give me a w-w-warmin'."

Sam was the boy who made most of the blunders that were made in Pondville, and it was generally known that Aunt Betsy was determined to do her duty by him.

The other boys at once made up their minds that they would wait for another frost before

they would try that ice; and Mort Hubbard remarked, loftily: "We had better ice than that where I 've been. You could skate all over it."

"Did you get any new skates?"

"No; but I got some new straps for the old ones. They 'll stay on now."

"MORT WAS HOLDING BACK THE GATE."

"Skating 's nothing to coasting, anyhow. Only you must have a sled that 'll run."

"I 'll show you one. I 'm going to run clear over the bridge."

"No, you wont; not if your sled had a hundred million thousand legs."

"You 'll see. We had better coasting than this where I 've been. You could slide for twice as far, and there was n't any thin ice in the river."

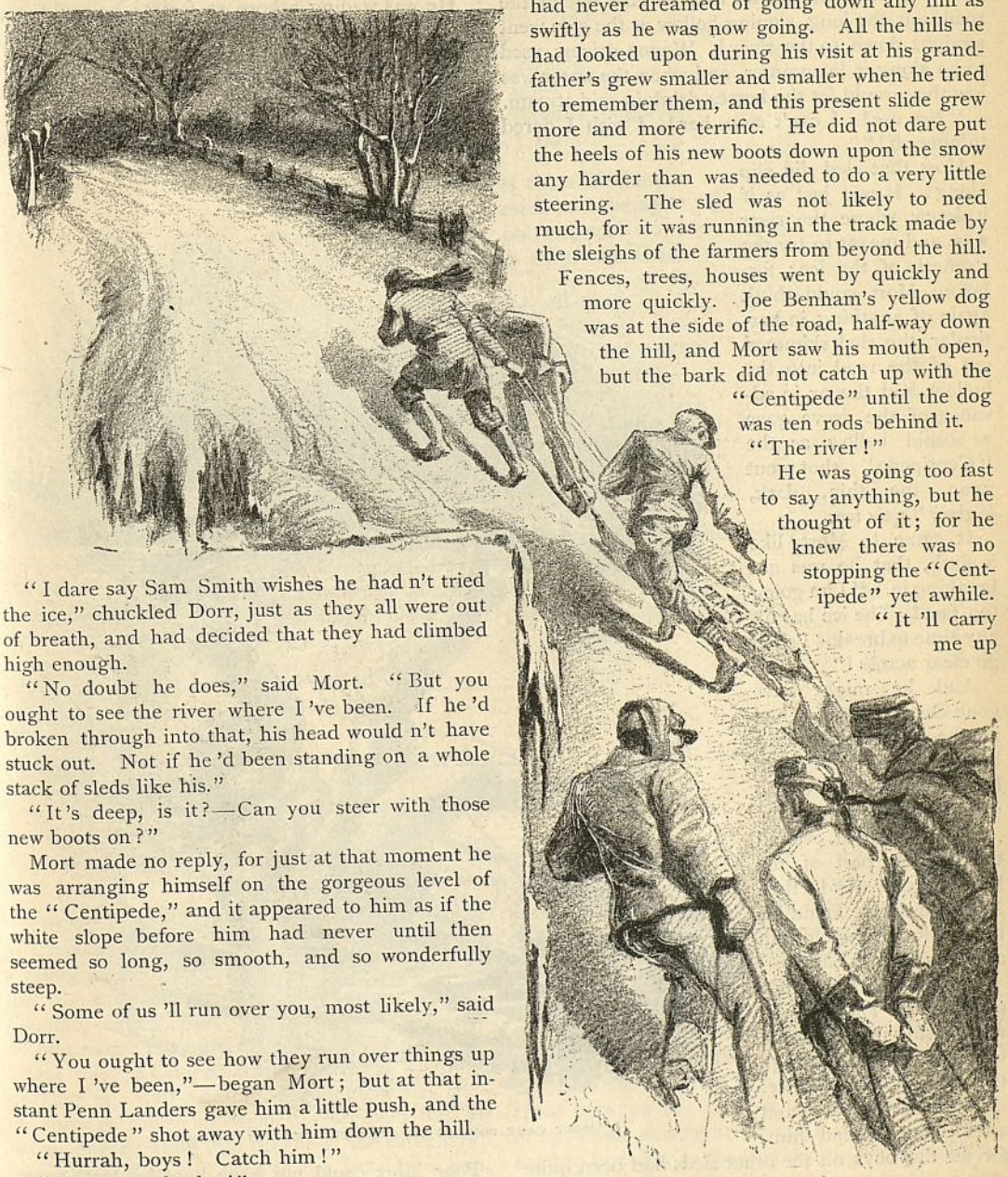
On they went, up the north road, for that was the steepest, and Mort insisted on climbing higher than any boys had ever before cared to drag sleds.

"This is n't any kind of a hill," he remarked. "You ought to see the hill they have where I 've been. It 's as steep as the roof of a house, and they keep it slippery all winter."

"Oh, but it is n't of any use to have a good hill unless your sled 's good for something. Look at mine, now. She can just 'buzz'!"

Every sled was then stood up on end to show

how brilliantly its runner-irons were polished, and Mort was fairly overwhelmed by the severe criticisms upon his "fancy sled."



"I dare say Sam Smith wishes he had n't tried the ice," chuckled Dorr, just as they all were out of breath, and had decided that they had climbed high enough.

"No doubt he does," said Mort. "But you ought to see the river where I 've been. If he 'd broken through into that, his head would n't have stuck out. Not if he 'd been standing on a whole stack of sleds like his."

"It 's deep, is it?—Can you steer with those new boots on?"

Mort made no reply, for just at that moment he was arranging himself on the gorgeous level of the "Centipede," and it appeared to him as if the white slope before him had never until then seemed so long, so smooth, and so wonderfully steep.

"Some of us 'll run over you, most likely," said Dorr.

"You ought to see how they run over things up where I 've been,"—began Mort; but at that instant Penn Landers gave him a little push, and the "Centipede" shot away with him down the hill.

"Hurrah, boys! Catch him!"

"Follow my leader!"

"Clear the track!"

One after another, in rapid succession, the Pondville boys darted on behind the "fancy sled" that Mort Hubbard had brought home from "up where he 'd been."

Catch him? They might as well have tried to catch a barn-swallow.

Mort was a good coaster, and he had been all ready to start when Penn pushed him, but he had never dreamed of going down any hill as swiftly as he was now going. All the hills he had looked upon during his visit at his grandfather's grew smaller and smaller when he tried to remember them, and this present slide grew more and more terrific. He did not dare put the heels of his new boots down upon the snow any harder than was needed to do a very little steering. The sled was not likely to need much, for it was running in the track made by the sleighs of the farmers from beyond the hill.

Fences, trees, houses went by quickly and more quickly. Joe Benham's yellow dog was at the side of the road, half-way down the hill, and Mort saw his mouth open, but the bark did not catch up with the "Centipede" until the dog was ten rods behind it.

"The river!"

He was going too fast to say anything, but he thought of it; for he knew there was no stopping the "Centipede" yet awhile.

"It 'll carry me up and over the bridge, after all, and nobody ever did that before in all the world." He gave a look back, to see how far behind him were all the other

THE TUG UPHILL.

boys, and when he turned his head again—his teeth began to chatter.

There was a whole drove of cattle coming upon the bridge!

It was easy enough for him to turn out of the road, but the long, sloping hollow at the side went straight down to the river! Wagon-drivers used to go along it in summer, and when the water was low they would let the horses drink in mid-stream.

"No use! I can't stop her! I wish I dared tumble off!"

How that sled did slip along! It was just as if it knew where the river was, and meant to try the strength of the ice; for, before Mort could think again of anything in particular, the sled skimmed out of the road into the hollow, and the ox in advance of the drove gave a stupid bellow as the "Centipede" shot out upon the thin, dark, "glary" new ice.

It came to Mort, like a flash, that he was not breaking in. "I 'm going too fast! The ice has n't any time to break. I shall go clear across!"

And he might have gone clear across if it had not been for Sam Smith's blunder, and if he could have steered the "Centipede" on the ice.

On she whizzed, over all the deepest part of the little river. And then Mort must have found his breath, for it came out in a yell as loud as Sam's.

It ought to have been every bit as loud, for he was sousing into the same cold water, and through the same hole in the ice.

Then he heard shout after shout behind him, for all the boys on the other sleds had been quite able to stop in time, and they all would have been slipping over the bridge if it had n't been for the cattle that were crowding on it.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shivered poor Mort. "The ice is n't anything like as thin as that up where I 've been. The w-water is n't so c-c-cold neither. Oh! oh! oh! how cold it is!"

He was wading ashore as fast as he could, and the "Centipede" was following at the end of her rope. It was too bad! And he could hear Dorr Hopkins, on the other side of the stream, shouting to him:

"I should think you 'd better go home! Did you get as wet as that up where you 've been?"

"MORT CAME SOUSING THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE ICE."

Poor Mort could not have kept his teeth apart long enough to tell him, so he hurried home. But he had beaten everything on the hill that morning, and that was something to be proud of.

REMINDING THE HEN.

By Bessie Chandler.

"It 's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
"For what do you think, Mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.

"The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut-cut!' she 'd say, quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.

"And then she would say it all over,
She *did* look so mad and so vext;
For Mamma, do you know, she 'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next.

"So *I* said 'Ca-*daw*-cut,' 'Ca-*daw*-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could.
And she looked 'round at me very thankful;
I tell you, it made her feel good.

"Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut—ca-*daw*-cut';
She remembered just how it went, then.
But it 's well I ran into the garden,—
She might never have clucked right again!"

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—SEVENTH PAPER.

By Clara Erskine Clement.

ONORATA RODIANA.

There is a very interesting story told of an artist of Cremona,—Onorata Rodiana,—who, while still a young maiden, acquired such fame as a painter that she was summoned by the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, called the "Tyrant of Cremona," to decorate some rooms in his palace.

One day, as Onorata was mounted on a ladder, working at a wall-painting, a young courtier passing through the room began to tease her; but, his banter degenerating into rudeness, she came down from the ladder and tried to run away from him. He pursued her, however, and caught her, when, in her fright, she drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed him fatally. Seeing what she had done, and fearing the wrath of the Marquis Fondolo, she hastened to put on the disguise of a boy's dress, and fled to the mountains. She there fell in with a band of *condottieri:* the life of these men, half-soldier and half-brigand in its character, so fascinated Onorata that she at once consented to become one of their number, glad of the chance afforded her to make herself acquainted with the grand mountain scenery and the careless jollity of life in its wilds. She soon showed so much daring and skill, that she was made an officer in the band and held a post of command.

When the "Tyrant of Cremona" heard of the affray between the courtier and the maiden, and of her crime and flight, he was furious, and threatened to hunt her to the very death; but so skillfully had she concealed her identity as to baffle all his efforts to track her. After a time, as he could find no other suitable artist to complete the paintings which Onorata Rodiana had begun, he declared a full pardon for her if she would return to the palace and finish her works. The news of

this pardon was spread throughout the surrounding country, and when Onorata heard of it, she gladly laid aside her sword to resume her palette and brushes. She completed her task, but the exciting life she had led among the mountains had taken such a hold upon her fancy, that she returned to it and to the outlawed companions who had learned to respect and love her.

Again and again she left them, only to return each time, for her heart and life were divided between her beloved art and her romantic soldiering. At last, when her native village of Castelleone, near Cremona, was laid siege to, Onorata led her band to its relief, and drove away the enemy. But she rescued her birthplace at the cost of her life; for she was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died soon after, within sight of the home of her childhood. I believe that she is the only woman who has ever been successful as both an artist and a soldier; and I am sorry that I can find no work of hers of which a picture may be given here. Her story is well authenticated in history, and she died about the year 1472.

