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"NINETTE."

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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DEPARTMENTS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX. MAY, 1882. NO. 7.

WHY THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

KETURAH was in the kitchen making a chicken-pie of the Plymouth Rock rooster, whose domineering disposition had become unendurable.

She had been making pop-overs, which would soon come out of the oven, in all the crispness, and flakiness, and general toothsomeness which made Keturah's pop-overs famous; so the kitchen was not a bad place to be in, just now. But Keturah had her apron on her head, and that was a sign that she was in the doleful dumps, and small boys and girls had better keep out of the way. That apron of Keturah's cast a shadow over the whole house, especially when Aunt Kate and Uncle Rufe had gone to Boston, and Keturah had all the small fry under her thumb.

Sam put his nose in at the crack of the kitchen door, and sniffed. The pop-overs allured, but Keturah's apron waved a warning, and Sam, being a wise boy, retreated.

Polly was in the garden hanging out the clothes. Sam, looking out of the hall window, saw her, and wondered if a blackbird had nipped her nose, it was so red. But the next moment a big tear dropped past it, and he saw that she was weeping, and there was her lover, Jake Pettibone, beating a hasty retreat, looking very sheepish. Keturah had "shooed" him off, just as she "shooed" the chickens. Keturah was Polly's aunt, and had been "more 'n a mother to her," as she was always reminding her.

Sam did wish that Polly had more spirit, and would n't allow her lover to be "shooed" away. Jake was such a good fellow, and owned such delightful boats.

Ike was down by the currant-bushes, now, digging worms for bait, preparatory to going fishing with Jake. Sam had been invited to go, but Keturah would n't let him, because it might rain, and he had had the croup when he was six months old. (This was the very worst attack of doleful dumps that Keturah had ever had.)

Kitty was in the garden, too, trying to put salt on a robin's tail; somebody had told her she could catch a robin so, and she believed it, because she was only a girl; and she did n't care if she could n't go fishing, for the same reason. It was almost as well to be a girl, as to be a boy, under Keturah's thumb; and Aunt Kate would be away for three weeks more, and there was no hope that Keturah would come out of the doleful dumps, and be her usual good-natured self — unless that provoking old clock should get over its mysterious habit of striking One, and unless she should find her saffron-colored silk stockings!

For Keturah was superstitious; she believed in signs and omens, and nobody could reason, nor laugh, nor coax her out of the belief. Nothing could induce her to begin any undertaking on Friday; she would not burn egg-shells, lest she should come to want; and, if she spilled salt, she was sure she should quarrel. If she saw the new moon over her left shoulder, or the first robin on a low bough, ill-luck was certain. If a mirror was broken, or a whip-poor-will sang on the roof, somebody in the house would die before the year was out. If a fork or a pin that was dropped stood up on the floor, or Casabianca, the cat, washed his face, she made preparations for company. She carried a horseshoe in her pocket to ward off

witches, and a potato to ward off rheumatism. She was always hearing mysterious noises, and was very scornful when anybody suggested rats. When she saw a "calico" horse, she wished, and she was sure that she would get her wish; and she always made a bow to the new moon, that it might bring her a present.

Uncle Rufe and Aunt Kate — who were like the best of parents to their little, orphaned nephews and nieces — were always telling them, privately, that Keturah's signs were all nonsense, and they must not listen to them; but so many signs "came true" that Ike and Kitty more than half believed Keturah was right. Did n't Ike have that fight with Neddy Forrester the very day that he spilled all his salt at breakfast? And did n't he get his velocipede, and Kitty her walking doll, — presents from Uncle Jack, — only two days after they bowed to the moon? Sam declared it to be his belief that they would have had the presents, even if they had failed to pay their respects to the moon, and, as for the salt, Neddy Forrester had been threatening to "whip" Ike for a long time.

Sam was almost ten, and Aunt Kate had told him that she depended upon him to teach the other children not to mind Keturah's nonsense.

But he did quake, inwardly, whenever Keturah heard very strange noises, and prophesied dreadful things. However, he had n't quaked half so much since Keturah had twice called him to the door, in the evening, to see a ghost in the garden; and one ghost was the Bartlett pear-tree, all blossomed out white, and the other was a stray white cow that had taken a fancy to the cabbages! Then Sam had concluded that there was something as substantial and commonplace as a pear-tree or a cow at the bottom of all ghost stories, and he had felt sure that Keturah could n't scare him again — but it was queer that that clock should strike One!

The disappearance of Keturah's saffron-colored silk stockings — which had been given her by her first and only lover, a sailor, who was drowned on his second voyage — was not so unaccountable. Keturah had a great many bundles and budgets; she was, as she declared, "uncommon savin'," and hoarded all the scraps that would otherwise have found their way to the rag-bag. Sam suspected that in one of Keturah's budgets the saffron-colored silk stockings, which she felt sure had been spirited away as a warning of impending evil, were hiding themselves.

But what *could* make that clock strike One?

It was a tall old hall-clock, that had been in the family for generations; it had not been in working order for years, and was supposed to have outlived its usefulness. Some people admired it very much, but the children thought it very ugly, with its great gilt griffin on the top, and its gilt claw feet, just like a beast. Keturah had always felt there was something queer about that clock.

And now it did seem as if there was something queer about the clock; for it had struck, on five or six occasions, just one loud, solemn stroke, which could be heard all over the house.

It struck the very first night after Uncle Rufe and Aunt Kate went away, between nine and ten o'clock at night. Sam and Ike were awakened, and got out of their beds to see what was the matter. Keturah was as white as a sheet, wringing her hands, and bewailing that something was going to happen, whereupon Ike got back into bed, and covered his head with the clothes.

Sam slipped into his pantaloons, so as to be ready for emergencies, and crept down two or three stairs. He peered over the balusters at the clock. A moonbeam fell exactly across the griffin's head. It did n't wink, but its eyes flashed like coals of fire.

I am sorry to say that Sam followed Ike.

Keturah said that something dreadful must have happened to Uncle Rufe or Aunt Kate. But the next day she received a telegram, saying that they were well, and had had a very pleasant journey.

And Sam thought that something might have jarred the clock, and made it strike, and he wished he had n't covered up his head with the bedclothes. If he 'd only had time to think, he 'd have marched boldly up to the clock, and found out what was the matter! He lay awake for more than an hour, mourning that he, the man of the family, should have let the others think he was afraid.

He was awakened by another stroke of the clock. There was a faint glimmer of dawn creeping in at the window — not enough to give the cheerful courage that comes with morning, but just enough to make the furniture take on ghostly shapes.

Instead of going boldly down-stairs, Sam sat up in bed, with his teeth chattering; and when the door-knob turned slowly, and the door opened softly, Ike or even Kitty could not have popped down under the clothes more quickly than he did!

It was only Keturah. Sam felt wonderfully re-assured when he heard her voice, and he emerged from his retirement, and assumed as easy and confident a manner as a boy *could* assume while his teeth were chattering.

"That clock wa' n't never struck with hands!" announced Keturah, solemnly.

"Of course it was n't the hands that made it strike," began Sam, but his feeble attempt at a joke was promptly frowned down by Keturah.

"I felt in my bones that something was a-goin' to happen, even before them saffron-colored silk stockin's was sperited away," said she, in a doleful voice, and with many shakings of the head. "And,

as if them stockin's wa' n't warnin' enough, there 's that old clock, that haint been wound up nobody knows when, and with its insides all gi'n out, anyhow, a-strikin' out loud and solemn enough to wake the seven sleepers of Christendom! I haint no expectation that we shall ever see your aunt and uncle ag'in!"

"I say, Keturah, if I were you, I 'd go down and take a look at that clock! You might find out what makes it strike," said Sam.

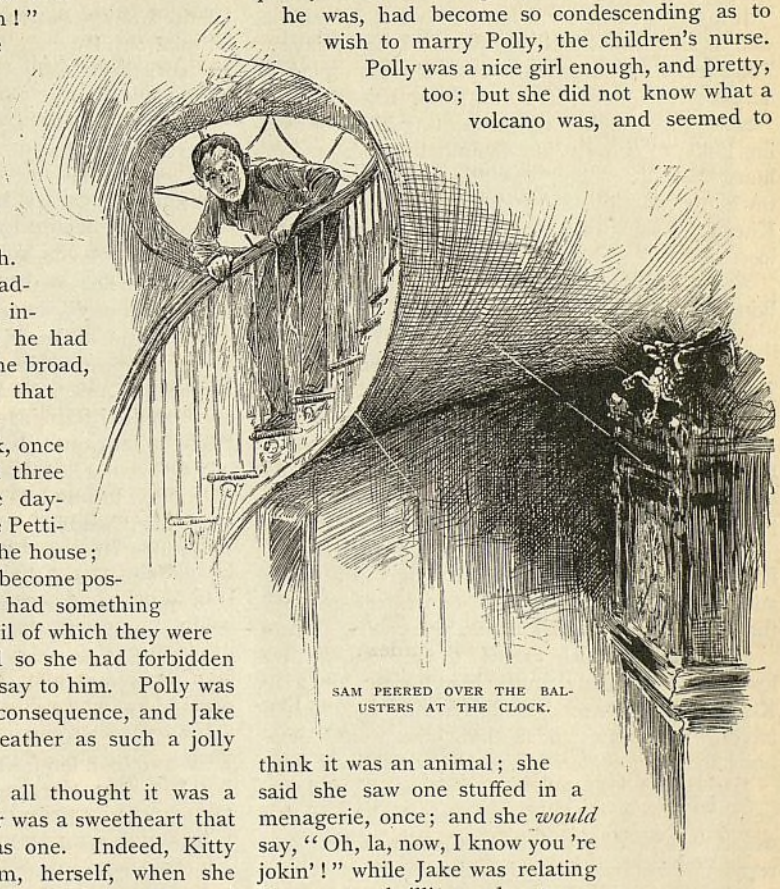
"I sha' n't meddle nor make with the works of darkness, and I 'd advise you not to, neither," said Keturah.

Sam scarcely needed that advice. He felt even less like investigating the matter than he had the night before. Even in the broad, cheerful daylight he gave that clock a wide berth.

After that, the clock struck, once or twice, every night; and three times it had struck in the daytime,—each time when Jake Pettibone, Polly's lover, was in the house; and from this, Keturah had become possessed of the idea that Jake had something to do with the impending evil of which they were warned by the clock. And so she had forbidden Polly to have anything to say to him. Polly was almost broken-hearted, in consequence, and Jake was as much under the weather as such a jolly sailor could be.

Sam and Ike and Kitty all thought it was a great shame. If there ever was a sweetheart that was worth having, Jake was one. Indeed, Kitty had resolved to marry him, herself, when she should grow up, if Polly did n't—unless Ike and she should keep a candy store, for which enterprise she was willing to forego matrimony. Jake had been "'round the world and home again," when he was only a boy. He had seen cocoanuts, and bananas, and dates, growing; he had been down in the ocean, and brought up great branches of coral, and shells that looked as if they were made of pure gold; he had been on intimate terms with monkeys, and wild men, and alligators, and earthquakes, and volcanoes; he had been half cooked by cannibals, scalped—in a mild way—by Indians, and had had a piece of his arm bitten out by a shark; he had been on a fishing expedition to "the Banks"; had killed, with his own hands, a shark as big as—well, I am obliged to confess that the size of that shark varied with each time that Jake told the story; but it was never smaller than a whale, and it was once as large as the fabulous sea-serpent; he had caught a cod-fish so heavy that it nearly sank the vessel; had got wrecked, and escaped drowning only by a hair's breadth.

After all those good times, he had settled quietly down in Northport, and, wonderful man as he was, had become so condescending as to wish to marry Polly, the children's nurse. Polly was a nice girl enough, and pretty, too; but she did not know what a volcano was, and seemed to think it was an animal; she said she saw one stuffed in a menagerie, once; and she *would* say, "Oh, la, now, I know you 're jokin'!" while Jake was relating his most thrilling adventures, which was very disagreeable.



SAM PEERED OVER THE BALUSTERS AT THE CLOCK.

To say nothing of his past greatness, Jake was now the proprietor of three boats; in one, he went fishing; the other two he kept to let. If there could be a happier or prouder position in life than Jake's, Sam and Ike would like to know what it was.

The fishing vessel was "as tidy a craft as you often run afoul of," as its owner often remarked, and the children were very fond of going fishing in it, although, to tell the truth, there was a fishy smell about it, which grew very strong just about the time the water began to break up into hills, and the boat began to make dancing-school bows, and you began to wish you had n't come. The little pleasure-yacht, the "Harnsome Polly," was "desarvin' of her name, and more 'n that you could n't say." That was Jake's opinion. The children thought Polly ought

to be very proud and grateful for the honor of having such a beautiful boat named for her. Jake's third boat was only a row-boat, named the "Racer," which he had made for himself; but it was everything that a row-boat ought to be, and he often lent it to Sam and Ike to row in, by themselves.

It will readily be seen that Jake was a valuable as well as a distinguished friend, and his marriage to Polly was an event greatly to be desired, especially as Jake threatened, if Aunt Keturah persisted in "cutting up rough," and preventing him from seeing Polly, to go off to the Cannibal Islands, and get himself wholly cooked, this time, and eaten; a harrowing possibility, the thought of which caused Kitty to dissolve into tears, and made Sam and Ike lose their zest for fishing, even, for a whole day.

And that queer, ridiculous old clock was at the bottom of all this trouble!

As Sam, looking out of the hall window, saw Jake being "shooed" away from Polly, he beckoned to him, slyly. He wanted to see whether that clock would strike as soon as he set foot in the house, as on former occasions, and he also wished to cheer Jake a little, lest he should, in desperation, set sail at once for the Cannibal Islands.

Poor Jake's round, rosy face was elongated until it looked like the reflection of a face in a spoon, and its jollity had given place to a woe-begoneness that was enough to make your heart ache.

He came cautiously around to the door, anxious lest Polly's vigilant aunt should espy him; but Keturah had returned to her chicken-pie, without having the faintest idea that Jake would be so audacious as to enter the house by the front door.

Jake stood still, just inside the door, and surveyed the clock. He was superstitious, as sailors usually are, and he seemed to prefer to keep at a respectful distance from that clock.

"She 's an onacountable cre'tur', now, aint she?"

Sam understood that he meant the clock, for Jake had a way of considering clocks, as well as vessels, as of the female sex.

"But it did n't strike, Jake! It did n't strike One when you came in!" exclaimed Sam.

"She did n't, that 's a fact!" said Jake, brightening a little. "Mebbe she 's gi'n over her pesky tricks. I don't see what nobody 's got ag'in' me to go to bewitchin' on her like that, anyhow!"

"I don't think it has anything to do with you, Jake. It strikes every night, and you are not here then," said Sam.

"But it 's kinder cur'us that she don't never set up to strike in the day-time, onless I be here. But there is folks, Sammy, that says none o' them things don't happen without nateral causes, and if there is a nateral cause for that there clock's performances, I 'd gin somethin' harnsome to find it out! For there haint nothin' but jest clearin' up this here mystery that 'll ever fetch the old woman 'round"—with a nod toward the kitchen. "As for them saffron-colored silk stockin's,—she says, mebbe I haint got nothin' to do with their bein' sperited away, but that pesky clock's strikin' is a warnin' ag'in' me. Well, if Polly 'n' me has got to part, there 's the Cannibal Islands for me, and the sooner I 'm off the better!"

"Oh, Jake, don't go!" cried Sam, in distress. "Perhaps we shall find out what makes it strike. I 'm going to try!"

"Sammy, if you will find out, and fetch Keturah 'round, I 'll — I 'll take you mackerelin' clear'n outside the shoals, and I 'll — Sammy, I 'll make you a row-boat that 'll beat the 'Racer' all holler, and as pretty as new paint can make her!"

This was a dazzling offer, indeed! Sam felt ready to brave all the ghosts he had ever heard of, for such a prize. And to keep Jake away from the Cannibal Islands! — though he must be a great goose to let cannibals eat him, just for Polly.

"Of course, it is nothing but what can be accounted for, and I 'll find out for you, for nothing, Jake," said he, grandly. Just at that moment a sudden breeze, blowing through the open window, slammed the hall door.

A moment afterward the clock struck One!

Jake's ruddy face actually changed color, and he gazed at Sam in awe-stricken silence. Sam did n't feel so brave as he had felt a few moments before, but he marched up to the clock, and had his hand on the door when he heard Keturah's voice. He turned to look for Jake, but he had vanished.

"It 's jest because that Jake Pettibone was hangin' 'round here, though he did n't set his foot in the house. I did n't send him off none too soon, for it 's as true as preachin' that that warnin' has got somethin' to do with him! Sakes alive, child, you aint a-touchin' of it! Come right away, this minute; it 's a-flying in the face o' Providence to meddle with such things!"

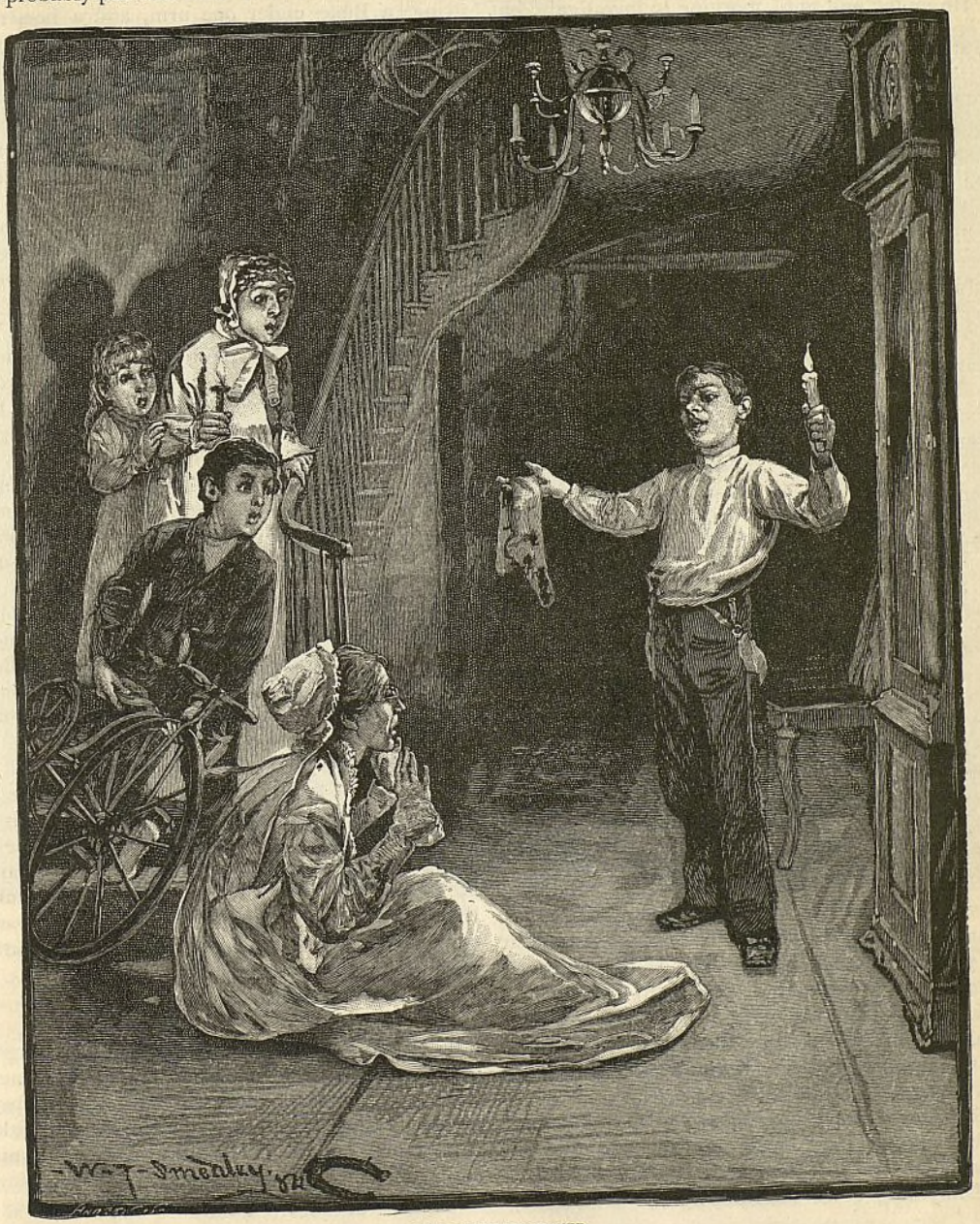
Sam was not at all sure that he would have opened the clock door if Keturah had not appeared, for he felt very queer and "shaky."

His heart sank. He had a "presentiment," like Keturah. He felt sure that he should never have a boat that could beat the "Racer," that Polly would die of a broken heart, and the cannibals would dine off roasted Jake.

"Hickory, dickory, dock, A mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one, and down he ran, Hickory, dickory, dock!"

Sam awoke in the dead of the night, with this poem of Mother Goose running in his head. It

had, in some way, mingled itself with his dreams. It was no wonder, for Kitty was continually repeating Mother Goose's poetry, and the clock, which was in everybody's mouth, figuratively speaking, had probably put that verse into her head. Indeed, tiresome old lady, whose poetry was of very little account—by which it will be seen that Sam's literary taste was poor. But now it occurred to him that a mouse *might* make a clock strike One, if it got in and frisked about among the works.



THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Sam remembered, now, that he had heard her singing it over and over the day before. It had not suggested any idea to him then; he only wished that he need not hear quite so much about clocks, and he thought that Mother Goose was a

A mouse might be the "nateral cause" that Jake would give so much to find. Sam might possibly make a discovery that would bring Keturah out of the doleful dumps, keep Jake from the cannibals, dry Polly's tears, take them all mack-

ereling out beyond the shoals, and last, but not least, give him a row-boat of his own that could beat the "Racer" all hollow.

He must be a queer boy who would not dare something with a chance of gaining all that.

He might wait until morning to investigate, but Keturah seemed to know, by instinct, when anybody went near that clock, and she would be sure to interfere, and, besides, he could n't wait.

He slipped out of bed and lighted his candle (Keturah did not allow him to have a lamp, lest he should break it and set the house on fire), and he stole softly down-stairs. The one small candle had very little effect upon the darkness of the great hall. There seemed to be shadowy shapes in every corner, and the stillness was awful. It required all the courage that Sam could muster to force himself to go forward.

But at last he did stand before the clock, with his heart in his mouth, and his hand trembling so that he could scarcely hold the candle. You may think it strange that he was afraid, but you have n't heard Keturah talk about ghosts and witches until your blood ran cold. Sam knew there were no such things, just as well as you do, but he felt very "shivery."

It was not too late to turn back; but that was not the kind of boy that Sam was.

He thought of the boy that stood on the burning deck, of Daniel in the lions' den, and, queerly enough, of the Plymouth Rock rooster that *would* fly around after its head was cut off. People do think of queer things at great crises, you know.

Then, with a bold little jerk, he opened the clock door.

The clock struck One!

The stroke came in the midst of a rushing and scrambling noise, and Sam saw a mouse's tail whisking out of sight!

Sam put his head inside the clock, and there, down in one corner, was a nest, full of tiny mice, scarcely as large as your little finger! And what do you suppose the nest was made of? A great quantity of bits of paper came first, but sticking out at the side was a strange something that caught Sam's eye. He pulled, and out came—just as true as you live—Keturah's saffron-colored silk stockings!

Sam was a brave boy, then, you may be sure! You could n't have made him believe that he ever had been otherwise; and happy?—if he had had anything to set the candle on, he would have turned a somersault, then and there. As it was, he had to content himself with uttering a shout; it was what Ike and he called a Camanche war-whoop, and it raised the whole household.

Keturah came first, with her night-cap strings flying, a Bible under one arm, and a horseshoe under the other. Ike came next, in his night-gown, with his hair standing upright, from terror, but tugging his velocipede along, because, as he afterward explained, "if everything was going to smash, he was going to save that, anyhow." Then came Kitty, half awake and sobbing; and Polly brought up the rear, her face as white as her curl-papers.

Keturah sat down flat on the hall-floor, when she heard Sam's report, and saw her saffron-colored silk stockings, soiled and tattered, but still her precious treasures.

"Seein' that wa' n't a warnin', I 'll never believe in warnin's no more!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, don't! please don't, Keturah!" cried Sam. "Nor hear raps nor have doleful dumps—"

"Nor turn ag'in' poor Jake!" interrupted Polly.

"It was just because he is big, and stepped heavily, and jarred the clock, and scared the mouse, that the clock struck One when he came here! Don't you see?" cried Sam.

"I 'm a foolish old woman, and I 'm free to confess I 'd ought to put more trust in Providence, seein' things mostly turns out to be jest what you might have known, and as nateral as life!"

With this not very clear confession, Keturah retired. She dropped her horseshoe on the way, and did n't stop to pick it up!

Keturah wanted to let Casabianca have those wee mice, but Sam begged them off; he thought it was mean to take the advantage of such little bits of things, and he declared they should have a fair chance for their lives. But the next time that they went to look at them,—lo and behold! their mother had carried them all off! She evidently thought a quieter tenement was better suited to a growing family.

And so the clock never struck again.

That new boat is a beauty. Sam and Ike agree that the "Racer" "is n't anywhere" beside it.

The Cannibal Islanders will have to go hungry for a long time, before they make a meal off Jake.

If you 'll believe it, Keturah washed, darned, and patched those saffron-colored silk stockings, and danced in them at Jake and Polly's wedding!

THE ORIGIN OF DANTZIC.

(A West-Prussian Legend.)

By A. M. Cook.

"THE TOWNS-FOLK STORMED AGAINST THE IRON-BOUND GATE OF THE CASTLE." [SEE PAGE 514.]

On the spot now occupied by the great commercial port of Prussia, the strongly fortified city of Dantzic, there stood, in ancient times, a little fishing-town named Wieke.

The inhabitants of this place supported themselves mostly by trading in eels and smoked herrings; there were, however, a good many soldiers in the town, and their presence made the fishermen turbulent and quarrelsome. When, as had been their custom from time out of mind, all the towns-folk assembled, with their wives and children, to celebrate their ancient festivals, and kindled great fires, around which they danced, there was pretty sure to be a disturbance and a fight before the frolic was over, and not unfrequently it ended in the death of one of their number.

The "grundherr," or landed proprietor of Wieke—that is, the nobleman to whose estate the village and all the surrounding country belonged—was a man of high rank, but very uncertain temper. His name was Hagel, and he had built for himself a large castle, made entirely of wood, and situated upon the top of a high hill that was called, from him, "The Hagelsberg." But of neither castle nor village can the smallest trace now be found.

Hagel was a powerful and hard man, for whom his dependents felt no affection. He punished the slightest offenses with great severity, and it must be confessed that the rough conduct of the villagers too often gave him an excuse and opportunity. But he was not only severe, he was also unjust, and insisted upon having, as a sort of tribute, the best

of all that the people obtained by their fisheries, in addition to their labor in cultivating his land.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE WIEKER-WOMEN BEARING WEDDING-GIFTS. [SEE PAGE 514.]

Even the women had to do their share whenever extra help was wanted at the castle, and as the work up there seemed to have no end, there was a general alarm whenever the boigt (or steward) of Hagelsberg was seen coming down to the village, for no one could tell who or what would be wanted next.

But, before going on to tell the rest of the story, I must stop and explain to the little American reader that in those old times in Europe the country people, or "peasantry," as they are called, did not own their farms, as most American farmers do. Nowadays, some of the richest own their land, but in former days the whole country belonged either to the king or to some great man, and the people were their tenants and dependents. Sometimes they paid their rents in produce, sometimes by their services, sometimes in both, but within certain limits. Money they seldom used — it was too scarce. Their condition depended entirely upon the character of the landlord, who in different countries had different titles, but all signifying the same thing,— the "lord," or "owner," of the soil.

However dissatisfied a peasant might be with his landlord, he could not move away and go to another. Peasants never thought of such a thing. In the first place, they could not go unless by the consent and permission of the man under whom they were living; and then the landlord who would treat them the worst would be most unwilling to part with a good tenant. So that for peasants to remove was a sort of disgrace, for it at once raised the suspicion that they bore a bad character, and had, perhaps, been sent off. Therefore, they got along as they best could, and lived and died where their forefathers had lived and died before them,— often in the same house.

In some countries there still is but little change, not, in these days, because they might not remove if they wished, but simply from habit and custom. Now that all parts of Europe are governed by good laws, the landowners have no longer such absolute power over their tenants as they had in what are called the "feudal" times,— an expression which means the times when affairs were in the very state just described. Besides this, the peasants feel a natural pride in having lived for many generations on the same estate, and therefore they are very unwilling to remove, unless driven to it by the most urgent necessity.

Now to return to the legend.

For ten long years the "Wieker," or inhabitants

of Wieke,—with impatience and murmurs, it is true,—had borne the weight of the yoke laid upon them by their grundherr. But at last it got to be past bearing, and they determined to put an end to his oppressions, either by force or stratagem. They would much have preferred to use force, for to their honest, manly hearts there was something mean and small in stratagem; but it was only too evident that they would not be able to accomplish their purpose in that way. For how could they, undisciplined villagers, hope to make their way to the top of the Hagelsberg, in the face of the strong garrison within the castle-walls? And if they gained the summit, how could they effect an entrance through bars and iron-bound doors and armed serving-men, to get at the tyrant hidden within? Muskets and cannon were things altogether unknown in those days; arrows shot upward would only fall back, and perhaps injure those who sent them. So they came to the conclusion that there was nothing left for them but to try stratagem.

It was again time for one of their great festivals, the remains of the old heathen worship of their ancestors, but which their descendants still continued to observe for mere amusement and frolic. The evening before the festival they always assembled to light a huge bonfire,—formerly kindled in honor of their gods,—and all the night they danced around it with songs and all sorts of wild antics. Accordingly, on this occasion, they ascended to the usual place,—the open space in front of the castle. The selection of this spot anciently had been made as a mark of respect to the nobleman who owned the castle, implying a degree of valor and heroism on his part so great as to entitle him to a share in the honors offered to their deities. This compliment custom obliged him to acknowledge by sending out to the revelers a cask of beer, which, with loud shouts and hurrahs, they drank to his health.

The Wieker had long fixed upon the present festival as the time for carrying out their plan of vengeance; and when the appointed day came, they ascended the Hagelsberg, as they had often done before, built and kindled their bonfire, began their dance, and seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost. But scarcely had the cask of beer

THEY THREW OFF THE DISGUISES AND RUSHED UPON HAGEL AND HIS MEN. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

made its appearance when they seized upon the serving-men who brought it, and having secured and fastened them, made a rush toward the castle, hoping to effect an entrance through the gate, which still stood open.

All were armed with swords and axes concealed under their clothes, and not a doubt was entertained of their success, for no one in the castle could have had the least suspicion of their intentions; but the watchman on the tower happened to detect the flash of some of their weapons just in time to spring forward and close in the face of the assailants the iron-bound gate, against which they now stormed in unavailing fury. The raging towns-folk were finally obliged to retire, having accomplished nothing but the capture of the two serving-men, about whom Hagel cared not a straw.

Sorely against their own wills, they were now under the necessity of keeping themselves quiet until another opportunity should offer for carrying out their plans. But the outbreak had taught the oppressor some respect for the courage of the villagers, whom he did not think it wise to imbitter by further exactions. He even began to believe that it was worth his while to make some efforts to conciliate them, and therefore he determined to give his daughter Pechta in marriage to one of the most distinguished among them, hoping by this means to form with them a bond of mutual interest which they would be slow to break.

Now, it was a custom that the bridegroom, attended by his friends and family, should go with great rejoicing to carry away the bride from the home of her parents, and take her to the great square in the center of the village, where the company were assembled to witness the betrothal. Hagel knew this well, but, still mistrusting the Wieker, was not willing to allow any large body of them to come together up the hill and into the castle. He therefore gave orders that the mother of the bridegroom should come in his stead to carry away the bride, and intimated that she could bring with her as many young maidens for her attendants as she might choose.

