

MR. LONGFELLOW AND HIS BOY VISITORS.

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THE GREAT TUB-RACE AT POINT NO-POINT.

BY ELLEN W. OLNEY.

ANY one might have thought, that summer morning, that all the summer boarders at Point No-Point were ambitious to do their week's washing at once. From the time breakfast was over until the first dinner-bell rang, at half-past twelve, the boys at Mrs. Crane's were rushing about in every direction in couples, vanishing down the road or up the lane, to re-appear, after an interval, carrying tubs between them. These tubs were deposited on the tennis-ground, where they immediately became a center of general interest, and were inspected by a committee of critics, who discussed their merits, and decided whether or not they might be called "sea-worthy." There were new tubs and old tubs; painted tubs and unpainted tubs; tubs with rusty iron hoops and tubs beautifully bound in brass and shining with fresh nails. Some of them suggested the excursion of the famous three men of Gotham, and in view of the disasters of that melancholy voyage were at once set aside and labeled "dangerous."

But, finally, eleven were pronounced fit for use, and were marshaled into rank and file like a fighting regiment.

By this time the second bell had rung, and dinner was ready. Although intense excitement prevailed, dinner seemed by no means a matter of indifference to any of the boys. Fifteen of them had a table together at one end of the long dining-room which accommodated Mrs. Crane's household of boarders. It was always a noisy table, but

to-day, with so much to talk about, there was a perfect babel of voices discussing the coming contest, until Mr. Long, the lame gentleman with spectacles, limped over and sat down among them, and talked so pleasantly that they were all glad to be quiet and listen. In fact, all the boys felt that he was a person worth propitiating, for he was to be umpire of the great tub-race coming off at three o'clock.

It was not quite two when they arose from the table, and, as a great deal remained to be accomplished during the next hour, and no more minutes could be wasted in mere forms and ceremonies, the boys trooped out. In the first place, it was necessary that they should all change their ordinary dress for bathing-suits; then the tubs had to be carried to the river-bank; finally, Mr. Long was to meet the contestants there, and settle certain questions concerning the management of the race,—questions which could be decided only on the spot.

Frank Sedgwick and his brother Will were the first to come forth, fully equipped. They were the best swimmers, cricketers, and ball-players, and the handsomest fellows at Mrs. Crane's that summer. Their mamma had no daughters to make beautiful, so she spent all her pains on Frank and Will, and their bathing-suits were handsome—of white flannel, with blue trimmings, cut short in the arms, and ending at their knees, displaying the well-rounded, muscular limbs of the wearers. Each

of the brothers seized his tub—the best of the lot, you may be sure—and carrying it aloft at arms' length, as if it had no weight whatever, strode rapidly down to the water's edge.

Next scrambled along Jo Paddock, dragging his tub behind him. There was nothing of the dandy about Jo. Although only fifteen, he was already within an inch of being six feet tall, and it was no easy matter to cover his long neck and arms and ankles, all of which protruded from his rusty, gray flannel suit, making him look like a disjointed jack-doll.

Following him were the Holt boys, all neat, sober, trim little fellows, each—like the affectionate brothers they were—helping the other to carry his tub. Then, racing down, appeared Lemuel Shepherd, rolling his tub before him like a hoop, and after him came Sam Tyson, munching an apple at his ease, while Timothy, Mrs. Crane's man, ambled behind, carrying his burden for him. It was always Sam Tyson's way to escape the trouble of things; somebody seemed always at hand to look out for his comfort. He had a knack of getting twice as much at table as the other boys, and he always kept a supply of dainties besides, bought with his pocket-money, which he thought was well spent in luxuries for himself. He was no favorite among his mates. Before he reached the river-side the two Crane boys passed him, with Jack Loomis.

"Why don't you take it as easily as I do?" cried out Sam, who was in an excellent humor. "I gave Tim ten cents to get my tub this morning, and five more to bring it down here for me."

"Why not send him out in it?" asked Jack Loomis. "I would n't have the bother of paddling myself, if I were you."

"When the race really begins, I'll take care of myself," returned Sam, who, it must be confessed, excelled in all athletic exercises. "I have been in these races before, and know a thing or two about them. I might let you into the secret of winning, boys, but I prefer to keep it to myself."

He looked around at the others with a quiet smile of superiority. They all knew that smile and what it meant, and they did not like him for it. He was not a good-looking boy; he had yellow, freckled, flabby cheeks, which hung down, and small eyes, with an expression of lazy scorn in them, and a wide, disagreeable mouth. As he stood there boasting of his skill, every one of the ten who listened had but one feeling in his heart, and that was—no matter who won the race, it must not be Sam Tyson. They all felt an antagonism against him, remembering affronts he had put upon them at tennis, cricket, and base-ball.

Mr. Long now appeared on the long bridge which led out to the floating dock, followed by

twenty or thirty boarders, who had come to look on and see the sport.

And with the Sedgwicks and the Crane boys he fell to discussing the points still unsettled.

It was decided that the boys were to set out from the bank, among the rushes, and paddle to a certain buoy, an eighth of a mile down the stream, go around that, then return, and land at the floating dock. They were to start when he should give the word. Each must keep five feet clear of his rivals, and must on no account jostle his neighbor. In gaining the goal, it was enough to touch the planks of the dock with the hand.

"It is five minutes to three," said Mr. Long. "To your tubs, boys, and be ready to start promptly."

The boys all dashed to their places, took their tubs, and held them over their heads, ready to plash them into the water when Mr. Long should give the word. As they stood waiting, a faint cry arose among the spectators. A speck of blue had appeared in the distance.

"It is little Teddy Courtney," said somebody. "He seems to be pushing a tub along."

"Teddy Courtney!" cried Jo Paddock, and throwing down his own tub, he set off up the bank like a long streak of lightning. Yes, there came Teddy, in a bright blue boating-dress of the daintiest cut and fit, dragging, with enormous difficulty, an old, rusty, battered tub. The little fellow was alternately red and pale, his lip was trembling, and two or three great tears rolled down his cheeks. He was only nine years old, and had been sent down to Mrs. Crane's, with his French nurse, while his father and mother were in Europe. Everybody petted and made much of the youngster, but to-day he had been overlooked.

"Oh, Jo!" he cried, trembling with joy, as his friend appeared. "I was so afraid I could n't get here in time! Marie would n't hurry, and this tub is so heavy."

"I should think it was," growled Jo. "Poor little Ted!" He took the battered old thing in his own hands. "The worst of the lot," said Jo. "However, my baby, you shall have mine. This will do well enough for me."

There was no time to be wasted. Everybody was impatient. All the boys were drawn up in line, holding their tubs ready to be launched. Jo led Teddy down the bank and gave him his own place; then he went to the end of the row with the little fellow's battered hulk.

There was a pause. Then, "Are you ready? — Go!" cried Mr. Long, and the boys were off.

That is, of course, they had waded out half a dozen feet from the shore to a spot where they could clear bottom, and had got into their barks—that is to say, I mean some of them had got in. Until

one tries, he does not know how difficult a matter it is to get into a floating tub successfully, and to stay there. A few had contrived to keep up; the others had keeled over. But those who went down came up manfully, turned their tubs upside down to get the water out, righted them, and tried again.

Frank and Will Sedgwick had had their usual good luck. They sat well into their tubs, their legs astride, and were now paddling along with short, clean strokes, which at once carried them briskly in advance of the rest. Everybody looking on at once declared that one of the two was sure

doing very well indeed. He had seemed to be afraid of being upset by somebody, so he had steered his craft far to windward, but was now nearing the buoy, which he promised to round almost at the time the Sedgwick boys would reach it.

His chances grew better and better every moment. He was almost as much of a favorite as the Sedgwicks, and there could be no chagrin at his good luck. Yet it was, nevertheless, a melancholy thing to see Frank reach the stake at the very same moment as his brother. Then, as they paddled around it, how could he avoid jostling Will? Then what hindered his getting upset



"IT IS DIFFICULT TO GET INTO A FLOATING TUB SUCCESSFULLY, AND TO STAY THERE."

to win. The pretty young lady who had made the badges for the gainer of the race looked with satisfaction at the handsome lads, and thought how well either would wear her blue-and-cardinal ribbons.

After the Sedgwicks came the two Cranes—stout, manly fellows, used to all sorts of exploits on sea and land, but rather too heavily built for the present race; for, no sooner had they got forty or fifty feet from the shore, than at the same moment down went their tubs, and both were lost to sight. They came up, spluttering and laughing, and, drawing their perfidious tubs after them, waded back to begin again. Meanwhile, Jack Loomis was

himself, and, in going down, carrying his brother along with him?

The Sedgwicks for once were thrown out of a competition. They were so used to success that they could hardly believe in their present ill-luck. But, having to confess it, they took it good-naturedly, and, feeling sure that their chances were over, and that Jack Loomis had won the day, they waded to the dock, climbed up the sides, and sat on the edge, ready to cheer and applaud him when he should make the goal.

Jack was now indeed monarch of all he surveyed. But unseen dangers lurked ahead. All at once, without any premonition of disaster, fate

overtook him; down went his tub! Twice he was soused from head to foot before he could find bottom and recover himself. Emerging finally, he looked dazed, confounded, at such an overthrow of all his hopes.

While a race is going on, however, one has no time to waste pity on fallen heroes. For a good while, now, nobody had thought of watching any of the competitors save the Sedgwicks and Loomis. After their mischances, the spectators simultaneously turned to see if anybody else was coming up, like the tortoise, to claim the victory lost by the hare. There soon arose a loud murmur of discontent. Mr. Sam Tyson followed the three who had gone down, and now was first in the procession.

Jo Paddock was nowhere; he had, in fact, gone back and sat down resignedly on the bank. Even if he had had a good tub, his long legs put out of the question any sort of successful paddling. The two Crane boys sat beside him, one of them trying to mend his tub, which had started a hoop. Lemuel Shepherd was still trying to get into his. He was a roly-poly sort of a boy, so round that there was no more chance for him than for an apple-dumpling. The three Holt boys had gone on very well, and might have held their own, had not Sam Tyson run them down. One after another each had drifted in his way, and when the question arose in his mind whether his chances or theirs should suffer, he had not hesitated for a single moment, but devoted them to destruction by an adroit kick of his foot.

A trifle behind Sam was Teddy Courtney, floating beautifully. Now and then he leaned over and paddled a little with his baby-hand, but in general he was happy enough that he was upborne, and did not get overturned; so he made no effort to get on. He looked like a Cupid, with his golden curls, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and smiling lips.

There could now be no sort of doubt in anybody's mind that Mr. Sam Tyson not only intended to beat, but was certain to do so. He made progress very slowly, as he had declared he understood the secret of winning a tub-race. He knew that by eager paddling the tub constantly shipped water through the holes in the handles, and that thus becoming "swamped," it was ready to go down at the least jar. This danger he avoided, keeping his lower edge well above the ripples. Nobody wished him well, yet, as if wafted by the most earnest good wishes, he sailed on serenely. Every other boy at Mrs. Crane's had friends, but he had

none. Yet he was not more than half a bad fellow, if he could have been less selfish and greedy.

And now, with a long sigh, they all whispered to themselves he was going to win. He had made the buoy easily. He was well on his way back. He was not more than three yards from the goal. His heavy face had not for a moment lighted up with hope or expectation. He bore his honors calmly so far. He always took everything calmly, which made it all the more exasperating for those whom he conquered.

He was within four feet of the floating dock. Every one watched him, feeling more or less unhappy. The pretty young lady with the badge of crisp blue-and-cardinal ribbons, had seated herself on a camp-stool, and was fanning herself, with an air of indifference and patience. Apparently the results of the race were not to justify her disinterested efforts for it, since Mr. Sam Tyson was to have the badge.

All at once, however, while the crowd looked on, muttering wrath in whispers, Sam was seen to move convulsively! A sneeze burst from him in spite of all his efforts to suppress it. The tub turned over and sank, carrying him down with it.

Ah, the cruelty of it all! For a triumphant cheer burst from the party on shore! Victory had been almost in Sam's grasp, but he had lost it. Alas! alas! And there was no sympathy for him. All the others who went down had had the grace of a kind "Poor fellow!" but not a word for Sam. He took his reverse coolly, however, as he took everything else. He scrambled to his footing, got into his tub, and began to paddle himself back.

And was everybody out of the race? Was no one to have the blue-and-red ribbons? Why, yes! There was Teddy Courtney, who had, by this time, passed the buoy.

"Carefully, Ted! Paddle carefully!" shouted Jo Paddock, from the shore. "You'll beat us all yet."

Teddy looked up in amazement. A winning smile broke over his face. He leaned over, and did paddle carefully. And a wind came up out of the south, and floated him straight toward the dock. His little hands seemed to work wonders, but, besides, as if some irresistible force bore him along, his tub went straight toward the goal.

"Touch it, Ted, touch it!" cried Will Sedgwick, as he got alongside. And the little fellow leaned out and touched it.

Then what a cheer broke forth, and how pretty the young lady looked as she put on his blue-and-red ribbons!

THE BEE-CHARMER.

BY M. M. D.



A FRISKY little faun of old
Once came to charm the bees—
A frisky little faun and bold,
With very funny knees:
You'll read in old mythology
Of just such folk as these,
Who haunted dusky woodlands
And sported 'neath the trees.

Well, there he sat and waited
And played upon his pipe,
Till all the air grew fated
And the hour was warm and ripe,—
When, through the woodland glooming
Out to the meadow clear,
A few great bees came booming,
And hovered grandly near.

Then others, all a-listening,
Came, one by one, intent,
Their gauzy wings a-glistening,
Their velvet bodies bent.
Filled was the meadow sunny
With music-laden bees,
Forgetful of their honey
Stored in the gnarled old trees,
Heedless of sweets that waited

In myriad blossoms bright,
They crowded, dumb and sated
And heavy with delight;
When, presto!—with quick laughter
The piping faun was gone!
And never came he after,
By noon or night or dawn.

Never the bees recovered;
The spell was on them still—
Where'er they flew or hovered
They knew not their own will;
The wondrous music filled them,
As dazed they sought the bloom;
The cadences that thrilled them
Had dealt them mystic doom.
And people called them lazy,
In spite of wondrous skill,
While others thought them crazy,
And strove to do them ill:
Their velvet coats a-fuzzing
They darted, bounded, flew,
And filled the air with buzzing
And riotous ado.

