



AN APRIL GIRL.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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AN APRIL GIRL.

THE girl that is born on an April day
Has a right to be merry, lightsome, gay;
And that is the reason I dance and play
And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray,—
 Would n't you
 Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to cry, they say;
And so I sometimes *do* give way
When things get crooked or all astray,—
 Would n't you
 Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girls of March love noise and fray;
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May;
But I belong to the time mid-way,—
And so I rejoice in a sunny spray
Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day,—
 Would n't you
 Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

Heigho! and hurrah! for an April day,
Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
I mean to be happy whenever I may,
And cry when I must; for that's my way.
 Would n't you
 Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?



A LITTLE OLD BACHELOR.

BRIGHAM, THE CAVE-DOG.

BY H. C. HOVEY.

MANY a dog will bravely go through tangled forests, swollen streams, and mountain ravines; but when it comes to following his master down into a dark and silent cave—that is another matter! Never, until recently, have I known one that did not plainly regard it as a very solemn performance.

Jack, the old house-dog, the volunteer escort of visitors to Mammoth Cave, is no exception to this rule. He watches the negro guides trim the lamps and bunch them on canes ready for distribution. When the bell rings, he leads the company among the tall trees to the mouth of the cavern. On he goes, under the bright cascade, and beneath the black ledges, as far as the Iron Gate. He peers a moment between the bars, as if overcome by his awe of the unknown. Then, when the gate is unlocked and all have gone in, his duty is done, and he trots home again, absolutely refusing to go beyond the last glimpse of daylight!

But Jack has a companion in his old age, a common yellow cur, the hero of this true story. William—a wag, as well as a first-rate guide—explained to me the odd name given to the new dog: “We call him *Brigham*—’cause he’s *young*, you know!”

This creature is remarkable for but one thing, and that is his fondness for life below ground. He seems at home among the elves and gnomes, and appears to have no fear of darkness. The two dogs trot, side by side, as far as the Iron Gate. But there they part. Jack, as usual, returns to the hotel; but Brigham advances, pushing ahead of the guides, choosing his own path, digressing now and then, yet always returning in safety to the light of the lamps.

Brigham and I became fast friends, during my fortnight’s stay at Mammoth Cave, last summer. The gentle dignity with which he sought to aid my

under-ground researches was very amusing. How sedately he examined each of the huge saltpeter vats, three in the Rotunda and eight in the Amphi-

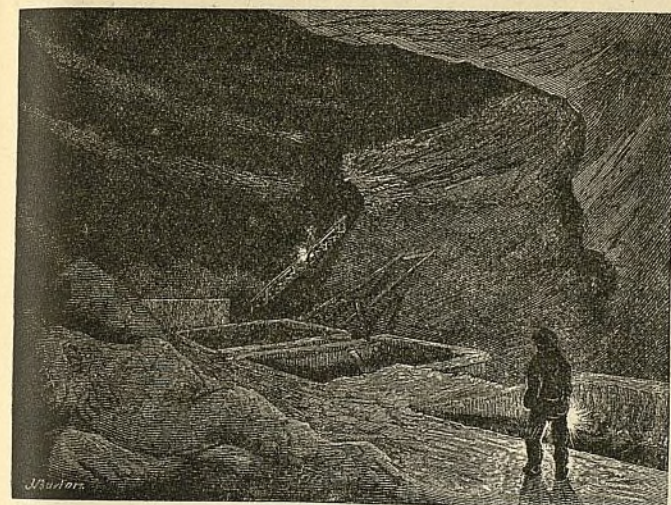
while the guide told the melancholy story of the Consumptive's Cottage. This is a stone building, nearly a mile within the cave, and is one of fifteen huts in which several invalids, tempted by the great purity of the cave atmosphere, and the uniformity of temperature (just fifty-four degrees, Fahrenheit, at all seasons), sought to regain their health—alas! in vain. They every one died, like the shrubs they planted about their abodes.

I suppose Brigham did not understand all this; but probably he was affected by the deserted and desolate appearance of the place, or by the lugubrious tones of the guide.

Brigham was a great favorite with the manager of the cave, who particularly warned us not to lose him; for it was feared the dog would be unable to find his way out again. Other curs that had been left behind invariably staid in the place where they had become lost, not daring

to stir, but yelping and howling till help came.

The dreaded accident happened at last. We went one day on what is called the Long Route, to the end of the cave, said to be nine miles from the entrance; and Brigham went with us. We left the main cave at the Giant's Coffin, by an arched way, leading among some pits, the most famous



THE SALT-PETER VATS.

theater! It really seemed but an act of common politeness to explain to him that these were historical relics; and that the saltpeter made here was carried by oxen and pack-mules to Philadelphia, to be used in making gunpowder, during the war with Great Britain in 1812.

Each striking object—the grotesque stalactites,



BOATING ALONG "ECHO RIVER." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

the uncouth rocks, the mysterious Star-chamber—of which
commanded the dog's attention as well as our own. Pit. My

Usually a silent observer, he howled piteously that it

There are six pits in all at this place, two of them lately discovered. We named them Scylla and Charybdis—because, in trying to keep out of one, you are in danger of falling into the other. These



FIG. 439.]

more than two

ell. It was

across the

less Pit.

ay from

Our path next led us down still farther, among great rocks, into such a crooked labyrinth that I think it will puzzle some of my readers to trace it on the map, although this is correctly drawn.

We went through the "Fat Man's Misery," and entered River Hall, where there are several deep lakes. Presently we came to Echo River, about thirty feet deep, from twenty to two hundred feet wide, and three-fourths of a mile long. Getting into a small boat, we paddled our way over the clear, cold water, waking the echoes from the steep, rocky walls, Brigham helping with some lively barking. Presently, we landed on a nice sandy beach at the farther end. Thence we went on, by widening avenues not marked on the map, to the terminus of the Long Route; and then we started back again.

Poor Brigham became very tired, and cared less for the lovely arches of flower-like crystals than for some cozy nook where he might curl down for a nap. At length, after taking lunch with us in Washington Hall, he started in chase of a cave-rat, and probably availed himself of the chance to take his siesta. At all events, he disappeared, and made no answer to our calls.

"Perhaps he has gone ahead to Echo River," said I, "and is waiting for us there."

"Like enough," said William, the guide. "I had n't thought of that."

But no bounding form nor joyful bark welcomed our approach. The echoes answered our calls, until it seemed as if a thousand voices were crying, "Brigham, Brigham!" in every conceivable tone, from the softest whisper to the deepest bass; and our whistling was, in like manner, repeated, until it seemed as if all the spirits of the cave had been let loose for an Æolian concert.

Plainly, the dog was lost. William thought Brigham might track us as far as the river; but that on reaching the water he surely would lose the scent, and would not try to swim across. Lighting a freshly filled lamp, William set it on a ledge, so that in case the dog should come thus far he might not feel too lonely.

Sadly we returned to the hotel, where our announcement of the loss caused a sensation; the ladies especially declaring it "perfectly dreadful to leave the poor thing alone in that horrible cave all night,"—as if it were darker there at midnight than at noon!

Early the next morning, a party of explorers crossed Echo River, and were met by Brigham. The guide reasoned with him, as one might reason with a runaway child, and tenderly took him in his arms aboard the boat.

Alas, the warnings were wasted! For, almost as soon as we had landed, that capricious cave-dog

disappeared again; and, as before, refused to obey our loudest summons. Compassion was now mixed with indignation, and we left him to his fate.

Nothing was seen of him all that day; and this

the bars; and there the dogs stood, wagging their tails, and apparently exchanging the news!

Our curiosity led us to examine Brigham's tracks, to see by what route he had found his way back.

Beginning at the Echo River, we had no difficulty in seeing that he had, step by step, followed our trail; his only guide, of course, being the sense of smell. Here, his tracks were deeply printed in soft mud, and there, more sharply defined on the mellow banks of nitrous earth, less distinctly along ridges of sand, or over heaps of stone, or up steep stair-ways.

Thus Brigham had followed us, through darkness deeper than that of midnight, along the narrow beach of Lake Lethe,



A DINNER-PARTY IN "WASHINGTON HALL."

time, of deliberate choice, he remained a second night under-ground.

And now comes, perhaps, the strangest part of my story. On the following morning, Jack, too, was

across the treacherous natural bridge spanning the River Styx, up to the galleries overhanging the Dead Sea, through the wild confusion of Bandit's Hall, and by many a spot where one misstep



A WEDDING IN THE "GOTHIC CHAPEL." [SEE PAGE 431.]

missing. The guides had to dispense with their customary canine escort. On arriving, however, at the Iron Gate, three hundred yards within the cave, they found Jack just outside, and Brigham behind

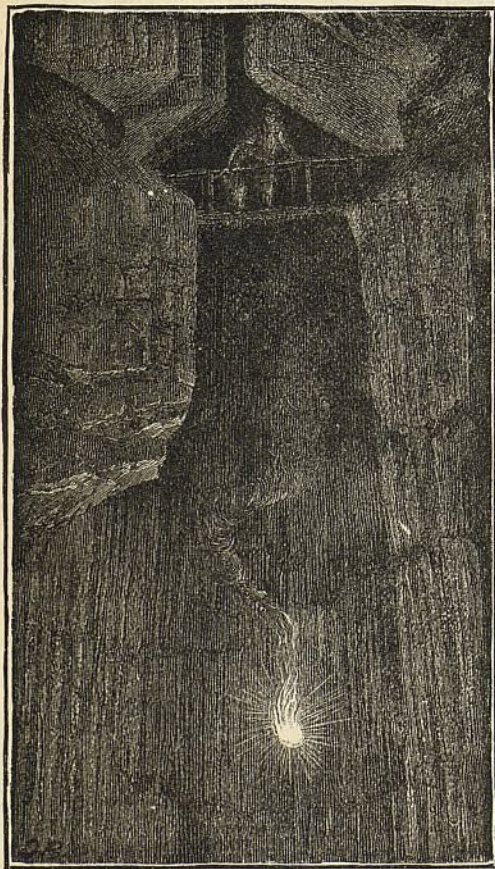
would have sent the poor, lonely creature plunging downward in darkness to inevitable death.

It will be remembered that we had gone *in* past the Giant's Coffin, by the arched way among the

deep pits, and through the mazes leading to River Hall. But we had come *out* by a newly discovered mode of exit, through an intricate set of fissures, known, on account of its winding nature, as "The Corkscrew." We preferred this, because it saved a mile and a half of travel. Our four-footed friend, pursuing the freshest scent, went, of course, up the Corkscrew. The opening is too irregular to be called a pit, or shaft. Yet it winds upward for a distance, vertically, of about one hundred and fifty feet; but fully five hundred feet, as one climbs, creeping through crevices, twisting through "auger-holes," and scaling precipitous rocks scattered in the wildest confusion imaginable. Three ladders have to be mounted in threading this passage. One emerges, at last, on the edge of a cliff

smoothly along to the Iron Gate, a quarter of a mile distant.

Only think of it! Through all this intricate and hazardous pass, where, without a guide, we should



"THE BOTTOMLESS PIT." [SEE PAGE 427.]

overlooking the main cave, and down which he clammers to the level floor, where the road runs

BRIGHAM THE CAVE DOG



"AT THE IRON GATE."

have found it difficult to make our way, even with lamps and a map of the cave, that yellow dog had safely gone alone! He offered no explanation of his proceedings, nor told us what motive prompted his independent explorations. But that was his affair, not ours. We honored him as a hero, and obtained for him, from the manager, Mr. Francis Klett, the freedom of the cave for the rest of his life.

The fact should be mentioned, by contrast with this perfect and fearless operation of instinct, that expert cave-hunters find themselves nearly helpless, if left alone far within the cave and destitute of a light. The rule for any one so unfortunately situated is for him to stay where he is, as contentedly as he can, until assistance comes, which is sure to be within a few hours.

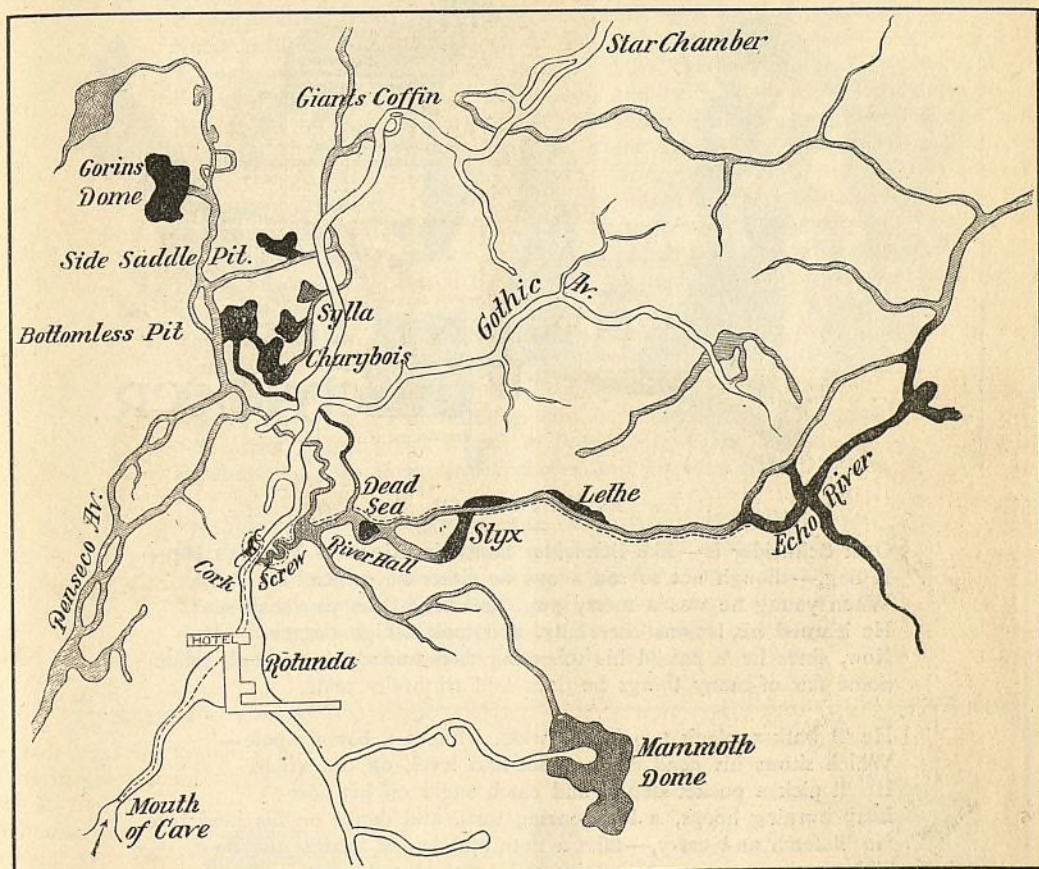
Several tales are told of persons whose reason has been lost under such circumstances; and, although I know of no instance in which life itself has been sacrificed, it can readily be seen that it might be imperiled. The stories one occasionally

reads of novices finding their way out unaided by lights, are to be discredited. An exploit of that nature would tax the resources of the most expert guide. The cases are extremely rare in which it has been done, even by the guides themselves.

One of the most thrilling stories I ever heard was told to me by "Old Matt," a colored man, who has

ter part of valor," and accordingly he hid in a crevice, put his lamp out, and quietly waited for the revelers to pass by. On coming forth from his hiding-place he found that he had no matches, and therefore could not relight his lamp.

The hour was late, and the next day was Sunday. He feared lest a long time might elapse be-



PART OF MAMMOTH CAVE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER.) THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS BRIGHAM'S RETURN PATH.

served as guide for more than forty years, and who is supposed to know every nook and corner of the explored parts of Mammoth Cave.

There had been a marriage in the Gothic Chapel, a grand, rocky chamber far within the cave. A maiden, who had promised her mother "never to marry any man on the face of the earth," had kept the letter of her pledge, and yet, in this underground spot, had wedded the man of her choice.

After the wedding there was wine, and then some of the young men took a ramble through the cave. Old Matt was at work in the vicinity of the great pits, when he heard them coming with song and with shout. Those were Ku-Klux times, and the ex-slave thought that "discretion was the bet-

fore help should come, and therefore determined to make his way out in the dark. Feeling cautiously along with his staff, he went safely until it suddenly dropped into a pit of unknown depth. Brave as Matt is known to be, he fell in a swoon, and lay, no one knows how long, on the very edge of that horrible chasm. On coming to, he collected his wits as well as he could, and felt with his hands for the path. He presently found it and proceeded on his perilous journey, making his way finally to the surface.

Old Matt told me this story himself, as he and Brigham and I sat side by side on the brink of the abyss where the faithful guide so narrowly escaped finding a tomb. And, as I listened, I was glad that the lamps were burning brightly.

THE following tribute to a very accomplished dog forms a fitting postscript to the account of Brigham's remarkable journey. The pictures of Schneider here given are authentic portraits of him as he appears when "performing" at his master's bidding.



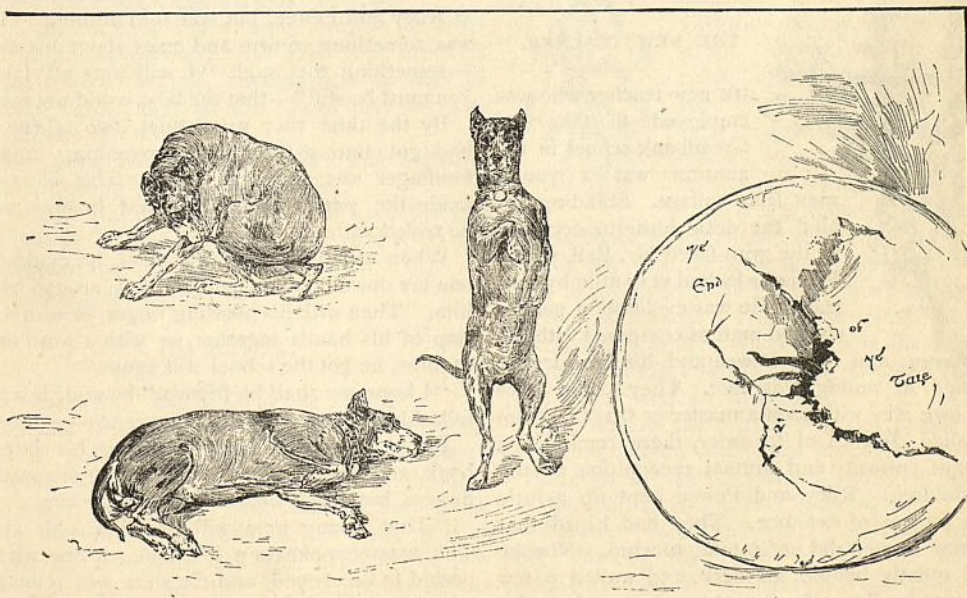
BY W. A. BIRCH.

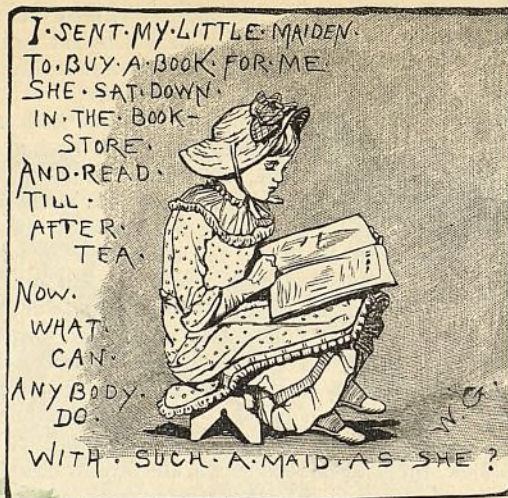
OUR Schneider is—like Schneider famed in Rip Van Winkle's trip—
A dog,—though not so sad a one as either he or Rip.
When young he was a merry pup, and bright, as you shall see;
He learned his lessons cheerfully, and took a high degree.
Now, since he 's passed his schooling days and come to dog's estate,
Some few of many things he does I 'll truthfully relate.

He 'll walk a plank two inches wide, without a balance-pole—
Which shows his head is firmly set and level, on the whole.
He 'll pick a pocket deftly, and catch sugar off his nose;
Leap burning hoops, a hand-spring turn, and dance on his hind toes.
He 'll fetch and carry,—take a note and knock against the door
Till some one comes, then give the note—not drop it on the floor.
He 'll stop a car, he 'll pay the fare, and—though 't is passing strange,
'T is really true—he 'll wait until Conductor gives the change.
He 'll play at base-ball famously,—I 've nothing seen to match it,—
For if you throw and cry "foul ball," he 's almost sure to catch it.
At meetings he will take the chair! With dignity unshaken,
In this position, once, he sat to have his "photo" taken.
In manners, too, he 's been well drilled; to Chinese he 'll "chin-chin,"
By jerking both his paws at once, while John will stand and grin.
To white men he will make a bow in quite another way:
He 'll raise one paw beside his head, and so salute good-day.
His hand-embrace is as polite as any in the land;
He 'll give a gentleman's a shake, but kiss a lady's hand.
He 'll smoke a pipe, if smoke he must,—but never likes to smoke.
He deems a passing tread on toes beyond a passing joke;
But let a jester purposely claim place where Schneider is,
And if a toe gets badly pinched—I know it is n't *his*.

He never seeks a quarrel, nor makes war for grievance slim;
 He scorns to hurt a little dog, that snarls or snaps at him;
 But if a dog, however big, should force him to a fight,
 Then, plucky, brave, and gallant, he goes in with all his might.
 And often, too, much stronger dogs are beaten by his grit;
 For though he 's last to enter in, he 's always last to quit.
 That he 's an economic dog, is proven by this feat:
 He 'll take his tail between his teeth, and so make both ends meet.
 If one shouts "Dead!" he straightway falls, as if he had been shot,
 Nor whistling, calling by his name, will make him move a jot;
 Though tossed around, he lies as if he 'd left this world of pain,—
 But whisper "Pound-man!" in his ear, and he 's all life again!
 And scores of other tricks he 'll do, too many here to name,—
 The half of which, done half as well, would give his brothers fame.
 Once, though, he surely came to grief—in crossing o'er the plains,
 From San Francisco to New-York. (He might have lost his brains.)
 For when the train was at full speed, he took 't into his head
 To jump the window, which he did, and straight for home he sped.
 But Schneider was beloved on board,—the passengers cried out;
 The cord was pulled, Conductor came, and then was such a rout!
 The whistle blew, the brakes went down, the driver, rough and grim,
 With kindly heart, reversed the wheels—the train put back for him!
 The good conductor, Robert N., soon spied him on the track,
 And in his arms, 'neath broiling sun, he brought the truant back.
 The driver put on extra steam, to bring to time his train;
 A whistle—puff—three hearty cheers, and all went right again!

But Schneider now is getting gray, his eyes are growing dim;
 Old Time wont spare our clever pet because we dote on him.
 And when he goes, for well we know all things must have an end,
 The tear we then let fall might flow for some less worthy friend!
 And when we say the last good-bye, and lay him to his rest,
 We 'll leave this moral over him—"He did his level best!"





THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW TEACHER.

THE new teacher who was employed to take the Greenbank school in the autumn was a young man from college. Standing behind the desk hitherto occupied by the grim-faced Mr. Ball, young Williams looked very mild by contrast. He was evidently a gentle-spirited man as compared with the old master, and King Pewee and his crowd were gratified in noting this fact. They could have their own way with such a master as that! When he called the school to order, there remained a bustle of curiosity and mutual recognition among the children. Riley and Pewee kept up a little noise by way of defiance. They had heard that the new master did not intend to whip. Now he stood quietly behind his desk, and waited a few moments in silence for the whispering group to be

still. Then he slowly raised and leveled his finger at Riley and Pewee, but still said nothing. There was something so firm and quiet about his motion—something that said, “I will wait all day, but you must be still”—that the boys could not resist it.

By the time they were quiet, two of the girls had got into a titter over something, and the forefinger was aimed at them. The silent man made the pupils understand that he was not to be trifled with.

When at length there was quiet, he made every one lay down book or slate and face around toward him. Then with his pointing finger, or with a little slap of his hands together, or with a word or two at most, he got the school still again.

“I hope we shall be friends,” he said, in a voice full of kindliness. “All I want is to —”

But at this point Riley picked up his slate and book, and turned away. The master snapped his fingers, but Riley affected not to hear him.

“That young man will put down his slate.” The master spoke in a low tone, as one who expected to be obeyed, and the slate was reluctantly put upon the desk.

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"When I am talking to you, I want you to hear," he went on, very quietly. "I am hired and paid to teach you. One of the things I have to teach you is good manners. You," pointing to Riley, "are old enough to know better than to take your slate when your teacher is speaking, but perhaps you have never been taught what are good manners. I'll excuse you this time. Now, you all see those switches hanging here behind me. I did not put them there. I do not say that I shall not use them. Some boys have to be whipped, I suppose,—like mules,—and when I have tried, I may find that I can not get on without the switches, but I hope not to have to use them."

Here Riley, encouraged by the master's mildness and irritated by the rebuke he had received, began to make figures on his slate.

"Bring me that slate," said the teacher.

Riley was happy that he had succeeded in starting a row. He took his slate and his arithmetic, and shuffled up to the master in a half-indolent, half-insolent way.

"Why do you take up your work when I tell you not to?" asked the new teacher.

"Because I did n't want to waste all my morning. I wanted to do my sums."

"You are a remarkably industrious youth, I take it." The young master looked Riley over, as he said this, from head to foot. The whole school smiled, for there was no lazier boy than this same Riley. "I suppose," the teacher continued, "that you are the best scholar in school—the bright and shining light of Greenbank."

Here there was a general titter at Riley.

"I can not have you sit away down at the other end of the school-room and hide your excellent example from the rest. Stand right up here by me and cipher, that all the school may see how industrious you are."

Riley grew very red in the face and began to cipher, holding his book in his hand.

"Now," said the new teacher, "I have but just one rule for this school, and I will write it on the blackboard that all may see it."

He took chalk and wrote:

DO RIGHT.

"That is all. Let us go to our lessons."

For the first two hours that Riley stood on the floor he pretended to enjoy it. But when recess came and went and Mr. Williams did not send him to his seat, he began to shift from one foot to the other and from his heels to his toes, and to change his slate from the right hand to the left. His class was called, and after recitation he was sent back to his place. He stood it as best he

could until the noon recess, but when, at the beginning of the afternoon session, Mr. Williams again called up his "excellent scholar" and set him up, Riley broke down and said:

"I think you might let me go now."

"Are you tired?" asked the cruel Mr. Williams.

"Yes, I am," and Riley hung his head, while the rest smiled.

"And are you ready to do what the good order of the school requires?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you can go."

The chopfallen Riley went back to his seat, convinced that it would not do to rebel against the new teacher, even if he did not use the beech switches.

But Mr. Williams was also quick to detect the willing scholar. He gave Jack extra help on his Latin after school was out, and Jack grew very proud of the teacher's affection for him.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHASING THE FOX.



LL the boys in the river towns thirty years ago—and therefore the boys in Greenbank, also—took a great interest in the steam-boats which plied up and down the Ohio. Each had his favorite boat, and boasted of her speed and excellence. Every one of them envied those happy fellows whose lot it was to "run on the river" as cabin-boys. Boats were a common topic of conversation—their build, their engines, their speed, their officers, their mishaps, and all the incidents of their history.

So it was that from the love of steam-boats, which burned so brightly in the bosom of the boy who lived on the banks of that great and lovely river, there grew up the peculiar game of "boats' names." I think the game was started at Louisville or New Albany, where the falls interrupt navigation, and where many boats of the upper and lower rivers are assembled.

One day, as the warm air of Indian summer in this mild climate made itself felt by the evergreen "blue-grass," the boys assembled, after the snack at the noon recess, to play boats' names.

Through Jack's influence, Columbus, who did not like to play with the A B C boys, was allowed to take the handkerchief and give out the first name. All the rest stood up in a row like a

spelling-class, while little Columbus, standing in front of them, held a knotted handkerchief with which to scourge them when the name should be guessed. The arm which held the handkerchief was so puny that the boys laughed to see the feeble lad stand there in a threatening attitude.

"I say, Lum, don't hit too hard, now; my back is tender," said Bob Holliday.

"Give us an easy one to guess," said Riley, coaxingly.

Columbus, having come from the back country, did not know the names of half a dozen boats, and what he knew about were those which touched daily at the wharf of Greenbank.

"F——n," he said.

"Fashion," cried all the boys at once, breaking into unrestrained mirth at the simplicity that gave them the name of Captain Glenn's little Cincinnati and Port William packet, which landed daily at the village wharf. Columbus now made a dash at the boys, who were obliged to run to the school-house and back whenever a name was guessed, suffering a beating all the way from the handkerchief of the one who had given out the name, though, indeed, the punishment Lum was able to give was very slight. It was doubtful who had guessed first, since the whole party had cried "Fashion" almost together, but it was settled at last in favor of Harry Weathervane, who was sure to give out hard names, since he had been to Cincinnati recently, and had gone along the levee reading the names of those boats that did business above that city, and so were quite unknown, unless by report, to the boys of Greenbank.

"A——A——s," were the three letters which Harry gave, and Ben Berry guessed "Archibald Ananias," and Tom Holcroft said it was "Amanda Amos," and at last all gave it up; whereupon Harry told them it was "Alvin Adams," and proceeded to give out another.

"C——A——P——x," he said next time.

"Caps," said Riley, mistaking the x for an s; and then Bob Holliday suggested "Hats and Caps," and Jack wanted to have it "Boots and Shoes." But Johnny Meline remembered that he had read of such a name for a ship in his Sunday-school lesson of the previous Sunday, and he guessed that a steam-boat might bear that name.

"I know," said Johnny, "it's Castor——"

"Oil," suggested Jack.

"No——Castor and P, x,——Pollux——Castor and Pollux——it's a Bible name."

"You're not giving us the name of Noah's ark, are you?" asked Bob.

"I say, boys, that is n't fair a bit," growled Pewee, in all earnestness. "I don't hardly believe that Bible ship's a-going now." Things were

mixed in Pewee's mind, but he had a vague notion that Bible times were as much as fifty years ago. While he stood doubting, Harry began to whip him with the handkerchief, saying, "I saw her at Cincinnati, last week. She runs to Maysville and Parkersburg, you goose."

After many names had been guessed, and each guesser had taken his turn, Ben Berry had to give out. He had just heard the name of a "lower country" boat, and was sure that it would not be guessed.

"C——p——r," he said.

"Oh, I know," said Jack, who had been studying the steam-boat column of an old Louisville paper that very morning, "it's the——the——" and he put his hands over his ears, closed his eyes, and danced around, trying to remember, while all the rest stood and laughed at his antics. "Now I've got it,—the 'Cornplanter'!"

And Ben Berry whipped the boys across the road and back, after which Jack took the handkerchief.

"Oh, say, boys, this is a poor game; let's play fox," Bob suggested. "Jack's got the handkerchief, let him be the first fox."

So Jack took a hundred yards' start, and all the boys set out after him. The fox led the hounds across the commons, over the bars, past the "brick pond," as it was called, up the lane into Moro's pasture, along the hill-side to the west across Dater's fence into Betts's pasture; thence over into the large woods pasture of the Glade farm. In every successive field some of the hounds had run off to the flank, and by this means every attempt of Jack's to turn toward the river, and thus fetch a circuit for home, had been foiled. They had cut him off from turning through Moro's orchard or Betts's vineyard, and so there was nothing for the fleet-footed fox but to keep steadily to the west and give his pursuers no chance to make a cut-off on him. But every now and then he made a feint of turning, which threw the others out of a straight track. Once in the woods pasture, Jack found himself out of breath, having run steadily for a rough mile and a half, part of it up-hill. He was yet forty yards ahead of Bob Holliday and Riley, who led the hounds. Dashing into a narrow path through the underbrush, Jack ran into a little clump of bushes and hid behind a large black-walnut log.

Riley and Holliday came within six feet of him, some of the others passed to the south of him and some to the north, but all failed to discover his lurking-place. Soon Jack could hear them beating about the bushes beyond him.

This was his time. Having recovered his wind, he crept out southward until he came to the foot

of the hill, and entered Glade's lane, heading straight for the river across the wide plain. Pewee, who had perched himself on a fence to rest, caught sight of Jack first, and soon the whole pack were in full cry after him, down the long, narrow elder-bordered lane. Bob Holliday and Riley, the fleetest of foot, climbed over the high stake-and-rider fence into Betts's corn-field, and cut off a diagonal to prevent Jack's getting back toward the school-house. Seeing this movement, Jack, who already had made an extraordinary run, crossed the fence himself, and tried to make a cut-off in spite of them; but Riley already had got in ahead of him, and Jack, seeing the boys close behind and before him, turned north again toward the hill, got back into the lane, which was now deserted, and climbed into Glade's meadow on the west side of the lane. He now had a chance to fetch a sweep around toward the river again, though the whole troop of boys were between him and the school-house. Fairly headed off on the east, he made a straight run south for the river shore, striking into a deep gully, from which he came out panting upon the beach, where he had just time to hide himself in a hollow sycamore, hoping that the boys would get to the westward and give him a chance to run up the river shore for the school-house.