Accordingly, on the day appointed for the ceremony, a long train of women, laden with rich presents for the noble bride, slowly and wearily ascended the Hagelsberg. Hagel, on his part, received them with the most flattering cordiality, and conducted them to the great hall of the castle, where a numerous and richly dressed company was assembled, musicians were in attendance, and the bride in her marriage robes awaited the villagers.

The master of the house and the bride's mother immediately led off the "ehren-tez" (literally the honor dance), and the principal members of the castle household, whose duty it was to fall in at a certain point and follow their movements, began to seek among the newly arrived damsels for partners. But at that moment the pretended young women, throwing off their disguises and grasping the weapons concealed beneath, rushed upon the unwary Hagelsbergers, with so much promptness and vigor that few escaped with their lives. Hagel himself was slain, and with his dying breath exclaimed: "O dance! O dance! How hast thou betrayed me!" Not long afterward, the great wooden castle of the oppressor was demolished and burned to the ground.

The country at this time was subject to Subislaus, the first Duke of Pomerellen, who was threatened with a war by King Waldemar, of Denmark. As Subislaus had no fortified city in which he could make a stand against the enemy, he called upon his subjects to erect the necessary fortifications in their several towns, promising them land and timber for the purpose, together with whatever else they might need. He made them such representations of the advantages which they, as towns, would derive from these defenses, that the inhabitants of Wieke were quite captivated by the idea, and offered to build and fortify a town themselves, if Subislaus would give them for it as much land as they could inclose with their arms.

The duke did not exactly understand what it was they wanted, but he unhesitatingly granted their petition for so small a bit of land, and appointed a day for them to come to select and measure it off. At the time named, the inhabitants of Wieke all assembled — men, women, and children, old and young, masters, mistresses, and servants — no one was left out, not even some strangers who happened to be spending a few days among them; and, forming a circle around the spot chosen, they took hold of hands and stretched out their arms to the utmost. The space thus encompassed was very large, but Duke Subislaus had to keep his word, cost him what it might.

But the Wieker kept theirs also, and in an incredibly short time the given ground was covered with houses and strong defenses.

In remembrance of their agency in building it, and of the cry that accompanied the death of their oppressor and left them at liberty to give their aid to their good duke, they called the new city "Tanz-Wieke," which has since been corrupted into its present name — "Dantzic."

AN old man who lived by a gate,
On the passers-by promptly would wait;
And when no one would ride,
He would open it wide,
And march through himself in great state.

KING MIDAS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

HEARD you, O little children,
This wonderful story told
Of the Phrygian king whose fatal touch
Turned everything to gold?

In a great, dim, dreary chamber,
Beneath the palace floor,
He counted his treasures of glittering coin,
And he always longed for more.

When the clouds in the blaze of sunset
Burned flaming fold on fold,
He thought how fine a thing 't would be
Were they but real gold!

And when his dear little daughter,
The child he loved so well,
Came bringing in from the pleasant fields
The yellow asphodel,

Or buttercups from the meadow,
Or dandelions gay,
King Midas would look at the blossoms sweet,
And she would hear him say:

"If only the flowers were really
Golden as they appear,
'T were worth your while to gather them,
My little daughter dear!"

One day, in the dim, drear chamber,
As he counted his treasure o'er,
A sunbeam slipped through a chink in the wall
And quivered down to the floor.

"Would it were gold," he muttered,
"That broad, bright yellow bar!"
Suddenly stood in its mellow light,
A Figure bright as a star.

Young and ruddy and glorious,
With face as fresh as the day,
With a wingèd cap and wingèd heels,
And eyes both wise and gay.

"O have your wish, King Midas,"
A heavenly voice begun,
Like all sweet notes of the morning
Braided and blended in one.

"And when to-morrow's sunrise
Wakes you with rosy fire,
All things you touch shall turn to gold,
Even as you desire."

King Midas slept. The morning
At last stole up the sky,
And woke him, full of eagerness
The wondrous spell to try.

And lo! the bed's fine draperies
Of linen fair and cool,
Of quilted satin and cobweb lace,
And blankets of snowy wool,

All had been changed with the sun's first ray
To marvelous cloth of gold,
That rippled and shimmered as soft as silk
In many a gorgeous fold.

But all this splendor weighed so much
'T was irksome to the king,
And up he sprang to try at once
The touch on every thing.

The heavy tassel that he grasped
Magnificent became,
And hung by the purple curtain rich
Like a glowing mass of flame.

At every step, on every side,
Such splendor followed him,
The very sunbeams seemed to pale,
And morn itself grew dim.

But when he came to the water
For his delicious bath,
And dipped his hand in the surface smooth,
He started in sudden wrath;

For the liquid, light and leaping,
So crystal-bright and clear,
Grew a solid lake of heavy gold,
And the king began to fear!

But out he went to the garden,
So fresh in the morning hour,
And a thousand buds in the balmy night
Had burst into perfect flower.

'T was a world of perfume and color,
Of tender and delicate bloom,
But only the hideous thirst for wealth
In the king's heart found room.

He passed like a spirit of autumn
Through that fair space of bloom,
And the leaves and the flowers grew yellow
In a dull and scentless gloom.

Back to the lofty palace
Went the glad monarch then,
And sat at his sumptuous breakfast,
Most fortunate of men!

He broke the fine, white wheaten roll,
The light and wholesome bread,
And it turned to a lump of metal rich—
It had as well been lead!

Again did fear assail the king,
When—what was this he heard?
The voice of his little daughter dear,
As sweet as a grieving bird.

Sobbing she stood before him,
And a golden rose held she,
And the tears that brimmed her blue, blue eyes
Were pitiful to see.

"Father! O Father dearest!
This dreadful thing—oh, see!
Oh, what has happened to all the flowers?
Tell me, what can it be?"

"Why should you cry, my daughter?
Are not these blossoms of gold
Beautiful, precious, and wonderful,
With splendor not to be told?"

"I hate them, O my father!
They 're stiff and hard and dead,
That were so sweet and soft and fair,
And blushed so warm and red."

"Come here," he cried, "my darling,"
And bent, her cheek to kiss,
To comfort her—when—Heavenly Powers!
What fearful thing was this?

He sank back, shuddering and aghast,
But she stood still as death—
A statue of horrible gleaming gold,
With neither motion nor breath.

The gold tears hardened on her cheek,
The gold rose in her hand,
Even her little sandals changed
To gold, where she did stand.

Then such a tumult of despair
The wretched king possessed,
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
And sobbed, and beat his breast.

Weighed with one look from her sweet eyes
What was the whole world worth?
Against one touch of her loving lips,
The treasure of all the earth?

The Stranger listened—a sweeter smile
Kindled his grave, bright eyes.
"Glad am I, O King Midas,
That you have grown so wise!

"Again your wish is granted;
More swiftly than before,
All you have harmed with the fatal touch
You shall again restore."

He clasped his little daughter—
Oh, joy!—within his arms,
She trembled back to her human self,
With all her human charms.

Then came that voice, like music,
As fresh as the morning air,
"How is it with you, King Midas,
Rich in your answered prayer?"

And there, in the sunshine smiling,
Majestic as before,
Ruddy and young and glorious,
The Stranger stood once more.

"Take back your gift so terrible!
No blessing, but a curse!
One loving heart more precious is
Than the gold of the universe."

Across her face he saw the life
Beneath his kiss begin,
And steal to the charming dimple deep
Upon her lovely chin.

Again her eyes grew blue and clear,
Again her cheek flushed red,
She locked her arms about his neck.
"My father dear!" she said.

Oh, happy was King Midas,
Against his heart to hold
His treasure of love, more precious
Than a thousand worlds of gold!

THE STORY OF THE SECRETARY BIRD.

By Paul Fort.

It must not be supposed that the Secretary Bird, which has its home in South Africa, received its name because it is in the habit of writing letters for other birds, or attending to the correspondence of any living creature. On the contrary, there is no other reason for his singular name than the fact that he has behind one ear a tuft of feathers, somewhat resembling a quill pen stuck behind the ear of a clerk. This bird has another name—that of Snake-Eater—which seems much more suitable; for the most remarkable thing about the Secretary Bird is his habit of feeding upon large snakes. He is a good-sized bird, with long, powerful legs, like those of a crane. When he attacks a snake, which he does with great swiftness and apparent fury, his usual way of killing it is to stamp it to death with his feet. There are many birds which eat small snakes, but it is very unusual for any of the feathered tribe to pick out large serpents, and feed exclusively upon them.

There is a story told about the way the Secretary Bird came to be a snake-eater, which is, I am quite sure, nothing but a mere fable, but which may be of interest to those who have heard of the peculiarities of this curious and interesting creature. The story runs as follows:

There was a time when the Secretary Bird lived on fish, like the other long-legged and crane-like birds, and he was so well satisfied with this fare that he never cared for any other kind of food.

One day, a large Secretary Bird was standing in the water, on the edge of a river, busily engaged in fishing. When he saw a fish pass by, he would dart down his head and seize it in his bill, which was strong and hooked, like that of a fish-hawk. As soon as he had caught a fish, he would wade ashore, and there eat it. While he was thus engaged in fishing, a large serpent came winding his way along the river-bank, and, as soon as he perceived the bird, he stopped to see what it was doing. When the Secretary Bird came out of the water to eat the fish, the Snake remarked:

"Friend, it seems to me you would make a pleasanter meal if you would toss your fish upon the bank as fast as you catch them, and then, when you have enough, come out and eat them at your leisure."

"I should like that plan very well," said the Secretary Bird; "but if I should toss a freshly caught fish upon the bank, he would flop into the water as soon as I had gone to catch another. Thus I should always be catching fish, and eating none."

"There need be no trouble of that kind to-day,"

THE ANGRY BIRD ATTACKS THE SNAKE.

said the Snake; "for, if you will throw the fish on shore, I will see that they do not get into the water again."

"Thank you very kindly," said the Secretary Bird. "If you will do that, it will save time, and I shall soon catch enough fish for a dinner."

"I shall be only too glad to oblige you," said the Serpent.

Thereupon the Bird waded into the river, and as soon as he caught a fish he threw it ashore, where the Snake took care that it did not get into the water again. When the Bird thought he had caught enough fish, he came on shore and saw the Snake slowly moving away.

"What is your hurry?" he cried. "Stop and take dinner with me. I have now caught twelve fish, and as I had eaten some before you came, six will be all I shall want. You can have the other six, and we can take a pleasant meal together."

"I am very much obliged to you," said the Snake, still moving away; "but I do not believe that anything could induce me to eat a fish at present. I have no appetite at all for such food." And he glided into the bushes, and was lost to sight.

"He need not be so dainty," said the Secretary Bird to himself; "for fish is very good food, indeed; but, since he will not accept my invitation, I shall have all the more dinner for myself. But where *are* the fish?"

The Secretary Bird looked anxiously about, on the shore and in the grass, but he could find no sign of the fish he had caught. At length he came to a little pile of twelve fish-tails lying behind a bush. The Snake did not like fish-tails, and had bitten these off before eating the fish. Instantly the truth flashed through the mind of the Secretary Bird.

"That wretched Serpent!" he exclaimed. "He has, indeed, taken good care that my fish shall not escape into the water. He has eaten them, one by one, as fast as I threw them on shore. I never heard of such an infamous trick. But I will be revenged on him. I will find him, no matter where he has hidden himself." So saying, the angry Bird rushed away in pursuit of the crafty acquaintance who had taken care of his fish.

The Snake, who had made an unusually heavy meal, felt very lazy and sleepy; and when he had gone a little distance from the river, he crept among some tall grass and reeds, and coiled himself up to take a nap. But the Secretary Bird was not far away, and he saw a movement among the tall reeds.

"There he is!" he shouted, and he dashed toward the place.

In a moment he had pounced among the reeds, and attacked the Snake with great fury.

"You infamous creature!" he cried. "I will teach you how to deceive a bird of my standing." And in spite of the Snake's efforts to get away, he stamped upon him and pecked him until he had killed him.

"You have cheated me of my dinner," said the angry Bird, "and it would serve you right if I were to make a dinner of you."

So saying,—his appetite whetted by the morning's work,—he began to eat the Snake, and did not stop until he had entirely devoured him.

"Upon the whole," said the Secretary Bird, when he had finished, "I prefer snakes to fish, and I think that for the future I shall make my meals upon these deceitful creatures, who go about playing tricks upon honest folk."

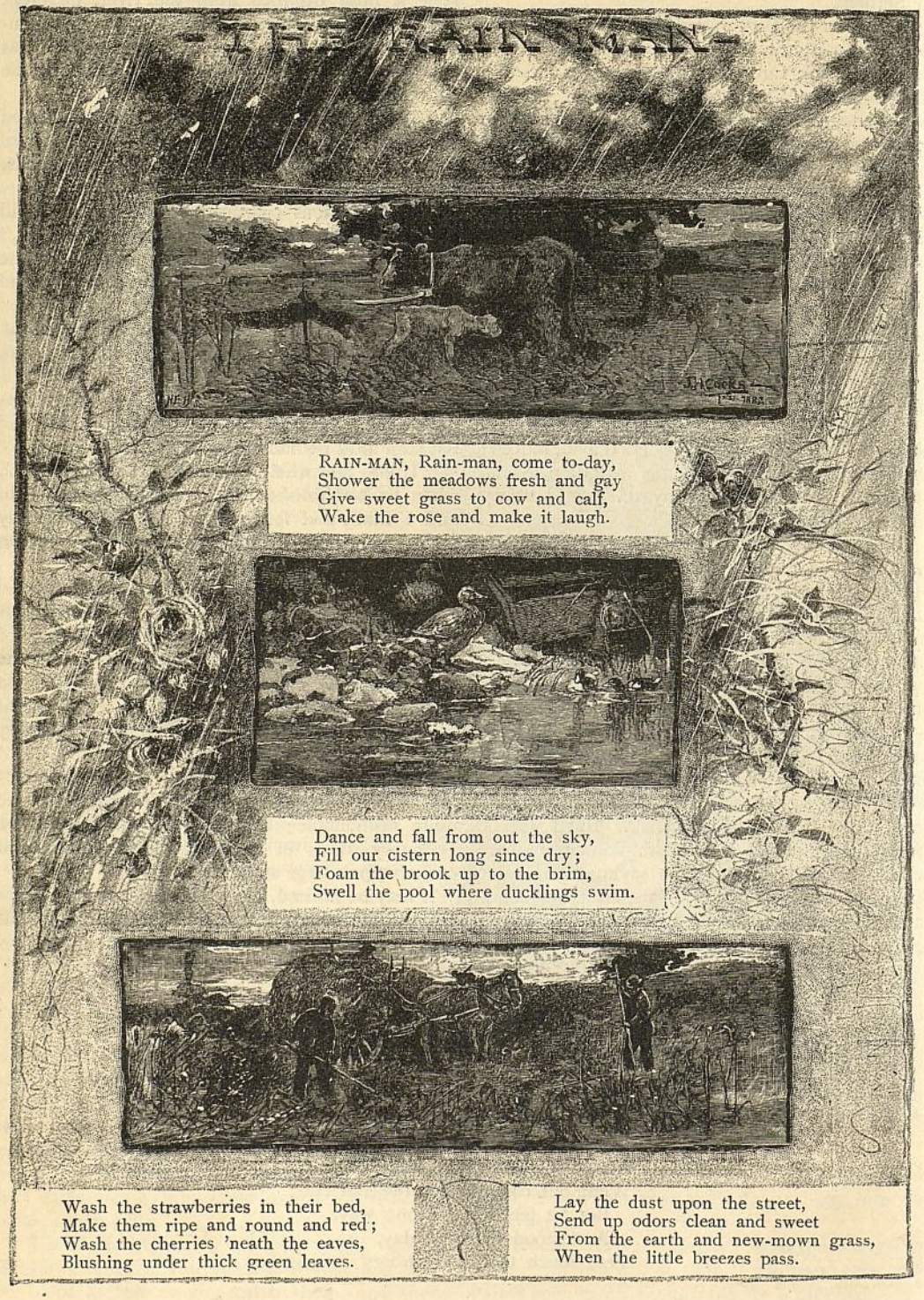
After that, this bird gave up eating fish, and fed entirely upon snakes. He did not trouble himself to catch the little ones, because it took too many of them to satisfy his hunger; but he preferred the large ones, as one of them was enough for a meal. His wife and children soon learned that snakes were easy to catch and good to eat, and they also gave up eating fish.

This Secretary Bird was a very influential member of his tribe, and the new diet soon became quite fashionable; and the descendants of the Secretary Birds of that day have since lived entirely upon large snakes.

It may be noticed, also, that the serpents of that part of the country, remembering, perhaps, this old story, have a great distaste for fish.

THE ERRING SCIENTIST.

A STUDENT of great enterprise
Went out early to see the sun rise;
But he faced the wrong way,
And stood there all day,
Very much to his neighbors' surprise.



"I CAN'T GROW TO BE A GOOD GIRL UNLESS I EAT GOOD THINGS."

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*—EIGHTH PAPER.

By Clara Erskine Clement.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

THE true family name of this painter was Vannucchi. He was called del Sarto because his father was a tailor, or *un Sarto*, in Italian. Andrea was born in 1488, and, when quite young, was employed as a goldsmith and worker in metals; but his great desire was to become a painter, and, when he finally studied art, he was untiring in his efforts to learn its rules and to understand its practice. Andrea was the pupil of Pietro di Cosimo, but his style of painting was not like that master's. He seems to have had many original ideas, and to have formed his soft and fascinating manner for himself.

Andrea del Sarto can not be called a truly great painter, but his pictures are sweet and lovely, and would be more pleasing to many persons than those of artists of higher fame. He was very successful in his fresco-painting, and was employed in Florence in decorating the convent of the Nunziata, and in a building called the Scalzo; the last was named from the *Scalzi*, Barefooted Friars, who held their meetings in it. These frescoes are considered the finest of Andrea's works, although some of them are now much injured.

Andrea had so much sorrow in his life, that one is moved to think he might have painted better had he been a happier man. He loved his wife devotedly, though she was a selfish and mean-spirited woman, who never appreciated his talents, and seemed only to think of how she could get money to spend in a showy and extravagant way of living. She was even unwilling that he should care for his aged parents, and it was owing to her that he at length deserted them, although formerly he had been a kind and dutiful son.

After a time (about 1518) Francis I., the king

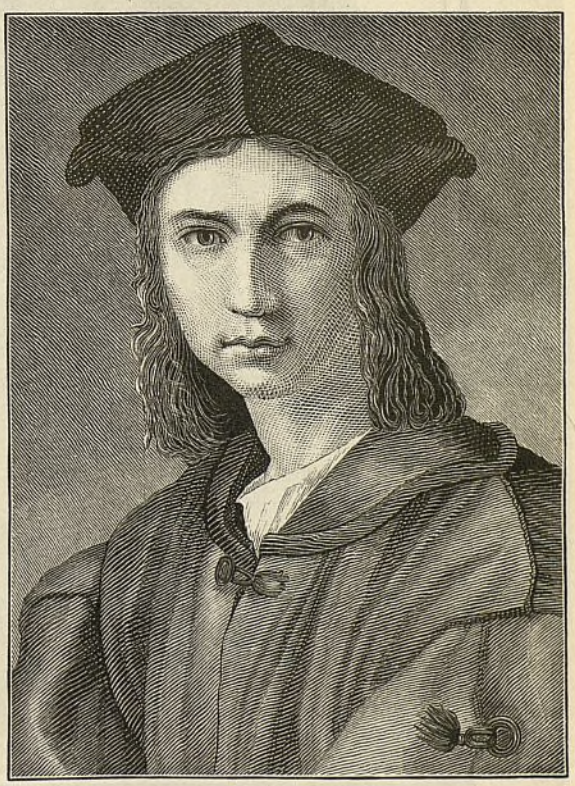
of France, invited Andrea to go to Paris and execute works for him. The artist consented, and was treated with great consideration in the brilliant French capital. Soon, however, his wife insisted that he should return to Florence. Francis I. was very unwilling to allow Andrea to leave France, where he had engaged already to do many decorative paintings; but Andrea was so much under the influence of his wife that he did not dare to remain. So, when he had made a promise, and solemnly sworn with his hand on the Bible, that he would soon return and bring his wife with him, and remain as long as might be necessary to finish the works he had engaged to do, the king consented. Francis also intrusted to Andrea a large sum of money, with which he was to buy works of art and other beautiful objects for the king.

When Andrea reached Florence, his wicked wife not only refused to go to France, but persuaded him to give her the money which belonged to Francis I. This she soon spent, and, although Andrea had been so weak in listening to her wicked advice, he still was not so base that he could forget the wrong he had done in giving the money to her. He lived ten years longer, and painted many more pictures, but he was always very unhappy. Francis I. never forgave him for his breach of trust; and, to this day, all who read the story of Andrea can not but feel sorrow in remembering how weak he was and how wickedly he came to act, in consequence.

In 1530, Andrea was attacked by a contagious disease; his wretched wife abandoned him, and he died alone, and was buried without a funeral or even a prayer, in the same convent of the Nunziata in which he had painted his finest frescoes. One of these pictures is a "Repose of the Holy Family," which is usually called the "*Madonna del Sacco*," because in it St. Joseph is represented as leaning on a sack.

Now, there are so many different pictures of the Holy Family, that they are divided into classes, and such as are called, in Italian, *Il Riposo*, and, in our own tongue, The Repose, all represent an incident of the flight into Egypt, when St. Joseph, his wife Mary, and the child Jesus halted in their journey for rest and refreshment. The legend, in telling of this episode, says that, near the village of Matarea, where they were resting, a fountain sprang forth by miracle; and near by was a sycamore grove, beneath which the family found shade and protection. The story has given a peculiar religious significance to the sycamore tree, by associating it with the mother of Christ; and the Crusaders were in the habit of bringing branches of it into Europe as sacred mementos of the grove near the "Fountain of Mary," as the spring is called. When I was in Egypt, I visited this spot, which is a few miles from the city of Cairo, and is always pointed out to the Christians by the Arab guides.

The oil paintings by Andrea del Sarto are very beautiful; the finest one hangs in the Tribune of the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence. This is a place of great honor, because some of the most remarkable works of art which exist in any collection in the world are in this same building — such as the "Venus dei Medici," the "Dancing Faun," and other beautiful antique statues, as well as some of the finest pictures by Michael Angelo,



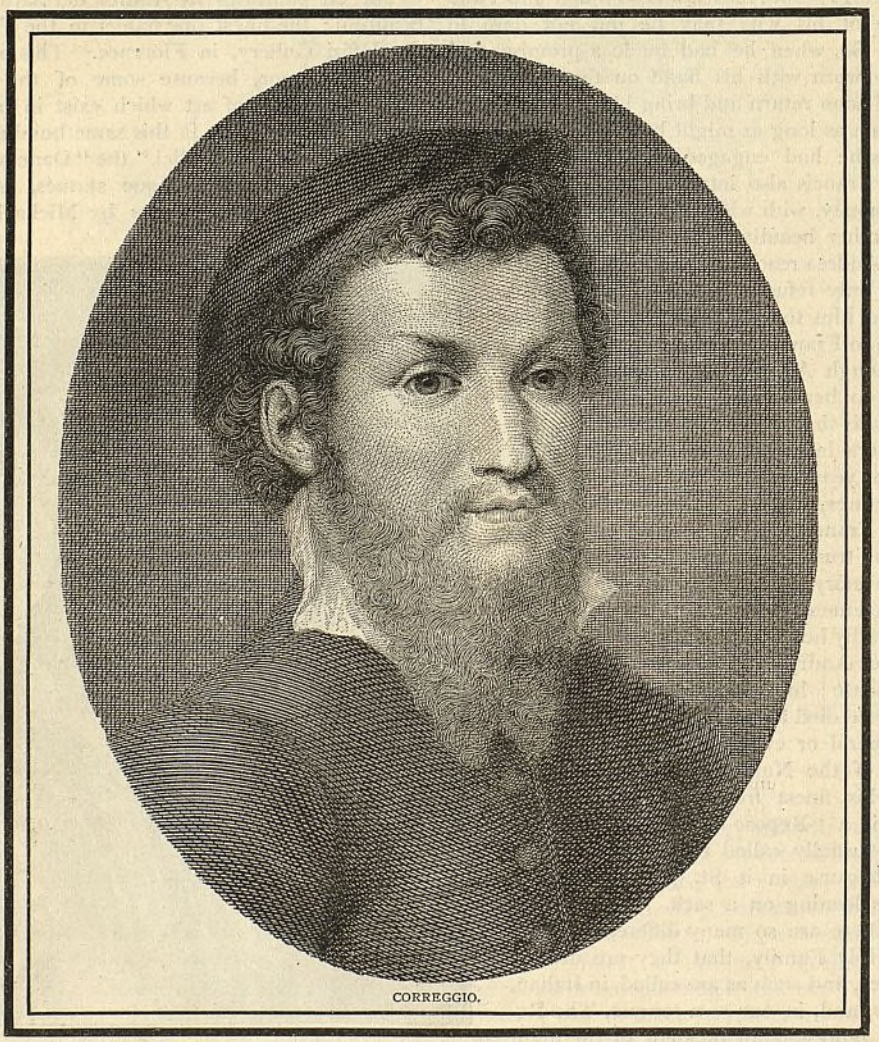
ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Raphael, Titian, Van Dyck, and other great masters. This painting, by Andrea, is called the "Madonna di San Francesco," and represents the Virgin Mary seated on a throne, with the child Jesus in her arms, while St. John the Baptist and St. Francis stand, one at each side.

The Madonna with her Child was Andrea's favorite subject, and he represented it in a great variety of ways, and always made sweet and at-

tractive pictures. Occasionally he painted single figures of saints, such as St. Barbara and St. Agnes; one of these is in the Cathedral of Pisa.

There are two churches in Rome dedicated to St. Agnes, besides many others in various parts of the world, and, after the Apostles and Evangelists, she is a very important saint. She is usually represented in works of art with a lamb by her side, because the lamb is the type or symbol of modesty, purity, and innocence.*



CORREGGIO.

CORREGGIO.

Antonio Allegri — for this is the true name of this great painter — is called Antonio Allegri da Correggio, or Antonio Lieto da Correggio. The name Correggio is taken from that of his birthplace, and Lieto and Allegri are his family names, and are Italian words which have the same meaning as the Latin word *lætus*, or joyful. He was born in 1493, and was so clever that, when thirteen years old, he had not only studied many things such as other boys learn, but had mastered the rudiments of art, so that he could draw very well.

He received his first lessons in drawing from his uncle, Lorenzo Allegri, and then he studied under the famous Andrea Mantegna, and, after the death of this artist, under his son, Francesco Mantegna. From these men Correggio acquired wonderful skill in drawing, especially in foreshortening — that is, in representing objects seen aslant. These masters all had what is termed a dry, hard style, which is so different from Correggio's that we are sure he soon added to what they had taught him the

* For list of the principal works of Andrea del Sarto still in existence, see page 527.

GROUP OF SINGING ANGELS. (FROM A PAINTING BY CORREGGIO, IN THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, IN PARMA.)

grace and movement, and exquisite management of light and shade, which appear in his paintings.

I shall now try to explain further what is meant by foreshortening, because it is a very important

element of good drawing, and all who wish to learn how to appreciate the works of others should understand what it is, as also should those who themselves practice drawing. It is especially proper to speak of this in connection with Correggio, as he is often said to be the most skillful of artists, in this particular, since the days of the ancient Greeks.

The art of foreshortening is to make the objects which are painted or drawn on a plane surface look as they do in nature when one is farther back than another, and where one part is thrown out much nearer the eye than others. To produce this effect it is frequently necessary to make an object — let us say, for example, an arm or a leg — look as if it was thrown forward, out of the canvas, toward the person who is looking directly at it. Now, in truth, in order to produce this appearance, the object is oftentimes thrown backward in the drawing, and sometimes it is doubled up in a very unnatural manner, and so occupies a much smaller space on the canvas than it appears to do, for as we look at it, it seems to be of full size.

The picture of "Christ in Glory," painted by Correggio in the cupola of the church of San Giovanni Evangelista, in Parma, photographs of which are easily got, is a fine piece of foreshortening, because the head is so thrown back and the knees are so thrown forward that the figure seems to be of full size; yet, if the space from the top of the head to the soles of the feet, in the painting itself, were measured, it would be found to be much less than the full height of the figure would be if it were represented erect.

Another characteristic of this master is his delicate manner of passing gradually from light to shade, and so softening the whole effect of his work as to produce what is called in Italian *chiaro-oscuro*, which must be literally translated clear-obscure — or a sort of mistiness which has some light in it, but is gradually shaded off into either full light or deep shadow. It is remarkable that, in the early works of Correggio, his peculiar qualities were evident; this is seen in the beautiful Madonna di San Francesco, now in the Dresden Gallery, which was painted when he was but eighteen years old.

When Correggio was twenty-six years old, he married Girolama Merlini, and during the next eleven years he was occupied with his great fresco-paintings in Parma and with works in Mantua, to which city he was summoned by the rich Duke Federigo Gonzaga, who reigned there. In 1530, the artist returned to Correggio, where he passed the remainder of his life. In 1533, he was one of the invited witnesses of the marriage of the Lord of Correggio, so he doubtless was much esteemed by that nobleman. In 1534, he died of a fever, and was buried in his family tomb in the Franciscan convent at Correggio; his grave is simply marked with his name and the date of his death. Correggio had but one son, named Pomponio Quirino Allegri; he also was a painter, but he did not make himself famous.

There are several anecdotes related of Correggio, the father; one is that, when he first saw one of Raphael's great pictures, he gazed upon it a long time, and then exclaimed, enthusiastically: "I also am a painter!" and, I dare say, he then felt himself moved to try if he, too, might produce pictures which should live and bear his name through future centuries.

When Titian saw Correggio's frescoes at Parma, he said: "Were I not Titian I should wish to be Correggio." Annibale Caracci, another great artist, said of Correggio, more than a century after that master's death: "He was the only painter!" and he declared that the children painted by Correggio breathe and smile with such grace that one who sees them is forced to smile and be happy with them.

At Seville, in Spain, there was a large picture by Correggio, representing the "Shepherds Adoring the Infant Saviour," and during the Peninsular War (1808–14), when the people of Seville sent all their valuable things to Cadiz for greater safety, this picture was cut in two, so that it could be more easily moved. By some accident the halves were separated, and afterward were sold to different persons, each being promised that the corresponding half should soon be delivered to him. Great trouble arose, because both purchasers determined to keep what they had, and each claimed that the other part belonged to him; and as they were both obstinate, these half-pictures have remained apart. It is very fortunate that each of them forms a fine picture by itself, and perhaps they thus give pleasure to a greater number of people than if they were united.

It is very interesting to visit Parma, where the most important works of Correggio are seen. He painted much, not only in the church of St. John the Evangelist, but also in the cathedral of Parma, and in the convent of the Benedictine nuns, where he decorated a parlor with wonderful frescoes. Over the chimney-piece is a picture of Diana, Goddess of the Moon, and protector of young animals. Sometimes she has been represented as a huntress, but in this picture she is Goddess of the Moon, which is placed above her forehead. The ceiling of this parlor is high and arched. The pictures on pages 528 and 529, showing in the semicircles a Satyr and Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty, will help you to understand how elaborately and beautifully the ceiling is decorated.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. (FROM THE PAINTING BY CORREGGIO, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, IN PARMA.)