Now, when in summer's season
We hear their noise and stir,

Full well we know the reason
Of buzz and boom and whirr—
As, browsing on the clover
Or darting in the flower,
They hum it o'er and over,
That charm of elfin power.
Dire, with a purpose musical
Dazing the sultry noon,

They make their sounds confusical,
And try to catch the tune.
It baffles them, it rouses them,
It wearies them and drowns them;
It puzzles them and saddens them,
It worries them and maddens them:
Ah, wicked faun, with funny knees,
To bring such trouble on the bees!



MARY JANE TELLS ABOUT THE SPICERS' COWS.

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.

THEY had lots of cows, the Spicers had,—and they passed most of their time in our garden. The reason they did n't stay in the pasture was because the fences were all broken down; for the Spicers were the most shiftless folks in Tuckertown. Why I cared about the cows was because I had to drive 'em out.

It was the summer that Lucy was sick, and Dot and I were sent to Grandpa's.

Well, one day, Grandpa said:

"If those cows get into my corn again, I'll drive 'em up to the pound."

"What 's the pound?" asked Dot.

"It 's a pen," said Grandpa, "where you can drive any cattle you find on your land; and the owner can't get them out without paying a fine."

"Oh, I think that 's elegant!" said I. "I know lots of people's cows I should like to get into the pound."

When Grandpa went out, I said I would go and tell Sarah Spicer just what he had said.

"Now, Mary Jane, you just stay where you are. You want your fingers in everybody's pies." It was Aunt Jane—you might know—who said that.

I might have answered that she was so sparing with hers (especially mince) that I never could touch *them*. But I did n't. I often think of real smart things, and it's mean that I can't say them.

But, I declare, there is never any use at all in my arguing with Aunt Jane; for, when I get the best of her, she always stiffens up and says: "There, that will do, Mary Jane! Not another word!"

Besides, it is n't right to answer back. So I just said nothing, but took Dot and marched straight off to the Spicers'.

We found Sarah and Sam playing in front of their house. Mercy me! I never saw such a gone-to-wreck-and-ruined place. Half the window-panes smashed, and the shingles coming off, and the wall broken down, and not so much as a path up to the front door! I suppose that is so that folks will go to the back door, as Aunt Jane did that day I went there with her and found the hens picking up the crumbs in the kitchen. I should have thought Mrs. Spicer would be ashamed of that; would n't you? But, la, she was n't! She said the hens were company for her, and, besides, they "saved sweeping."

Aunt Jane says Sarah Spicer 's "not a pretty-behaved little girl," and I should n't think she was. So saucy! And she swings her skirts when she walks, and it's real aggravating. Besides that, she makes up faces at real nice folks. Beth Hall and I turned round quick once, and caught her at it.

I thought she was looking more saucy than ever on this particular day, and I determined to be very dignified and distant.

"How d' ye do, Mary Jane?" said she.

"How d' ye do, Miss Spicer?" said I.

"Mercy me, Mary Jane! what airs!" said she.

"It 's no use to put 'em on here in Tuckertown, I can tell you, for folks know all about you."

"There, that will do," said I, as like Aunt Jane as ever I could. "I only came over here to

tell you that we are going to have your cows put in the pound, the very next time we find 'em in our garden."

"Poh!" cried out that Hop-o'-my-thumb of a Sam. "Your grandfather has said so, lots of times, but he never does."

"Does n't dare to!" snapped Sarah.

I was just boiling mad. The idea of my being treated so by those low Spicers!

"Dare to?" said I. "I wonder who you think would be afraid of such a poor, shiftless set as you are? My grandfather says your farm does n't raise anything but weeds and potato bugs. But I'll tell him it raises plenty of 'sarce' besides."

And then I took Dot's hand, and just ran for home, so as not to give Sarah a chance to have the last word.

Oh, but don't I 'spise her!

Well, that afternoon, Dot and I went into the barn to play. We played that we were angels, and made the loveliest crowns of burs, and real nice wings out of newspapers. When we wanted to fly, we went to the top of the loft, and flew down

the fun with all our might, when Aunt Jane screamed out:

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! The cows are in the garden. Run and drive them out."

"Is n't that mean!" said I. "The idea of asking an angel to drive cows!"

"Play they are evil sperits," suggested Hiram, who was cleaning out the stalls.

"No, they 're not," said I. "They are just nothing but cows. Besides, it makes me hot to run after them, and angels ought never to be hot."

Then Aunt Jane began to scream at me again, and, of course, I had to go.

"It's too bad!" cried Dot. "Those Spicers' cows spoil all our fun."

"I'll tell you what," said I, after I had shoo'd them into the road. "I'm going to drive 'em right up to the pound. I'll show that Sarah Spicer——!"

"Why, Mary Jane Hunt!" cried silly Dot. "What 'll Grandpa say? I wont go."

"Say? Why, that he is much obliged to me, to be sure. And if you don't come right along,



"HOW D' YE DO, MARY JANE?"

to the hay on the barn-floor; but we did n't care to fly much, it was so much nicer to bounce up and down on the clouds—I mean the hay—and play on our harps and sing.

We were just in the midst of it, and enjoying

I'll take off my little crown and stick the prickles into you, Miss!"

That's what I said, but I knew I could n't get the crown out of my hair—the old burs stuck so. I got some out, though, and tied my hat on, set

my wings against the wall, and got a stick to drive the cows with. Dot trotted after me, as meek as a lamb.

It was n't far to the pound; but there was one cow and her calf that would n't hurry, and, besides, we walked very slowly along the sunny parts of the road, and rested every time we came to a shady place; so it was late in the afternoon when we left the pound, and turned to come home.

"Let 's go 'round by the Spicers'," said I. "I don't care if it is farther. Perhaps we shall see Sarah."

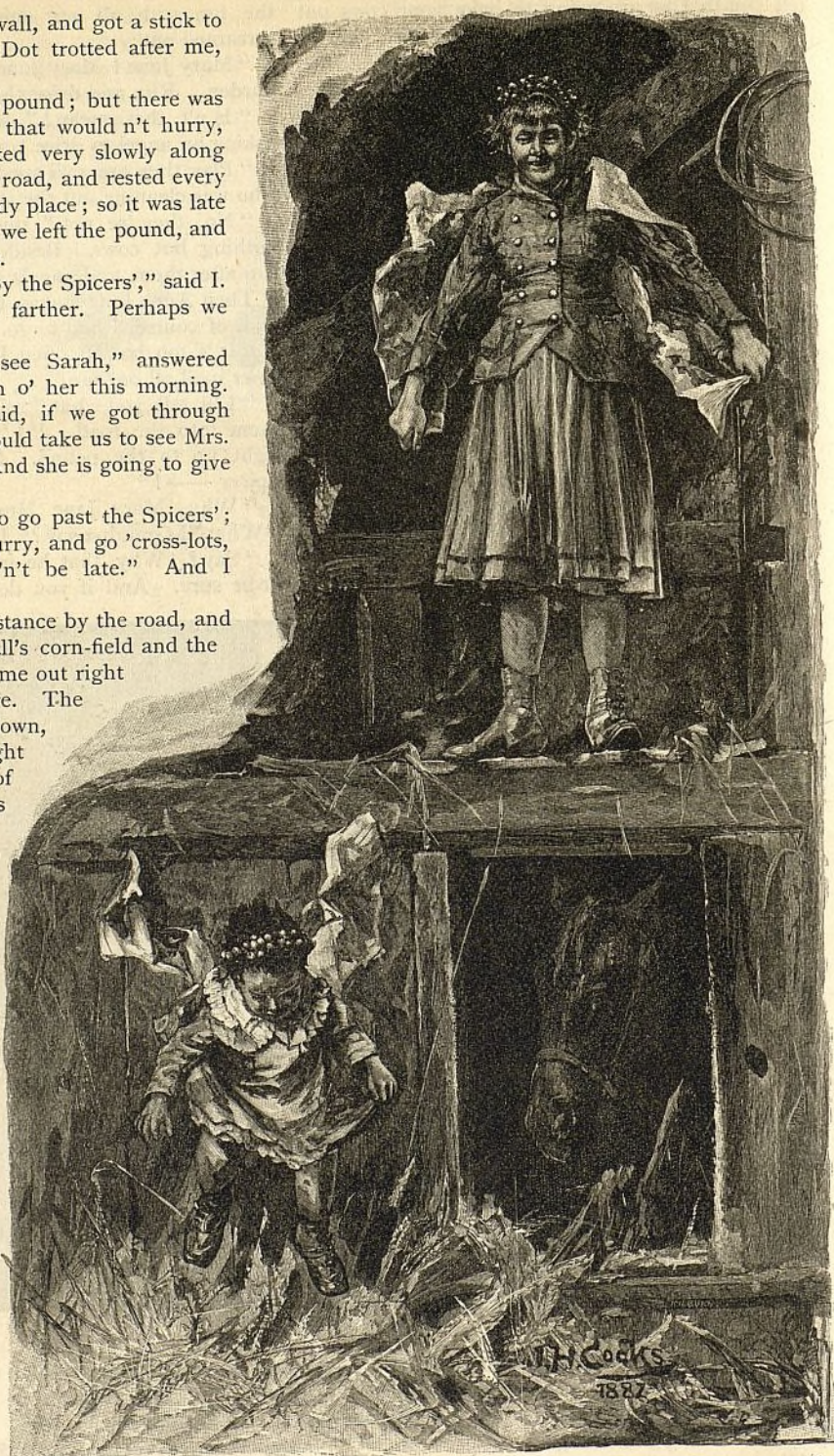
"I don't want to see Sarah," answered Dot. "I saw 'nough o' her this morning. 'Sides, Aunt Jane said, if we got through supper in time, she would take us to see Mrs. Green, you know. And she is going to give us some pears."

But I was bound to go past the Spicers'; so I said: "We 'll hurry, and go 'cross-lots, and I know we sha'n't be late." And I had my way.

We went quite a distance by the road, and then through Mr. Hall's corn-field and the woods beyond, and came out right in the Spicers' pasture. The sun had just gone down, and there was a bright light behind the row of old, jagged apple-trees along by the stone wall, which was so broken down in places that it was an easy matter for the cows to stray away. Dot and I noticed that there was only one left now in the pasture.

"I hope Sarah and Sam will have a good time hunting after the others; and good enough for 'em," said I. "Perhaps her father is just scolding her now for letting 'em stray away."

"Well, he is n't, for there he is now." Dot pointed, and I saw Sarah in the swing



"WE PLAYED WE WERE ANGELS, AND MADE CROWNS OF BURS AND WINGS OUT OF NEWSPAPERS."

on the butternut tree in front of their house, and her father was swinging her, up ever so high.

When she saw us she jumped out and ran to the fence.

"Hope you 'll find your cows to-night, Sarah," said I.

"You had better go for 'em," chimed in Dot.

"Hope you 'll find *yours*," retorted Sarah. "If you don't keep 'em out of our garden, we are going to drive 'em to the pound."

"Te, he," giggled Sam.

What could they mean? I wondered, as I hurried on, if our cows had got into their garden; and it worried me so that I told Dot.

"But, la, it 's no use to wait any longer. I'll use morning's milk."

"Yes," said Grandpa, who was washing his hands at the sink. "Do let 's have supper. Children, have you seen the cows?"

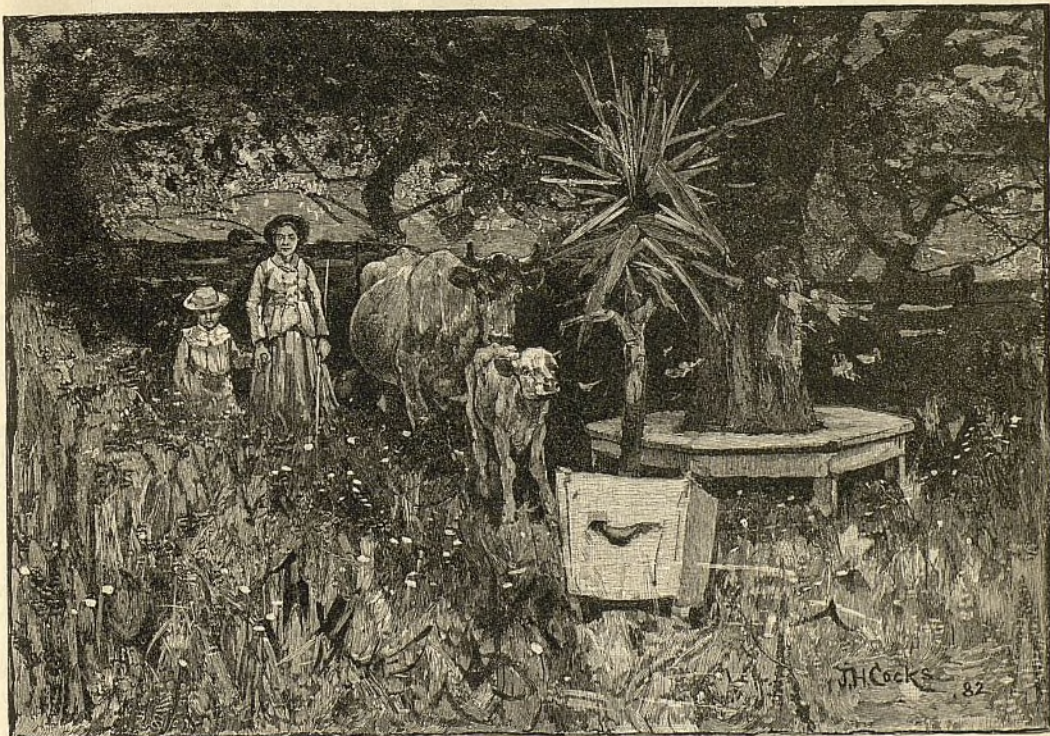
"Why, no," I answered, "not ours; but Dot and I drove the Spicers' cows up to the pound."

"Those that were in our garden?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking straight at me.

I nodded.

"Well, of all the little mischief-makers! Those were *our* cows."

"My gracious, goodness me!" said I; "and Grandpa 's got to pay a fine to get his own cows out



ON THE WAY TO THE POUND.

"I don't believe it, at all," said Dot. "They just wanted to scare us and get even with us."

Although we hurried so, it was late when we got home. We were afraid that supper would be all over, and Aunt Jane would scold us for being late. But though the table was set, and Grandpa was home from work, no one had sat down to it.

"Been waiting for the milk," said Aunt Jane.

of the pound? Oh dear! I do hope Sarah Spicer wont find out about it."

Dot and I did n't go to Mrs. Green's for pears that night, I can tell you. Instead, we went to bed an hour earlier than usual; but Sarah Spicer does n't know anything about it; and after Aunt Jane went down-stairs, Dot and I had a real good time playing angel.