But one can not play the same trick twice. Some of the boys stationed themselves so as to intercept Jack's retreat toward the school-house, while the rest searched for him, beating up and down the gully, and up and down the beach, until they neared the hollow sycamore. Jack made a sharp dash to get through them, but was headed off and caught by Pewee. Just as Jack was caught, and Pewee was about to start homeward as fox, the boys caught sight of two steam-boats racing down the river. The whole party was soon perched on a fallen sycamore, watching first the "Swiftsure" and then the "Ben Franklin," while the black smoke poured from their chimneys. So fascinated were they with this exciting contest that they staid half an hour waiting to see which should beat. At length, as the boats passed out of sight, with the "Swiftsure" leading her competitor, it suddenly occurred to Jack that it must be later than the school-hour. The boys looked aghast at one another a moment on hearing him mention this: then they glanced at the sun, already declining in the sky, and set out for school, trotting swiftly in spite of their fatigue.

What would the master say? Pewee said he did n't care,—it was n't Old Ball, and they would n't get a whipping, anyway. But Jack thought that it was too bad to lose the confidence of Mr. Williams.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.



SUCCESSFUL hounds, having caught their fox, ought to have come home in triumph; but, instead of that, they came more like dogs that had been killing sheep, their heads hanging down in a guilty and self-betraying way.

Jack walked into the school-house first. It was an hour and a half past the time for the beginning of school. He tried to look unconcerned as he went to his seat. There stood the teacher, with his face very calm but very pale, and Jack felt his heart sink.

One by one the laggards filed into the school-room, while the awe-stricken girls on the opposite benches, and the little A B C boys, watched the guilty sinners take their places, prepared to meet their fate.

Riley came in with a half-insolent smile on his face, as if to say: "I don't care." Pewee was sullen and bull-doggish. Ben Berry looked the sneaking fellow he was, and Harry Weathervane tried to remember that his father was a school-trustee. Bob Holliday could n't help laughing in a foolish way. Columbus had fallen out of the race before he got to the "brick-pond," and so had returned in time to be punctual when school resumed its session.

During all the time that the boys, heated with their exercise and blushing with shame, were filing in, Mr. Williams stood with set face and regarded them. He was very much excited, and so I suppose did not dare to reprove them just then. He called the classes and heard them in rapid succession, until it was time for the spelling-class, which comprised all but the very youngest pupils. On this day, instead of calling the spelling-class, he said, evidently with a great effort to control himself: "The girls will keep their seats. The boys will take their places in the spelling-class."

Riley's lower jaw fell—he was sure that the master meant to flog them all. He was glad he was not at the head of the class. Ben Berry could hardly drag his feet to his place, and poor Jack was filled with confusion. When the boys were all in place, the master walked up and down the line and scrutinized them, while Riley cast furtive glances at the dusty old beech switches on the wall, wondering which one the master would use, and Pewee was trying to guess whether Mr. Williams's arm was strong, and whether he "would make a fellow take off his coat" or not.

"Columbus," said the teacher, "you can take your seat."

Riley shook in his shoes, thinking that this certainly meant a whipping. He began to frame excuses in his mind, by which to try to lighten his punishment.

But the master did not take down his switches. He only talked. But such a talk! He told the boys how worthless a man was who could not be trusted, and how he had hoped for a school full of boys that could be relied on. He thought there were some boys, at least—and this remark struck Jack to the heart—that there were some boys in the school who would rather be treated as gentlemen than beaten with ox-gads. But he was now disappointed. All of them seemed equally willing to take advantage of his desire to avoid whipping them; and all of them had shown themselves *unfit to be trusted*.

Here he paused long enough to let the full weight of his censure enter their minds. Then he began on a new tack. He had hoped that he might have their friendship. He had thought that they cared a little for his good opinion. But now they had betrayed him. All the town was looking to see whether he would succeed in conducting his school without whipping. A good many would be glad to see him fail. To-day they would be saying all over Greenbank that the new teacher could n't manage his school. Then he told the boys that while they were sitting on the trunk of the fallen sycamore looking at the steam-boat race, one of the trustees, Mr. Weathervane, had driven past and had seen them there. He had stopped to complain to the master. "Now," said the master, "I have found how little you care for me."

This was very sharp talk, and it made the boys angry. Particularly did Jack resent any intimation that he was not to be trusted. But the new master was excited and naturally spoke severely. Nor did he give the boys a chance to explain at that time.

"You have been out of school," he said, "one hour and thirty-one minutes. That is about equal to six fifteen-minute recesses—to the morning and afternoon recesses for three days. I shall have to keep you in at those six recesses to make up the time, and in addition, as a punishment, I shall keep you in school half an hour after the usual time of dismissal, for three days."

Here Jack made a motion to speak.

"No," said the master, "I will not hear a word, now. Go home and think it over. To-morrow I mean to ask each one of you to explain his conduct."

With this, he dismissed the school, and the boys went out as angry as a hive of bees that have been

disturbed. Each one made his speech. Jack thought it "mean that the master should say they were not fit to be trusted. He would n't have staid out if he'd known it was school-time."

Bob Holliday said "the young master was a blisterer," and then he laughed good-naturedly.

Harry Weathervane was angry, and so were all the rest. At length it was agreed that they did n't want to be cross-questioned about it, and that it was better that somebody should write something that should give Mr. Williams a piece of their mind, and show him how hard he was on boys that did n't mean any harm, but only forgot themselves. And Jack was selected to do the writing.

Jack made up his mind that the paper he would write should be "a scorcher."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN APOLOGY.



OF COURSE, there was a great deal of talk in the village. The I-told-you-so people were quite delighted. Old Mother Horne "always knew that boys could n't be managed without switching. Did n't the Bible or somebody say: 'Just as the twig is bent the boy's inclined'? And if you don't bend your twig, what'll become of your boy?"

The loafers and loungers and gad-about and gossips talked a great deal about the failure of the new plan. They were sure that Mr. Ball would be back in that school-house before the term was out, unless Williams should whip a good deal more than he promised to. The boys would just drive him out.

Jack told his mother, with a grieved face, how harsh the new master had been, and how he had even said they were *not fit to be trusted*.

"That's a very harsh word," said Mrs. Dudley, "but let us make some allowances. Mr. Williams is on trial before the town, and he finds himself nearly ruined by the thoughtlessness of the boys. He had to wait an hour and a half with half of the school gone. Think how much he must have suffered in that time. And then, to have to take a rebuke from Mr. Weathervane besides, must have stung him to the quick."

"Yes, that's so," said Jack, "but then he had no business to take it for granted that we did it on purpose."

And Jack went about his chores, trying to think of some way of writing to the master an address which should be severe, but not too severe. He

planned many things but gave them up. He lay awake in the night thinking about it, and, at last, when he had cooled off, he came to the conclusion that, as the boys had been the first offenders, they should take the first step toward a reconciliation. But whether he could persuade the angry boys to see it in that light, he did not know.

When morning came, he wrote a very short paper, somewhat in this fashion:

"MR. WILLIAMS.

"*Dear Sir:* We are very sorry for what we did yesterday, and for the trouble we have given you. We are willing to take the punishment, for we think we deserve it; but we hope you will not think that we did it on purpose, for we did not, and we don't like to have you think so.

"Respectfully submitted."

Jack carried this in the first place to his faithful friend Bob Holliday, who read it.

"Oh, you've come down, have you?" said Bob.

"I thought we ought to," said Jack. "We *did* give him a great deal of trouble, and if it had been Mr. Ball, he would have whipped us half to death."

"We should n't have forgot and gone away at that time if Old Ball had been the master," said Bob.

"That's just it," said Jack; "that's the very reason why we ought to apologize."

"All right," said Bob, "I'll sign her," and he wrote "Robert M. Holliday" in big letters at the top of the column intended for the names. Jack put his name under Bob's.

But when they got to the school-house it was not so easy to persuade the rest. At length, however, Johnny Meline signed it, and then Harry Weathervane, and then the rest, one after another, with some grumbling, wrote their names. All subscribed to it excepting Pewee and Ben Berry and Riley. They declared they never would sign it. They did n't want to be kept in at recess and after school like convicts. They did n't deserve it.

"Jack was a soft-headed fool," Riley said, "to draw up such a thing as that. I'm not afraid of the master. I'm not going to knuckle down to him, either."

Of course, Pewee, as a faithful echo, said just what Riley said, and Ben Berry said what Riley and Pewee said; so that the three were quite unanimous.

"Well," said Jack, "then we'll have to hand in our petition without the signatures of the triplets."

"Don't you call me a triplet," said Pewee; "I've got as much sense as any of you. You're a soft-headed triplet yourself!"

Even Riley had to join in the laugh that followed this blundering sally of Pewee.

When the master came in, he seemed very much

troubled. He had heard what had been said about the affair in the town. The address which Jack had written was lying on his desk. He took it up and read it, and immediately a look of pleasure and relief took the place of the worried look he had brought to school with him.

"Boys," he said, "I have received your petition, and I shall answer it by and by."

The hour for recess came and passed. The girls and the very little boys were allowed their recess, but nothing was said to the larger boys about their going out. Pewee and Riley were defiant.

At length, when the school was about to break up for noon, the master put his pen, ink, and other little articles in the desk, and the school grew hushed with expectancy.

"This apology," said Mr. Williams, "which I see is in John Dudley's handwriting, and which bears the signature of all but three of those who were guilty of the offense yesterday, is a very manly apology, and quite increases my respect for those who have signed it. I have suffered much from your carelessness of yesterday, but this apology, showing, as it does, the manliness of my boys, has given me more pleasure than the offense gave me pain. I ought to make an apology to you. I blamed you too severely yesterday in accusing you of running away intentionally. I take all that back."

Here he paused a moment, and looked over the petition carefully.

"William Riley, I don't see your name here. Why is that?"

"Because I did n't put it there."

Pewee and Ben Berry both laughed at this wit.

"Why did n't you put it there?"

"Because I did n't want to."

"Have you any explanation to give of your conduct yesterday?"

"No, sir; only that I think it's mean to keep us in because we forgot ourselves."

"Peter Rose, have you anything to say?"

"Just the same as Will Riley said."

"And you, Benjamin?"

"Oh, I don't care much," said Ben Berry. "Jack was fox, and I ran after him, and if he had n't run all over creation and part of Columbia, I should n't have been late. It is n't any fault of mine. I think Jack ought to do the staying in."

"You are about as old a boy as Jack," said the master. "I suppose Jack might say that if you and the others had n't chased him, he would n't have run 'all over creation,' as you put it. You and the rest were all guilty of a piece of gross thoughtlessness. All excepting you three have apologized in the most manly way. I therefore remove the punishment from all the

others entirely hereafter, deeming that the loss of this morning's recess is punishment enough for boys who can be so manly in their acknowledgments. Peter Rose, William Riley, and Benjamin Berry will remain in school at both recesses and for a half-hour after school every day for three days—not only for having forgotten their duty, but for having refused to make acknowledgment or apology."

Going home that evening, half an hour after all the others had been dismissed, the triplets put all their griefs together, and resolved to be avenged on Mr. Williams at the first convenient opportunity.

CHAPTER XXV.

KING'S BASE AND A SPELLING-LESSON.



THE three who usually gave the most trouble on the playground, as well as in school, were now in detention at every recess, the boys enjoyed greatly their play during these three days.

It was at this time that they began to play that favorite game of Greenbank, which seems to be unknown almost everywhere else. It is called "king's base," and is full of all manner of complex happenings, sudden surprises, and amusing results.

Each of the boys selected a base or goal. A row of sidewalk trees were favorite bases. There were just as many bases as boys. Some boy would venture out from his base. Then another would pursue him; a third would chase the two, and so it would go, the one who left his base latest having the right to catch.

Just as Johnny Meline was about to lay hold on Jack, Sam Crashaw, having just left *his* base, gave chase to Johnny, and just as Sam thought he had a good chance to catch Johnny, up came Jack, fresh from having touched his base, and nabbed Sam. When one has caught another, he has a right to return to his base with his prisoner, unmolested. The prisoner now becomes an active champion of the new base, and so the game goes on until all the bases are broken up but one. Very often the last boy on a base succeeds in breaking up a strong one, and, indeed, there is no end to the curious results attained in the play.

Jack had never got on in his studies as at this time. Mr. Williams took every opportunity to show his liking for his young friend, and Jack's quickened ambition soon put him at the head of

his classes. It was a rule that the one who stood at the head of the great spelling-class on Friday evenings should go to the foot on Monday, and so work his way up again. There was a great strife between Sarah Weathervane and Jack to see which should go to the foot the oftenest during the term, and so win a little prize that Mr. Williams had offered to the best speller in the school. As neither of them ever missed a word in the lesson, they held the head each alternate Friday evening. In this way the contest bade fair to be a tie. But Sarah meant to win the prize by fair means or foul.

One Friday morning before school-time, the boys and girls were talking about the relative merits of the two spellers, Joanna maintaining that Sarah was the better, and others that Jack could spell better than Sarah.

"Oh!" said Sarah Weathervane, "Jack is the best speller in school. I study till my head aches to get my lesson, but it is all the same to Jack whether he studies or not. He has a natural gift for spelling, and he spends nearly all his time on arithmetic and Latin."

This speech pleased Jack very much. He had stood at the head of the class all the week, and spelling did seem to him the easiest thing in the world. That afternoon he hardly looked at his lesson. It was so nice to think he could beat Sarah Weathervane with his left hand, so to speak.

When the great spelling-class was called, he spelled the words given to him, as usual, and Sarah saw no chance to get the coveted opportunity to stand at the head, go down, and spell her way up again. But the very last word given to Jack was *sacrilege*, and, not having studied the lesson, he spelled it with *e* in the second syllable and *i* in the last. Sarah gave the letters correctly, and when Jack saw the smile of triumph on her face, he guessed why she had flattered him that morning. Hereafter he would not depend on his natural genius for spelling. A natural genius for working is the best gift for man or boy—and for woman or girl, too, for that matter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNCLAIMED TOP-STRINGS.

WITH a sinking heart, Jack often called to mind that this was his last term at school. The little money that his father had left was not enough to warrant his continuing; he must now do something for his own support. He resolved, therefore, to make the most of his time under Mr. Williams.

When Pewee, Riley, and Ben Berry got through with their punishment, they sought some way of revenging themselves on the master for punishing them, and on Jack for doing better than they had

done, and thus escaping punishment. It was a sore thing with them that Jack had led all the school his way, so that, instead of the whole herd following King Pewee and Prime Minister Riley into rebellion, they now "knuckled down to the master," as Riley called it, under the lead of Jack, and they even dared to laugh slyly at the inseparable "triplets."

The first aim of Pewee and company was to get the better of the master. They boasted to Jack and Bob that they would fix Mr. Williams some time, and gave out to the other boys that they

teacher, thought that it would be fun to watch the conspirators and defeat them. So, when they saw Mr. Williams going to Dr. Lanham's, they stationed themselves in the dark alley on the side of the street opposite to Riley's and took observations. Mr. Williams had a habit of leaving Dr. Lanham's at exactly nine o'clock, and so, just before nine, the three came out of Riley's yard, and proceeded in the darkness to the fence of Lanham's door-yard.

Getting the trunk of one of the large shade-trees between him and the plotters, Jack crept up



BOB HOLLIDAY CARRIES HOME HIS FRIEND.

knew where the master spent his evenings, and they knew how to fix him.

When Jack heard of this, he understood it. The teacher had a habit of spending an evening, now and then, at Dr. Lanham's, and the boys no doubt intended to play a prank on him in going or coming. There being now no moonlight, the village streets were very dark, and there was every opportunity for a trick. Riley's father's house stood next on the street to Dr. Lanham's; the lots were divided by an alley. This gave the triplets a good chance to carry out their designs.

But Bob Holliday and Jack, good friends to the

close enough to guess what they were doing and to overhear their conversation. Then he came back to Bob.

"They are tying a string across the sidewalk on Lanham's side of the alley, I believe," whispered Jack, "so as to throw Mr. Williams head foremost into that mud-hole at the mouth of the alley."

By this time, the three boys had finished their arrangements and retreated through the gate into the porch of the Riley house, whence they might keep a lookout for the catastrophe.

"I'm going to cut that string where it goes around the tree," said Bob, and he crouched low

on the ground, got the trunk of the tree between him and the Riley house, and crept slowly across the street.

"I'll capture the string," said Jack, walking off to the next cross-street, then running around the block until he came to the back gate of Lanham's yard, which he entered, running up the walk to the back door. His knock was answered by Mrs. Lanham.

"Why, Jack, what's the matter?" she asked, seeing him at the kitchen door, breathless.

"I want to see Susan, please," he said, "and tell Mr. Williams not to go yet a minute."

"Here's a mystery," said Mrs. Lanham, returning to the sitting-room, where the teacher was just rising to say good-night. "Here's Jack Dudley, at the back door, out of breath, asking for Susan, and wishing Mr. Williams not to leave the house yet."

Susan ran to the back door.

"Susan," said Jack, "the triplets have tied a string from the corner of your fence to the locust-tree, and they're watching from Riley's porch to see Mr. Williams fall into the mud-hole. Bob is cutting the string at the tree, and I want you to go down along the fence and untie it and bring it in. They will not suspect you if they see you."

"I don't care if they do," said Susan, and she glided out to the cross-fence which ran along the alley, followed it to the front, and untied the string, fetching it back with her. When she got back to the kitchen door she heard Jack closing the alley gate. He had run off to join Bob, leaving the string in Susan's hands.

Dr. Lanham and the master had a good laugh over the captured string, which was made of Pewee's and Riley's top-strings, tied together.

The triplets did not see Susan go to the fence. They were too intent on what was to happen to Mr. Williams. When, at length, he came along safely through the darkness, they were bewildered.

"You did n't tie that string well in the middle," growled Pewee at Riley.

"Yes, I did," said Riley. "He must have stepped over."

"Step over a string a foot high, when he did n't know it was there?" said Pewee.

"Let's go and get the string," said Ben Berry.

So out of the gate they sallied, and quickly reached the place where the string ought to have been.

"I can't find this end," whispered Pewee by the fence.

"The string's gone!" broke out Riley, after feeling up and down the tree for some half a minute.

What could have become of it? They had

been so near the sidewalk all the time that no one could have passed without their seeing him.

The next day, at noon-time, when Susan Lanham brought out her lunch, it was tied with Pewee's new top-string,—the best one in the school.

"That's a very nice string," said Susan.

"It's just like Pewee's top-string," cried Harry Weathervane.

"Is it yours, Pewee?" said Susan, in her sweetest tones.

"No," said the king, with his head down; "mine's at home."

"I found this one, last night," said Susan.

And all the school knew that she was tormenting Pewee, although they could not guess how she had got his top-string. After a while, she made a dive into her pocket, and brought out another string.

"Oh," cried Johnny Meline; "where did you get that?"

"I found it."

"That's Will Riley's top-string," said Johnny. "It was mine. He cheated me out of it by trading an old top that would n't spin."

"That's the way you get your top-strings, is it, Will? Is this yours?" asked the tormenting Susan.

"No, it is n't."

"Of course it is n't yours. You don't tie top-strings across the sidewalk at night. You're a gentleman, you are! Come, Johnny, this string does n't belong to anybody; I'll trade with you for that old top that Will gave you for a good string. I want something to remember honest Will Riley by."

Johnny gladly pocketed the string, and Susan carried off the shabby top, to the great amusement of the school, who now began to understand how she had come by the two top-strings.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL, AND THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE STORY.

It was the last day of the spring term of school. With Jack this meant the end of his opportunity for going to school. What he should learn hereafter he must learn by himself. The money was nearly out, and he must go to work.

The last day of school meant also the expiration of the master's authority. Whatever evil was done after school-hours on the last day was none of his business. All who had grudges carried them forward to that day, for thus they could revenge themselves without being called to account by the

master the next day. The last day of school had no to-morrow to be afraid of. Hence, Pewee and his friends purposed to square accounts on the last day of school with Jack Dudley, whom they hated for being the best scholar, and for having outwitted them more than once.

It was on the first day of June that the school ended, and Mr. Williams bade his pupils good-bye. The warm sun had by this time brought the waters of the Ohio to a temperature that made bathing pleasant, and when the school closed, all the boys, delighted with liberty, rushed to the river for a good swim together. In that genial climate one can remain in the water for hours at a time, and boys become swimmers at an early age.

Just below the village a raft was moored, and from this the youthful swimmers were soon diving into the deep water like frogs. Every boy who could perform any feat of agility displayed it. One would turn a somersault in the water, and then dive from one side of the raft to another, one could float, and another swim on his back, while a third was learning to tread water. Some were fond of diving toes downward, others took headers. The "little fellows" who could not swim kept on the inside of the great raft and paddled about with the aid of slabs used for floats. Jack, who had lived for years on the banks of the Wildcat, could swim and dive like a musquash.

Mr. Williams, the teacher, felt lonesome at saying good-bye to his school; and to keep the boys company as long as possible, he strolled down to the bank and sat on the grass watching the bathers below him, plunging and paddling in all the spontaneous happiness of young life.

Riley and Pewee—conspirators to the last—had their plans arranged. When Jack should get his clothes on, they intended to pitch him off the raft for a good wetting, and thus gratify their long-hoarded jealousy, and get an offset to the standing joke about dough-faces and ghosts which the town had at their expense. Ben Berry, who was their confidant, thought this a capital plan.

When at length Jack had enjoyed the water enough, he came out and was about to begin dressing. Pewee and Riley were close at hand, already dressed, and prepared to give Jack a farewell ducking.

But just at that moment there came from the other end of the raft, and from the spectators on the bank, a wild, confused cry, and all turned to hearken. Harry Weathervane's younger brother, whose name was Andrew Jackson, and who could not swim, in dressing, had stepped too far backward and gone off the raft. He uttered a despairing and terrified scream, struck out wildly and blindly, and went down.

All up and down the raft and up and down the bank there went up a cry: "Andy is drowning!" while everybody looked for somebody else to save him.

The school-master was sitting on the bank, and saw the accident. He quickly slipped off his boots, but then he stopped, for Jack had already started on a splendid run down that long raft. The confused and terrified boys made a path for him quickly, as he came on at more than the tremendous speed he had always shown in games. He did not stop to leap, but ran full tilt off the raft, falling upon the drowning boy and carrying him completely under water with him. Nobody breathed during the two seconds that Jack, under water, struggled to get a good hold on Andy and to keep Andy from disabling him by his blind grappling of Jack's limbs.

When at length Jack's head came above water, there was an audible sigh of relief from all the onlookers. But the danger was not over.

"Let go of my arms, Andy!" cried Jack. "You'll drown us both if you hold on that way. If you don't let go I'll strike you."

Jack knew that it was sometimes necessary to stun a drowning person before you could save him, where he persisted in clutching his deliverer. But poor frightened Andy let go of Jack's arms at last. Jack was already exhausted with swimming, and he had great difficulty in dragging the little fellow to the raft, where Will Riley and Pewee Rose pulled him out of the water.

But now, while all were giving attention to the rescued Andy, there occurred with Jack one of those events which people call a cramp. I do not know what to call it, but it is not a cramp. It is a kind of collapse—a sudden exhaustion that may come to the best of swimmers. The heart insists on resting, the consciousness grows dim, the will-power flags, and the strong swimmer sinks.

Nobody was regarding Jack, who first found himself unable to make even an effort to climb on the raft; then his hold on its edge relaxed, and he slowly sank out of sight. Pewee saw his sinking condition first, and screamed, as did Riley and all the rest, doing nothing to save Jack, but running up and down the raft in a vain search for a rope or a pole.

The school-master, having seen that Andy was brought out little worse for his fright and the water he had swallowed, was about to put on his boots when this new alarm attracted his attention to Jack Dudley. Instantly he threw off his coat and was bounding down the steep bank, along the plank to the raft, and then along the raft to where Jack had sunk entirely out of sight. Mr. Williams leaped head first into the water and made what the

boys afterward called a splendid dive. Once under water he opened his eyes and looked about for Jack.

At last he came up, drawing after him the unconscious and apparently lifeless form of Jack, who was taken from the water by the boys. The teacher dispatched two boys to bring Dr. Lanham, while he set himself to restore consciousness by producing artificial breathing. It was some time after Dr. Lanham's arrival that Jack fully regained his consciousness, when he was carried home by the strong arms of Bob Holliday, Will Riley, and Pewee, in turn.

And here I must do the last two boys the justice to say that they called to inquire after Jack every day during the illness that followed, and the old animosity to Jack was never afterward revived by Pewee and his friends.

On the evening after this accident and these rescues, Dr. Lanham said to Mrs. Lanham and Susan and Mr. Williams, who happened to be there again, that a boy was wanted in the new drug-store in the village, to learn the business, and

to sleep in the back room, so as to attend night-calls. Dr. Lanham did not know why this Jack Dudley would n't be just the boy.

Susan, for her part, was very sure he would be; and Mr. Williams agreed with Susan, as, indeed, he generally did.

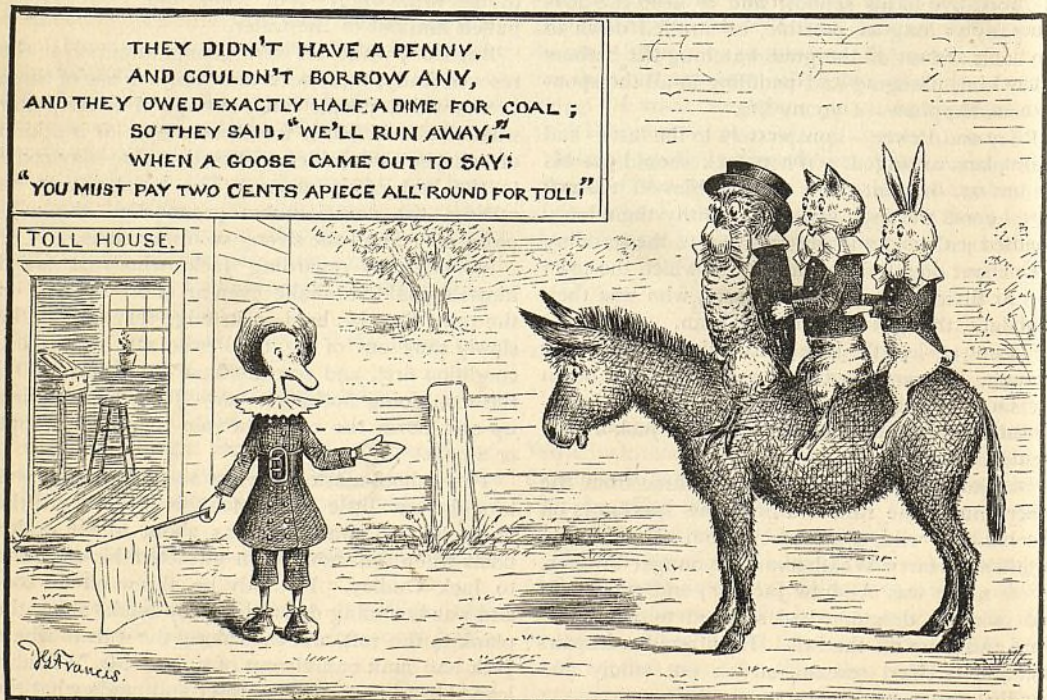
Dr. Lanham thought that Jack might be allowed to attend school in the day-time in the winter season, and if the boy had as good stuff in him as he seemed to have, there was no reason why he should n't come to something some day.

"Come to something!" said Susan. "Come to something! Why, he'll make one of the best doctors in the country yet."

And again Mr. Williams entirely agreed with Susan. Jack Dudley was sure to go up to the head of the class.

Jack got the place, and I doubt not fulfilled the hope of his friends. I know this, at least, that when a year or so later his good friend and teacher, Mr. Williams, was married to his good and stanch friend, Susan Lanham, Jack's was one of the happiest faces at the wedding.

THE END.



MR. WEATHERCOCK.

BY MRS. FANNY BARROW.

It was at Pau, a beautiful little city in the south of France, where the roses grow out in the open air all winter, that I met with a funny old fellow, who was very fond of children. Whenever he appeared in the "Haute Plante," which means the "Upper Park," the children would seem to drop down from the trees, or creep out from under the seats, rushing toward him in every direction, and piling up on the old fellow till the group looked like a pyramid, and then there was no peace unless he began immediately to tell them a story.

Here is one I heard him tell. Of course it was in French:

Once upon a time, at a great château or castle, there was a pretty black Spanish hen, that had a large family of children—a baker's dozen.

One of the hen's children was a deformed, dismal little rooster. He had only one eye, one leg, one wing, one ear, half of a nose, and less than half of a tail. Pretty badly off, was n't he?

But the Spanish hen loved this demi, semi, poor little rooster better than all the rest of her children put together. She scratched all the peas-pods, bits of meat and crumbs of bread for him. If the other chickens danced up and tried to snatch anything away, she would fly at them with a squawk, which tumbled them over on their backs with fright; and if they managed to run off without a good pecking, they were fortunate.

But her petting was the ruin of poor Jacquot; for our one-legged, one-eyed friend soon believed that he was the most elegant, the boldest, and the handsomest rooster in all the world.

One fine day, Jacquot observed to his mother:

"Really, it is very stupid here. I shall pack a cabbage-leaf full of snails, just for a relish on the way, and go to court to see the Emperor and Empress."

"Oh, kuk-a-tuk-ti-raw-ki!" exclaimed his fond mother. "What has put such an idea into your head? Your father, Don Moustachio, has never been to court, and where will you hear so melodious a crow as his? And look at your brothers and sisters; they are elegant young cocks and hens, with the true Spanish strut. Are they not?"

"No, they are fat, stupid, country boobies. Their legs are thick, and their tail-feathers thin, and they whirl around so, that to look at them makes me dizzy. They are common-looking things!"

"Oh, kuk-a-tuk-a-tuk! my son, did you ever

look at yourself in the pond? Don't you know that you have but one leg, and one——"

"Well, that 's more your fault than mine," interrupted this undutiful child, "and I shall go, whether you advise it or not. People admire me as I am." And Jacquot shook the thin scarlet comb on the top of his half-head.

When the poor mother heard this, she gave a sigh, and proceeded to pick up some snails and put them into a big cabbage-leaf. And she said nothing more, but helped her naughty son, well knowing that he would heed no advice of hers, but hoping, with an anxious heart, that Jacquot would not meet with some terrible misfortune on his travels.

When all was ready for his departure, she addressed to him a few last words: "Oh, ruk-a-tuk-a-tuk-ta-raw-ki!" said she. "Son, attend to this warning. There is a class of men and women in the world called cooks. Oh, ruk-a-tuk! beware of them! They are our mortal enemies. They would snatch you up and twist your head off in a jiffy if you should offend them. Remember this, my son. Farewell; may good luck attend you."

Jacquot turned around after this tender good-bye, and, without the least emotion, hopped off down the road. He hopped along contentedly enough until he came to the banks of a little river. It was midsummer, and the stream was nearly dry. Some fish lay dead on the shelving bank, and a great tree which had fallen across the stream choked it so that it could hardly creep along, much less dance and sing, as it always did in the spring.

The moment the little stream saw Jacquot, she whispered, in a weak voice, for her strength was gone: "Oh, my dear friend! I am in very great distress. I can not push away this great dead tree, which chokes me so. It tires me dreadfully to creep around it. Will you help me a little by separating the branches with your beak? Do, I entreat you, and if you are thirsty, drink in this cool, dark corner; and when the kind rain from heaven restores my strength, I will devote it to your service if ever you require me."

"Oh, don't trouble me," cackled Jacquot, just like a cross old hen. "Do you think I am going to stay here all day, working and scrambling and scratching over those old dried sticks for *you*? A servant to a muddy little brook, indeed! I am going to visit the Emperor and Empress."

"You will be sorry for this unkindness, and

remember it when you think it least likely," sighed the poor little stream.

"Fiddlesticks! What can a puddle do to *me*? You must think yourself quite a deluge! Good-bye. Give my compliments to the Moon the next time she looks at your shrunken face."

So he flapped his one wing and hopped on, and soon came to Mr. Wind, who was lying quite breathless on the ground.

"O Jacquot, dear Jacquot!" he said; "the world has come to a stand-still. At least, I have. Look at me. Dying of the dog-days! Oh, do just fan me with your wing, and kindly raise me only two inches from the ground, so that I can fly to one of my caverns, where there is no end of whirlwinds and torn clouds waiting to be mended up for winter use. To think that I should be brought to such a pass! I, who have blown down great trees, and raised up great waves, and scuttled off with boys' hats and umbrellas and sign-posts—"

"Yes, and blown my tail-feathers almost off," interrupted Jacquot, in a malicious tone; "and pushed me behind until I tumbled head-over-claws against the barn-door, because I could not balance myself against you, on my one leg. And you set every squawking old hen, and winking, blinking chicken, a-laughing at me! No, sir! It is my turn now. Adieu, Señor Wind."

Then he crowed at the very top of his voice, and hopped off with immense self-satisfaction.

He pushed through hedges, hopped over ditches, and presently came to a field, which the farmer had tried to set on fire so as to burn off the stubble. But it did not burn well; only one thin little column of smoke was to be seen.

Jacquot hopped up to look at the smoke, and saw a faint little Spark of fire among the ashes.