It is painted to represent an arbor of vines, having sixteen oval openings, at each of which some frolicking children appear, peeping in and out, as if they were passing around and looking down into the room. Each child bears some sign or symbol of Diana. Beneath each of the openings is a half-circular picture of some mythological story or personage, such as "The Three Graces," "The Nursing of Bacchus," "Ceres," "Minerva," "The Suspension of Juno," "A Satyr," and others. All the frescoes in this wonderful room have been so often engraved and photographed that they must be known already to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Some of the oil paintings by Correggio are very famous. Among them is one called the "Notte," or Night, which is in the Dresden Gallery. It represents the "Nativity of the Saviour," and has received its name because the only light in the picture shines from the halo of glory around the head of the infant Jesus. In the same gallery is Correggio's "Mary Magdalene," represented as lying on the ground and reading the scriptures from a book lying open before her on the sward. Probably no one picture in the world has been more generally admired than this.

Another masterpiece is the "Marriage of St. Catherine," in the Louvre, at Paris. According to the legend concerning her, this saint, during the persecution of the Christians in Alexandria, bravely went up to the temple and there triumphantly maintained her cause in argument against the Emperor Maximin, and also against fifty wise men whom he then called upon to oppose her reasoning. But her courage, wisdom, and saintliness availed not to save her from the rage of persecution, for she was beheaded by the tyrant's order. There are two important saints by this name; one is St. Catherine of Siena, the other, of whom we now speak, is St. Catherine of Alexandria, and when the marriage is represented it always refers to this saint.

The following is a list of the principal works of Andrea del Sarto to be seen in European galleries. PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE: Eleven pictures, among which are two of the Holy Family, two of the "Assumption of the Virgin," and portraits of Andrea and his wife, which are attributed to Andrea, but are not positively known to be his work. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Madonna di San Francesco, his own portrait, and two other pictures. DRESDEN GALLERY: Marriage of St. Catherine, Sacrifice of Isaac, and others. PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH: Four studies for the frescoes in the Scalzo at Florence. MUSEUM, MADRID: Portrait of his wife, Sacrifice of Abraham, Holy Family, and others. THE LOUVRE, PARIS: Charity, two pictures of the Holy Family. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: His own portrait. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Holy Family and Saints, St. Barbara.

The following are the principal works of Correggio, known to be still in existence. In the UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: The Repose in Egypt, Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ. MUSEUM, NAPLES: The Madonna della Zingarella, Marriage of St. Catherine, A Piéta. PINACOTECA, PARMA: Madonna della Scala, Madonna della Scodella, Madonna di San Girolamo, called "Il Giorno" or "The Day," and several others. MUSEUM, BERLIN: Leda and Nymphs, and a copy of the Io, which is at the BELVEDERE, VIENNA, where there are several other works of Correggio's. DRESDEN GALLERY: Enthroned Madonna, Virgin and Child in Glory, Repentant Magdalene, "La Notte," a portrait called "Correggio's Doctor," and others. MUSEUM, MADRID: Noli Me Tangere. LOUVRE, PARIS: Marriage of St. Catherine, Antiope Asleep. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: Mercury Instructing Cupid before Venus, Ecce Homo, Holy Family, called "au panier" (a very beautiful picture), Christ's Agony in the Garden. HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Madonna "del Latte," Study of the Assumption, and another small mythological subject.

PART OF THE CEILING IN THE CONVENT AT PARMA. (AFTER FRESCOES BY CORREGGIO.)

PART OF THE CEILING IN THE CONVENT AT PARMA. (AFTER FRESCOES BY CORREGGIO.)

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

By Kitty White.

My brother Johnny says he would do for a first-class bumble-bee; he 's as hot all over as if he had forty stings. We 've been talking through the stove-hole to comfort each other. This hole is in the wall at the side of my bed; so, if I put a chair on the bed, and then climb up and stand on tiptoe, I can see into Johnny's room, and we can have a good talk.

We 're in trouble; and this is how it happened:

One day last week, our teacher read us a story about a good little girl who had a sick father; and he was going to starve to death 'cause he had n't any money to buy oranges; and everything had gone wrong inside. Well, the good little girl heard that a dentist wanted some teeth, and would pay well for them. (I don't see why he should pay money for teeth, when he could have his own for nothing.) The little girl had fine teeth, so she went to the dentist and asked him to take some out and pay her the money they were worth, for her poor father. Then the dentist made her tell him all about her father; and he would n't take the teeth, but he gave her the money all the same, and went to see her father, and got a doctor for him, so he did n't die.

It was a beautiful story, and made me cry. Johnny said it was n't anything to cry about; stories like that were for examples, and when we had a chance we must just go and do likewise.

Well, this morning, when Father was putting on his overcoat, Johnny and I asked him for a penny.

And Father, he said we were always wanting pennies, and he was n't made of money; and then he went out.

Sister Em began to cry, 'cause Father said she could n't have a new dress this Easter. Everything was going wrong, and he did n't know what would become of him, and he was sick of everything.

Johnny and I did n't cry; we only looked at each other.

While we were going to school, Johnny said this was our chance. Now we could do like the good little girl, and be a support to our parents. Dentists always wanted teeth, and we 'd go to the dentist right away after school, and have it over.

"And then," says Johnny, "if we 've made five dollars for Father, perhaps he 'll give us our penny, 'cause it 'll be such a pleasant surprise to him."

We could n't hardly wait for school to be out. I got a black mark in arithmetic, 'cause when Miss Stevens asked me if you had an apple, and if Samuel Smith ate it up, what had you left? I said, "Your teeth."

After school we walked about till we came to a dentist's, and we went in, and asked him if he wanted some teeth. And he said, "Why? Did we want to lose some?" And we told him, "Yes."

We thought he would sit down and ask us all about it, just as the other dentist did with the good little girl; but he only said:

"Let 's look at em."

Then he made Johnny climb up in the high chair, and tip his head back; and then he said, "You want these two out that crowd the rest." Then he put an iron thing into Johnny's mouth, and pulled out one tooth, and then he pulled another. And he said Johnny was a brave boy 'cause he did n't holloa.

I asked Johnny if it hurt, and he said, "Not much, and don't you disgrace the family, Kitty White, by howling."

"Now, my little lady," says the dentist, "get into the chair, and I 'll be as gentle as I can." So he helped me up, and tipped back my head, and looked.

"Your teeth are crowded just like your brother's," says he; and then he begins to pull.

My, how it hurt! And did n't I make a noise! I thought my head was coming off. But it was over in a minute, and the dentist told Johnny not to laugh at me, 'cause my teeth came harder than his did.

When our teeth were out, we thought the dentist would pay us. He asked us whose little boy and girl we were, and where we lived, and said this was pleasant weather for little folks.

After a while he said: "It 's four dollars."

We thought he had four dollars for us, and held out our hands, but he did n't give us anything. Instead of that, he said: "Have n't you got any money?"

Then Johnny explained to him that we thought he would pay us for our teeth, so that we could help our poor father.

The dentist began to laugh, and said he did n't pay for teeth; but he would give us a letter that would make it all right.

So he wrote a letter, and sealed it, and told Johnny to be sure to give it to Father. He kept laughing all the time he was writing it, and we thought he was the pleasantest man in the world.

When we got home, Johnny said we 'd better wait till after dinner to give Father his pleasant surprise. And at first I was glad we 'd waited; for the roast beef was too brown, and Father said: "There never could be a piece of beef done right in this house, and Mrs. White, my dear, if you could only have a carving knife that would cut! I believe your son uses the carving knife for a jackknife."

We felt so sorry for poor Father that we thought we 'd give him his surprise then, so he 'd feel better. Johnny took out the letter and gave it to him. He sits next to Father, and I sit next to Johnny. Father took the letter, and said:

"What 's this, sir?"

And Johnny said: "Read it, dear Pa, and see."

Then Father read it, and wrinkled his forehead all up, and we thought he was going to burst into tears, like the sick man did when the good little girl brought him the oranges. But he did n't burst into tears. He threw the paper across the table, and said:

"What 's this, Mrs. White? Have you been running me into debt, after what I told you this morning?"

And Mother said: "I 'm sure I don't know what you mean, dear." Then she read the letter, and called us naughty children, and "how dare you go and have sound teeth out without my consent?"

And Father said that, "What we had done was catamount to robbery; going and getting him into debt of our own accord; and you may go to your rooms and think about it till your mother and I come."

We 've been in our rooms ever since, and both Father and Mother said they were under the n'cessity of ——

Well, Johnny says a switch is the worst, but he does n't know anything about a slipper. Anyhow, it 's over for this time.

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

BY A. S. R.

"GOOD for nothing," the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;
But then, he thought it was best, no doubt,
To come some day and root it out.
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,
To see his corn, to gather his hay;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright,
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy; "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen,
And spun his cables fine between.
'T was a beautiful bridge,—a triumph of skill;
The flies came 'round, as idlers will;
The spider lurked in his corner dim,
The more that came, the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child, perplext
To know what frolic was coming next.
So she gathered the burs that all despised,
And her city playmate was quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made, with a little time and care.
They ranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours;
Honey comes from the idle flowers;
The weed which we pass in utter scorn,
May save a life by another morn.
Wonders await us at every turn.
We must be silent, and gladly learn.
No room for recklessness or abuse,
Since even a burdock has its use.

PLAY-DAY AT MENTOR.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

ONE very hot day, last July, I left the Lake Shore Railway train at Willoughby, a little station eighteen miles east of Cleveland, in the State of Ohio. Some business took me to Mentor, three miles away, and, while the boy was driving me over there, I thought I should like to make a call for pleasure also. You know that President Garfield lived in Mentor, and you will guess that I wished to call upon his two youngest boys, who were then at the Garfield homestead.

The house does not seem like a farm-house at all. It is more like a dwelling in a village, or in a city, set in a little piece of lawn, and sheltered by three great locust-trees. I knocked at the door, and was asked to enter the parlor. After a little talk, I asked about the boys, and was told that they were in "the office," a little one-story building, back of the house, used by their father for a study, or working-place.

Then I was led out through a long hall, where a tall clock looked down on me, and just outside the rear door was the office. A narrow path led out to it, and I followed along and stepped upon the floor of the little porch that covered the only door there was, which was the front door. The study was a very small building, with a window on each side of the door, a window at each end, and a window just opposite the door. A mite of a chimney came out of the middle of the roof.

The door was open as I stood on the porch, and I could see four boys playing on the floor. I said to them:

"Well, boys, is this a fort?"

Now the reason I thought it was a fort was that I saw some pieces of white chalk, that the boys had mounted on blocks and set on the floor, so as to look like cannon.

This was all that I could see from the door when I asked the question.

But when I was inside the room, I saw a lot of paper soldiers standing up, and found out my mistake before this answer came to my question:

"Not much a fort. We are deploying troops in the field," said one of the two Garfield boys — whether Irvin or Abram, I forget just now. The other two boys were cousins of theirs, and they were rather younger.

I then looked more closely. Besides using crayons for cannon, they also had brass casters for cannon-wheels, and their soldiers had been cut out of card-board, with jackknives. Small stones, nails, and peas were the bullets and cannon-balls. Small paper flags showed which side was the enemy, and which the American.

"And who is the enemy in this game?" I asked.

"My brother," the elder Garfield replied. "He does n't want to be, but he has to be, because he is beaten so much."

"But I beat you the other day," chimed in the younger Garfield.

"Yes, and the way you did it was to bring out a lot of soldiers that had been sent to the hospital the day before. That was no fair."

By this time, the boys were again sprawled upon the floor, and ready to begin the battle over again.

While they were picking up the stones to throw, I looked about the room. Several large book-cases were filled with the President's books, and a desk at the back window, opposite the door, had upon it an inkstand and pen that had seen better days. The floor was bare and painted.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

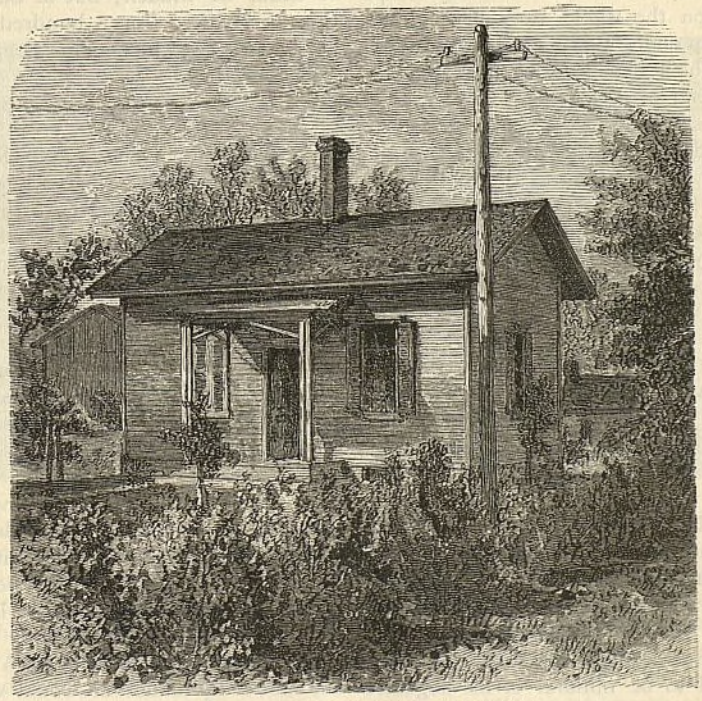
"We came here on the 2d of July," they said. "The very day papa was shot."

"And do you like living here as well as in Washington?"

"We like it better here," said they; "because there are more boys, and because we can play out of doors more."

I should say, here, that at the time of my visit a great many people thought the President would get well.

"Now, then," I said, "go on with your fun, and let me see how you fight the battle."



PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S OFFICE AT MENTOR.

You should have seen the stormy time that came when I said this. First, one side would throw at the other until all the soldiers were knocked over, and then the other side would begin. This made the enemy beat for a while, and then the Americans. The sport lasted for a long time, and when I went away it was not because I wanted to, but because I had to, in order to take the train on the railway. As I sat in the car, I thought over the pleasant afternoon that I had spent; and I could not help saying:

"Well, after all, boys are boys, and they play much alike, whether Presidents' sons or not."

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

STORY THE THIRD.

HOW SIEGFRIED FARED TO NIBELUNGEN LAND.

JARL RONVALD smiled good-humoredly on the circle of listeners about the blazing hearth in his castle-hall. For the little family party had asked him to go on with his story.

"I see," said he, "that I shall hardly escape without telling you the whole story of Siegfried, from beginning to end. But I could not do that in one evening. The hero's life was so full of adventures that the telling of them would fill a volume. One of the greatest and most daring deeds that he ever did was to ride through flaming fire into the castle of Isenstein, and awaken the Princess Brunhild from the deep slumber into which Odin, in his wrath, had cast her. But our time will not allow me to tell you much about that adventure. The old Norse story of Sigurd and Brynhild, which you often have heard, is very much like it.

"You are anxious to know what became of the treasure, of which I told you that Fafnir guarded it so long on the Glittering Heath? Well, to please you, I shall relate how, after awakening the Princess, Siegfried escaped from Isenstein and came to the mysterious land of the Nibelungs."

Every one in the castle of Isenstein, from the Princess, whom he had awakened to life, to the lowest kitchen-maid, felt grateful to the young hero for the deliverance he had wrought so valiantly. The best rooms were fitted up for his use; and a score of vassals were set apart to do his bidding, and ordered to be mindful of his slightest wish. All the warriors and brave men, and all the fair ladies, and Brunhild, fairest of all, besought him to make his home there, nor ever to think of going back to Rhineland. Siegfried yielded to their persuasions, and for six months he tarried in the enchanted land of Isenstein, in one long round of merry-making and gay enjoyment. But his thoughts were ever turned toward his father's home in the Lowlands across the sea, and he longed to behold again his gentle mother, Sigelind.

At length he grew tired of his life of idleness and ease, and wished that he might go out again into the busy world of manly action and worthy deeds. And, day by day, this feeling grew stronger and filled him with unrest.

One morning, as he sat alone by the sea-shore, and watched the lazy tide creep up the sands, two ravens lighted near him. Glad was he to see them, for he knew them to be Hugin and Munin —Thought and Memory—the sacred birds of Odin, and he felt sure that they brought him words of cheer from the All-Father. Then Hugin flapped his wings and said: "In idleness the stings of death lie hidden; but in busy action are the springs of life. For a hundred years, fair Brunhild slept; but why should Siegfried sleep? The world awaits him, but it waits too long."

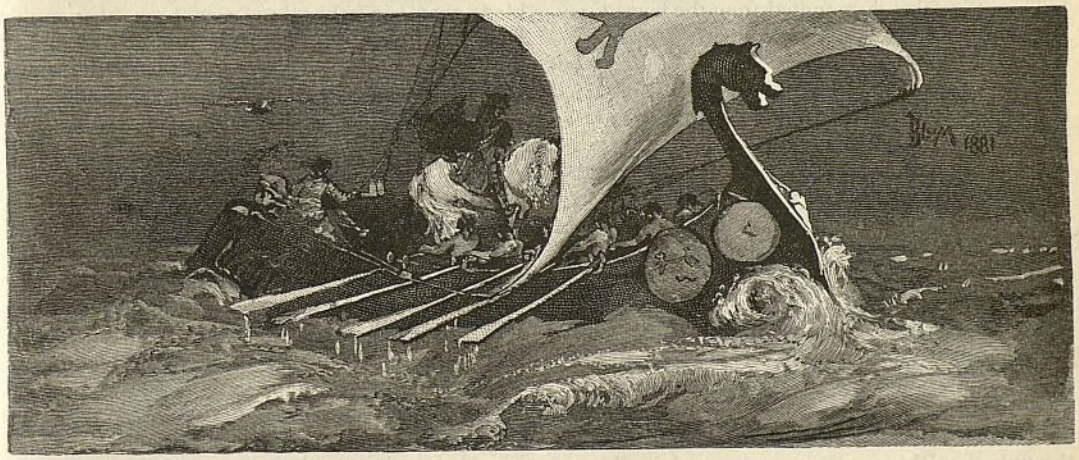
Then Munin flapped his wings, also, but he said nothing. And busy memory carried Siegfried back to his boyhood days in Rhineland, and he called to mind the wise words of his father, Siegmund, and the fond hopes of his gentle mother. And he rose in haste, and cried: "Life of ease, farewell! I go where duty leads. To him who wills to do, the great All-Father will send strength and help."

While he spoke, his eyes were dazzled with a flash of light. He looked, and out of the sea there came dashing up the beach a wondrous creature, such as he had never before seen—a milk-white horse, from whose long mane a thousand sunbeams gleamed and sparkled in the morning light. As the noble steed sprang forward, and stood in all its strength and beauty before the Prince, Siegfried knew that it must be the horse Greyfell—the shining hope which the All-Father sends to those who dare to take in hand the doing of noble deeds. All uncertainty now fled from his mind, for he felt that with such a trusty steed to aid him every hindrance would vanish, and every hardship would be overcome.

Then he looked toward the sea again, and saw, in the blue distance, a white-sailed ship, drawing swiftly near, its golden-dragon stem plowing through the waves like some great bird of the deep. And as, with eager eyes, he watched its coming, he felt that Odin had sent both the horse and the ship, and that the time had come for him to be up and doing. The hour for thriving action comes to us once; if not seized upon and used, it may never come again.

The ship drew near the shore; the sailors rested on their oars. Siegfried and the steed Greyfell sprang upon the deck. Then the sailors silently bent again to their rowing; the flapping sails were filled and

tightened by the strong west wind, and the light vessel leaped from wave to wave as if it were alive, until Isenstein, with its tall towers and green marble halls, sank from sight in distant mist. And Siegfried and his noble steed seemed to be the only living beings on board; for the sailors who plied the oars were so silent and phantom-like that they might have been but ghosts of the summer breezes. As the ship sped swiftly on its way, all the creatures in the sea paused to behold the sight. The mermen rested from their search for hidden treasures, and the mermaids forgot to comb their long tresses, as the radiant vessel and its hero freight sped past them. And even Ægir, the god of the sea, left the brewing kettle in his banquet-hall, and bade his pale-haired daughters, the



SIEGFRIED SAILS FOR NIBELUNGEN LAND.

white-veiled Waves, cease playing, until the vessel should safely reach its haven.

When, at length, the day had passed, and the evening twilight had come, Siegfried saw that the ship was nearing land. But it was a strange land. Like a fleecy cloud it appeared to rest above the waves, midway between the earth and the sky; a dark mist hung upon it, and it seemed to be a land of dreams and shadows. The ship drew nearer and nearer to the mysterious shore, and, as it touched the bank, the sailors rested from their rowing. Then Siegfried and the horse Greyfell leaped from the vessel and stood upon the land; but, when they looked back, the fair vessel which had carried them was nowhere to be seen. Whether it had suddenly been clutched by the greedy fingers of the Sea-queen, Ran, and dragged down into her deep sea-caverns, or whether, like the wondrous ship "Skidbladner," it had become invisible to the eyes of men, Siegfried never knew. The thick mist and the darkness of night closed over and around both hero and horse, and they dared not stir, but stood long hours in the silent gloom, waiting for the appearance of the dawn.

At length the morning came, but the light was not strong enough to scatter the thick vapors that rested upon the land. Then Siegfried mounted his steed, and the sunbeams began to flash from Greyfell's mane and from the hero's glittering armor; and the hazy clouds fled upward and away, until they were caught and held fast by great mist-giants, who stood like sentinels on the mountain-tops. As the shining pair came up from the sea, and passed through the woods and valleys of the Nibelungen Land, for that was the name of the mysterious country, there streamed over all that region such a flood of sunlight as had never before been seen. In every leafy tree, and behind every blade of grass, elves and fairies were hidden; and from under every rock, and out of every crevice, lurked cunning dwarfs. But Siegfried rode straight forward until he came to the steep side of a shadowy mountain. There, at the mouth of a cavern, a strange sight met his eyes. Two young men, dressed in princes' clothing, sat upon the ground; their features were haggard, gaunt, and pinched with hunger, and their eyes wild with wakefulness and fear; and beside them was a heap of gold and precious stones, which they had brought out of the cavern. And neither of the two Princes would leave the place, to get food, nor close his eyes in sleep, lest the other should seize and hide some part of the treasure. And thus had they watched and hungered through many long days and sleepless nights, each hoping that the other would die; for the whole inheritance would then become his own.

When they saw Siegfried riding near, they called

out to him and said: "Noble stranger, stop a moment! Come and help us divide this treasure."

"Who are you?" asked Siegfried; "and what is your treasure?"

"We are the sons of Niblung, who, until lately, was King of this Mist Land. Our names are Schilbung and the young Niblung," faintly answered the Princes.

"And what are you doing here with this gold and these glittering stones?"

"In this cavern lies the great Nibelungen Hoard, which our father, long ago, found upon the Glittering Heath. And now he is dead, and we have longed to bring the hoard out of the cavern where it was hidden, in order that we might share it between us equally. But we can not agree, and we pray you to help us divide it."

Then Siegfried dismounted from the horse Greyfell, and came near the two Princes.

"I will gladly do as you ask," said he; "but first tell me how the King, your father, obtained the hoard of the Glittering Heath, and how he brought it to this Mist Land."

Then Niblung answered feebly, while his brother fell back upon the ground from weakness:

"Our father was, from the earliest times, the ruler of this land, and the lord of the fog and the mist. Many strong fortresses and noble halls had he in this land; and ten thousand brave warriors were ever ready to do his bidding. The swarthy elves, and the trolls of the mountains, and the giants of the cloudy peaks were his vassals. But he did more than rule over the Nibelungen Land. Twice every year he crossed the sea and rambled through the Rhine valleys, or loitered in the wet Lowlands; and, now and then, he brought rich trophies back to his island home. Once on a time, he ventured past the unknown boundaries of Hunaland. Upon a dry and cheerless moorland, which men call the Glittering Heath, he found this treasure, which had been long guarded there by a vile snake-dragon, whom men called Fafnir. A brave young hero slew the monster and gave the treasure back to its rightful guardians, the swarthy elves of the mountains. But the chief of the elves, the dwarf Andvari, had, long before, cursed the treasure; and now the elves dared not touch it, nor possess it, unless some man would take upon himself the dreadful risk of incurring the curse, and should assume ownership of the hoard. This thing our father did. Then the dwarf Alberich and the ten thousand swarthy elves that live in the mountain caves gathered up the treasure and brought it to this cavern, where, with the help of the twelve giants whom you see like sentinels on these mountain-peaks, they guarded it for our father.

"This is the story of the hoard as we know it, although men tell it quite differently. They say that our father obtained it unjustly and by guile from his brother, whose vassals had digged it from out of the earth, in the sunny valleys of the upper Rhine. But be this as it may, the treasure lies here within, and lo! for many days we have watched it and hoped to divide it equally. But we can not agree."

"What hire will you give me if I divide it for you?" asked Siegfried.

"Name what you will have," the Princes answered.

"Give me the sword which lies before you on the glittering heap."

Then Niblung handed him the sword, and said:

"Right gladly will we give it. It is a worthless blade that our father, last year, brought from the low Rhine country. They say that it was forged by Mimer, the Knowing One, and that in the southland it is considered a most wondrous blade. Be that as it may, it is of no worth to us; it turns against us when we try to use it."

Siegfried took the sword with joy, for it was his own Balmung.

Forthwith he began the task of dividing the treasure; and the two brothers, so faint from hunger and want of sleep that they could scarcely lift their heads, watched him with anxious, greedy eyes. First, he placed a piece of gold by Niblung's side, and then a piece of like value he gave to Schilbung. And thus he did again and again, until no more gold was left. Then, in the same manner, he divided the precious stones, until none remained. And the brothers were much pleased, and they hugged their glittering treasures, and thanked Siegfried for his kindness and for the fairness with which he had given to each his own. But, one thing was left which had not fallen to the lot of either brother. It was a ring of curious workmanship—a serpent coiled with its tail in its mouth, and with ruby eyes, glistening and cold.

"What shall I do with this ring?" asked Siegfried.

"Give it to me!" cried Niblung.

"Give it to me!" cried Schilbung.

And both tried to snatch it from Siegfried's hand. But the effort was too great for their strength. Their arms fell helpless at their sides, their feet slipped beneath them, their limbs failed; they sank fainting, each upon his pile of treasures.

"O my dear, dear Gold!" murmured Niblung, trying to clasp it all in his arms. "My dear, dear Gold! Thou art mine, mine only. No one shall take thee from me. Here thou art, here thou shalt rest. O my dear, dear Gold!" And then, calling up the last spark of life left in his famished

body, he cried out to Siegfried: "Give me the ring! The ring, I say!" He hugged his cherished gold nearer to his bosom; he ran his thin fingers deep into the shining, yellow heap; he pressed his lips to the cold and senseless metal; he whispered, "My dear, dear Gold!" and then he died.

"O priceless, priceless gem-stones!" faltered Schilbung, "how beautiful you are! And you are mine, all mine. I will keep you safe. Come! Come, my bright Beauties! No one shall harm you. You are mine, mine, mine!" And he chattered and laughed as only madmen laugh; and he kissed the hard stones and sought to hide them in his bosom. But his hands trembled and failed, dark mists swam before his eyes; he fancied that he heard the black dwarfs clamoring for his treasure, he sprang up quickly, he shrieked,—and then fell lifeless upon his heap of sparkling gems.

A strange, sad sight it was. Immense wealth, and miserable death. Two piles of yellow gold and sun-bright diamonds, and two thin, starved corpses stretched upon them. Some men say that the brothers were slain by Siegfried, because their foolish strife and greediness had angered him. But I like not to think so. It was the gold, and not Siegfried, that slew them.

"O Gold! Gold!" cried the hero, sorrowfully. "Truly thou art the world's curse! Thou art man's bane! But when the spring-time of the new world shall come, then will the curse be taken from thee, and thy yellow brightness shall be the sign of purity and enduring worth; and thou shalt be a blessing to mankind, and the plaything of the gods."

"GIVE ME THE SWORD WHICH LIES BEFORE YOU ON THE GLITTERING HEAP," SAID SIEGFRIED.

But our hero had little time for thought and speech. A strange sound was heard on the mountain-side. The twelve great giants, who had stood as watchmen upon the peaks above, were rushing down, to avenge their masters and to drive the intruder out of Nibelungen Land. Siegfried waited not for their onset, but mounted the noble

horse Greyfell, and, with the sword Balmung in his hand, he rode forth to meet his foes, who, with fearful threats and hideous roars, came striding toward him. The sunbeams flashed from Greyfell's mane and dazzled the dull eyes of the giants, who were unused to the full light of day. Doubtful they paused, and then again came forward. But they mistook for an enemy every tree in their way, and every rock they thought a foe, and in their fear they fancied a great host to be before them. One and all they dropped their heavy clubs, and cried for quarter. And Siegfried made each of the giants swear an oath of fealty to him; and then he sent them back to the snow-covered mountain-peaks, to stand again as watchmen at their posts.

And now another danger appeared. Alberich, the dwarf, the master of the swarthy elves who guarded the Nibelungen Hoard, had seen all that had befallen the two young Princes, and when he beheld the giants driven back to the mountain-tops, he lifted a little silver horn to his lips and blew a shrill bugle-call. And the little brown elves came trooping forth by thousands. From under every rock, from the nooks and crannies and crevices in the mountain-side, from the deep cavern and the narrow gorge, they came at the call of their chief. Then, at Alberich's word, they formed in line of battle, and stood in front of the cavern and the bodies of their late masters. Their little golden shields and their sharp-pointed spears were thick as the blades of grass in a Rhine meadow; and Siegfried, when he saw them, was both pleased and surprised, for never before had such a host of pygmy warriors stood before him.

While he paused and looked, the elves became suddenly silent, and Siegfried saw that Alberich stood no longer at their head, but had strangely vanished from sight.

"Ah, Alberich!" cried the Prince, "thou art cunning. I have heard of thy tricks. Thou hast donned the Tarnkappe, the cloak of darkness, which hides thee from sight and makes thee as strong as twelve common men. Come on, thou brave dwarf!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when he felt a shock which almost sent him reeling from the saddle, and made Greyfell plunge about in fright. Quickly did Siegfried dismount, and, with every sense alert, he waited for the second onset of the unseen dwarf. It was plain that Alberich wished to strike him unawares, for many minutes passed in utter silence. Then a brisk breath of wind passed by Siegfried's face, and he felt another blow; but, by a quick downward movement of his hand, he caught the plucky dwarf, and tore off the magic Tarnkappe, and then, with firm grasp, he held his struggling little enemy.

"Ah, Alberich!" he cried; "indeed thou art cunning! But the Tarnkappe is now mine. What wilt thou give for freedom and life?"

"Worthy Prince," answered Alberich, humbly, "you have fairly overcome me and made me your prisoner. I and all mine, as well as this great treasure, belong rightfully to you. We are yours, and you we shall obey."

"Swear it!" said Siegfried. "Swear it, and thou shalt live, and be the keeper of my treasures!"

And Alberich made a sign to his elfin host, and every spear was turned point downward, and every shield was thrown to the ground, and the ten thousand little warriors kneeled, as did also their chief, and owned Siegfried to be their rightful master, and the lord of Nibelungen Land, the owner of the Nibelungen Hoard.

Then, by Alberich's orders, the elves carried the hoard back into the deep cavern, and there kept faithful watch and ward over it; and they buried the starved bodies of the two Princes on the top of the mist-veiled mountain. Heralds were sent to all the fortresses and strongholds in Nibelungen Land, and they proclaimed that Siegfried, through his wisdom and strength, had become the rightful Lord and King of the land.

Then the Prince, riding on the horse Greyfell, went from place to place, scattering sunshine and smiles where shadows and frowns had been before. And the people welcomed him with glad shouts and music and dancing; and ten thousand Nibelungen warriors came to meet him, and plighted their faith to him. And the pure brightness of his hero-soul, and the gleaming sunbeams from Greyfell's mane, lifted the curtain of mists and fogs that had so long darkened that land, and let in the glorious glad light of day and the genial warmth of summer.