THE WINGS OF THINGS.

BY KATHARINE HANSON.

AS MOLLY sat by her mother,
 She heard of some curious things,
 For one lady said to another:
 "Yes, money has certainly wings."
 "Oh, has it?" thought little Molly,
 "I never knew that before!"
 And, questioning, looked at her dolly,
 Who calmly sat on the floor.
 Then entered a breathless caller,
 With shawl hanging quite unpinned;

Lest a thunder-storm should befall her,
 She had come "on the *wings of the wind*."
 "I wonder where she would leave them,"
 Thought Molly, and looked about;
 From the window she could n't perceive them—
 They had flown right along, no doubt.
 Two facts quite reconciled Molly
 To this confusion of things:
 She was safely tied to her dolly,
 And her mamma had no wings.

THE WITCH-TRAP.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

"THERE she is!" cried Bennie Ruan. "She was in that patch behind the mulberry-tree when I saw her first; but I am going to cover the patch with that big fish-net of Father's, so that she can not rob us any more."

"Oh, it's not about the pine-apples I mind," exclaimed Mrs. Ruan, "but her wickedness is enough to make anybody cry!—the miserable witch!"

"What witch?" I asked. "Who is it?"

"There she is again!" cried Bennie, before anybody could answer my question. "I believe I heard her chattering near the big fig-tree!"

We all ran out on the porch, Mrs. Ruan with a kitchen-knife, Bennie's brother Carlos with a stick, and his sick father with his crutch. They were poor Mexican farmers and had no fire-arms. On the porch, Martin, an old negro servant, was husking corn, but when the boys ran toward the fig-tree, he got up and followed me into the garden.

"What is all this about?" I asked him, as we reached the orchard. The old negro put his finger to his mouth, to enjoin silence, but when we got behind the copse of currant bushes, he stopped and began to chuckle.

"Well, sir, to de best ob my knowledge, it's nothing but a common monkey," said he.

"What monkey?"

"De witch, as dey call her. Dere wuz a Miss Gonzales used to live down in Benyamo, an' dey tried to arrest her for witchcraft, and she has been

missin' ever since. Dey hev got a notion dat she changed herself into a monkey—de one dat 's robbin' us all de time. Hush! Here comes that boy Carlos."

"Come over this way, Doctor," whispered Carlos—"we shall have some fun now; she's at the lower end of the corn field, right where my father put up the trap. Father is behind the mulberries back there. Take care—we must keep on this side of the trees, where she can not see us."

The old farmer was sitting on a wheelbarrow behind a clump of leafy mulberry-trees, while his wife was peeping through the branches.

"There are four or five in the weeds, over yonder," said she; "they are near the trap right now."

"The witch, too?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said the farmer—"she's somewhere in the corn field."

"Where's the witch?" asked Bennie.

"Keep still," whispered his mother. "There she is now, at the end of the fence there; look! do you see her red necklace? Here she comes! She's going for the trap."

I could see her, too. A lean, long-legged capuchin monkey, with a sort of red collar around her neck, went skipping along the fence till she reached the top of the corner rail, where she stopped, and rose on her hind legs to get a view of the field. Finding the coast clear, she hopped down and slipped behind a pile of boards at the end of the furrow.

"Oh, Father!" cried Carlos, "quick, quick! Let's get the dog! She's coming this way—I saw her just now in the melon patch."

"Here's de dog," said the negro. "Come on—if he does n't get her, she knows more about witchcraft than I do. Let's head her off."

Our plan was to take the dog to the lower end of the orchard, where he could intercept the witch on her way to the high timber, while Carlos was

of the melon patch, with Carlos at her heels. He was driving her straight toward us, and through the middle of the corn field, when the dog suddenly broke away before Uncle Martin could grab him. He had caught sight of her and she of him, for she turned sharp around, passed Carlos like a flash, and disappeared in the copse of currant bushes. In the next second, the dog reached the thicket, but while he was racing up and down with his nose

on the ground, the sly witch slipped out at the other end, and made a break for the high timber. Our shouts and yells brought the dog on her track, and, spying her in the open field, he came sweeping down the furrow like the wind, and went over the fence with a flying leap, but a moment too late. The capuchin had reached the first tree, and mocked him with chattering grimaces from a height of sixteen feet.

"Just look at her!" laughed Uncle Martin. "She's too smart for us, ma'am."

"Yes, she has fooled us again," groaned Mrs. Ruan. "Oh, what a shameful crime is witchcraft!"

"Too bad," said I. "It seems these monkeys bother you all day, madam?"

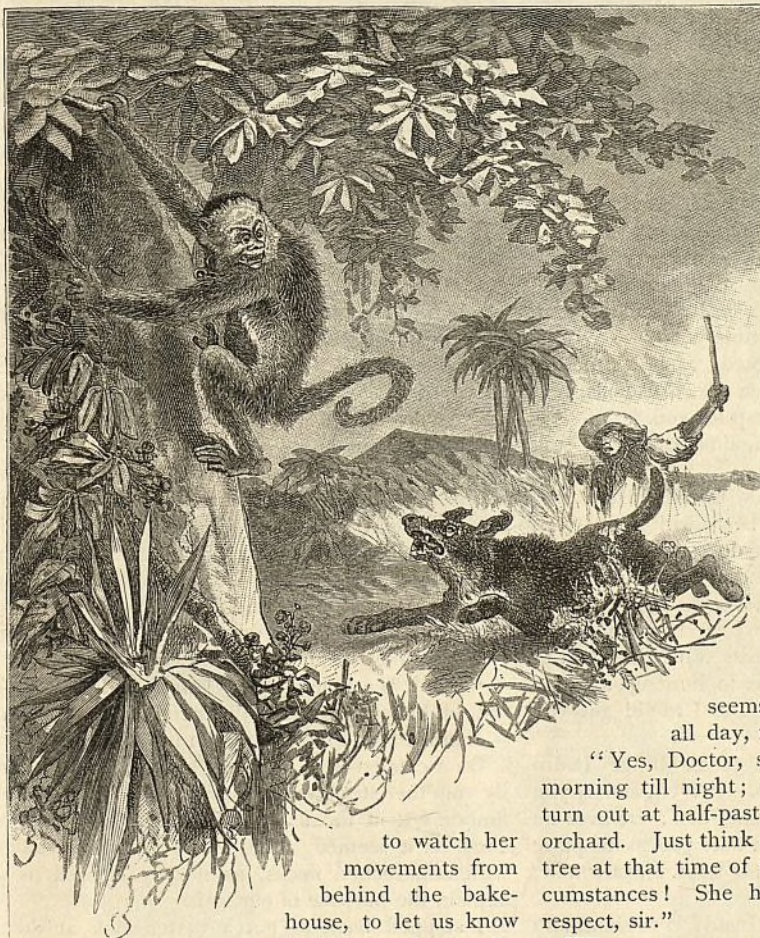
"Yes, Doctor, she keeps worrying me from morning till night; yesterday evening we had to turn out at half-past seven to drive her out of the orchard. Just think of that! Getting on top of a tree at that time of the day—a person in her circumstances! She has n't the least bit of self-respect, sir."

When we returned to the cottage yard, Mrs. Ruan's eldest daughter came running out of a side building. "Oh, Mamma," cried she, "Miss Gonzales was in our bakehouse last night!"

"Why, what has she been about, now?"

"Cook made a dozen dough-dumplings," said the girl, "and there are only ten left, now. They were covered up in a dish on the oven-bench, and Bennie says he never came near the oven, and I'm sure I did n't, either, so it must have been Miss Gonzales."

"Oh, the wretch! Oh, mercy, what shall we do



"A MOMENT TOO LATE."

to watch her movements from behind the bakehouse, to let us know when we ought to slip the dog. The farmer was too lame to join us, but his wife brought with her a club and a twisted rattan.

"I'll teach her manners, if we catch her," said she, with a flourish of her weapons.

We had already reached the outskirts of the wood, and passed the first tall trees, without any signal from Carlos; but when we were in the act of climbing the fence a little below the log-trap, the farmer on the porch gave a great shout, and, at the same moment, we saw the capuchin dash out

about it? This must be stopped, somehow! Why, she is robbing us night and day!"

"What!" cried the farmer, "you do not believe that she would eat raw dough, do you?"

"Oh, you do not know her yet," wailed the good wife; "there's nothing too wicked for her—nothing too wicked. A person that will resort to witchcraft is capable of anything."

"Why don't you borrow a gun and shoot her?" I asked.

"Bless you, no, sir!" said the farmer; "they would discharge me right off."

"Who would?"

"The gentlemen in the convent, sir; all this land belongs to their game-preserve, and they do not permit their tenants to use any kind of fire-arms."

"Oh, Doctor," said Mrs. Ruan, "could n't you be kind enough to send us some kind of a charm—a witch-charm, I mean? We would pay you the full value of it, and be ever so much obliged to you. If you say so, we can send Uncle Martin along, and pay you the next time you —"

"Never mind," I interrupted, "but let me tell you what I can do. I will see Mr. Cardenas, and borrow his American steel-trap for you."

"Will that do any good against a witch?" said the farmer, doubtfully.

"Indeed it will, señor," said Uncle Martin. "I saw them catch wolves and bears with such traps down in Texas, and a witch does n't know more than a cinnamon bear does, I don't care how smart she is."

"It will cripple her if she puts her foot in," I added. "Judge Cardenas lives somewhere out in the country, and I shall have to hunt up a guide in San Juan to find his place, or I would get you the trap before night."

"Judge Cardenas? You mean Judge Pedro Cardenas?" asked the negro. "Well, señor, you need n't go very far for a guide, den: he lives on dis side of de river, an' I can take you to his place in about three-quarters of an hour. Start now, ef you say so, sir?"

"Yes, let's go right now," I said; "we should n't find him at home after three o'clock. Come on."

We passed the convent hill and a thicket of talipot-palms, and then entered a caucho grove. The tropical forests are strangely quiet during the noon-tide heat; every living thing seeks the shade, and even the parrots sit under the thick foliage, or hide in hollow trees, like owls, and do not stir till the day cools off. The air was so still that we could hear the buzz of a gnat, and the rustling of the small lizards that skipped from tree to tree through the dry leaves, but when we entered the caucho grove we suddenly heard a piercing scream from

the depth of the woods—a curious shrill and long-drawn screech, like the yell of a big tomcat, and soon after the deep-mouthed bark of a hunting-dog.

"Listen! That's Mr. Cardenas's deer-hound," said the old negro. "The judge must be somewhere in that thicket down there. Let's hail him."

Our call was answered by a loud halloo from a wooded glen on our right, and, before long, a hunter stepped from the thicket, and waved his hat when he recognized us.

"Hello, Judge," I called out, "what's the matter—have you been cat-hunting on that creek down there?"

"No, I was hunting pheasants," cried the judge, "and what do you suppose I caught?"

"What was it—a wild-cat?"

"No, no," said he. "Come along—I'll show you; it takes three witnesses to prove it."

"My wood-choppers captured a sloth this morning," said the judge, as we walked toward the ravine—"a big black sloth—a 'bush-lawyer,' as the Indians call them. They tied him to the stump of a tree, and what do you suppose I found, when I came out to fetch him? Here we are! Just look at this happy family!"

The old sloth lay on his back, near the stump where the wood-choppers had left him, but in his claws he held the strangest animal I ever saw in my life—a black, hairy little brute, about the shape of a young bear, but with a big tail that turned and twisted left and right like a snake.

"What in the world do you call that?" I asked—"a monkey or an overgrown squirrel?"

"No, it's a honey-bear," laughed the judge—"a kinkayou, as we call them. Just look up—there's half a dozen of them in that tree!"

On a catalpa-tree, near the stump, a whole family of the strange long-tails were eating their dinner, not in the least disconcerted by our presence, as it seemed, though two of them eyed us, with outstretched necks, as if they desired us to explain the purpose of our visit.

I stepped back to get a better look at them. They had snouts and paws like fat young bears, but in their movements they reminded me of a North American opossum; they could hang by their tails and use them as rope-ladders in lowering themselves from branch to branch. Now and then, one or two of them came down to take a look at their captive comrade, but the least movement of the old sloth would send them scampering up the tree with squeals of horror.

"That lawyer of yours has taken the law into his own hands," said I.

"Yes, I suspect those little imps kept fooling



"ON A CATALPA-TREE A WHOLE FAMILY OF THE STRANGE LONG-TAILS WERE EATING THEIR DINNER."

with him until he grabbed one of them," said the judge. "Let's set that thing free, or he will squeeze it to death."

The old sloth held his prisoner as a spider holds a fly, encircling him completely with his long-clawed legs, and while the captive mewled and snarled, the captor uttered grunts that sounded like inward chuckles. It needed our combined efforts to unclasp his long grappling-hooks, and we were afraid the prisoner would die before we could liberate him, but as soon as his feet touched the ground, he bounced up the tree as if the fell fiends were at his heels.

"That fellow wont forget the day of the month," laughed the judge; "he will know better than to meddle with a lawyer the next time."

I explained to the judge that we had come to borrow his trap, and he told Uncle Martin to go and fetch it.

"Well, Judge, I'm much obliged to you," said the old negro, "but I guess we had better try dis four-legged trap first. You may call her Miss Gonzales or whatever you like, but if dis here lawyer would n't squeeze de witchcraft out of her, we might as well give it up for a bad job. Why, I could hardly get his claws off at all; I never saw the like before."

"It's only the old males of the black variety that will do that," explained the judge; "the brown ones are almost helpless, if you turn them over on their backs. Well, I must go along and see the fun," said he, "but if you catch that monkey, please do not kill her; if she can dance, I should like to take her home, and let my children make a pet of her."

The afternoon was far advanced; so when we reached the farm, all hands were promptly set to work to get the witch-trap ready without loss of time.

Near the log-trap, and just below the place where the monkeys used to cross the fence, we drove four short stakes into the ground and fastened the old sloth securely, but in a way that did not interfere with the upward and sideward movement of his arms and legs. All around him we strewed the ground with raisins and bits of bread, and Mrs. Ruan added a large slice of ginger-cake, which we fastened on a separate stake behind the living trap.

"We might as well try a wood-lawyer, since the other lawyer would n't help us," Mrs. Ruan told me. "Here's my neighbor, Mrs. Lucas, she knows a recipe for curing such hags: You must make them drink a quart of boiling pepper-sauce, with sulphur and garlic. I've got a potful on the stove there, and if we catch her, she will have to swallow every drop of it. I'll hold her nose

and make her do it. Yes, sir, witchcraft must be suppressed."