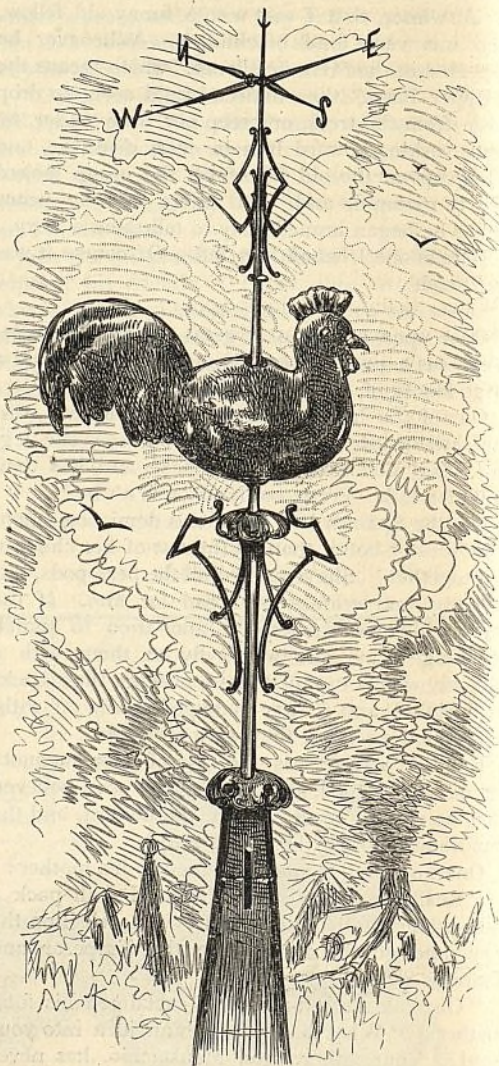
"Oh, if you are a friend," said the Spark, "come and help me! Bring me a few straws, please, to keep me alive."

"Well, that's a good joke! What do I care whether you live or die? What good are you to me, pray?"

"We can all help or hinder one another in this world," said the poor little Spark. "An old aunt of mine, who lives in the kitchen of the farmhouse yonder, and with whom I was living till the farmer brought me out here to die,—my old aunt told me a story of a little mouse who saved the life of a great lion. I may some day be able to show my gratitude if you save my life now."

"Oh, hold your tongue!" cried the ugly rooster, whose heart seemed to have been altogether left out of his one-sided body. "I sha'n't help you at all. Take that!" With this, he scratched and kicked a heap of ashes over the poor little Spark, and hopped away, crowing loudly.

After traveling some time longer, he at last reached the capital city, and very soon arrived at the palace of the Emperor and Empress. He was hopping boldly in, but the sentinels poked at him with their bayonets, and he was glad to hop out again. Still, determined to enter somehow, he hopped around to the back door, and passed into



a large room, where a great many persons were hurrying to and fro.

"Who are all those common-looking creatures?" he inquired of a guinea-fowl.

"They are His Majesty's cooks," said she. "Beware of them. Come back! Come back!"

"Oh, cock-a-doodle-do! nobody cares for them," said the silly rooster, and entirely forgetting his

mother's warning, he raised his red comb, stuck his beak high in the air, made an elegant arch of his tail, and hopped into the very midst of them.

"Hello! What's this?" cried a scullion.

"What a ridiculous looking bird!" said another.

"A sort of one-eyed gunner," said a third.

"Or a one-legged tailor," said a fourth.

"Wring his neck," said a fifth.

"I'll do it," said a cook, who caught him, and twisted his head in the twinkling of an eye—for cooks are used to this kind of business.

"Now, then," he added, "we'll pop you into some boiling water, and have your feathers off."

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed Jacquot. "Don't! oh, don't scald me! Dear Water, be careful—have pity on me!"

"Had you pity on me, when I begged you to move the dead tree out of my way?" answered the Water, boiling and bubbling up with rage. "I said you should remember me." And the Water drenched him from comb to spurs, till all his feathers came off at the least pull. Yes, indeed, you may be sure that the cook did not leave one on his body.

And then they thrust a cruel, sharp spit through him, one end of which rested on a forked stand and the other entered a box, in which was clock-work. The cook wound up the clock-work, placed the whole thing before a bright fire, put a pan under poor Jacquot, and went away to prepare other things for His Majesty's dinner. Then the spit began slowly to turn round and round.

"Oh, Fire! Fire!" cried the miserable Jacquot. "Have pity! Have pity! Oh, do not burn me!"

"Rascal!" cried the Fire; "how dare you ask me for pity—you who threw the ashes upon me in the field? Wait a bit, Monsieur—one good

turn deserves another;" and he blazed away with all his might, and not only roasted Jacquot but burned him as black as a coal.

When the cook came to see how the roast was coming on, he was so disgusted at the black-looking, dried-up object that he took him off the spit and, catching him by his one leg, threw him out of the window.

As it happened, the Wind was having a high frolic outside just then, and, passing at the moment, he caught up Jacquot.

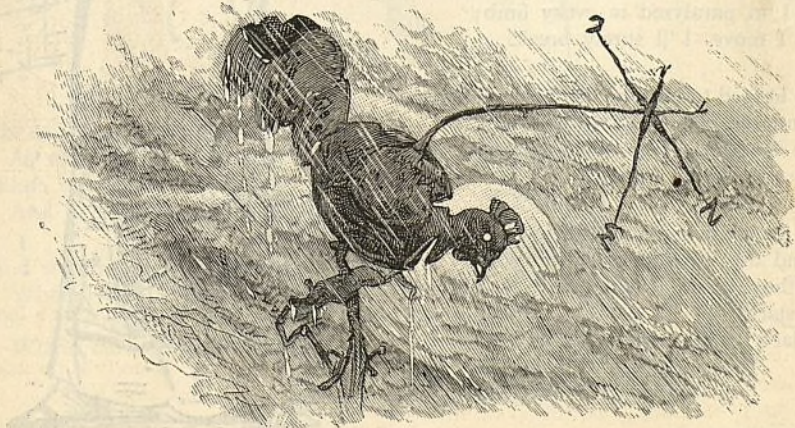
"Oh, Monsieur Wind!" cried the miserable thing, "have pity enough to let me drop down at my old home! Let me see my poor mother. Dear Mr. Wind, good Mr. Wind, have pity!"

"Pity!" roared the Wind, turning him around and around like a ball. "Not I, while I have a breath left. Remember my prayer to you when you found me on the ground! Hey! Hurrah!"

Instantly, poor Jacquot was twisted this way and that; he was whirled around and around; he was caught as he was falling down, and driven up again; he was frisked and whisked in a mad and terrible dance, till suddenly the cruel, furious Wind drove him high—high—higher, and then dashed him down on the sharp top of a church-steeple with such force as to fix him there firmly.

There he has remained ever since—sometimes black, at other times with gilding put on to cover the terrible roasting he got, but always thin and featherless—his one leg, one eye, one nose, and one wing exposed to every gaze.

And now the sun scorches him, the rain pelts him without pity, and the wind still pushes him about just as it pleases. The poor rooster always turns away his tail; and thus, by observing which way his head points, we know from what quarter the wind comes.





BY A. WOLHAUPTER.

Dried Cat-tail.

"I'M right glad to see you, dear old friend;
And would give your hand a shake;
But I'm paralyzed in every limb;
If I move, I'll surely break.

"I've longed to hear of the dear old swamp,
And the comrades waving there;
I've longed to hear their garments stir
In the balmy April air.

"Oh, for some news of the lovely bog,
And the loved ones of my youth!
Do they know I am dried so stiff and
stark?
Alack! 't is a bitter truth!"

* * * * *



Fresh Cat-tail.

"The swamp is as charmingly damp, dear,
As when you were drooping there,
When you thought it caused malaria,
And longed for some drier air.

"And so my heart rejoiced for you,
When I saw you carried off,
For I felt that a season in town, my dear,
Would cure your racking cough."

* * * * *



Dried Cat-tail.

"I 've learned about tiles, and plaques, and
storks;

Know a dado from a frieze,
But I 'd rather be in my native bog,
Waving about in the breeze.

"My shakes are gone, but I 've posed so much,
I 've almost broken my back;
I 've been painted on gilded panels,
On sky-blue, olive, and black.



"And when of my ancestors I think—
Respectable old rushes!—
I feel, could they know of my public life,
Their cheeks would burn with blushes.

"I hope they died in their native swamp
Before the style had begun
Of taking their pictures in black and white,
In oils, or in Kensington.

"But there comes an hour of sweet revenge:
I soon shall burst, in fluff,
And cover the room with a clinging down—
Then, I hope, they 'll have enough!"

THE STORY OF WANGSE PAH AND THE WHITE ELEPHANT.*

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

IN the Siamese village of Trimpangore once lived a poor but right-minded lad, who was determined to discover a Chang Phauk, or white elephant.

Everybody laughed when everybody heard of this. "What! He? Wangse Pah? He discover the sacred animal of Siam when the royal Chang Phauk pavilion at Bangkok had so long stood empty?"

But Wangse said to himself—in Siamese, of course: "It may be, and every *may be* may be made into a *shall be*!"

A holy fakir† had told him this. So, day after day, he roamed through forests and jungles, where grew the feathery palm, the tall bamboo, the banana, the banyan, the boh, the teak, the tamarind, the wild olive; where flowering creepers climbed the lofty boughs, and radiant birds made music; while ever and anon was heard the roar of wild beasts, hungry for their prey!

At length, after three years of watching and waiting, there came a terribly hot season, in which swamps, ponds, pools, and rivulets, formerly drinking-places for animals, were dried up by the parching heat.

Now Wangse in his wanderings had seen, far away, a deep water-course at the bottom of a long, wooded valley, and knowing that the animals would find out this water-course, he went there daily and hid in a tree-top. From this high perch he could see, visiting the pool, the gay little birds, who just dipped their wings, the gaudy peacock, the brilliant pheasant, the light gazelle, the magnificent bird of paradise. Enormous serpents glided thither through the brakes; chattering monkeys let themselves down from branches, or scampered away screaming at the approach of the stealthy tiger, the horned rhinoceros, or the crushing tread of the elephant.

Alas! not the white elephant—until,—until,—until one day, one joyful, ever-to-be-remembered day,—when, as Wangse Pah sat in a palm-tree imbibing the milk of a cocoa-nut, he saw—could it be? Could it? Yes! Yes! It was! Oh, joy unspeakable! A huge elephant, in color a pinkish white, approached the pool!

Instantly Wangse was off. He swung himself



"A WHITE ELEPHANT APPROACHED THE POOL."

from tree to tree, rushed to the village, and aroused the hunters, who next day

surrounded the place and secured that rare and priceless prize, the great Chang Phauk.

Now, during the past three years, Wangse had often said to himself: "Should ever a Chang Phauk be taken here, and a messenger be needed to inform the King, it may be found that I am the swiftest runner, and every *may be* may be made into a *shall be*." So, every day, he oiled his long legs and practiced running.

Thus it came about that the villagers knew him to be very fleet of foot, and Wangse was chosen

*The Siamese believe that good and noble spirits inhabit the forms of white animals. The white elephant, being the largest of white animals, is thought to be the abode of some particularly pure and majestic spirit. †Fakir:—an Oriental monk.

messenger. This was great good fortune; for besides the pleasure of bearing the joyful news, there was the curious and golden reward.

First oiling his body, and especially his long legs, Wangse set forth for Bangkok. He arrived there in good condition, after a swift run of more than one hundred miles. He darted through the narrow streets of Bangkok, then through the palace gate-way, up the palace steps, before the guard could stop him, and into the throne-room, where sat the King in all his royal splendor. Wangse threw himself down, with his forehead touching the floor, and in trembling accents made known that near the village of Trimpangore had been captured that sacred animal, dear to all the hearts of Siam, the great Chang Phauk!

The King was speechless from joy. He waved his hand. The signal was understood. The immense klongs of the palace were sounded, the whole court was summoned, and Wangse Pah had his mouth, nose, and ears stuffed with gold, according to the Siamese custom.

As discoverer of the Chang Phauk, another reward was due to Wangse, but instead of this he asked, and got, the privilege of carrying to be ground the grain from which were to be made the Cakes of Celebration,—that is, the cakes to be eaten by the Chang Phauk on his day of celebration, when he should enter the city of Bangkok, and take possession of his royal pavilion. In those times it was believed that the person who should carry this grain and get the blessing of the grinders, would have good fortune ever after.

Wangse was sent in a palanquin, borne on the shoulders of four runners, the grain, in an embroidered silken bag, lying at his feet.

Now, the nobleman who owned the palanquin and runners had a son, a lad named Detch, and this Detch wished for himself the good fortune and the blessing. Detch, therefore, laid off all his golden wristlets, his anklets and necklaces of jewels, also the jewels around his top-knot—that is, the tuft of hair left on top of his head. He laid off, also, the rich silken strip, or panung, which encircled his otherwise naked body, wound in place of it a cotton panung, and went forth from the city to a grove through which Wangse was to pass. When Wangse appeared in this grove, Detch ordered him out of the palanquin, and stepped into it himself. He commanded Wangse and the bearers not to tell; indeed, there was little danger that even Wangse would dare to tell, for in Siam whoever offends a nobleman's son may have his head chopped off at any minute.

But Wangse said to himself, as the runners bore Detch away: "If the grinders are kind, they will hear my story, and keep it private, and give me

the blessing. May be I can find a way outside the trees; may be I can outrun the runners, and see the grinders before Detch shall arrive. Every *may be* may be made into a *shall be*."

He took a course outside the trees, over a tract of burning sand, and long before the palanquin came in sight he had reached the grinders, who, it is well to state, were two very old women, the



WANGSE PAH RECEIVES THE CURIOUS GOLDEN REWARD.

very oldest being at that time chosen for grinders on such occasions.

These old women laid aside their great red umbrella, and examined Wangse's sore feet with so much pity that he ventured to tell them the whole story, in Siamese, which they, though born Chinese, understood; and, after hearing it, they lifted up their hands and their voices and blessed him—in Siamese. Wangse then hid himself behind a pepper-tree and saw Detch ride up in the palanquin, and saw the Grain of Celebration poured into the mill,—a large hand-mill of the kind used in Siam,—and saw the old women sit one at each side, and saw them take turns in pushing the handle, and saw the blessing given.

But when the grinders blessed Detch, after saying in Siamese, "May you be blest," they added, in Chinese, "*according to your actions.*"

Wangse Pah went privately back to the city and kept himself hidden, lest Detch should do him harm.

Detch rode back in the palanquin with the Meal of Celebration as far as the grove. Not far from this grove was a miserable little village which was ruled over by his father, and Detch ordered the

runners to wait for him in the grove while he should walk through the village, as if he were a poor lad. He had heard of an emperor who put on shabby clothes and walked among poor people, and he thought it would be pleasant to copy him.

Presently he came to a company of lads flying



DETCHE GIVES THE GRAIN OF CELEBRATION TO THE GRINDERS.

kites—kites made in the shape of cats, vultures, mermaids, alligators, and other creatures. The lads were trying to make the cat fight the frog, the mermaid fight the vulture, and so on, as is the custom in Siam. Detch ran here and there with the kite-flyers, and they all became so earnest in watching a dragon fight an alligator that every one, Detch among them, fell into a large round hole, or ditch, and came out wet, for there was water at the bottom.

The head-boy told them to hop up and down till they had dried their clothes—that is, their strips of cloth, or panungs. So they pulled in their kites and hopped up and down, and when a boy stopped hopping, the head-boy gave him a slap on the back; and as Detch could hardly hop at all,—he having been always carried in palanquins,—he got so many slaps that his back became sore, and he was glad when the head-boy ordered that they should sit down and eat their luncheon. Owls' eggs, spearmint, and little warm cabbages were then passed round.

During the luncheon, a boy remarked that he supposed Detch, their ruler's son, had gilt kites with diamond dots and silvery tails.

Said Detch, then, "What sort of a fellow is that Detch?" expecting to hear what had been told him in his father's palace, that he was agreeable, and amiable, and delightful.

"That Detch?" cried the boys. "We've heard enough of that Detch! He's hateful! He's mean! He's cruel! He kicks little slaves half his own size! He never did a good thing in his life! He'll be a horrid man! Ughquoeer-r-r-rong!" (This last is a Siamese exclamation, which requires sixteen exclamation points.)

"I'm going now," said Detch. "Good-bye! I'll remember you!" And, as he walked off, he turned and shook his fist; but they thought he was throwing away a cabbage-leaf.

Next day was the day of Celebration. The great Chang Phauk had been brought from the village of Trimpangore to the river Meinam, attended by bands of music. Then he was floated down the river on a gorgeous raft floored with gilt matting, while over him was a silken canopy, fringed with scarlet and gold. He had been bathed, perfumed, fed, fanned, played to, and sung to, by troops of attendants; the choicest food had been served to him on trays of gold and silver; his drink had been made fragrant with the delicate flowers of the jessamine; and now an immense procession was to escort him to his royal palace-pavilion,—for in Siam the Chang Phauk is second in rank to the King.

Only in Siamese language could that gorgeous procession be described. Four hundred elephants covered with cloth of gold carried howdahs glistening with precious stones, in which howdahs were seated princes and nobles wearing robes of purple, crimson, orange, and scarlet, also wristlets, anklets, kneelets, and necklaces of rubies, pearls, and diamonds, while from each howdah floated the flag of Siam, which, as everybody knows, is a white elephant on a red ground. There were eighty royal bearers of the golden umbrellas; one hundred royal fan-bearers; five hundred men in long caps and wearing pink velvet panungs; two hundred runners, carrying spread peacock-tails; one hundred and fifty peacocks themselves; forty rhinoceroses elegantly enveloped in satin net-work; an immense number of palanquins, carrying five hundred members of the royal household; white birds and other white animals of all kinds; one thousand spearmen, with long, glittering spears; three hundred beautiful little boys dressed wholly in flowers; the King, borne aloft on a golden throne; also the great Chang Phauk himself, in purple and cloth-of-gold, with strings of jewels adorning his tusks, and a diadem upon his head—the procession being accompanied by bands of music in which were heard the deep or the piercing notes of the klong,

the flue, the ching, the thon, the kanat, and the khonbong.

Detch leaned back in his palanquin, silent and sad. A holy fakir from the village of Trimpan-gore said to him, in a pause of the procession:

"Why, O my son, art thou so silent and sad?"

"Because, holy Fakir, I never did a good thing in my life. People speak ill of me."

"It will be a good thing," said the fakir, "to confess some of the bad things."

Detch then confessed his conduct to Wangse Pah. "And now, holy Fakir," said he, "pray tell me a way of changing from myself to him the good fortune I wrongly obtained."

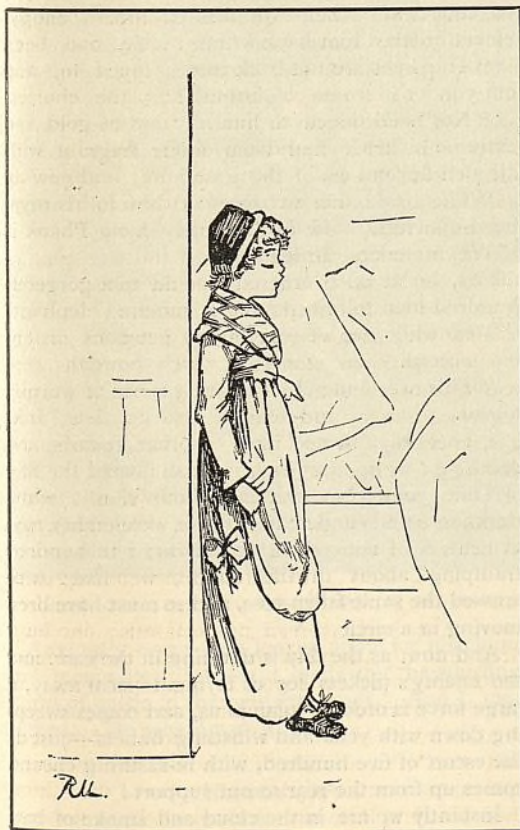
"He needs not that good fortune," said the fakir. "Besides being right-minded, Wangse Pah has the patience to turn *may be* into *shall be*, and this of itself is good fortune."

"But the blessing," said Detch. "I should not keep that."

A high-pitched voice near by—an old woman's voice—said, in Siamese: "You were blest only according to your actions!"

"According to your actions!" said another high-pitched voice, in Chinese.

Detch started forward, but not in time to see two very old women, who stepped hastily away beneath a huge red umbrella.



THERE was a young maid of Selmuch,
Whose delicate nature was such

That it dizzied her head

To make up her bed;—

But the way she could dance beat the Dutch!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER XIV.

"HATCHER'S RUN."

WHILE we were yet before Petersburg, two divisions of our corps (the Fifth) with two divisions of the Ninth, leaving the line of works at the Weldon Railroad, were pushed out still farther to the left, with the intention of turning the enemy's right flank.

Starting out, therefore, early on the morning of Thursday, October 27, 1864, with four days' rations in our haversacks, we moved off rapidly by the left, striking the enemy's picket-line about ten o'clock.

"Pop! pop! pop! Boom! boom! boom! We're in for it again, Boys; so, steady on the left there, and close up."

Away into the woods we plunge in line of battle, through briars and tangled undergrowth, beneath the great trees dripping with rain. We lose the points of the compass, and halt every now and then to close up a gap in the line by bearing off to the right or left. Then, forward we go through the brush again, steady on the left and guide right, until I feel certain that officers as well as men are getting pretty well "into the woods" as to the direction of our advance. It is raining, and we have no sun to guide us, and the moss is growing on the wrong side of the trees. I see one of our generals sitting on his horse, with his pocket-compass on the pommel of his saddle, peering around into the interminable tangle of brier and brush, with an expression of no little perplexity.

Yet still, on, Boys, while the pickets are popping away and the rain is pouring down. The evening falls early and cold, as we come to a stand in line of battle and put up breastworks for the night.

We have halted on the slope of a ravine. Minié-balls are singing over our heads as we cook our coffee, while sounds of axes and falling trees are heard on all sides; and still that merry "z-i-p! z-i-p!" goes on among the tree-tops and sings us to sleep, at length, as we lie down shivering under our India rubber blankets, to get what rest we may.

How long we had slept I did not know, when some one shook me, and in a whisper the word passed around:

"Wake up, Boys! Wake up, Boys! Don't

make any noise, and take care your tin cups and canteens don't rattle. We've got to get out of this on a double jump!"

We were in a pretty fix, indeed! In placing the regiments in position, by some blunder, quite excusable no doubt in the darkness and the tangled forest, we had been unwittingly pushed beyond the main line—were, in fact, quite outside the picket-line! It needed only daylight to let the enemy see his game, and sweep us off the boards. And daylight was fast coming in the east.

Long after, a Company A Boy, who was on picket that night, told me that, upon going to the rear somewhere about three o'clock, to cook a cup of coffee at a half-extinguished fire, a cavalry picket ordered him back within the lines.

"The lines are not back there; my regiment is out yonder in front, on skirmish!"

"No," said the cavalryman; "our cavalry is the extreme picket-line, and our orders are to send in all men beyond us."

"Then take me at once to General Bragg's head-quarters," said the Company A Boy.

When General Bragg learned the true state of affairs, he at once ordered out an escort of five hundred men to bring in our regiment.

Meanwhile, we were trying to get back of our own accord.

"This way, men!" said a voice in a whisper ahead.

"This way, men!" said another voice in the rear.

That we were wandering about vainly in the darkness, and under no certain leadership, was evident, for I noticed in the dim light that, in our tramping about in the tangle, we had twice crossed the same fallen tree, and so must have been moving in a circle.

And now, as the day is dawning in the east, and the enemy's pickets see us trying to steal away, a large force is ordered against us, and comes sweeping down with yells and whistling bullets—just as the escort of five hundred, with re-assuring cheers, comes up from the rear to our support!

Instantly we are in the cloud and smoke of battle. A battery of artillery, hastily dragged up into position, opens on the charging line of gray with grape and canister, while from bush and tree pours back and forth the dreadful blaze of musketry. For half an hour, the conflict rages fierce and high in the dawning light and under the drip-

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ping trees—the officers shouting, and the men cheering and yelling and charging, often fighting hand to hand and with bayonets locked in deadly encounter, while the air is cut by the whistling lead, and the deep bass of the cannon wakes the echoes of the forest.

But at last the musketry-fire gradually slackens, and we find ourselves out of danger.

The enemy's prey has escaped him, and, to the wonder of all, we are brought within the lines again, begrimed with smoke and leaving many of our poor fellows dead or wounded on the field.

him,—and searched in vain. Not a soul had tidings of him. At last, however, a soldier with his blouse-sleeve ripped up and a red-stained bandage around his arm, told me that, about day-light, when the enemy came sweeping down on us, he and Andy were behind neighboring trees. He himself received a ball through the arm, and was busy trying to stop the flow of blood, when, looking up, he saw Andy reel and, he thought, *fall*. He was not quite sure it was Andy, but he thought so.

Andy killed! What should I do without Andy?



THE CONFLICT AT DAY-BREAK IN THE WOODS AT HATCHER'S RUN.

Anxiously every man looked about for his chum and messmates, lost sight of during the whirling storm of battle in the twilight woods. And I, too, looked,—but where was Andy?

CHAPTER XV.

KILLED, WOUNDED, OR MISSING?

ANDY was nowhere to be found.

All along the line of battle-worn men, now gathered in irregular groups behind the breastworks, and safe from the enemy, I searched for

—the best and truest friend, the most companionable messmate, that a soldier ever could hope to have! It could not be! I would look farther for him.

Out, therefore, I went, over the breastworks to the picket-line, where the rifles were popping away at intervals. I searched among trees and behind bushes, and called and called, but all in vain. Then the retreat was sounded, and we were drawn off the field, and marched back to the fortifications which we had left the day before.

Toward evening, as we reached camp, I obtained permission to examine the ambulance-trains, in

search of my chum. As one train after another came in, I climbed up and looked into each ambulance; but the night had long set in before I found him—or thought I had found him. Raising my lantern high, so as to throw the light full on the face of the wounded man lying in a stupor on the floor of the wagon, I was at first confident it was Andy; for the figure was short, well-built, and had raven black hair.

"Andy! Andy! Where are you hurt?" I cried.

But no answer came. Rolling him on his back and looking full into his face, I found, alas! a stranger—a manly, noble face, too, but no life, no signs of life, in it. There were indeed a very low, almost imperceptible breathing, and a faint pulse—but the man was evidently dying.

About a week afterward, having secured a pass from corps head-quarters, I started for City Point to search the hospitals there for my chum. The pass allowed me not only to go through all the guards I might meet on my way, but also to ride free to City Point over the railroad—"General Grant's Railroad," we called it.

Properly speaking, this was a branch of the road from City Point to Petersburg, tapping it about midway between the two places, and from that point following our lines closely to the extreme left of our position. Never was road more hastily built. So rapidly did the work advance that scarcely had we learned such a road was planned, before one evening the whistle of a locomotive was heard down the line only a short distance to our right. No grading was done. The ties were simply laid on the top of the ground, the rails were nailed fast, and the rolling-stock was put on without waiting for ballast; and there the railroad was—up hill and down dale, and "as crooked as a dog's hind leg." At only one point had any cutting been done, and that was where the road, after climbing a hill, came within range of the enemy's batteries. The first trains which passed up and down afforded a fine mark and were shelled vigorously, the enemy's aim becoming with daily practice so exact that nearly every train was hit somewhere. The hill was then cut through, and the fire avoided. It was a rough road, and the riding was full of fearful jolts, but it saved thousands of mules, and enabled General Grant to hold his position during the winter of the Petersburg siege.

City Point was a stirring place at that time. It was General Grant's head-quarters, and the depot of all supplies for the army, and here I found the large hospitals which I meant to search for Andy, although I scarcely hoped to find him.

Into hospital-tents at one end and out at the

other, looking from side to side at the long, white rows of cots, and inquiring as I went, I searched long and almost despairingly, until at last—there he was! Sitting on his cot, his head neatly bandaged, writing a letter!

Coming up quietly behind him, I laid my hand on his shoulder with—"Andy, old boy! have I found you at last? I thought you were killed!"

"Why, Harry!—God bless you!"

The story was soon told. "A clip in the head, you see, Harry, out there among the trees when the Johnnies came down on us, yelling like demons,—all got black before me as I reeled and fell. By and by, coming to myself a little, I begged a man of a strange regiment to help me off, and so I got down here. It's nothing much, Harry, and I'll soon be with you again; not near so bad as that poor fellow over there—the man with the black hair. His is a wonderful case. He was brought in the same day I was, with a wound in the head which the doctors said was fatal. Every day we expected him to die, but there he lies yet, breathing very low, conscious, but unable to speak or to move hand or foot. Some of his company came yesterday to see him. They had been with him when he fell, had supposed him mortally wounded, and had taken all his valuables out of his pockets to send home—among them was an ambrotype of his wife and child. Well, you just should have seen that poor fellow's face when they opened that ambrotype and held it before his eyes! He could n't speak nor reach out his hand to take the picture; and there he lay, convulsed with feeling, while tears rolled down his cheeks."

On looking at him, I found it was the very man I had seen in the ambulance and mistaken for Andy.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WINTER RAID INTO NORTH CAROLINA.

ABOUT the beginning of December, 1864, we were busy building cabins for the winter. Everywhere in the woods to our rear were heard the sound of axes and the crash of falling trees. Men were carrying pine logs on their shoulders, or dragging them along the ground with ropes, for the purpose of building our last winter quarters; for, of the three years for which we had enlisted, but a few months remained. The camp was a scene of activity and interest on all sides. Here were some men "notching" the logs to fit them nicely together at the corners; yonder, one was hewing rude, Robinson Crusoe boards for the eaves and gables; there, a man was digging clay for the chimney which his messmate was cat-sticking up

to a proper height; while some had already stretched their shelters over rude cabins, and were busy cooking their suppers. Just then, as ill-luck would have it in those uncertain days, an orderly rode into camp with some orders from headquarters, and all building was directed to be stopped at once.

"We have orders to move, Andy," said I, coming into the half-finished cabin where Andy (lately returned from hospital) was chinking the cracks in the side of the house.

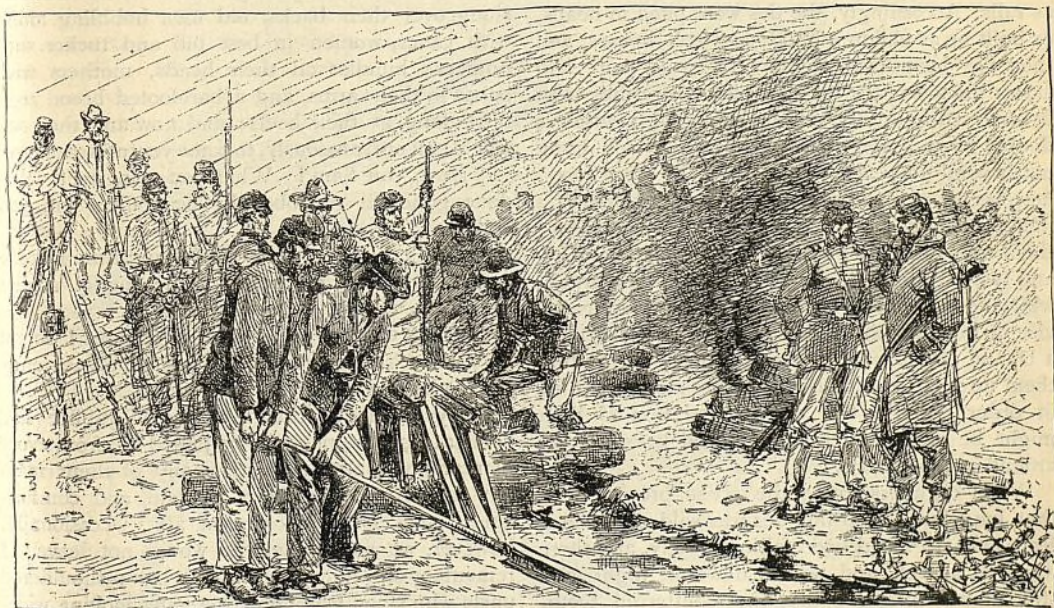
"Orders to move! Why, where in the world are we going this time of year? I thought we had tramped around enough for one campaign, and were going to settle down for the winter."

"I don't know where we're going; but they say

house at ten A. M., halting at dusk near the Weldon and Petersburg Railway, about five miles from the North Carolina line.

Though we did not then know what all this meant, we soon learned that it was simply a winter raid on the enemy's communications; the intention being to destroy the Weldon road, and so render it useless to them. True, we had already cut that same road near Petersburg, but the enemy still brought their supplies on it from the South, near to the point where our lines were thrown across, and by means of wagons carried these supplies around our left, and safely into Petersburg.

Never was railway more completely destroyed! The morning after we had reached the scene of operations, in the drizzling rain and falling sleet,



WRECKING THE RAILWAY.

the Sixth Corps will relieve us in the morning, and we are to pull out, anyhow."

We were not deceived. At daylight next morning, December 6th, we did "pack up and fall in" and move out from our fortified camp, away to the rear, where we lay all day massed in the woods, with nothing to do but to speculate as to the direction we were to take.