"Did he stay there all the rest of his life?" asked Leif, after a pause.

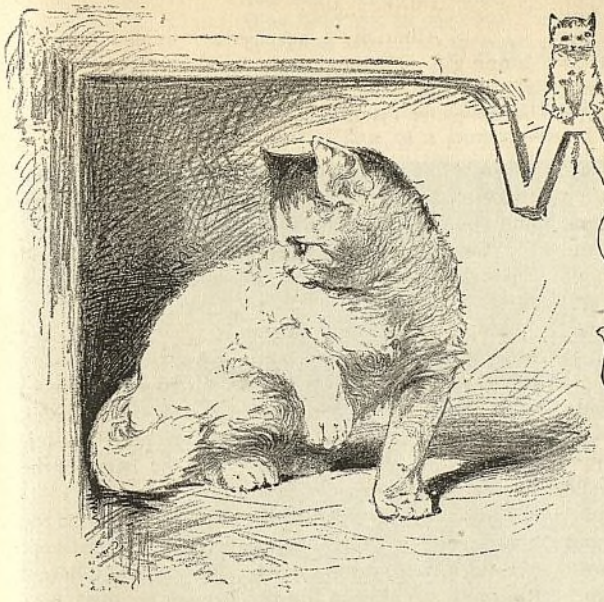
"Did they leave the treasure buried in the cave?" asked Rollo.

"What became of the fair Brunhild?" asked little Ingeborg. "Did Siegfried ever go back to Isenstein?"

"Yes, tell us all about it!" cried the three together.

"As I have said," answered their father, "one evening will not afford time to tell of all Siegfried's strange adventures. I will answer your questions by telling you one or two stories more; and, with those, you must rest satisfied."

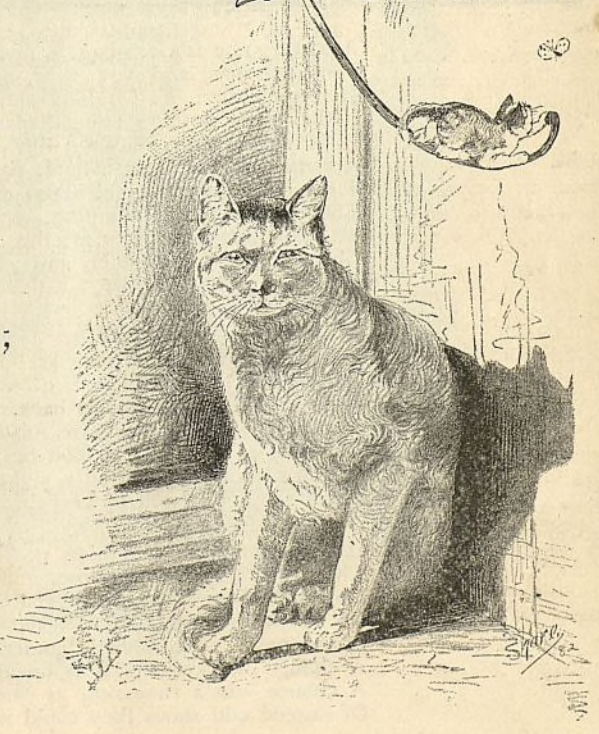
(To be continued.)



What One Year makes of a Little Kitten.

By Mrs. Fanny Barrow.

At first, a ball of fluffy fur,
All black, or gray, or white,
Trying to catch its little tail
With all its little might.
Four pretty little velvet paws,
That leap, and catch, and pat;
But presto! in a year you see
A dignified old cat!



GRAB-BAG.

BY H. H.

A FINE game is Grab-bag, a fine game to see!
For Christmas, and New Year, and birthdays, and all.
Happy children, all laughing and screaming with glee!
If they draw nothing more than a pop-corn ball,
'T is a prize they welcome with eyes of delight,
And hold it aloft with a loud, ringing cheer;
Their arms waving high, all so graceful and white;
Their heads almost bumping, so close and so near.
The laughter grows louder; the eyes grow more bright.
Oh, sweet is the laughter, and gay is the sight—
A fine game is Grab-bag! a fine game to see!

A strange game of Grab-bag I saw yesterday;
I 'll never forget it as long as I live.
Some street-beggars played it,—poor things, not in play!
A man with a sack on his back, and a sieve,—
A poker to stir in the barrels of dirt,—
A basket to hold bits of food he might find,—
'T was a pitiful sight, and a sight that hurt,
But a sight it is well to keep in one's mind.

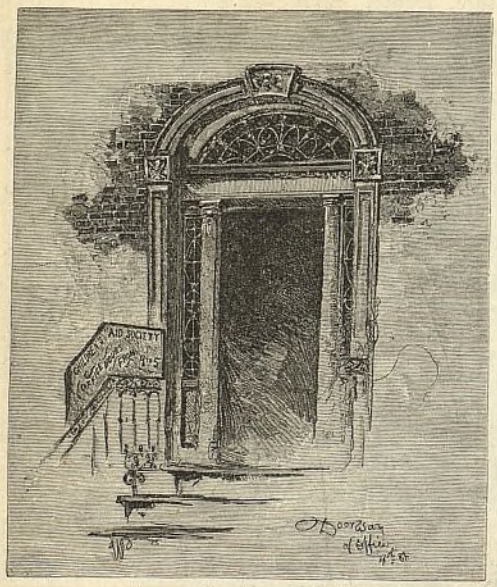
His children were with him, two girls and three boys;
Their heads held down close, and their eyes all intent;
No sound from their lips of glad laughter's gay noise:
No choice of bright playthings to them the game meant!
A chance of a bit of waste cinder to burn;
A chance of a crust of stale bread they could eat;
A chance — in a thousand, as chances return —
Of ragged odd shoes they could wear on their feet!

The baby that yet could not totter alone
Was held up to see, and, as grave as the rest,
Watched wistful each crust, each cinder, each bone,
And snatched at the morsels he thought looked the best.
The sister that held him, oppressed by his weight —
Herself but an over-yeared baby, poor child! —
Had the face of a woman, mature, sedate,
And looked but the older whenever she smiled.

Oh, a sad game is Grab-bag — a sad game to see!
As beggars must play it, and their chances fall;
When Hunger finds crusts an occasion for glee,
And Cold finds no rags too worthless or small.
O children, whose faces have shone with delight,
As you played at your Grab-bag with shouting and cheer,
And stretched out your arms, all so graceful and white,
And gayly bumped heads, crowding near and more near,
With laughter and laughter, and eyes growing bright,—
Remember this picture, this pitiful sight,
Of a sad game of Grab-bag — a sad game to see!

WOLF-REARED CHILDREN.

By Charles L. Brace.



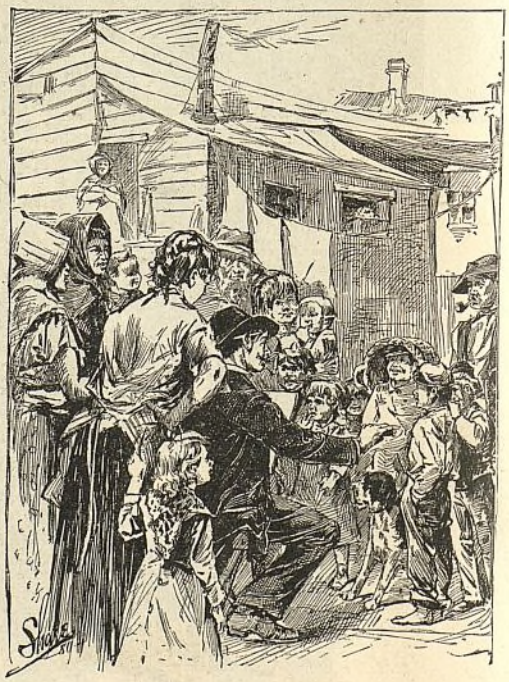
ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE OFFICE OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

A TRAVELER who has recently journeyed in India, a man of science, Mr. V. Ball, gives an account of a very curious matter which before had been somewhat discussed by the celebrated scholar, Mr. Max Müller—that is, the history of "Wolf-reared Children."

It appears that, in the province of Oude, the wolves are exceedingly destructive. They creep at night from the jungles and mountains into the villages of the poor people, and, crawling into the little huts, will often snatch the babe from the mother's arms, sometimes even without awaking her; or they will pick up an infant that has been left for a moment during the day by the hard-working mother. Wolves are said to have an especial appetite for young and tender infants, and so destructive are their ravages that, in one district mentioned by Mr. Ball, it is estimated that *one hundred* infants are carried off annually by wolves; and the business of smoking out wolves from their dens, in order to find the golden and other ornaments worn by the unfortunate babies, is an extensive and profitable one.

It seems that now and then a wolf captures and carries home an infant to his cubs, and that they do not at once eat the child; perhaps because they have recently eaten a kid or a lamb, or other food. The baby probably suckles with the young wolves, and the mother-wolf comes to have a wild affection for the child, and he grows up with the wolf-cubs. At length, the mother-wolf is smoked out of her cave, or the cubs are killed or caught, or they are all hunted down, and the wild little human being is caught also—sometimes after he has lived six or eight years among his four-footed companions.

Mr. Ball saw two of these wild children in an orphan asylum at Sekandra, in Oude, and in different orphanages in India there have been others whose history was well known. At first they appear like wild beasts; they have no language, and only keep up a curious whine, creeping around on hands and feet like the young wolves, and smelling everything before eating it, as an animal does. For a time they will eat nothing but raw flesh, and they snatch eagerly at a bone, and gnaw it like a dog. Their hands and the skin of the



OUR ARTIST AMONG SOME WOLF-REARED CHILDREN.

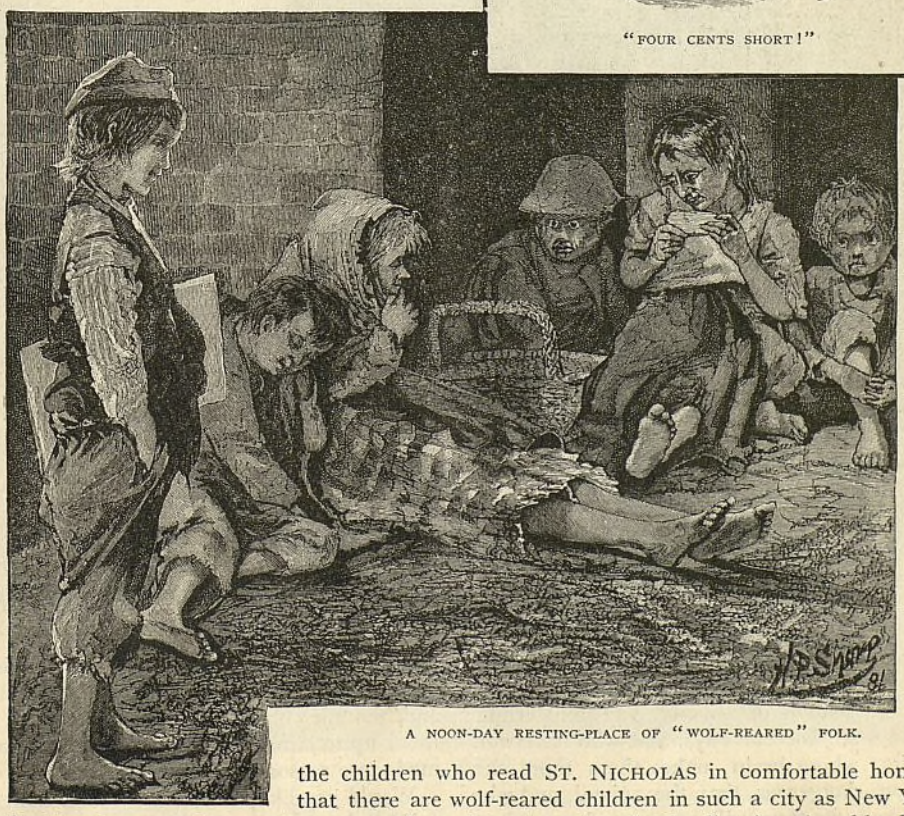
knees are hard and callous from constant creeping, and the fore-arms of one whom Mr. Ball saw had become short from the same habit. A photograph * was made of one, who, with his open mouth and

* "Jungle Life in India," by V. Ball, of the Geological Survey of India. Page 459. London, 1880.

vacant expression, looks like an idiot. Rescued wolf-reared children have a constant desire to get back to the jungles, and to creep into holes, and they have not been able to learn much, nor to become used to civilized habits; and then, too, they die early. It is said, though for this we can not vouch, that when a wolf comes to a house where is a wolf-reared child, he seems to know it by its odor, and never harms it.

The wolf-child has no language; its morals and habits are wolfish; it has drawn into its body wolf-milk; it hates the dwellings and ways of men; it loves creeping instead of walking, and jungles and caves and the forest, rather than fields and cottages and houses. It is a wild beast, but with the brain and soul of a human being. The wolf-child of India has all the capacities and possibilities of any ordinary boy or girl. No doubt, if he were left with his step-mother, the wolf, his brain would make him more cunning than his wolf play-fellows, and he would show the savageness of the beast with the skill of the man. He would become the most dangerous wild animal — worse than tiger or leopard — of the Indian jungles.

"FOUR CENTS SHORT!"



A NOON-DAY RESTING-PLACE OF "WOLF-REARED" FOLK.

Did the children who read ST. NICHOLAS in comfortable homes ever think that there are wolf-reared children in such a city as New York? — boys and girls who were born to hunger, and cruel treatment, and who live in miserable dens and holes; who are as ignorant of love and hope, and of the missions, and churches, and schools of this

SWORN FRIENDS.

city as are the infants found in the wolves' dens of the mountains of Oude; who have been taught only in the schools of poverty, vice, and crime; whose ways are not our ways, and who have wolfish habits; whose brain makes them more cunning, more dangerous, than the animal, and who, if they grow up thus, will be more dangerous to this city than wolf or tiger to the villages of India.

But, fortunately for us, these children have not lost our language, like the poor babies of Oude, and, though wolves in human shape have brought them up to crime and sin, they can be saved and made into reasonable human beings.

Would you like to hear how this is done?

Well, here comes one of the wolf-reared children to the office of the Children's Aid Society, in

Fourth street, New York. He has no cap, but his tangled hair serves as a covering for his head; bright and cunning eyes look out from under the twisted locks; his face is so dirty and brown that you hardly know what the true color is; he has no shirt, but wears a ragged coat, and trousers out at the knees and much too large for him; he is barefooted, of course. He is not at all a timid boy, small as he is, but acts as if nothing would ever upset his self-possession, whatever might happen. The benevolent Mr. Macy, who has been dealing with poor children for the last quarter of a century, meets him, and asks:

"Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"A home, please, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Haint got no name, sir; the boys calls me Pickety."

"Well, Pickety, where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"But where do you stay?"

"I don't stay nowheres in the day-time, but I sleeps in hay-barges, sir, and sometimes in dry-goods boxes, and down on the steam-gratings in winter, till the M. P.'s [policemen] come along, and jist now a cove has taken me in at the iron bridge at Harlem."

"Iron bridge! What do you mean?"

"Why, them holler iron things what holds the bridge up. He got it first, and he lets me in."

"Pickety, who is your father?"

"Haint got no father, sir; he died afore I knew, and me mither, she drinked and bate me, and we was put out by the landlord, and she died, and the City Hall buried her!" And something like a shadow came over the cunning blue eyes.

"Pickety, did you ever hear of God?"

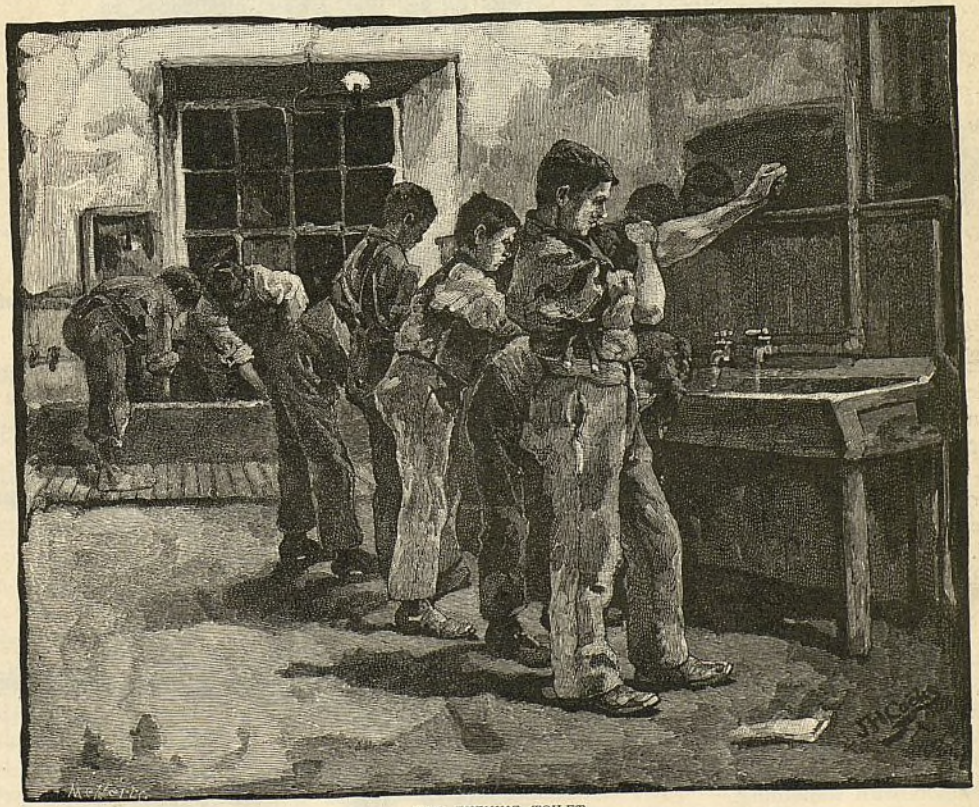
"Yes, sir; I have heared the fellers swear about Him, and I know it 's lucky to say something to Him when you sleep out in bad nights."

"Did you ever go to school, Pickety, or to church?"

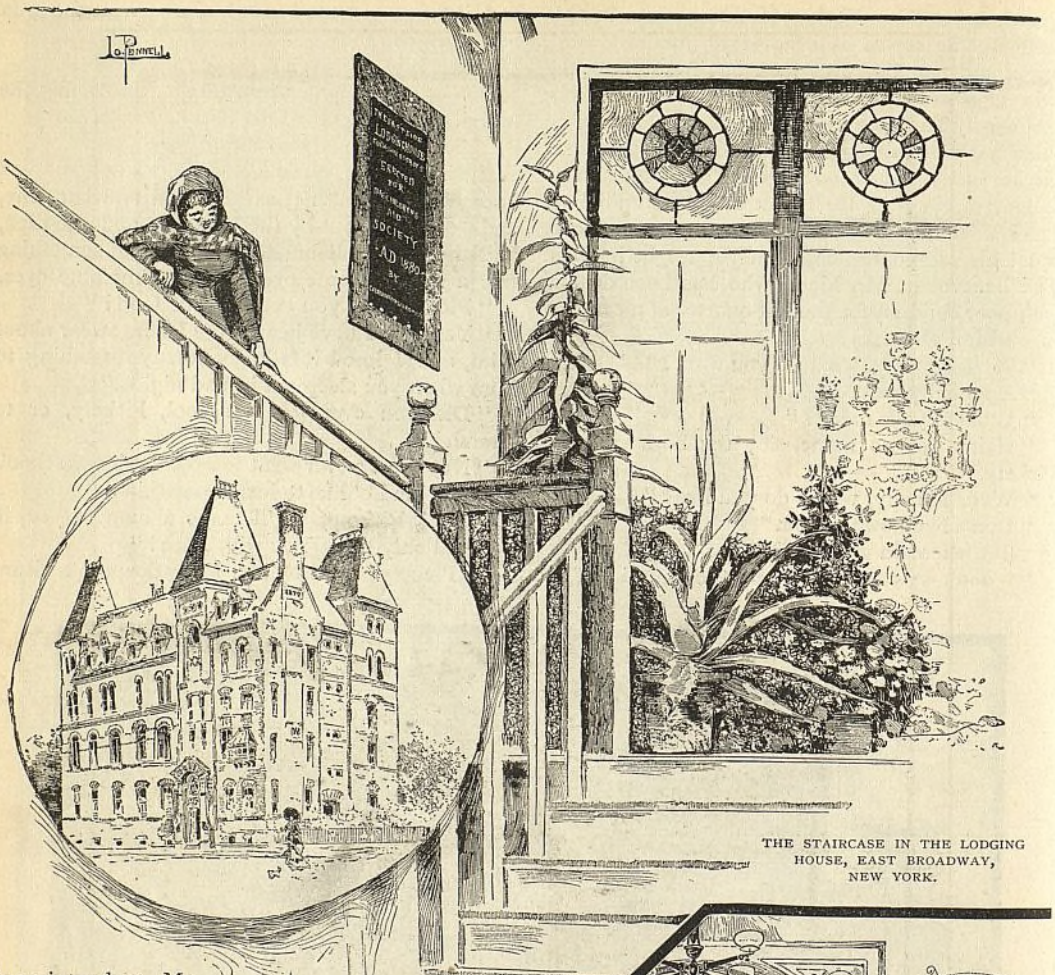
"No, sir; I never went to no church nor school. I *should* kind o' like to learn somethin'!"

"Well, Pickety, we 'll make a man of you, if you will only try. You will, I see!"

So Pickety is sent by Mr. Macy down to a clean, beautiful "Lodging House," put up by a generous lady for just such homeless children. It stands at No. 287 East Broadway. A kind, experienced



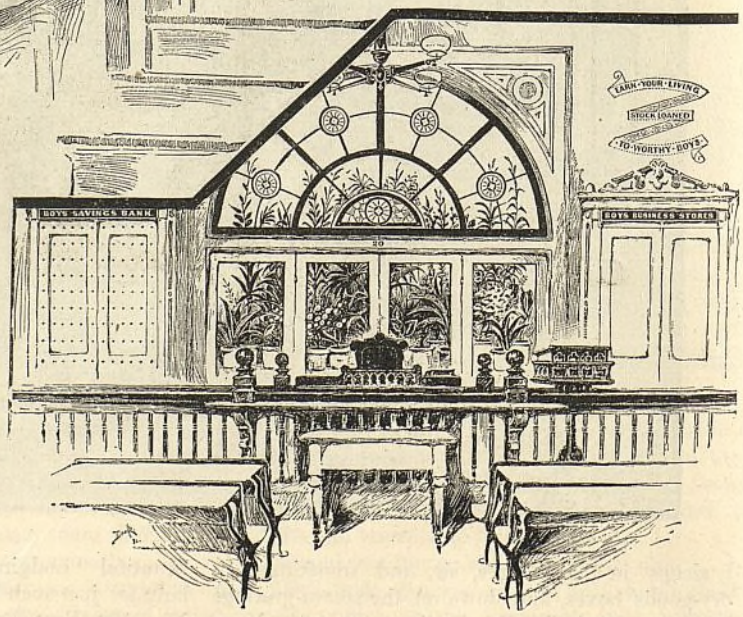
THE EVENING TOILET.



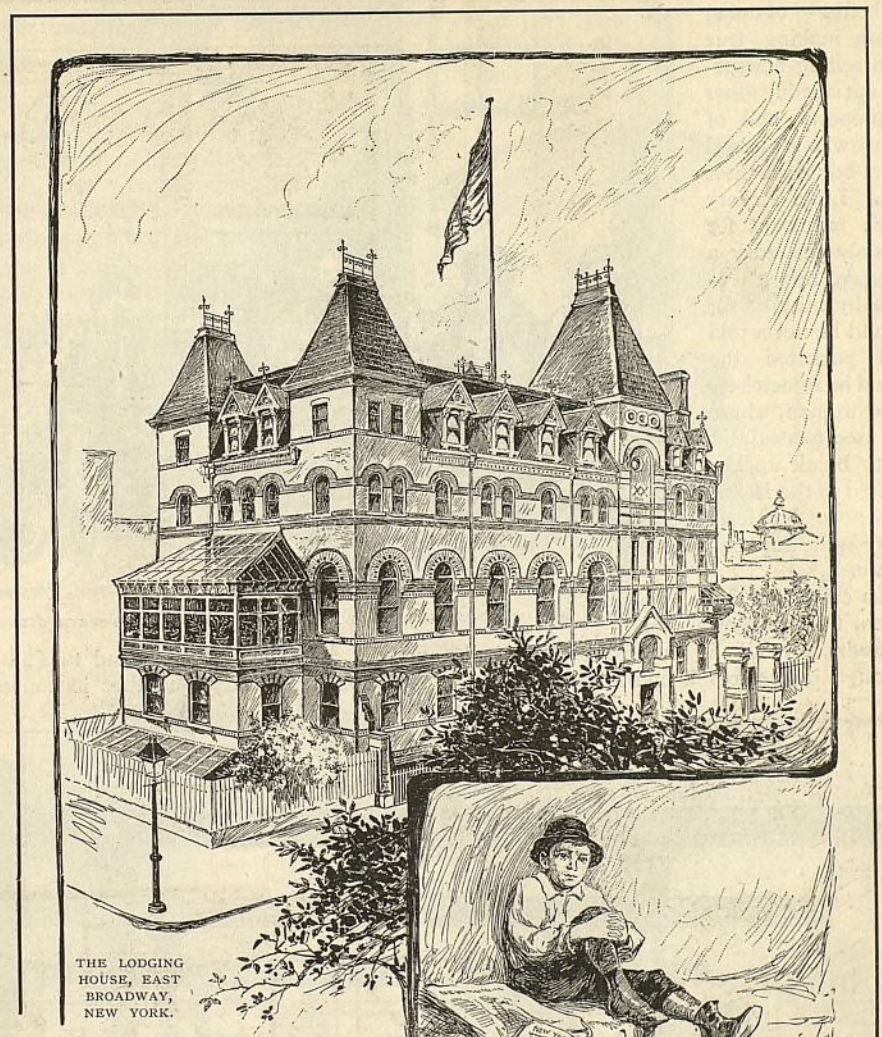
THE STAIRCASE IN THE LODGING HOUSE, EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Superintendent, Mr. Calder, meets him, and a matron—Mrs. Calder—takes him in hand. Her smile alone would take the wolf-feeling out of him and make him more of a human child. In his secret heart, little Pickety thinks they must be a very soft set, or else that they want to make money out of him by and by, but he takes their kindness very quietly. Perhaps, too, he is watching for a chance to pocket a handy little article or so, or to slip out-of-doors with something.

And now, first, he is put into a bath and made clean, and his hair is cut short by a cutter such as those used for



THE EAST END OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.



THE LODGING HOUSE, EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A LODGER.

clipping horses. He feels much better after all this, and quite enjoys a clean check-shirt given him; but he finds that he must wear his old trousers again, so his hastily formed plan of slipping away with a whole suit of new clothes is nipped in the bud.

He then enjoys a plain, wholesome supper in company with a number of other boys, who have been in the house longer; and when he sees the sweet face of the matron who is serving them, he finds his feelings change a little, and he almost thinks she is too good for him to try to cheat her.

Presently, he goes up willingly to a large, cheerful school-room. It is the prettiest place he ever saw; there are many lights, and large windows, and beautiful flowers in a conservatory at the end, and pot-flowers at the sides, and a nice library, and long rows of neat boxes, where the boys keep their books and things.

Every part of this room is as clean as wax-work, and Pickety is very glad he has had that thorough washing; it begins to dawn upon him, too, that the people must be good who have made such a nice room for poor boys. But he still keeps a lookout, lest he should be entrapped in some disagreeable way.

By and by, the Superintendent, a handsome, benevolent-looking man, talks to the boys about

things our little waif never heard of before—of doing right, and making true change in selling newspapers, and not stealing other people's property, and of a God above who is pleased if a street-boy is honest and good. Little Pickety thinks this is meant for him, for only yesterday a customer gave him a ten-cent piece by mistake for a penny, and he never told him, but pocketed the money; and he remembers a poor old woman, whose apples he used to steal, till she had to break up her stand and go to the Island Almshouse; so he feels very uneasy at the Superintendent's words.

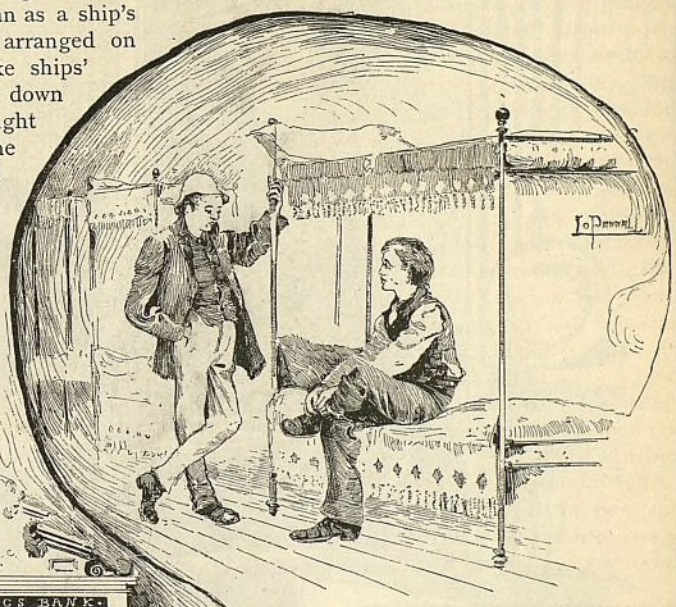
BOYS WHO WANT TO GO WEST, WAITING IN THE OFFICE IN FOURTH STREET.

After this came the lessons, and for the first time he was introduced to all the letters, though he had known enough before to tell one newspaper from another; and he was very glad to find that he learned them quickly, and that in counting and

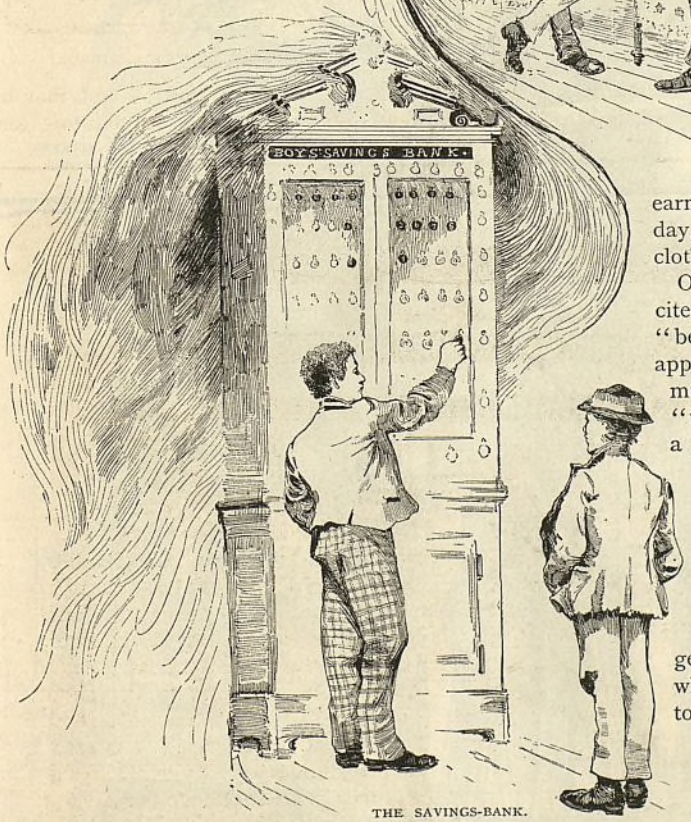
"THE LARGE, AIRY DORMITORY, CLEAN AS A SHIP'S DECK, WITH WIRE-BEDS ARRANGED ON IRON FRAMES."

sums he was quicker than the others; of course, this was because he had sold papers and so had had to make change so often.