"Here, Carlos, you take this ax," said his father, "go to the wood-shed, and make all the noise you can. That witch has a way of turning up as soon as she hears us chopping wood," he added. "I suppose she calculates that we can't watch her as long as we are hard at work."

Mr. Ruan then tied the dog to the bed-post, the good wife went to the bakehouse, and the rest of us marched to the south corner of the garden, where Uncle Martin posted us behind a clump of banana-trees.

Carlos, in the wood-shed, kept up a noise as if a company of lumbermen were at work with axes and cudgels, and, before long, the judge tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the farther end of the fence. "There's one now," said he—"a raccoon or a young monkey."

"Hold on! Dat's de witch herself," whispered Uncle Martin. "I can see her now—she's peeping over de top rail. Dere she comes—do you see her collar?"

The old capuchin took a good look at the trap, and then raised herself to her full length and surveyed the garden silently and carefully. Somehow, the prospect did not seem satisfactory; for instead of jumping down, she jogged along the top rails to the next corner and peered about the field once more. The coast seemed clear, and, after a last furtive glance in the direction of the cottage, the old marauder leaped down and disappeared in the weeds. Was she going to content herself with corn-ears? She could not possibly have overlooked the tidbits near the trap.

No, she had n't, nor forgotten them neither, for, two minutes later, she re-appeared at the right place, took up a piece of bread, examined it carefully, and then eyed the prostrate sloth with evident surprise.

"She does n't know what to make of all that," whispered the farmer.

"She will find it out mighty suddenly, if she aint kerful," chuckled Uncle Martin. "De lawyer is getting ready for her."

The "witch" approached the trap with great caution, peeped under the boards, smelled them, and looked thoughtfully in the direction of the cottage.

"What if it should be some new trick? Monkeys can not be too careful nowadays—farmers are so cunning; that poor fellow on his back, there, seems to have fallen a victim to their wiles," she appeared to be saying to herself.

She tapped his head and stole a look at his face. The lawyer never budged. She went around and examined him from the other side. "Where

did he come from? Is he dead? Why does n't he try to get away?"

The lawyer lay low.

"A queer customer! How did he get fast there, anyhow? What keeps him down?" She nosed around the strings, scrutinized the stakes, and tried to step over the corpse, or whatever it might be, in order to acquaint herself with the interior mechanism of this novel kind of trap. Perhaps she imagined it would take her only a moment, but in that moment the four arms clasped her like the fangs of a steel-trap, and a horrified screech announced the success of our stratagem. The lawyer had her.

Uncle Martin started off with a whoop, the boys



THE TRAP.

broke from the cottage with a simultaneous rush, and, a second after, the population of the farm galloped toward the trap, like race horses on the home stretch.

When the witch saw us come, the recollection of her sins made her redouble her shrieks and struggles, but she might as well have tried to break out of a straight-jacket and a pair of iron handcuffs; the old sloth neither stirred nor made the slightest noise, but held her with the merciless grip of a boa constrictor. Before we liberated her, Uncle Martin slipped a stout leather strap through

her collar, fastened it with a triple knot, and opened a big linen flour-bag, to have it ready for use. When we got her free, she leaped backward with a sudden jerk, but finding she could not break the strap, the poor creature crept into the sack of her own accord, glad to get out of sight at any price; but in the bottom of the bag we could hear her teeth chatter with fear, as if she expected every moment to be pulled out and shot.

"We have got her!" Mrs. Ruan called to the cook, who had watched us from the porch. "Run, Carlotta! Get the pepper-sauce ready!"

"I believe she is going to burn her alive," laughed the farmer, who had hobbled out with the help of a crutch.

"No, no, my friends; that would never do," said Mr. Cardenas. "You can not burn a witch that still has the form of a monkey—it would be cruelty to animals, and that's against the law."

"You hear that?" said the farmer. "The judge is right; we must n't get ourselves into trouble. We'd better sell her, or set her free on the other side of the river; witches can not swim, you know, so she would never get across the Rio Lerma."

"No, sir; that would n't do, neither," said the judge. "She can not be permitted to run at large. We must teach her a useful trade, and keep her locked up for the rest of her life."

"That's right! Lock her up and keep her hard at work, the miserable huzzy!" cried Mrs. Ruan, shaking her fist at the bag.

"Yes," said the judge; "but she must n't be maltreated, and I'll see if I can take her to board in my family. Look here, my friends, suppose I pay you four dollars for the damage she has caused you, and engage that she shall bother you no more? Will that be satisfactory?"

"Why, certainly," said the farmer. "I am much obliged to you, Judge."

"You are kind, sir," said Mrs. Ruan; "but——"

"But—what?"

"Step this way, sir, please," said Mrs. Ruan, with an uneasy glance at the bag. "I want to talk to you privately, where that creature can not overhear us." Then, stepping aside with the judge, she whispered: "You know more about law business than we do, but I must warn you that you must keep your eye on her. And it is not enough to lock the doors—the likes of her find other ways of escape. If they get hold of a broom, they make a rush for the nearest chimney, and off they go, whistling before the wind."

"Make your mind easy, my good woman," laughed the judge. "I am going to watch her closely. The first time I catch her on a broomstick, I shall turn her over to the police."



THE MAID OF HONOR.

By EVA L. OGDEN.

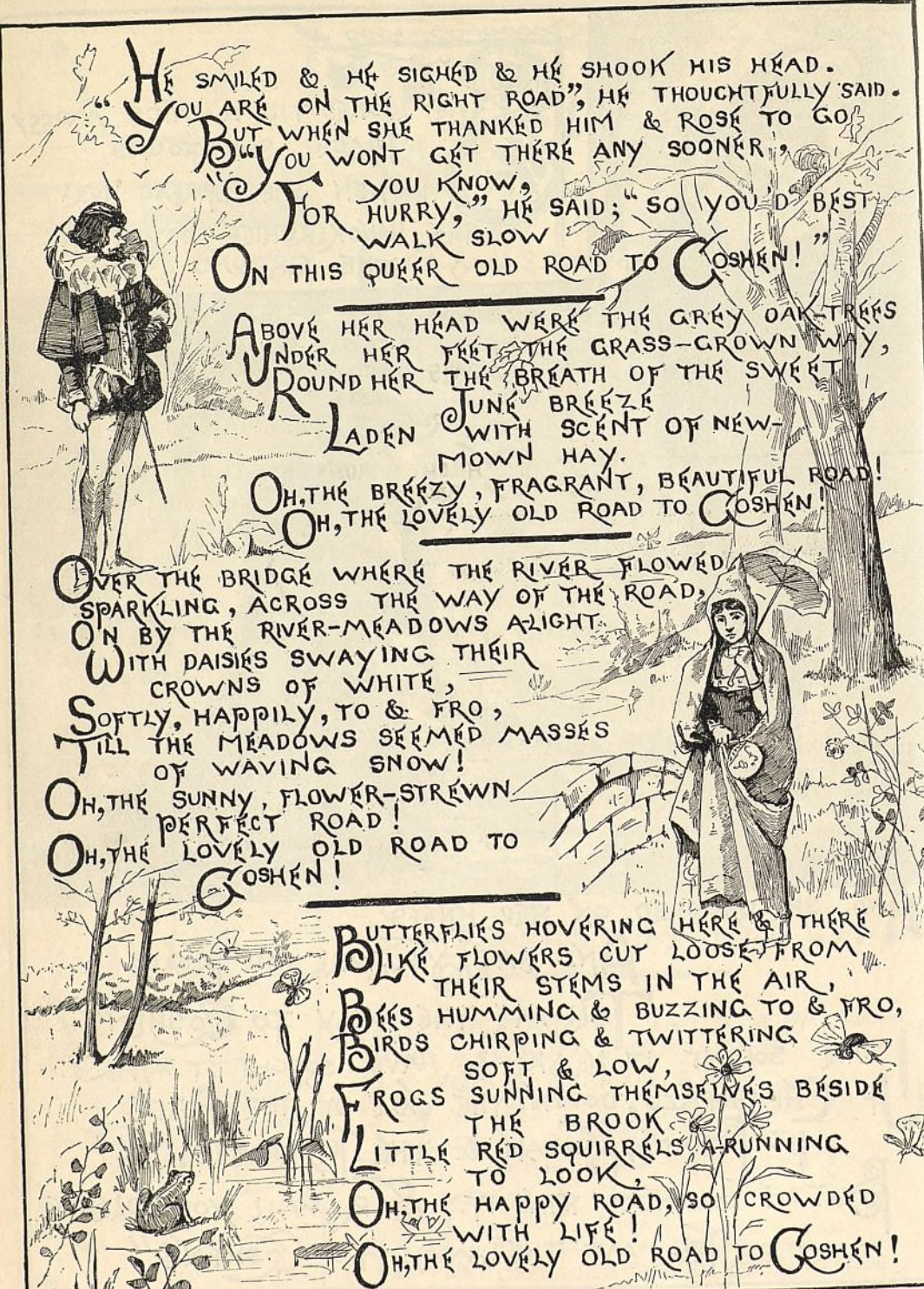
SHE WAS PINNING THE TABLE-
CLOTH FAST TO THE LINE,
WHEN ACROSS THE GARDEN &
OVER THE CLOTHES,
ALONG CAME THE BLACKBIRD
FRESH FROM THE PIE,
AND SNIPPED OFF THE TIP OF
HER DEAR LITTLE NOSE!
BEFORE, YOU'D HAVE SAID, IT
WOULD SURELY BE
AN IMPROVEMENT; BUT AFTER-
WARD — OH, DEAR ME!
THE KING LAUGHED HARD & THE
QUEEN LAUGHED, TOO,
WHILE THE POOR MAID OF
HONOR CRIED "WHAT SHALL I DO?"
BUT THEY TOLD HER TO GO TO THE
WITCH IN THE WOOD,
FOR SHE'D KNOW HOW TO CURE
HER IF ANY ONE COULD.
"H-M-M! SO YOU'VE LOST THE
TIP OF YOUR NOSE!"
SAID THE WITCH. "GO TO
GOSHEN, & STAY TILL IT GROWS!"

WITH A PAINTED FAN & A PARASOL
AND A GOWN EMBROIDERED WITH
GOLD STORKS ALL,
AND AN OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
CLOAK AROUND HER, —
THAT WAS THE WAY SHE LOOKED
WHEN HE FOUND HER,
JUST ABOUT NOON
ONE DAY IN JUNE,
ON THE OLD, OLD ROAD TO GOSHEN.



SHE LOOKED TILL A NICE MOSSY
 PLACE SHE FOUND,
 WHEN SHE SPREAD HER
 SILK HANDKERCHIEF DOWN ON
 THE GROUND

AND SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES
 AND SAID, "SIR, WILL YOU PLEASE
 TELL ME THE WAY TO COSHEN?"
 "I HAVE SOUGHT IT NEAR & HAVE SOUGHT IT AFAR
 UP CHIMBORAZO, DOWN THE VALE OF THE AAR
 IN ICELAND, SOUDAN & THE PYRENEES,
 BUT I CANNOT FIND IT. SIR, WILL YOU PLEASE
 TELL ME THE WAY TO COSHEN?"



HE SMILED & HE SIGHED & HE SHOOK HIS HEAD.
 "YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT ROAD," HE THOUGHTFULLY SAID.
 BUT WHEN SHE THANKED HIM & ROSE TO GO
 "YOU WON'T GET THERE ANY SOONER,"
 "FOR YOU KNOW,
 FOR HURRY," HE SAID; "SO YOU'D BEST
 WALK SLOW
 ON THIS QUEER OLD ROAD TO COSHEN!"

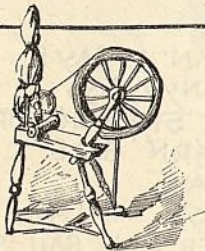
ABOVE HER HEAD WERE THE GRAY OAK TREES
 UNDER HER FEET THE GRASS-CROWN WAY,
 AROUND HER THE BREATH OF THE SWEET
 LADEN JUNE BREEZE
 WITH SCENT OF NEW-
 MOWN HAY.

OH, THE BREEZY, FRAGRANT, BEAUTIFUL ROAD!
 OH, THE LOVELY OLD ROAD TO COSHEN!

OVER THE BRIDGE WHERE THE RIVER FLOWED
 SPARKLING, ACROSS THE WAY OF THE ROAD,
 ON BY THE RIVER-MEADOWS ALIGHT
 WITH DAISIES SWAYING THEIR
 CROWNS OF WHITE,
 SOFTLY, HAPPILY, TO & FRO,
 TILL THE MEADOWS SEEMED MASSES
 OF WAVING SNOW!

OH, THE SUNNY, FLOWER-STREWN
 PERFECT ROAD!
 OH, THE LOVELY OLD ROAD TO
 COSHEN!

BUTTERFLIES HOVERING HERE & THERE
 LIKE FLOWERS CUT LOOSE FROM
 THEIR STEMS IN THE AIR,
 BEES HUMMING & BUZZING TO & FRO,
 BIRDS CHIRPING & TWITTERING
 SOFT & LOW,
 FROGS SUNNING THEMSELVES BESIDE
 THE BROOK,
 LITTLE RED SQUIRRELS A-RUNNING
 TO LOOK
 OH, THE HAPPY ROAD, SO CROWDED
 WITH LIFE!
 OH, THE LOVELY OLD ROAD TO COSHEN!