From daylight of Wednesday, December 7th, we marched, through rain and stiff mud, steadily toward the South, crossing the Nottaway River on pontoons at eight P. M., and halting at midnight for such rest as we could find on the cold, damp soil of a corn-field. Next day, on again we went, straight toward the South, through Sussex Court-

the whole command was set to work. As far as the eye could see down the road were men in blue, divested of weapons and accouterments, prying and wrenching, and tearing away at iron rails and wooden ties. It was a well-built road, and hard to tear up. The rails were what are known as "T" rails, and each being securely fastened to its neighbor at either end by a stout bar of iron or steel which had been forced into the groove of the T, the track was virtually two long, unbroken rails for its whole length.

"No use tryin' to tear up them rails from the ties, Major," said an old railroader, with a touch of his cap. "The plagued things are all spliced together at the j'int's, and the only way to get

them off is to pry up the whole thing, rails, ties, and all, and then split the ties off from the rails when you 've got her upside down."

So, with fence-rails for levers, the men fell to work, prying and heave-I-ho-ing, until one side of the road, ties, track, and all, pulled and wrenched by thousands of strong arms, began to loosen and move, and was raised gradually higher and higher. Forced at last to a perpendicular, it was pushed over and laid upside down, with a mighty cheer from the long line of wreckers!

Once the thing was started, it was easy enough to roll miles and miles of it over without a break. And so brigade after brigade did roll it; tearing and splitting off the ties, and wrenching away the rails.

It was not enough, however, merely to destroy the track—the rails must be made forever useless as rails. Accordingly, the ties were piled in heaps, or built up as children build corn-cob houses, and then the heaps were fired. The rails were laid across the top of the burning pile, where they soon became red-hot in the middle, and bent themselves double by the weight of their ends, which hung out beyond the reach of the fire. In some cases, however, a grim and humorous conceit led to a more artistic use of the heated rails, for many of them were taken and carried to some tree hard by, and twisted two or three times around the trunk, while not a few of the men hit on the happy device of bending the rails, some into the shape of a U, and others into the shape of an S, and setting them up by pairs against the fences along the line, in order that, in this oft-repeated iron U S, it might be seen that Uncle Sam had been looking around in those parts.

When darkness came, the scene presented by that long line of burning ties was wild and weird. Rain and sleet had been falling all day, and there was frost as well, and we lay down at night with stiff limbs, aching bones, and chattering teeth. Everything was covered with a coating of ice; so that Andy and I crept under a wagon for shelter and a dry spot to lie down in. But the horses, tied to the wheels, gave us little sleep. Scarcely would we fall into a doze, when one of the horses would poke his nose between the wheels, or through the spokes, and whinny pitifully in our ears. And no wonder, either, we thought, when, crawling out at day-break, we found the poor creatures covered with a coating of ice, and their tails turned to great icicles. The trees looked very beautiful in their magnificent frost-work, but we were too cold and wet to admire anything, as our drums hoarsely beat the "assembly," and we set out for a two days' wet and weary march back to camp in front of Petersburg.

Both on the way down and on the retreat, we passed many fine farms or plantations. It was a new country to us, and no other Northern troops had passed through it. One consequence of this was that we were everywhere looked upon with wonder by the white inhabitants, and by the colored population as deliverers sent for their express benefit.

All along the line of march, both down and back, the overjoyed darkies flocked to us by hundreds, old and young, sick and well, men, women, and children. Whenever we came to a road or lane leading to a plantation, a crowd of darkies would be seen hurrying pell-mell down the lane toward us. And then they would take their places in the colored column that already tramped along the road in awe and wonderment beside "de sodjers." There were stout young darkies with bundles slung over their backs, old men hobbling along with canes, women in best bib and tucker with immense bundles on their heads, mothers with babes in their arms, and a barefooted brood trotting along at their heels; and now and then one would call out, anxiously, to some venturesome boy:

"Now, you Sam! Whar you goin' dar? You done gone git run ober by de sodjers yit, you will."

"Auntie, you've got a good many little folks to look after, have n't you?" some kindly soldier would say to one of the mothers.

"Ya-as, Cunnel, right smart o' chilluns I 'se got yere, but I 'se a-gwine up Norf an' can't leabe enny on 'em behind, sah."

Fully persuaded that the year of jubilee had come at last, the poor things joined us, from every plantation along the road, many of them mayhap leaving good masters for bad, and comfortable homes for no homes at all. Occasionally, however, we met some who would not leave. I remember one old, gray-headed, stoop-shouldered uncle who stood leaning over a gate, looking wide-eyed at the blue-coats and the great exodus of his people.

"Come along, Uncle," shouted one of the men. "Come along—the year of jubilee is come!"

"No, sah. Dis yere chile's too ole. Reckon I better stay wid ole Mars'r."

When we halted at night-fall in a cotton-field, around us was gathered a great throng of colored people, houseless, homeless, well-nigh dead with fatigue, and with nothing to eat. Near where we pitched our tent, for instance, was a poor negro woman with six little children, of whom the oldest was apparently not more than eight or nine years of age—the whole forlorn family crouched shivering together in the rain and sleet. Andy and I thought, as we were driving in our tent-pins:

"That 's pretty hard, now, is n't it? Could n't we somehow get a shelter and something to eat for the poor souls?"

It was not long before we had set up a rude but serviceable shelter, and thrown in a blanket and built a fire in front for them, and set Dinah to cooking coffee and frying bacon for her famishing brood.

Never shall I forget how comical those little darkies looked as they sat cross-legged about the fire, watching the frying-pan and coffee-pot with great, eager eyes!

Dinah, as she cooked, and poked the fire sometimes, told Andy and me how she had deserted the old home at the plantation—a home which no doubt she afterward wished she had never left.

an' leabe us all 'lone, an' so when we see de sodjers comin' we done cl'ar out too,—ki-yi!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

We had just come out of what is known as the "Second Hatcher's Run" fight, somewhere about the middle of February, 1865. The company, which was now reduced to a mere handful of men, was standing about a smoking fire in the woods, discussing the engagement and relating adventures, when some one came in from brigade headquarters, shouting the following message: "Say, Boys, good news! They told me over at head-



THE CHARGE ON THE CAKES.

"When we heerd dat de Yankees was a-comin'," said she, "de folks all git ready fer to leabe. Ole Mars' John, he ride out de road dis way, an' young Mars' Harry, he ride out de road dat way, fer to watch if dey was a-comin'; and den ebbery now an' den one or udder on 'em 'd come a-ridin' up to de house an' say, 'Did ye see anyt'ing on 'em yit? Did ye hear whar dey is now?' An' den one mawning, down come young Mars' Harry a-ridin' his hoss at a gallop—'Git out o' dis! Git out o' dis! De Yankees is a-comin'! De Yankees is a-comin'!' and den all de folks done gone cl'ar out

quarters that we are to be sent North to relieve the 'regulars' somewhere."

Ha! ha! ha! That was an old story—too old to be good, and too good to be true. For a year and more we had been hearing that same good news,— "Going to Baltimore," "Going to Washington," and so forth, and we always ended with going into battle instead, or off on some long raid.

So we did n't much heed the tidings. We were too old birds to be caught with chaff.

But, in spite of our incredulity, the next morning we were marched down to General Grant's

branch of the Petersburg Railway, loaded on box-cars, and carried to City Point, where we at once embarked on two huge steamers, which we found awaiting us.

For two days and nights we were cooped up in those miserable boats. We had no fire, and we suffered from the cold. We had no water for thirty-six hours, and, of course, no coffee, and what is life to a soldier without coffee? All were seasick, too, for the weather was rough; and so, what with

"Dem sodjers, dar, must be done gone starved, dat 's sartin. Nebber seed sech hungry men in all my bawn days,—nebber!"

After supper we were lodged in a great upper room of a large building—bunks ranged around the four sides, and in the middle an open space, which was soon turned to account, for one of the boys strung up his fiddle, which he had carried on his knapsack for full two years, on every march, and through every battle we had been in, and we



THE WELCOME HOME.

hunger and thirst, cold and seasickness, we landed one evening at Baltimore more dead than alive.

No sooner were we well down the gang-plank than the crowd of apple and pie women that stood on the wharf made quick sales and large profits. Then we marched away to a "soldiers' retreat" and were fed. Fed! We never tasted so grand a supper as that before nor since—"salt horse," dry bread, and coffee! The darkies that carried around the great cans of the latter were kept pretty busy for a while, I can tell you; and they must have thought:

proceeded to celebrate our "change of front" with music and dancing until the small hours of the night.

Down through the streets of Baltimore we march in the morning, with our blackened and tattered flags a-flying, mustering only one hundred and eighty men out of the one thousand who marched through those same streets nearly three years ago. We take the cars (box or cattle cars, with no fire, and the snow outside a foot deep), and steam away for two days and a night to a certain city in the far distant North. At midnight we

pass within two miles of my own home, and I think the folks there would n't be sleeping quite so soundly if they could know how near I am to them.

And—for there is no need I should prolong matters any further—after some months of garrison duty in a Northern city, the great and good news came at last one day that Peace was declared and the great war was over! The young readers of ST. NICHOLAS can scarcely imagine what joy instantly burst forth all over the land. Bells were rung all day long, bonfires burned, and people paraded the streets half the night, and everybody was glad beyond possibility of expression. And among the joyful thousands all over the land, the Boys in Blue were probably the gladdest of all, for was n't the war over now, and would n't "Johnny come marching home"?

But before getting home, we bid our comrades in arms good-bye, for the regiment was composed of companies from different parts of the State, and we must part, in all probability never to see one another again. And a more hearty, rough and ready, affectionate good-bye there never was in all this wide world. In the rooms of one of the hotels at the State capital we were gathered, waiting for our respective trains; knapsacks slung, Sharp's rifles at a "right-shoulder shift" or a "carry"; songs were sung, hands shaken, or rather wrung; loud, hearty "God bless you, old fellows," resounded, and many were the toasts and the healths that were drunk before the men parted for good and all. And then, at last, we were off for the train, "Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom!"

Of the thirteen men who had gone out from our little village, but three had lived to get home together. Reaching the village in the stage, at dusk one evening in June, we found gathered at the hotel where the stage stopped, a great crowd of our school-fellows and friends, who had come to meet us. We almost feared to step down among them, lest they should quite tear us to pieces

with shaking of hands. The stage had scarcely stopped when I heard a well-known voice calling:

"Harry! Are *you* there?"

"Yes, Father! Here I am!"

"God bless you, my boy!"

And pushing his way through the crowd, my father plunges into the stage, not able to wait until it has driven around to the house, and if his voice is husky with emotion, as he often repeats "God bless you, my boy!" and gets his arm around my neck, is it any wonder?

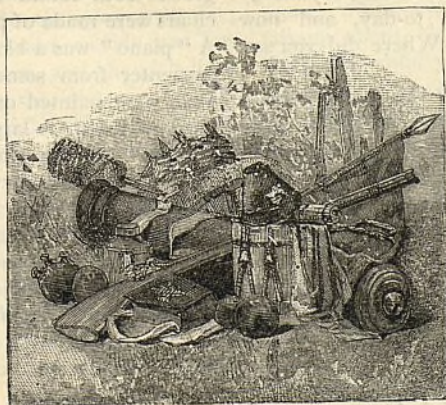
But my dog Rollo can't get into the stage, and so he runs barking after it, and is the first to greet me at the gate, and jumps up at me with his great paws on my shoulders. Does he know me? I rather think he does!

Then Mother and Sisters come around, and they must needs call for a lamp and hold it close to my face, and look me all over from head to foot, while Father is saying to himself again and again, "God bless you, my boy!"

Although I knew that my name was never forgotten in the evening prayer all the while I was away, yet not once, perhaps, in all that time was Father's voice so choked in utterance as when now, his heart overflowing, he came to give thanks for my safe return. And when I lay down that night in a clean white bed, for the first time in three long years, I thanked God for Peace and Home.

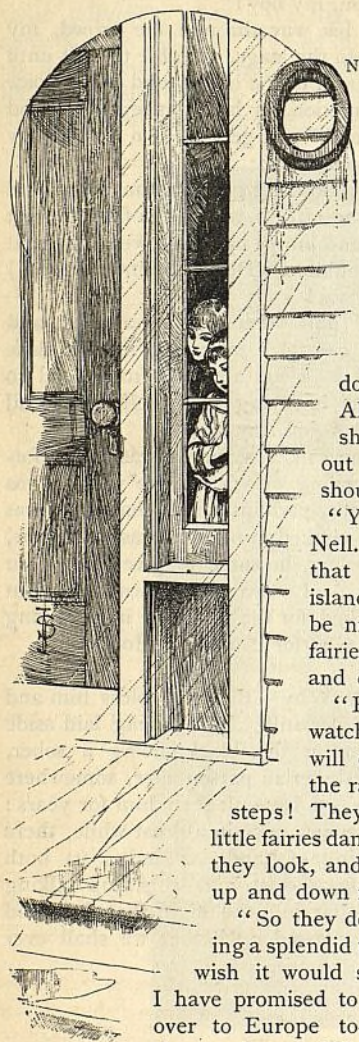
And—Andy? Why—the Lord bless him and his!—he's a soldier still. For, having laid aside the blue, he put on the black, being a sober, steady-going Presbyterian parson now, somewhere up in York State. I have n't seen him for years; but when we do meet, once in a great while, there is such a wringing of hands as makes us both wince until the tears start, and we sit up talking over old times so far into the night that the good folk of the house wonder whether we shall ever get to—

THE END.



A TRAGEDY IN THE GARRET.

BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON.



NE wet afternoon, two little girls stood by the window of a large country-house and watched the rain as it fell.

"What nice little brooks and rivers it makes along the road, does n't it?" said Alice. "How I should like to go out and sail boats, should n't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Nell. "And do see that cunning little island. Would n't it be nice if some tiny fairies would come and dance on it?"

"Real nice. Let's watch and see if they will come. Oh, see the rain-drops on the steps! They're exactly like little fairies dancing. How jolly they look, and don't they bob up and down fast?"

"So they do; they're having a splendid time, but I really wish it would stop raining, as I have promised to take my family over to Europe to-day, and now they can't go. Where did you say you would take yours?"

"Mine?" answered Alice. "Oh, I said I would take them to the country, somewhere; the baby is n't at all well. Do you know," she added, in a tone of deep anxiety, "her head's 'most off—somehow I can't make it stick on, and I have to keep her in bed all the time, for fear it will come off altogether."

"Poor, dear child," said Nell. "Let's go and see about them: it's time they were up."

"Where are you going, children?" said Mamma.

"Up into the garret, to play paper-dolls. You

don't want us for anything, do you?" and they peered between the balusters at their mother in the hall below, hoping the answer would be "no." She did not disappoint them, and they were soon in the large, old-fashioned garret where they had spent so many happy hours.

On one side was an extensive array of dolls which the little girls had made for themselves. They had cut from the fashion-journals a number of stylish-looking girls and boys, and pasted them on card-board to make them stiff. All kinds of dresses were devised for them. Pieces of pretty paper, such as the bright gilt bands encircling packages of envelopes, the lace paper in cigar-boxes, and bright blue-and-orange glazed paper that came from the stores where their mother bought fancy goods, were eagerly seized by the children, and converted into brilliant wardrobes.

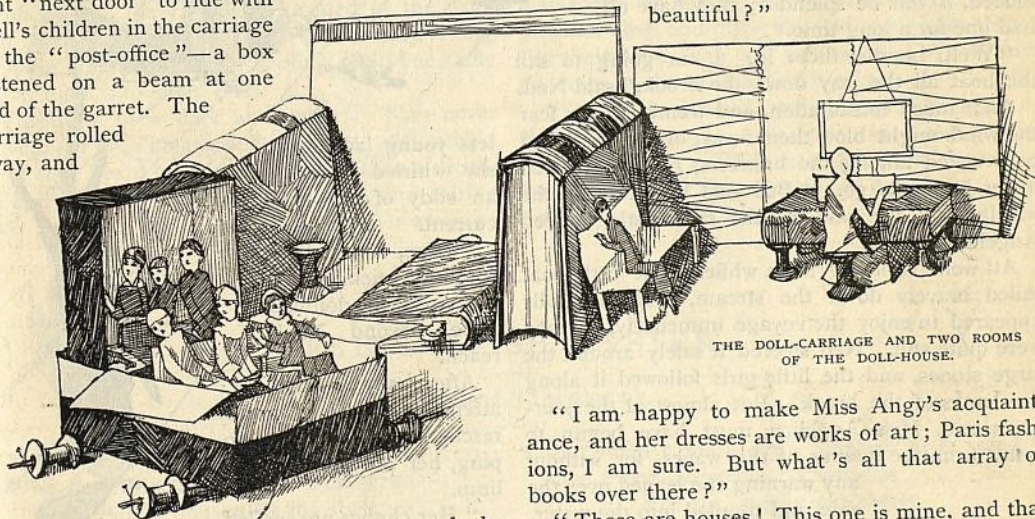
An older sister—Nan—whose doll days were supposed to be over,—for she went to school, and was engaged with lessons or reading most of the time,—used to visit the garret housekeepers occasionally and suggest improvements, and, being of an artistic turn of mind, she sometimes delighted their hearts by making wonders of dresses for the dolls, or painting the faces and hair of any new members of the family.

There were two dormer windows in this garret. Alice had made her house in one, and Nell had one just like it in the other window, and these houses were triumphs of art in the girls' eyes, and certainly displayed no little ingenuity. Some old books were stood up on end, making a succession of square rooms, which were duly furnished. The floor of "the parlor" was carpeted with some green cloth found in the rag-bag. Sofas and chairs were made of pasteboard and painted brown. A "piano" was a block of smooth wood left by the carpenter from some repairs,—white and black keys were painted on it; and empty spools were used as legs. A large black spool did service as a stove. On the walls of the rooms were hung pictures, with strips of gilt paper pasted around them like frames.

Now, it had taken many days to collect and manufacture all these things, and the adage that working for an object makes the object more precious, was certainly verified in this instance. Each and every doll was dearer to the little girls' hearts on account of the thought and trouble expended upon it.

Every evening the dolls were "put to bed," and then they looked very queer, because, for safe keeping, they were placed between the leaves of books, with their heads sticking out, "to breathe," as Alice said, and they were sometimes not "waked up" until the following afternoon.

"Well, dears, how have you slept to-day?" said the girls, as they took the dolls tenderly from the books and proceeded to dress them, after which they were taken into the dining-room for breakfast. The meal ended, Alice's boy, Rob, was sent "next door" to ride with Nell's children in the carriage to the "post-office"—a box fastened on a beam at one end of the garret. The carriage rolled away, and



THE DOLL-CARRIAGE AND TWO ROOMS OF THE DOLL-HOUSE.

when it stopped, the dolls were jumped out and made to get the letters posted by Alice the previous afternoon, and supposed to be from the dolls' fathers, who were traveling. Then the carriage came rattling home, only to be sent off again on another errand.

So the play went on; the rain outside was forgotten, and the girls lived for the time in a little world of their own; and a bright little world it was. Invitations to visit each other, excursions, picnics, followed in quick succession. Days, and even weeks, were made to pass quickly by, and the conversation was unceasing.

A ball was given in Alice's house, and great excitement reigned for a time. The dolls were dressed in their Sunday best, and were danced about, while the little girls sang the music at the top of their voices. Suddenly a curly brown head was thrust up the stair-way, and a boyish voice said:

"What are you two midgets up to?"

"Oh!" gasped Alice, her voice breaking into a frightened squeak. "How you did scare us!"

"We are having a ball," said Nell.

"I should think you were—quite a *bawl*, I should say." And coming all the way up, Ned began a survey of the playthings.

Proud of their visitor, the little girls gladly displayed their possessions, for they and Cousin Ned were famous friends.

"This one," said Alice, "is Angelina. I made her dresses myself. Are n't they just beautiful?"

"I am happy to make Miss Angy's acquaintance, and her dresses are works of art; Paris fashions, I am sure. But what's all that array of books over there?"

"Those are houses! This one is mine, and that one over there is Nell's."

"This is the baby. You see, I have to keep her in bed all the time, 'cause her head's 'most off. What do you think I had better do with her?" asked Alice, bringing out the young sufferer and showing her to Ned with much concern.

"Well," said Ned, "I am afraid she is a gone case; you can't cure a broken neck; better throw her away."

"Throw her away!" cried Alice, in a horrified tone. "You don't seem to know what you are talking about, Ned Allen! S'pose your head was 'most off, would you like to have some one say that about you, just as if they did n't care?"

"Well, little one," laughed Ned, "you need n't be so indignant. I suppose if I were in the same fix myself, I should n't care much what they did with me. But I see it has stopped raining, so I must be off. Good-bye."

"Suppose we go, too, and take the children," said Alice. "It will do them good, they've been in the house so long."

So they took all their dolls, and asked their mamma if they might go out. Not without some pleading and promises to be careful, to put on

overshoes and not to get wet, did their mother consent to let them go.

"Hello!" cried Ned, as he saw them coming toward the brook. "Do you want to give those dolls a sail?"

Alice looked doubtful as she saw the brook, much swollen by the heavy shower, rushing along over the stones.

But Nell said: "Yes, indeed, it will be splendid; they have n't had one for a long time."

"Well, bundle them in. I am going to sail the boat all the way down the brook," said Ned.

After much consultation, and trembling for fear the wind might blow them away, or the frail craft be wrecked among the breakers, Alice consented to let her dolls go. "But—do be careful of the whirlpools," she said, as she reluctantly handed Angelina to Ned.

All went famously for a while. The little boat sailed bravely down the stream, and the dolls appeared to enjoy the voyage immensely, as they were quite still. Ned steered it safely around the large stones, and the little girls followed it along the banks of the brook. But almost at the journey's end, Miss Angelina must have begun to suffer from the tossing of the waves, for without any warning she leaned over the side and toppled into the water.

"Don't, oh, please don't let

less young lady, as she whirled about in an eddy of the swift current.

"Here, fish her out with this stick," cried Nell,—for the doll had gone beyond Ned's reach.

After many unsuccessful attempts, she was finally rescued, all wet and dripping, her pretty dress quite limp.

"Her clothes are spoiled, but otherwise she's all right," said Ned.

"Put her on the stones in the sunshine, and she'll be dry in no time, and then she can have another ride."

"Oh, no! I think we had better go into the



"OH, OUR DOLLIES! OUR DOLLIES!" WAILED THE LITTLE GIRLS.

her drown!" cried Alice, clasping her hands in something very like agony, while Ned stopped the boat and leaned over the brook to rescue the luck-

less young lady, as she whirled about in an eddy of the swift current.

"Yes," said Nell. "I suppose we ought to, for

it must be about time for dinner." So, taking the other dolls from the boat, and thanking Ned for the sail, they scampered back to their garret, in order to put their dolls away safely. But they had scarcely reached the top floor, when Nan called them to come down to hear about an invitation.

"What 's it for—where 's it to?" asked the little girls, as they followed their sister.

"It is to a magic-lantern exhibition; we are to wear our white dresses, and go in the carriage."

In the preparations that followed, the dolls were forgotten, and the little girls, happy in the enjoyments of the party, never dreamed of the woes that befell their precious families. All the evening the poor dolls sat patiently waiting. No one came to put them into their beds.

The night grew dark and darker. They never moved, nor even breathed, from fright. All around them they heard mysterious noises; then a dreadful hairy animal made his appearance, and seizing poor Angelina by the head, dragged her away, to

the speechless horror of her sisters. Soon terrible confusion reigned. Instead of one monster, there seemed to be thousands. The furniture was tossed about and destroyed; the walls were knocked down, and the poor dolls dragged here and there, or torn asunder by their merciless captors, the rats, who carried them down dark holes, and stored them away to feast upon at leisure.

Thus in a few moments were destroyed the hopes and pleasures of weeks of childish life.

Next morning, Alice and Nell went up to their play-room, as usual, full of anticipations for a pleasant time, and pussy skipped gayly after them. But their sorrow can only be imagined as they saw the ruins of the once happy homes.

"Oh, our dollies! our dollies! Where are they?" wailed the little girls, in heart-broken accents. Pussy echoed their grief, but there was for answer only the silence of desolation. Not one doll was left to tell the tale.

THE SELFISH OYSTER.

BY GEORGE J. WEBSTER.

THERE once was a selfish old Oyster,
Who lived like a monk in a cloister,
Safely housed in his shell,
Like the monk in his cell,
Though the bivalve's apartment was moister.

Anchored tight in the mud of the bay
This lazy old party did stay.
Nor cared he to roam
Very far from his home;
For exertion, he thought, did not pay.

And you will be wondering, I think,
What he did for his victuals and drink.
Well, the Oyster was sly,
And when young crabs came by,
He would catch them as quick as a wink.

Then in him the poor crabs had to stay,
Till in time they had melted away.
So the Oyster got fatter,
And the crabs—but no matter—
For crabs have no souls, people say.

"And oho!" said the Oyster, said he:
"What a lucky old party I be!
Like a king in his pride
I wait here, and the tide
Every day brings my living to me."

But there came a grim Star-fish, who spied,
Our friend lying flat on his side;
For the greedy old sinner
Had just had his dinner,
And now could not run had he tried.

With a spring to the Oyster he came,
And he threw his five arms round the same.
He shut off his breath,
And he squeezed him to death.
Then he ate him, nor felt any shame.

The point of this story, my dears,
Just "as plain as a pikestaff" appears.
But please give attention,
While briefly I mention
The moral again, for your ears.

Don't be greedy and live but to eat,
Caring only for bread and for meat;
Nor selfishly dwell
All alone in your shell,—
Don't be oysters, in short, I repeat.

But you 'll find it much better for you
To be kind, and unselfish, and true;
Then you 'll not lack a friend
Your cause to defend,
When a Star-fish rolls into your view.



THREE foolish fairies flew far and flew high,
 One showery April day,
 To see how the rain-drops came down from the sky,
 But alack, they lost their way!

Three frightened fairies sat down in a row,
 On the rainbow that glittered so gay;
 And there they are sitting, for all that I know,
 Lamenting their folly to-day.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOUSE PICNIC.

THE house picnic proved a complete success. In the first place, not only the original thirty came, but other boys and girls whose names had been added to the list; secondly, a lovely snow-storm, one of the bright, dry kind, had come during the night, and evidently had "come to stay"; thirdly, the guests made it a frolic from the very first, and every sleigh-load driven to the door by Jack, came in singing and cheering; fourthly, Uncle George, as Dorry said, was "splendid," Jack was "good as gold," and Liddy was "too lovely for anything"; fifthly, the house, from top to bottom, was bright, home-like, and beautiful,—flowers sprang up in unexpected places, delightful surprises abounded; and, lastly, hardly anything was broken, not a single child was killed, and the house was n't burned to the ground—all of which Liddy and Jack agreed was "simply mirac'l'us!"

Such a wonderful day as that is hard to describe. Imagine the scene. Great square halls on the first and second floors; broad stair-ways; fine open rooms; pleasant fires; beautiful flowers; boys and girls flitting, gathering everywhere, from garret to kitchen,—now scattered, now crowded, now listening to stories, now running, now hiding, now gazing at an impromptu "performance," now sitting in a demure circle, with a napkin on every lap—you know why; now playing games, now having a race on the broad, freshly cleared piazza, that extended along three sides of the mansion; now giving three cheers for Uncle George, and then beginning all over again. It lasted more than ten hours, yet nobody was tired (until the next day!), and all the guests declared, in one way or another, that it was the very nicest time they ever had known in all their lives. Donald and Dorothy were delightful as host and hostess. They enjoyed everything, were on the alert for every one's pleasure, and by their good-humor, courtesy, and graceful manners, unconsciously set an example to all the picnickers. Uncle George,—ah, now I know what to say! You have known him heretofore as a man of grave responsibility,—troubled with an anxiety which to you, perhaps, has been uncomfortably mysterious. But Uncle George, at the house picnic, was quite a different man. He threw care to the winds, proposed

games, invented capital "forfeits," sprang surprises upon the guests, laughed and played like a splendid boy, and, better yet, wore his "glow-look" nearly all the time.

"How handsome Mr. Reed is!" thought more than one young guest. "They say his brother Wolcott was handsomer still. What wonder Don and Dorry are so good-looking. Ho! what are we going to do now?"

Then would follow a merry, well-ordered rush to this or that part of the house, according to the special attraction of the moment. But, really, it is quite impossible for any one to describe the day properly. The only way is to give you a few notes from observations taken on the spot.

We'll begin with the kitchen—Kassy's empire. There she stands, a queen in a calico gown. But Dorothy has the scepter. It is a big wooden spoon. She and a dozen other girls are crowding about the big cooking-stove. All have large towels pinned over their dresses, after the fashion of Topsy's apron—close to the throat, tight around the skirt, and the arms left free. What in the world are they making? What but molasses candy! It is nearly done. It ought to be, after the boiling and the stirring that the girls in turn have given it. Finally, some one holds forward a pan of cold water. Dorothy, carefully dipping out a spoonful of the fragrant syrup, drops it into the water. It sizzles; it stiffens—hurrah! the candy is ready to be taken from the fire.

Cool enough now. "Come, boys! come, girls!" cries Uncle. "Here, put on your aprons, every one of you!" cries Liddy, with her mouth full of pins, and her arms loaded with the coarse towel-aprons which she—knowing soul!—has specially prepared for the occasion.—"Sakes! be careful! Don't burn yourselves!"

But who hears? They are pulling the candy already. Boys and girls in pairs, with hands daintily washed and greased, are taking soft lumps of the cooling mass, drawing them out into great, long, shining ribbons, doubling and drawing them out again until they get lighter and lighter in color, and finally the beautiful golden strands are declared ready for more artistic handling. Then follow royal fun and rivalry, each young confectioner trying to outdo the other. Some twist the soft candy into sticks and lay them aside to cool; some braid it charmingly; others make little walking-canes; others cut it into caramels,—one and all

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indulging meantime in flavorsome morsels, and finally shouting with delight over Donald's masterpiece, which he has placed upon the table for inspection, and which that rather sticky young gentleman calls



THE MAID OF ORLEANS!

"Ha! ha!" shouts Daniel Danby. "Pretty good! But supposing it had n't been made of Orleans! Guess there are other kinds." But that sarcastic and well-informed young gentleman is hardly heard in the laughing commotion.

Ah, what a washing of hands! For the fun of the thing, Uncle George has caused warm water to be put into a great tub, which stands upon the wash-bench, and now the candy-pullers take their turn in a close ring about it, all frantically feeling and struggling for the soap, which repeatedly bobs to the surface, only to be dashed out of sight again by some desperate little hand.

While this merry crowd of cooks and pullers are working and frolicking in the kitchen, a few of the company may be found in other parts of the old mansion, amusing themselves in their own fashion. Some of the very young guests are in the upper rooms playing childish games; and one or two older ones who, as it happens, see quite enough of the kitchen in their own homes, prefer to enjoy themselves now in the finer apartments.

We'll look into Mr. Reed's study, the door of

which stands slightly ajar. Amanda Danby is there alone. She is sitting in the master's big chair with a volume of poems in her hand—forgetting the party, forgetting that she has laboriously smoothed her curly hair for the occasion, forgetting that she is wearing her precious drab merino—her mother's wedding gown—now made over for the fourth time, forgetting the new collar and pretty blue bow at her throat (Dorry's gifts), conscious only that

"The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar."

Amanda smiles to herself as she turns the leaf, feeling that after all there is a great deal of life and spirit in the world, and that dish-pans, pots, and kettles are mere phantoms of the imagination. The verse runs on so smoothly, too. She could write whole books of poetry herself if she only had gone somewhere and improved herself. Then, as she reads on, the great, comfortable arm-chair, the soft carpet, the well-filled book-shelves, and the subdued light give her a vague, delightful sense of having improved herself already.

Let us look into the other rooms. No one in the parlor. The back sitting-room, too, is deserted. The dining-room is empty and locked; but high up on the garret-stairs sit three wide-eyed, open-mouthed youngsters listening to Ben Buster.

"True?" he is saying, "of course it's true; I knew the boy myself—Joe Gunther, smart fellow. He's on a ranch, now, out in Californy. I'll tell you how it was: He was living with a settler named Brown, 'way off in Utah. Brown had three men besides Joe to help him,—sort of partnership, I b'lieve, raising cattle. It was a desolate place, and the Indians were troublesome. Brown nor his men never went outside the hut without a loaded gun, and they kept several more in the hut, always loaded, ready for an attack. One morning, long before daylight, Joe heard a rumpus. He was in bed—none of your cots, but a bunk, like a shelf, fastened to the inside of the stockade walls."

"What do you mean by stockade walls?" asks one of the listeners.

"Why, walls made out of logs standing upright—it was only a hut, you see; no laths, nor plaster, nor any such nonsense. Well, Joe knew by what he heard that old man Brown was inside, firing from the door at the Indians—did n't know where the other two were,—killed, may be,—and so Joe gets up on his knees and looks through

a crevice of the stockade wall, and sees the chief crawling stealthily around the hut to get in at the only window and attack the old man! A loaded gun—double-barrel—was hanging on the wall right near Joe. What did he do but take it, put the muzzle through the chink, and let go at the fellow; discharged both barrels clean at him. 'You will, will you?' he yelled out, as the Indian fell; and I declare, if the other Indians were n't so scared and mystified by the sudden voice, and the chief killed, out of the very walls, as it seemed to them, that they turned and scampered. Joe rushed out to old man Brown, and there he was with his two partners at the door, not one of the three scratched, and the chief was lying there by the stockade wall, just as he fell.