TITIAN.

THE great painter whom we call Titian was named Tiziano Vecelli. Sometimes Cadore is added to this, because his native place was the village of that name, situated in the Friuli, a district lying north of Venice. The family of Vecelli was of noble rank, and its castle of Lodore was surrounded by an estate on which were small houses and cottages; and in one of these last, which still is carefully preserved, Titian was born, in 1477.

As a child, Titian was passionately fond of drawing, and so much was he in love with color also, that instead of using charcoal or slate for his pencils, he pressed the juices from certain flowers to make colors, and with these he painted the figure of a Madonna while he was still very young. When he was nine years old he was taken to Venice to study painting, and from that time he was called a Venetian. Each great center of art then had what was called a "school of art" of its own, and this expression occurs frequently in books about art; it means the peculiar characteristics of the artists of the city or country spoken of. For example, "the Roman school" means such a style of design and color as is seen in the works of Raphael, who is called the head of that school. So Titian came to be the head of the Venetian school of painting. He is also called by some writers the most excellent portrait-painter of the world.

At first, in Venice, the boy was in the school of Sebastian Zuccato, a painter and worker in mosaics; next he was a pupil of the Bellini, and formed an intimate friendship with his fellow-pupil, Giorgione, who also came to be a great painter.

I am sure that every boy and girl must know how much it sweetens study and makes one quick to understand and patient to work, to have a loving and sympathetic school-fellow,—one to whom we can talk freely, feeling sure that we are understood, and who will be glad for us and proud of us when we make any advance. Such was the relation between Titian and Giorgione, and they lived in the same studio and worked together—Titian with his golden tints, and Giorgione with his more glowing colors. This happy time was when they were just coming to manhood, and were filled with bright hopes for the future.

The name Giorgione means "Great George," and it was given to the artist because he was very handsome and had a noble figure and bearing.

At length, when Titian was about thirty years old, the two friends were employed in the decoration of the "Fondaco dei Tedeschi," which was a hall of exchange for the German merchants in Venice; here the work of Titian was more admired than that of Giorgione, and from this cause such a jealousy arose that they ceased to live together, and we have reason to believe that they never were good friends again; yet, after the early death of Giorgione, his former companion completed the pictures he had left unfinished; and there is no doubt that Titian grieved over his death, which must have lessened greatly his pleasure in the fact that he himself was then left without a rival in all Venice.

One of the most interesting pictures painted by Titian is "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," which is now in the Academy of Venice. There are many pictures of this subject, but none is so famous as this one. The legends of the life of the Virgin Mary relate how carefully her mother, St. Anna, watched over her infancy; and when the child was but three years old, it was decided to present her at the temple of the Lord; so her father, Joachim, said:

"Let us invite the daughters of Israel, and they shall take each a taper or a lamp and attend her, that the child may not turn back from the temple of the Lord."

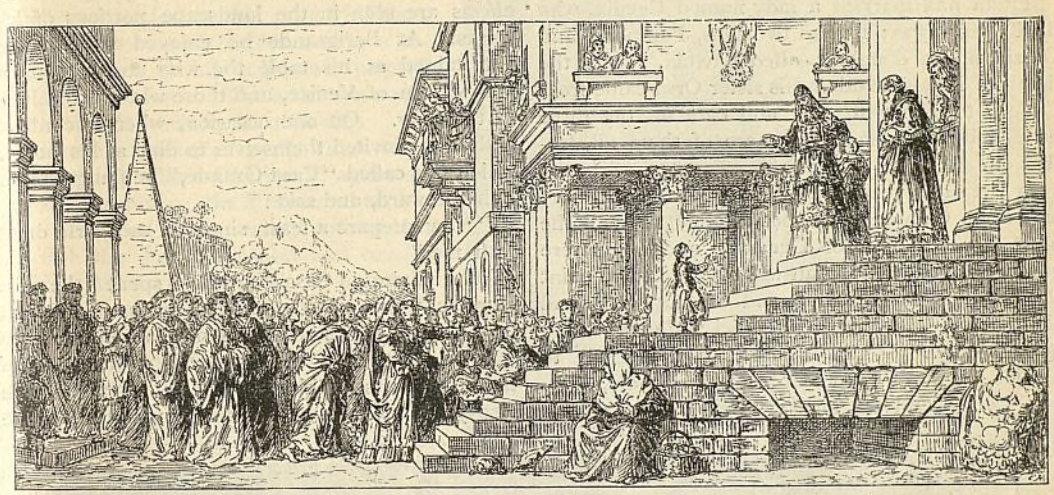
And being come to the temple, they placed little Mary on the first step, and she ascended alone all the steps to the altar; and the high-priest received her there, kissed her, and blessed her, saying:

"Mary, the Lord hath magnified thy name to all generations, and in thee shall be made known the redemption of the children of Israel."

Then the little Mary danced before the altar, and all her friends rejoiced with her and loved her;

and her parents blessed God because she had not turned away from the temple.

Titian's picture of this presentation was painted for the Church of the Brotherhood of Charity; this is called in Italian, "La Scuola della Carità," and it is this church which is now the Academy of Art of Venice. The picture is gorgeous in color, and has a great deal of life and action in it. It is said that the priest who stands behind the high-priest is a portrait of Cardinal Bembo; Titian himself is standing, looking up, and some of his friends are near him.



OUTLINE SKETCH OF TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

A very interesting portrait, by Titian, is that of Caterina Cornaro. This young Venetian lady was so very beautiful that when her uncle, who had been exiled to Cyprus, showed her portrait to the young Prince Lusignan, the youth fell madly in love with her, and, as soon as he became king of Cyprus, asked her to marry him; the Republic of Venice solemnly adopted Caterina as its daughter, and gave her to the king, with a very rich dowry. In two years, her husband and her infant son both died, and she reigned alone over Cyprus during fourteen years; then she resigned her crown and returned to Venice, about two years after Titian went there to study. She was received with grand ceremonies, and even the "Bucentaur," the ship of the state, was sent out to meet her and bear her to the city—an honor which was never accorded to any other woman in all the history of Venice. At this scene of pomp the boy artist was present, and it must have made a deep impression on his mind. His portrait of this beautiful lady is in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; it represents her in a full Greek dress, with a gemmed crown upon her head, while near her is placed the wheel, the symbol of her patron saint, St. Catherine. There are other portraits of her by Titian, and even in our day her story is of interest to artists, for, not long ago, a German painter, Hans Makart, painted a large picture called "Venice Doing Homage to Caterina Cornaro," for which the Prussian Government paid about $12,500; the painting is now in the National Gallery at Berlin.

In the same gallery with the portrait of Caterina is also the lovely "Flora," and near by, in the Pitti Palace, hangs one which is called "La Bella di Tiziano" (the beautiful lady of Titian). These two pictures are often copied.

The fame of Titian spread throughout Italy and all over Europe, and the Duke Alphonso I., of Ferrara, invited him to come to that city. Titian remained a long time at the court of this duke and made many fine pictures for him; among them was the famous "Bacchus and Ariadne" which is now in the National Gallery in London. The mythological story of Ariadne is, that she had been deserted by her husband, Theseus, and left upon the island of Naxos; Bacchus, the beautiful young god of wine and pleasure, saw Ariadne there, and thought her so lovely that he married her, and placed the marriage crown which he gave her among the stars. In Titian's picture, the car of Bacchus, drawn by leopards, has halted, and the god leaps out to pursue Ariadne; satyrs, fauns, and nymphs come in a gay troop out of a grove, and all dance about the car with wild, careless grace.

While in Ferrara, Titian also painted a second mythological picture, which represents a statue of Venus surrounded by more than sixty children and cupids; some of them are climbing trees, some flutter in the air, while others shoot arrows, or twine their arms about each other. This picture is now in Madrid.

Titian was next invited by the Pope, Leo X., to go to Rome, but he longed for his home in Venice and for the visit which he was in the habit of making each year to his dear Cadore; he was weary, too, with the ceremony and pomp of court life, and so he declined to go to Rome and hastened home to Venice.

Titian had married a lady named Cecilia, who died about 1530; he had two sons, Pomponio and Orazio, and a daughter called Lavinia. After the death of Titian's mother, his sister Orsa came from Cadore to live with him and care for the three little ones;—we shall say more of them all, further on.

In the same year, 1530, the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. met at Bologna; all the most brilliant men of Germany and Italy were gathered there, and Titian was summoned to paint the portraits of the Pope and the Emperor, and also those of Ippolito dei Medici and many other notable men. When Titian returned again to Venice, he was a great man; he had honors, titles, and riches, and no longer lived in the simple manner of his earlier years; he now had a house at Berigrande, opposite the island of Murano; the garden and the views from it were very beautiful; the wide canal, which at night was filled with gay gondolas bearing parties of ladies and their attendants, and the Murano, which was like another city with its graceful domes and towers, and beyond all the Friuli Alps, with their snow-peaks rising to the heavens, made up the lovely panorama upon which Titian continually gazed, and its effects are seen in the landscape portions of his works. At Berigrande he enjoyed society, and entertained at his table the wise and witty men and women of Venice, and those who were visitors in that city. On one occasion, when a cardinal and others invited themselves to dine at his house, which was called "Casa Grande," he flung a purse to his steward, and said:

"Now prepare a feast, since all the world dines with me."

While living in Casa Grande he spent "the most glorious years of a glorious life," and all great people, both ladies and gentlemen, desired to have their portraits from his hand; if a collection of these portraits could be made, it would include nearly all the men of his time in Europe whose names have lived until now. The only man of note whom he did not paint was Cosmo I., grand duke of Florence, who refused to sit for him.

GROUP FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

After he was sixty years old, Titian went the second time to Ferrara, Urbino, and Bologna, and again made a portrait of Charles V.; this time the Emperor had a favorite dog by his side. At length, in 1545, Titian accepted an invitation from Pope Paul III., and went to Rome; a portrait of this Pope with his two grandsons, painted at this time by Titian, is in the Museum of Naples, and is a remarkable work. While at Rome he painted several fine pictures. The artist was sixty-nine years old when he left that city.

During the winter of 1548, Titian went to Augsburg, where Charles V. again required his services; the Emperor had become very fond of the artist, and treated him with the greatest respect and consideration. While on this visit, it happened one day that Titian dropped his pencil, and the Emperor picked it up and returned it to him; court etiquette forbade that the sovereign should do such a service for any one, and Titian was much embarrassed. Charles, seeing this, said: "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar." ("Cæsar" was one of the titles of the Emperor.)

At Augsburg the painter was made a count, and received a yearly pension of two hundred gold ducats.

Some writers have said that Titian visited Spain; this does not now appear to be true, but it is certain that Charles V. continued through life his favors to him, and when the Emperor resigned his crown and went to live in the monastery of Yuste, he took with him nine pictures by Titian; one of these was a portrait of the Empress Isabella, upon which Charles gazed when on his death-bed; it is now in the Museum of Madrid. After Charles had given up his crown to his son Philip II., the new monarch patronized the artist as his father had done, and many fine works by the master are now in Madrid.