Little Pickety's greatest surprise, however, was when he was taken up to the sleeping-room—a large, handsome, airy dormitory, clean as a ship's deck, with nice, springy wire-beds arranged on iron frames, one over another, like ships' bunks. He saw some boys kneeling down before climbing into bed, and he thought he, too, might say something to the Great Being above, of whom he had heard, and who seemed to care even for such poor creatures as he—and he made his prayer. He had had some intention of ranging around at night and playing some trick, or stealing something, but his new feelings drove the idea out of his head; and, besides, he saw presently that strict watch was kept.



A GOOD-NIGHT CHAT.



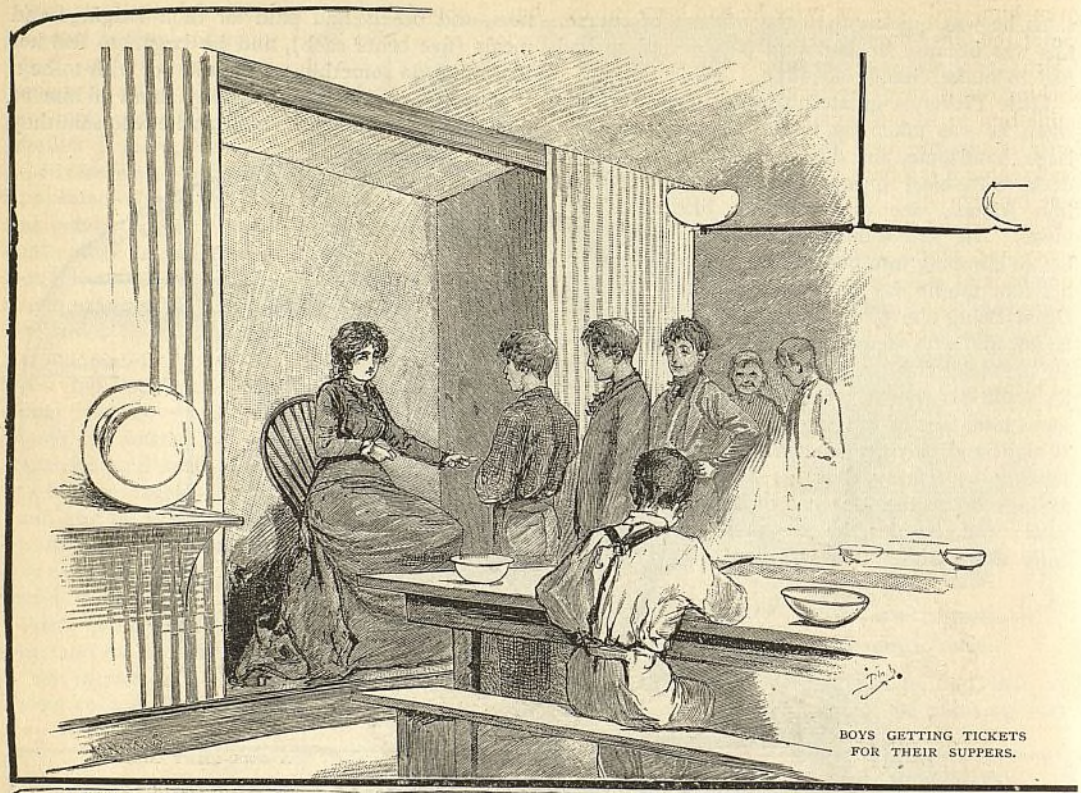
THE SAVINGS-BANK.

After his breakfast next morning, he heard that some boys had put their money into the "savings-bank" in the audience-room; and others had borrowed from the fund for starting boys in business, and others had paid for their lodgings and meals (five cents each), and he began to feel he, too, must do something. He did not wish to be a "pauper," nor to have anybody think of him as one, and he saw lads as small as he who said they earned from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and that they bought their own clothes.

One bright little fellow especially excited his envy by declaring that *he* "belonged to the upper ten," as it appeared he slept in the ten-cent dormitory, and had his own special "ten-cent locker" for his clothes, with a private key.

Hearing all this, Pickety at length ventured to speak to the Superintendent, who kindly explained to him that each boy was expected to do all he could to pay his own way, that idle and pauper boys were not wanted there, and that some kind gentleman had supplied money with which to help boys who might wish to start in business.

Pickety knew all about the boot-blacking business, but, as he explained, "a big boy had punched him and stolen all his kit." He could sell newspapers, too, but he had been "stuck" with his last lot, and had lost all his money; and after that piece of bad luck he had lived on bits of bread that a hotel-waiter had



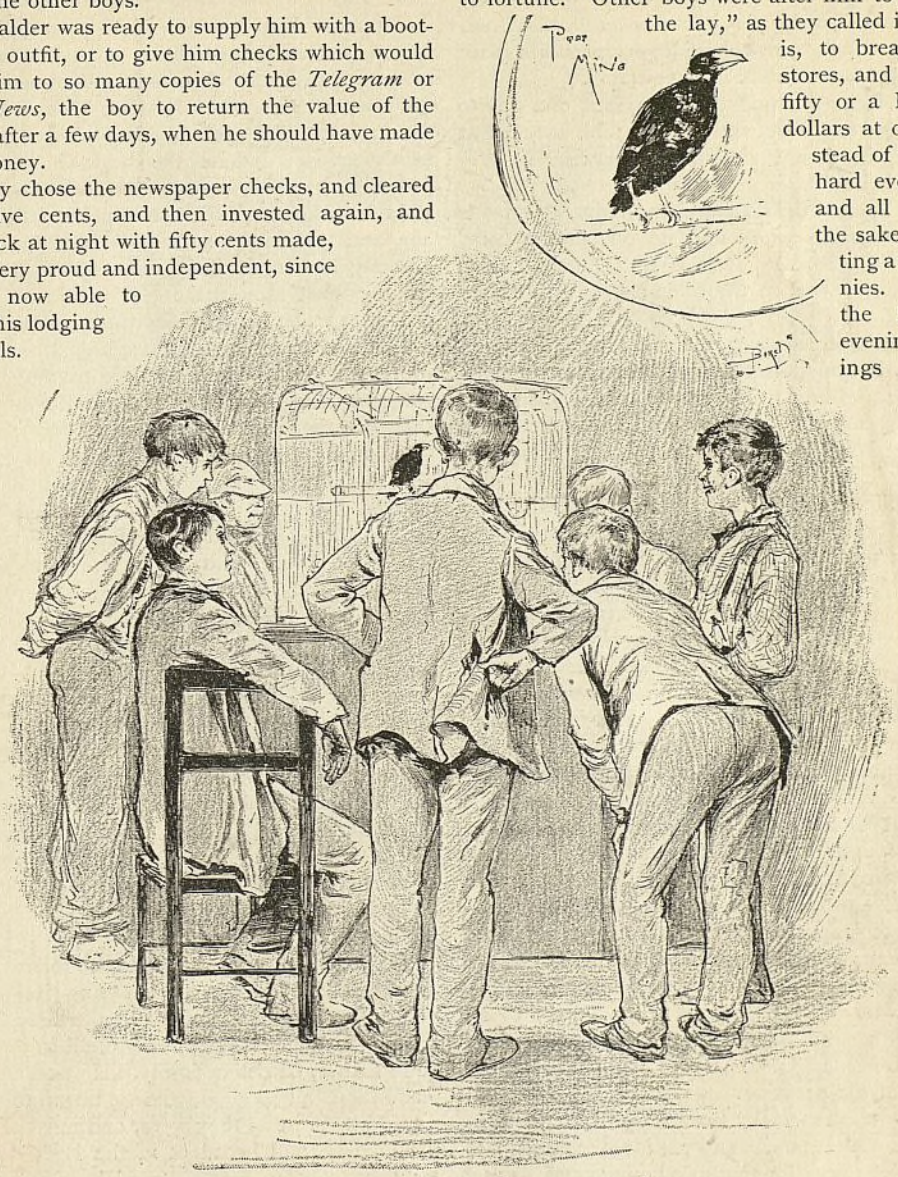
BOYS GETTING TICKETS FOR THEIR SUPPERS.

THE FLOWER-MISSION.—DISTRIBUTING BOUQUETS TO SICK WOMEN AND CHILDREN. [SEE PAGE 552.]

given him, and once or twice he had been fed by one of the other boys.

Mr. Calder was ready to supply him with a boot-blacking outfit, or to give him checks which would entitle him to so many copies of the *Telegram* or *Daily News*, the boy to return the value of the checks, after a few days, when he should have made some money.

Pickety chose the newspaper checks, and cleared twenty-five cents, and then invested again, and came back at night with fifty cents made, feeling very proud and independent, since he was now able to pay for his lodging and meals.



"MINO" ADDRESSES THE BOYS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

The next day and the next, he appeared at the Lodging House, for he rather liked the place and the people, and, wide-awake as he was, he saw that he got a great deal for his money, and could not hope to do better anywhere else. In a few days he had repaid the loan, had a little capital ahead, and actually found himself rich enough to afford a pair of new trousers.

Then, later, having some money, he was sorely tempted to pitch pennies and make more, or to buy "policy-tickets," and thus take a short path to fortune. Other boys were after him to "go on the lay," as they called it—that is, to break open stores, and so gain fifty or a hundred dollars at once, instead of working hard every day and all day, for the sake of getting a few pennies. But in the Sunday-evening meetings of the Lodging House, Pickety heard a great deal about the sin of stealing and the folly of such "short cuts to fortune," and he began to see how wrong and foolish all these things were; and that he ought to try in his humble way to lead a straightforward and manly life, and to please the wonderful Being of whom the teacher read in the Testament, and who had lived and died on the earth for men.

So Pickety broke away from bad companions, and, finding that liberal interest was offered in the

savings-bank of the Lodging House, he put his money there; and when, after some months, they would no longer keep it there, because, they said, it was too much to risk, he felt very proud to place it in a big savings-bank in the city.

Little Pickety happened to be sent one day to the Superintendent's sitting-room; he knocked at the door, and heard a harsh voice cry:

"Come in!"

So he opened the door and entered.

To his surprise, he found no one in the cozy, tasteful little room. But a deep, sepulchral voice from a dark corner of the room asked: "Who are you?"

The little street-rover was not afraid of human enemies, but of ghosts he had heard many a fearful story; and he now began to quake in his shoes. Suddenly, however, he discovered, in a cage in the corner, a strange, weird-looking bird, about as large as a crow, dark as night, with a most beautiful metallic luster on its feathers. The bird held its great head sidewise, and, after peering at the boy in a most searching fashion for a minute, it unexpectedly exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest misery:

"*P-o-o-r M-i-n-o!*" and again: "M-i-n-o w-a-n-t-s a drink of w-a-ter!" with various other plaintive speeches, which seemed to come from the throat of some stout, heavy alderman. The creature ended by whistling, in not at all a melancholy manner, that lively air called "Captain Jinks."

Pickety ran back in great haste to describe his wonderful discovery to his comrades, when Mr. Calder brought down the cage among them, and it was a source of endless amusement, as it often had been before to other sets of lads. The mischievous boys took special delight in having Mino in the school-room; for whenever the Superintendent had begun a prayer, or was making some serious remarks, the bird was sure to give vent to an unearthly scream, or to call out in its harsh voice: "Who are you?" or otherwise break in upon the sobriety of the occasion.

Pickety was especially touched, one day, by seeing poor sick women and children come up to Mr. Calder's desk for the little bouquets of flowers furnished to the Flower Mission by kind people in the country. The lad knew that these beautiful gifts were carried home to the dark cellars and miserable attics of that neighborhood, and that these bunches of bright, sweet-smelling flowers came like gifts from God, gladdening the bedside of many a sick and dying creature in the poor quarter around the Lodging House.

Pickety had now lost much of his former wolfish, savage nature: he did not wish to go back to his jungle and den; he had learned to eat with his knife and fork, and to sleep in a bed, like a civilized human being; he was less cunning but more bright, and was kind to other boys; he had begun to have a desire to earn and own something, and to get on in the world. Besides, he had some idea of religion, and a great longing to be considered a manly fellow; and he was beginning to read in books.

At length, one day, the Superintendent called him and told him he could not be always in the Lodging House, for they did not keep boys long, and he must soon strike out by himself and endeavor to make his own way in the world.

The Superintendent also explained to the bright young lad that the best possible employment for a young working-boy in this country was farming, and that there were kind-hearted farmers in the West who would be glad to take him, and teach him their business, giving him at first only clothing and food, but paying him fair wages later on. In this way he would have (for the first time in his life) a home, and might grow up with the farmer's family, and share in all the good things they had.

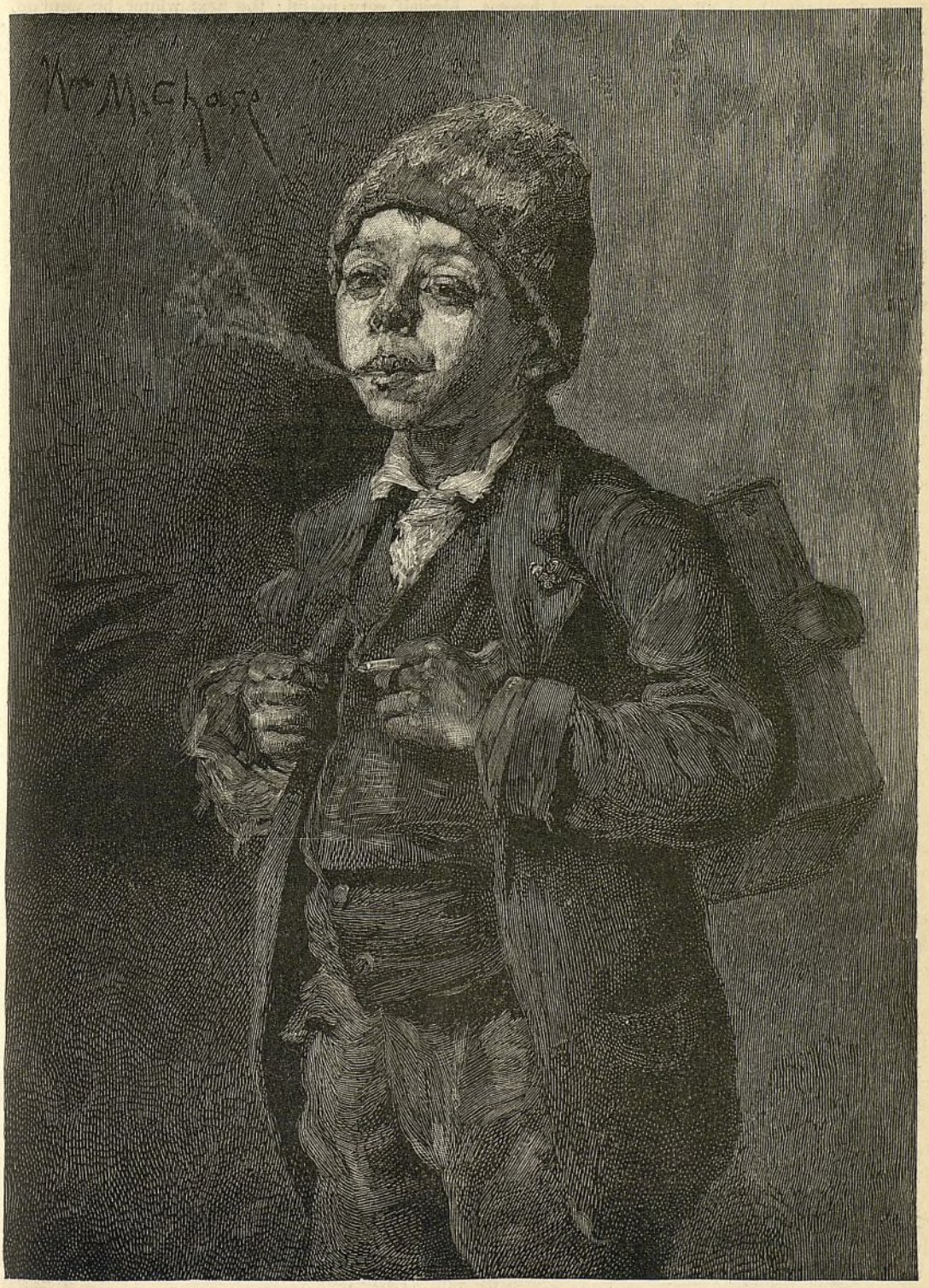
Pickety at first thought he might be sent where bears would hunt him, or Indians catch him, and that he would earn very little and would lose all the sights and fun of New York, so he was almost afraid to go; but, on hearing all about it, and seeing that he would never come to much in the city, and especially hoping to get more education in the West, and by and by to own a bit of land for himself, he resolved to join a party under one of the western agents of the Children's Aid Society and go to Kansas—which to the New York boy seems the best State in the West.

We have not time nor space to follow his fortunes there: everything was strange to him, and he made queer work of his duties in a farmer's house; but the strangest thing of all to him was to be in a kind, Christian family. He wondered what made them all so good, and he began to think he would like to be as they were, and most of all like the One he had heard of in the Lodging House meeting.

He was careful to write to his New York friends about his new home, and here is one of the letters received from him, after he had been in the West a few months:

"——, ——, KANSAS.

"MR. MACY—DEAR SIR: I write you these few lines hoping you are in good health at present, and not forgetting the rest of the gentlemen that I remember in the Children's Aid Society. I am getting on splendid with my studies at school, and I send you my monthly report, but please return



A WOLF-REARED BOY.

it, as I want to keep all my reports. I have a good place and like my home, and am glad I came.

"The first time I rode a horse bare-back, he slung me off over his head and made me sick for a week. I also had diphtheria but I am all right again and in good health, and can ride or gallop a horse as fast as any man in town. When summer comes I will learn to plough and sow, and do farmer's work. I will get good wages out here. It is a nice country, for there is no Indians, or bears, or other wild animals — 'cept prairie-wolves, and you can scare *them* with anything.

"If any boy wants a good home, he can come here and have plenty of fun. I have fun with the mules, horses, pigs and dogs. No pegging stones at rag-pickers or tripping up men or tramps in the Bowery or City Hall Park.

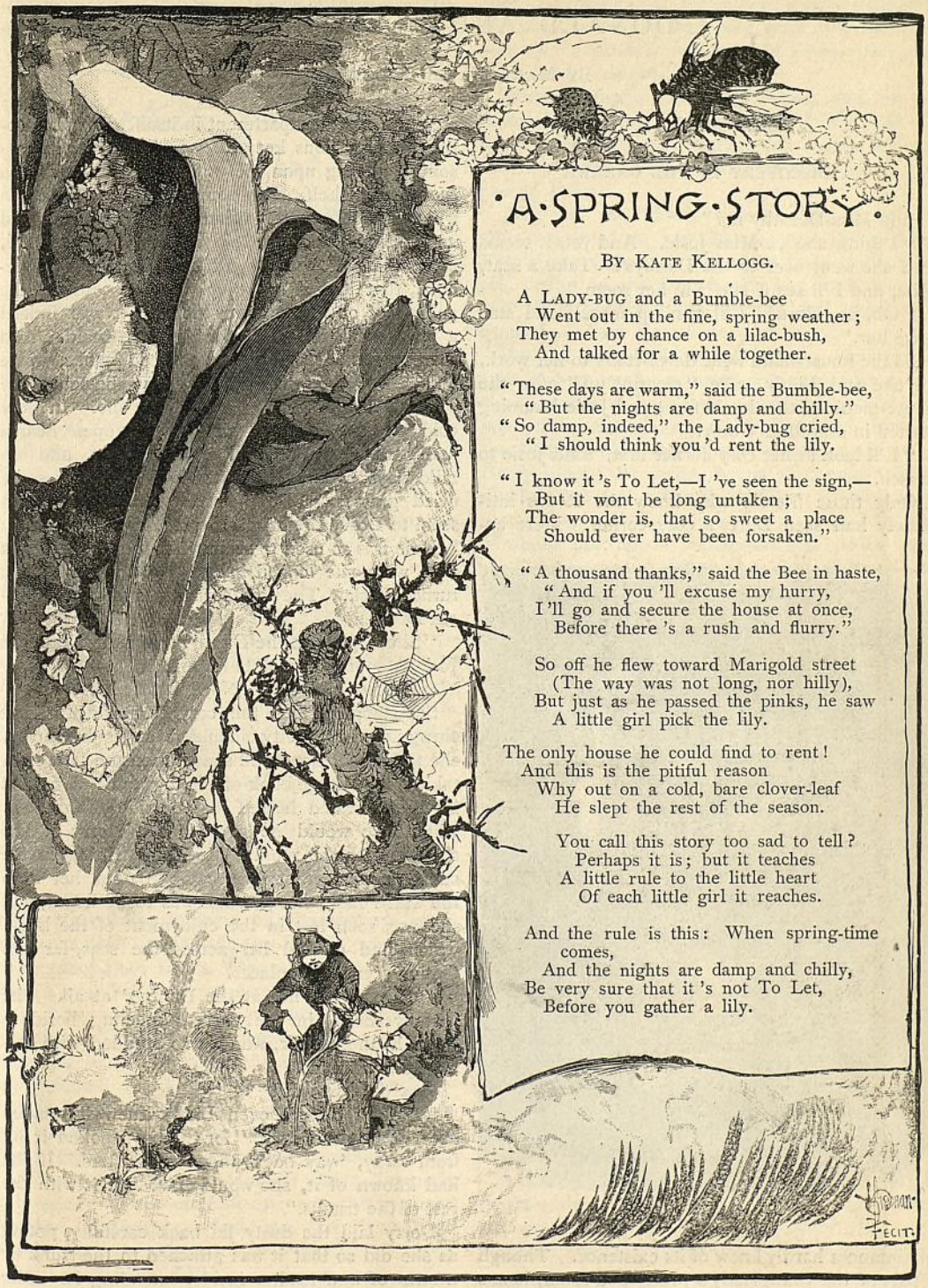
"Tell 'Banty' I send him my best respects. Tell him it is from 'Pickety,' and he will know me.

"Yours truly, —— ——."

He learned his farm-work fast and soon made himself very useful; the next winter he went to school again, and became a very good scholar. He knew how to make money, too: when the farmer gave him a calf, or a lamb, or a sheep, he took good care of it, and by and by sold it, and bought other stock with the proceeds, and in this way, after a few years, he had saved a considerable sum. With this he bought some "Government land," on which he built a shanty; and so he began to be a "landed proprietor."

He was no longer "Pickety," but had a Christian name, and for his last name he took that of the kind people to whom he felt like a son. He had acquired a fair education, too; and the neighbors liked and respected the "New York orphan," as they called him. He had quite lost his wolfish nature by this time, and now had a new one, which had come to him from the Good Being he had heard of in the Lodging House, through the civilizing, Christian influences that had been thrown around him. And here we will leave him,—

A THRIVING FARMER ON HIS OWN LAND.



A SPRING STORY.

By Kate Kellogg.

A Lady-bug and a Bumble-bee
Went out in the fine, spring weather;
They met by chance on a lilac-bush,
And talked for a while together.

"These days are warm," said the Bumble-bee,
"But the nights are damp and chilly."
"So damp, indeed," the Lady-bug cried,
"I should think you'd rent the lily.

"I know it's To Let,—I 've seen the sign,—
But it wont be long untaken;
The wonder is, that so sweet a place
Should ever have been forsaken."

"A thousand thanks," said the Bee in haste,
"And if you 'll excuse my hurry,
I'll go and secure the house at once,
Before there 's a rush and flurry."

So off he flew toward Marigold street
(The way was not long, nor hilly),
But just as he passed the pinks, he saw
A little girl pick the lily.

The only house he could find to rent!
And this is the pitiful reason
Why out on a cold, bare clover-leaf
He slept the rest of the season.

You call this story too sad to tell?
Perhaps it is; but it teaches
A little rule to the little heart
Of each little girl it reaches.

And the rule is this: When spring-time comes,
And the nights are damp and chilly,
Be very sure that it 's not To Let,
Before you gather a lily.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

Chapter XVI.

A DISCOVERY IN THE GARRET.

"Is Miss Dorothy in?"

"I think she is, Miss Josie. And yet, it seems as if she went over to the Danbys'. Take a seat, Miss, and I 'll see if she 's in her room."

"Oh, no, Nora! I 'll run up myself and surprise her."

So the house-maid went down-stairs to her work, for she and Liddy were "clearin' up" after the house-picnic of the day before; and Josie Manning started in search of Dorry.

"I 'll look in her cozy corner first," said Josie to herself.

Only those friends who knew the Reeds intimately had seen Dorry's cozy corner. Mere acquaintances hardly knew of its existence. Though a part of the young lady's pretty bed-room, it was so shut off by a high, folding screen that it formed a complete little apartment in itself. It was decorated with various keepsakes and fancy articles — some hanging upon the walls, some standing on the mantel-shelf, and some on the cabinet in which she kept her "treasures." With these, and its comfortable lounge and soft Persian rug, and, more than all, with its bright little window overhead, that looked out upon the tree-tops and the gable-roof of the summer-kitchen, it was indeed a most delightful place for the little maid. And there she studied her lessons, read books, wrote letters, and thought out, as well as she could, the plans and problems of her young life. In very cold weather, a wood fire on the open hearth made the corner doubly comfortable, and on mild days, a dark fire-board and a great vase of dried grasses and red-sumac branches made it seem to Dorry the brightest place in the world.

DORRY'S COZY CORNER.

Josie was so used to seeing her friend there that now, when she looked in and found it empty, she turned back. The cozy corner was not itself without Dorry.

"She 's gone to the Danbys' after all," thought Josie, standing irresolute for a moment —

"I 'll run after her. No, I 'll wait here."

So, stepping into the cozy corner again, but shrugging her pretty shoulders at its loneliness, she tossed her hood and shawl upon the sofa, and, taking up a large book of photographic views that lay there, seated herself just outside the screen, where she would be sure to see Dorry if she should enter the room. Meantime, sitting in the sunshine, a pleasant heat came in upon her from the warm hall; not a sound was to be heard, and she was soon lost in the enjoyment of the book, which had carried her across the seas, far into foreign scenes and places.

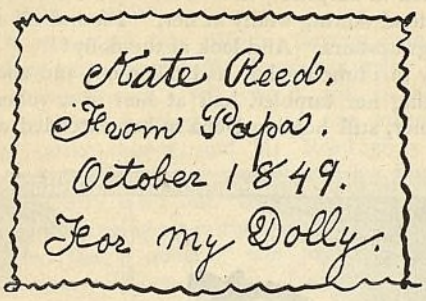
But Dorry was not at the Danbys' at all. She was overhead, in the garret, kneeling beside a small leather trunk, which was studded with tarnished brass nails.

How dusty it was!

"I don't believe even Liddy knew it was up here," thought Dorry, "for the boys poked it out from away, 'way back under the rafters. If she had known of it, she would have put it with the rest of the trunks."

Dorry laid the dusty lid back carefully, noting as she did so that it was attached to the trunk by a strip of buff leather inside, extending its entire length, and that its buff-paper lining was gay with

sprays of pink rose-buds. In one of the upper corners of this lid was a label bearing this inscription:



"Oh!" exclaimed Dorry, under her breath, as, still kneeling, she read the words,—"it 's Aunt Kate's own writing!"

"Papa," ran her thoughts, "that was Donald's and my grandpapa. October, 1849—ten whole years before we were born! when she was a little girl herself!"

Then with reverent hands Dorry lifted the top article—a soft, pink muslin dress, which had a narrow frill of yellowish lace, basted at the neck. It seemed to have been cast aside as partly worn out. Beneath this lay a small black silk apron, which had silk shoulder-straps, bordered with narrow black lace, and also little pockets trimmed with lace. Dorry, gently thrusting her hand into one of these pockets, drew forth a bit of crumpled ribbon, some fragments of dried rose-leaves, and a silver thimble marked "K. R." She put it on her thimble-finger; it fitted exactly.

"Oh, dear!" thought Dorry, as, with flushed cheeks and quick-beating heart, she looked at the dress and apron on her lap; "I wish Don would come!" Then followed a suspicion that perhaps she ought to call him, and Uncle George, too, before proceeding further; but the desire to go on was stronger. Aunt Kate was hers,—"my aunty, even more than Don's," she thought, "because he 's a boy, and of course does n't care so much,"—and then she lifted a slim, white paper parcel, nearly as long as the trunk. It was partly wrapped in an old piece of white Canton crape, embroidered with white silk stars at regular intervals. Removing this, Dorry was about to take off the white paper wrapper also, when she caught sight of some words written on it in pencil.

"Dear Aunt Kate!" thought Dorry, intensely interested; "how carefully she wrapped up and marked everything! Just my way;" and she read:

My dear little Delia: I am fourteen to-day, too old for dolls, so I must put you to sleep and lay you away. But I 'll keep you, my dear dolly, as long as I live, and if I ever have a dear little girl, she shall wake you and play with you and love you, and I promise to name her Delia, after you. Kate Reed. August, 1852.

With a strange conflict of feeling, and for the moment forgetting everything else, Dorry read the words over and over, through her tears; adding, softly: "Delia! That 's why my little cousin was named Delia."

And, as she slowly opened the parcel, it almost seemed to her that Cousin Delia, Aunt Kate's own little girl, had come back to life, and was sitting on the floor beside her, and that she and Delia always would be true and good, and would love Aunt Kate forever and ever.

But the doll, Delia, recalled her. How pretty and fresh it was!—a sweet rosy face, with round cheeks and real hair, once neatly curled, but now pressed in flat rings against the bare dimpled shoulders. The eyes were closed, and when Dorry sought for some means of opening them, she found a wire evidently designed for that purpose. But it had become so rusty and stiff that it would not move. Somehow the closed eyes troubled her, and before she realized what she was doing, she gave the wire such a vigorous jerk that the eyes opened—bright, blue, glad eyes, that seemed to recognize her.

"Oh, you pretty thing!" exclaimed Dorry, as she kissed the smiling face and held it close to her cheek for a moment. "Delia never can play with you, dear; she was drowned, but *I 'll* keep you as long as I live——Who 's that? Oh, Don, how you startled me! I am so glad you 've come."

"Why, what 's the matter, Dot?" he asked, hurrying forward, as she turned toward him, with the doll still in her arms. "Not crying?"

"Oh, no, no, I 'm not crying," she said, hastily wiping her eyes, and surprised to find them wet. "See here! This is Delia. Oh, Don, don't laugh. Stop, stop!"

Checking his sudden mirth, as he saw Dorry's indignation, and glancing at the open trunk, which until now had escaped his notice, he began to suspect what was the matter.

"Is it Aunt Kate's?" he asked, gravely, as he knelt beside her.

"Yes, Don; Aunt Kate's doll when she was a little girl. This is the trunk that I told you about—the one that the diary fell out of."

A strong, boyish step was heard coming up the garret stair: "Who is it? Run, Don, don't let any one come up here!" begged Dorry.

"It 's Ed Tyler,—Hold up, Ed!" cried Don, obediently. "I 'll be there in a minute." Then hurriedly kissing Dorry, and with a hearty "cheer up, little sister!" he was gone.

Don's pleasant tone and quick step changed the current of Dorry's thoughts. More than this, a bright beam of sunlight now shone through the dusty window. Sobbing no longer, she carefully wrapped the doll in the same paper and piece of silk that had held it for so many years. As she arose, holding the parcel in her hand, the pink dress and black silk apron on her lap fell to the floor.

A sudden thought came to her. Dorry never could remain sad very long at a time. She hastily opened the parcel again.

"Lie down there, Delia dear," she said, gently placing the doll on the rose-buds of the still open trunk-lid. "Lie down there, till I put on these things. I 'm going to take you down to see your uncle!"

"Wont he be astonished, though!" murmured Dorry, as, half smiling, half sighing, she took off her dress in great excitement, and put on, first the pink muslin, and then the black silk apron, fastening them at the back as well as she could, with many a laborious twist and turn of her white arms, and with a half-puzzled consciousness that the garments were a perfect fit.