"Joe did n't care to go near him, for by this time he began to feel rather weak in the joints. But the most wonderful part of all is to come yet. That Indian chief was only wounded, after all. They thought he was killed; and while the three men and Joe were in the hut, planning what they should do next,—for they were sure the red-skins would come back in greater force to get the body of their chief,—I declare if that old Indian did n't up and go about his business. Brown and Joe and all of them searched the forest well that day and the next, but they never found him. Joe had made his mark, though, and he was in more than one scrimmage with the Indians after that."

"It's a shame to kill Indians!" at last exclaims one of Ben's awe-stricken listeners. "My father says they've been imposed upon and abused by the white folks. He says we ought to teach them instead of killing them."

"That's so," says another of the trio, nodding emphatically. "My father says so, too."

"Oh, does he?" returns Ben Buster, in mild wrath, "who does n't? But this was a fair fight. What are you going to do when they're doin' the killing, eh? Open your book and hear them a spelling-lesson? Guess not. Ask 'em questions in 'rithmetic when they're helping themselves to your scalp? Oh, of course."

All of which would be very impressive and very convincing to the young hearers, did not a small boy at this moment come suddenly rushing across the hall, shouting—

"Ho! Candy! I smell merlasses candy. They're making it. Come on."

And down they run—all but Ben, who prefers to go through the house in search of adventures. He opens a door, sees a small ring of prettily dressed little girls and boys, hand in hand, singing:

"Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows,
You nor I nor nobody knows
Where oats, pease, beans, and barley grows."

He beats a hasty retreat. Signs of commotion come from a bedroom on the other side of the hall, but Ben, hearing Fandy's familiar voice there, turns aside and goes slowly down-stairs, feeling rather bored since there is no one to listen to his stories.

A moment afterward he is in the kitchen, laughing with the rest at Donald's expressive masterpiece, but secretly resolving never to go into company again until he can have a frock-coat. The blue cloth jacket and trousers, bought with his last year's savings, somehow do not seem to him as fine as they did when he put them on earlier in the day, though he is an independent youth, not easily made dissatisfied with his appearance. For the first time in his life he rather envies Daniel David and Ellen Elizabeth, who look remarkably well on this occasion, being dressed in clothes that once were Donald's and Dorothy's. This is no unusual effect. For Lydia, with Mr. Reed's hearty sanction, has long been in the habit of slyly handing garments to Mrs. Danby, with the flattering assurance that as the dear D's grow like weeds, it will be an act of real kindness if Mrs. Danby will turn the clothes to good account, and Mrs. Danby always has complied.

Talking of the Danbys, perhaps this is a fitting time to explain the commotion that Ben heard in Mr. Reed's bedroom.

A moment before, and in the midst of certain lively planning, a middle-sized boy, named Thomas Budd, had strayed from the candy-pulling scene and appeared at the threshold of this apartment, where Charity Danby, little Isabella Danby, Fandy, and three or four others were assembled.

"All right!" shouted Fandy excitedly, as Master Budd entered; "you can play, too, Tommy Budd. Now Charity Cora, look out for Isabella! We're going to have my new game."

"Oh, please do, Cora! quick!" cried little Helen Danby. "Fandy's made it up all hisself, and he's goin' to teach it to us."

"That's right," said Fandy, approvingly, as Charity Cora hastily lifted her three-year-old sister from the floor; "take her 'way off. It's a awful dang'rous game. She might get killed!"

Very naturally, Cora, with little Isabel in her arms, stood near the door to see what was going to happen.

"Now, chil'ren," cried Fandy, "take your places all over. Pete, you're a lion; Sammy, you're a big wolf; Helen, you're a wild cat; Gory, you're a elephant; and Tommy, you'll have to be (let's see, what other animal is there?) Oh! yes; you must be a kangaroo! and I'm a great big hunter-man, with a gun an' a so-word!"

So saying, the great big man took the long brass-handled shovel and poker from the brass stand by the fire-place, and struck an attitude.

"Now, chil'ren, you must all go 'round, a-howling and going on like what you all are, and I'll pounce on you fass as I can, an' kill you. When I shoot, you must fall right down: and when I chop off your heads with my big so-word, you must roar awful."

"Hah! Where's the game in that?" cried Gory, scornfully.

"Why—let's see," said Fandy, rather puzzled.

Baby Isabel, who must have been born to be a lion-tamer, looked on in great glee; and Cora tried not to feel frightened.

Fandy made a capital hunter; he shot right and left, and sawed off the heads of the slain like a good fellow, until at last there were four dead animals under the bed, all lying curled up just as still as mice.

There was only one more animal to kill, and that was Tom, the kangaroo.

Bang! went Fandy's gun—the shovel end pressed in style against his shoulder—bang!



"THE CANDY-PULLING." [SEE PAGE 469.]

"Oh! yes; the one I kill first is *it*—that's the game."

"All right," spoke up Tommy Budd, "and then that one takes the gun and sword and hunts. That's first-rate. Let's begin."

But Fandy objected to this.

"No, no," he said, "I've got to do all the killin', 'coz it's my game. I'll tell you what! The ones that gets killed are dead animals—and all the dead animals can go under the bed!"

"That'll do," they shouted; and the game began. Such roaring and baying, growling and shouting, were never heard in human habitation before.

But the kangaroo did n't fall.

Fandy took more careful aim, and fired again.

Bang!

Still the kangaroo hopped about, as frisky as ever.

"Bang! I tell you! Don't you hear me say bang? Why don't you go dead?"

"You have n't hit me yet," retorted the kangaroo, taking wonderful leaps. "Look out! Pretty soon I'll jump on you and smash you!"

"No, you wont, neither!" cries the hunter, growing very red and taking fresh aim.

Bang!

Unlucky shot! The kangaroo was on him in an instant.

"Now, sir," growls the kangaroo, butting the overthrown hunter with his head, "what's the next part of this game? Who beats?"

"I do!" gasped Fandy. "Get off me."

This was too much for the dead animals under the bed. They began to laugh.

Cora laughed as heartily as any, and so did half a dozen big boys and girls who by this time had assembled in the open door-way.

"Stop laughin'," shouted Fandy, still struggling under the kangaroo, "an' all you under the bed come out. Don't you know when all the animals 'cept one is killed, that's the end of the game? Let's play somethin' else."

"Where'd you get that?" he added, as soon as he was a free man—partly to change the subject, and partly because a boy whom he knew suddenly appeared eating a piece of molasses candy.

"Down-stairs. We've been making loads of it," was the muffled reply.

A hint was enough. It is hardly necessary to say that in a twinkling, lion, tiger, wild cat, wolf, elephant, and hunter had joined the crowd in the kitchen, and were feasting ecstatically upon caramels and molasses sticks.

"Whatever shall I do, Mr. George, sir," said the distressed Liddy, "to stop the eating? They'll be sick, sir, every mother's child of them, if they keep on."

"Tell them to wash their hands and faces and come to the parlor. We'll have the picture-gallery game now," said Mr. Reed.

Accordingly, scouts were sent through the house to bring the company together. Meantime, Sailor Jack, in his best clothes, was hard at work clearing the decks for action, as he expressed it.

All were in the parlor and seated at last. That is, all excepting Uncle George and eight or ten who hardly could be missed from such a roomful. Jack had arranged the chairs in several long rows, facing the great sliding-doors that separated the front parlor from the back sitting-room, and on these were seated subdued and expectant boys and girls, all gazing at the closed doors, while the youngest of the guests sat on the floor in front of the chairs, half-frightened, half-delighted at the prospect of "seeing something."

By this time the feathery snow-storm had ceased, and a flood of afternoon sunlight was pouring into the large room. Whispered comments upon the change of weather arose, coupled with remarks that there would be coasting next day, anyhow; then came other remarks, and light laughter, with occasional clapping of hands, when suddenly

Mr. Reed appeared at the side entrance which led into the hall:

"YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! You are now to see a live picture-gallery, and we ask for your criticism upon the pictures, begging you to be merciful in your remarks, and not to be too funny while you try to make the pictures laugh. For, you must know, if any picture in our gallery is guilty of even a smile, it must instantly pop out of sight, leaving its frame empty. When all the frames are thus deserted, we shall expect some of you to fill them again. In fact, each picture in the present exhibition is to select his or her substitute for the next one."

At this, some of the boys looked troubled, and some of the girls tittered, but one and all clapped in hearty applause of Mr. Reed's little speech.

Then came the tinkle of a bell to say that all was ready; Ed Tyler and Donald pushed back the sliding doors, and there, in the great square door-way, was the picture-gallery. To be strictly correct, we must call this gallery a gray wall, apparently hung from top to bottom with fine portraits in broad gilt frames, and all looking wonderfully life-like and *unnatural*; for when a live portrait must not laugh, how can it feel at ease?

At first the spectators were too surprised to speak. Then came a murmur of admiration, with cries of "good, good" from the boys and "how lovely" from the girls, while Liddy, by the parlor door, clasped her hands in silent rapture at the beautiful show.

Beautiful, indeed, it was. All the portraits were as fresh and glowing as though they had been "painted yesterday." The drawing was perfect, the coloring exquisite, and so well were the pictures lighted, so cunningly provided with dark backgrounds, that they seemed really to be paintings. Dorry, in a prim Quaker cap and muslin neckerchief, was prettier than ever. Josie Manning, in red cloak and hood, made a charming gypsy; little Fandy, with his brown eyes and rosy cheeks, was a remarkably handsome portrait of himself; and a sallow, black-haired youth, with a paper-cutter in his clenched fist, scowled admirably as a brigand. The other pictures, though content to be simply faces trying not to smile, were really very bright and effective, and a credit to any artist.

"Well!" exclaimed Uncle, after a moment, "what have the critics to say? What do you think of—the gypsy, for instance? Who will buy it?"

"I wont!" shouted a funny little fellow in knickerbockers. "It's a chromo."

The gypsy twitched very slightly, and all the other pictures put on increased solemnity of ex-

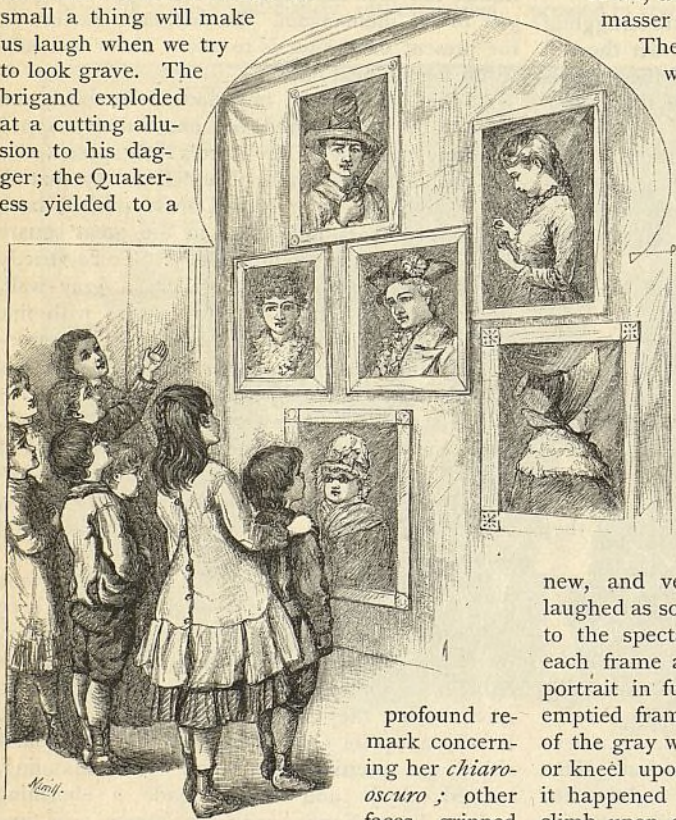
pression, for they felt that their time, too, was coming.

"Do you throw in the frame?" asked some one else.

"Is n't that right eye a little out?" said a girl who was taking drawing-lessons.

This made the picture laugh, and presto! the frame was empty.

After this, though the remarks made were not brilliant nor irresistibly funny, the picture-gallery soon suffered severe losses. So small a thing will make us laugh when we try to look grave. The brigand exploded at a cutting allusion to his dagger; the Quakeress yielded to a



THE LAST VIEW OF THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

profound remark concerning her *chiaroscuro*; other faces grinned the instant they were specially

alluded to, and finally, Fandy's portrait was the only one left in its frame. That bright little countenance stared into the room so defiantly that even Uncle George tried, with the rest, to conquer it.

In vain critics criticised—the portrait was deaf. In vain they tried to be as funny as they could; it was obdurate. In vain they shouted at it, laughed at it. Not a smile. Fandy was a youth of principle, and he felt bound in honor to do his duty. Then the boys called the picture, names. It was a monkey, a tramp, a kitten, an eel, a hop-a-toad. Everybody tried to think of something too funny for him to resist. Finally, Donald said:

"No, it's not an animal at all—let's see—what does it look like, any way? Ah, it's a target; don't you see the bull's-eye?"

Not a smile.

"Bring a pot of varnish," cried Ed Tyler; "the picture is so dull we'll shine it up a little and see what that will do."

Suddenly a childish howl was heard, to everybody's surprise, for little three-year-old Isabel had been quite forgotten.

"A-ow, a-ow! Tate Fan'-y down. What's 'e masser wis Fan'-y? Me want Fan'-y."

The little sister unconsciously triumphed where every one else had tried and failed. Fandy laughed with the rest, and instantly disappeared, as though he had been blown out like a candle. In another moment he was in the parlor, comforting Isabel to the best of his ability, casting saucy glances at the rest of the company meanwhile, with a merry shake of the head, as if to say: "You thought you could make me laugh, did you? No, sir, you could n't."

Now while the folding doors were closed, a new set of pictures was made; the bell tinkled again, and the game went on as before.

There hung the same six frames on the same places upon the gray cloth wall, but the portraits were new, and very effective, though some of them laughed as soon as the opened doors revealed them to the spectators. This time, by way of variety, each frame as soon as vacated was given a new portrait in full view of the company. When the emptied frame happened to be on the lower part of the gray wall, the new picture had only to stand or kneel upon the carpet behind the frame, but if it happened to be higher up, he was obliged to climb upon a chair or table, or even a ladder, whichever might be necessary to enable him to present himself at the proper place. For this gray wall, you must know, was but a large straight curtain of dark cotton stuff, without any fullness, stretched tightly across the door-way behind the sliding doors, and with large square or oblong pieces cut out of it here and there. Each open space thus left was bordered on all sides with a strip of gilt paper, thus forming an empty picture-frame. Don and Dorry had made the whole thing themselves the day before, and they were therefore very happy at the success of the picture-gallery and the fun it created. They had ingeniously provided the highest pictures with small, dark curtains, fastened above the back of the

frames and hanging loosely enough to be drawn behind the living pictures, so as to form backgrounds. A draped clothes-horse answered the same purpose for the lower pictures. All of this explanation and more was given by Don and Dorry at the house picnic to eager listeners who wished to get up exactly such a picture-gallery at their own homes some evening; but while they were talking about it somebody at the piano struck up a march—"Mendelssohn's Wedding March"—and almost before they knew it the guests found themselves marching to the music two by two in a procession across the great square hall, now lighted by a bright blaze in its open fire-place.

Donald and Dorry joined the merry line, wondering what was about to happen—when to their great surprise (ah, that sly Uncle George! and that innocent Liddy!) the double doors leading into the dining-room were flung open, and there, sparkling in the light of a hundred wax-candles, was a collation fit for Cinderella and all her royal court. I shall not attempt to describe it, for fear of forgetting to name some of the good things. Imagine what you will, and I do believe there was something just like it or quite as good upon that delightful table, so beautiful with its airy, fairy-like structures of candied fruits, frostings, and flowers; its jagged rock of ice where chickens and turtles, made of ice-cream, were resting on every peak and cranny; its gold-tinted jellies, and its snowy temples. Soon, fairy-work and temple yielded to ruthless boys, who crowded around with genteel eagerness to serve the girls with platefuls of delicacies, quite ignoring the rolling eyeballs of two little colored gentlemen who had been sent up from town with the feast, and who had fully expected to do the honors. Meanwhile Liddy, in black silk gown and the Swiss muslin apron which Dorry had bought her in the city, was looking after the youngest guests, resolved that the little dears should not disgrace her motherly care by eating too much, or by taking the wrong things.

"Not that anything on that table could hurt a chicken," she said softly to Charity Cora, as she gave a bit of sponge-cake and a saucer of *blanc-mange* to little Isabella—"Mr. George and I looked out for that; but their dear little stomachs are so risky, you know, one can't be too careful. That's the reason we were so particular to serve out sandwiches and substantial early in the day, you know. But sakes! there's that molasses candy! I can't help worrying about that."

Charity Cora made no reply beyond a pleasant nod, for, in truth, conversation had no charms for her just then. If Donald had found you, hungry reader, modestly hidden in a corner, and with a

masterly bow had handed you that well-laden plate, would you have felt like talking to Liddy?

But Liddy did n't mind. She was too happy with her own thoughts to notice trifles. Besides, Jack was at that moment putting a fresh log on the hall fire, and that gave her an opportunity to ask him if he ever had seen young folks "having a delighteder time."

"Never, Mistress Blum! Never!" was his emphatic, all-sufficient response.

At this very moment, Gory Danby, all unconscious of the feast upstairs, was having his own private table in the kitchen. Having grown hungry for his usual supper of bread and milk, he had stolen in upon Kassy and begged for it so manfully that she was unable to resist him. Imagine his surprise when, drowsily taking his last mouthful, he saw Fandy rush in to the room with a plate full of white grapes.



GORY'S PRIVATE TABLE.

"Gory Danby!" exclaimed that disgusted brother, "I'm 'shamed of you! What you stuffin' yourse'f with supper for when there's a party upstairs? Splendid things, all made of sugar! Pull off that bib, now, an' come up!"

Again the march struck up. Feasting was over. The boys and girls, led by Uncle George, who seemed the happiest boy of all, went back to the parlor, which, meanwhile, had been re-arranged, and there Uncle George, producing a great plump tissue-paper bag, hung it from the chandelier that was suspended from the middle of the parlor ceiling. I should like to tell you about this chandelier, how it was covered with hundreds of long, three-sided glass dangles that swung, glittered, and flashed in splendid style, now that all its wax-candles were lighted: but that would interrupt the account of the paper bag. This bag was full of something, they were sure. Uncle George blindfolded Josie Manning with a handkerchief, and putting a long stick in her hand, told her to turn around three times and then strike the bag with the stick.

"Stand back, everybody," cried Donald, as she

made the last turn. "Now, hit hard, Josie! Hard enough to break it!"

Josie did hit hard. But she hit the air just where the bag did n't hang, and then the rest laughed and shouted and begged to be blindfolded, sure that they could do it. Mr. Reed gave each a chance in turn, but each failed as absurdly as Josie. Finally, by acclamation, the bandage was put over Dorothy's dancing eyes, though she was sure she never, never could — and lo! after revolving like a lovely Chinese top, the damsel, with a spring and one long, vigorous stroke, tore the bag open from one side to the other. Down fell the contents upon the floor — pink mottoes, white mottoes, blue mottoes, and mottoes of gold and silver paper all fringed and scalloped and tied with ribbons, and every one of them plump with sugar-almonds or some good kind of candy. How the guests rushed and scrambled for them — how Fandy Danby fairly rolled over the other boys in his delight, and how the young folks tore open the pretty papers, put the candy into their pockets, and shyly handed or sent the printed mottoes to each other! Fandy, in his excitement, handed a couplet to a pretty little girl with yellow hair, and then seeing her pout as she looked at it, ran over to her again with a quick "Let me see 't. What does it say?" She held out the little bit of paper without letting it go, and Fandy, seizing it at the other end, read laboriously and in laughing dismay:

"You-are-the-nicest-boy-I-know,
And-this-is-just-to-tell-you-so."

He recovered himself instantly, however, and wagging his handsome little head at her, exclaimed emphatically:

"Girl, *girl*, don't you see, I meant girl! It's pleopstous to think I meant boy — cause you aint one, don't you see. Mottoes is awful foolish, any way. Come over in the hall and see the gol'-fishes swimmin' in the 'quarium," — and off they ran together, as happy as birds.

Then came a dance — the Lancers. Two-thirds of the young company, including Don and Dorry, attended the village dancing-school, and one and all "just doted on the Lancers," as Josie Manning said. Uncle George, knowing this, had surprised the D's by secretly engaging two players — for piano-forte and violin — and their well-marked time and spirited playing put added life into even the lithe young forms that flitted through the rooms. Charity looked on in rapt delight, the more so as kind Sailor Jack already had carried the sleepy and well-bundled Isabel home to her mother.

One or two more dances finished off this amuse-

ment, and then, after a few moments of rest, came a startling and mysterious order to prepare for the

THANK-YOU GAME!

"What in the world is that?" asked the young folk of Don and Dorry, and their host and hostess candidly admitted that they had n't the slightest idea what it was. They never had heard of it before.

"Well, then, how can we play it?" insisted the little spokespeople.

"I don't know," answered Dorry, looking in a puzzled way at the door.

"All join hands and form a circle!" cried a voice.

Every one arose, and soon the circle stood expectant.

"Your dear great-great fairy godmother is coming to see you," continued the voice. "She is slightly deaf, but you must not mind that."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the laughing circle, "not in the least."

"She brings her white gnome with her," said the invisible speaker, "and don't let him know your names or he will get you into trouble."

"No, no, no!" cried the circle wildly.

A slight stirring was heard in the hall, the doors opened, and in walked the fairy godmother and her white gnome.

She was a tall, much bent old woman, in a ruffled cap, a peaked hat, and a long red cloak. He, the gnome, wore red trousers and red sleeves. The rest of his body was dressed in a white pillow-case with arm-holes cut in it. It was gathered at his belt; gathered also by a red ribbon tied around the throat; the corners of the pillow-case tied with narrow ribbon formed his ears, and there was a white bandage over the eyes, and a round opening for his mouth. The godmother dragged in a large sack, and the gnome bore a stick with bells at the end.

"Let me into the ring, dears," squeaked the fairy godmother.

"Let me into the ring, dears," growled the white gnome.

The circle obeyed.

"Now, my dears," squeaked the fairy godmother, "I've brought you a bagful of lovely things, but, you must know, I am under an enchantment. All I can do is to let you each take out a gift when your turn comes, but when you send me a 'Thank-you,' don't let my white gnome know who it is, for if he guesses your name you must put the gift back without opening the paper. But if he guesses the wrong name, then you may keep the gift. So now begin, one at a time. Keep the

magic circle moving until my gnome knocks three times."

Around went the circle, eager with fun and expectation. Suddenly the blinded gnome pounded three times with his stick, and then pointed it straight in front of him, jingling the little bells. Tommy Budd was the happy youth pointed at.

"Help yourself, my dear," squeaked the fairy godmother as she held the sack toward him. He plunged his arm into the opening and brought out a neat paper parcel.

"Hey! What did you say, dear?" she squeaked. "Take hold of the stick."

Tommy seized the end of the stick, and said, in a hoarse tone:

"Thank you, ma'am."

"That's John Stevens," growled the gnome. "Put it back! put it back!"

But it was n't John Stevens, and so Tommy kept the parcel.

The circle moved again. The gnome knocked three times, and this time the stick pointed to Dorry. She tried to be polite, and direct her neighbor's hand to it, but the godmother would not hear of that.

"Help yourself, child," she squeaked, and Dorry did. The paper parcel which she drew from the sack was so tempting and pretty, all tied with ribbon, that she really tried very hard to disguise her "Thank you," but the gnome was too sharp for her.

"No, no!" he growled. "That's Dorothy Reed. Put it back! put it back!"

And poor Dorry dropped the pretty parcel into the bag again.

So the merry game went on; some escaped detection and saved their gifts; some were detected and lost them; but the godmother would not suffer those who had parcels to try again, and therefore, in the course of the game, those who failed at first succeeded after a while. When all had parcels, and the bag was nearly empty, what did that old fairy do but straighten up, throw off her hat, cap, false face, and cloak, and if it was n't Uncle George himself, very red in the face, and very glad to be out of his prison. Instantly one and all discovered that they had known all along it was Mr. Reed.

"Ha! ha!" they laughed; "and now," starting in pursuit—"let's see who the white gnome is!"

They caught him at the foot of the stairs, and were not very much astonished when Ed Tyler came to light.

"That is a splendid game!" declared some. "Grand!" cried others. "Fine," "first-rate," "glorious," "capital," "as good as Christmas," said the rest. Then they opened their parcels, and there was great rejoicing.

Uncle George, as Liddy declared, was n't a

gentleman to do things by halves, and he certainly had distinguished himself in the Thank-you game. Every gift was worth having. There were lovely bonbon-boxes, pretty trinkets, penknives, silver lead-pencils, paint-boxes, puzzles, thimbles, and scissors, and dozens of other nice things.

What delighted "Oh, oh's!" and merry "ha, ha's!" rang through that big parlor. The boys who had thimbles, and the girls who had balls, had great fun displaying their prizes, and trying to "trade." After a deal of laughter and merry bargaining, the gifts became properly distributed, and then the piano and violin significantly played "Home, Sweet Home!" Soon sleigh-bells were jingling outside; Jack was stamping his feet to knock the snow off his boots. Mr. McSwiver, too, was there, driving in the Manning farm-sled, filled with straw, and several turn-outs from the village were speeding chuck-a-ty chuck, cling, clang, jingle-y-jing, along the broad carriage-way.

Ah! what a bundling-up time. What scrambling for tippetts, shawls, hoods, and cloaks; what laughter and frolic; what "good-byes" and "good-byes"; what honest "thank-you's" to Mr. Reed, and what shouting and singing and hurrahing, as the noisy sleigh-loads glided away, and above all, what an

"Oh, you dear, dear, dear Uncle George!" from Dorry, as she and Donald, standing by Mr. Reed's side, heard the last sleigh jingle, jingle from the door.

And then they went right to bed, slept sweetly, and dreamed till morning of the house picnic? Not so. Do you think the D's could settle down so quietly as that? True, Uncle George soon went to his room. Liddy and Jack went their respective ways, after "ridding up," as she expressed it, and fastening the windows. Nora and Kassy trudged sleepily to bed, the musicians and colored waiters were comfortably put away for the night. But Donald and Dorothy, wide awake as two robins, were holding a whispered but animated conversation in Dorry's room.

"Was n't it a wonderful success, Don?"

"Never saw anything like it," said Donald. "Every one was delighted; Uncle's a regular prince. He was the life of everything, too. But what is it? What did you want to show me?"

"I don't know, myself, yet," she answered. "It fell out of an old trunk that we've never looked into or even seen before; at least, I have n't. Some of the boys dragged it out from under the farthest roof-end of the garret. It upset and opened. Robby Cutler picked up the things and tumbled them in again in a hurry; but I saw the end of a parcel and pulled it out, and ran down

here to see what it was. But my room was full of girls (it was when nearly all of you boys were out in the barn, you know), and so I just threw it into that drawer. Somehow, I felt nervous about looking at it alone."

"Fetch it out," said Donald.

She did so. They opened it together. It contained only two or three old copy-books.

"They're Uncle George's when he was a little boy," exclaimed Dorry, in a tone of interest, as she leaned over Donald, but yet with a shade of disappointment in her tone; for what is an old copy-book?

"It's not copy-writing at all," said Don, peering into the first one—"why, it's a diary!" and turning to look at the cover again, he read, "'Kate Reed.' Why, it's Aunt Kate's!"

"Aunt Kate's diary? Oh, Don, it can't be!" cried Dorry, as, pale with excitement, she attempted to take it from her brother's hands.

"No, Dorry," he said, firmly; "we must tie it up again. Diaries are private; we must speak to Uncle about it before we read a word."

"So we must, I suppose," assented Dorry, reluctantly. "But I can't sleep a wink with it in here." Her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't cry, Dot; please don't," pleaded Don, putting his arm around her. "We've been so happy all day, and finding this ought to make you all the happier. It will tell us so much about Aunt Kate, you know."

"No, Don, it will not. I feel morally sure Uncle will never let us read it."

"For shame, Dorry. Just wait, and it will be all right. You found the book, and Uncle will be delighted, and we'll all read it together."

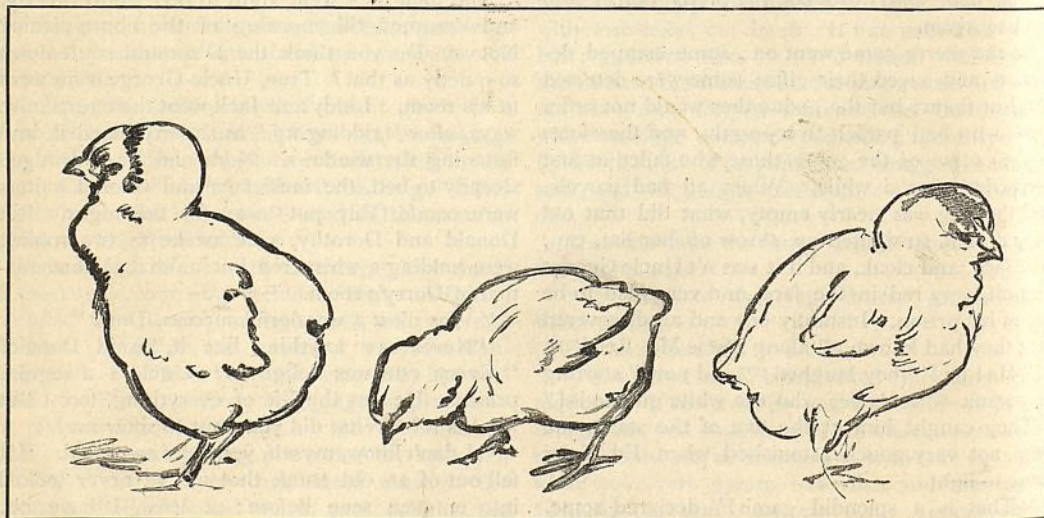
Dorry wiped her eyes.

"I don't know about that," she said, decidedly, and much to her brother's amazement. "I found it, and I want to think for myself what is best to be done about it. Aunt Kate did n't write it for everybody to read; we'll put it back in the bureau. My, how late it must be growing," she continued, with a shiver, as, laying the parcel in, she closed the drawer so softly that the hanging brass handles hardly moved. "Now, good-night, Donald."

"What a strange girl you are," he said, kissing her bright face. "Over a thing in an instant. Well, good-night, old lady."

"Good-night, old gentleman," said Dorry, soberly, as she closed the door.

(To be continued.)



TOO QUICK FOR EASTER—OUT OF THE SHELL.

LILL'S SEARCH.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

It was a dull, cloudy day, but Lill put on her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"I am going to find the silver lining of the clouds," said she.

"You will have to travel far, Child; you will get wet to the skin."

But Lill thought she could run between the drops, at a pinch; and away she went, over hills and through the woods and across little rivulets, without finding it. Once she thought she saw it gleaming in the distance, but when she reached it, it was only a mud-puddle. She asked of every one she met, "Have you seen the silver lining of the clouds?" but few had been so fortunate; many had never even heard of it; some thought she ought to borrow Jack's bean-stalk, if she was going after it, and others advised her to inquire of the Man in the Moon.

"I have seen it often," murmured the little stream that tumbled over a rocky bed. "In the summer-time, after the drought, my waters are often too scant to turn the mill-wheel, and the miller can grind no grain, and the little children go hungry to bed, till a great cloud comes up and shows its silver lining."

"We have seen it, too," whispered the trees together, "when our roots were thirsty and our leaves withered." And all the grasses sang its praises.

"I will spin you a silken ladder, to go in search of it," offered the garden-spider.

"If I could find out where the rainbow begins," said Lill, "that would carry me straight to cloud-land."

"Can you tell me where the rainbow begins?" she asked, knocking at a farm-house door.

"Yes, indeed," said the old farmer, looking over his spectacles; "it begins in neighbor Goodwin's meadow, yonder. I've hunted for it myself, when I was a boy and went bird-nesting, but I never caught up with it. Every year I meant to look it up, but now I'm too lame. But I've seen it, over yonder, these forty years."

Lill pushed on along the highway, without seeing the rainbow or the cloud's silver lining. But she met a peddler, who said he had them both in his pack, and would sell them cheap.

"As I was coming down the valley this morning, singing to myself, some saucy girl began to mock me. Tell me her name, and I'll show you the silver lining of all the clouds."

"Oh, dear!" cried Lill, "but I don't know the girls about here. May be I can find out, though. What else have you got in your pack, please?"

"I've a good stock, let me tell you; none of your tinsel gewgaws, but a serviceable lot nobody can afford to do without. Here 's the seasons, to begin with. Here's your rainbows, single and double, and your showers, your fogs, and your frosts. I've a rare invoice of frost-work embroideries, just imported from the North Pole; and here are your northern lights, and your Christmases, and your Fourth of Julys, and your Thanksgivings, all stowed away in my pack."