It is wonderful that Titian continued to paint well when very aged; he was eighty-one years old when he finished his picture of "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," for the Church of the Jesuits, in Venice. St. Lawrence is a prominent saint in the Roman Catholic Church, and it is historically true that he lived, and that he died the dreadful death which is related in his legend. He was a Spaniard, but went to Rome when quite young, and was found so worthy in his life that Sixtus II., who was then the bishop of Rome, trusted him greatly, and made him the keeper of the treasures of the church. When Sixtus was led away to his death, because he was a Christian, Lawrence clung to him and wished to die also; but Sixtus told him that he would live three days longer, and commanded him to give the church treasures to the poor. So Lawrence went through the city, and gave much comfort to the sick and suffering. Very soon, however, he was summoned before the tyrant, and when he could not show him the treasures of the church, he was condemned to be put to death by being stretched on an iron bed,

THE HIGH PRIEST, FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

with bars like a gridiron, and then roasted by a fire placed under him. He suffered this cruel death with great courage, and blessed God with his last breath.

Titian has painted this martyrdom as a night-scene, and the wonderful effect of the lights he has used makes it a very remarkable work. Above is a star, from which shoots a ray of heavenly glory on the face and form of St. Lawrence, who is gazing up at it; beneath is the light from the fire, and, besides these, there are two pans of burning pitch, the light from them casting a red glow over all.

It is a true pleasure to watch the effects of all sorts of lights and shadows, and I am sure that many of you do it, although you may not think about it on every occasion; but you find pleasure when you do think of it. The beauty of the sunshine that appears to flow out of the blue sky is made more beautiful in contrast with the deep shadows thrown on the grass by trees and other large objects. How much prettier are the light and shadow together, than all brightness or all shadow could be! It is by the study of these things, and the representation of them, that painters give us so much pleasure.

Now, in the picture of St. Lawrence, the face is not an agonized one, and it is lighted by the glory from above, rather than by the deep, bright lights which the wicked men about him have made. Some of the spectators are terrified by the calmness with which St. Lawrence suffers, and they turn to flee; others are hardened by the sight; only one appears to be unaffected by the scene.

Although Titian had enjoyed much prosperity, he had also suffered much; his wife and his dear sister Orsa had died; his son Pomponio had been a worthless fellow, and had made his father very unhappy; his daughter Lavinia had married, and the old artist was left alone with Orazio, who, however, was a dutiful son. But Titian had then reached such an age that most of the friends of his middle life had died, and he was a lonely old man.

He had painted many pictures of Lavinia, who was very beautiful; one of these, at Berlin, shows her in a rich dress holding up a plate of fruit, and it is one of the best of all his works.

Orazio was an artist, but he usually painted on the same canvas with his father, and his works can not be spoken of separately. Many pupils from all parts of Europe gathered about Titian in his latest years, and it is said that toward the close of his life, when he was at work upon an "Annunciation," some one told him that it did not resemble his former works; this made him very angry, and he seized a pencil and wrote upon the painting, "*Tizianus fecit fecit.*"—by which he meant to say, "Titian truly did this!"

When Titian had become ninety-six years old, Henry III. of France visited Venice, and waited upon him in his house; the king was attended by a train of princes and nobles. The aged master entertained His Majesty with princely hospitality, and when the king wished to know the price of some pictures, Titian presented them to him with an ease and grace of bearing which excited the admiration of all.

Finally, in 1576, the plague broke out in Venice, and both Titian and Orazio were attacked by it. It was impossible for the father, who was now ninety-eight years old, to recover. It was hoped that Orazio might live, and he was taken away to a hospital, and his father, over whom he had so tenderly watched, was left to die alone. But the care taken of Orazio was of no avail, as he also died.

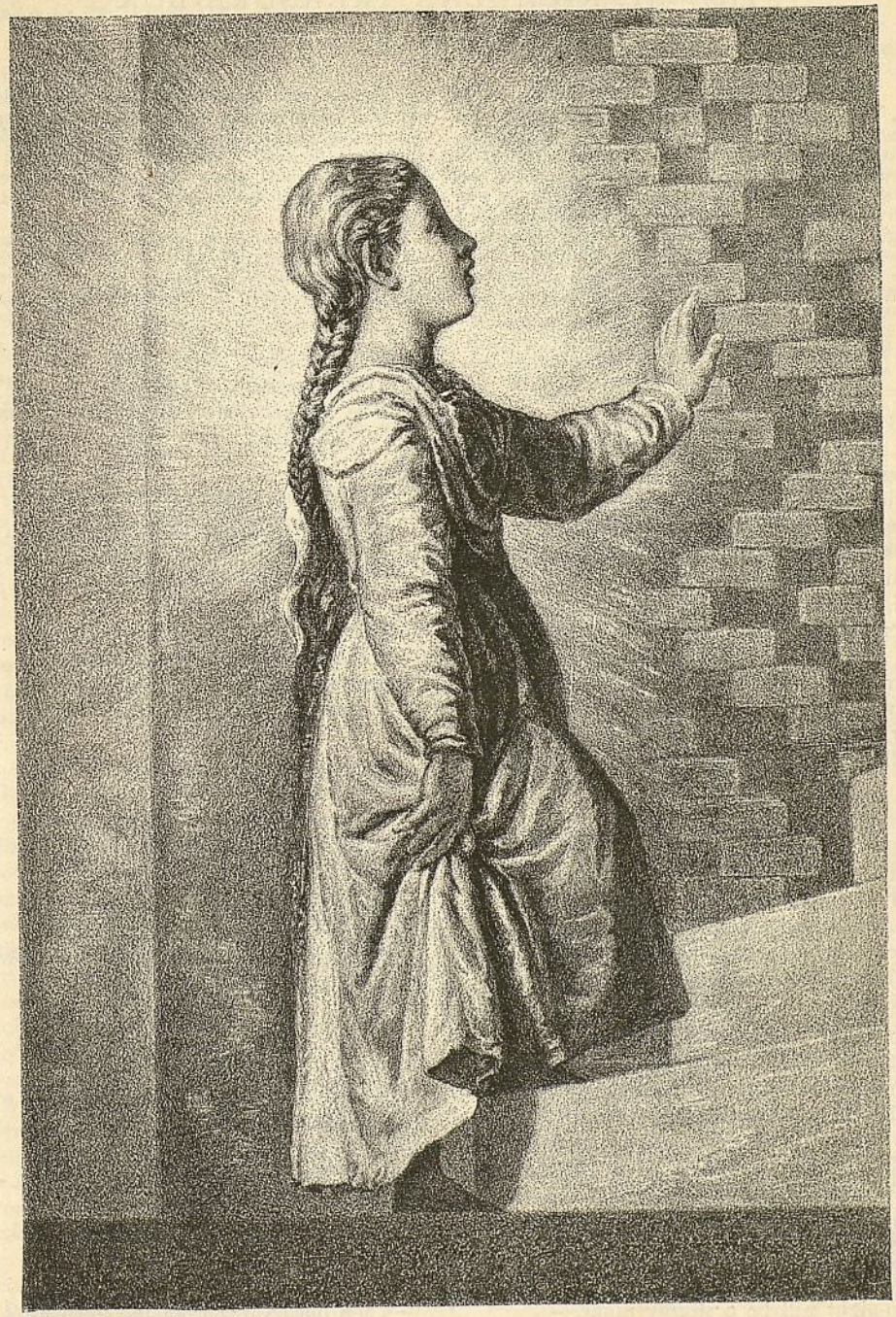
When plagues and dreadful maladies prevail, wicked people often become more wicked and lose every feeling of humanity; so it was in Venice at this time; and while the old master still lived, some robbers entered his apartment and carried off his money, his jewels, and some of his pictures.

Titian died on the twenty-seventh of August, 1576, and all Venice mourned for him. There was a law that no person who died of the plague should be buried within the city, but an exception was made in this instance, and Titian was borne to the church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, and there buried. This church is usually called simply "the Frari"—it is the same for which he had painted his great picture "The Assumption," now removed to the Academy of Venice. Another work of his, called the Pesaro altar-piece, still remains, not far from his grave.

The spot where he is buried is marked by a simple tablet, on which is inscribed in Italian: "Here lies the great Tiziano di Vecelli, rival of Zeuxis and Apelles." (Both these Grecian painters were spoken of in the first article of this series.)

In 1794, about two centuries and a quarter after his death, the citizens of Venice determined to erect a monument to Titian, and the sculptor Canova made a design for it; but the political troubles which soon after occurred, prevented the carrying out of the plan; and it was not until 1852 that the Emperor Ferdinand I., of Austria, erected a costly monument to Titian's memory. It is near his grave, and consists of a Corinthian canopy, beneath which is a sitting statue of the painter; several allegorical statues are added to increase its magnificence. This monument was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, and it is curious to remark that not far away, in the same church, the sculptor Canova is buried, and his own monument is made from the design which he had drawn for that of Titian.*

* For list of extant paintings by Titian, see "Letter-box," page 418.



THE VIRGIN, FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

THE Treasure-box offers you, this month, young friends, two short pieces from the works of a poet whose writings may be said to contain something appropriate to almost every age of life. For you will find in the poems of William Wordsworth * many simple and plain-worded songs that are already familiar to you through the pages of your early school-readers (what boy or girl does not know by heart his pretty verse-story, "We are Seven"?)—and you will also find poems that are the admiration and the solace of wise and learned men. Wordsworth is held in high reverence as one of the greatest of English poets; but we should advise you not to undertake the reading of his longest and most thoughtful writings now, but to wait until you are nearer the age of men and women, when the experiences of added years shall have made you able to enjoy thoroughly the beauty and poetic power of his best works.

The first of the pieces selected for the Treasure-box is a beautiful sonnet, giving us the poet's thoughts when he stood upon one of the bridges of London in the early morning, and enjoyed the view over the great city.

MORNING IN LONDON.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father, will I gladly do;
'T is scarcely afternoon,—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band.
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe—
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept,—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet";—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the low stone-wall;

* Born, at Cockermouth, England, April 7, 1770. Died, at Rydal Mount, England, April 23, 1850.

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same—
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

AND here, quite surprised, no doubt, to find itself in a modern Treasure-box, is a rare bit of old English writing which well may be read by all our boys who love accounts of great battles and warlike deeds, and who are inspired with the thought of one day taking command,—as well as by all patriotic girls who know such boys, or are likely some day to be personally interested in generals—or, better still, in the kind of men of which good generals are made. We copy it from an elegant old leather-bound volume with an elaborate title-page, containing the words "Animadversions of Warre, by Robert Ward, gentleman and commander, London. Printed by John Dawson, 1639." These are inclosed in a shield-like frame, set against a large pedestal, on the summit of which prances a superb horse, bearing a plumed knight in full armor. Robert Ward dedicates his book to his "most dread soveraigne, his Royall Majestie King Charles." Whether the "most dread soveraigne" appreciated the compliment of this gentleman and commander or not, we may fitly honor the author for his true sense of manliness and military dignity. Robert Ward's spelling and his three-page dedication are out of date, but manliness and honest bravery are always in fashion, and one need not be a soldier, either, to wear them.—— Patriotic American boys and girls may find an added interest just now in Robert Ward's ideal "character of a generall," since it has been as nearly exemplified by our own Washington as by any other man in history, and these pages will reach our readers about the time of the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

The Character of a Generall, with such excellent properties, both of body and mind, which he ought to be indued withall, declared; and also the chiefest circumstances belonging to his high and weighty Office.