DAIRY-MAIDS CHURNING THE YELLOW CREAM

OUT UNDER THE TREES BESIDE THE STREAM,

LAMES RUBBING THE SOLID OLD TABLES WITH WAX

OR CROONING OLD SONGS AS THEY SPUN THEIR FLAX,

CHILDREN HUNTING WILD STRAW-BERRIES ALL THE FIELDS OVER,

FARMERS RAKING & HEAPING THE SWEET RED-CLOVER,

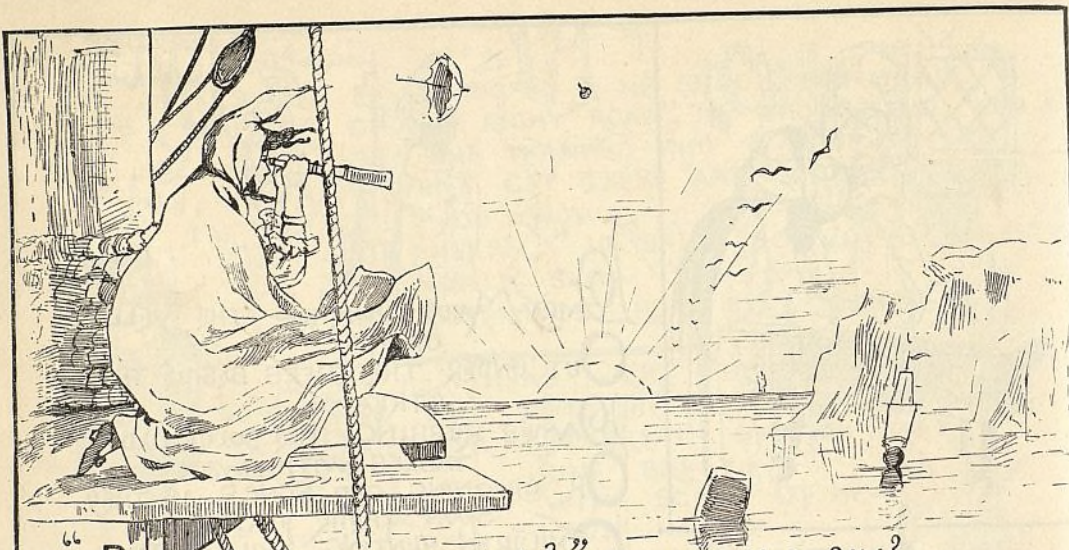
OH, THE ROAD WHERE ALL WERE SO BUSY & CAY!

OH, THE LOVELY OLD ROAD TO COSHEN!

ON THROUGH THE PINE-BARRENS & OVER THE SAND,
WITH SALT-MEADOWS STRETCHING ON EITHER HAND,
AND THERE LAY THE ROUGH OLD, GRAY OLD OCEAN
RIGHT ACROSS THE WAY
THAT LED TO COSHEN!

SO SHE TOOK A SHIP THAT WAS LYING THERE,
AND SAILED ON, STILL SEARCHING EVERYWHERE
FOR THE ROAD THAT HAD ENDED THERE AT THE OCEAN,
THE LOVELY OLD ROAD THAT LED TO COSHEN!





"DID SHE EVER GET THERE?" HOW CAN I SAY?
 SHE NEVER CAME BACK AGAIN, ANYWAY,
 BUT THE "WATER WITCH" WITH A STIFFISH BREEZE,
 SAILING ALONG THROUGH NORTHERN SEAS,
 CAME ON A CURIOUS CRAFT ONE DAY.
 AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS IT LAY
 ON THE TOP OF A WAVE, WITH ALL SAIL SET,
 WHERE THE ARCTIC CURRENT & GULF STREAM MET.
 A MAID OF HONOR KNELT ON ONE KNEE
 ON THE VERY TOP OF THE TOP-GALLANT TREE.
 AND DOWN FROM THAT HEIGHT, THROUGH THE MISTY AIR,
 FELL A VOICE LIKE A SUNBEAM BRIGHT & CLEAR
 "AH, WATER WITCH,
 IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WHICH
 IS THE RIGHT ROAD TO COSHEN?"

POOR OLD CAPTAIN! HE DID N'T KNOW,
 BUT HE WAVED HIS HAND TOWARD MEXICO,
 AND THE SOUND OF A "THANK YOU", SWEET & LOW,
 FLOATED BACK LIKE A PERFUME THROUGH THE AIR,
 AS, WITH SAIL SHOWING GREY 'GAINST THE CRIMSON SKY,
 THE SHIP WITH THE MAIDEN SWEEPED HIM BY,
 DOWN THE BLUE GULF STREAM WITH ALL SAIL SET.
 AND MUCH I FEAR, THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHY,
 AT THE POOR MAID OF HONOR IS SAILING YET
 ON THAT WATERY ROAD TO COSHEN!

THE END.



DESIGNS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS TO COPY.

THE WHIRLIGIG CLUB.

By L. A. B.

THE Whirligig Club had been in existence more than two months, and the citizens of West Ridge, one and all, had several times called it a nuisance, although they could not help smiling with admiration at the boys as they whizzed past the houses and street-corners on their "bikes."

As for the mothers and sisters of the members, they had gradually become reconciled to it, and were no longer in hourly expectation of having the youngsters brought home insensible on shutters or cellar-doors, nor in dread of having to reach out and pick them off the iron fence, on the sharp points of which they had seemed determined to impale themselves at first, so wildly had their unmanageable steeds wobbled about.

Johnny had just joined the ranks. He had been an honorary member ever since the Club started; but now, the ownership of a machine made him at once a most active working member.

It was a proud day for Johnny when he found himself the possessor of a bicycle. He was a favorite with all the "Whirligiggers," so, when he came

into view, mounted on his new "steed," the group greeted him with a hearty cheer, and he was taken into full membership on the spot.

"It's even taller than mine, too," said Bob, as they all gathered around to admire it; and he said it so unselfishly that Johnny inwardly resolved to be his friend as long as he lived; for Bob had until now enjoyed the distinction of having the largest bicycle in the Club.

"We ought to do something to celebrate his initiation," said Frank, after each member had taken a trial trip on the new machine, and expressed an opinion on the working-powers.

"We must have a grand ride all together, some day soon," suggested Bob.

This proposal met with instant favor, and received the approbation of the entire Club; but when Joe suggested that they should go at night, and that nobody should know a word about it, some demurred. The proposal was rather startling. But the more they talked it over, the better they liked it; and even those who had at first

objected, came at length to the conclusion that it was the one proper way to have a celebration. So the Club stifled any whisperings of conscience about the propriety of going without leave, and unanimously declared the matter settled.

It took a great deal of talking to arrange the details of the plan; but it was finally decided that they should go out on the Mill road, and then cross over and come in on the West road, and that Thursday evening, at ten o'clock, would be the best time for the start.

Johnny and Ned, because the windows of their rooms were not adapted to a silent departure, were to get permission to spend the night with Bob and Joe, who possessed windows opening upon low roofs, which made a quiet exit easy. They were to meet at the cross-roads a little before ten, and to start as near that hour as possible.

When the evening came, the roads were found to be all that the most exacting bicyclist could ask. Joe and Ned were the first at the place of rendezvous, but they had not long to wait until all the others came speeding up to them, either singly or in pairs.

"Call the roll!" said Ben, as the last two rolled into the circle—for the Club, although it numbered only seven members, never started on any expedition without attending to this important duty.

"Ned Alvin, Johnny Ellis, Joe Gaddis, Frank Long, Ben Webster, Davie Faxton," called Bob Gridley, just above a whisper, and so rapidly that the owner of a name had barely time to answer before the next was called.

"Now we're ready," added Bob; and on the instant the entire seven mounted their machines, and as Bob, who was leader for the evening, blew three notes softly on his whistle, away they flew.

Their place of meeting had been just on the edge of the town, and a few minutes' ride took them past the last house and out upon the country road.

They had not gone half a mile when two notes from Bob's whistle made them slacken speed, and, as they drew up in a group around him, Bob suggested that when they came to the Mill road, which was only a little way ahead, they should turn off, and go around by Long Pond. The proposal took away their breath; but finally Davie found enough to exclaim: "Why, that is fully an eight-mile trip!"

"What is eight miles?" asked Bob; "there is n't one of us but can do it. To be sure, it is a

little farther than we ever have been, but of course we can make it."

"But how long will it take?" "More than twice as far!" "There'll be a hill to go over," came from several members at once. But these objections were followed by an instantaneous "Let's go, any way," from the entire Club. And they filed into line again.

The road was smooth, and away they glided,



"THEY ALL GATHERED AROUND TO ADMIRE IT."

Bob leading and the others following, two and two. Their course lay straight ahead for a few paces, and then they turned squarely to the right, and on again. The moon was shining brightly, and hundreds of stars twinkled down on them through the tree-tops which leaned over the road. It was

just the evening for such a trip. They did not stop a minute to rest, but wheeled industriously on, sometimes in single file, when the road was not so good, then again two and three abreast. Many a clear, boyish laugh and loud halloo echoed through the woods.

Johnny and Bob regaled them with the air of "Row, brothers, row," sung to words like:

"Wheel, brothers, wheel; the night goes fast,
The road is long and the bridge not past,"

which was received with much admiration by the other members, although the singers' voices were rather gaspy, owing to their being somewhat out of breath from a short race.

"Let's stop at the split-oak for lunch," called Frank, who was in the rear.

"All right!" came from the others, and they made their wheels spin until they came to the split-oak, full five miles from their starting-point. There the brigade stopped; the "bikes" were stood up against trees, and the boys settled down in a grassy place by the oak, where the moonlight was brightest, and where they applied themselves vigorously to demolishing the cheese and crackers which they had brought with them.

"Say, boys, do you know it's almost twelve?" said Joe, looking at his watch, which was the pride of his heart. The bright moonlight shone full on his face, and left no doubt of the time.

"Well, we ought to start," said Ned. "We've been nearly half an hour eating our lunch and talking."

"I tell you, boys, we have got to make pretty good time the rest of the way," said Johnny, as each rider brought up his steed and prepared to mount.

"Oh, we can easily be home in an hour and a half; we did n't start until after ten, and the oak is more than half-way," said Bob.

The road lay straight for the next mile; then came the hill, up which the Whirligiggers found it much the easier plan to walk. On the other side, the hill sloped by an easy grade to the foot, where the road crossed the pond by a long bridge. So they mounted again at the top, and made a quick run to the bottom, their speed increasing every moment, until, when they reached the foot, they were going so fast that they rushed across the planked bridge with a rumbling like distant thunder.

The Club was at length beginning to feel the effects of the unusually long ride; and, as the party came to the railway, Ben said:

"Let's rest here until the expresses pass."

"Agreed!" said Bob. "What time is it, Joe?"

"After one—ten minutes after. It must be

time for the train now," he answered, looking down the track.

The up-express was due at fifteen minutes after one, and the down-express at almost the same hour, but they seldom were on time. In a few minutes the trains would surely pass the spot where the boys now were, and they thought the sight worth waiting for, because the trains were through expresses, and always dashed along as if speed was the only thing cared for.

The boys agreed to wait. Two of them stretched themselves on the ground by the side of the wagon-road, and the others sat around on logs, glad to take a breathing spell, as Joe called it.

"I say," said Davie, suddenly, "the railway would be a splendid place for our machines to run on."

"So it would," said Bob. "The places between the ties have been filled and packed, and so many people use it as a foot-path, that it's as smooth and solid as a floor."

Just then, the up-express came whistling and roaring along the track, and dashed past them at tremendous speed, raising clouds of dust, twigs, and dry grass. The boys held their breath as the monster swept by them, without slackening speed even to cross the long bridge over the creek and the trestle-work beyond.

And then followed a strange crashing sound, as of earth and rocks rolling down-hill; but soon all was still again.

"Where are you going, now?" asked Ben, as Johnny and Ned suddenly jumped up, moved by the same impulse.

"To see how the track will do for our 'bikes,'" answered Johnny, as they trundled their machines toward the railway.

Bob had his mouth wide open to suggest that all the Club should follow, when a startled call from Johnny, echoed by one from Ned, caused them to rush down to where the two boys were.

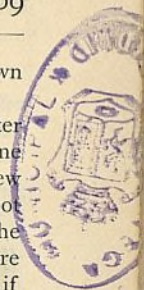
Their faces turned as pale as were Johnny's and Ned's, when, in answer to their "What's the matter?" Ned pointed to a dark heap across the track, close to the bridge. A moment's glance showed them that one of the great rocks from the hill, no doubt shaken loose by the train which had just thundered past, had rolled down upon the track, carrying with it a mass of dirt and gravel. The rock was so large that the boys could not move it, although they at once tried their best.

"It's of no use," said Joe, as they gave up, panting.

"We must do something: it's time the down-express was here, now," cried Davie.

"We must signal them in some way. If we only had a lantern!" cried Frank, breathlessly.

"There is no time to lose!" cried Bob.



"Hay!" and with the word Ben and Ned were off, and, before the others could think what they meant, they were back with their arms full of dry hay, from a little shed which they had remembered seeing a short distance up the hill.

"We had better go beyond the fallen rock,

"The train is coming now, and, besides, our light won't be seen from around the bend!" cried Ned, as the boys stood staring blankly at one another, for at last they fully realized the danger.

"Some of us must cross the bridge and signal them from the other side of the river," said Joe.

"The ties are out from some places, and we should have to jump the gaps. Men were setting blocks under the rails when I came past there this evening; they were then going to leave the gaps, and replace the ties to-morrow," said Johnny.

"There won't be time to climb down and up the banks, and cross on the little foot-bridge, nor to swing across the gaps by holding to the rails," said Bob, his voice shaking as he talked.

"There were boards laid lengthwise across. I'll go over on them," cried Johnny, remembering that he had seen men wheel gravel, from the hill on the other side, along the whole length of the bridge, on a narrow path made of two boards; and he determined to cross by it, mounted on his wheel; there was not time for running.

"Get out all your handkerchiefs, tie 'em together, and put them in this pocket. Give me some matches, Davie—here, in my mouth. Hurry! hurry!" he went on, his fingers trembling as he looped his own handkerchief around a bundle of hay, so as to carry it on his arm and leave both hands free.

"You must n't go!" "You'll be killed!" "You can't cross on 'em!" they cried, trying to dissuade him while yet they went on doing as he told them.

and then, when we see the train coming, we'll set fire to the hay," said Joe, as they hurriedly divided the hay into several small bundles.

They had just started up the track, when there came a sound which made them stop. It was a faint whistle, far away around the curve.

It was a perilous undertaking; but the need was urgent,—not a second was to be lost! As Johnny reached the bridge, he felt like giving up; but the thought of what would happen if he should not go, gave him fresh courage.

"Tell 'em at home that I tried to do the best I



"THE LOOSE BOARDS RATTLED AS THE WHEELS SPUN OVER THEM."

could, if ——" he shouted, but a choke in his voice would not let him finish. And he was off.

The loose boards rattled and shook as the wheels spun over them, and where the ties were out they seemed to bend beneath the weight. Johnny could hear the sound of the water far below him, but he did not dare to look down. When he was half-way over, he could hear the roar of the train as it echoed back from the hills, and he was almost afraid to look toward the turn of the track, for fear he should see the head-light of the engine gleaming around the curve.

If he could only get over in time!

Faster and faster spun the wheels, and faster and faster beat Johnny's heart, as he reached the end of the trestle-work, and turned the bend.

The head-light of the coming train shone bright and clear up the track.