"Are the yesterdays there, too?" asked Lill.

"I've got all the to-morrows."

"And the silver lining of the clouds?"

"Plenty of it; only find out the name of that wicked girl who dared to mock at old Father Time, and you shall see it."

Lill went on more quickly than before; she climbed the mountain and reached the valley; but she met no girls, only an old woman gathering fagots and a wood-chopper felling trees. "Hallo!" said he, and somebody answered, "Hallo!" but it was not Lill, and yet there was nobody else in sight.

"Have you seen the girl who mocks at people in the valley here?" asked Lill.

"Have I seen her?" repeated the wood-chopper. "The oldest inhabitant has never seen so much as her shadow. You know she 's nothing but a voice."

"What a queer person!" said Lill. "Where does she live?"

"In a castle in the air, perhaps."

"It 's growing dark; they 'll be looking for me at home," said Lill. "I came out to find the silver lining of the cloud."

"You 'll be just as likely to find it at home as anywhere," returned the wood-chopper.

And sure enough, when Lill opened her eyes next morning, there it was, shining on the hedges, sparkling on the meadows, hanging on the boughs of the plum-trees, in great white garlands of snow.



BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THERE was once a little princess who was pretty as a flower,
And in her day, a princess must needs live in a tower;
A tower has a look, you know, of majesty and power.

She had many royal suitors, but to all who sought her hand,
"I will wed," she said, "who brings me—I care not from what land—
A pocketful of water and a basketful of sand."

Men in those days were stupid; it was different from our day;
And when she made this strange demand, they knew not what to say,
So most of them said nothing, which, at that time, was their way.

Some argued thus: "A princess who would set this foolish task
Might ask us, next, to bring her some fire within a flask,
Or some thunder in a tea-pot—there 's no telling what she 'd ask!"

A few, more daring, tried it, but of course 't was but to fail,
For it was a tropic country, and their pockets were but frail;
But a number of them offered to bring water in a pail,

And if she wished for sand, they said they 'd bring it in a casket,
A casket set with precious stones—'t was foolishness to ask it,
That any one should even try to bring it in a basket!

These princes, to my thinking, had a great deal of excuse,
For they were but fragile things of reed, the baskets then in use,
And there rose a dreadful whisper, that the princess was a goose!

And that in spite of beauty, in spite of rank and pelf,
It seemed probable this princess would be laid upon the shelf,
And she began, poor darling! to think so of herself!

At this crisis came a stranger-prince, from far and foreign
land;

He had come, he said, on purpose to request
the princess' hand,
And then they found he 'd never heard of the
water and the sand!

Among all those who offered advice, that sum-
mer day,
Not a single one advised the prince in the
capital to stay,
No—they every one said earnestly, "You 'd
better go away."

But the prince was very different from
these people. Not a wink
Did he sleep that night for thinking.
"She 's as pretty as a pink!"
Ran his thoughts, and "Having of-
fered, is it princely thus to shrink?"

"It is not caprice, I know it, whatever
they may say:
No, she wishes for a wooer whose
love can find a way
To the meaning of her problem, and
her heart—and I shall stay!"

So he thought and thought till morn-
ing; then, with heart as light as
feather,

He hied him to a cobbler, and bought a piece
of leather.

The cobbler asked him what 't was for; he said
"It 's pleasant weather!"

Then he bought an osier basket—oh, these princes
are so rich!—

And a little ball of cobbler's wax, and a great big
ball of pitch;

He took them home, and locked his door, and straight began to stitch.

He had never learned to sew, of course, and did it clumsily;
He wore his thimble on his thumb, and missed one stitch in three,
And he stuck his royal fingers, too—yes, stuck them terribly!

But you see he 'd made his mind up, so at last the pouch was done;
He took the pitch, which, meanwhile, had been melting in the sun,
And smeared his osier basket, and *this* work was mere fun.



It is always a good plan, you know, beginning with the worst,
Of all one's tasks, the others will seem nothing to the first.
He chuckled, "With this pocket, one need never die of thirst!"

His second task was finished, and with eager, trembling haste,
The sand, which he had ready, he in the basket placed,
And he filled his pouch with water, and strapped it to his waist.

Then he hastened to the palace, and he saw the princess fair,
As she stood beneath a linden, with white rose-buds in her hair,
And he whispered, "Ah, I'll guard her. She shall never know a care."



A herald led him forward, and he knelt and kissed her hand,
Saying, "Fairest, sweetest lady, I have brought, at your command,
A pocketful of water and a basketful of sand!"

Of course the little princess was married to the prince.
And were they happy? Bless you, they've been happy ever since!
And they live? Upon some hangings made of very ancient chintz.

But I am not sure—I fancy that once in a long while
I meet them, for I recognize the princess by her smile,
And the prince by deeds of valor, and a certain princely style.

THE WRONG MAN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUBE.



I. BELOW: "I SAY, NED! DON'T FORGET THE TIME AND PLACE. AT JONES'S BARN AT TEN TO-NIGHT,—SHARP!"



II. ABOVE:—THE LISTENER SAYS TO HIMSELF: "I'LL BE THERE!"

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

STORY THE SECOND.

THE little company, gathered in Jarl Ronvald's castle hall, had enjoyed so much his story of Siegfried and the sword Balmung that they begged for another. In a few moments he assented to their request, and they settled themselves to listen.

The reverend man took his harp and ran his fingers rapidly over the strings, and drew forth music so sweet that those who heard it forgot, for a time, the story of Siegfried and the sword Balmung, and thought of nothing but the bewitching sounds. Then he sang of things great and good, and of things beautiful and true; of Odin, the earth's preserver, the giver of life, the foe of darkness and error; of the heaven-tower of Thor, the thunder-god, and of the Asa-bridge, all afire; of the elves, and the river-sprites, and the handsome hill-folk; and of the four dwarfs who hold up the blue sky-dome above the earth. Lastly, he sang of hidden treasures, and of giants and dragons, and of heroes and fair ladies and noble deeds, and

of the land of mists and shadows, and of a long and happy life and an honored old age.

When he had ended his song he laid his harp aside, and to the eager little company that sat around him he told the story of

THE HOARD OF THE SWARTHY ELVES.

LONG time ago, the Asa-folk were wont to leave their home on the heaven-towering Asgard mountain, and to visit the earth much oftener than now. Sometimes Odin, as a beggar, wandered from one country to another, craving charity; sometimes as a warrior, clad in coat-of-mail, he rode forth to battle against evil-doers; or, as a minstrel, he sang from door to door, and played sweet music in the halls of the great; or, as a huntsman, he dashed through fens and into forests, and climbed steep mountains in search of game. And again and again did the people entertain him unawares.

Once on a time he came to earth with Hœnir and Loki; and the three wandered through many

countries, distributing gifts wherever they went. Odin gave knowledge and strength; Hœnir gave gladness and good cheer; but Loki's gifts were deceit and strife, and a bad heart. At last, growing tired of the fellowship of men, they sought the solitude of the forest, and in the forms of huntsmen wandered among the wooded hills of Hunaland.

Late one afternoon they came to a mountain stream, at a place where it poured over a ledge of rocks and fell in clouds of spray into the valley below. As they stood and, with pleased eyes, gazed upon the water-fall, they saw near the bank an otter, lazily preparing to eat a salmon that he had caught. And Loki, ever bent on doing mischief, hurled a stone at the harmless beast and killed it. Then he boasted loudly that he had done a skillful deed; and he took both the otter and the fish which it had captured, and carried them with him as trophies of the day's success. At night-fall the hunters came to a farm-house in the valley, and asked for food and for shelter during the night.

"Shelter you shall have," said the farmer, whose name was Hreidmar. "But food have I none to give you. Surely, huntsmen of skill should not want for food, since the forest teems with game, and the streams are full of fish."

Then Loki threw upon the ground the otter and the fish, and said: "We have taken from forest and stream, at one blow, both flesh and fish. Give us but the shelter you promise, and we shall not trouble you for food."

The farmer gazed with horror upon the lifeless body of the otter, and cried out:

"This creature which you mistook for an otter, and which you have robbed and killed, is my son Oddar, who, for mere pastime, had taken the form of the furry beast. You are but thieves and murderers!"

Then he called aloud for help; and his two sons, Fafnir and Regin, sturdy, valiant kin of the dwarf-folk, rushed in, and, seizing upon the huntsmen, bound them hand and foot. For the three Asas, having taken the forms of men, had no more than human strength, and were unable to withstand their assailants. Then Odin and his fellows bemoaned their ill-luck, and Loki said: "Wherefore did we foolishly take upon ourselves the likenesses of puny men? Had I my own power once more, I would never part with it in exchange for man's weakness."

And Hœnir sighed, and said: "Now, indeed, will darkness win, and the cold breath of the Frost-giants will blast the fair handiwork of the sunlight and the heat. For the givers of life and light and warmth are helpless prisoners in the hands of these men."

"Surely," said Odin, "not even the highest are free from obedience to heaven's behests, or to the laws of right. I, whom men call the Preserver of Life, have lowered myself by being found in bad company; and, although I have done no other wrong, I suffer rightly for the doings of this mischief-maker, with whom I have stooped to have fellowship. For all are known, not so much by what they are, as by what they seem to be, and they share in the bad fame of their comrades. Now am I fallen from my high estate. Eternal right is higher than I; and, in the twilight of the gods, I shall meet the dread Fenriswolf;* but the world will be made new again, and then the shining Balder will rule in sunlight majesty forever."

Not long afterward, the Asas asked Hreidmar, their captor, what ransom they must pay to become free; and he, not knowing who they were, answered: "I must first know what ransom you are able to give."

"Anything you ask," hastily answered Loki.

Hreidmar then called his sons, and bade them strip the skin from the otter's body. When this was done, they brought the furry hide and spread it upon the ground; and Hreidmar said to the Asas: "Give me shining gold and precious stones enough to cover every part of this otter-skin. When you have paid this ransom, you shall have your freedom."

"That we will do," answered Odin; "but one of us must have leave to go and fetch the treasure. The other two will stay, fast bound, until day-dawn. If by that time the gold is not here, you may do with us as you list."

Hreidmar and the two young men, his sons, accepted Odin's offer, and, lots being cast, it fell to Loki to go and fetch the treasure.

When he had been unloosed from the cords that bound him, Loki donned the magic shoes, which had carried him over land and sea from the farthest limits of the mid-world, and went forth upon his errand. With the swiftness of light, he sped over the hills, and the wooded slopes, and the deep, gloomy valleys, and the fields and forests and sleeping hamlets, until he came to the place where dwelt the Swarthy Elves, and the cunning dwarf Andvari. There the river Rhine, no larger than a meadow-brook, breaks forth from beneath a mountain of ice, which the Frost-giants and blind old Hoder, king of the winter months, had raised long years before. For they had vainly hoped that thus they might imprison the river at its fountain-head. But the baby-brook had eaten its way beneath the frozen mass, and sprung out from its prison and gone on, leaping and smiling, and kiss-

* The early Norsemen believed the time would come when Odin should be slain by a monster called the Fenriswolf, and that then Balder, the pure, would reign over a sinless and happy world.

ing the sunlight, ever widening its course as it ran toward Burgundy and the sea.

Loki had come to this spot, because he knew that it was the home of the elves, and that great wealth of hidden treasures lay somewhere near. He scanned with careful eyes the mountain-side, and the deep, rocky caverns, and the dark gorge through which the little river rushed; but in the dim moonlight not a living being could he see, save a lazy salmon swimming in the quieter eddies of the

white-veiled Waves, playing in the moonlight near the shore. Of them he asked the way to Ægir's hall.

"Seven days' journey westward," said they, "beyond the green isle of Erin, is our father's hall. Seven days' journey northward, on the bleak Norwegian shore, is our father's hall." And they stopped not once in their play, but rippled and danced on the shelving beach, or dashed with force against the shore.



LOKI BEGS RAN TO LEND HIM HER MAGICAL NET.

stream. Any one but Loki would have lost all hope of finding treasure there, at least before the dawn of day. But his wits were quick, and his eyes were very sharp.

"One salmon has brought us into this trouble, and another shall help us out of it!" he cried.

Then, swift as thought, he sprang again into the air; and the magic shoes carried him, with greater speed than before, down the Rhine valley, and through Burgundy land and the low meadows, until he reached the shores of the great North Sea. He sought the halls of old Ægir, the ocean-king. But he wist not which way to go—whether across the North Sea toward Isenland, or along the narrow channel between Britainland and the main.

While he paused, uncertain whither to turn, he saw the pale-haired daughters of old Ægir, the

"Where is your mother, Ran, the Queen of Ocean?" asked Loki.

And they answered:

"In the deep sea-caves,
By the sounding shore;
In the dashing waves,
When the wild storms roar;
In her cold, green bowers,
In the northern fiords;
She lurks and she glowers,
She grasps and she hoards,
And she spreads her strong net for her prey."

Loki waited not to hear more, but he sprang into the air, and the magic shoes carried him onward over the water in search of the Ocean-queen. He had not gone far when his sharp eyes espied her, lurking near a rocky shore, against which the breakers dashed with frightful fury.

Half-hidden in the deep, dark water, she lay waiting and watching, and she cunningly cast her net upon the waves, and reached out with her long, greedy fingers to seize whatever booty might come near her. When the wary Queen saw Loki, she hastily drew in her net, and tried to hide herself in the shadows of an overhanging rock. But Loki called her by name, and said:

"Sister Ran, fear not! I am your friend, Loki, whom once, as a guest, you served in the gold-lit halls of Ægir."

Then the Ocean-queen came out into the bright moonlight, and welcomed him to her domain, and asked: "Why does Loki thus wander alone, so far from Asgard, and over the trackless waters?"

And Loki answered: "I have heard of the net which you spread upon the waves, and from which no creature, once caught in its meshes, can ever escape. I have found a salmon where the Rhine-spring gushes from beneath the ice-mountain; but he is a cunning salmon, and no common skill can catch him. Come, I pray, with your wondrous net, and cast it into the stream where he lies. Do but take the cunning fish for me, and you shall have more gold than you have taken in a year from the wrecks of stranded vessels."

"I dare not go!" cried Ran. "A bound is set, beyond which I may not venture. If all the gold of earth were offered me, I could not go."

"Then, lend me your net!" entreated Loki. "Lend me your net, and I shall bring it back to-morrow, filled with gold."

"Much should I like your gold," answered Ran; "but I can not lend my net. If I should do so, I might lose the richest prize that has ever ventured into my domains. For three days a gold-rigged ship, bearing a princely crew with rich armor and abundant wealth, has been sailing carelessly over these seas. To-morrow I shall send my daughters and the bewitching mermaids to decoy the vessel among these rocks. And into my net the ship and the brave warriors and all their armor and gold shall fall. A rich prize will it be. No! I can not part with my net even for a single hour."

But Loki knew the power of flattering words.

"Beautiful Queen," said he, "there is no one on earth, nor even in Asgard, that can equal you in wisdom and foresight. But, I promise you, if you will but lend me your net until the morning dawns, the ship and the crew of which you speak shall be yours, and all their golden treasures shall deck your azure halls in the deep sea."

Then Ran carefully folded the net and gave it to Loki. "Remember your promise!" were the only words she said.

"An Asa never forgets," he answered. And he turned his face again toward Rhineland; and the magic shoes bore him aloft, and carried him in a moment back to the ice-mountain and the gorge and the infant river, which he had so lately left. The salmon still rested in its place, and had not moved during Loki's short absence.

Loki unfolded the net and cast it into the stream. The cunning fish tried hard to avoid being caught in its meshes. But, dart in whatever direction he might, he always met the skillfully woven cords; and these drew themselves around him and held him fast. Then Loki pulled the net up, out of the water, and grasped the helpless fish in his right hand. And lo! as he held the struggling creature high in air, it was no fish, but the cunning dwarf Andvari.

"Thou King of the Elves!" cried Loki, "thy cunning has not saved thee. Tell me, on thy life, where the hidden treasures lie."

The dwarf knew who it was that thus held him as in a vise, and he answered frankly, for it was his only hope of escape: "Turn over the stone upon which you stand. In the cavity beneath it, you will find the treasures you seek."

Then Loki put his shoulder to the rock and pushed with all his might. But it seemed as firm as the mountain, and would not be moved.

"Help me, thou cunning dwarf," cried he, "help me, and thou shalt have thy life."

Then the dwarf put his shoulder to the rock, and it turned over as if by magic, and underneath was a great store of gold and glittering diamonds, such as no man had ever seen. And Loki, in great haste, seized upon the hoard and placed it in the magic net which he had borrowed from the Ocean-queen. When he had taken it all, Andvari again put his shoulder to the rock, and it swung noiselessly back to its place.

"What is that upon thy finger?" suddenly cried Loki. "Wouldst keep back a part of the treasure? Give me the ring thou hast."

But the dwarf shook his head, and made answer:

"I have given you all the riches which the elves of these mountains have gathered since the world began. This ring I can not give you; for without its help we shall never be able to gather together more treasures."

And Loki grew angry at these words of the dwarf, and he seized the ring and tore it by force from Andvari's finger. It was in the form of a serpent coiled, with its tail in its mouth, and its ruby eyes glittered with an evil light. When the dwarf saw that Loki really meant to rob him of the ring, he cursed it and all who at any time should possess it, saying:

"May the ill-gotten treasure which you have seized to-night be your bane, and the bane of all who obtain it, either by fair means or by foul. And the ring which you have torn from my hand, may it entail upon the one who wears it, sickness and sorrow, and loss of friends, and a violent death!"

Loki was pleased with these words, and with the dark curses which the dwarf pronounced upon the gold. For he loved wrong-doing for wrong-doing's sake, and he knew that no curses could ever make his own life more cheerless than it always had been. So he thanked Andvari for his curses and his treasure, and throwing the magic net upon his shoulder, he sprang again into the air, and was carried swiftly back to Hunaland; and, just before the dawn appeared in the east, he alighted at the door of the farm-house where Odin and Hœnir still lay, bound with thongs and guarded by Fafnir and Regin.

Then the farmer brought the otter-skin, and spread it upon the ground; and lo! it grew and spread out on all sides, until it covered an acre of ground. And he cried out:

"Fulfill, now, your promise! Cover every hair of this hide with gold or with precious stones. If you fail to do this, then your lives, by your own agreement, are forfeited, and we shall do with you as we choose."

Odin took the magic net from Loki's shoulder, and opening it, he poured the treasures of the Swarthy Elves upon the otter-skin; and Loki spread the gold and jewels carefully and evenly over every part of the furry hide. But after every piece had been laid in its place, Hreidmar saw near the otter's mouth a single hair uncovered; and he declared that unless this hair, too, were covered, the bargain would be unfulfilled, and the treasure, as well as the lives of his prisoners, would be forfeited. And the Asas looked at one another in dismay; for not another piece of gold and not another precious stone could be found in the net, although they searched it over and over with the greatest care.

At last, Odin took from his bosom the ring which Loki had stolen from the dwarf; for he had been so highly pleased with its workmanship that he had hidden it, hoping it would not be needed to complete the payment of the ransom. And he laid the ring upon the uncovered hair, and, now, no portion of the otter's skin could be seen. And Fafnir and Regin, seeing that the ransom had been paid, loosed the shackles of Odin and Hœnir, and bade the three huntsmen go on their way.

Odin and Hœnir at once shook off their human disguises, and hastened with all speed back to

Asgard. But Loki tarried a little while, and said to the farmer and his sons:

"By your avarice and falsehood you have won for yourselves the Curse of the Earth, which lies before you. It shall be your bane; it shall be the bane of every one who holds it. It shall kindle strife between father and son, between brother and brother. It shall make you mean, selfish, brutal. It shall transform you into monsters. Such is gold, and such it shall ever be to its worshipers. And the ring which your greediness has secured for you, shall give to its possessor its own qualities. Grasping, snaky, cold, unfeeling shall he live; and through treachery shall he die!"

Then he turned and hastened northward toward the sea; for he wished to redeem the promise that he had made to the Ocean-queen, to return her magic net, and to decoy the richly laden ship into her clutches.

No sooner were the strange huntsmen well out of sight than Fafnir and Regin began to ask their father to divide the glittering hoard with them.

"By our strength," they said, "and through our advice, this great store has come into your hands. Let us place it in three equal heaps, and then let each take his share and go his way."

At this the farmer waxed very angry, and he loudly declared that he would keep all the treasure for himself, and that his sons should not have any portion of it whatever. So Fafnir and Regin, nursing their disappointment, went to the fields to watch their sheep; but their father sat down to guard his new-gotten treasure. And he took in his hand the glittering serpent-ring, and gazed into its cold, ruby eyes; and, as he gazed, all his thoughts were fixed upon his gold, and there was no room in his heart for love toward his fellow-men, nor for will to do deeds of kindness, nor for the worship of the great All-Father. And, as he continued to look at the snaky ring, behold, a dreadful change came over him. The warm, red blood, which until this time had leaped through his veins and given him life and strength and human feelings, became purple and cold and sluggish; and selfishness, like serpent-poison, took hold of his heart. Then, as he kept on gazing at the hoard which lay before him, he began to lose his human shape; his body lengthened into many scaly folds, and he coiled himself around his loved treasures—the very image of the ring upon which he had looked so earnestly.

When the day was drawing to a close, Fafnir came back from the fields with his herd of sheep, and thought to find his father guarding the treasure, as he had left him in the morning. But, in his stead, he saw a glittering snake, fast asleep, encircling the hoard like a huge, scaly ring of gold.

His first thought was that the monster had devoured his father; and, hastily drawing his sword, with one blow he severed the serpent's head from its body. And then, forgetting everything except the gleaming gold, he gathered up the hoard and fled with it, beyond the hills of Hunaland, until, on the seventh day, he came to a barren heath far from the homes of men. There he placed the treasure in one glittering heap; and he gazed with greedy eyes upon the fatal ring, until, at length, he, too, was changed into a great, cold monster—a huge and fearful dragon. And he donned the terrible Helmet of Dread, the like of which the world has never seen; and he coiled himself about his loved gold, and lay for ages upon the Glittering Heath, watching with sleepless eyes the heaped-up treasures of the Swarthy Elves.

When Regin, the younger of the two brothers, came back to his father's dwelling, and saw the dead serpent and the place where the treasure had lain, he knew that either his father or Fafnir had outwitted him, and carried the precious hoard away. And his heart was filled with bitterness and anger, and a strange fear came over him, and he left everything behind him and fled in haste from Hunaland. For a great many years he wandered from one land to another, gathering wisdom wherever he went, and teaching men the lore of the earlier days.

But a restless longing filled his soul—a longing to gaze once more upon the glittering hoard which his brother was guarding in the desert. Then, as an old, old man, he came to live with the Volsung folk, where he was known as the wisest of men, the most skillful of smiths, and the most pleasing of musicians. And it is said, in some of our

northern songs, that it was he, and not Mimer, who fostered and taught Siegfried.

The sound of the harper's voice ceased for a few moments; but soon he took his harp and played a wild melody, and sang a song of the sea. And the listeners seemed to hear the rushing waves as they beat against the shore, and the whistling winds, and the driving sleet, and the shriek of frightened sea-birds, and the calls of seamen in distress. And Ingeborg crept close to her father's side and trembled with fear; but Rollo's face lighted up with a glad smile, as of a strong man facing danger, for he longed to become a sea-king, and to brave the perils of the deep.

Then Leif, whose thoughts had not been drawn away from the story, said quietly:

"I think I can guess what became of the dragon. Father says that by putting two facts together we may often come to right conclusions in regard to other facts. So, putting the two stories together, I conclude that one of the first of Siegfried's good deeds was to slay Fafnir on the Glittering Heath."

"How very wise is our thinker!" cried Rollo.

"And he is right," said the jarl.

"But did Siegfried get all those treasures?" asked Ingeborg.

"Perhaps the thinker can put two other facts together, and draw a right conclusion on that point?" said Rollo, with a sly glance toward Leif.

"Not yet," answered Leif. "But I see from Father's smile that he is ready to tell us more about Siegfried, and I think if we listen closely we may learn from him what became of the treasures."

(To be continued.)

WATER POWER.

BY JOEL STACY.

"OH, listen to the water-mill!" I made it all myself,
Out of some odds and ends I found upon the tool-house shelf.

It's what they call an "overshot," and always works, of course,
If you have the luck of getting at a stream of any force.

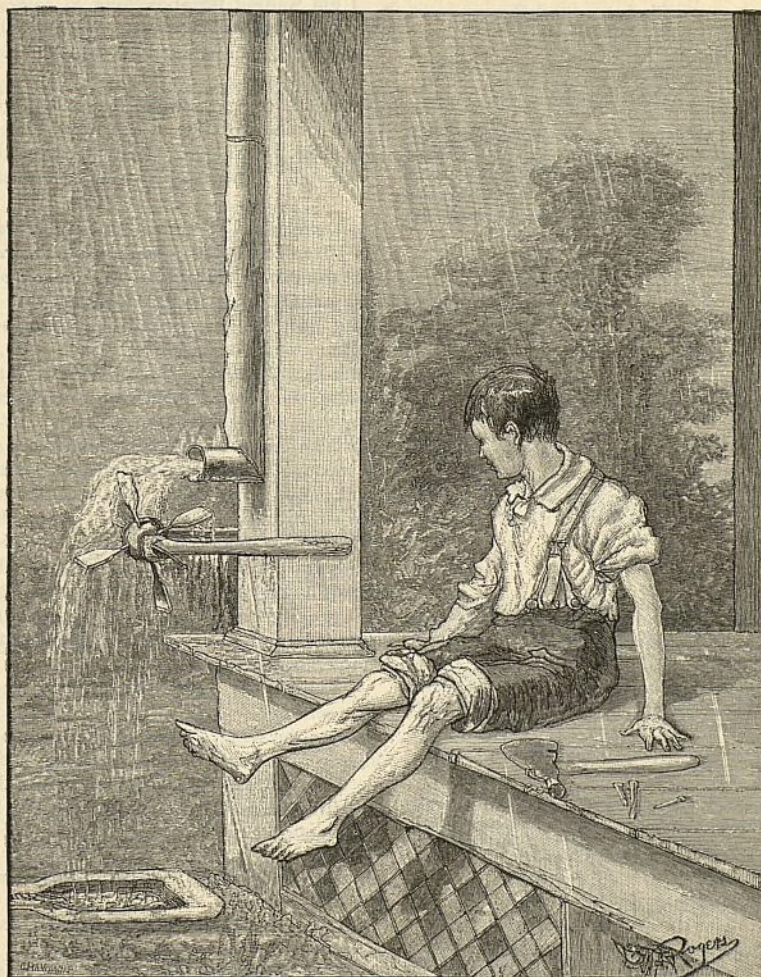
The only trouble 's this,—it's struck me only now,—
That when the folks see what I've done there 'll be a precious row;

And the style of punishment I'll get, now, probable as not,
Will be, just like my water-wheel, a sort of overshot.

If 't would only keep on raining,—d' ye know?—I have a notion
This water-wheel of mine would make a good perpetual motion;

But the bother is, a fellow can't depend upon the weather,
For it never rains in April days for two half-hours together.

I wonder what I'd better do; it's going to clear this minute!
Dear me! I wish I had n't! The very mischief's in it!



If I take it down, they'll all declare I've gone and spoiled the pillar;
And if I leave it where it is, I'll hear from Aunt Priscilla!

Phew! "Listen to the water-mill!" and hear it spin and spatter!
As long as I am having fun, perhaps it does n't matter;

For if I was n't doing this, there really is no knowing
What mischief I'd be up to:—Just hear that wheel a-going!

COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF NOD," ETC.

I. LORD MALAPERT OF MOONSHINE CASTLE.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

Lord Malapert.	Cicely.
The Seneschal.	Mariana.
	The Man in the Moon.
Flick.	Flock.
Maids of Honor.	Guards and Vassals.

[ARGUMENT: MISTRESS CICELY, from overmuch reading of fairy tales, dreams more of what she would like to be and like to have, than of what she is and has. A curious adventure recalls her to herself and shows her that contentment is better than wealth, and that what we are is often better than what we think we should like to be.]

COSTUMES, PROPERTIES, ETC.

LORD MALAPERT: Boy of 14. Fancy court suit, over which he wears, at first, a modern duster or ulster, and traveling-cap.

THE SENESCHAL OF THE CASTLE: Boy of 16. Sober-colored court suit, white wig and beard; long staff; heavy gilt chain on neck; belt and large bunch of keys. Pompous and important manner.

THE MAN IN THE MOON: Boy of 13. Dull-brown tights and stockings; short blouse; long cape; Phrygian cap; long beard; spectacles, cane, and bag; piece of cake for porridge.

CICELY: Bright girl of 11 or 12. Pretty modern dress.

MARIANA, AND THREE MAIDS OF HONOR: Girls of 12. Semi-fairy dresses; wings; wands; wreaths in hair.

FLICK AND FLOCK: Boys of 6 or 8. Fancy dresses if possible, or may be dressed as oriental mutes,—blackened skin; white suit.

FOR THE CHORUS OF GUARDS AND VASSALS: Fancy and fairy dresses.

THE SCENERY.

Stage set at first as garden scene. Imitation green mound or fancy garden chair at right toward front of scene. A heavy green curtain should hang behind this and across the stage; this curtain, parting at the time indicated, discloses the castle.

The castle can be made of paper or cloth on light frames. It should be castellated, with open door-way and steps in front. But as no one enters, the castle need not be strongly built. The stage setting can be left to the taste and facilities of the managers.

THE MUSIC.

Appropriate music should be played as accompaniment and during waits. The airs for the choruses can be selected by any one familiar with pretty or popular airs. So, too, if there are good singers in the cast, some solos can be arranged, and thus give variety to the performance.

THE PLAY.

[Low Music.]

CICELY discovered—or she may enter and seat herself—reading a book. Lost in reverie, she lets the book fall from her lap, and, clasping her hands behind her head, says (or sings) ruefully:

CICELY:

Oh, life is so dreary, and life is so dull,
And life is so weary withal;
Nor pleasures can cheer me, nor slumbers can lull,
Nor can I lost day-dreams recall.

The sun may shine brightly, the daisies may gleam,—
To me, though, it mattereth not.
The winds that blow lightly oft sour the cream,
And the sun on the daisies is hot.

I sigh for the hopeless; I yearn for a sphere;
I am waiting for something to come.
Our dolls are but sawdust, and life's but a tear;
I am sick of the world's prosy hum.

No prince comes to wake me—all glittering and tall;
No fairies will rise at my need.
Oh, come, Prince, and take me from dull duty's thrall!
Ah, no? Then I'll dream as I read.

[Reads aloud.] "Then the Prince, all glittering in his silver suit, walked rapidly up the palace corridors, past the guards and soldiers, past the vassals and retainers, past the courtiers, the lords and the ladies, past the King and the Queen—all fast asleep—to where on a golden couch the beautiful Princess lay, wrapped in a death-like slumber. Marveling much at her wondrous beauty, the Prince bent over the closed lids and, all trembling with eagerness, kissed the half-opened lips.

"With brazen clangor the palace clock struck the hour of noon. There was a start, a murmur, a sudden awakening. King, Queen, and court threw off their century sleep, and passed to their several duties. But the Princess, meeting the beaming eyes of the brave and handsome Prince, recognized at once the hero of her dream, and greeted him with an entrancing smile. Then, rising quickly from her couch, a charming blush suffusing her beautiful face, she took his hand, and leading him to the King, her father, said:

"Behold, my Lord, the husband whom the fairies have sent me!"

"And the King, looking upon the young Prince, loved him so exceedingly that he gave them both his blessing.

"So the gallant Prince and the beautiful Princess were married with great pomp and ceremony, and lived happily together ever after."

CICELY sits in reverie a moment, and then says, sadly:

Heigh ho, so the world goes!
How dreary my years!
What bliss if the fables were true!
But the world is so dull
With its hopes and its fears—
I will sleep and will dream, Prince, of you.

[Sleeps.]

[Enter LORD MALAPERT, in traveling costume; carpet-bag in one hand, compass in the other.]

LORD M.:

This way my fairy compass points;
This way the stars have led;

This way [*sees CICELY*]—ah, yes, the stars
are right—
There rests a maiden's head.

What ho, my trusty servitors!

[*Enter FLICK with rifle, and FLOCK with fishing-rod.*]

My vassals tried and true!
Bear quickly off my carpet-bag,
My rod and rifle, too.
Here mortal game lies handier
Than fish, or bird, or deer.
Wait till you hear my whistle call,
Then haste ye quickly here.

[*FLICK and FLOCK exeunt with bag, rod, etc.*]

LORD M., *investigating*:

A girl? A pearl! And I am sent
To set her life in tune.
To soothe her with my blandishment
And take her—to the Moon.
For only there (so fairy lore
This truth doth well profess)
Can earth's confirmed repiners find
Their highest happiness.

Now, Fairy Guardians, while I kneel
Before this sleeping maid,
In silvery streams
Pour o'er her dreams
Your moonstruck serenade.