—— A GENERALL over an Army, must be ever trusty, faithfull and dutifull; indued with excellent judgement, reason, and resolution; well studied in the liberall Arts; of a fierce disposition, yet qualified with justice, and clemency; not rash in undertaking, yet as free from cowardise, as cruelty; talke little, and bragge lesse, in speech ready, and eloquent, faithfull of his word, constant and strong in the prosecution of his purposes, bountifull and honouring due deserts; of a good ability of body; in his countenance a stately terror, yet in private affable and pleasant; naturally disposed to abhorre vice; of a naturall strength and hardinesse to undergoe all extremities, either in travell, or want; in armes expert and adventurous; his invention subtill, full of inward bravery and fiercenesse, in his execution resolute; alwayes forward, but never dismayed; in counsell sudden and wise, of a piercing insight to foresee dangers, ingenious, decent, and in performance a man; or as Sr. *R. Dallington* specifiès in his Aphorismes, to be five things required in a Generall; knowledge, valour, foresight, authority, and fortune; he that is not renowned for all or most of these vertues, is not to be reputed fit for this charge; nor can this glory be purchast, but onely by practice and proofe; for the greatest Fencer, is not alwayes the best Fighter, nor the fairest Tilter the ablest Souldier, nor the greatest Favourite in Court the fittest Commander in a Campe: that Prince therefore is ill advised that conferres this charge upon his Minion, either for his Courtship or what other respects, neglecting those more requisite and more noble parts.

Wherefore, a Generall ought to be excellently qualified in the reall knowledge of his Office, and every circumstance belonging unto it, before he shall adventure to take so weighty a charge upon him; and farre be it from any man to undertake this honourable burthen, having the speculative and practick part of his Office to learne, when occasion calles for performance; for many Armyes hath beene subdued by this one thing; for he that will be fortunate and desires to atchieve to honour, must be infinitely chary, lest he be seduc'd by the traines* of time; and the preservation of his honour must be his chiefest aime, next the love and feare he owes to God, having an especiall care that the Christian Religion be had in due reverence in his Army, causing such Ministers of Gods word, as shall follow to instruct the Army, to retaine their dignities, and to be reverenc'd of his souldiers; by this meanes an Army shall be kept in marveilous obedience and order, and the Almighty Lord of Hostes will be ever assisting to worke him honourable victories.

* "Traines": — traps, or enticements.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"There are people who always come in like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good-fortune."

THERE, my dears! There 's a hint from one of your American pen-folk that can be of good service to you, whenever, in the whole course of your lives, March weather befalls you. Take the text to heart, my hearers. On every morning or occasion when ill winds blow and your plans are dashed, just remember that the people around you have rights you are bound to respect,—rain or shine,—and greet them in the style of Lord Holland. Sensible man, that, says your Jack,—and a gentleman.

Now, let 's talk about

COASTING-SLEDS MADE OF ICE.

I 'M told that sometimes, when an Esquimau wants a sledge in haste, he cuts one in a short time out of ice. He hollows it like a bowl, and smoothly rounds it at the bottom. Next a groove is thawed around the upper edge, in which is fixed a thong. Then the dogs are harnessed to this, the fur-clad driver lays a warm skin in the "bowl" and takes his seat, and away he speeds over the weird, wintry lands, sure that never a sled could be finer than his.

TURKISH ENVELOPES.

THE Deacon happens to be getting a great many letters just now. Some of them are very neat, and others are clumsy affairs that look more like little bundles than letters. And this reminds me that the Deacon once received a letter from Turkey, and, very naturally, it was inclosed in a Turkish envelope. This was very unlike the American envelopes that the Deacon generally receives. It was shaped like ours, but was open at each end and sealed with two seals. It was quite as odd on the upper side, where the address was written, not lengthwise, as on ours, but across one end.

A ROSE-BOY.

AND who do you suppose sent this Turkish letter to Deacon Green? It was from a young Turkish lad who called himself a rose-boy, because his business is to gather roses for his father! I shall mention in this connection, however, that his father's business is to distill the costly perfume known as the Attar of Roses, which is worth so much a drop. I forget the exact price.

Do you happen to know of any American boy who makes his living by gathering roses for his father?

THE CANARY THAT WOULD N'T GO, AND THE CANARY THAT WOULD N'T STAY.

DEAR JACK: I know a lady who has a canary-bird that really prefers his cage to his liberty. When she slides up the wire door for him to fly out, he waits until her back is turned, then slams down the door with all his might, and then he flies up to his swing and sings a loud song of triumph. He seems to think that his mistress wishes to turn him out of house and home, and he takes this way of showing that he is too sharp for her.

The same lady had another canary, who was very fond of perching about the plants in her open window, and singing his best songs for her. He seemed to understand everything that she said to him.

One day she did n't feel well, and was low in her spirits. So she replied to his concert with a troubled:

"Oh, do stop that noise! I can't stand it."

The bird put his head on one side and considered. Then, deciding it was better not to take any notice of such impolite remarks, he sang louder than ever, putting in all his extra trills and shakes in his best style. Then the lady shook her finger at him and said:

"Silence, I tell you!"

The bird looked at her so sadly and inquiringly with his little round eyes, that she repeated: "Yes, Jip, I really mean what I say! Just you go! I can't bear to hear you!"

The next moment the bird flew away, and he has never, never come back again; and oh, how she longs to see him and to beg his pardon for her unkind words!

But, as the Turks say, a bad word is carried so quickly by the wind that many horses can not bring it back.—Your friend,

LIZZIE HATCH.

BUTTERED TEA.

DID you ever hear of this strange dish? It is very common in Thibet, and is made by putting slices of butter into the tea. That is not the only queer thing Thibetans do. I 'm told they actually make their tea thick with oatmeal! Deacon Green says the natives of America sometimes thicken coffee very strangely, though he can't say that they use oatmeal. He says they generally thicken it by not making it thin. But that 's out of my line.

CATCH-ALL POCKETS.

TOMMY, or Johnny, or Ben need not look up and think that I mean their pockets, though I believe that these often hold a little of everything. I was thinking of the pockets of the monkeys. Not pockets in the little coats that organ-men sometimes compel them to wear, but in their cheeks.

When these pockets are empty they are not observable, but when they are filled you can easily see them. Monkeys, I 'm sorry to say, are naturally thievish, and they use their pockets to hide the little articles they have stolen.

A bird has told me of a little pet monkey named Hag, a creature no larger than a big guinea-pig;

and in his cheek-pockets his master once found a steel thimble, his own gold finger-ring, a pair of pearl sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling, and a bit of candy.

FAIRY RINGS.

YOU 'VE seen fairy rings? They are circles of brown and dry-looking grass, with green grass inside, and the country people say they are made by fairies dancing on the sward.

The wise men have been examining these rings, however, and have found out that they are made by a sort of moss or fungus, which sends out its growth in every direction from the central plant, and at the point where it forms its seeds it chokes the grass. It grows under the surface, and therefore is not seen.

A FEW WORDS FROM DEACON GREEN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: To the great regret of Brother Plunkett, the Little School-ma'am, the rest of the Committee, and myself, we find it utterly impossible to announce in the March St. Nicholas the award of prizes for straightening the "Historical Pi." To be sure we did not promise to announce it this month, but as the time for receiving answers was up on January 10th, we felt pretty sure we could examine them all and report before the March St. Nicholas would be given to the printers. Well, it has n't proved so. In order to get enough magazines printed, bound, and sent out to supply every St. Nicholas boy and girl in Christendom, the editors have to complete the number during the last week in January — and here it is upon us, and hundreds of Pi-letters not read yet! Whew! how those letters have been pouring in! Long before Christmas they began to arrive — first two by two, like the animals in the ark, then by dozens, then by scores, then by hundreds — all crying "Read me!" "read me!" "read me!" at the tops of their voices — so to speak — and not one could be overlooked nor slighted in the least.

The Little School-ma'am and I have done our best, but we 're not through yet. As soon as we are, we 'll show all the good ones to the Committee, the hundred prizes shall be awarded, and a brand-new crisp dollar-bill shall be sent *at once* to each winner, though their names can not be announced till the publication of the Committee's report in next month's St. Nicholas.

Now, perhaps many of you will like to hear what the Little School-ma'am is doing in the matter. Well, here is a letter just received from that dear little woman, which will give you quite a clear notion as to how things are working:

THURSDAY, 1 P. M., 19th January.

DEAR DEACON: I have just had your latest card, and hasten to inform you that I have received 2725 solutions to your "Historical Pi." I have examined about two thousand; they are all creditable to the youngsters, and I wish you had $2000 in greenbacks "crisp and fresh" and could send one to each of the young writers. But of course such pleasure as that is not to be thought of. The contest will be very close; probably nothing with more than three mistakes will come in for the prizes.

Thus far, a dozen or more are absolutely correct, a greater number have but one error each, and sometimes that is merely a slip in the spelling — then more have but two, three, and four mistakes. Those with five errors will certainly not have any chance at all.

There is a good spirit shown in the letters and headings sent in by the children — jokes about the "pi" being "mince": one boy says, "It is better than the pies my mother makes, and that is saying a good deal." Almost all think the exercise and information gained worth more than the dollar to them, even if they fail to win. A wonderful degree of interest is shown. One Dakota boy writes that he walked five and a half miles to the post-office to send off his solution, the thermometer being two degrees above zero (Dakota, January 2d). There 's a plucky little fellow for you! Let me assure you, my dear Deacon, that when I thought there was a possibility of getting through in time for the March number, I worked late into the night for more than a week. Bright girls and boys in Ireland, Scotland, England, Nova Scotia, Canada, and every State and Territory of our own country, have forwarded responses. Besides these, I learn from the letters that a very large number of young folk have corrected the Pi "for the fun of the thing," as they say, but have not ventured to offer their work in competition. I will close with the remark of one of your admirers, who sends word that "the Deacon ought to be classed with the great inventors, hereafter."—Yours truly,

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

In conclusion, let me say that I am a proud and happy man, though slightly overwhelmed when I look at your heaps and heaps of "answers" to the Historical Pi, and I don't wonder my friend Jack-in-the-Pulpit is so sure there never was a finer set of young folk than this royal St. Nicholas crowd. You may expect to have a clear report next month, with the names of the hundred winners. Meanwhile, one and all, please accept the best wishes and cordial thanks of

Yours to command,

SILAS GREEN.

New York, Jan. 24, 1882.

GUSTAVE'S FIRST RIDE.

GUS-TAVE'S fa-ther came a-cross the sea to this coun-try with his wife, his daugh-ters, and his lit-tle son, and went to live on a small farm. Gus-tave still wore the same wood-en shoes and queer cap that he had worn where he lived be-fore. He was ver-y fond of hor-ses, and oft-en asked his fa-ther to buy him a horse; but this could not be done, as his fa-ther was quite poor.

One day, Mr. Green, a friend of Gus-tave's fa-ther, came rid-ing up to the house on a large farm-horse. He was go-ing to a small town, a few miles a-way, and stopped to have a talk with the farm-er.

"I wish I had a horse," said the lit-tle boy, who stood near.

"What would you do with him, if you had one?" asked Mr. Green.

"I should ride him to town," said the lit-tle boy.

"You can ride this one to town," said Mr. Green, "if your fa-ther will put you up be-hind me."

Then Gus-tave's fa-ther lift-ed his lit-tle boy and set him on the horse, be-hind Mr. Green.

Fran-cine, Gus-tave's eld-est sis-ter, came out of the house and looked through the gate-way to see her broth-er take his first ride. Gus-tave was ver-y proud as the big horse trot-ted off, and he would have waved his cap to Fran-cine if he had not been a-fraid to let go of Mr. Green's coat, which he grasped tight-ly with both hands.