The dress, which was high at the neck, had short sleeves, and was gathered to a belt at the waist. Tying the apron at the back, so that the ends of its black ribbon bow hung down over the full pink skirt, she proceeded to adjust the silk straps that, starting in front at the belt, went over the shoulders and down again at the back.

As she did this and perceived that each strap was wide on the top and tapered toward the belt, it struck her that the effect must be quite pretty. Bending, to take up Delia, she saw, for the first time, among the bits of calico and silk lying in the bottom of the trunk, what proved to be a wide-brimmed straw hat. In another moment it was on her head, and, with a quick little laugh, she caught up Delia and ran down the stairs.

Looking neither to right nor left, Dorry sped down the next flight; across the hall, on tiptoe now, and so on to the study door, which stood ajar just enough to admit her slight figure.

Mr. Reed, who sat at the table busily writing, did not even look up when she entered.

"How d' ye do?" she exclaimed, courtesying to her uncle, with the doll in her arms.

He sprang to his feet in amazement.

"Don't be frightened. It 's only Dorry. I just wanted to surprise you! See," she continued, as he stood staring wildly at her, "I found all these things upstairs. And look at the dolly!"

By this time the hat had fallen off, and she was shaking her tumbled hair at him in a vehement manner, still holding Delia in her extended arms.

JOSIE MANNING WAITS FOR DORRY.

"Good-bye, Ed!" rang out Donald's clear voice from the piazza, and in an instant he was looking through the study window, much surprised to see a quaint little pink figure folded in Uncle George's embrace, while Dorry's voice was calling from somewhere: "Be careful! Be careful! You 'll break Delia!"

Ed Tyler, sauntering homeward, met Josie Manning on her way to the Danbys'. "I think Dorry has gone to see Charity Danby," she said, "and I 'm going after her. I 've been waiting at her house, ever so long."

"I 've been at Don's, too," said Ed. "Just come from there."

Josie laughed. "As if I did n't know that," she said. "Why, I was in Dorry's room all the time. First I heard Don run up to the garret for some-

thing, then you went up after him, and then you both passed down again, and out upon the piazza. I suppose you went to the old carriage-house, as usual, did n't you?"

"Of course we did. We 're turning it into a first-class gymnasium. Mr. Reed has given it to Don outright, and I tell you it will be a big thing. Jack 's helping us. Don has saved up lots of pocket-money, and Mr. Reed gives him all the lumber he wants. Just you wait. But, by the way, Dorry is n't out. Don told me himself she was rummaging up in the garret."

"Why, that 's queer!" was Josie's surprised exclamation. "Then it must have been Dorry who ran down-stairs. It could n't be, though — some one with a hat on and a short-sleeved pink dress went by like a flash."

"Don't you know Dorry Reed yet?" laughed Ed — "she is always dressing up. Why, one day when I was there, she came into Don's room dressed like an old woman — cap, crutch, corked wrinkles and all complete — never saw anything like it. What a little witch she is!"

"I think she 's an angel!" said Josie, warmly.

"A pretty lively angel!" was Ed's response.

But the tone of admiration was so genuine that it satisfied even Josie Manning.

"Well!" exclaimed Donald, noting Dorry's strange costume as he entered the room, after shouting a second good-bye to Ed Tyler.

"Well!" echoed Dorry, freeing herself from her uncle's arms, and facing Donald, with a little jump — "what of it? I thought I 'd pay Uncle a visit with my pretty doll-cousin here" (hugging Delia as she spoke), "and he started as if I were a ghost. Did n't you, Uncle?"

"I suppose I did," assented Mr. Reed, with a sad smile. "In fact, Dorry, I may as well admit that what is fun to you happened, for once, not to be fun to me."

"But it *was n't fun* to me!" cried that astonishing Dorry. "It was — it was — tell him, Don; *you* know."

There was no need for Don to speak. Dorry's flushed cheeks, shining eyes, and excited manner told their own story — and both her brother and uncle, because they knew her so well, felt quite sure that in a moment Dorothy's own self would have a word to say.

Still folding the dolly to her heart and in both arms, just as she would have held it years before, and with the yearning look of a little child, the young girl, without moving from the middle of the room, looked wistfully toward the window, as though she saw outside some one whom she loved, but who could not or would not come to her. Then she stepped toward her uncle, who had seated himself again in the big chair, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said earnestly:

"Uncle, I 've been brought nearer to Aunt Kate to-day than ever in my life before, and the lonely feeling is almost all gone. I found a little old trunk, far back under the rafters, with her doll in it, her clothes and her writing, and now I see how *real* she was, — not like a dream, as she used to seem, but just one of us. You know what I mean."

"A trunk, Dorry! What? Where?" was all the response Uncle George made, as, hastening from the room, he started for the garret, keeping ahead of the others all the way.

CHAPTER XVII.

DORRY ASKS A QUESTION.

DONALD and Dorothy followed their uncle closely, though he seemed to have forgotten them; and they were by his side when he reached the little treasure-trove, with its still opened lid.

Paying no attention to their presence, Mr. Reed hurriedly, but with the tenderest touch, took out every article and examined it closely.

When he came to the diary, which Dorry that day had restored unopened to the trunk, he eagerly scanned its pages, here and there; then, to the great disappointment of the D's, he silently laid it down, as if intending soon to take it away with him.

"May we see that, Uncle?" asked Dorry, softly. "Is n't it right for us to read it? We found out it was her diary — but I put it back ——"

Without replying, Uncle George went on with his examination. Finally, replacing the last article in the trunk, he closed the lid with a hopeless air, and turned toward Dorry, saying:

"Dorothy, where is that doll? It must go back where you found it, and the clothes, too."

She handed it to him without a word — all her hope turned to bitterness.

But as he took it, noting her grieved expression, he said:

"Thank you, my dear. You are too old to play with dolls ——"

"Oh, Uncle, it is too bad for you to speak so! You *know* I did n't mean to play with it. It is n't a dolly to me — she 's more like — like something with life. But you can shut her up in the dark, if you want to."

"Dorry! Dorry!" said Don, reproachfully. "Don't be so excited."

In a flash of thought, Dorry made up her mind to speak — now or never.

"Uncle!" said she, solemnly, "I am going to

ask you a question — and, if it is wrong, I can't help it. What is the reason that you always feel so badly when I speak of Aunt Kate?"

He looked at her in blank surprise for an instant; then, as she still awaited his reply, he echoed her words, "Feel badly when you speak of Aunt Kate! Why, my child, what do you mean?"

"I mean, Uncle dear, that there is a secret in the house: something you have never told Don and me. It 's always coming up and making mischief, and I don't think it 's right at all. Neither does Don."

"That 's so, Uncle," said Donald, emphatically; "we feel sure there is something that gives you trouble. Why not let us share it with you? Remember, we are not little children any longer."

The uncle looked quickly from one to the other, mentally deciding that the children could be told only the facts that were positively known to him; then seating himself on the corner of a large chest, he drew Don and Dorry toward him.

"Yes, my children," he said, in his own hearty way, as if already a load had been taken from his mind, "there *is* something. It is right that I should tell you, and this is as good a time as any. Put the doll away, Dorry" (he spoke very gently now), "wherever you please, and come down-stairs. It is chilly up here — and, by the way, you will catch cold in that thin gown. What have we been thinking of all this while?"

"Oh, I 'm as warm as toast, Uncle," she replied, at the same time taking her pretty merino dress from the old chair upon which she had thrown it, scarcely an hour ago; "but I suppose it 's always better to be on the safe side, as Liddy says."

"Much better," said Uncle, nodding with forced cheerfulness. "Down with you, Dot. We 'll join you in a minute."

Dorry saw her uncle stooping low to peer into the far roof-end of the garret, as she left them; and she had time to place Delia carefully in her treasure-cabinet, put on the warmer dress, and be ready to receive her uncle and Donald before they made their appearance.

"May we be your guests, Dot?" asked Uncle George, at her door.

"Oh, yes, sir; come right in here," was her pleased response, as, with a conflict of curiosity and dread, Dorry gracefully conducted them into her cozy corner.

"It is too pretty and dainty here for our rough masculine tread, eh, Don?" was Mr. Reed's remark, as, with something very like a sigh, he seated himself beside Dorry upon the sofa, while her brother rested upon one of its ends.

"Well," began Dorry, clasping her hands tightly, and trying to feel calm. "We 're ready, now, Uncle."

"And so am I," said he. "But first of all, I must ask you both not to magnify the importance of what I am going to reveal."

"About Aunt Kate?" interposed Dorry.

"About Aunt Kate. Do not think you have lost her, because she was really, no — I should say — not exactly."

"Oh," urged Dorry, "don't stop so, Uncle! Please do go on!"

"As I was about to say," resumed Mr. Reed, in a tone of mild rebuke at the interruption, "it really never made any difference to me, nor to your father, and it should make no difference to you now. You know," he continued, with some hesitation, "children sometimes are adopted into families — that is to say, they are loved just the same, and cared for just the same, but they are not own children. Do you understand?"

"Understand what, please, Uncle? Did Aunt Kate adopt any one?" asked Dorry.

"No, but my father and mother did; your grandfather and grandmother Reed, you know," said he, looking at the D's in turn, as though he hoped one of them would help him.

"You don't mean, Uncle," almost screamed Dorry, "that it was that — that horrid ——"

Donald came to her assistance.

"Was it *that man*, Uncle?" he asked, quickly. "Ben Buster told me the fellow claimed to be related to us — was *he* ever adopted by Grandfather Reed?"

"Ugh!" shuddered Dorry.

Very little help poor Uncle George could hope to have now from the D's. The only way left was to speak out plainly.

"No, not that man, my children; but Aunt Kate. Aunt Kate was an adopted daughter — an adopted sister — but she was in all other respects one of our family. Never was daughter or sister more truly beloved. She was but two years old, an orphan, when she came to us. Grandpa and Grandma Reed had known her parents, and when the little" — here Mr. Reed hastily resolved to say nothing of Eben Slade for the present — "the little girl was left alone in the world, destitute, with no relatives to care for her, my father and mother took her into their home, to bear their name and to be their own dear little daughter.

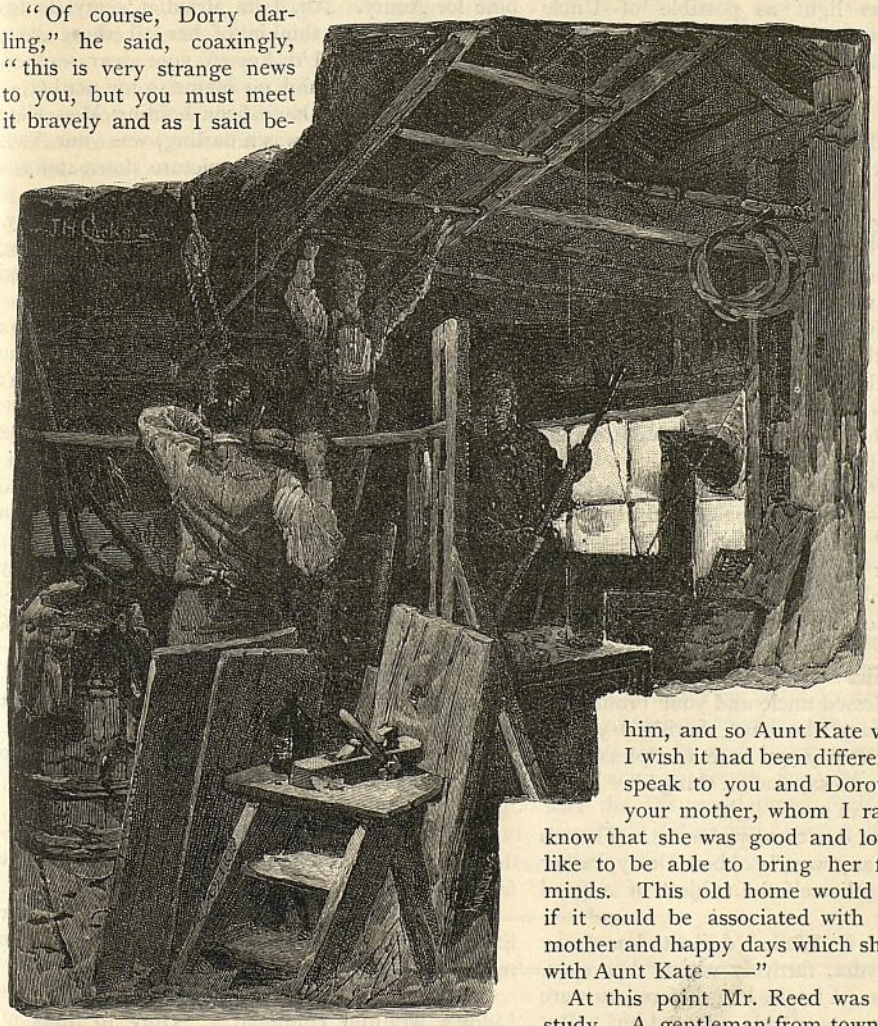
"When Aunt Kate was old enough, they told her all, but it was her wish that we boys should forget that we were not really her brothers. This was before we came to live in this house.

"Our Nestletown neighbors, hearing nothing of the adoption, naturally supposed that little Kate Reed was our own sister. The secret was known

only to our relatives, and one or two old friends, and Lydia, who was Kate's devoted nurse and attendant. In fact, we never thought anything about it. To us, as to the world outside, she was Kate Reed — the joy and pride of our home — our sister Kate to the very last. So it really made no serious difference. Don't you see?"

Not a word from either of the listeners.

"Of course, Dorry darling," he said, coaxingly, "this is very strange news to you, but you must meet it bravely and as I said before, without giving it undue importance. I wish now that, from the first, you and Donald had been told all this; but indeed your Aunt Kate was always so dear to me, that I wished you to consider her, as she considered herself, a relative. It has been my great consolation to think and speak of your father and her as my brother and sister, and to see you, day by day, growing to love and honor her memory as she deserved —— Now, do you not understand it all? Don't you see that Aunt Kate is Aunt Kate still?"



DONALD AND ED TYLER TRY THE GYMNASIUM.

"Yes, indeed. *I* say so, most decidedly," broke forth Donald. "And I am very glad you have told us, Uncle. Are n't you, Dorry?"

Dorry could not speak, but she kissed Uncle George and tried to feel brave.

"Mamma and Aunt Kate were great friends, were n't they?" Donald asked.

"Yes, indeed. Though they became acquainted only a few months before your parents married and departed for Europe, they soon became very fond of each other."

"Then, Uncle," pursued Donald, "why did n't *you* know Mother, too? I should think she would have come here to visit Aunt Kate, sometimes."

"As your mother was an only child, living alone with her invalid father, she was unwilling to leave him, and so Aunt Kate visited her instead. I wish it had been different, and that I could speak to you and Dorothy more fully of your mother, whom I rarely saw. We all know that she was good and lovely, but I should like to be able to bring her familiarly to your minds. This old home would be all the dearer if it could be associated with thoughts of your mother and happy days which she had passed here with Aunt Kate ——"

At this point Mr. Reed was summoned to his study. A gentleman from town had called to see him on business.

"Keep up a good heart, my girl," he said, tenderly, to Dorry, as he left her, "and as soon as you feel like it, take a run out-of-doors with Donald. The bracing air will drive all sad thoughts away."

Dorry tried to smile pleasantly, as she promised to follow his advice. She even begged Don not to wait any longer, assuring him that she would go out and join him very soon.

"That 's a good old Dot," said Don, proudly. "I 'll wait for you. Where 's your hat?"

"No, you go first, Don. I 'll be out soon. I really will."

"All right. Ed 's out there again by this time. You 'll find us in the gymnasium," and off he ran, well knowing that Dorry's heart was heavy, but believing that the truest kindness and sympathy lay in making as light as possible of Uncle George's revelation—which, he felt, was n't so serious a thing after all, if looked at in the right manner.

Dorothy waited until he was out of sight, and then sat down to think it all over.

The result was that when Liddy chanced to pass through the hall, a few moments later, she was startled at hearing half-suppressed sobs.

According to the custom of the house, which made the cozy corner a sort of refuge for Dorry, the good woman, upon entering at the open door, stood a moment wondering what to do. But as the sound of another little sob came from behind the screen, she called out in a cheery voice:

"May I come in, Miss Dorry, dear?"

"Y-yes," was the answer. "Oh, Liddy, is that you? Uncle has told us all about it."

"Sakes alive!" cried Liddy, holding up her hands in dismay—"not told you everything?"

"Yes, he has," insisted Dorry, weeping afresh, as Lydia's manner seemed to give her a new right to consider that an awful fact had been revealed to her. "I know now all about it. I have n't any Aunt Kate at all. I 'm a-all alone!"

"For shame, Miss Dorry; how can you talk so? You, with your blessed uncle and your brother, to say nothing of them who have cherished you in their arms from the day you were a helpless baby—for shame, Miss, to say such a thing!"

This put matters in a new light.

"Oh, Liddy, you don't know about it. There 's no Aunt K-Kate, any way," sobbed Dorry, rather relieved at finding herself the subject of a good scolding.

"There is n't, eh? Well, I 'd like to know why not!" retorted Lydia, furtively wiping her eyes. "I guess there *is*. I knew, long before you were born, that she was a dear little adopted girl. But what of that—that does n't mean she was n't ever a little girl at all. Don't you know, Miss Dorry, child, that a human being 's a human being, and folks care for 'em for what they are? It was n't just belongin' to this or that family made Miss Kate so lovely—it 's what she was herself, and I can certify to her bein' as real as you and me are—if that 's all that 's wanted."

By this time Dorry, though half comforted, had buried her face in the sofa-pillow.

"Not that I can't feel for you, poor dear," Liddy continued, gently patting the young girl's shoulder, but speaking more rapidly—"many 's the time I 've wept tears, just to think of you, longing with all your little heart for a mother. I 'm a rough old body, my dove, and what are your dear good uncle and Master Donald but menkind, after all, and it 's natural you should pine for Aunty. Ah, I 'm afraid it 's my doings that you 've been thinkin' of her all these days, when, may be, if I 'd known your dear mother, which I did n't,—and no blame to me neither,—I would n't always have been holding Miss Kate up to you. But she was a darling, was your Aunt Kate, as you know by her picture down-stairs—don't you, dear?"

Dorry nodded into the cushion, by way of reply.

Liddy gazed at her a moment in sympathizing silence, and then, in a more cheerful tone, begged her to rouse herself:

"It wont do any good to fret about it, you know, Miss Dorry. Come, now, you 'll have the awfulest headache that ever was, if you don't brighten up. When you 're in trouble, count your blessings—that 's what I always say, and you 've a big share of 'em, after all, dear. Let me make you a nice warm cup of tea—that 'll build you up, Miss Dorry. It always helps me when I—— Sakes! what 's that?"

"What 's what, Liddy?" said Dorry, languidly raising her head from the pillow. "Oh, that 's—that 's *her*—that 's Aunt Kate's frock and apron. Yes, and here 's something else. Here 's Delia—I 'll show her to you."

And so saying, she rose and stepped toward the cabinet.

"Show me Delia? Merciful heavens," cried Liddy, "has the child lost her senses!"

But the sight of the doll re-assured her.

"Oh, that 's Delia, is it?" she asked, still wondering; "well, where in the world did it come from?"

Dorry told her all about the discovery of the little trunk that had been hidden in the garret so many years.

"Oh, those miserable house-cleaners!" was Liddy's wrathful comment. "Only to think of it! We had 'em workin' up there when you twins were too little to spare me, and I 've never felt easy about it since, nor trusted any one but myself to clean that garret. To think of their pushing things in, 'way out of sight and sound like that!"

This practical digression had a good effect on Dorry. Rousing herself to make the effort, she bathed her face, smoothed her hair, and seizing her hat and shawl, started with a sigh to fulfill her promise to Donald.

And all this time, Liddy sat stroking and folding the little pink dress and black apron.

Chapter XVIII.

THE GYMNASIUM.

When Dorry reached the "gymnasium," as Ed and Don called it, she could not help smiling at the grand title they had given prematurely to a very unpromising looking place.

The building had been a fine carriage-house in its day, but of late it had been used mainly by Jack as a sort of store-house for old barrels, boxes, wheels, worn-out implements, and odds and ends of various kinds. Its respectable exterior had saved it from being pulled down when the new carriage-house was built. As Donald had planked off one end for his own special purposes,—first as a printing-office, later as a carpenter's shop,—and as Dorothy had planted vines, which in summer surrounded its big window with graceful foliage, it had become the special property of Jack and the D's.

Consequently, when Donald asked Mr. Reed to allow him to sell or send away the rubbish, and, with the proceeds of the sale of the old iron added to his own saved-up pocket-money, to turn the place into a gymnasium, his uncle not only gave free consent, but offered to let him have help and material, in case the young man should fall short of funds—as he most undoubtedly would.

The project was but a few days old at the time of the house-picnic, but being a vigorous little project, with life in its veins, it grew and prospered finely. Sailor Jack entered heartily into the work—the more so as his gallant fancy conceived the idea of some day setting up near by a sort of ship's-rigging with shrouds and ratlins, in which to give the boys lessons, and occasionally disport himself, by way of relief, when his sea-longing should become too much for him. Plans and consultations soon were the order of the day, and Dorry becoming interested, learned more about pulleys, ropes, ladders, beams, strength of timber, and such things than any other girl in the village.

The building was kept moderately warm by an old stove, which Jack had set up two years before, when Don and Dorry had the printing-press fever (which, by the way, had broken out in the form of a tiny, short-lived newspaper, called *The Nestletown Boom)*, and day after day the boys spent every odd moment of daylight there, assisted in many ways by Dorothy. But perhaps more efficient help was rendered by Jack, when he could spare the time from his horses, and by the village carpenter, when he would deign to keep his engagements.

Above all, it was decided that the new tutor should not begin until after the Christmas holidays, now close at hand.

Under this hearty coöperation, the work prospered wonderfully,

Pretty soon, boys who came to jeer remained to try the horizontal bar or the "horse," or the ladder that stretched invitingly overhead from one end of the building to the other. By special request, Don's and Dorry's Christmas gifts from Uncle were a flying-course, a swinging-bar, and a spring-board. Jack and Don carted load after load of saw-dust from the lumber-mill, and presto! the gymnasium was in full operation.

All of which explains why Josie Manning and Dorothy Reed bought dark-blue flannel, and sent to town for the latest pattern for gymnasium dresses,—why Don and Ed soon exasperated them by comfortably purchasing suits ready-made,—why Dorry's cheeks grew rosier, why Uncle was pleased, why Jack was happy, and why Lydia was morally sure the D's would break their precious necks, if somebody did n't put a stop to it.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN FROM PARIS.

There once was a man from "*Par-ee*,"
Whose reply to all questions was "*Oui!*"
When told he 'd go wrong,
Should he not change his song,
He replied very much as you see.

APRIL AND MAY.

By Celia Thaxter.

Birds on the boughs before the buds
Begin to burst in the spring,
Bending their heads to the April floods,
Too much out of breath to sing!

They chirp, "Hey-day! How the rain comes down!
Comrades, cuddle together!
Cling to the bark so rough and brown,
For this is April weather.

"Oh, the warm, beautiful, drenching rain!
I don't mind it, do you?
Soon will the sky be clear again,
Smiling, and fresh, and blue.

"Sweet and sparkling is every drop
That slides from the soft, gray clouds;
Blossoms will blush to the very top
Of the bare old tree in crowds.

"Oh, the warm, delicious, hopeful rain!
Let us be glad together.
Summer comes flying in beauty again,
Through the fitful April weather."

II. MAY.

Skies are glowing in gold and blue,
What did the brave birds say?
Plenty of sunshine to come, they knew,
In the pleasant month of May!

She calls a breeze from the South to blow,
And breathe on the boughs so bare,
And straight they are laden with rosy snow,
And there 's honey and spice in the air!

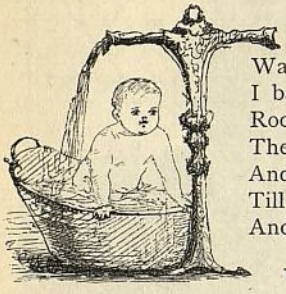
Oh, the glad, green leaves! Oh, the happy wind!
Oh, delicate fragrance and balm!
Storm and tumult are left behind
In a rapture of golden calm.

From dewy morning to starry night
The birds sing sweet and strong,
That the radiant sky is filled with light,
That the days are fair and long;

That bees are drowsy about the hive—
Earth is so warm and gay!
And 't is joy enough to be alive
In the heavenly month of May!

MASTER THEODORE.

By Old Nursey.



Little bat Titmouse Theodore Van Horn
Was the prettiest baby that ever was born.
I bathed him and fed him and taught him "Bo-peep,"
Rocked him and trotted him, sang him to sleep.
Then I bade him good-by, and crossed the wide sea,
And it rolled twenty years 'twixt that baby and me;
Till at last I resolved I would cross the blue main
And hug my own precious wee baby again.

Well, that old ship creaked, and that old ship tossed,—
I was sure as I lived that we all should be lost,—
But at last we saw sea-gulls, and soon we saw land;
And then we were in; and — if there did n't stand
My own blessed baby! He came there to meet me!
Yes, when we all landed, he hastened to greet me!
And wonder of wonders! that baby had grown
To be bigger than me, and he stood all alone!
"Why, Nursey!" he said (he could talk, think of that!),
As he bowed like a marquis and lifted his hat.
"Ah, how *did* you know your old Nursey? Oh, my!
You 've changed very much, and no wonder," says I;
When I spied of a sudden his mother, behind,—
Sweet lady! She 'd helped him Old Nursey to find.
And he told me, right there, he 'd a sweet little wife
And that I should live with them the rest of my life.

So I 'm here, and right happy. You just ought to see
The dear little fellow that sits on my knee.
He has beautiful dimples and eyes like his Ma,
And a nose and a chin just the same as his Pa.
Ah, me! He 's a beauty! There never *was* born
A prettier babe than this latest Van Horn.

THE NEW LIGHT.

By Charles Barnard.

"It 's too bad that the fairies and giants died so long ago. It does seem as if all the wonderful things happened before there was a chance to see them. If a gnome or a nixie would appear in the woods near the fairy ring, and send word that it would do something, we could go to the telephone in the library, and tell all the boys and girls in the neighborhood to meet at the railway depot and take the train for the woods, so as to be in time to see. That would be something like! They have put an electric light on a tall mast near the Town Hall. They say you can see it from Perkins's Hill where the fairy ring was found, and that 's more than nine miles from the Town Hall. Perhaps if there were any gnomes or fairies there, they could see it. What do you suppose they would think about it? It is very bright, and it makes the streets look like fairy-land."

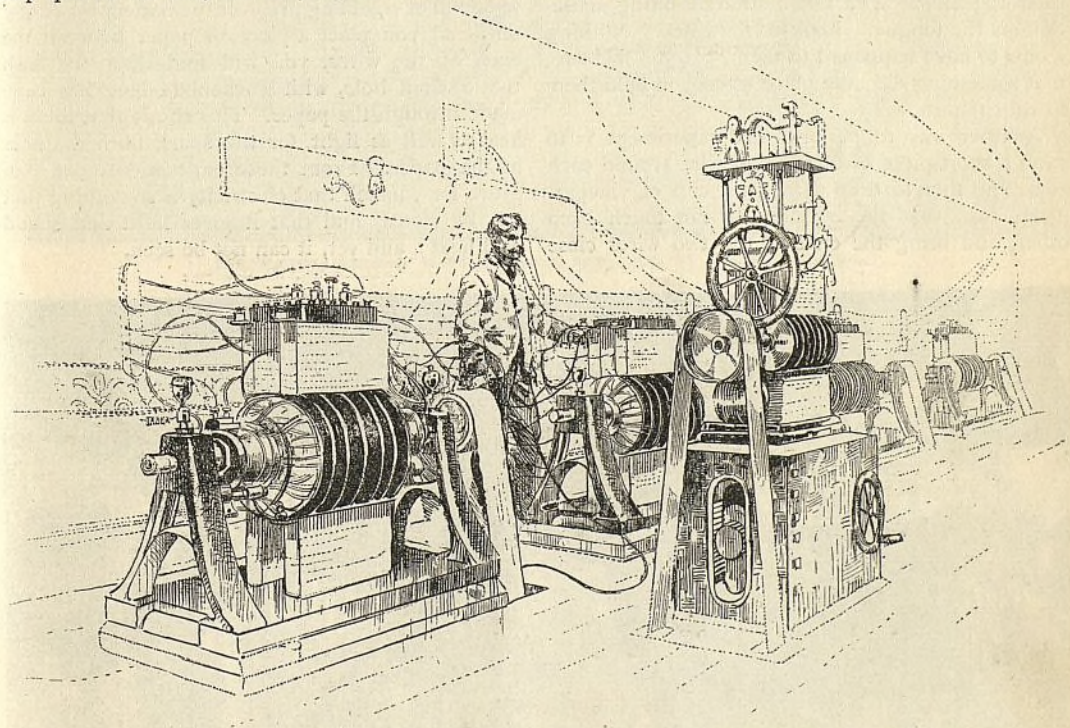
You see, the boy who made this long speech was a great talker. He certainly mixed things up in a strange fashion,—fairies and telephones, gnomes and electric lights. He was sure nothing

wonderful happens now, and yet he spoke of three things that leave poor Mr. Aladdin quite out of sight. What was the good of his old brass lamp? If you rubbed it well, you could fly away wherever you wished; but there 's nothing to show that even the wonderful flying carpet was half as fast as a train of cars. As for talking through a wire ten miles long, there is nothing like that in any fairy story ever written.

There are men and women still living who remember the time when there were no railways. It was at the Centennial Exhibition that the telephone was first shown, and some of you can recall the day the men brought the wires over the top of the house and put up that little box in the library. Now comes this mysterious electric light. It is queer and strange, bright as a small chip split off the sun, and they say the small white flame is so hot that it will burn up hard metals, like platinum, or tough stones, like diamonds. The gnomes never did anything like that, and, if they could do it, they never said so, or never took the trouble to try. Giants and nixies and gnomes don't amount to much, after all, nowadays.

It was Faraday who first saw the electric light. He was one day at work with his battery, trying experiments. He was continually trying things to see how they would behave. We call this "experimenting," and it is in this way that nearly all the strange new things were discovered. Faraday knew the battery would give him sparks and flashes of light. By trying the wires of the battery in a particular way, he found he could make the sparks stand still, while a great and wonderful light flashed up, burning and dazzling, before him. Franklin, you remember, went out one day, just as a thunder-shower was coming, and sent up his kite. The lightning ran down the kite-string and gave him a tiny spark from a key tied to the string. That was a famous experiment, for it proved that lightning and electricity were the same thing.

From Faraday's experiment we learn that a thunder-storm is a grand show, similar to the electric lights that shine in the streets. The lights in the clouds are not steady;—the lightning is not a good lamp to read by. Yet these three are the same—



DYNAMO-ELECTRIC MACHINES, WORKED BY STEAM, AND PRODUCING MAGNETO-ELECTRICITY. [SEE PAGE 570.]

the sparks from the battery, the lightning from the clouds, and the new lamps in the streets.

Place a needle near the ends of a magnet, and it will be pulled toward it. If the needle touches the magnet, it will stick to the ends. Something draws the needle to the magnet and makes it cling. The attraction of the magnet for the needle we call "magnetism." We can see nothing of it; it has no light and no motion of its own. We can not hear it, and yet we know there is force of some

kind. This force that drags the needle to the magnet we call magnetism. In trying our experiment we have been, as it were, asking a question, as if we said, "Mr. Needle, what would you do if you met Mr. Magnet?" Mr. Needle is not very talkative, but the pointed way he has of clinging to Mr. Magnet speaks more loudly than words. Could he speak, he might say: "There is a force I must obey, and it draws me to the magnet. In nature there is a law of attraction, and in nature nothing ever breaks a law."