"Oh, why do they go so fast?" said Johnny to himself, as he stopped, and leaped from his bicycle to light his signal. He crouched down beside the track and struck a match against the rail; but his hand shook so that the head of the match flew off. The next one burned, and he sheltered the flame between his hands until the hay and handkerchiefs were in a blaze. It seemed a long time to Johnny, but it really was only a moment until he was up and away again, on a run along the track, waving the flaming bundle back and forth.

"They must see it! Yes, they are whistling. They'll surely stop, now!" cried Johnny, half aloud, still waving the fiery signal. The flames blew against his hand, but he was too excited to mind the heat. The glaring eye of the engine grew brighter and brighter. But not until the train was close enough for him to see the anxious face of the engineer looking out from his window, did the brave boy jump from the track.

"They're stopping," was the last thing he thought, for he heard them whistle "down brakes," as he jumped off the track; and he knew nothing more until some men raised him in their arms and asked him if he was hurt. Then he opened his eyes to find his head on some one's shoulder, and a crowd of strange faces around him.

"Here, little chap, what did you stop us for?" asked an important man in blue uniform and brass buttons, coming up to the group around Johnny.



"HE WAS UP AND AWAY AGAIN, WAVING THE FLAMING BUNDLE."

"Rock's tumbled down just across the bridge," answered Johnny, wondering why he felt so tired and weak. "Where is my machine?" he added, trying to look around.

The conductor looked puzzled.

"Reckon this is it," answered the engineer, coming up with the bicycle and standing it against a tree.

"Well, he's a plucky chap, sure 's I'm a-livin', an' I can tell you some of us came pretty near gettin' dished," went on the engineer, who had been taking a view of the situation, and had

learned from the other Whirligiggers what a narrow escape the train had had; for the boys had run swiftly across on the foot-bridge, and had now reached the scene, out of breath from their rapid climb up the steep bank.

"If it had n't been for him, we'd all 'a' been down there," finished the engineer, with an expressive wave of his sooty hand toward the creek, and a nod to the crowd of passengers.

Johnny did not hear the words of explanation and praise which followed, for when the conductor tried to help him to his feet, he fainted away again.

"Let me see—I am a doctor. He has had a rough tumble, and I am afraid he has broken some bones," said a passenger, stepping forth from the crowd.

The doctor was right; for Johnny's ankle was badly sprained, and one arm had been broken by striking against a stump as he fell.

But Johnny knew nothing more of what went on around him, until he opened his eyes again in his own room, in his own bed. The first thing he saw was his mother's face bending over him, and the first thing he heard was old Dr. Clark's voice saying, "He'll do now."

"I know we ought n't to have gone without asking leave," said Johnny, at the end of a confidential talk with his mother, a few days later, when he was beginning to feel better. "I'll never go again, that way, but I'm glad I was there then."

"I'm not afraid of my boy breaking his promise," said his mother, "but proud as we are of your courage, there are two kinds of bravery, Johnny, and it may be harder for you to keep your promise than it was to cross the bridge."

"I don't know," said Johnny, shaking his head, doubtfully. "I was badly scared, and my heart just thumped all the time I was going over. It's a good thing I practiced so much at the gymnasium, and walking beams and things, or I could not have done it," added Johnny, hoping to reconcile his mother to the ruinous wear and tear his clothes suffered from athletic performances.

It was weeks before Johnny was able to be out again; for the ankle got well slowly, and for a time he had to use a crutch, even after his arm was well enough for him to leave off the sling.

The members of the Club were faithful in their visits, and came every day to see him, as soon as he was able to have company. They brought him all the school news, and did everything they could think of to make the time pass more quickly.

One day, about two weeks after their eventful ride, a box came by express, marked "John R. Ellis." When it was opened, there appeared a great roll of pink cotton, and nestled snugly in this was a solid silver cup, quaintly shaped and daintily engraved; but what gave it its greatest value was the inscription on the plain oval front:

"A testimonial to John R. Ellis, from the passengers who owe their lives to his bravery."

A PROBLEM.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

SANDY and Ned were brothers;
Ned was older than Sandy;
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy.

Ned was earnestly trying
To make the division true,
And he marked the place with a fish-hook,
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas, for little Sandy
And his poor painstaking brother!
'T was a long and short division—
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces
And their quite unequal length,

And he wrestled with the problem
With all his mental strength.

And, at last, he said: "Oh, Sandy!
I can make it come out right,
If I take the piece that's longest,
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened
At this plan, so very handy,
Of disposing of the problem
And distributing the candy.

So Ned ate the pieces even—
'T was the simplest way to do it;
And he cheated little Sandy—
And they neither of them knew it!



TWINEGRAMS.

BY MRS. E. C. GIBSON.

"WELL, Miss Tragedy! What's happened now?" exclaimed Stevie. He was busy over his table and tool-chest in the piazza, near the library window, where his mother sat reading the morning paper. He had stopped in his merry whistling at his work when he had seen his sister come into the room with a very downcast face, and, throwing her hat on a lounge, sit down dejected beside it.

"Well, you may stop working at that trunk," she said. "She wont want it."

"Goldilocks not want her trunk! What ails her?—prostrated by the heat?—nose melted off?

—collapse from loss of saw-dust? Do tell a fellow! I'm her uncle, you know."

"Miss Bailey has shut May up in her room, and locked her in. I've been over there, and Miss Bailey says she's got to stay there all day."

"What has the little witch done, this time?"

"Why, coming home from school, yesterday, she wanted me to go with her to Nelson's bird-store, to look at the parrots and squirrels. I said no, for I knew Miss Bailey would n't like it,—and do you know, after she left me here, she went straight to Nelson's, and staid there till the clerk

brought her home at dark. He was afraid she might get lost. Miss Bailey means to punish her. So our fun 's all over."

"Did you see May?" asked Stevie.

"No; Miss Bailey would n't let me. I begged her to let May off this time; but, dear me! there was no use in my saying anything to her."

"Suppose I go over and try," said Stevie, his eyes twinkling. "I 'll make my best bow, you know; and"—turning quickly as his mother suddenly appeared at the door—"Mamma! Let me go over to Miss Bailey's, please?"

"Mamma! Would you go yourself?" asked Gracie, pleadingly. "We can't take our new dolls with us on Wednesday, unless we finish their things to-day. They have n't enough to go visiting with."

"Gracie, I don't like to ask Miss Bailey not to punish May. She 's an unmanageable little thing, and a great charge. She 's been perfectly spoiled at her grandmother's while her father was abroad; allowed to stay home from school whenever she liked, and to grow up an ignoramus. She does n't know what obedience is, and it is best she should learn it. Miss Bailey is strict, but she is kind, and it 's May's own fault if she has to be shut in. But I 'll go over and ask if you may take your work and stay with her, if you like. Will that do?"

"No, Mamma, it would n't. I have to show May so much about sewing, and it takes time; and we could never finish without my little machine; besides——"

"Stevie, what in the world ails you?" interrupted his mother. "Are you in pain?—and what are you upsetting all those boxes for?"

"Oh, I was spoiling for the chance to put in a word," said Stevie. "There 's an idea got hold of me, and it 's tearing me all to pieces. Now Gracie, look here: all you 've got to do is to run up to your room, and get to work as soon as you please. Leave all the rest to me. I 'll have you and May fixed in no time."

"What do you mean?" asked Gracie, wondering.

But Stevie was hurriedly poking into the receptacles in his tool-chest. "I mean," he said—"I mean to set up a line of communication between the outposts. I 'm going to work a charm for the princess in prison (here is n't twine enough, either)—Gracie, does Miss Bailey go into the kitchen, mornings? Does she keep in the back part of the house, doing things?"

"Yes; why?"

"Is May's room the one over the porch, with the wistaria round it?"

"Yes; why?"

"Stevie! What are you going to do?" asked his mother. "I can't have any mischief going on, you know—any annoyance to Miss Bailey."

"No, Mamma, indeed," said the lad, feeling in one pocket after another. "I would n't do Miss Bailey the least harm in the world, and I 'm only going to comfort May's little soul and keep her from crying her eyes out——"

He emptied his pockets inside out, and began selecting some small change from the miscellany usual in such depositories.

"Five, seven, nine," he murmured. "Mamma, lend me ten cents on next week's allowance?—Oh, please, do!"

"Tell me what you want it for?"

"Oh, 'never mind the why and wherefore,' Mamma. There is n't a minute to spare—and I 'm not going to do the least mischief in the world, I promise you."

"I 'm to be the judge of that, Stevie. You and I might not think alike about it. I certainly shall not give you the money till I know what you are planning to do with it."

"Well, then; see here," said the boy, and he began a description to his mother and sister, illustrating it with various motions and gestures, which seemed very amusing to them.

"But, after all," objected his mother, when he had finished, "is it worth while? Perhaps I had better try to get May excused this time. It will be such a trouble, Stevie; you won't have it ready till noon."

"Oh, no, Mamma! Don't say a word to Miss Bailey!" exclaimed Gracie. "Why, we 'll be glad May 's shut in, now. This 'll be such fun!"

"And I 'll have everything ready an hour after I begin," urged Stevie. "Oh, thanks," he said, taking the change his mother handed to him. "Now, Gracie, fly up to your room, and cut out your knife-fixings and what d' ye call 'ems. I 'll be back in no time."

And Gracie ran gleefully upstairs, while Stevie caught his hat and dashed out into the street. As for Mamma, she sat reflecting a moment, and then she put on her bonnet, and stepped quietly over to Miss Bailey's.

In a few minutes Stevie came hurrying back to his sister's room. He hastened to her window and began operations there—boring two gimlet holes, one a few inches above the other, and into these firmly fastening two pulley-screws. "Now, I 'm off—to May's," he said, and was gone.

Mischievous May had flung herself down on her bed, when Miss Bailey had locked her in, and had cried, mightily. But this was dull business, and did no good. Then she began to cast about for something to do to amuse her solitude, and she thought she would play baby-house. She was busily engaged with her dolls, when suddenly Goldilocks and her young lady friends tumbled

in a promiscuous heap, one over another. May flew to the window, hearing a familiar whistle. There stood Stevie, looking up at her. He checked her by a rapid sign, as she was going to call out eagerly in her joy, and began to climb to the roof of the porch. She watched him with wild delight, clapping her hands noiselessly, till soon he came close to where she stood.

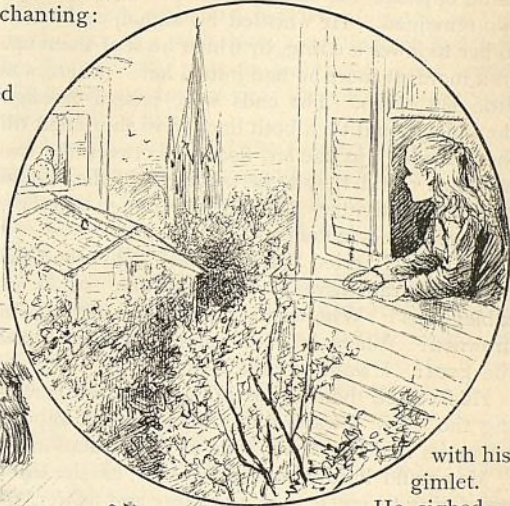
He shook his head gravely, looking at her, and chanting:

"May, May, the runaway!
Got to stay in her room all day!"

"'Cause she went to see the squirrels play," added May, laughingly, and in a loud whisper.

"Are n't you sorry?" asked Stevie. "Will you ever do so any more?"

May nodded her curly head many times, roguishly. "And I wish I had some of 'em here to play with this morning," she said. "But what are you going to do?" she asked, wondering, seeing Stevie bore into her window



with his
gimlet.

He sighed—and made no reply.

"Tell me," she said, as he fastened in a pulley-screw. "What are you doing?"

"Why, you see, it's so hard to make a good girl of you, we——" he sighed and looked at her mournfully; "there's going to be a cord fastened to this."

"What for?"

asked May, with intense interest, as Stevie carefully set the second pulley-screw perpendicular to its mate.

He then drew a ball of twine from his pocket, and held it gravely before her.

May giggled softly. "And what are you pulling out another cord for?" she asked, as Stevie continued his work.

"Now do tell me, please."

"Yes, I'll tell you." Passing two ends of the balls over the pulley-wheels, Stevie firmly knotted them together. "Now," he said, "stand here at the window, and don't let the twine slip off the wheels;

be sure you keep it in the grooves of the pulleys; when I draw on it, let it run freely, but always keep it on the wheels. That's all you have to do till you hear from me again. It won't be long."



He let himself down to the ground, and walked fast toward his own home, the balls meanwhile unwinding themselves in his hands, till, when he came opposite his sister's window, only a yard or two remained. He whistled his signal, and called to her to lower a string, by which he sent them up. In a moment more he had joined her. There was little left to do. The ends were passed through the pulleys, and then both lines were shortened till they rose high in the air, floating between the two windows. Still they were tautened till they could be drawn no tighter. Then they were tied together, and the work was done.

"Hooray!" cried Stevie. "Now, let's send the first twinegram across—high and dry. Talk of cablegrams! Who wants a thing after it's been drowned? Where's your parcel, Gracie?—and the note? I want to add a postscript."

He fastened them to one of the cords, and, drawing the other toward him, the little roll rapidly began its transit and was soon at its destination.

May could hardly believe her eyes, as she stood wondering to see it coming nearer and nearer, till it was stopped against one of her pulleys. She untied it in excited haste, and eagerly read the note:

"Is n't this as good as being let out? Now, May, we can get the things done just as if you were over here. There's a lot of work all fixed for you in the parcel. Make another of your stuffs for me to cut out, and send it over. Tie it to one of the cords and draw the other one toward you."

Stevie had added:

"Dear Madame. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. All parcels and dispatches safely delivered. Orders promptly attended to. Terms, one cent for each twinegram. Payable on demand. Your obedient servants,

"The Stevens' Twinegraph Co."

May flew to make up her return parcel and write her reply. She fastened them to the twine, and hardly had it begun to move when she felt it hasten under her fingers, impelled from the opposite side. Soon it had disappeared.

There was a good laugh at the other terminus when her note was read:

"It's like farie storys. It's the best fun in mi life. I was dreadful lonesum, an cride and cride. Now I don't care a bit. mister twinegraph, did yoo think it up yoorself. I think yoor the smartes boy I ever noo. I don't no about those turns. yoo must exkuzie mi riting, fur I kant stop to think how to spel it. I wish wurds dident hav to be spelt only wun wa. if yoo no wot thay meen wi isant wun wa as good as anuther. I wos so glad I jumped wen I herd steevy wissle we sale the oshun bloo. I noo it wos him then. Send me anuther note pritty soon."