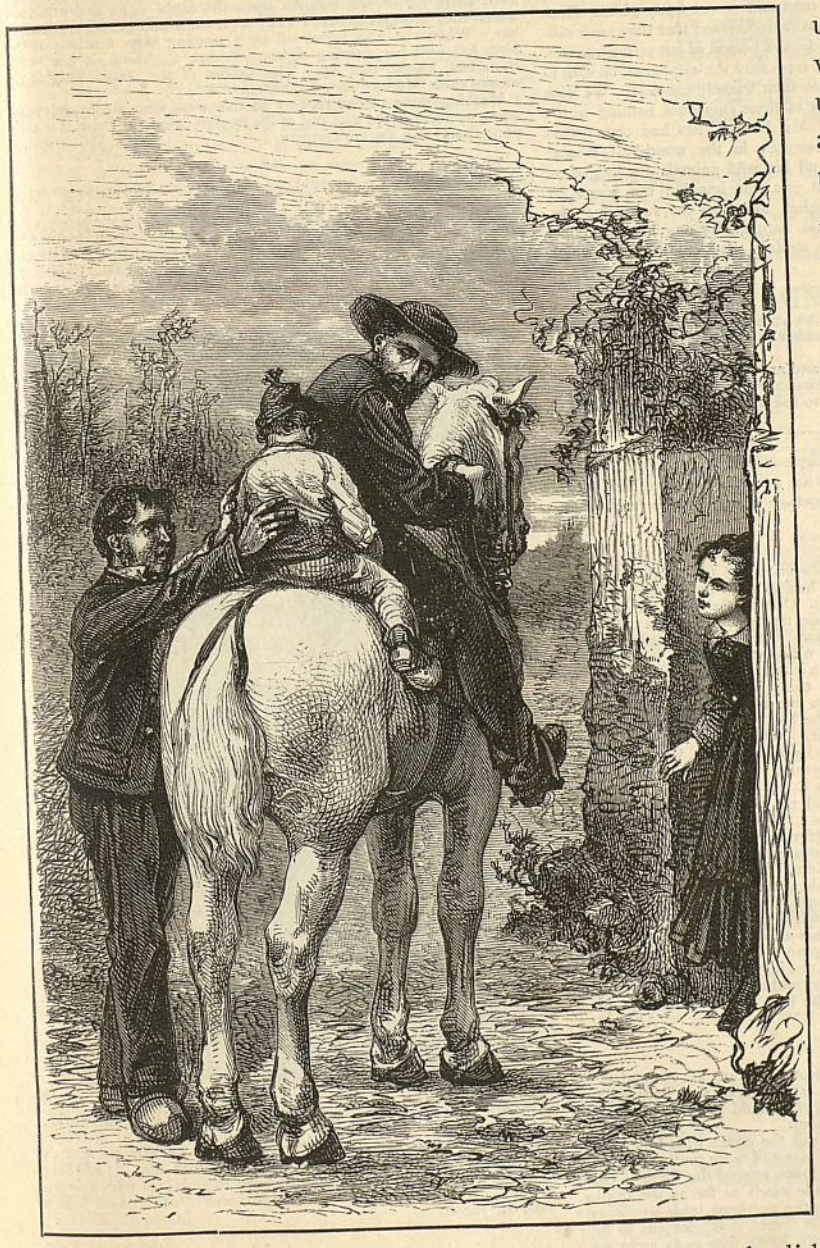
Be-fore long, Mr. Green saw a man in a field, and got off his horse to walk up and speak to him.

"Now, keep sit-ting just as you are, my boy," said Mr. Green to Gus-tave, "and if you do not take hold of the rein, nor kick the horse with your feet, he will stand quite still."

When Mr. Green had gone, Gus-tave sat still for a whole min-ute; then he said to him-self: "If I do take hold of the rein, and do kick him with my feet, I sup-pose he will move. I should like so much to ride a horse all by my-self." So he took hold of the rein which hung over the sad-dle, and kicked the horse a lit-tle. The horse start-ed off, and be-gan to walk a-long the road. Gus-tave jerked the rein, and kicked the horse hard. Then the horse be-gan to trot, even fast-er than when Mr. Green was on him. Gus-tave did not like this, for it jolt-ed him. He tried to stop the horse by pull-ing on the rein, but the great creat-ure did not seem to feel his pulls, and trot-ted on as fast as ev-er. Gus-tave be-came fright-ened, and called for help, but there was no-bod-y

to stop the horse. At last the horse saw a pail of wa-ter by the road, and he stopped to drink. A man came out of a house near by, and Gus-tave called to him, "Oh, sir, take this horse from un-der me!"

The man looked up and said, laugh-ing, "I can not ver-y well take the horse from un-der you, but I will take you from up-on the horse," and he lift-ed Gus-tave to the ground. At this ver-y mo-ment Mr. Green came up, walk-ing ver-y fast.



Gus-tave went up to him at once. "I jerked the rein, sir," he said, "and I kicked the horse. I want-ed to ride a horse all by my-self. But I did not like it, and I think I shall nev-er want to ride a-gain."

"I am glad you told the truth," said Mr. Green, "and I will not scold you. But you will have to ride." So he got up-on the horse a-gain, and the oth-er man put Gus-tave up be-hind. The horse now went slow-ly and eas-i-ly, and did not jolt at all.

"I think I shall like to ride a-gain," said Gus-tave. "It is ni-cer to ride when you are do-ing right than when you are do-ing wrong."

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. P. T. Barnum for the courtesy extended to the ST. NICHOLAS artists and to the author of the article "Men-and-Animal Shows," concluded in the present number. Not only were these gentlemen allowed to examine every detail of his great show, but all needed information was freely given. Even the wild beasts themselves seemed to understand that they must submit to have their portraits taken for the benefit of our young readers. So, if ever you see any of them, especially the elephants, be sure to let them feel that you appreciate their friendly conduct. We wish our artist had given you a picture of these elephants bathing in the grand *warm-water pond* which Mr. Barnum has had constructed for his sea-lions and hippopotamuses in the wonderful Winter Quarters at Bridgeport, where all his wild animals are lodged in great houses of their own. But you can imagine the scene for yourselves. And you can imagine, too, how the swimming elephants would feel if they should happen, by any unaccountable accident, to stub their little toes against the steam-pipes by which the pond is heated.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made the little house out of matches, from the directions given in the November number of your magazine, as a Christmas present for my sister.

We think it is quite a success, and are much pleased with it.

I did not follow the directions exactly, being obliged sometimes, from lack of the right materials, to use what I had. Y. K.

HENRY L. M. AND OTHERS: Any one is at liberty to send puzzles to the "Riddle-box," but we can not promise to return those which prove to be unavailable unless postage stamps for the purpose are sent with them.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell about a little fox we had. One night the overseer had some ducks caught by a fox, and so he was very anxious to kill it. One day he found the fox's den, with some little foxes in it. While trying to catch the mother fox she got away with two young foxes. The overseer caught two little foxes and gave one to us. It had n't its eyes open. We got a box and put it in. We had a cat with a kitten, and the next morning we thought we would put it with the cat and see what she would do. She thought it was a kitten, and we put it on the floor, and she tried to pick it up and carry it back to the box. We had no more trouble with it then; the cat took care of it. When it got bigger we taught it how to eat. At first we gave it bread and milk, but when it got bigger we used to give it 'most anything. Everybody said it would eat up all our chickens as soon as it got big: but we had no small chickens near the house, so we did not think there would be any danger. The fox was very pretty — a reddish brown, with black nose and paws, and a gray breast. Under the back steps there are two big holes that go beneath the house, and he had his den under the house. We named him "Hero," but we always called him "Foxy." If you called him he would come and let you pet him. He would play with the kittens and dogs. One day, when Mr. Fox was about half-grown, we saw him catch a little turkey. So then he had to be sent away. I don't think that was his first turkey; and we missed several hens after he had gone. One day, shortly after he caught the turkey, we turned him out in the woods, and we never have heard nor seen Mr. Fox since, although some said he would come back. We were very sorry he had to go; he was so pretty and bright. A. R. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having seen in your May number for 1878 (in Jack-in-the-Pulpit) a short article about the Stormy Petrel or Mother Carey's chickens, I thought I would give your readers a little more information concerning them.

My father is a sea-captain and I sail the ocean with him,—I am writing this at sea,—so I have seen many of these pretty little birds. They follow our vessel many, many miles around the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, through the trade-winds as far as the tropics. We have them in our wake again in the northern trade-winds, and enjoy throwing food on the water for them; it is pleasant to hear them chatter and strive when some little fellow tries to fly away with an unusually large piece.

In the article I spoke of, the writer did not know why they were called "Mother Carey's chickens."

This is what an old sailor told me when I was wondering at sea-birds having that name:

"A long time ago, an English emigrant ship, bound for Australia, was cast away on the Scilly Isles, and only one person was saved; this was an old woman called Mother Carey. She was washed ashore on the rocks, by some high wave, during the storm. She lived there for several months upon the birds' eggs and the food which they brought to her. They were tame and grew very fond of her. When she was taken off by a passing ship, myriads of the birds followed her, coming right on board, alighting on her head, shoulders, hands, and lap. The sailors of the vessel laughingly named them Mother Carey's chickens."

Wishing some of the readers of this were with me to enjoy the many wonders of the sea, and of the foreign countries I visit, I remain your friend and sincere admirer, ALICE MORRISON.

A CURIOUS PANEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Knowing the fondness of your readers for all sorts of rare and wonderful things, I send you a representation of a strange freak of nature that occupies a panel in the wainscot of a corridor leading to the Governor's room in the State Capitol at Albany, New York. The panel is of reddish marble, and came in a rough state from Germany. It was smoothed and polished in

GAMM SC.

America, and its surface, when made flat, developed the curious kneeling figure quite naturally, without the aid of art. For some reason the workmen began to call it St. Jacob; perhaps because the figure was thought to resemble some picture of that saint. It still bears that name, and some persons are inclined to look at it with a feeling of awe. No one who sees the magnificent State House fails to visit St. Jacob. JAMES C. BEARD.

BOYS who are interested in bicycles will enjoy reading the following letter:

GILBERTSTONE HALL, BICKENHILL, NR. BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would like to tell you about a little dog we have called Gip. It is an Italian greyhound.

One day, when we first had it, it ran away. I will tell you how. We had taken it for a walk, and presently we unfastened its chain and it went jumping along all right. When we had nearly got to the house it ran and ran, until it got off the side path into the road. I called a gentleman and he ran after it, but he did not catch it. Some men in a cart were calling the dog to follow them. But at last the gentleman saw some boys on bicycles, and he cried, "Ten shillings to him who brings that little brown dog back to me!" So the boys went after it on their "bikes," as we call them here, and at last they brought back my pet, and I was glad. It slips out of windows and tries to run away again, you know, but we soon catch it.—I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, ELSIE GERTRUDE TANGYE.

AS THERE was not space on page 410 to speak of the paintings by Titian, that still are preserved, we shall mention them here; but these works are so many that it is impossible to give an exact list of them; again, large numbers are in private galleries, and others in churches, where so little light falls on them that they can not be seen to advantage; therefore, the following list names only the most important works in galleries usually visited by travelers.

The Pitti Palace, Florence: Marriage of St. Catherine, The Magdalen, and several portraits.

Uffizi Gallery, Florence: Five Madonnas, Venus, and several portraits.

The Ambrosiana, Milan: The Adoration of the Shepherds.

The Brera, Milan: St. Jerome in the Desert.

Museum, Naples: Danaë, Portrait of Paul III., Portrait of King Philip II., and others.

Capitol Museum, Rome: Sated and Artless Love, Virgin and Child, and the Three Ages.

The Vatican, Rome: Madonna and Child, with saints; Portrait of a Doge of Venice.

Academy of Fine Arts, Venice: The Assumption of the Virgin, The Entombment (begun by Titian, finished by Palma Giovane), The Visitation, St. John in the Desert, The Presentation in the Temple.

Museum, Berlin: Lavinia, Titian, and several other portraits.

Gallery at Dresden: The Tribute Money, Venus and Cupid, Holy Family, and five portraits.

Pinakothek, Munich: Venus, Holy Family, Jupiter and Antiope, The Crowning with Thorns, and portraits.

Belvedere, Vienna: A large collection of a variety of subjects.