Put a two-cent piece in the mouth, on the tongue, and lay a nickel five-cent piece under the tongue, so that the edges of the two coins will just touch. In a moment you will have a curious bitter taste on the tongue. Neither coin by itself will have this taste. When the two pieces touch each other in the mouth, something happens besides their touching. You feel a strange, biting sensation on the tongue. Look at the coins. Nothing seems to have happened to them, yet you feel sure that something did take place when you held them in your mouth.

Another way to perform this experiment is to wind a short piece of fine copper wire around each coin, and then to drop them in a cup of vinegar. Take care that the bundles do not touch each other, and bring the ends of the two wires close together. Now, holding the cup in the hand, touch the ends of the two wires to the tongue. Again you feel the strange, biting, bitter taste. One wire does not have this effect, but, when both wires touch the tongue, something happens, for you feel it plainly. What does this experiment tell us? That here is force of some kind. This kind of force is called electricity. The coins on the tongue or in the vinegar make what is termed a "battery," that is, a fountain, of this force, and the taste on the tongue is caused by electricity.

If, in place of the coins, you use a sheet of copper and a sheet of zinc, each with its copper wire, and if in place of the vinegar a stronger acid, like sulphuric acid, is used, there will be more force, and the electricity will give us light and sounds. If the ends of the wires are brought together, there will be a tiny spark and a low sound, like the snapping of a bit of wood. There is nothing new to be seen or felt in the wires. They are cold and silent, yet, when they touch, they seem for an instant to be full of crackling fire. If the battery is a strong one, and you place a piece of paper between the ends of the wires, you will find after the flash that a small hole, with blackened edges, has been made through the paper. This shows that there is heat as well as light, for the spark burned a hole in the paper. From these experiments you can prove for yourself that electricity is something that can be tasted, and that it gives light and sound and heat; and yet, it can not be seen.

A RAINY NIGHT.—STREET LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

At one time it was imagined that electricity was a kind of fluid, like water, and that it could, in some way, flow through the wires of a battery.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON A CLOUDY EVENING.

It is better to think that electricity is merely energy displaying itself; but no one can tell what it really is. We can see its light; we can feel it in the hands and arms — as when you touch a Leyden-jar; we can taste it, as you know; and it will burn and give out terrible sounds. We see the lightning strike a barn, and the barn burns down, and we hear the pealing sound when the flash has darted from the black clouds. These things are only the ways in which it shows itself to us, and we say these are displays of energy. The acid in the battery bites and eats up the copper and zinc. This process releases force or energy, and this force gives light and heat and sound. Electricity is the name we give to this strange force that comes from the copper coins in your mouth; that streams from the battery; that flashes from the clouds; and burns with such beautiful fires in the Northern Lights. It is this force that is now used to light the new electric lamps in the streets.

Faraday knew that the battery would give sparks, and he discovered a way of making them stand still and burn like a lamp. After this, for a long time, nothing more was done with the light.

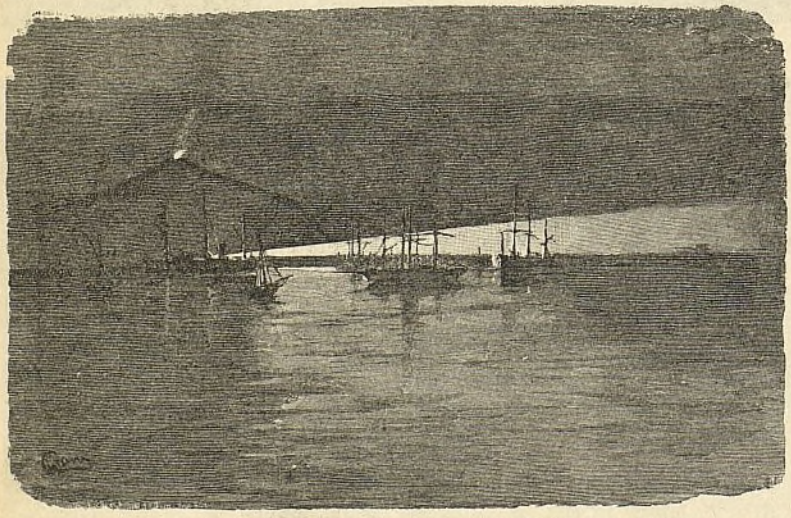
A strange thing was next discovered. If the wire from a battery were wound around a piece of iron, the iron would become a magnet. If the wire were cut in two, so that it did not reach the battery, the iron would cease to be a magnet, and become mere ordinary iron, for which needles did not seem to care. If the wire were again joined to the battery, the needles found it out quickly enough. Now, here is a curious matter. A piece of iron may be a magnet at one time, and not at another. While the electricity runs through the wire, around and around the iron, the iron is a magnet. When the electricity stops, the iron loses its magnetic power. So it appears that the kind of energy which we call electricity may create magnetism in a rod of iron. We might say, Magnetic force and Electric force are brothers. It seems so; and a magnet made by passing electricity through copper wire wound around iron, we call an electro-magnet, and the attractive power it has over a needle, we call electro-magnetism.

If Electricity is brother to Magnetism, perhaps the magnet can give us electricity? This appears to be so; for if a coil of wire is placed near a magnet, and then made to revolve rapidly, electricity is found in the wire just as if it had come from a battery. Electricity obtained in this new way was therefore called magneto-electricity. Then, working on this discovery, inventors made machines for producing electricity. These machines gave more electricity than could be obtained from a battery, and it was much cheaper to make a steam-

engine turn the new machines, than to put costly metals like zinc and copper into batteries.

These electrical machines are now very common, and it is from them we get the electric force for the new lights. They are called dynamo-electrical machines, because the science of making engines work is called dynamics, and the motion or energy of the engine is used to drive the machines. They are sometimes called "dynamos"—for short—or, as we might say, "work machines."

These "dynamos" are of various kinds, but all are much alike. There is one large magnet, or a number of small ones placed together, and near the ends are set bundles of insulated wires—that is, bundles of wires, each wire being coated with gutta-percha, which shuts in, or insulates, the electricity, and prevents its escaping from the surface of the wire. These bundles of wires are called "armatures," and they are placed on axles, as if they were wheels. The steam-engine is connected with the armature of a machine, and when the engine is at work the armature turns around many hundred times in a minute, close to the end of the magnet. The armature feels the magnetism of the great magnet, and every bit of the winding wire seems to thrill and quiver with electricity.



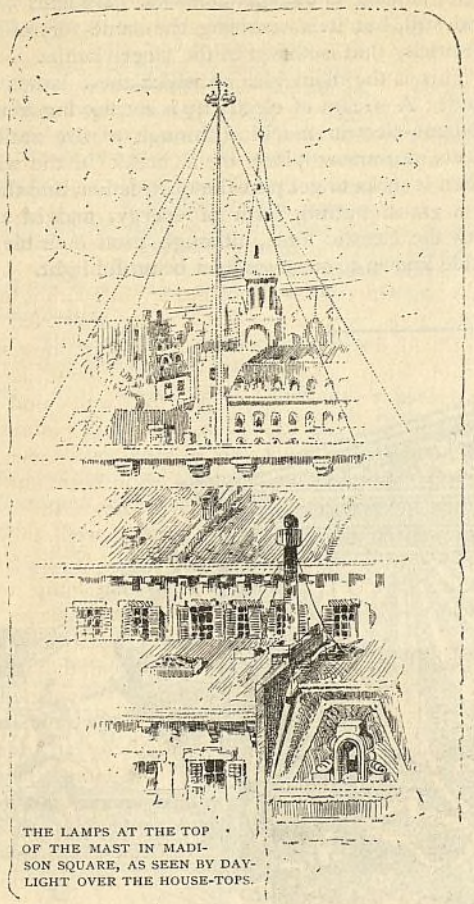
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON AN ITALIAN WAR-SHIP IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

Brilliant sparks leap from the ends of the flying wire, and crackling blue flames seem to dance on the copper brushes that touch the armature, as it whirls swiftly around. On page 567 is a picture of one of these strange machines. You can not distinguish the parts of the armature as it spins around and around near the magnets. There must be something going on inside, for the whole machine is hot, as if it were in a terrible excitement over its work. Big copper wires, covered with cloth, are fastened to the machine, and are carried along the street on telegraph poles. Outside, in the dark, gleam and shine the fiery lamps, looking like baby moons glowing on the lamp-posts, or like clusters of brilliant stars burning on tall masts above the trees in the park.

If we examine one of these electric lamps in the streets, we shall find it consists of two rods, one pointing upward from the bottom of the lamp, the other hanging downward. The rods seem to touch, and the brilliant flame is exactly where they seem to meet. The man in the picture on the next page is just putting these rods into place in the lamp. Once a day he comes around with a bag of the rods. He takes out the old rods that were burned the night before, and places a new set in each lamp. After he has gone about, as if he were putting new wicks into the lamps, and each is ready for its night's work, all the lamps are lighted in broad day, to see that every one is in proper trim. They are allowed to burn until the men have walked about in the streets and looked at each lamp. If all are burning well, they are put out till it begins to grow dark. If one fails to burn properly, a man goes to that lamp to see what is the matter. The rods are made of a curious black substance, like charcoal, that is called carbon. When the lamp is out, the two rods touch each other. In order to light the lamp, they are pulled apart; and if you look at the flame through a smoked glass, you will see that the rods do not quite touch. There is a small space between their points, and this space is filled with fire. Look at the other parts of the rods, or the copper wires that extend along the streets. They have no light, no heat, no sound. The wires are cold, dark, and silent. If we were to push the two rods in the lamp close together, the light and heat would disappear, and the curious hissing sound would stop. Why is this? Let us go to the woods near some brook, and it may be that we can understand this matter.

Here is the brook, flowing quietly along, smooth, deep, and without a ripple. We walk beside the stream, and come to a place where there are high rocks, and steep, stony banks. Here the channel is very narrow, and the water is no longer smooth

and silent. It boils and foams between the rocks. There are eddies and whirlpools, and at last we



THE LAMPS AT THE TOP OF THE MAST IN MADISON SQUARE, AS SEEN BY DAYLIGHT OVER THE HOUSE-TOPS.

come to the narrowest part of all. Here, the once dark and silent water roars and foams in white, stormy rapids. There are sounds and furious leaping and rushing water and clouds of spray. What is the matter? Why is the smooth, dark water so white with rage, so impetuous, so full of sounds and turmoil? The rocks are the cause. The way is narrow and steep. The waters are hemmed in, and there is a grand display of flashing white foam and roaring water-falls, as the waters struggle together to get past the narrow place.

It is the same with the electricity flowing through the large copper wires. It passes down one wire into the other, through the lamp, in silence and darkness, so long as the rods touch and the path is clear. When the rods in the lamp are pulled apart, there is a space to be got over, an obstruction, like rocks in the bed of the brook. The electricity, like the water, struggles to get over the hindrance in its path, and it grows white-hot with anger, and flames and hisses as it leaps across the narrow space between the rods.

One of the pictures gives a good idea of the way some of the lamps are placed on tall masts, high above the trees and houses, and of the curious cone-like effect produced by the rays shining across the rain-drops at night, making each one glisten like a diamond falling out of the sky. Another view was taken from the windows of the tall building in Union Square where ST. NICHOLAS may be found at home; it shows how the masts and lamps look in the day-time. Besides these, we

THE LAMPS LOWERED. FITTING-IN THE NEW RODS.

have a picture of an electric light on board an Italian war-ship in the bay of Naples. These lights are also used on steam-boats on the West-

ern rivers. The pilot moves the light about until it shines on the trees or houses upon the bank, and in this manner picks out his way along the stream.

There is another kind of electric lamp, used in houses; it has a smaller and softer light, steady, white, and very beautiful.

In these lamps, also, we have something like the narrow place in the brook. They are made with slender loops of carbon, inclosed in glass globes. The electricity, flowing silently through a dark wire, enters the lamp, and finds only a narrow thread on which it can travel to reach the home-going wire, and, in its struggle to get past, it heats the tiny thread of carbon to whiteness. Like a live coal, this slender thread gives us a mild, soft light, as long as the current flows. It seems calm and still, but it is enduring the same fury of the electricity that is shown in the larger lamps.

This is the main idea on which these lamps are made: A stream of electricity is set flowing from a dynamo-electric machine through a wire until it meets a narrow place or a break in the wire. Then it seeks to get past the obstruction, and there is a grand putting forth of energy, and in this way the electric force, although itself invisible, is made known to our eyes by a beautiful light.

COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF NOD," ETC.

II. THE NEW RED RIDING-HOOD.

CHARACTERS: JENNY, a girl of eight years. JOHNNY STOUT, a boy of sixteen or eighteen years. JIMMY BINGS, a Tramp.

The argument shows that wolves are just as designing, little girls just as heedless and helpful, and the chances of rescue just as possible to-day as at the time of the original Red Riding-hood.

SCENE: A neatly furnished parlor. JENNY discovered dusting furniture, arranging flowers, and making things look nice generally.

JENNY, *surveying her work critically:*

There! — my mamma 's gone away,
To be gone, she said, all day,
And so I am keeping house. Oh, what fun!
I shall have no time to play,
But must work and work away,
And be busy as a mouse, till I 've done.

But my mamma said to me—
Now, what was it? Let me see:
"Jenny, darling, don't go out all the day;
But keep close at home till tea,
When I 'll come and set you free;
So just mind what you 're about, dear, I pray.

"And keep Bridget right in call;
And mind this, dear, most of all:
Don't let in any stranger while I 'm gone.
Lock the windows and the hall,
And be careful not to fall,
And don't get into danger here alone."

Well, I 'll try my best, I 'm sure,
To keep everything secure;
But I 've no need for Bridget, that I know;
Girls are *such* a bore about,
And she might as well go out;
I 'll just go down and tell her she can go. [*Exit.*]

[JIMMY BINGS *appears outside at window (or door, if a window is impracticable); he peers in, looks around; then tries the window, opens it, and enters cautiously.*

JIMMY BINGS: Well, now, here 's a lucky go!
With that window open so,
I just skipped right in the house as slick as soap.
Why, here 's loads of pretty things.
You 're in luck, old Jimmy Bings,
And can do a stroke of business here, I hope.

[*A noise outside.*]

Hello! Who 's that coming here?

[*Goes to door, and looks out cautiously.*]

Men? No! Dogs? No! Well, that 's queer!
Why! it 's only just a pretty leetle gal.
Jimmy Bings, slip out, and then
Just walk in here bold again—
Play your game, and make that little chick your pal!

[*Exit through door cautiously.*] [*Reënter* JENNY.]

JENNY: There! Now Bridget 's gone away,
And I 'll have a quiet day,
Fixing everything up lovely while I wait;
So that Mamma, she will say,
When she comes back home to-day:
"What a lady is my little girl of eight!"

[*Enter by door* JIMMY BINGS, *hat in hand. He makes* JENNY *a low bow.*

JIMMY B.: Ah! Good-morning, little miss!
You look sweet enough to kiss.
Is your Ma at home this morning, may I ask?

JENNY: Why, sir, no. She 's gone away,
To be gone the livelong day,
And I 'm keeping house alone.

JIMMY B.: A pleasant task.
And you 'll do it, I 'll be bound.
Well, I 'm sorry Ma 's not 'round,
For I wanted quite pertickeler to see her.

JENNY: May not I, sir, do as well?
Is it—anything to sell?
Pray sit down, sir, so that we may talk the freer.

JIMMY B., *sitting:* Thank you, Miss, I 'll sit awhile;
For I 've traveled many a mile,
Just to see your precious Ma, if you 'll believe me.

JENNY: She 'll be sorry, sir, I know,
When she hears she 's missed you so.
Can't you tell me, sir, your business, ere you leave me?

JIMMY B.: Well, the fact is, I 'm her cousin!

[JENNY *looks surprised.*]

Oh, she 'd know me in a dozen.
I 'm her cousin, come to see her, from Nevada.

JENNY, *suspiciously:*
In those clothes?—Oh, sir,—I fear——!

JIMMY B.: Oh, a railroad smash-up, dear,
Mussed me up a little—never was jogged harder!

JENNY: Oh, I 'm sorry! Are you hurt?

JIMMY B.: Not the least. It 's only dirt;
But I always am so neat, I quite despair;
And my wardrobe all is down
At the Clarendon, in town,
Where I 'm stopping: I am Algernon St. Clair.

JENNY: My, though! What a pretty name!
Well, it really is a shame
You should have to go to town in such a plight.
There now, would n't Papa's do?
Oh, please look the papers through,
And I 'll run upstairs, and soon fix you all right.

JIMMY B.: No, don't fret yourself, my dear;
I prefer to have you here,
Though perhaps I may accept your offer later.
Is your Pa as big as me?

JENNY, *surprised:* Don't you know him?

JIMMY B.: Well, you see,
I 've been West so long I 've kind of lost my data.

JENNY: Wont you have a bit to eat?

JIMMY B.: Well, I do feel rather beat.

JENNY:
Then I 'll go and bring you up a little luncheon.

JIMMY B., *carelessly:*
Have you silver, dear—or plate?

JENNY: Mostly solid, sir.

JIMMY B.: Fust rate!
Bring it up, and let me see it while I 'm munchin'.

JENNY, *surprised:* Bring up all the silver, sir?

JIMMY B.: Why, that 's what I come here fur,
Just to make your dearest Ma a little present,—
Silver service lined with gold,—
And if her's 's a trifle old
I 'll have it all fixed over.

JENNY, *delighted:* Oh, how pleasant!
I will get it right away.
My! I 'm glad you came to-day,
It will be, oh, such a nice surprise to Mamma.

JIMMY B.: Well, I rather think so, too.

JENNY: Now, your luncheon. [*Exit.*]

JIMMY B., *looking after her and rubbing his hands:*
Good for you!
What a blessed little chick you are, my charmer!
Just the cream of tender things;
You 're in luck, old Jimmy Bings—
Oh, hexcuse me, Mr. Algernon St. Clair!—
Just you turn an honest penny.
Now, let 's see if there are any
Of these things worth my packing up with care.

[*Takes the table-cloth off the table and begins filling it with ornaments, knickknacks, and valuables, looking at each article sharply. Suddenly he stops, both hands full, as if struck by a brilliant idea.*

Jimmy Bings! Why, that is grand,—
Here 's a fortune right at hand!
For contriving little schemes you are the boss.
Scoop in all the things you can,
And then, like a prudent man,
Take the little girl off too—like Charley Ross!

[*Hurries the rest of the things into the table-cloth, stopping occasionally to express his approval of his great plan by sundry slaps and nods. Enter* JENNY *with a tray of luncheon, nicely set. She stands in the door-way amazed.*

JENNY: Mr. Algernon St. Clair,
Why—what *are* you doing there?

JIMMY B.:
Only clearing off the things to help you, dear.

JENNY: But the table 's large enough.

JIMMY B.: Oh, well! Just set down the stuff,
And I 'll make the reason very, very clear ——
Brought a lot for me to eat?

JENNY: Bread and cake, preserves and meat.

JIMMY B.: What a handy little chick you are,—
[*Nods at her, his mouth full.*] That 's so!
Don't you want to come with me —
And your little cousins see?

JENNY:
Oh, no, thank you, sir; from home I can not go.

JIMMY B., *eating rapidly:*
Well, we 'll speak of that bime-by.
Vittles, fust-class—spiced quite high.
Yes—they 're most as good as what I get in town.
[*Pushes his plate away.*]
Now, then; I will tell you, Miss,
What 's the meaning of all this.
[*Points to his bundle.*]
Where 's that silver service?
[JENNY *opens sideboard and shows the silver service.*]
All right—pack her down.
[*Stuffing it into the bundle.*]
Well, you see, it is n't fair
That a sister of St. Clair
Should have to use things when they 're worn and old.
So, I think I 'll take them down
To my jeweler's, in town,
And just swap 'em off for nicer things in gold.

JENNY: O—h! But that will cost so much!

JIMMY B.: Now, then, Sissy, don't you touch
On that question, 'cause the new ones *I* shall buy;
But I 'd like to have you go
And help pick them out, you know;
'Cause you know what Mamma likes best, more than I.

JENNY: But I really can't leave home.

JIMMY B.: Oh, I think you 'd better come;
For it wont be long before I bring you back.

JENNY, *hesitating:* I have half a mind to go.
Mamma 'd let me.

JIMMY B.: That I know.
So get ready, while I go to work and pack.

JENNY, *deliberating:*
She said: "Jenny, do not go."
But, of course, she could not know
That her cousin, Mr. Algernon St. Clair,
Would come here to take me out.
Oh, I know what I 'm about,
And I 'll go along with him, I do declare.
[*Goes to closet and brings out her red cloak and hood.*]

JIMMY B.: What a pretty cloak and hood!

JENNY: Mamma made them. She 's so good!

JIMMY B.: Good as gold! Just wear them, wont you?
That 's a dear.

JENNY: But I must n't get them wet.

JIMMY B.: I wont let you; don't you fret.
I 'll take care of them when once we go from here.
Now, then—are you ready, Sis?

JENNY: Yes—but, then, I must n't miss
To see everything locked up all safe and tight,
So that none of those old tramps —
My! but are n't they horrid scamps?—
Can sneak in before we both get back to-night.

JIMMY B., *looking at doors and windows:*
Oh, well! Everything 's secure.

JENNY: Did you look?

JIMMY B.: Oh, yes. I 'm sure.
So let 's both be off at once, without delay.
[*Noise outside—Jimmy starts, guiltily.*]

JIMMY B.: Hello, there, now! What was that?

JENNY: Where?

JIMMY B.: Out there!

JENNY: It was the cat!

JIMMY B.: No, it was n't.

JENNY: P'r'aps it 's Mamma!

JIMMY B., *starting for the door:* Get away!

[*Door opens suddenly.* JOHNNY STOUT *bursts in and then stops, astonished.*

JOHNNY: Goodness, Jenny! What 's this mean?

JENNY: What?

JOHNNY: Why this confusing scene?
Are you moving?

JENNY: No, I 'm going out to walk.

JOHNNY: Going *out?* Whom with? and where?

JENNY, *points to* J. B.: Mr. Algernon St. Clair.

JIMMY B., *loftily:*
So don't keep us here, young feller, with your talk.

JOHNNY, *suspiciously:*
Jenny, who 's that party there? [*Points to* J. B.]

JENNY, *pouting:* Mr. Algernon St. Clair—
Mamma's cousin, who has come here from Nevada.

JOHNNY: From Nevada!—How you talk!

[*Suddenly to* JIMMY B.]
Well, my friend, you 'll have to walk!
Pretty quick, sir, too, before I make it harder!

JIMMY B.: Why! You saucy little cub,
Why!—I 'll have to thrash you, Bub.
Just you scatter, or I 'll help you with my toe, sir!

JOHNNY, *quickly pulling out a pistol from the table-drawer, and pointing it at* JIMMY B.:
Do you see this little toy?
There 's six pills for you, my boy,
Unless you drop that stuff at once and—go, sir!

JIMMY B., *to* JENNY, *appealingly:*
Look here, Sis, this is n't square!

JENNY, *protesting:* Mr. Algernon St. Clair!

JOHNNY, *contemptuously:*
Mr. Algernon St. Fiddlesticks, my Jenny!
Why, this sneaking fellow, here,
Is just out of jail, my dear!
He 's a tramp, without a single honest penny.

JIMMY B., *stepping toward him:*
That 's a lie!

JOHNNY *levels pistol at him:* Hush! don't you talk.
Drop your bundle, sir, and walk,
Or I 'll shoot you like a dog, without objection.
Now, then—go, sir, or I 'll fire!
Put your hands up!—higher! higher!
Wait here, Jenny: I 'll just sever this connection.

[*He backs* J. B. *out of the room at the muzzle of the pistol;* JENNY *listens for a while, and then sinks on a chair and cries.*

JENNY: Just a horrid, dirty tramp!
What an awful, awful scamp!
Oh, what *shall* I say to Mamma? Dearie, dear!
If I 'd only minded her
Such a thing could not occur,
And she 'll *never* trust me so again, I fear.

[*Cries a little longer. Then jumps up, indignantly.*]
Oh, but what a horrid bear!
Mr. Algernon St. Clair! [*Contemptuously.*]
What an awful, awful, *awful* wicked story!
[*Enter* JOHNNY.]
Oh, but Johnny, where is he?

JOHNNY: He 's as safe as safe can be.
Fast in jail, now, all alone and in his glory.
I just marched him to the gate;
There I made him stand and wait
Till I saw a big policeman come along;
Then, when I had told the tale,
He just walked him off to jail,
And so there your cousin 's locked up, good and strong.

JENNY: Oh, don't say my cousin, please!

JOHNNY: Well, '*t was* just the tightest squeeze!
But how *did* he, Jenny, get you in his snare?

JENNY: He was *so* polite and kind!

JOHNNY: Oh, you goosey! Oh, how blind!
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Mr. Algernon St. Clair!

JENNY: Now, don't laugh, please; for, you see,
It *did* seem all right to me;
And I thought he meant to do just what he said.
Dear! but what *will* Mamma say,
When she comes back home to-day?
Oh, I wish, I *wish* that I could hide my head!

JOHNNY: Why, just tell the whole thing out,
And say how it came about.

JENNY:
Well, I will. And Johnny, I will tell her, too,
How *you* came, so bold and brave ——

JOHNNY, *interrupting*: Oh, no! that 'll do to save.

JENNY:
But I should n't have been saved, dear, without you!

JOHNNY: Never mind, my Jenny, then;
But I guess you 'll know again
That to mind what Mamma says, alone is good.

JENNY: Yes, I shall!

JOHNNY: And, now it 's through,
I shall always think of you,
[*Taking her hand.*]
Little Jenny, as the NEW RED RIDING-HOOD.

[CURTAIN.]

"MASTER SELF."

"THERE was once a lit-tle boy," said Mam-ma, "and he loved Some-bod-y ver-y much. It is n't a ver-y large Some-bod-y, but it has bright blue eyes and curl-y hair."——"Why, it 's me!" said Char-lie. "It 's me, my-self."

"So it is," said Mam-ma, laugh-ing. "And it 's 'Mas-ter Self' whom Char-lie loves best. He even does n't love Sis-ter so much as 'Mas-ter Self.' So he keeps all his pret-ty toys and does n't give them up. He loves 'Mas-ter Self' bet-ter than Mam-ma, for when Mam-ma says 'Go to bed,' and 'Mas-ter Self' says 'No,'—Char-lie likes best to please that naught-y 'Mas-ter Self.'"

"I wont please 'Mas-ter Self,'" said Char-lie, and he kissed Mam-ma, and said "Good-night." Next day, Mam-ma gave Char-lie a bright, new ten-cent piece, and said he might go with Nurse to buy some can-dy.

When Nurse and Sis-ter were read-y, and Char-lie had taken his lit-tle stick, they set out. Char-lie was think-ing. He was think-ing ver-y much, and he was say-ing to him-self: "I don't love 'Mas-ter Self.'"

He walked qui-et-ly by Nurse's side. Now and then he looked at the mon-ey in his hand; it was ver-y bright and ver-y white. It seemed a long way to the can-dy store.——"What will you buy, Char-lie?" asked Nurse.

"Some can-dy for my-self," said Char-lie, as they reached the Park.

"Keep close to me while we cross the road," said Nurse; but just then Char-lie pulled her dress and whis-pered: "Look, Nurse! Look there!" and Nurse saw a lit-tle girl stand-ing near a tree, a-lone and cry-ing.

"What 's the mat-ter with her, Nurse?" asked Char-lie.

"I 'll ask her," said Nurse. "What are you cry-ing for, dear?"

But the lit-tle girl on-ly cried the more, and Char-lie went close to her and said: "What 's the mat-ter, lit-tle girl?"

The lit-tle girl could not speak, she was sob-bing so much. "Don't cry," said Char-lie, in great dis-tress. "It makes me want to cry too."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the lit-tle girl. "I have lost my mon-ey! All my mon-ey." But soon she be-gan to tell Nurse how it was. She was go-ing to get some bread, and she had the mon-ey in her hand,—"and," said she, "a boy pushed me, and I fell, and lost my ten-cent piece, and I can't buy the bread, and Moth-er will be so an-gry."

"I 'm glad I did n't lose *my* piece," said Char-lie, squeezing it hard.

"I am ver-y sor-ry for you," said Nurse. "If I were you, I 'd run home and tell Moth-er."

"I can't! I can't!" cried the lit-tle girl. "It was all Moth-er had, and we 're so hun-gry!"

Char-lie held his mon-ey tight-ly. What was he think-ing of, all the time? He was say-ing to him-self: "I don't love 'Mas-ter Self.'" He pulled Nurse's dress, and said: "Nurse, can't you give the lit-tle girl some mon-ey?"

"I have n't my purse, dear," said Nurse.

The lit-tle girl moved a-way, cry-ing. Char-lie walked on be-side Nurse. They were near the can-dy store. He could see the sweets in the win-dow, —sticks and balls and creams! Char-lie turned his head. He saw the lit-tle girl look-ing back too. She was still cry-ing. Char-lie pulled Nurse's dress. "Nurse," he said, "I want to turn back."

"What do you want to turn back for?" asked Nurse. "Here is the store."

Char-lie raised him-self on tip-toe to get near-er to Nurse's ear, and whis-pered:

"I want to please the lit-tle girl and not 'Mas-ter Self'!"

Nurse knew what he meant. She turned back. Char-lie looked once more at the can-dy store, then he ran a-cross the street. When he came close to the lit-tle girl, he held out his bright ten-cent piece and said: "It is for you, and not for 'Mas-ter Self'!"

The lit-tle girl stopped cry-ing and be-gan to smile; then she tried to say "Thank you," to Char-lie; but Nurse said: "Run, now, and buy your bread," and she ran off, aft-er look-ing back to nod and smile at Char-lie.

But Char-lie was even hap-pi-er than she. He walked brisk-ly home and sat on Mam-ma's lap, and told her all a-bout it. Mam-ma kissed him, and said: "Is n't Char-lie hap-py now?"

And Char-lie said: "Yes; be-cause I did n't please 'Mas-ter Self.'"

"IT IS FOR YOU, AND NOT FOR 'MASTER SELF,'" SAID CHARLIE.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH! May is here once more, my darlings, and has gone to work at once, as we knew she would, a-decorating this great, big, lovely Home of ours. She is as busy an artist as you ever saw, just at this present moment, for there are still a good many April-y cobwebs to be swept from the walls before the colors can be put on. But May will make short work of that — bless her!

Yes, May is here — and not too soon for your Jack; no, nor for you neither, my hearties! Here *you* are, too — the girls with new spring dresses and their hands full of arbutus; and the boys with kite-strings instead of sled-ropes in their sturdy grip, and a suspicious creak of marbles in their pockets as they crowd close up to my pulpit. Well, it 's a sight for any May to be proud of — and we 're all ready for her. So we 'll begin with a cheer all round, for the opening of the season.

And now for

THE BOTTLE-FISH.

NOT *bottled* fish, my dears, nor a fish made of glass and sold in apothecaries' shops, nor a candy fish shaped like a bottle. No, indeed, but a veritable, live, sly fellow, who, it appears, contrives to be either a fish or a bottle, or both, according to the whim of the moment. Just hear this:

"One day, last summer, when I was fishing in Long Island Sound, where the water was about ten feet deep, and so clear that I could see the bottom perfectly well, a queer-looking fish came creeping slowly up toward my hook. He moved very stupidly, but presently he took the bait and I caught him. He was about five inches long, a little larger around than my thumb, and very prettily colored with green and yellow and black.