Work went bravely on. Parcels and messages passed to and fro, and Stevie went down to finish his carpenter-work, for he saw Goldilocks would want her trunk.

After a while he appeared at his sister's door. "Want something nice?" he said; and, behold—pleasant sight to a busy little sewing-woman on a

hot May day—a glass pitcher, with great lumps of ice tinkling against it, floating about in lemonade.

"Oh, is n't it good?" exclaimed Gracie, tasting it. "How I wish May could have some!"

"A bright idea!" shouted Stevie, promptly. "Happy thought! May shall have some," and he rubbed his hands merrily together.

"What!" says Gracie. "Lemonade! On the twine?"

"Lemonade, on the twine," he replied. "Wait a minute and see." He darted out and down the stairs, returning shortly with his hands full—a dish with large pieces of ice in one, a bowl of sugar in the other, and a lemon, with some of his father's lined envelopes held under his arm. On one of these he wrote:

"Have some fresh water brought to your room. We're going to send you some iced lemonade."

Then he filled it with sugar, and, pinning it firmly round the twine, sent it over.

Hardly, in her amazement, had May taken it off, when the cord moved again. The next arrival was a row of envelopes, containing the lemons, rolled soft, and lumps of ice.

By and by came May's answer:

"I never laft so in oll mi life; the lemunade is bewtiful: thares a pitcher full, an don't yoo beleve I ges Mis Bailey noes. I powndid on my dore fur Soozun to cum. She wos sweeping. I told her to fech me a picher, an wen she brot it she was lafing. I made her wate an hav sum, an i told her not to tel Mis Bailey, and she sed she gest thare wosent much to tel, fur yoor mama an Mis Bailey wur standing by the parlor windo a wile ago, an looking out an lafing an wispring abowt sumthing. Ant it fun. send me sum more wurk."

The next note was from Stevie:

"Gracie is n't up from lunch yet. I'm afraid she's eating more berries and milk than is good for her. When she comes she will send you the work; you must puff the basque, and put on a shirred fold. Have a Pompadour kilt-pleating, and trim it with lace fichus. Take your time; we shall get through nicely, and I've finished Goldilocks' trunk. I'm glad the lemonade was good. You see I'm running up a big bill. Don't forget the terms."

Next came a note from May, and one of Stevie's envelopes filled with chocolate creams. She wrote:

"Ime real glad to have sumthing to send yoo, Cappen Bailey gav them to me. don't yoo beleve Ive been to lunch an i ges thay noe. wen I went in Mis Bailey was saying, 'now, father, don't ilood to it before the child; you musent kowntnuns her'—wot doos that meen. Mis Ballee dident say ennything to me about it; she kep her lips the wa Stevy ses as if she sed prizzum, but her ize lookt as if thay was lafing; an sumtimes Cappen Bailey lookt at me and laft; he's fat an shakey all over, but he dident say ennything, an wen he went awa he put a big paper of choklit creems bi mi plate, an sed thare was too menny fur me to ete all bi miself, and he gest Ide hav to giv awa sum an wen he got behind Mis Bailey he kep pointing his thumb over yoor wa, an laft all over. I ges if Mis Bailey noes she dont care, becoz it kepes me out of mischeef, an wen I wos going to pore out a lot of the choklits bi her plate, she sed, 'no, mi deer, Ime not edicted to sweets,' but her ize lookt as if she wantid to laf. tel stevy yes; weel make the things as he ses, an then tel peepi thats the wa thare unkle wantid it. ask him if I don't pa the turns, if Ile hav to go to jale."

Rosalie, Gracie's new doll, was worthy to be an example, that busy day, to all little girls in dress-making time. She had no rest, so to speak. So many things had to be fitted and tried on; and as she was the same size with Goldilocks, she had to do double duty. But her face kept all its sweetness through the long ordeal. The smile never left her lips; and she merely opened her large blue eyes every time she was lifted, and closed them tranquilly again when she was laid down. At last all the cutting and fitting and sewing were done; and work was laid aside.

Stevie brought up a light basket, filled with great red and golden raspberries, bordered with green leaves. He carefully tied soft paper over basket and all, and fastened it to the cord. The twine sank downward with its weight, and the basket began to swing back and forth like a trapeze performer. People at the windows stared. People in the street looked up in wonder, and stopped to see what that strange thing might be. Still it moved on, more steadily, however, as Stevie drew the cord more slowly, and at last it safely reached May's hand.

And now came one and another of the children's neighboring school-mates to inquire how they, too, could have twinegrams and express lines. Captain Bailey looked on, laughing, from his easy chair in the porch.

"Why," he said to a lad, "I expect you'll have as much rigging overhead in a week's time, among you, as there is in my ship. Ho! ho!"

There was no question about Miss Bailey's "noeing" now,—as May would have written it,—for when May took down her basket of beautiful fruit at dinner, and laid at each plate a saucerful, with a smile and a kiss for Miss Bailey, that lady returned both affectionately, and said:

"I think these must be a kind of enchanted raspberries, that climb into little girls' windows without coming up from the ground. Don't you, Father?"

And then she inquired of May if she had passed

a pleasant day, adding that, as for herself, she did n't know when she had had such an enjoyable Saturday, with no wild little runaways to be anxious about.

Gracie was sitting on her father's knee, in the library, chatting with him, after they all had left the dining-room. Stevie had gone down street only a few minutes before, with a school-mate who had called for him.

When he came back he found Captain Bailey and May upon the piazza with his father, mother, and sister; and to them he imparted the news that many more of the twine arrangements were going up in the village.

"Why, Charlie Morse is rigging one between his window and Dick Leslie's, and Harry Barnes says Emma won't give him any peace till he has put one up for her and Bessie Denison. I've been showing half a dozen fellows how to do it, and the clerk at Steel & Cutter's wants to know what's up, with all this demand for twine and pulley-screws. And we told him there were three or four hundred yards of linen twine up, already, and there'd be several more hundred yards wanted pretty soon."

And then May, with the Captain's aid, settled her account for the day with the Stevens' Twinegraph Company, by handing to Stevie the sum of eighteen cents in silver and copper coins. Whereupon that young gentleman immediately returned them all to her, telling her to present them to Miss Bailey, with his compliments, as payment of damages to her property.

I am sorry to say, however, that May never gave the money to Miss Bailey, preferring to return it to the Captain, who had given it to her. And the business of the Stevens' Twinegraph Company, as well as of all the other companies, soon after came to a disastrous failure on account of the powerful opposition which suddenly developed among the grown people of the village.

But Stevie was always proud of his invention, even although its success lasted only one day.

"WHEN my ship comes in from over the sea,
Such wonderful things it will bring to me!"
So he launched his shoe in the water-pail,
And over the sea his ship set sail.

MAGIC CLOVERS.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

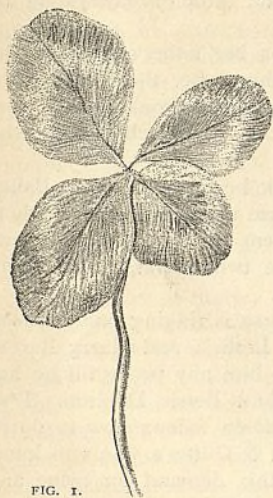


FIG. 1.

FROM time immemorial it has been considered good luck to find a four-leaved clover. Some have said that the discoverer of one was certain to become wealthy and wise; others, that the fairies would grant him every wish; and others, that the little magic leaves could show where gold was lying buried in the earth. And certainly there does seem to be something very wonderful in the fact that, in a large field containing millions of little plants furnished with groups of three leaflets, there should be only one or two of the four-leaved variety. I do not mean that some varieties of clover bear leaves *all* in groups of four or five, for this is not the fact. Perhaps one four-leaved clover will grow upon a plant that has fifty threes, although occasionally several fours or fives will be found in a bunch on the same plant.

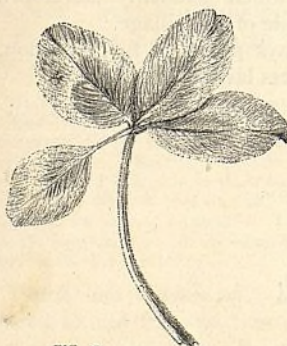


FIG. 2.

As a general thing, three leaves are nearly of a size, while the fourth is somewhat smaller—though this does not always follow. I

have seen several like Figure No. 2, in which the fourth leaflet is borne out on a separate stalk. Figure No. 3 shows it growing on the stem, a considerable distance below the other three. Figure No. 4 represents it very much smaller than they; Figure No. 5, smaller still, and growing directly upon one of the larger; Figure No. 6, as set upon a distinct stem above the main leaves; while Figure No. 7 depicts a four-leaved clover with two leaflets grown into one.



FIG. 4.

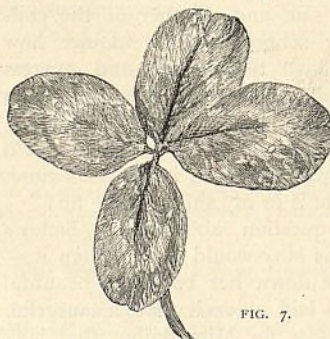


FIG. 7.

latter has three leaves of ordinary size; a fourth, smaller and turned upward; and a fifth, rolled inward, and springing upon a tiny stalk from the under side of the fourth.

Five-leaved clovers, like Figure No. 10, occur almost as often as four. Frequently fours

and fives are found growing together. Some say that you must not pick a five-leaved clover—it will neutralize all the good luck brought by a four. Others assert the direct contrary, and say that it is

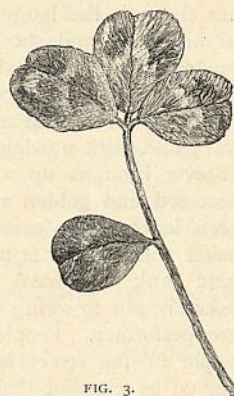


FIG. 3.

The clovers shown at Figures Nos. 8 and 9 are quite uncommon. The former specimen has four leaflets, one rolled inward, and borne on an upright stem, at the base of which is a little bract. The

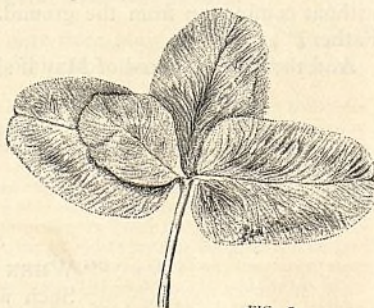


FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

ing up the magic wand, and presently finding himself wafted away on invisible wings to Elf-land.

Once I found a seven-leaved clover, like Figure No. 11. The leaflets were arranged in two rows, three growing upon four. I have heard of fifteen-leaved and seventeen-leaved clovers,—and seeing as many as I do of the wonderful freaks of nature, I do not doubt that there are such things.

Aside from the wide-spread interest attaching to the duplication of the leaflet, clovers seem special favorites of poets and romancers. It is said that, when St. Patrick was preaching to the unconverted Irish, some of them ridiculed the idea of the Trinity. For answer, he caught up a trefoil from the sod, and told them that here was a leaf exemplifying three in one. Hence, the three-leaved clover, or shamrock, was adopted as the national emblem of Ireland. Some say that the



FIG. 9.

common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) shares with the white clover the credit of being the true shamrock. One authority says that this oxalis is a native of Ireland, while the clover is of comparatively recent introduction. In a song by the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, the shamrock—whether oxalis or clover he does not say—is mentioned as “Old Erin’s native shamrock.”

very much more potent for good than the four-leaved stalk. According to one legend, only the holder of a five-leaved clover can be admitted to the fairy-court. Several pretty stories describe the fortunate one as standing out on the grass at midnight, holding



FIG. 8.

The scientific name of clover is *Trifolium*, or “three-leaved.” The most familiar varieties are the pink, or field-clover, noticeable for its full, rich heads and large, dark green leaves, with a light green crescent in the center of nearly every leaflet; the white, or shamrock, with its smaller, white heads, and plain, green leaves; the rabbit-foot, with its long-haired, silky heads and narrow, folded leaves; and the larger and smaller yellow clovers, each with bright, golden heads and small, dark leaves. I can not say whether the leaflets of any of these latter are ever grouped in fours or fives or not—but these varieties, so far as I know, are to be found mostly among the red and the white clovers.

As I said at first, the discovery of a four-leaved clover was regarded, even centuries ago, as an omen of good luck. But in a poem by Robert Herrick, who wrote a short time after Shakespeare, is a mention of “lucky four-leaved grasse”; and, in another very old volume, it is soberly stated that, “if a man walking in the fields finds any four-leaved grass, he shall, in a small while after, find some good thing.” Several mentions to the same effect are made in the writings of other poets.

I hope you will have many a hunt for magic clovers in the sweet-smelling summer fields; for I find, in that charming occupation, “luck” sufficient,—even when no “lucky four-leaved grasse” rewards my search.

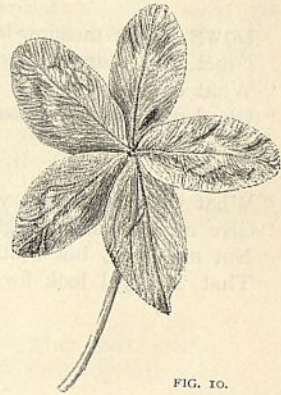


FIG. 10.

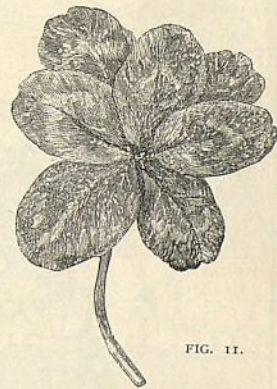
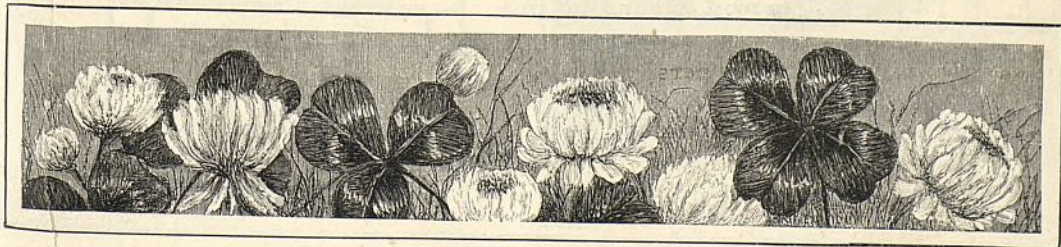


FIG. 11.



SILVERHAIR'S QUEST.