Museum, Madrid: A collection of more than twenty fine pictures.

The Louvre, Paris: A collection of fifteen pictures.

Gallery at Hampton Court: Three portraits.

National Gallery, London: Bacchus and Ariadne, Venus and Adonis, and four other pictures.

The Hermitage, St. Petersburg: A collection of ten pictures.

AS EVERY word in the following story begins with the same alphabetic character, we have decided to thus save the compositor the trouble of setting up the initial letters; for we think the omission will not make it difficult to read the story.

HE RUCULENT HUG.

heophrastus, he olerated yrant, old he ribes o ramp o he heophylactean heater. hey, he urbulent hrong, rudged hither hankfully.

heopes, he ruculent hug, ramping hither, antalizingly aunted he urbulent hrong, witted he olerated yrant, heophrastus, o ether he ruant ask-master.

hereupon, he ask-master elemachus, he hrasher, ripped hrough he hrong o ry o hrash he ruculent hug. hreateningly old he ruculent hug o ry o ackle errific yphoon.

herewith, he ruculent hug ore hrough he hrong o hump he ask-master horoughly; hen hey ackled, hen hey umbled, hen rounced, hen humped ogether remendously. he ruculent hug hrottled he horough-bred ask-master.

hen, he olerated yrant, heophrastus, old elecles, he imid inker, o ry o hrow he ruculent hug. elecles, rembling, ottered oward he ussle,—he horough-bred ask-master, ruculent hug, wisting, wirling, humping remendously. hen he imid inker hreatened o rounce he ruculent hug.

he ruculent hug wittering, old he imid inker o "ry o ouch reacherous orpedo."

he imid inker houghtfully urned, hrew errene etragons oward he hug, rippingly hwacked he ruculent hug wice. hen he imid inker urned o end o he ask-master.

he ruculent hug urned, rippingly hrew imid inker, hen aking he wo, hrew hem oward he heater errifically.

hereupon he umultuous hrong ittered erribly. hen he olerated yrant, heophrastus, old he amborine ender, heodosia, o ap he amborine. heodosia, aking he amborine, apped remendously.

hus erminated he ussle. J. E. NEWKIRK.

HERE are some verses from a girl of California, where spring comes in almost like the summer of some Eastern States.

The beautiful spring is coming,
The busy bees are humming,
And the old banjo is tumming.

The merry birds are singing,
The tinkling bells are ringing,
And the dear little girls are swinging.

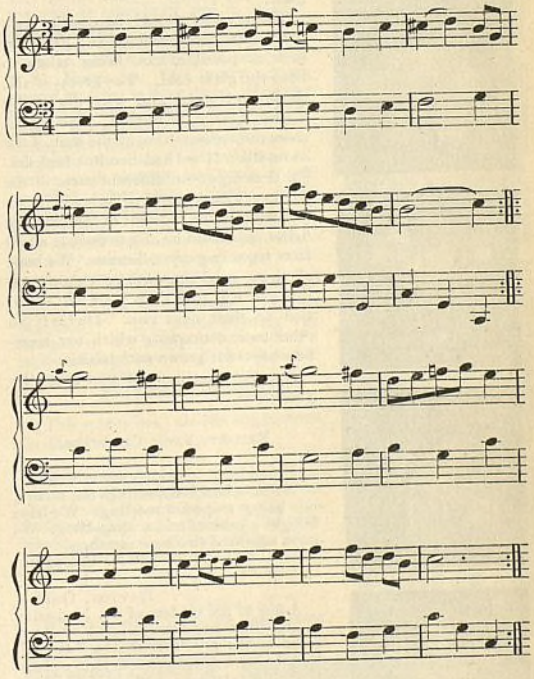
The gentle cows are lowing,
The ripest hay they 're mowing,
And now I 'm through and going.

LITTLE MINNIE (10 years).

THE following little piece of music was sent to us exactly as here printed, but we have no positive proof that it was originally written by Mozart. It may have been composed by him when very young, and written out by his father. A short account of Mozart is given in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1875:

MINUET.

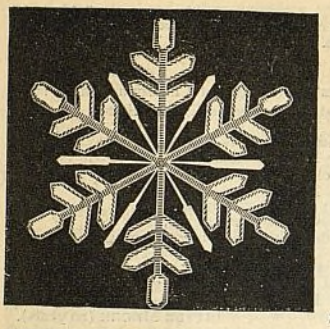
Written by MOZART at 4 years of age.

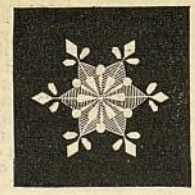


MT. LEBANON, SYRIA.

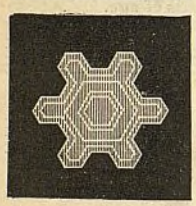
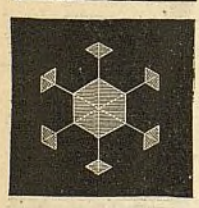
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading about "How to stock and keep a fresh-water aquarium." I should like to make one very much indeed, but the trouble is, there are no little brooks and ponds away out here in Syria; even the rivers are so shallow that there are no fish in them (at least in Beirut), this is such a dry place. But I have the sea, and if it would do to make a salt-water aquarium, I should be much obliged to some one of your readers to tell me how to proceed.

I have a kitten and two canary-birds. Winkie has a great admiration for the two canary-birds, and is always trying to get a chance to become intimate with them, but she has n't made much of a friendship yet, for I keep them well out of the way. I suppose she would soon make love to the fishes too, if I should let her. But I like her very much, all the same; she is very pretty—white, with black spots on her back and a black tail. She has a pink ribbon around her neck. I don't think she likes it much. A. P.






AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWELFTH REPORT.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

THE interest manifested in snow-crystals by members has not been so great as we expected. This must be because few persons are aware of their beauty, and variety, or is it because the snow is late in coming this season? We present on these two pages, however, a few common forms, such as any boy or girl may readily observe with a small hand-glass.

The crystals should be caught on a dark cloth, and examined and drawn as soon as possible, care being taken to keep the glass cold. The group of six, shown on page 422, was drawn by Corwin Linson, of Buffalo. The figures show the temperature at the time of the snow-fall. If we had five hundred similar drawings from different parts of the country, with a record of the temperature and wind at the moment of catching the flakes, we should be able to deduce many facts regarding crystallization. We hope all these specimens will so charm you, that you will give them your best attention on their next visit. There is no other topic concerning which our members have not grown enthusiastic.

But we must now let you speak for yourselves.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

WATERBURY, CONN.

We have had five meetings this month, one being a special meeting. We have bought a cabinet and a scrap-book. We have admitted two new members.

WM. CARTER.

DAYTON, OHIO.

A few of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS in this little city have become so interested in the accounts of the "A. A." that we have determined to form a chapter of our very own, and see if it will not wake us up to the beauties all around us. Our society numbers ten girls and eight boys, besides two teachers. We shall diligently search ST. NICHOLAS for information and suggestions. It is wonderful how many little things we have found.

ABBIE I. DYER.

GREENWOOD LAKE, KENTUCKY.

We held our first meeting November 18. Vinnie gave us a sketch of the formation and manner of growth of leaves, with the names of the plants bearing the largest and smallest leaves. [We should all like to know the names.] Lex and Julia gave the names of plants bearing winged seeds. We have already collected a snake-skin, a humming-bird's nest made of gray lichens, and more than two hundred fossils of the Silurian period. We find many little rings, sometimes fastened together like stems, sometimes separate. They are marked with a figure resembling a five-petaled flower. Are they the stems of the Encrinite?

LILLIE BEDINGER.

[They are probably Encrinite stems, as you suggest. We should like to have one or two for our cabinet.]

MILFORD, MASS.

If you will put us in communication with members interested in mineralogy you will confer a favor.

JOHN R. ELDRIDGE.

NASHUA, N. H.

November 9 was the anniversary of the organization of our Chapter. We have resolved to have our officers hold office for a year. At a good friend's advice, we have honorary members, among whom is a mineralogist. We have received four or five new members, and now number seventeen. We have debates or papers at every meeting. Both are very interesting. A good many people said that our club would not last six months. I leave you to judge how much they have been mistaken.

F. W. GREELEY.

[Officers ought, if possible, to hold office for the whole year, and it is well for the secretary to be permanent. The idea of having debates is excellent. A great many croakers have been surprised at the rapid growth and continued prosperity of the Agassiz Association. Well done, Nashua!]

EATON, OHIO.

We live on rocks which contain many trilobites. They are found in great abundance both in the stratified rocks and in the "local drift rocks." In the Clinton rocks, a short distance south of us, a stone was found a few years ago, by Professor Claypole, which has gone far to prove the existence of large land plants in the upper Silurian time. We should like to correspond with other Chapters.

WILLIAM E. LOY.

EMBREVILLE, CHESTER CO., PA.

Mamma and my sisters and I would like to form a chapter of the "A. A.," called the Orchard Farm Chapter. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and am very much interested in your reports. This year I am collecting birds' eggs. I take only one from a nest, and am very careful not to disturb the birds. I have a Wood Fly-catcher's nest, which is made of grass, wound so tightly around the limb that you have to break the limb to get it off.

HUGH E. STONE.

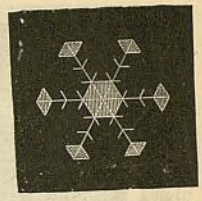
NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA.

We are very anxious to become a chapter of the "A. A.," and are eager to begin work. We have a great many of the back numbers







of St. Nicholas, from which we have read and enjoyed your reports. We live in a little mining town. We think we could easily obtain enough specimens of crystallized quartz, etc., to exchange for almost any interesting natural object. Maude Smith.

[One member has sent us a string which he and his little sister stretched around one of the "big trees" of California. We made a circle of it at home, but it stretched through four rooms! We should be glad to receive similar strings representing the girth of the largest tree in each of your own towns.]

Auburn, N. Y.

We have seven members, but expect to have five boys join us soon. Last week I gave them the subject of "coral" to study, and they each read quite an interesting paper to-day. I have assigned them "Silk-worms" as the subject for next week, and hope they will have a delightful time. Sadie E. Robb.

Lebanon Springs.

We have four new members in Chapter 106. We have found the answer to your first question. There are three kingdoms in nature, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. The sponge is an animal; snow and gases are mineral. R. M. Royce.

20 Mercer Street, South Boston, Dec. 16.

We are slowly growing. We have three new members. We have about seventy specimens of ores, and a few shells. We also have had a show. A great many of our friends were there, and thought we succeeded nicely. In the evening we had a magic-lantern exhibition. Many of our friends kindly lent us things to exhibit. One of our members also played the banjo. We have decided to have debates. Willie O. Hersey.

Laporte, Indiana, Dec. 16.

We have added several to our list of members. The pointed ends of the silk badge, illustrated in the December St. Nicholas, are apt to curl up and unravel. A gold cord on the top, and a gold fringe on the bottom edge, will obviate this. Frank Elie.

[The same trouble has been noticed by others, and the same excellent remedy has been suggested by Pansy Smith.]

2014 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2.

We are getting along very nicely, and expect to have additional members very soon. We wish exchanges after January 1. We shall send in our drawings of snow-crystals as soon as the snow comes. Raymond P. Kaighn.

Glencoe, Ill.

Our Chapter started in February, 1881, with five members. We now have seventeen, all young people. We have a cabinet nearly finished. We have taken very broad natural divisions on which to report, some taking Vertebrates, others Mollusks, others Botany, etc. We have gold, silver, and copper ore, petrified wood, shells, eggs, sea-beans, a sea-fan, two teeth of a buffalo, etc. We have made a floor for killing butterflies, and we have several little snakes. O. M. Howard.