[*Kneels at head of couch.*]

[*See prefatory note about music.*]

CHORUS, *behind the curtain*:

Where moonbeams glow
On hills of snow,
And twinkling star-lamps flutter;
Where moonbeams pale,
In azure, sail
Beyond the uttermost utter;
There, Dreamer fair,
On golden stair,
Wide opes the palace portal;
And at the gates
The Prince awaits
His mooning, maiden mortal.

Pale moon,
Sail, moon,
To the uttermost utter;
Soon shine,
Moon, shine,
Where the star-lamps flutter.

LORD MALAPERT, *rising*:

Now, fairy spell,
Work true and well,
Let earth-born needs forsake her;
O Lady Moon,
Our lives attune,
As by this kiss I wake her!

[*Kisses her.*]

CICELY, *starting*:

Oh, what was that?

LORD M.:

'T was I.

CICELY:

Why, who are you?

LORD M., *bowing low*:

Your fond admirer.

CICELY:

Ah, my dream is true!

LORD M.:

Behold your slave——!
At home, both peer and vassal.

[*Throws off duster, and displays his princely costume.*]

Hail me—Lord Malapert of Moonshine Castle!

CICELY:

O-o-oh! And you've come——?

LORD M.:

To bear you far away,
Where over azure seas
The moonbeams play;

And all our lives shall be one twilight story,
While o'er our palace streams the Moon's pale glory.

CICELY:

What! Can I leave this earth, so dull and prosy,
For palace halls and life all fair and rosy?

LORD M.:

Ay, that you can, and find your humblest vassal
In me—Lord Malapert of Moonshine Castle.

[*Bows.*]

CICELY:

Then am I ready. To the Moon I'll flee,
Dearest Lord Malapert, to rule with thee.
How shall we go?

LORD M.:

Not in the steam-cars tropic,
With quarters cramped and comforts microscopic;
Not by slow stages nor unsafe balloon
Shall we attain our palace in the Moon;
But by his private air-line will your vassal
Bear Lady Malapert to Moonshine Castle.

[*Whistles.*]

What ho, my trusty servitors!

Bring rifle, rod, and bag;
Come hither, Flick; come hither, Flock.
Let not your footsteps lag.

[*Enter FLICK and FLOCK bearing the Magic Carpet—a bright piece of carpeting some three feet square, with long cord and fancy tassel at upper left-hand and right-hand corners.*]

'T is well. Now, spread upon the earth
Your wondrous roll; and soon
We'll on our Magic Carpet soar
Serenely to the Moon.

[*They unroll the carpet. LORD MALAPERT conducts CICELY, who seats herself upon the carpet, while he kneels beside her, and FLICK and FLOCK stand behind, each at a corner, and hold the tassels. Arrange the group in as pretty a tableau as possible.*]

LORD M.:

Now Flick, now Flock, your stations take;
 Hold each a steering-tassel;
 While Lord and Lady Malapert
 Mount up to Moonshine Castle.

[*Tableau.*]

[CHORUS begins behind the curtain. Curtain slowly parts, disclosing Moonshine Castle with GUARDS, VASSALS, and MAIDS OF HONOR prettily grouped in front; SENESCHAL in middle.

CHORUS OF WELCOME:

[See Music Note.]

Where the twilight hues are flushing
 All the sky with amber light,
 Where the winds are rushing, rushing,
 Through the portals of the night;
 There, the dying sunset paling,
 With our moonbeams weird and wan,
 Joy we o'er the daylight failing,
 As our welcome echoes on.
 Hail ye! Hail ye!
 Welcome home!

Lord and lady, welcome home!

[As the chorus ceases, LORD MALAPERT conducts CICELY to a seat at left, and FLICK and FLOCK gather up the carpet.

LORD M., *standing by CICELY's side*:

Thus, fairest Cicely, doth every vassal
 Welcome the Malaperts to Moonshine Castle.

CICELY:

Oh, this is life! Good-bye to earth's dull duty.
 This is my palace; this my realm of beauty.

SENESCHAL, *with important manner, advancing and bowing low*:

Most noble lord and lady,
 Your humble Seneschal
 With pleasure bids you welcome
 To Moonshine Castle's hall.
 I speak for all the Moon-folk
 Our words of hearty cheer.
 On this, your glad home-coming,
 Your vassals' greeting hear: —
 Where mighty Tycho's * summits
 Uplift their peaks of snow,
 Where gray Serenitatis *
 In moonlight gleams below;
 From where great Sinus Iridum
 Its highland bulwark rears,
 To where on Mare Crisium *
 The verdure-belt appears;
 From rock and plain and crater,
 From caverns vast and deep,
 From town and hall and castle,
 And lava-covered steep,
 The notes of joy upswelling
 In sounding chorus come,
 To lord and lady telling
 A happy welcome home.
 Within, the banquet waits you;
 Without, the moonbeam flirts;
 Welcome to Moonshine Castle,
 Home of the Malaperts!

* Mountains, plains, and valleys in the Moon.

LORD M.:

Thanks, worthy Seneschal;
 But, ere we seek the hall,
 I must affairs of state
 In council contemplate.
 Tell me, I pray you, then,
 Wisest of serving-men,
 Can you no maiden fair
 (Child of the moonlight rare)
 Into a maid convert
 For Lady Malapert?

SENESCHAL, *pointing to MARIANA*:

Here 's Mariana,—with her sisters three.

LORD M.:

Your Maids of Honor, dearest Cicely.

CICELY:

Thanks to your lordship for your care of me.

SENESCHAL:

Go, maidens all;
 Wait on your lady fair.

[*They stand behind CICELY's chair.*]

MARIANA:

Gladly the task we 'll share.

SENESCHAL, *bowing to CICELY*:

None can with her compare!

CICELY, *with dignity*:

Thanks, Seneschal.

LORD M.:

Here, with your ladies, wait,
 While the affairs of state
 Briefly I now debate
 In council hall.

CICELY:

Stay not too long, I pray!

LORD M., *kissing her hand*:

Adieu!

SENESCHAL:

My lady may
 Here with much comfort stay.

CICELY:

Thanks, Seneschal.

[*Exeunt SENESCHAL and all but MAIDS OF HONOR and FLICK and FLOCK.*

CICELY:

I have my wish! Now am I queen at last;
 How dismal seem the duties of the past.
 Here may I reign in joy; here *all* I hold—
 Fair Mariana, does it not seem cold?

MARIANA:

Oh, no, my lady,—warm, it seems to me.
 Our rare Moon climate can not milder be.

CICELY:

I feel quite chilly; kindly throw your shawl
 Over my shoulders.

MARIANA: I have none at all.

CICELY: No shawls nor wraps?

MARIANA: Why, dearest lady, no.
We need no wrappings as do you below.
Here heat and cold to us seem not to matter.
We feel no changes.

CICELY: How my teeth do chatter!
And I am hungry. Ladies, I entreat,
Kindly procure me something good to eat.

MARIANA, *puzzled*:
To eat? Why, dearest lady, what is that?

CICELY, *in despair*:
Oh, what is what?

MARIANA: To eat?

CICELY: Why, every *cat*
Knows that to eat is to stay hunger's craving.

MARIANA, *complacently*:
We know no hunger.

CICELY, *indignantly*: How you are behaving!
Of course you eat; why, you *must* eat to live.

MARIANA: We feast our eyes, but naught our bodies give.

CICELY: Oh, I shall die! What 's in the banquet-hall?

MARIANA: Here Flick, quick, Flock—run for the Seneschal!

SENESCHAL, *entering hurriedly*:
What now?

MARIANA: Our lady-'s dying of despair.

CICELY: Show me, O Seneschal, your bill of fare.

SENESCHAL: The *ménu* for the banquet? Here!
[*Produces roll.*]

CICELY: Oh, read!
What does it offer? Let me know with speed!

SENESCHAL, *with gusto, reading ménu*:
Ahem! First: Moonbeams served on amber ice.
Next: Lunar rainbows—for each guest a slice.
Then—liquid moonshine, crowned with frozen sauce,
With cups of night-dew make a luscious course.
And—for dessert: bright starlight, clear and cold,
With rays of moonlight served on plates of gold.

CICELY, *shivering*:
Oh, horrible! Oh, for our kitchen table!

SENESCHAL: I trust your ladyship to feast is able.

CICELY, *pettishly*:
No, I am starving.

MARIANA: Starving?

SENESCHAL: Quickly cut her—

MARIANA: A slice of moonshine?

CICELY: No—of bread and butter!
Oh, is there nothing in the Moon to eat?

SENESCHAL, *pointing to ménu*:
Why, is there nothing in this princely treat?

CICELY, *disgusted*:
What? Frozen moonbeams heaped on icy hummocks!

MARIANA, *indignantly*:
We feast our eyes; you earth-folk—cram your
stomachs!

CICELY: Would I were *on* the earth! I 'm cold and starving;
I 'd give my palace to see Papa carving.

MARIANA: What can we do?

CICELY: Go call my lord.

MARIANA: What, what, my lady? From the council-board?

SENESCHAL: Fairies and Moon-folk all have work to do.
We have our duties quite as well as you.
Pray be content—forget your earth-born cravings.

CICELY: I 'm cold and hungry—can I live on *shavings*?
Slices of moonbeams may for fairies do.
Oh, for the meanest home-dish—hash or stew!

MARIANA: There 's a man in the Moon,
So I 've heard people say,
Who once went to the earth
By a roundabout way,
And perhaps he may know—

CICELY, *interrupting*:
Oh, then, Flock, and then Flick,
Find the man, I implore,
And return with him. Quick!

[*Sinks back in her chair. Exeunt FLICK and FLOCK.*]

MARIANA, *to SENESCHAL, both coming forward*:
There, worthy Seneschal;
That 's what I said.
Mortals and Moon-folk
Should never be wed;

What with their earth-born cravings and misgivings,
They *can't* appreciate our higher livings;
Why, the Moon's meanest slave and humblest vassal
Is fitter far to rule in Moonshine Castle.

SENESCHAL:

Peace, Mariana! Question not the cause.
The fairies tell us, in their simple laws,
That those dissatisfied with earth, must be
By bitter lessons taught the truth to see.
Contentment, so they say, than wealth is better;
He who would read must first learn every letter.

[Enter FLICK and FLOCK, with the MAN IN THE MOON.

CICELY:

Well, Flick; well, Flock; found you the one you went for?

FLICK and FLOCK, together:

Ah, yes, my lady; here 's the man you sent for.

MAN IN THE MOON:

I 'm the Man in the Moon,
Who once went down too soon,
To inquire the way to Norwich;
And I found, I may say,
Nothing nice on the way
But a morsel of cold plum-porridge.
For the Man in the South,
Who had just burnt his mouth
By eating this cold plum-porridge,
Said: "The earth is no good;
I 'd return, if I could,—
You 'll never be happy in Norwich."
So, back to the Moon
I returned very soon,
Nor troubled myself about Norwich;
But the Man in the South—
Who had just burnt his mouth—
Made me take off his cold plum-porridge.

CICELY:

Give me a piece!

SENESCHAL:

Cease, lady, cease;
For here 's my lord returning.

LORD M.:

Why, Cicely!
What 's this I see?

CICELY, running toward him:

For porridge I am yearning.

LORD M.:

I thought your earth-born needs had fled,
When to the Moon we scurried.

CICELY, petulantly:

Would I were back on earth again,—
I 'd never more be worried.

LORD M.:

What! Leave your palace and your court
For dull earth's duller duties?

CICELY:

Ah, yes! In them there 's more of sport
Than 'midst your moonlight beauties.

I thought to find supreme delight
In this ethereal station;
I 'm hungry, cold, and homesick in
Your unsubstantial nation.
You feast on shades and shadows here—
You 've neither warmth nor feeling.
Oh, send me back to earth again!
My grief there 's no concealing.

LORD M.:

[Weeps.]

You 're here, my dear; and fairy laws
Admit of no reversal;
The fairies meant your discontent
To be the last rehearsal.
Here you have come, here must you stay,—
'T is ordered so, and fated;
So, dry your tears—in forty years
You may be acclimated.

CICELY:

Forty years! Dear, oh, dear!
What words do I hear? —

But, please, may n't he give me some porridge?

MAN IN THE MOON, confidentially to LORD M.:

I 'm the Man in the Moon,
Who once went down too soon
To inquire the way to Norwich—

LORD M., waving him off:

Oh, I 've heard that before;
You 're a tedious old bore,
With your story of cold plum-porridge.

CICELY:

Bid him give me a piece,
That my hunger may cease.

MAN IN THE MOON:

Here 's a slice, lady, brought from Norwich.

CHORUS OF WARNING:

[See Music Note.]

Stay, stay, stay!
Turn her hand away!
Whoso eats the porridge leaves our moonlit halls.
Pray, pray, pray,
Send the man away;
If she eats the porridge, down to earth she falls.

CICELY, snatching porridge and taking a bite:

I have eaten! I 'm free!
How rejoiced I shall be
When down to the earth I am dropping!
Oh! I 'm dizzy! I freeze!
Good-bye, Moon-folk! Now, please,
Let me tumble straight home without stopping.
[Falls into LORD M.'s arms—asleep.]

LORD M.:

Here, Flock; here, Flick;
The carpet! Quick!

[FLICK and FLOCK spread Magic Carpet in center-front.]

Take each a steering-tassel.
Down, down, we go,
To earth below;
Good-bye to Moonshine Castle.

[Tableau as before. LORD M. supporting CICELY, while the curtain closes during the following chorus:]

CHORUS OF FAREWELL:

[See Music Note.]

From the moonlight
Through the starlight,
From the twilight to the day;
Ever falling, falling, falling.
To the sunlight and the day—
Fare thee well, for ever, ever;
Mortal may not wed with fay.
Find content in duty's calling;
Mortal may not wed with fay.
Fare thee well, for ever, ever;
Mortal may not wed with fay.

[Curtain closes.]

LORD M.:

Now, Flick; now, Flock; the couch prepare;
We'll lay the sleeping maiden there,
And, hastening fast away,
We'll search for other dreaming maids,
Who sigh for princes, courts, and glades,
And weep because the vision fades
While duty comes to stay.

[Leads CICELY, still asleep, to couch or bank.]

Rest, Maiden, in your home once more;
Content with life, seek not to soar,
But love and patience evermore
Still to your work be bringing.
For daily duty brightly done

Is half life's battle bravely won;
Through parting clouds will break the sun
And set the birds a-singing.

What ho! my trusty servitors,
My vassals tried and true!
Come follow, follow, follow me—
We've other work to do.
For duty comes, as duty must,
To Prince as well as vassal.
Wake, Maiden! Vanish Malapert,
The Lord of Moonshine Castle!
[Exeunt LORD M., FLICK and FLOCK.]

CICELY, waking:

Am I awake? Oh, what a dream!
It seems so strange and queer
To be — Where am I? Oh, how nice
To know that home is here!

[Advances.]

Well, life is life, and work is work,
And I will try to do
Whatever work life brings to me,
And to myself be true.
I think that from this summer dream
I've learned this lesson well:
Contentment is life's sweetest sauce.

[Bell rings.]

There goes the dinner-bell! [Joyfully.]

[Exit.]

[CURTAIN.]



EASTER CARD.—DRAWN BY ADDIE LEDYARD.

TAKING A WALK IN JAPAN.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

ON THIS page is a pict-ure of a mer-chant of Ja-pan out for a walk with his lit-tle girl.

What have they un-der their feet?

These queer things are wood-en clogs, which they use be-cause it is bad weath-er and the streets are mud-dy. In Ja-pan there are no brick, or board, or flag-stone side-walks such as we have in our cit-ies; so the Ja-pan-ese put on clogs, which are four inch-es high and keep the feet clean. When they go home, *o tot-sû san* (pa-pa) and *mu-su-mé* (daugh-ter) will leave their clogs at the door out-side, and walk in-to the house in their stock-ing-feet.

See the odd shape in which the socks are made. The great toe has a bag all to it-self. The oth-er four toes have an-oth-er. The sock is like a mit-ten. Just think of a mit-ten on the foot. The Ger-mans call a glove a "hand-shoe," and a thim-ble a "fin-ger-hat." The Jap-ane-se call the big toe the "foot-thumb," and the small toes "foot-fin-gers." The chil-dren play with the ba-by's pink-brown feet and sing a song while count-ing the toes, as we do; but in Ja-pan, the toes are not "pigs go-ing to mar-ket,"—they are mon-keys, fox-es, or oth-er fun-ny an-i-mals.



The lit-tle girl's name is O-da-ma, which means "Jew-el." Lit-tle Jew-el is on-ly six years old. See how her fore-head is shaved off, like her pa-pa's, whose queue lies on top of his head. See what long, flow-ing sleeves both have. O-da-ma's pock-et is in her sleeve. She keeps her treas-ures there. The out-er side is sewed up, but the in-ner side is o-pen, and she can eas-i-ly put her hand in to get things out.

See how she holds on to her fa-ther's lit-tle fin-ger. She looks half a-fraid of us, or of the man who has tak-en her pict-ure for us. No won-der her fa-ther has named her "Jew-el"; for he loves her very much, and thinks she is the bright-est, pret-ti-est lit-tle girl in the world.



DEAR VER-Y LIT-TLE FOLK: Ask your old-er broth-ers and sis-ters to write for you nice lit-tle stor-ies, in eas-y words, a-bout a-ny or each one of the pret-ty pict-ures on this page, and send them to SAINT NICHOLAS. We will print in your pages the best two of these stor-ies that come to us be-fore the First of May.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my Spring Beauties! Very glad to see so many bright faces. Thought it was sunshine, but I see it's going to rain. Never mind; it will clear off before we finish the subject of

BABY SPIDERS AT PLAY.

A WELL-KNOWN writer, in telling of the habits of the spider, gives an account of a bit of spider-play that your Jack happens never to have seen. He says that the young of many kinds of spiders have a funny way of amusing themselves on a fine day in the fall. They will climb to some high place, like a fence-post, stand on their tip-toes, and turn their bodies up in the air with the spinnerets open. The wind soon blows a thread from the spinnerets, and it gets longer and longer till it is strong enough to bear up the spider—two or three yards long; then the little creatures let go their hold, grasp the thread with their feet, and away they go into the air for a sail.

Now, has any of you, my friends, ever seen this baby-performance? If so, write to Jack about it. If not, be sure to keep a sharp lookout in the future.

AN ADOPTED CHIPMUNK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am ten years old and want to tell you of something funny. My mamma found in the woods a little ball with a kind of fuzz on it. It was alive, and had little, tiny eyes, like beads. She did n't know what it was. It had just been born, and its mamma had gone away to get something for it to eat, I guess. Well, Mamma put it in her pocket, and took it home. Then she found out it was a chipmunk probably not two hours old. Mamma fed it with a spoon, brought it up, and after a little time it grew to be a small squirrel. It knew no other mamma except my mamma, and acted just like a child. It slept at nights curled up in the pocket of Papa's dressing-gown, and at daylight would go to Mamma in bed, and poke her nose with one of its paws to wake her up. Then it would scamper about and frolic, and play like a kitten. It knew more than any dog. When Mamma used to sew or mend, it would perch itself on her shoulder and sometimes on top of her head, stand up on its hind legs and crack nuts, and sometimes stretch out and go to sleep there. Then it would get mischievous, and suddenly put one of its little paws down and pull Mamma's thread

out of her needle. Sometimes it would sit on the window-sill, and if it got frightened at the sight of pussy in the yard, or at anything else, it would squeal, and scamper off to Mamma as fast as its little legs could carry it. Then it knew it was safe. In the early spring, when the bugs began to crawl, it went out of the window one morning early, before Mamma was awake, but its enemy, the cat, caught it. It squealed for Mamma, but before she could reach it, poor little "Chippy," as we called it, was killed. We buried it in a box in the garden.

EDDIE A. LEET.

GROWING YOUNG AGAIN.

SOME animals change their outer coats once a year, and come forth in new and glossy clothing, as I've seen the pretty village girls do at Easter time. The eagle gets a fresh set of feathers, the royal stag grows newer and handsomer antlers, and the Lady Earth puts on her spring garment of green, and decks herself with delicate flowers, and smiles up at the blue sky, and looks so beautiful that the sun beams admiringly upon her, and all night the stars twinkle their bright eyes at her in delight. And your Jack, too, renews his youth and feels a warmer and sweeter air about him, when the boys and girls of the Red School-house begin to haunt the brook-side and the woods again, and scamper over the meadow, and send up shouts and ringing laughter that set the birds a-caroling in their perches swaying in the sun.

But I've heard say, my dears, that human folk, some of them, have a way of staying young all the time; and it appears to your Jack that their plan must be even better than growing young again. What puzzles me is how they do it. Perhaps one of you will come softly up to my pulpit one of these days, and whisper the secret to me.

THE CAT-CLOCK.

THIS, of course, is not a clock for cats. What cat, excepting Puss-in-Boots, ever cared to stop purring or to open her eyes, merely to learn the time of day? No; this was a cat that served as a clock.

One day, when the French traveler, the Abbé Huc, was journeying in China, he stopped a boy by the way-side, and asked him the time.

"Well, sir," said the lad,—but I suppose he said it in Chinese,—“it is too cloudy to tell by the sun, but if you'll wait a moment—” and away he darted into a hut near by. He soon came back, carrying in his arms a fine, lazy-looking cat. Gently pushing up her eyelids with his fingers, he said: “Look here, sir; you see, it is not noon yet!”

But the good Abbé did not “see.” However, he thanked the boy and walked on, wondering how in China a cat's eyes could help to tell the time. A few days afterward he was told that the pupils of a cat's eyes become narrow toward noon-day, when each of them is like a fine line up and down the eye, and that after twelve o'clock the pupils grow large again.

This may or may not be the case, my dears, with cats that live elsewhere than in China, and it would be well to take good care of your own eyes if you intend to look into the time-telling powers of your pet pussies,—for a cat may be a good clock, and yet not be good-tempered.

SIEMPRE VIVA.

DEAR JACK: I am told that, in crossing the "deserts" of Arizona or New Mexico, or Southern Nevada, you may see little round masses rolled about by the wind, over the sandy plain. They are each as large, perhaps, as a very small orange, and look like balls of tangled moss. If a thunder-shower should come,—a rare boon in those deserts,—you would see the next day a large number of bright green places, as large as breakfast plates, all about you on the sand. These are what were yesterday the balls, all dry and withered. The dry balls are often brought away by travelers, as curiosities, to surprise their friends at home. In San Francisco you may buy them readily in the shops.

Put one on a plate, and fill the plate with water, and then watch the change. It is not immediate, but, after a time, you see the ball begin to uncurl and spread out, and while it is doing this it grows green. In the course of a few hours your plate is covered with a flat, exquisitely shaped and divided plant, as bright as may be.

Pour off the water, and in two days you have again your brown, mossy ball. Strange,—is n't it?—but it is true. These plants grow only in such deserts, and need no roots going down into the ground. The Mexicans call them *Siempre Viva*, which means Always Living; as some of our plants and flowers, which do not wither, are called Everlasting, or, in the greenhouses, Immortelles.

W. O. A.

A LONG FAST.

DID you ever notice how slowly a snail moves, just as if he were afraid the shell-house on his back would tumble off if he were not careful? Well, I'll tell you a secret. It is because he knows he has plenty of time! Snails are none of your short-lived animals. They grow to a good old age, considering their small size; and, what is more, they can go so long without eating anything (I mean anything that human eyes can see) that they seem always to have any amount of leisure on their hands. I'm told that a Mr. Simons, of Dublin, a Fellow of the Royal Society, had some snails in their shells in his cabinet that lived more than twenty years without being fed, or appearing to eat anything at all. There they staid, always on their good behavior, quiet and orderly as any other of the "specimens." But they may have had their own opinion of Mr. Simons as a host, after all.

WHOLESOME MEDICINE.

DEACON GREEN was pacing thoughtfully up and down the path in my meadow, one fair evening lately, when he bumped against little Nelly Brown.

She was studying some lesson from her open book as she stumbled along. The little maid was even paler than she usually becomes toward school-examination time; but the Deacon softly laid his hand on her head, bade her shut her book, gave her a kind word and a smile, and sent her home with the knot smoothed out of her brow.

The next time he came down the path he met the dear Little School-ma'am, and she was stepping briskly along, her cheeks as rosy as the sunset. Said he:

"That little pale-faced Nelly Brown has just gone by. She studies too hard, I'm afraid. I wish you could give her the recipe by which you keep so well and cheery in spite of your hard work."

"Well, I will," said she, her face all smiling, like my dimpled brook where the red rose droops over it. "It's *festina lente*, as you know, that works

the charm." Then she tripped away westward into the glow that topped the hill.

"Ah!" said the Deacon, as he stopped to watch her. "It's *festina lente* and good-will combined,* I think. But it's a very pleasant kind of medicine just to look at you; there's not a doubt of that." And then he walked away with a light step.

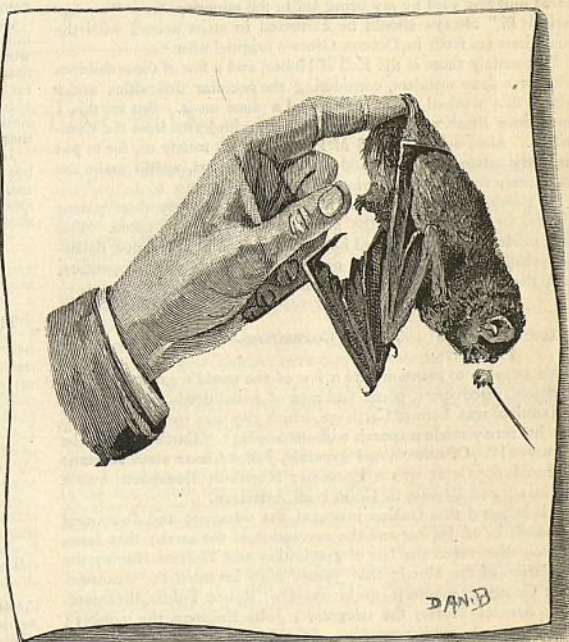
A GILDED LIBRARY.

DEAR JACK: I wonder if the dear Little School-ma'am who tells you so many things ever heard of the strange way that books are placed in the library of the Escorial of Spain. In the first place, the books are bound alike and gilded on the edges. Then the names are placed on the gilt, and the edges turned out in the shelves, which makes a very gay show—all gilding. G. T.

Thanks! friend G. T. The Little School-ma'am says she had not heard of this. Now, who can tell Jack more about this wonderful Escorial, or Escorial, as the Little School-ma'am calls it?

FEEDING AN ODD PET.

THE pet was a bat, a creature half-mouse, half-bird. But it looked so much like almost any-



thing else, that the gentleman who caught it called to his companion, saying: "Come and see the big moth I have captured!"

This bat was kept for some time in a room, and was fed with meat chopped into tiny pieces and offered to it on a bonnet-pin—as in the picture.

One day the maid picked up the poor little thing by mistake among some scraps, thinking it was a wad of old paper. Just as she was about to throw it into the fire, the bat flew off, scaring her dreadfully. At last a big, lazy bull-frog, which was kept in the same room, swallowed the poor bat, and that was the last of it.

[*See "*Festina Lente*," by Thomas Hughes, in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1877,—and "*Good-will*," by J. T. Trowbridge, in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1877.—ED.]

REPORT CONCERNING THE HISTORICAL "PI."

NEW YORK, February 24, 1882.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS: The deed is done. At last all the solutions of the "Historical Pi" have been examined, and the Committee, after most carefully considering and weighing their comparative merits, is ready to report. Being one of the Committee myself, I freely confess that it has done its work remarkably well, and in spite of conflicting elements the result evinces fair play and a high sense of honor. The fact is, my friend Timothy Plunkett is almost too tender-hearted to be on any Committee; then the blessed Little School-ma'am is so fearfully intelligent and exact that no error can escape her. Being justice personified, the little lady shakes an emphatic "No" when Brother Plunkett pleads in behalf of a well-written solution, with only three or four omissions, one or two additions, and a few misspelt words. I can not help feeling she is right, until he adds, impressively, that the competitor is a poor little working-girl with an invalid mother—or else a self-taught orphan—or perhaps a Western farm-boy, who is busy in the fields and has only four months' schooling in the winter—or a lad away off in Scotland, who made ten solutions of the Pi before he succeeded in getting this special result—and so on, as the case may be. Then over I go to Brother Plunkett's side, until at last my vote is rendered null and void by my being left in the minority, since "an historical Pi" always should be corrected in strict accord with the conditions set forth in Deacon Green's original offer.*

Fortunately there is the Roll of Honor, and a few of these children who have done wonders, considering the peculiar difficulties under which they worked, have been voted a place on it. But for this I do believe Brother Plunkett would have withdrawn from the Committee. Alas, even the Roll of Honor can not satisfy us, for to put in every name that we would be glad to insert, would make the list entirely too long to be printed in this magazine.

In conclusion, let me thank you, one and all, my dear young friends, for your help and the great interest you have taken. You have made us very proud and happy. The one hundred new dollar-bills shall go, at once, to the one hundred successful competitors, with the compliments of the committee. Your obedient servant,
SILAS GREEN.

THE PI CORRECTED.

We propose to mention here a few of the world's great generals, inventors, discoverers, poets, and men of noted deeds.

Hannibal was born at Carthage, which city was so hated by Cato that he rarely made a speech without saying: "Carthage must be destroyed!" Of other noted generals, Julius Cæsar was a Roman; Frederick the Great was a Prussian; Napoleon Bonaparte was a Corsican; and Ulysses S. Grant is an American.

It is believed that Galileo invented the telescope and discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the revolution of the earth; that Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation and William Harvey the circulation of the blood; that James Watt invented the steam-engine; George Stephenson, the locomotive; Robert Fulton, the steam-boat; Samuel Morse, the telegraph; John Ericsson, the monitor; Elias Howe, the sewing-machine; Eli Whitney, the cotton-gin; and Charles Darwin, the naturalist, the theory of The Descent of Man.

Among poets, the greatest in all history is Shakespeare; while Goethe ranks highest in the poetry of Germany, and Dante in that of Italy. Tennyson and Browning are famous English poets of our day.

Many men have performed special feats. Alexander conquered and rode Bucephalus, the most fiery, if not the fastest, horse of ancient times; Blondin frequently crossed the Niagara River on the tight-rope; and Dr. Tanner claims to have lived forty days without eating.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

Almost three thousand solutions were sent in, and not only was every State and Territory of our own country represented, but also England, Scotland, Ireland, Nova Scotia, Canada, and British Columbia. In sifting this mass of contributions, it quickly became evident that scores of bright boys and girls had closed their cyclopedias, or gram-

mars, or spelling-books too soon in their kindly efforts to help the Deacon out of his trouble, and so had left his bit of history still sadly awry.

On the other hand, however, the Committee were astonished to find how thorough and determined had been the work of those who evidently meant to win, and the race between these ran so close, that solutions containing only a few errors were soon left behind. When it came to the final summing-up, there proved to be only nineteen, indeed, which had not a single error; but there were sixty-one which contained but *one* mistake, and these two groups left but a score of spaces on the prize-list for the best twenty of those which contained *two* mistakes. After comparing and arguing and balloting, the twenty named in the third of the following lists were unanimously agreed upon—with the proviso that a Roll of Honor should be appended.

Let any should feel that even the slightest injustice has been done, it should be understood that in all cases the most liberal allowances were made that were possible, *considering the conditions of the Deacon's offer, and the closeness of the competition.* The mere order of arrangement of facts and names, no matter how varied, was never counted a mistake, provided that the solution was accurate and complete as to all the facts and names themselves, and correct in punctuation, spelling, and in clearly defining the discoveries and the inventions. Yet, in many cases, deviations that otherwise might have seemed trivial had to be counted errors when compared with an absolutely perfect restoration of the Pi.

Aside from mistakes of spelling, grammar, and punctuation, the most frequent errors in the solutions were: (1) a wrong use of the words *invented* and *discovered* (which were often carelessly confounded and even used more times than they occurred in the Pi); (2) the use of "the fastest if not the most fiery" concerning Bucephalus, instead of "the most fiery if not the fastest"; (3) the omission of words that were given in the Pi, or the insertion of words that did not appear in the Deacon's original.

In conclusion, it only remains to be said that the Committee heartily agrees with the many who have said in their letters that, even if they should fail to win the prize, they have gained much more than the worth of a dollar in the pleasure and profit received through their efforts to restore the Pi.

PRIZE WINNERS.

The following nineteen sent restorations without a single error:

Mary G. Webster.	Henrietta P. Priestley.
Harry L. Reed.	Frank B. Ladd.
Philip S. Abbot.	Kate S. Vincent.
Harry H. Rousseau.	Clara J. Child.
Edwin H. Gaggin.	Robert A. Gally.
Edson D. Hale.	Rosa S. Jewell.
Mary J. Knox.	Charles S. Kellogg.
Emma D. Mallory.	Kittie Warren.
L. C. Baker.	Foster M. Follett.
	Frank W. Tuttle.