"As I took the hook from his mouth he began to grind his teeth, or rather his jaws, together, and at the same time his body was swelling. I found that at each motion of his jaws he was drawing in air, until, instead of being as large as my thumb, he was like the largest orange you ever saw, with a slender bit of body and a tail projecting from one side of it.

"The fisherman with me called him a 'Bottle-fish,' or as he phrased it, a '*Bottle-ey*.' When the fish was fully blown up, I laid him on the water, where he floated, back downward, as light as a bubble. Forthwith he began to blow out the air, but before enough was gone to enable him to go under water, I took him into my hand again. I then held him just below the surface, and on my touching him lightly he swelled as before, only that now he was filled with water instead of air, and of course was now heavy. I took my hand from him, and he came up spouting a stream of water from his mouth clear above the surface As soon as he had thrown it all out, he turned head downward, went to the bottom, swam straight to my hook, took the bait, and I caught him the second time, apparently not at all troubled by his past experience. W. O. A."

Queer fellow, Mr. Bottle-ey. Another queer thing about him is that, according to all accounts, he 's never found in the neighborhood of Cork. Speaking of animated floating things, what do you think of

A LIVING LIFE-BUOY?

HERE is the story of it just as it came to me: "A living life-buoy recently saved a sailor from drowning. A seaman on board a British vessel, sailing to Australia, fell overboard when the vessel was crossing the Southern Ocean, and although a boat was lowered immediately, a long pull was necessary before reaching the sailor. When the boat got near the man, he was seen to be supporting himself in the water by clinging to a large albatross which he had seized on coming to the surface after his plunge. Albatrosses in the Southern Seas are, as a rule, most fierce, and have, in several cases, killed men by blows from their terrible beaks. But in this case the sailor had evidently obtained a good grip of the bird's neck with both hands, preventing it from using its beak, and converting a would-be foe into an unwilling friend."

WATCH THE SATURDAYS!

DEAR JACK; I heard something very singular about the weather the other day. One Saturday, when it was raining, a lady who lived in the country said to me, as we remarked about the rain: "The sun *must* shine some time to-day." "How so?" I asked. "Why," she replied, "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some time in the day." After the lady went away, I laughed at what I supposed was a foolish whim, while I watched the rain falling ever faster — but how surprised I was to find, as the hours went on, that the clouds were dispersing, and finally the sun came out bright — all fair at three o'clock Would the readers of ST. NICHOLAS notice the Saturdays and see if this mystery holds good? Remember, the saying is, not that "it will rain but one Saturday in the year," but that "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some part of the day." L. B. G.

Follow this up, my youngsters, — keep a record of it, some of you, and report to me next May.

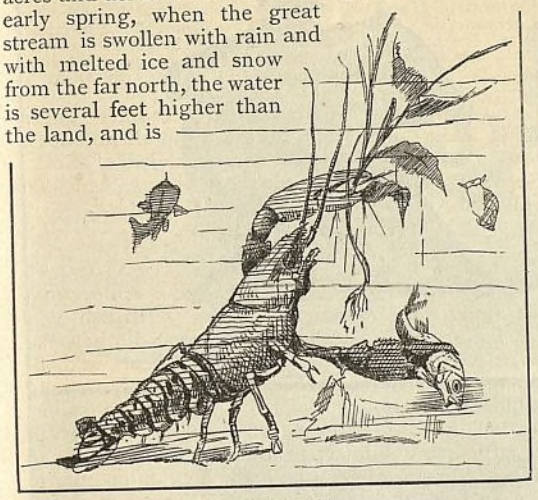
A TEN-LEGGED TORMENT.

YOU all have heard about the terrible floods in the South and West, this spring, and how they have made many families homeless, and caused dreadful destruction and suffering. But you may not have heard that lesser floods of this sort are sometimes caused by a ten-legged torment.

My learned brother, Professor Froshey, of New Orleans, calls it "a perpetual nuisance and damage"; and he ought to know, for he has had the honor of its acquaintance during more than forty years. It is the ten-legged craw-fish, or cray-fish, and it brings destruction upon immense tracts of fertile country.

You know that for about three hundred miles of the Lower Mississippi, the rich land at each side is low and flat; but that it has many lovely homes,

broad cotton-fields, and gardens of sweetly scented flowers; and the sunlight glitters and flashes from acres and acres of satin-leaved sugar-cane. In the early spring, when the great stream is swollen with rain and with melted ice and snow from the far north, the water is several feet higher than the land, and is



THE CRAW-FISH.

only prevented from overflowing by high side-banks of earth, or levees, built for that purpose.

Well, it appears that it is through these walls of defense that the craw-fish loves to drive his tunnels; and the earth being soft, the holes are quickly enlarged by the running of the water through them. The sides of some of these tunnels wash away, and one large hole is made, through which a strong stream pours itself upon the plain. Suddenly, the bank caves in, the river plunges through the gap, and the yellow floods spread out and lay waste the farms.

Then comes the long and toilsome labor of mending the levee, and all the while the yet unbroken parts must be watched night and day, so that every leak may be stopped as soon as it shows.

Of course, the river sometimes breaks through its banks without the aid of mischievous Mr. Ten-legs; but he so often is the guilty party, that it is little wonder his victims call him hard names.

The craw-fish in the picture does n't appear to have ten "legs"; but that is what the naturalists call them, saying there is a pair in front with large nippers,—next, a very short pair with small nippers,—then, a long pair with small nippers,—and, lastly, two pairs of thin legs, each with a single point.

FOR THE INQUISITIVE.

How does a cat come down a tree? Why don't cats and squirrels descend trees in the same manner? And why can not animals of the dog tribe climb trees?

CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM.

The other day, Deacon Green was poring over a big book he has, and I heard him read, that in old times in England it was the fashion for a servant or an inferior to stand and hold a candle for his master to see by. Hence, the saying, "You can't hold a candle to him," is as much as to say you are so inferior to that person that you are not fit even to serve him in the capacity of candle-holder.

THE OWL'S-HEAD BUTTERFLY.

In November last, my dears, I told you about the curious Butterfly branch, and showed you a picture of it; and now, here is another butterfly picture, quite as curious in its way. The queer creature shown in this picture is perched head-downward on a branch, the under-part of him turned toward you in such a way as to appear to be the head of an owl peering at you over the branch. In the dim forests of his South American home, this butterfly might easily be mistaken for an owl, for in this position his body outlines a beak, his wings are like the bird's feathers in color, and the big, dark-blue spots that form the "eyes" shine almost as beautifully as a dove's neck. The width across the wings is about seven inches, and to think they see an owl with a head of that size must be disagreeable for small South Americans, who may happen to be strolling in the woods at evening.

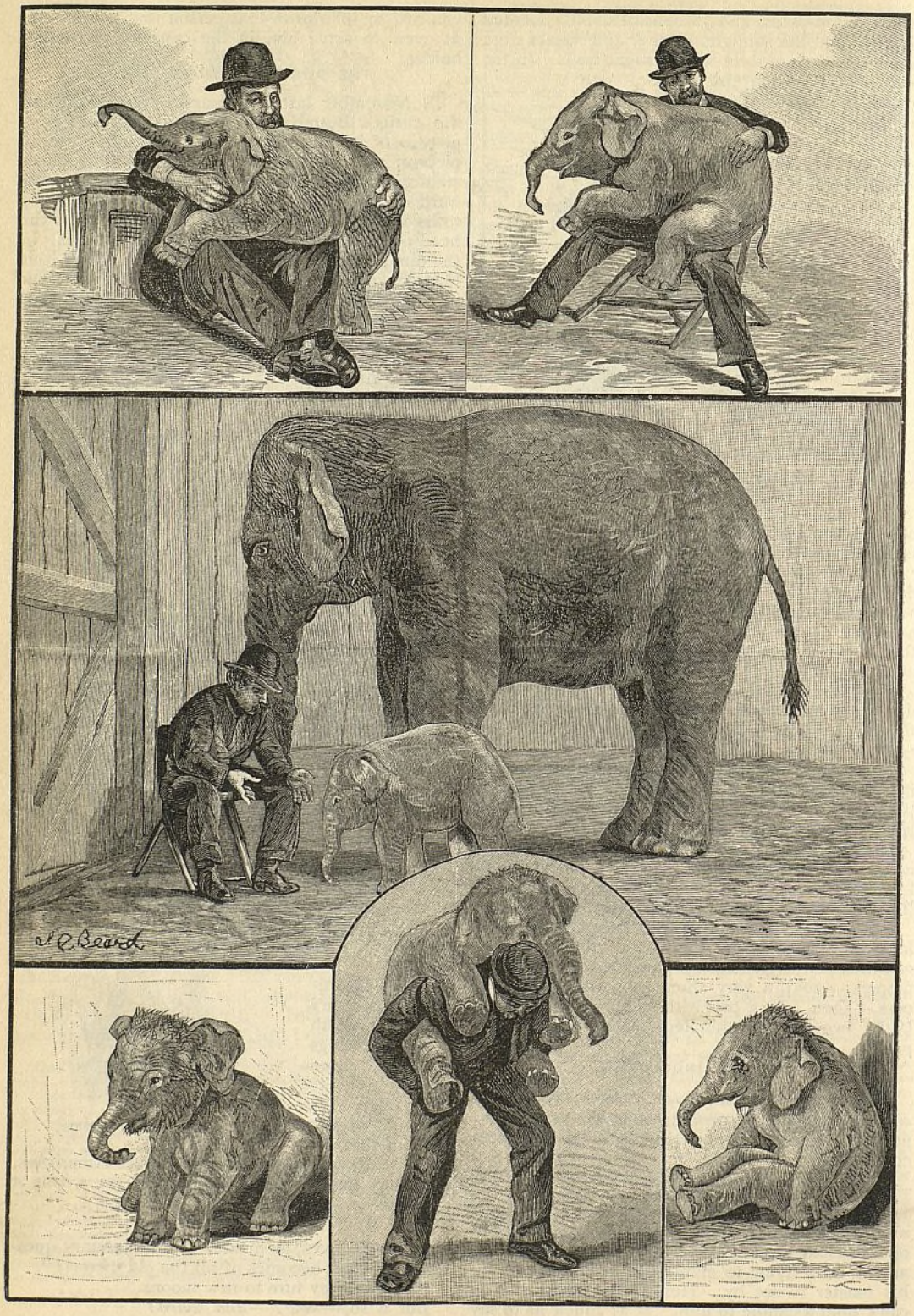
THE OWL'S-HEAD BUTTERFLY.

IF SO—HOW?

L. M. D. says, in answer to my January question: "What becomes of all the old moons?"

"I think they turn to new moons."

But if so,—*how?—and when?*



THE BABY ELEPHANT AT HOME.

"MOTHER, CAN'T YOU QUIET THAT CHILD!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

As most of our readers know, the St. Nicholas pages have to be made-up far in advance of the date of publication; and so it was impossible for us to finish, in time for the April number, the pictures of the new Baby Elephant, which we present on the opposite page. Many of our readers will have seen the delightful little creature himself before this number reaches them, but they will be none the less interested in taking a second peep at him in the comical positions in which our artist caught him. Further than this, all that need be said of him is told in the following interesting letter from a girl correspondent who lives in the city which was the Baby Elephant's birthplace:

Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear St. Nicholas: Having read all the interesting letters that your contributors have written about their pets, I thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about Bridgeport, and its accompaniment, as you might now call the "Baby Elephant." We were so fortunate as to receive a "permit" from Mr. Barnum (only a few are given), which admitted Mamma, a friend, and myself to see this wonderful curiosity. We walked to the show building, and were ushered in with about fifty others, among whom were professors and scientists. The first room was filled with cages, in which were all the animals you could think of. We staid here but a few minutes, being impatient to see the "Baby Elephant," so we went right through that room, to the next, where was a large ring, in which were the "baby" and its mother. It is about the size of a large Newfoundland dog, very playful, and ran all around the ring. I felt of it. It is covered with coarse black hair, which felt just like bristles. It did not know what to do with its trunk, sometimes trying to lift the hay to its mouth, like its mother.

The mother was much annoyed when the keeper touched it; she flapped her ears and trumpeted very loudly. After we had looked to our hearts' content at them both, they were led out of the ring, and eight small elephants were called in. They drilled very nicely, answering to roll-call, lying down and snoring, standing on their heads, and then on their hind legs, etc. After they had performed as much as they knew, they were sent back to their stalls, and eight large ones were led in. Then followed quite a scene. One elephant turned a hand-organ, three teetered on a board, one standing in the middle. Some stood on barrels,—one sat in a big arm-chair, rang a dinner-bell which stood on a table in front of him, poured the contents of a bottle down his throat, wiped his mouth with a napkin, and then fanned himself. It was very fine, and very funny. After we had seen all we could of the elephants, we went to see the other animals fed. They made the most horrible noises, jumping over one another, and fighting to get the first piece of meat, as they are fed only once a day, and on Sundays not at all—which they do not make any fuss about. I heard a hyena laugh. It was terrible, so we did not stay any longer. The hyena is the ugliest-looking animal you can imagine.

Hoping you will give this a place in your letter-box, I remain, your constant reader and admirer, Sallie E. H.

A Toy Symphony for children ought to be a timely recreation at this season, when so many of the grown folk are interested in the May Music Festivals, with their mighty choruses and grand orchestras. So we are glad to print the following little letter, which calls attention to a toy symphony by Romberg. Some of our readers will remember that St. Nicholas already has printed an article concerning "*Haydn's* Children's Symphony" (see the number for May, 1874), and we should be glad to hear that Rudolf Holtz's note had caused both that pretty musical exercise and the one by Romberg to be performed in many households:

Dear St. Nicholas: Romberg's toy symphony is more effective than Haydn's, though Haydn's is quite as pretty. There are eight toy instruments, first and second violins, a violoncello and piano. It is better to have two first violins, as the toys overpower the string instruments. The first and second movements are very pretty and rather easy, but call for careful playing. The adagio is difficult and not very pretty, but it is very short. The rondo is gay and effective, and is very pretty; it is longer than the other move-

ments. The presto is also lively, and played very quick. The eight toy instruments are the cuckoo, the triangle, the drum, the quail, the schnarre, the trumpet, the rattle, the nightingale. The cuckoo, the nightingale and the quail are the most difficult of the toy instruments. Everything depends on time, because if you come in a moment too early or a moment too late it spoils the effect. I was one of the many performers; we did it in a large room, and the effect was beautiful.

RUDOLF DORAN HOLTZ.

THOSE of our readers who remember the true story of "Rebecca, the Drummer," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1874, will be interested in the following item, which we clip from a newspaper:

Miss Rebecca Bates died at Scituate, Mass., Tuesday, aged eighty-eight years. Miss Bates and her cousin, Abbie, were the heroines in the British "scare," in 1812, when the two girls, hidden behind rocks on the beach, with fife and drum sounded the roll-call, and put to flight several boat-loads of troops from a British man-of-war, who were about to make a landing. Miss Bates' cousin, Abbie, is still living, and is eighty years of age.

The article in ST. NICHOLAS gave a full account of the two girls' brave stratagem, and was illustrated with a frontispiece showing the "American army of two."

HERE is a very interesting letter from a young correspondent in Philadelphia:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had an incident told me the other day, which convinced me that dumb creatures have some mode of communicating. The house of Mr. C., a friend of mine, was troubled greatly with rats, so he brought home a very large rat-trap, which he set with cheese. The next day, Mrs. C. and her daughter saw a very large rat walking up and down outside the trap. The trap having a wire bent open a little, the rat stuck its head in; but he could not reach the cheese, so he pulled his head out and went down his hole, and in a few moments returned with a very slim rat, which went into the trap and got the cheese; and then they both went down the hole together. This I know to be true. Can any of my friends tell me how they communicate?

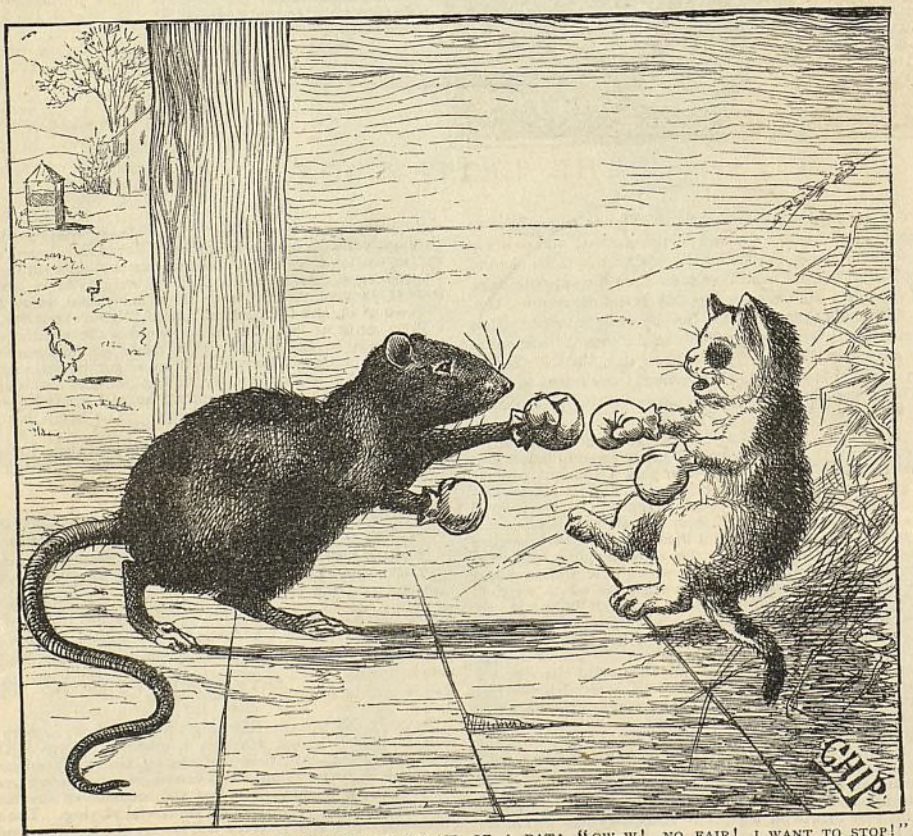
Your constant reader, GEO. T. CATHELL, JR.

WE gladly print the following quaint and charming little story, just as it was told by a little girl five years old. It was sent to us by her mamma, who wrote it down for her:

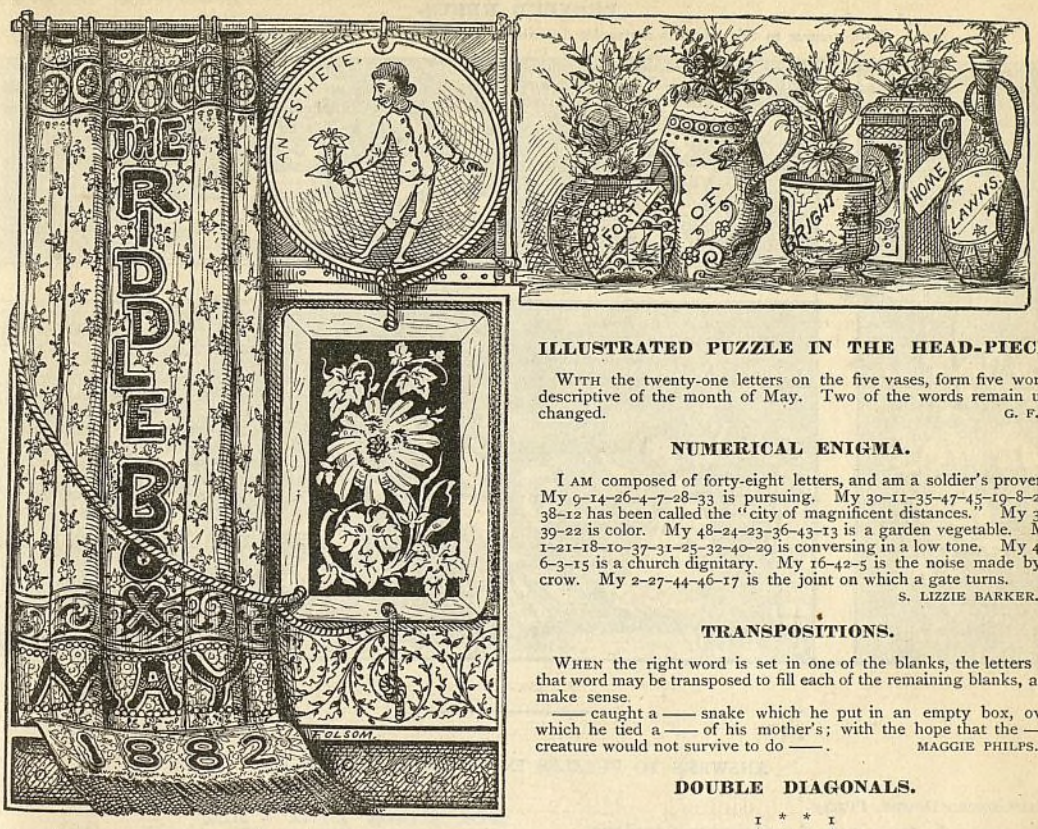
THE LION THAT TAUGHT SINGING-SCHOOL.

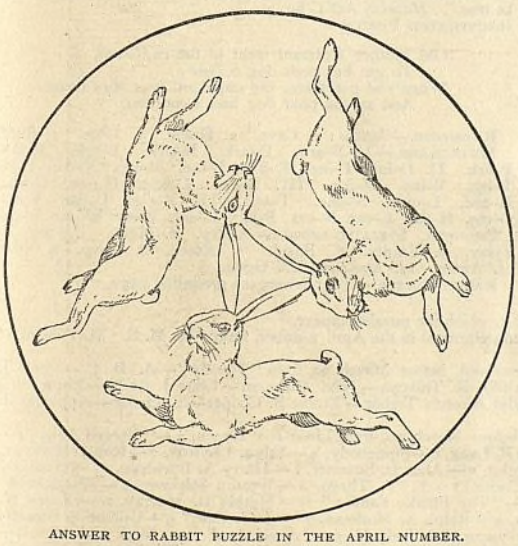
A Lion wanted to teach singing-school.
They asked him what could he sing?
And he said, "Roo-oo-oo."
They asked him what else could he sing?
And he said, "Roo-oo-oo."
They said they did n't want a singing-teacher who could n't sing nothing, but 'cept just one song.
Then the Lion went to a horse-race.
All the other animals were there; the mouse that squeaked, the kitten that mewed, the puppy that bow-wow-ed, the lamb that baa-ed, the pig that yi-yi-ed, the colt that ha-ha-ed, the wolf that boo-ed, and the bear that ur-ur-ed.
The prize of the horse-race was a russet apple.
The mouse thought he 'd exprise the other animals, so he ate the apple up. Then all the other animals hollered out, "No fair! No fair!" And the mouse was scared and ran round the track, and the kitten that mewed ran after and ate the mouse up, and the puppy that bow-wow-ed ate the kitten up, and the lamb that baa-ed ate the puppy up, and the pig that yi-yi-ed ate the lamb up, and the colt that ha-ha-ed ate the pig up, and the wolf that boo-ed ate the colt up, and the bear that ur-ur-ed ate the wolf up — and the Lion ate the bear up.
Then the Lion came around again and wanted to teach singing-school.
They asked him what could he sing?
And he sang: "Squeak squeak, mew mew, bow wow, baa baa, yi yi, ha ha, boo boo, ur ur, and roo oo oo!"
Then they said, "Your voice has reproved."
And they all let him be their teacher.

MARIA M. C.



KITTEN, WHO HAS BEEN TOLD NEVER TO BE AFRAID OF A RAT: "OW-W! NO FAIR! I WANT TO STOP!"





ANSWER TO RABBIT PUZZLE IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Important parts of a ship. 2. A girl's name. 3. To breathe with a hoarse sound in sleep. 4. Fatigued. 5. Parts of a plant. II. 1. To make choice of. 2. A large basin. 3. To escape. 4. Surrenders. 5. A ringlet. MABEL R., AND "ALCIBIADES."

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

With the twenty-one letters on the five vases, form five words descriptive of the month of May. Two of the words remain unchanged. G. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty-eight letters, and am a soldier's proverb. My 9–14–26–4–7–28–33 is pursuing. My 30–11–35–47–45–19–8–20–38–12 has been called the "city of magnificent distances." My 34–39–22 is color. My 48–24–23–36–43–13 is a garden vegetable. My 1–21–18–10–37–31–25–32–40–29 is conversing in a low tone. My 41–6–3–15 is a church dignitary. My 16–42–5 is the noise made by a crow. My 2–27–44–46–17 is the joint on which a gate turns.

S. LIZZIE BARKER.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

When the right word is set in one of the blanks, the letters of that word may be transposed to fill each of the remaining blanks, and make sense.

—— caught a —— snake which he put in an empty box, over which he tied a —— of his mother's; with the hope that the —— creature would not survive to do ——. MAGGIE PHILPS.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

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1 * * 1
* 2 2 *
* 3 3 *
4 * * 4
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I. Across: 1. A mineral salt. 2. A troublesome insect. 3. Vessels for holding the ashes of the dead. 4. Christmas time. Diagonals, downward from right to left, and from left to right, each name a queen of England.

II. Across: 1. A dandy. 2. Small round masses of lead. 3. A piece of metal bent into a curve. 4. Period. Diagonals, downward, from right to left, and from left to right, each name an article necessary to pedestrians. "SUMMER BOARDER."

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

Each of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a celebrated Athenian who was twice banished, and who at length died in poverty, 467 B. C.

1. Syncopate a country of Europe, and leave to revolve rapidly. 2. Syncopate fatigued, and leave fastened. 3. Syncopate to color, and leave to gasp. 4. Syncopate a kind of cement, and leave the top of the head. 5. Syncopate an appellation, and leave a thin piece of baked clay. 6. Syncopate a traveling tinker, and leave an instrument for combing wool or flax. 7. Syncopate a Scotch penny, and leave the body or stem of a tree. 8. Syncopate a name by which the white poplar tree is known, and leave having ability. 9. Syncopate speed, and leave to abhor. ERNEST B. COOPER.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

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Across: 1. A cluster of leaves. 2. A sheet of paper once folded. 3. Antique. 4. In spring. Downward: 1. In foreign. 2. A preposition. 3. Three-fourths of a swimming and diving bird of the Arctic regions. 4. What "flesh is heir to." 5. Succor. 6. To proceed. 7. In foreign. MABEL WHITE.

PROVERB REBUS.

THE answer to this rebus is a couplet describing the fate which may overtake the heedless.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED DOMINO PUZZLE.

To-bring-out the-flowers we-need good-showers of-April-rain,
Of-rain good-showers for-fragrant flowers we-must-obtain.

2. We-need good-showers of-April-rain to-bring-out the-flowers.
For-fragrant flowers we-must-obtain of-rain good-showers.

3. The-flowers to-bring-out of-April-rain we-need good-showers,
Good-showers of-rain we-must-obtain for-fragrant flowers.

DIAGONALS.—April Fool. Across: 1. Ample. 2. SPoke. 3. MeRle. 4. FraIl. 5. PeriL. 6. CraFt. 7. FrOwn. 8. TOpic. 9. Lilac.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Music.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Shakespeare. 1. Disk—S-kid. 2. Shoe—H-ose. 3. Daze—A-dze. 4. Leek—K-eel. 5. Bone—E-bon. 6. Host—S-hot. 7. Neap—P-ane. 8. Tide—E-dit. 9. Rave—A-ver. 10. Cork—R-ock. 11. Seat—E-ast.

CHARADE.—Mint-drop.

INVERTED PYRAMID.—Across: 1. Partial. 2. March. 3. Pie. 4. P.—— DIAMOND.—1. L. 2. LAd. 3. LaTin. 4. DIg. 5. N.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—April Fools. 1. rAFt. 2. uPOn. 3. fROg. 4. fILl. 5. aLSo.

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA.—"This above all,—to thine own self be true." *Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the *cupboard*,
To get her poor dog a *bone;*
When she got there, the cupboard was *bare* (bear),
And so the poor dog had *none* (nun).

RHOMBOID.—Across: 1. Cave. 2. Home. 3. Time. 4. Rede.

METAGRAMS.—I. B-ark. D-ark. H-ark. L-ark. M-ark. P-ark. II. D-ine. F-ine. K-ine. L-ine. M-ine. N-ine. P-ine T-ine. V-ine. W-ine. III. B-one. C-one. D-one. G-one. H-one. L-one. N-one. T-one. IV. B-ear. D-ear F-ear. G-ear. H-ear. L-ear. N-ear. P-ear. R-ear. T-ear. W-ear. Y-ear.

PHONETIC SPELLING-LESSON.—1. Ivy. 2. Piqué. 3. Easy. 4. Essay. 5. Empty. 6. Excel. 7. Essex. 8. Envy. 9. Obe. 10. Array. 11. Aye-aye. 12. Ogee.

RABBIT PUZZLE.—For answer, see preceding page.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the April number, from "H. M. S. 'St. Vincent,'" Portsmouth, England, 5—Maggie Philps, Essex, England, 3.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from "Fire-fly"—A. B. C.—Genie J. Callmeyer—Bessie C. Rogers—Marna and Bae—Frary—Scrap—Effie K. Talboys—John Kirkman—Clara J. Child—Little John, Kittie, and Minnie—Clara and her Aunt—Lyde W. McKinney—Aidyl Airotciv Trebor—Ernest B. Cooper—Engineer—Appleton H.—Florence Leslie Kyte.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Little Ida Brown, 3—"Greene Ave.," 1—W. P. B. Jr., 1—Helen Dexter, 3—Cambridge Livingston, 2—Maidie R. Lang, 1—Somebody, 4—Edward Lytton, 2—Robert Hamilton, 1—Walter A. Hopper, 2—H. M. Folger, 1—O'Flannigan and Huggins, 2—Alice B. Summer, 1—Harry A. Burnham, 2—Jennie and Bessie, 6—V. P. J. S. M. C., 7—Lillian Virginia Leach, 1—Kittie Corbin, 1—E. Y. Thorp, 2—Weston Stickney, 7—Margaret W. Stickney, 6—G. H., 7—Livingston Ham, 1—Daisy, 1—Warren, 5—"The Blanke Family," 12—Minnie B. Murray, 10—Ernest W. Hamilton, 3—Grace and Blanche Parry, 8—Mattie and Kittie Winkler, 4—Ralph A. Hoffman, 9—"Lode Star," 9—Gilman S. Stanton, 2—Amy and Edith, 9—R. T. L., 12—Mary B. Dykeman, 2—Pollywog and Tadpole, 5—"Alcibiades," 11—Anna and Alice, 9—Grahame Hume Powell, 2—"Bunthorne and Grosvenor," 8—"Rory O'Moore," 2—"Celleta," 3—Joseph Wheless, 2—Nellie R. Sandell, 13—Allie C. Duden, 1—Emma D. Andrews, 10—Anna K. Dessalet, 3—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Virginia M. Giffin, 2—Freda, 11—"Shumway," 6—Lulu Graves, 9—Charlie Townsend, 4—Rubie and Marion, 7—Ray Thurber, 5—Delaware and Mary, 7—Harry LeMoyne Mitchell, 3—Ellie Suesserott, 5—J. Ollie Gayley, 2—Algernon Tassin, 6—B. B., 9—Bessie Watson, 2—Anna Clark, 2—J. S. Tennant, 13—W. M. Kingsley, 11—Busy Bees, 11—Sallie Viles, 13—Fred. Thwaits, 14—Charlie Power, 7—Isabel Bungay, 6—"Two Subscribers," 12—Queen Bess, 13—Professor and Co., 12—"Pat and Kid," 6—Maud and Sadie, 2—Paul England and Co., 3—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 14—Tommy and Jack, 5—Curdycie, 8—Henry E. Johnston, Jr., 4—Daisy and Buttercup, 9—Mother and I, 6—L. F. Barry, 11—H. M. S. "St. Vincent," 11. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.