55 Prospect Street, Hartford, Conn.

We have two new members in Hartford B. We have all been away, and brought some specimens from places where we have been. Some of them are copper ore from the Cape Rosier mines, horse-tail rush from Bethlehem, N. H., a string of sea-weed and some diamonds from Cape May, N. J., several wasps' and birds' nests from East Haddam, Conn., a large horseshoe crab from near Sag Harbor, and a crow's skull from Gardiner's Island. Francis Parsons.

Newburyport, Mass.

We have continued our reading, and have had a few reports; two on horses by Josiah Hale and Alice Northend, and one on insectivorous plants from Susie Lunt. We have heard of an insectivorous plant near here, and next Summer we hope to get some. Andrews Allen.

Osage City, Kansas.

Our Chapter is prospering. We have nineteen members. John A. Medler.

11 High Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our club has continually increased in interest, and has been doing some very good work. Our herbarium for the year is completed, and is inclosed in a neat and serviceable cover. Our boys have almost finished a cabinet, made according to the plan suggested in St. Nicholas. Our insects are arranged in order in large cases. Minerals are catalogued. Every Friday evening one of our members reads an original essay, after which a general discussion follows. One source from which we all derive much pleasure and profit is our so-called Observation Books. Each member has a note-book, in which, during the week, he jots down a note of any natural phenomenon or fact which he may observe. These notes often provoke much discussion.

Not long ago we had a debate on the subject, "Are all Animals useful to Mankind?" The whole evening was devoted to the subject, but each remained firmly convinced that his side alone was right. Frances F. Haberstro.

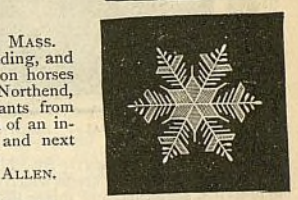
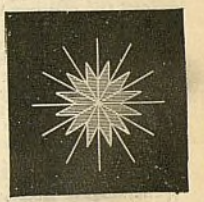
[This report has valuable suggestions for all members.]

19 Oakwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

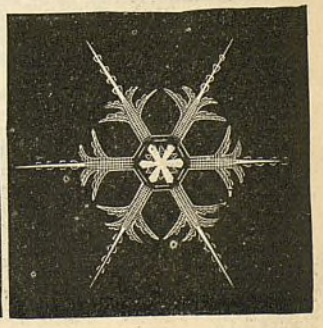
During this month we have collected shells from all parts of the earth, from California, Maine, Isthmus of Panama, Florida, Gulf of Mexico, India, Long Island, and many other places. Chas. W. Sprague.

Auburn, N. Y.

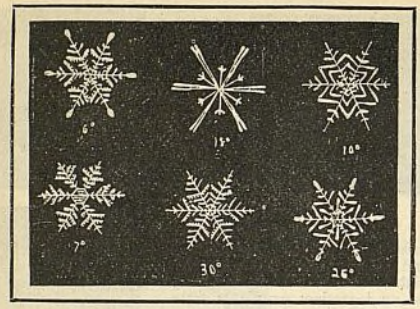
We have made quite an interesting study of sponges, corals, silk-worms, bees, and spiders, and have learned a great deal about each. This is our first month, and I hope to have a more interesting report next time. Flora Dangerfield.









SIX SNOW-CRYSTALS. DRAWN BY CORWIN LINSON.

1336 ELEVENTH ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

We have a gorgeous beetle which came from Brazil. Its abdomen has five segments, and shines like changeable silk. It has six legs and two compound eyes, but no wings that we could see. At a late meeting we could not do much, for one of our members acted very badly and overturned our boxes. We had a spider under our microscope, but it looked so disgusting and hairy that we could not stand it. We next learned about caterpillars and butterflies. We read that the former had thirteen segments, and the next caterpillar I find I am going to count its segments. It also said they had eight pairs of legs, three of which turned into butterfly's legs, while the other five were lost in the moultings of the skin.

EMILY K. NEWCOMB.

[The wings of a beetle are hidden, while he is at rest, under thick wing-cases or *elytra*. The determination to "count" the segments of the caterpillar shows the true scientific spirit. You will *know* after you have counted.]

SYCAMORE, ILL., Dec. 27, 1881.

During the summer I collected and mounted more than 120 different species of insects. I took up botany during the vacation, and can analyze some easy wild-flowers. Whenever I see a new variety of bird or animal, I look it up in Tenney's Manual of Zoölogy. I can distinguish some birds by their song alone. Lillie Trask, of the Aurora Chapter, caught the "bug fever," but her insects were picked to pieces by a little four-year-old cousin, and the poor child gave up in despair. I wish the "A. A." reports were longer, I enjoy them so much.

PANSY SMITH.

[Has any member collected more insects in one season? Miss Lillie must not be discouraged. Capture the mischievous cousin for a specimen, and begin again. Thomas Edward lost all his valuable collection several times; but he never gave up.]

CANTON, OHIO.

Can caterpillars live under water? In the bottom of a pool I found one curled up. It appeared to have been there quite a while. I put it under a stove on a piece of paper. Pretty soon it began to move its head, and then crawled about. It is now as well as ever.

WILLIE B. FREER.

[Has any one else found caterpillars under water?]

REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGES.

Very nice geodes for marine curiosities. I will pay express one way.—L. L. Goodwin, Waverly, Bremer Co., Ohio.

Marine specimens, garnets, jasper, mica, fossils (some, as Euripterus, very rare).—Herbert U. Williams, 163 Delaware street, Buffalo.

Fossil shells and corals.—John B. Playter, Bristow, Iowa.

Cocoons of *cecropia* for insects, shells, or woods.—Charles S. Brown, 117 Park Avenue, Chicago.

Birds' eggs, minerals, and ferns.—Edward Cox, Belpre, Ohio.

Sea-shells, sea-urchins, star-fish, for cotton in the pod, minerals, or fossils.—Andrews Allen, Newburyport, Mass.

Minerals.—G. O. Levasey, Beverly, Mass.

Woods. Correspondence.—Maude Smith, Nevada City, Cal.

A Chinese coin, for insects. Correspondence.—Henry Brown, Geneseo, Ill.

Labeled fossil shells for minerals, wood, and sea-shells.—Venie Price, Greene, Iowa.

Fossils of the lower Silurian for anything equally rare.—Lillie Bedinger, Greenwood Lake, Ky.

Coins, stamps, and Alpine flowers for pressed autumn-leaves and ferns.—Kenneth Brown, 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France, care Messrs. Munroe & Co.

General correspondence with a view to exchanges.—George S. Morley, Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y.

Copper ore for a sand-dollar; and trap-rock for tin ore.—Walter Hohnes, Waterbury, Conn.

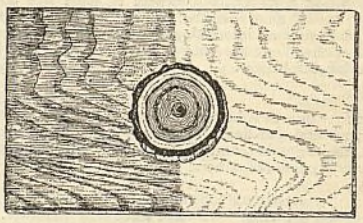
QUESTIONS.

1. What are dragon-flies like before they have wings? Do they come from the water?
2. What is the hardest wood in the world?
3. How can poison ivy be distinguished?
4. How shall I prepare specimens of wood?

The best answers to the first three questions will be published. We give the following letter in answer to the fourth:

COPENHAGEN, N. Y.

Cut boards five by eight inches and a quarter of an inch thick. Season, and plane smooth. Varnish one half. Then cut from a sapling, two or three inches in diameter, some pieces one-quarter of an inch thick. Saw these in a square miter-box. Saw off several,



SPECIMEN OF WOOD.

as some may warp or split. In summer, the pieces will season without a fire. In winter, a fire is needed, but the wood should not be put too near it. When the end sections are seasoned, smooth one side carefully with a rasp, so as not to mar the bark. Finish with fine sand-paper. Varnish, being careful not to varnish the bark. When dry, fasten with small screws, from the back, to the center of the boards previously described. I will send two specimens to show my way of finishing to any one who will send me ten cents to pay for postage and packing.

L. L. LEWIS.

[We have some of Mr. Lewis's fine work, and recommend all who are interested in woods to accept his generous offer. We prefer oil or polish to varnish.]

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
136.	Columbia, Pa.	6	Alex. R. Craig.
137.	Clyde, N. Y.	25	Geo. S. Morley.
138.	Warren, Me.	17	Miss J. L. Crocker.
139.	St. Paul, Minn. (B)	6	Sidney E. Farwell, 54 Davidson Block.
140.	Germantown, Pa.	14	Elliston J. Perot.
141.	Titusville, Pa.	5	C. G. Carter.
142.	Leavenworth, Kan.	14	Wm. L. Burrell, 327 Delaware street.

The whole membership is now (January) 1700. It probably will be 2000 by next month.

AN ASSOCIATION ALBUM.

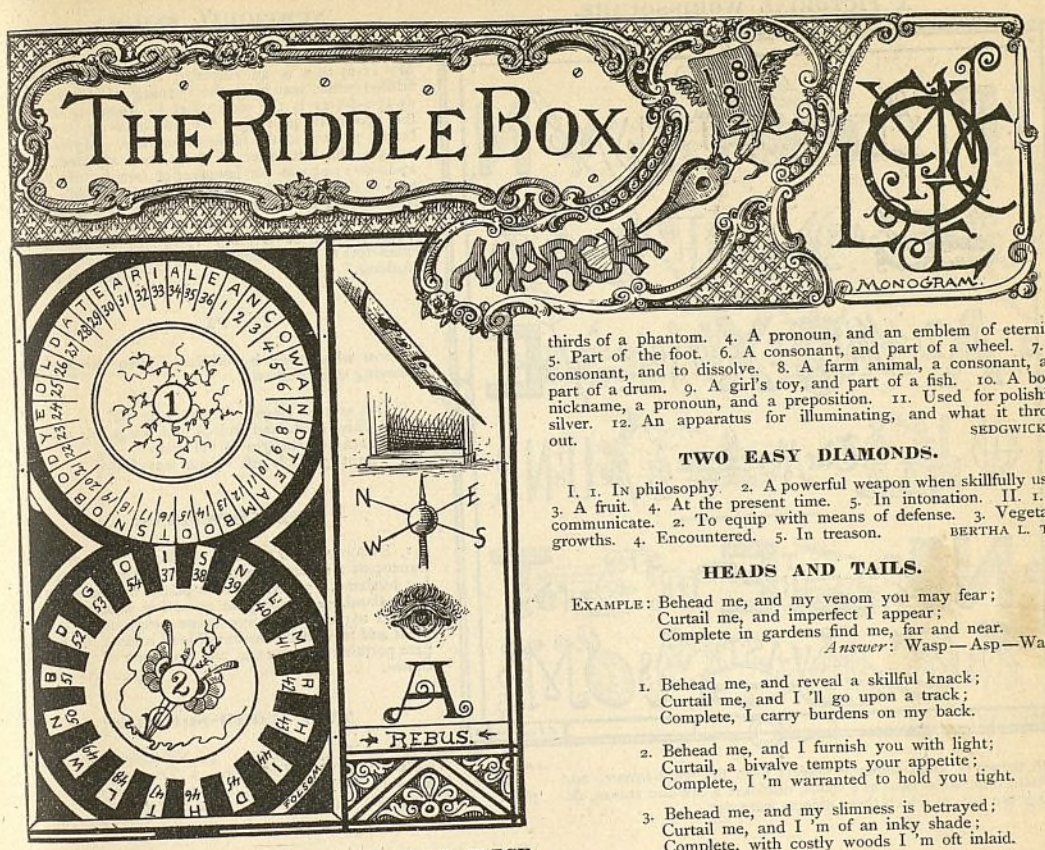
The President of the Agassiz Association has decided to take for his special department the highest class of vertebrates, and he desires to make a collection of the photographs of all members of the Association, to be kept in one large album. He thinks this will be quite as interesting as birds and butterflies. Will you not all help him?