The restorations sent by the following contained only one error:

Constance M. Carter.	Claude L. Wheeler.	May T. Harwood.
Annie B. Chapman.	Genie Trask.	May F. Williard.
Willie H. Page.	Milly S. Rann.	Annie B. Jones.
Alice Nelson.	William L. Simms.	Annie Forstall.
John C. Allen.	Fanny Pierce.	Francis L. Palmer.
M. Alice Chase.	Carrie H. Thompson.	Alice Maud King.
Cecil K. Bancroft.	Olcott O. Partridge.	William H. Adams.
F. Story Conant.	Willis K. Denison.	Frank C. Nourse.
Edith L. Clapp.	Paul W. England.	Libbie S. Day.
Alice W. Clark.	Howard C. Tracy.	Bertha W. Beman.
May Gore.	Minnie Warner.	Nellie J. Parker.
Jennie D. Lovell.	E. Ludlow Gould.	Russell Raynor.
S. Libbie Stewart.	Isabella Roelker.	Eugene Loren Waldo.
Harry W. George.	J. B. Nichols.	R. T. Hack.
Mary D. Allis.	Marc W. Comstock.	Ed. H. Waldo.
Cora L. Armstrong.	Charles A. Hanna.	Maud M. Lamb.
C. J. Atwater.	Nellie Beebe.	Thad. S. Lane.
Roscoe B. Kendig.	Mayne Longstreth.	Mary E. Hitchcock.
Philip B. Jennings.	Mattie Parker.	Addie L. Gardiner.
Decatur Pulford.	Winfield R. Smith.	Annie L. Chapin.
	Charles H. Ellingwood.	

Of those whose restorations contained only two errors, the fol-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1881, page 180, and for March, 1882, page 415.

lowing sent the best, and they, therefore, were chosen to fill up the list of the hundred prize-solutions:

F. H. Garrison.
W. S. Slack.

George Moore.
Wilson L. Fairbanks.

Lola A. McDaniel.
Daisy B. Hazelton.

Alice C. Twining.
John W. Graham.
Willie S. Renshaw.
Irene Kuhn.
C. Whipple Johnson.

Warren R. Schenck
Arthur W. Brown.
Emma H. Babcock.
India Irvine.
Hattie T. Remington.

Jane Bennett.
Harry Mather.
Mary A. Stillman.
Nicholas P. Jones.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Charles H. Wood—Harry Beatty—Richard C. Payson—Maud Angell—Katherine E. Woodward—Alvin L. Nourse—Walter D. Daskam—F. H. Allen—W. J. Dean—George R. Brandon—Hallowell Vaughan—Mollie Marcus—Clara W. Smith—Alice G. Lani—Jenny M. Wickes—Beatrice Brown—Alice Mitchell—C. Whipple Johnson—Freddie Shirley—Edith R. Hall—John C. Clark—Leon Otley Pindar—Ed. P. Williams—Amy Slade—Nellie H. Smedberg—Charley E. Niles—Walter C. Metcalf—Cornelia C. Green—Kittie E. Burnham—Nettie A. Ives—Hugh Burns—Willie H. Van Allen—Joseph Leeming—Barton Longacre—G. Willie Barker—Frank L. Eppes—George F. D. Traak—J. W. Grant—George L. Keyes—J. S. Tennant—David L. Huntington—Charlie P. Redfield—Edna Mary Marsh—Fred. C. McDonald—Charles F. Richardson—F. T. Rudy—Fred. Macnish—Roscoe C. E. Brown—Harry Whitman—Frances M. Brown—Kittie E. Horton—Amy Mothershead—Agnes Parker—Addie W. Cross—John L. McCalman—Willis C. Helm—Mary Grace Graham—Nellie Granbery—Ada B. Chaney—Heber A. McKean—Franklin N. Strader—May H. Wingate—Emma E. Hancock—Ary H. Currier—Louisa M. Wingate—Lucy V. Mackrille—Florence Washburn—B. P. Holbrook—Jostie Milliken—Fred. Metcalf—Mary H. Bradley—Lewis S. Haslam—Lucy D. Harmstead—A. E. Warren—Mary F. Jones—Jennie Chamberlain—Mary L. Otis—Ella Dolbear—Arthur C. Cowles—R. M. Hoyt—Sallie W. Rhea—Ellen Chase—Clare Jervey—Julia A. Green—Louise Corbert—Walter H. Reynolds—Anna W. Bumstead—M. Ed. Rannels—Sarah M. Longstreth—S. A. Skinner—Agnes S. Kramer—Bridget Reilly—Mabel Remington—Joseph C. Merrill—Minnie B. Phelps—Agnes G. Welsh—Alice J. Green—Sam. F. Houston—Edith V. Kreiner—Maria Gambrell—Mary L. Walsh—Julia Grice—Eliz. A. Ely—Edith Merriam—Lillie L. Pinneo—Agnes G. Day—Nettie Stevens—Mary G. and Laura G. Jones—H. J. Farrington—Bessie C. Davis—William M. Emery—Hattie F. Remington—May H. Carman—Hattie W. Bane—Josephine S. Sullivan—William F. Akin—C. C. Bulkley—Lucy Wheat—Grace Farr—M. Helen Marsh—Fred. S. Banks—William W. Ames—Louise Andrews—Wirt Smith—Florence Van Gaasbeek—Fred. A. Stevens—Bell B. Prior—Alex. T. Moore—W. G. Lamb—Arvilla S. Cole—Susan La Flesche—Ethel A. Rockwood—Col-unba C. Spalding—Minnie Williams—Nettie Finley—Mamie B. Bacon—Fannie Fearn—Arthur F. Evans—Horace P. Dinsmoor—Charles F. Karseboom—Eight pupils of St. Paul's School, Washington Territory—Dannie D. Sharp—Mary L. Lovibond—Ellen B. Atwater—Roy D. Beman—Herbert L. Clapp—Helen Ursula Lockwood—Maggie Butler—Kittie Smith—Minnie Larkin—Nellie O'Dea—Stasia Hickey—Annie Eagan—E. Morsbrugger.

THE LETTER-BOX.

FOR lack of space, the Agassiz Association report is necessarily omitted this month, but a full report will appear in the May number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am at home on a vacation, and am having a nice time. In the January number of the ST. NICHOLAS were directions for making a puppet-show named "Puss-in-Boots." I took the idea into my head that I would try it. So I did. For a frame I took a large salt-box instead of a picture-frame. I hunted up some old paper box-covers which were very thick and difficult to cut, and made some grotesque-looking figures. I cut out some very good-looking scenery. I used hemlock twigs for trees. I was all ready to have my performance except putting straws on the figures, when my grandmother came to me and said: "John, I have some thinner card-board if you would like it." So I took it, and made all the figures again. They looked very nice, and I put straws on them, and then I was ready. I sent a few invitations to my friends, and they all accepted. The performance began at half-past seven. I had a curtain hung so that the audience could not see me. When all was ready, I stepped before the curtain and made a little speech. Then I stepped back and the curtain rose. The play passed off very smoothly, and all wondered how I did it. This morning I expected to return to my school, but a snow-storm prevents, so I am writing this to fill up my leisure moments.—From your constant reader,
JOHN R. HALL (SECOND).

"SCHOOL-BOY."—Yes.

IN connection with Mrs. Diaz's entertaining "Story of Wangse Pah and the White Elephant," printed in the present number, our readers will be interested in the following account of a veritable capture of a white elephant. We copy from a newspaper recently issued:

"The whole of Siam was lately excited over the capture of a white elephant and his transportation to Bangkok, the capital city. The Siam Weekly Advertiser has the following in regard to the affair: 'The great event of the week to the native community has been the demonstrations the King of Siam has made in consequence of his coming into possession of a white elephant. The Siamese believe that good and noble spirits inhabit the forms of white animals. The white elephant being the largest of white animals is thought to be the abode of some particularly pure and majestic spirit. The man who found this exceptional animal of an unusual color has been handsomely rewarded and promoted. Much cere-

mony has attended the bringing of the elephant to Bangkok, and the location of a home for it near the royal palace. Rewards and promotion have been conferred upon those who were the immediate means of placing the king in possession. The much-fêted animal has been tiled, and has had appropriated for its use utensils that indicate high rank. A stately palace has been assigned as its future home, and a set of attendants is charged with the duty of waiting upon it. The only fear now is that the exceptional animal may be killed by the unnatural attentions it will receive."

And now, read this letter from a little girl who, with her comrades, has been making studies in the history and customs of Siam:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to a missionary society called "Lilies of the Field." We have chosen Siam as our mission to work for, and in our study of the country and its people, we find many strange things. For instance, they name their months after animals, such as dogs and cats;—and their superstitions compel them to marry only those born in the same month;—so a man born in the dog-month dare not marry a woman born in the cat-month. Another strange habit of theirs is to blacken their teeth with a paste made of the betel-nut, "because," they say, "foreigners and monkeys have white teeth and we don't want them." There are other curious things which I learn, but have not time to write now. I will close now by saying that I am one of four happy little girls who attend school in "Bellevue Tower," and use the ST. NICHOLAS magazine instead of a Reader.—Your devoted admirer, G. M. N.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In Mr. Baldwin's story of "Northern Myths," in the December number, it is said that "Persephone (Summer) was stolen from her mother Demetre (the Earth) by Hermes, who took her to Hades." But in Nössel's Mythology, which I study, it says "Persephone had been stolen by Pluto, the god of Hades."

I should like to know which is right, as I am much interested in Mythology.

Yours respectfully,
M. M. C., twelve years old.

The author of the article referred to by "M. M. C." answers as follows:

"The sentence to which this correspondent refers should read: 'But they probably told how Pluto had stolen Persephone (the Summer) from her mother Demetre (the Earth), and had carried her in a chariot, drawn by four coal-black steeds, to that gloomy land of his.' This is as it was written in the first rough draft of the 'Fore-

word': but inexcusable carelessness and haste in copying, coupled with the recollection that it was Hermes who brought Persephone back to Demetre, led to the error, which, unfortunately, was again overlooked in reading the proof."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me the origin of the "Man in the Moon"? And why is he supposed to be made of green cheese? The moon is not in the least green; on the contrary, it is, as we all know, "silvery," as the poets say. I suppose the fable about there being a man in the moon is about as old as Mother Goose, is it not?—Yours, sincerely, "MOONBEAM."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking through ST. NICHOLAS for 1881, I found, in the May number, in an article by Mrs. Oliphant entitled "Mary, Queen of Scots," the following sentence: "Mary's grandfather, James IV., was called, Sir Walter Scott tells us, in the 'Lady of the Lake'—of which this romantic, gallant knight and monarch is the hero—the Commons' King," etc. But it was Mary's father, James V., who was called the "Commons' King," and who is the hero of the "Lady of the Lake." When he laments the loss of his "gallant grey," he says:

"I little thought when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine."

Now, James IV. was never in France, but James V. paid a long visit there in 1536-37, when he married Madame Magdalene of France, daughter of Francis I.; and as Lindsay, of Piscottie, names "twenty vera bonnie steeds" as among the gifts bestowed by Francis on his royal son-in-law, it may be fairly supposed that the "gallant grey" was one of that number.

He obtained the name of the Commons' King from the severity with which he punished those chiefs and nobles who robbed and oppressed their weaker neighbors. In 1529, he went with an army of ten thousand men through Ettrick Forest, where no poor man could live unless he paid tribute for the protection of some noble, and did justice on the oppressors. He hanged Sir Piers Cockburn, who had prepared a feast for him, over the gate of his own castle of Henderland. He executed, also, Adam Scott, of Tushielow, called "King of the Border," and the famous Johnnie Armstrong, with thirty-six companions. After which, says Lindsay, of Piscottie, he kept ten thousand sheep in Ettrick Forest as safe as if they were in his own park in Fifehire, and all through his reign "the rush-bush kept the cow."

He carried his preference of the commonalty to such an extent as to make Oliver Sinclair general of the army he sent against England in 1541-42, and thereby caused the disgraceful defeat of "Salway Moss," where the proud nobles refused to fight under a man of no rank, and surrendered without striking a blow; and so keenly was the shame felt by the high-spirited king, that it caused his death.

His dislike of the Douglasses, who were ruined and banished by him, was caused by the treatment he had received from them during his minority, and the annoyance caused him by the conduct of his mother's second husband, the Earl of Angus.—I remain, respectfully, etc.,
SOPHIE S. HUNGERFORD.

IN behalf of thousands of boys and girls who have read with deep interest Mr. Kieffer's admirable "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," we give extracts from three of the many pleasant letters which the "Recollections" have drawn from veterans in various parts of the country.

The first letter was originally addressed to Mr. Kieffer, but with his consent and that of the writer, we are permitted to print it here:

FORT WAYNE STATION, INDIANA, January 9, 1882.

REV. HARRY M. KIEFFER.

My Dear Sir: Through the kindness of the editor of ST. NICHOLAS I have been furnished with your address. My object in asking for it was to thank you, from the very bottom of my heart, for the vivid and truthful descriptions of camp and battle-field scenes which you are now placing before the young folk of America in your "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," through the medium of the good ST. NICHOLAS. My attention was first called to them by my little son Frank (twelve years old), who often asks me to tell him stories of my own army experiences. He was much interested in your description of the battle of Gettysburg in the January number.

He said: "Papa, some one is writing in my ST. NICHOLAS about his experiences in the army, and he, like you, was a boy when he enlisted." To please the child, I began with the first article in November ST. NICHOLAS and read them through. I was so struck with the graphic and vivid descriptions that I was at once convinced it was no fancy sketch, but the actual experience of one who had been there. I could not believe that any one who had not passed through the actual experiences of army life could so faith-

fully describe them. Some days after this, I attended a reunion of the Eighty-eighth Regiment Indiana Volunteers, held at this place, upon the anniversary of the battle of Stone River. Being called upon for a speech, I spoke of the part my own regiment (the Forty-fourth Indiana) took in the engagement, and then referred to the articles in ST. NICHOLAS as being the most vivid and life-like of all descriptions of army life I had ever read. I related the incidents you had depicted—old John Burns, the recapture of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment's flag, and so forth. When I had closed, Comrade John C. Kensill arose and said that, from what I had just told them, he knew that the writer in the ST. NICHOLAS must have been a member of his regiment (the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Bucktail Brigade), as he (Kensill) was the one who had led the charge which resulted in the recapture of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment's flag. He then told the story of the battle of Gettysburg in such a manner as to convince me that you both must have belonged to the same regiment. This incident added to my interest in the "Recollections," and induced me to seek your address and write to you.

Although the armies in which we served were wide apart, yet the incidents of camp-life and battle-field vary only in the *personnel* and the locality.

I enlisted in 1861, at the age of sixteen, and served through the entire war, being mustered out September, 1865. Of the original members of my regiment that took the field in 1861, only one hundred and nineteen returned in 1865. Our dead sleep upon almost every battle-field of the West. Our battle-flag bears the names of Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Stone River, Chickamauga, and others. We, the survivors, gather together once a year, usually upon the anniversary of one of our battle-days, to renew our associations, review our battles, sing our old army-songs, and have a good time. This we hope to continue to do until some time in the twentieth century, when the last old gray-headed veteran shall have ceased to answer to roll-call. Then the Forty-fourth Regiment Indiana Veteran Volunteers will be finally disbanded on this shore. May they all meet above!

And now, in closing, again I thank you for placing before the youth of our country so truthful a statement of what their fathers did to preserve the nation. Thanks for the "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," and thanks to the good ST. NICHOLAS for being the medium of so wide a circulation.—Yours truly,

SAM. B. SWEET,

Late of Co. C., 44th Regt. Ind. Vols.

The second letter is from an "old First Corps man," who received two bullets through his hip in the big charge, on the third day at Gettysburg, and who now is in one of the Departments at Washington. He says:

DEAR MR. KIEFFER: I take the ST. NICHOLAS for my daughter, and casually took it up while smoking my "night-cap" pipe last evening, and I assure you I read it twice over, and it brought back the old times so vividly that the chimes rang out midnight before my reverie was ended. . . . You remember how well the One Hundred and Fifty-first Regiment (my old regiment) and the Twentieth New York held the left that first day, and I trust you will kindly accept the thanks of an unknown comrade for the story you have told so well.

And here is just a word from the gentleman who, it seems, enlisted our "Drummer-boy," and whose letter is here printed without Mr. Kieffer's knowledge:

PHILADELPHIA.

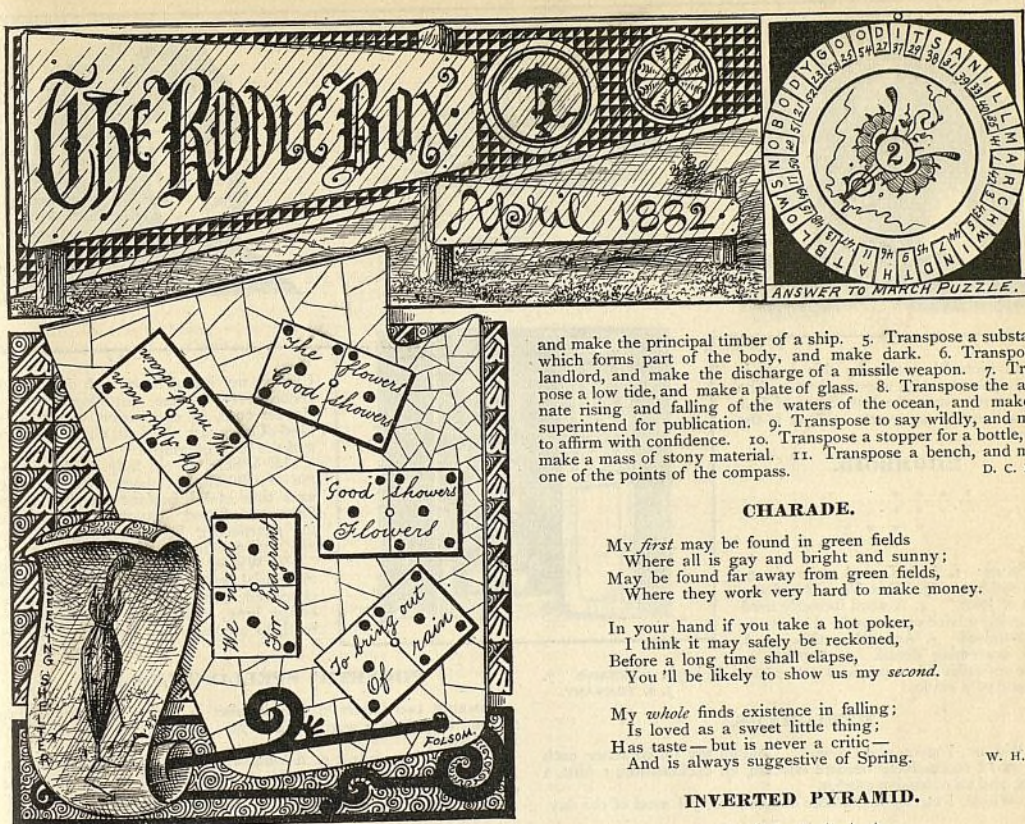
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . The writer takes pleasure in saying that he enlisted the "Drummer-boy" whose "Recollections" are so graphically and touchingly described in your monthly. Harry M. Kieffer, of Company D, One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (Bucktail Regiment), was personally as popular with the boys in the company and regiment as are his contributions to the ST. NICHOLAS. A brave soldier, an exemplary, noble youth, a worthy son of pious parents. And he is to-day an influential, zealous, able worker as a minister in one of the leading churches of Eastern Pennsylvania.—Respectfully yours,

H. W. CROTZER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the "Letter-box" of the February number of the ST. NICHOLAS I found a request for "Marsh-mallow Paste," and as I have one I inclose it.

MARSH-MALLOW PASTE.

Dissolve one pound of clean white gum arabic in one quart of water; strain, and add one pound of refined sugar; place over a fire, stirring continually until the sirup is dissolved and the mixture has become of the consistency of honey; next add the whites of eight eggs, previously beaten; stir the mixture all the time until it loses its thickness and does not adhere to the finger; flavor with rose or anything you like; pour into a tin or box dusted with powdered starch; when cool, divide into small squares or strips.—Yours truly,
CLARA E. WARD.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

MAKE duplicates of the five dominos represented in the drawing. Arrange them so that the halves of the dominos will match in the number of spots. By thus matching them, see how many different readings can be made of the April couplet written upon them.

DIAGONALS.

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DIAGONALS: One who is imposed upon. ACROSS: 1. Plentiful. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A blackbird. 4. Delicate. 5. Jeopardy. 6. Cunning. 7. To scowl. 8. A subject. 9. A flowering shrub. DVCIE.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in mend, but not in tear;
 My second in tune, but not in air;
 My third is in silver, but not in gold;
 My fourth is in valiant, but not in vest;
 My fifth is in jacket, but not in vest;
 My whole makes merry, and soothes to rest.

DVCIE.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

WHEN the transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the made words, placed in the order here given, will name a famous dramatist who was born and who died on the same date in April.

1. Transpose a flat, circular plate, and make a chain used to fasten a wagon-wheel, to prevent its turning when descending a steep hill.
2. Transpose a covering for the foot, and make stockings.
3. Transpose to bewilder, and make a carpenter's tool for chipping.
4. Transpose a plant regarded by Welshmen as a national emblem,

and make the principal timber of a ship. 5. Transpose a substance which forms part of the body, and make dark. 6. Transpose a landlord, and make the discharge of a missile weapon. 7. Transpose a low tide, and make a plate of glass. 8. Transpose the alternate rising and falling of the waters of the ocean, and make to superintend for publication. 9. Transpose to say wildly, and make to affirm with confidence. 10. Transpose a stopper for a bottle, and make a mass of stony material. 11. Transpose a bench, and make one of the points of the compass. D. C. M.

CHARADE.

My first may be found in green fields
 Where all is gay and bright and sunny;
 May be found far away from green fields,
 Where they work very hard to make money.

In your hand if you take a hot poker,
 I think it may safely be reckoned,
 Before a long time shall elapse,
 You'll be likely to show us my second.

My whole finds existence in falling;
 Is loved as a sweet little thing;
 Has taste—but is never a critic—
 And is always suggestive of Spring.

W. H. A.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

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ACROSS: 1. Inclined to favor unreasonably. 2. To move in a military manner. 3. A kind of pastry. 4. In April. DOWNWARD: 1. In April. 2. A much used verb. 3. To knock. 4. A brief journey. 5. An article harvested in cold weather. 6. An exclamation. 7. In April. F. A. W.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. IN Nilometer. 2. A young boy. 3. A language used by the ancients. 4. To delve. 5. IN Nilometer. FAYE NEIL.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

TAKE five words of equal length from the following sentences; when these are rightly selected and placed, one below another, the two central rows of letters, reading downward, will spell two words which are often heard at this time of the year.

Once upon a time there was a young frog who constructed a raft and also a canoe. "I can now fill one or the other with provisions," said he, "and take a little jaunt down the river." M. V. W.

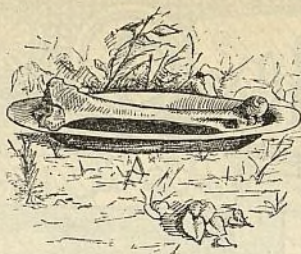
RABBIT PUZZLE.

DRAW a picture of three earless rabbits and three rabbit-ears in such a way that each rabbit shall have two ears.

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-two letters, and am a quotation from "Hamlet."

My 12-5-9-30-15-24-4 is one to whom his father gave good advice, as he was about to start on his travels. My 8-3-7-11-5 "never told her love." My 6-30-31-1-31-23 was "the noblest Roman of them all." My 14-13-2-19-25-11-20 "loved not wisely but too well." My 10-18-29-7-22-17-20 is the noblest friend mentioned by Shakespeare. My 16-32-30-14 is a heroine who was falsely accused. My 26-11-5-21 is what Portia discovered in the bond. My 27-28-12-25-10-30-17-20 helped Portia. M. W. G.



THE pictorial puzzle on this page is based upon part of a nursery-rhyme. The pictures represent the last words of four of the lines of one verse. What is the verse?

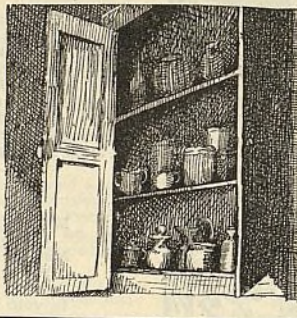
RHOMBOLD.

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ACROSS: 1. A staff. 2. A place of constant residence. 3. What *Hamlet* said was "out of joint." 4. A word formerly used to signify advice or counsel. DOWN: 1. One hundred. 2. An exclamation. 3. A word expressing denial. 4. A ruler. 5. Three-sevenths of a precious stone. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. The end of a circle.

METAGRAMS.

I. WHOLE, I am a small vessel. Change my initial letter each time, and I successively become obscure, an exclamation, a bird, a target, and an extensive garden.
II. WHOLE, I signify to partake of the principal meal of the day.



PHONETIC SPELLING-LESSON.

COMBINE two letters of the alphabet in such a way that, when spoken, they form a word. *Example:* A girl's name. *Answer:* K T (Katy).

1. A climbing plant. 2. A kind of material used for dresses. 3. Not difficult. 4. To try. 5. Void. 6. To surpass. 7. A county of England. 8. To covet. 9. A river of Asia. 10. Set in order. 11. A nocturnal quadruped. 12. An architectural molding. E. C. M.

MARION E.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES. Circular Puzzle: See head-piece for this month. Easy Rebus: Pennsylvania. Monogram: Cyclone. LADDER. Andrew Jackson; James Garfield. Cross-words: 1. NoA. 2. RatE. 3. WinG. 4. AfaR. 5. Kohl (noor). 6. OpaL. A KETTLE OF FISH. 1. Perch. 2. Pike. 3. Shad (ow). 4. Herring. 5. Sole. 6. Chub. 7. Smelt. 8. Sheephead. 9. Dolphin. 10. Halibut. 11. Whiting. 12. Lamprey. TWO EASY DIAMONDS. I. 1. L. 2. PE. 3. LeMon. 4. NOW. 5. N. II. 1. T. 2. ARm. 3. TrEes. 4. ME. 5. S. HEADS AND TAILS. 1. Cart. 2. Clamp. 3. Ebony. 4. Wink. 5. Fire. 6. Cowl. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials: Middlemarch. Finals: George Eliot. CROSS-WORDS: 1. MannerinG. 2. ImpedE. 3. DidO. 4. DisasteR. 5. LoG. 6. Educate. 7. MenageriE. 8. AdmirAL. 9. Rabbl. 10. CameO. 11. HamleT. DEFECTIVE PROVERB. Keep things for seven years and you will find uses for them.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Circus.

SYNCOPIATIONS. 1. Print—Pint. 2. Window—widow. 3. Tray—Tay. 4. Table—tale. 5. Penal—peal. 6. Marine—Maine.

A PICTORIAL WORD-SQUARE.

Put on the fire at early morn—
Holding a breakfast for the boys (Pan).
A tool for making extra fuel for those
Who cook the meal the hungry youth enjoys (Axe).
Now let us see the finder of the feast;
Its casting many a strong man's time employs (Net).
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
PI. The stormy March has come at last,
With wind and clouds and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, in "March."

TWO SQUARES. I. 1. Peace. 2. Earls. 3. Areas. 4. Clara. 5. Essay. II. 1. Quart. 2. Ueber. 3. Abase. 4. Rests. 5. Tress.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 20, from C. F. Horne—George Salter—Aidyl Airotyv Trebor—P. S. Clarkson—J. S. Tennant—"Kid"—"Macaulay"—Martha and Eva de la Guerra,—and Florence Leslie Kite. ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 20, from Marion S. Dumont, 1—Livingston Ham, 2—Harry, 1—Edith McKeever, and Amy Elliott, 9—Saidie Hall, 8—Grace H., 4—Lulu Allen, 2—Charles Townsend, 3—Mary B. Tarr, 2—Georgia Harlan, 10—Skipper, 13—Will H. Post, 4—Willie Walker, 6—Anna Mallon, 8—Bessie Robins, 2—Grace H. Semmes, 2—Lillian V. Leach, 1—J. T. Sarratt, 7—J. H. Norris, 3—Louise Gilman, 8—G. Beals, 3—Paul England, 2—Faye Neil and Sister, 3—Professor and Co., 9—Helen M., 5—"Bidie," 4—"Two Dromios," 13—Sanford B. Martin, 1—Minnie B. Murray, 6—Katie L. Freeland, 2—Lulu G. Crabbe, 6—Frankie Crawford, 4—Blanche Coppock, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 12—G. H. Semmes, 2—Florence Wilcox, 10—J. Perry Seward, 3—May Beadle, 9—Isabel Bingay, 8—Mattie Winkler, 7—Dot and Lot, 13—Margaret W. Stickney, 1—Weston Stickney, 5—Carrie C. Oliver, 4—Lalla E. Croft, 2—"Zaita," 4—Anna and Alice, 11—Lizzie Fyfe, 5—D. W. Roberts, 3—M. B. Alexander, 6—Blanche and Grace Parry, 8—Fred Carragan, 6—Rosa and Mamie, 2—Jennie E. Cutler, 4—"Star," 10—Jack and Tommy, 6—"Minnie Ha Ha," 10—Clara and her Aunt, 12—"Rory O'More," 3—Mattie Gilbert Colt, 1—A. M. S., 3—Willie Serrell, 2—Bessie C. Rogers, 4—Nellie Caldwell, 11—Genie Callmeyer, 12—"Warren," 4—Jennie and Ethel C. L. Weeks, 8—Daisy and Buttercup, 10—Madge and Katie Robertson, 12—"Queen Bess," 13—Adele and Delia, 9—Algie Tassin, 8—Edward Dana Sabine, 1—J. C. Winne, 1—Maude and Sadie, 3—O. B. and C. F. Judson, 10—Charlie W. Power, 11—Anna and Arthur, 3—W. M. Kingsley, 11—Nemo, Jr., 7—Alice Maude Kyte, 8—Appleton H., 11—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 10—Robert B. Ary, 3—Myra C. Holbrook, 12—Lulu Graves, 7—Lyde W. McKinney, 13—Sallie Viles, 13—Enid Mary Smith, 1—Campbell, 3—Marguerite, 6—Hester M. Frere Powell, 9—Clara L. Northway, 9. Numerals denote number of puzzles solved.



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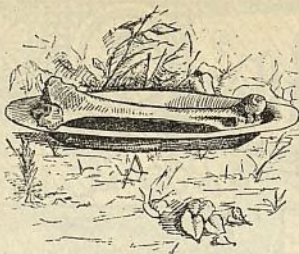
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THE pictorial puzzle on this page is based upon part of a nursery-rhyme. The pictures represent the last words of four of the lines of one verse. What is the verse?

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A staff. 2. A place of constant residence. 3. What *Hamlet* said was "out of joint." 4. A word formerly used to signify advice or counsel. DOWN: 1. One hundred. 2. An exclamation. 3. A word expressing denial. 4. A ruler. 5. Three-sevenths of a precious stone. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. The end of a circle.

METAGRAMS.

I. WHOLE, I am a small vessel. Change my initial letter each time, and I successively become obscure, an exclamation, a bird, a target, and an extensive garden.
II. Whole, I signify to partake of the principal meal of the day.



Change my initial letter each time, and I successively become imposing, cows, a slender cord, an excavation, a number, a kind of tree, part of a fork, a trailing plant, and the juice of grapes.

III. Whole, an old lady once bestowed me on a favorite. Change my initial letter each time and I become the fruit of the fir, accomplished, departed, a fine stone for sharpening instruments, single, not any, and a sound.

IV. Whole, I am an animal. Change my initial letter each time and I become cherished, dread, harness, to heed, an unhappy king, close by, a fruit, to raise, to rend, to assume, and a measure of time.

MARION E.

PHONETIC SPELLING-LESSON.

COMBINE two letters of the alphabet in such a way that, when spoken, they form a word. Example: A girl's name. Answer: K T (Katy).

1. A climbing plant. 2. A kind of material used for dresses. 3. Not difficult. 4. To try. 5. Void. 6. To surpass. 7. A county of England. 8. To covet. 9. A river of Asia. 10. Set in order. 11. A nocturnal quadruped. 12. An architectural molding. E. C. M.

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LADDER. Andrew Jackson; James Garfield. Cross-words: 1. NorA. 2. RatE. 3. WinG. 4. AfAR. 5. KohI (noor). 6. OpaL. A KETTLE OF FISH. 1. Perch. 2. Pike. 3. Shad (ow). 4. Her-ring. 5. Sole. 6. Chub. 7. Smelt. 8. Sheepshead. 9. Dolphin. 10. Halibut. 11. Whiting. 12. Lamprey.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS. I. 1. L. 2. PEn. 3. LeMon. 4. NOW. 5. N. II. 1. T. 2. ARm. 3. TrEes. 4. MEt. 5. S.

HEADS AND TAILS. 1. Cart. 2. Clamp. 3. Ebony. 4. Wink. 5. Fire. 6. Cowl.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials: Middlemarch. Finals: George Eliot. Cross-words: 1. MannerinG. 2. ImpedE. 3. DidO. 4. DisasteR. 5. LoG. 6. EducatE. 7. MenageriE. 8. AdmiraL. 9. Rabbl. 10. CameO. 11. HamleT.

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A PICTORIAL WORD-SQUARE.

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Holding a breakfast for the boys (Pan).
A tool for making extra fuel for those
Who cook the meal the hungry youth enjoys (Axe).
Now let us see the finder of the feast;
Its casting many a strong man's time employs (Net).
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
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With wind and clouds and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

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