ANOTHER PRIZE.

We will give a copy of the book entitled "Insect Lives" to the member who will send us the finest collection of six insects (collected, labeled, and mounted by the sender), by August 1, 1882.

Address all communications respecting the Association to the President,

H. H. BALLARD, Lenox, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

CIRCULAR PUZZLE.

MAKE two circles of any size you please, copying exactly the diagrams given. Each circle has thirty-six sections, but every alternate section in No. 2 is cut away. Now lay No. 2 over No. 1 in such a manner as to make the letters show a new reading of an old proverb. The numbers are a guide to the placing of the circles.

EASY REBUS.

THE answer is the name of a state in which many persons find themselves.

MONOGRAM.

THESE letters form a word which names a disturbance much dreaded in many parts of the world.

LADDER PUZZLE.

EACH side of the ladder is formed by the name of a President of the United States. Cross-words (beginning at the top): 1. A girl's name. 2. Fixed allowance. 3. Part of a bird. 4. At a distance. 5. Half of a celebrated diamond. 6. A precious stone.

M. H. AND R. C.

A KETTLE OF FISH.

EACH of the following puzzles may be answered by the name of a fish. *Example:* A consonant and a defeat. *Answer:* T-rout.

1. A measure of distance. 2. An ancient weapon. 3. Two-thirds of a phantom. 4. A pronoun, and an emblem of eternity. 5. Part of the foot. 6. A consonant, and part of a wheel. 7. A consonant, and to dissolve. 8. A farm animal, a consonant, and part of a drum. 9. A girl's toy, and part of a fish. 10. A boy's nickname, a pronoun, and a preposition. 11. Used for polishing silver. 12. An apparatus for illuminating, and what it throws out.

SEDGWICK.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN philosophy. 2. A powerful weapon when skillfully used. 3. A fruit. 4. At the present time. 5. In intonation. II. 1. In communicate. 2. To equip with means of defense. 3. Vegetable growths. 4. Encountered. 5. In treason.

BERTHA L. T.

HEADS AND TAILS.

EXAMPLE: Behead me, and my venom you may fear;
Curtail me, and imperfect I appear;
Complete in gardens find me, far and near.
Answer: Wasp—Asp—Was.

1. Behead me, and reveal a skillful knack;
Curtail me, and I 'll go upon a track;
Complete, I carry burdens on my back.

2. Behead me, and I furnish you with light;
Curtail, a bivalve tempts your appetite;
Complete, I 'm warranted to hold you tight.

3. Behead me, and my slimness is betrayed;
Curtail me, and I 'm of an inky shade;
Complete, with costly woods I 'm oft inlaid.

4. Behead me, and I am to authors dear;
Curtail, I may be gained, 't is very clear
Complete, I do connive, it will appear.

5. Behead me, and an angry passion find;
Curtail, I am a tree oft tossed by wind;
Complete, I 'm terrible, but also kind.

6. Behead, and I 'm a solemn-looking bird;
Curtail, you 'll find me grazing with a herd;
Complete, in convents 't is a common word.

BON BON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name of a well-known novel; the finals spell the pseudonym of the author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of the hero of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. 2. To obstruct. 3. The foundress of Carthage. 4. Misfortune. 5. A heavy piece of timber. 6. To instruct. 7. A collection of wild beasts. 8. A naval officer of the highest rank. 9. A biblical word meaning a master. 10. A precious stone carved in relief. 11. Prince of Denmark.

F. A. W.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in catch, but not in toss;
My second in vine, but not in moss;
My third is in root, but not in leaf;
My fourth is in rock, but not in reef;
My fifth is in union, but not in strife;
My sixth is in cutlass, but not in knife;
When on fun or frolic the boys are bent,
At my whole you often will find them intent.

PHYLLIS.

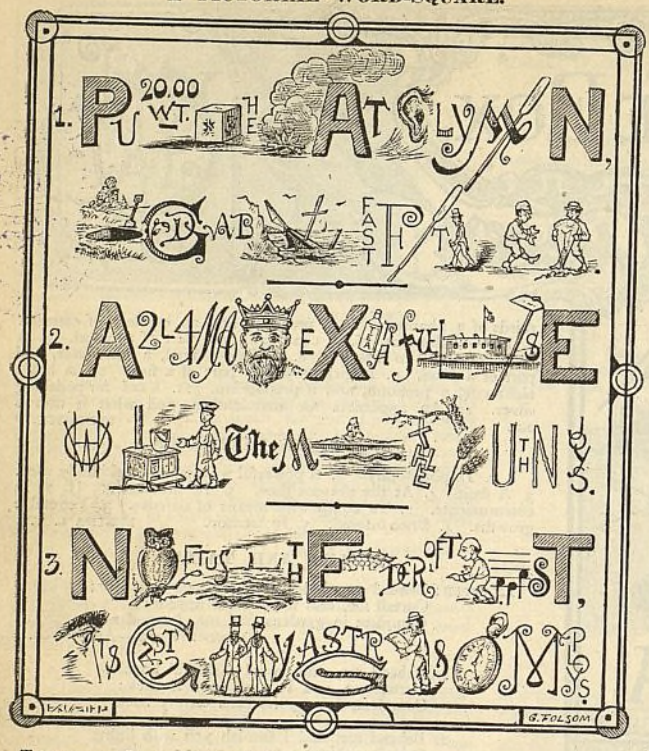
DEFECTIVE PROVERB.

REPLACE the stars by the proper letters, and a proverb will be formed.

ee *hing* *o* *eve* *ear* *n* *o* *il* *in* *se* *o* *he*.

G. F.

A PICTORIAL WORD-SQUARE.



THE names of some common objects form the word-square, and the illustration, when read as a rebus, discloses a six-line stanza, describing the uses to which those objects were put. G. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM a proverb, composed of twenty-six letters. My 21-13-19-3 is an emperor, who is said to have fiddled while watching the burning of Rome. My 23-15-2-6-3-12 is the oldest fort in America, built by the Spaniards in 1565. My 16-6-10-6-1-7 is a celebrated painter of the fifteenth century. My 11-23-18-14-15 is the last letter of the Greek alphabet. My 23-22-20-13-25 was the lawgiver of Israel. My 8-19-1-7-16 is the name of an American general. My 9-5-1-8 is the dross of metal. My 14-11 is to depart. My 26-11-4-22-12 was a noted lawgiver of Athens, in the sixth century B. C. My 17-13-2-24 is one of the characters in Shakespeare's play, "Much Ado About Nothing."

CARRIE H. W.

PI.

FROM what poem by William Cullen Bryant is the following stanza taken?

"Het myrost charm sha moce ta stal
Thiw diwn nad dulcos adu hingcang keiss;
I hera eth shrugin fo het stlab
Atht grothuh eth wyson leavyl sleif."

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE to publish and leave a measure. 2. Syncopate a casement and leave a woman bereaved of her husband. 3. Syncopate a platter and leave a river of Scotland. 4. Syncopate an article of furniture and leave a narration. 5. Syncopate pertaining to punishment and leave a succession of loud sounds. 6. Syncopate pertaining to the sea, and leave one of the United States.

GEO. S. HAYTER.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. TRANQUILLITY. 2. Noblemen. 3. Open surfaces. 4. A girl's name. 5. To attempt.

II. 1. A measure for liquids. 2. The name of a dark-brown paint. 3. To degrade. 4. Reposes. 5. A lock of hair.

ALCIBIADES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Cord. 2. Omar. 3. Race 4. Drew. II. 1. Snow. 2. Neva. 3. Oven. 4. Wand.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Washing-ton.

A little boy thin made a rattling din
When he shoveled a *second* of coal into a bin;
And a small girl fat was *first* the cat,
While Mamma sat wondering what Minnie was at.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Circe; finals, Niobe. Cross-words: 1. CharoN. 2. IcenI. 3. RococO. 4. CatacomB. 5. EuterpE.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. St. Valentine. 1. Ha-S-te. 2. Ti-T-le. 3. Se-V-en. 4. St-A-ir. 5. Co-L-in. 6. Br-E-ad. 7. Do-N-or. 8. Pe-T-al. 9. Pa-I-nt. 10. Da-N-te. 11. St-E-ep.

LETTER CHARADE. Iron.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE. 1. Debased. 2. Earned. 3. Brant. 4. Anna. 5. Set. 6. Ed. 7. D.—— CHARADE. Icicle.

CHANGED HEADS. 1. B-ush. 2. C-ush. 3. G-ush. 4. H-ush. 5. L-ush. 6. M-ush. 7. P-ush. 8. R-ush. 9. T-ush.

CHARADE. Nut-meg.

PI. Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The school-master is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. P. 2. Pat. 3. Paris. 4. Tie. 5. S. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Apt. 3. Spain. 4. Tip. 5. N. Central Diamond: 1. S. 2. Eat. 3. Satin. 4. Tin. 5. N. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Rat. 3. Satin. 4. Tic. 5. N. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. N. 2. Nag. 3. Naked. 4. Gem. 5. D.

UNIONS. 1. Cam-e-lot. 2. Harps-i-chord. 3. Cat-a-mount. 4. Pent-e-cost. 5. Man-i-fold. 6. Pen-i-tent. 7. Par-a-pet. 8. Term-i-nation. 9. Pant-o-mime. 10. And-a-man.

QUINCUNX. ACROSS: 1. Slow. 2. Tap. 3. Arms. 4. Hap. 5. Naps.

TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Sutler-ulster-rustle-lustre. 2. Singer-resign-reigns. 3. Adder-dread-dared. 4. Meta-tame-mate-team. 5. Peal-plea-pale-leap.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the February number, from Martha and Eva de la Guerra, 7— Geo. S. Hayter, 2— Isabel Bingay, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, 4.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from "Professor & Co.,"— "Guesser," — Martha and Eva de la Guerra,— and "Queen Bess."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from "P.," "B," "S.," "B.," and "Tweedle," 1— Harriet B. Sternfeld, 1— David and William Anthony, 1—Wm. M. Richards, 1— "Forget-me-not," 1— Ernest W. Hamilton, 1— Herbert W. Revell, 1— Grace M. Fisher, 5— Jessie Bugbee, 5— Robert Walter Hemenway, 1— Maud and Sadie, 3— Genie J. Callmeyer, 7— V. P. J. S. M. C., 4— Carrie H. Wilson, 1— Stella and Bess, 6— B. L. T., 8— Alice and Marion, 1— Effie K. Talboys, 4— R. Hamilton, 1— Kittie Corbin, 1— May Wilson, 1— Nellie Caldwell, 4— J. Ollie Gayley, 4— Ernest B. Cooper, 5— Grace E. Peabody, 1— J. Edward Farnum, Jr., 1— Theodore G. White, 1— Jennie Donovan, 2— Sallie Viles, 7— Thos. H. Miller, 1— L. I., 3— "Rory O'More," 3— "Minnie Ha Ha," 4— Geo. W. Kolbe, 1— Clara L. Northway, 6— Emma Curran, 2— Nemo, Jr., 6— Charlie W. Power, 7— B. B., 5— Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 7— Weston Stickney, 4— Clara J. Child, 5— Daisy B. Hodgsdon, 1— Florence Leslie Kyte, 8— Paul England, 2— Ruth, 5— Alice Maud Kyte, 5— Anna and Alice, 7— "Alcibiades," 4— G. J. and F. L. Fiske, 8— Inez K. K., 1— J. S. Tennant, 5— "Two Subscribers," 8— Isabel Bingay, 8— "Sid and I," 7— F. W. W., 1.