BY RUTH HALL.

I.

DOWN in the meadow-land, far and fair,
I met, this morning, sweet Silverhair.
"What do you here?" I asked the small rover.
"Oh, I am seeking a four-leaved clover!"

II.

"What will that do for you, little one?"
"Give me all good things under the sun,—
Not me, only, but Mother, moreover:
That 's why I look for a four-leaved clover!"

III.

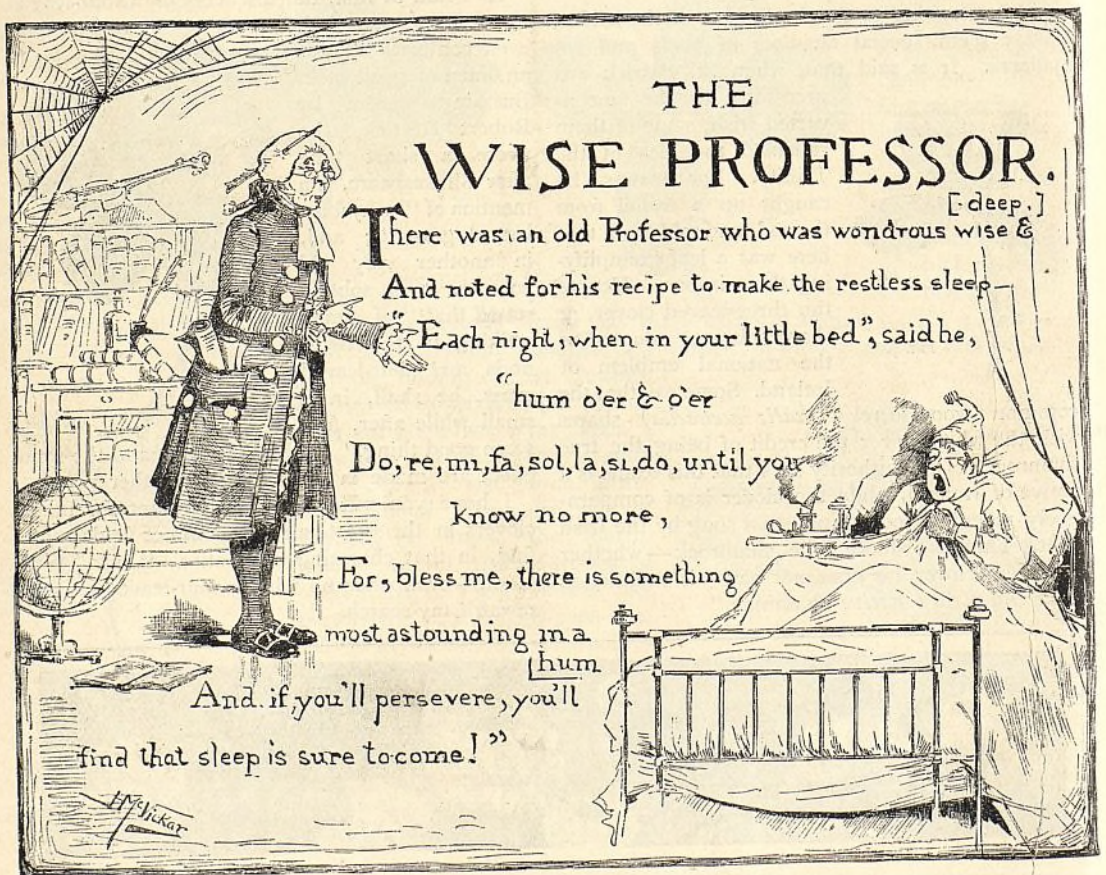
"Would not your service, these morning hours,
Do her more good than a field of flowers?"
Ah, she but murmured over and over:
"No, I must find her a four-leaved clover!"

IV.

All about us the larks were singing,
Roses their sweet warm breath were flinging:
Heedless of duty, and pleasure, moreover,
Silverhair looked for a four-leaved clover.

V.

Ah, older seekers, the broad land over,
Are looking, to-day, for a four-leaved clover!



JANE AND ELIZA.

MANY of our readers, doubtless, remember a very entertaining paper by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, printed in *St. NICHOLAS* for January, 1877. It was entitled "Great Grandfather's Books and Pictures," and was illustrated with pages taken from the New England Primer and Webster's Spelling-book. All who read the article, we are sure, must have enjoyed the absurd little pictures and Mr. Scudder's interesting account of the school literature of those days.

Now we propose to copy, word for word, a little book printed in Newark many years ago. It bears the romantic title of "Jane and Eliza," and has a picture on every page. Doubtless, it was considered quite a delightful little work by many a girl and boy of that day.

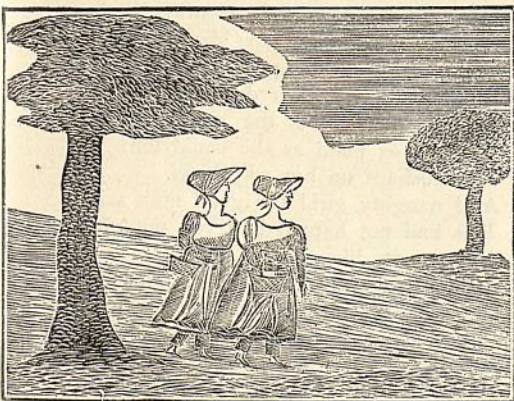
The art of engraving on wood has advanced very rapidly of late, but in the days of our grandparents and great-grandparents it seems to have not been considered worthy of attention. Certainly, in those times, the illustrations of cheap books for little folk were extremely crude, as you will see by the specimens shown on this page and the two that follow.

We now leave you to enjoy the thrilling story, with all its sore temptations, punishments, and repentances; and you surely will hope, with the distinguished author of "Jane and Eliza," that

Ever since, as he has heard,
Eliza faithful kept her word.

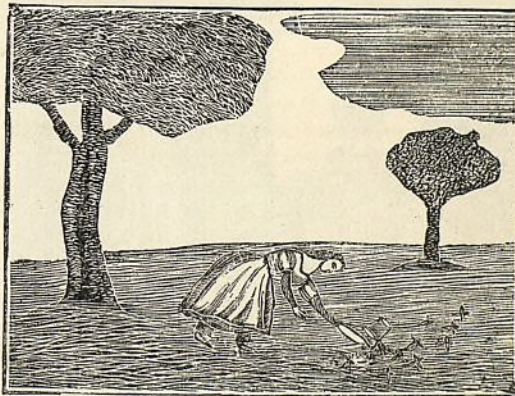
JANE AND ELIZA.

Come, children, come, the mother said,
Let's wash your face and comb your head,
For as it is the first of May,
You both must go to school to-day.
Jane and Eliza, 'though yet small,
Obedient to their mother's call,
Were wash'd and dress'd all in a trice
From head to foot, in clothes so nice,



New frocks, new gloves and aprons too,
New shoes, new capes and bonnets blue,
And as the school would last 'til night,
That they might stay their appetite;
Two little baskets were well stor'd
With what the pantry could afford.
Fresh bread and butter and smok'd beef,
But apple-pie it was the chief.
They on their arms their baskets hung,
Then round their mother's neck they clung;
Each kiss'd good bye, nor sullen pout
Mark'd either face as they set out.

Now hand in hand together walk
Of school and Madam sprightly talk:



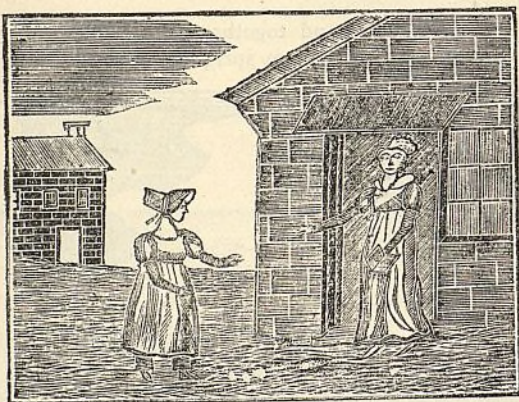
And scarce two prettier girls are seen,
Among the whole who trip the green.



But as they wend their way along
Some Butterflies a puddle throng,



These caught Eliza's wand'ring eyes,
 "Oh! sister, see those Butterflies;



"Let's catch them," eagerly she cried.
 "No! sister, no," Jane stern replied,



"Let's go to school as good girls should,
 "Nor stop to play along the road."
 "O yes I will! Sweet Butterflies!"
 "I'll go and leave you," Jane replies.

"Go!" said Eliza in a pet,
 And on the grass her basket set,
 Then slyly crept to seize her prize,
 But as she crept she saw them rise
 And fly a little further on,
 And there again they settle down.
 To catch them she seem'd fully bent,
 And in pursuit again she went,
 And that she might the more command,
 She took her bonnet in her hand,
 And when within her reach she thought,
 Her bonnet quickly o'er them brought,
 But soon to her surprise she found,
 Her bonnet only *caught the ground*.
 The Butterflies again took flight,
 And very soon were out of sight.
 Nor was it all she thus was foiled,
 Her bonnet with the mud was soiled.
 For Jane she called in sad affright,
 But Jane alas! was out of sight.
 With saddened heart her steps she traced
 To where her basket she had placed:
 When lo! a hog with muddy snout,
 Had turned her basket inside out;
 Her bread and butter, beef and pie,
 All scattered on the ground did lie.
 Jane! O! sister Jane! she cried—
 Jane had beyond her hearing hied.
 In spite of all could do or say,
 The hog, her dinner bore away.
 Sobbing and crying now she stood
 When trav'ling along the road,
 A gentleman saw her distress
 And ask'd her what the matter was?
 She told as plain as she could tell,
 The mishaps on her way befel.
 Ah! naughty girl! the good man said,
 This had not happ'd had you not play'd
 The truant, like a little fool,
 Instead of going straight to school.
 But as it is your first offence,
 I hope you'll learn a lesson hence.
 Eliza owned she had done wrong
 In staying from her school so long,
 And freely promised o'er and o'er
 That she would never do so more.
 "Here," then said he, "this sixpence take,
 "And buy yourself some ginger cake,
 "At old Dame Goodie's on the green,
 "Which from your school house door is seen."
 Eliza, thankful, curtsied low,
 Whilst he returned it with a bow;
 She onward skipp'd with new delight,
 And he soon gallop'd out of sight.
 But as the school house now she viewed,
 The anguish of her heart renewed.
 An angry Madam fancied there,

And little school-mates' scornful sneer.
 At length she gain'd the school house door,
 Where many a truant stood before;
 Trembling she stood nor ventured in,
 So great she thought her crime had been.
 Her little heart went pitty-pat,
 Thinking of this and now of that,
 'Till Madam came to chide her stay,
 And heard what happen'd on the way.
 "You see, my child," the good dame said,
 Eliza trembling with dread,
 "How naughty children are repaid,
 "Who have their mother disobey'd;
 "But as you seem repentant now,
 "I will your punishment forego."
 So saying, she with tender look,
 Seated Eliza at her book,
 Nor long she sat; for very soon
 The school was out, for it was noon;
 And all in playful sports are seen
 Among the trees upon the green.
 Eliza now old Goodie's sought,
 And with her sixpence cookies bought,
 Round hearts, long cakes and cookaroos,
 And many others which she chose.
 Then seated at her sister's side,
 She freely did her cakes divide.
 Some she exchang'd with a little Miss
 For apple-pie, brown bread and cheese.
 Thus did the cakes her sixpence cost
 Supply the dinner which she'd lost.
 Amidst the rambles on the green
 Eliza now is foremost seen.
 'Till old Good Dame does loudly call
 To school! to school! when one and all
 With one accord are quickly seen
 To leave their sports and quit the green.
 Now all are seated at their book,
 Nor does the one at t' other look,
 Nor can you hear a whisp'ring sound,
 Such perfect stillness reigns around.
 They conn'd their lessons o'er and o'er,
 Until the Village clock struck four;
 When all again from school are free,
 And hie them home right merrily.
 Jane, as she entered, 'gan to tell
 Her mother, what mishaps befel
 Eliza on her way to school.
 Eliza look'd like little fool,
 Nor could she now from tears refrain,
 To hear her faults rehearsed by Jane.

She sobb'd as if her heart would break:
 Her mother now did pity take,
 And kindly said "come, my dear child,
 "Though you have thus your bonnet spoil'd



"And truant 'long the road have play'd,
 "Dry up your tears, be not afraid;
 "Your first offence I'll overlook,
 "If you'll hereafter learn your book,
 "And always mind what I shall say,
 "And ne'er again the truant play,
 "Nor let your little wand'ring eyes
 "Be gazing after Butterflies."
 "I will, dear mother, as I live,
 "If you will only now forgive."



Her mother clasp'd her to her breast,
 And on her lips sweet kisses press'd:
 And ever since, as I have heard,
 Eliza faithful kept her word.

SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



ARDLY five years ago I knew a blue-eyed, brown-haired, and peach-cheeked little girl, just now beginning to read in St. NICHOLAS, whom her father used to call his "harbor-seal." If

you had ever seen her lying face down in the cradle,—her favorite position,—holding up her round, fuzzy little head, you would have understood at once why he called her

so; for that is precisely the way a seal looks, when he is resting on a rock or a piece of ice.

Scores of years back, before the settlement of North America by Europeans, seals were wont to come to its shores even as far southward as the Carolinas, and were common visitors from New Jersey northward. Robin's Reef, in New York Bay, passed by all the Coney Island steamboats, gets its name from the Dutch word *robin* or *robyn*—"seal," because those animals used to resort there in great numbers. To-day they are uncommon even along the coast of Maine, scarcely abundant in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and are slowly being driven inside the arctic circle.

Now, this disappearance of the seals from our own coast has been brought about by incessant persecution, and it seems to me very unfortunate. How much it would add to the pleasure of a voyage down the bay, or a ramble along the weedy and wave-polished beach, if we could see, here and there, trim, brown animals creep up from the water on some projecting rock, and gaze at us with no fear in their mild eyes, while shaking the drops of water from their coats! But sadly for our amusement, and for the seals themselves, their bodies have a value in the market—and great fleets every year are fitted out to engage in this fishery.

The word "fishery" ought to imply a "fish" to be caught; but the term has become perverted: for instance, we speak of whale, sponge, coral, crab, and oyster, or clam fisheries, yet none of these animals is in the least a fish. Neither is the seal, although it lives in the water, swims and dives.

It is, indeed, nothing but a warm-blooded, fur-coated mammal, with all the internal organs and outside structure of a quadruped.

"What!" you exclaim, "'all the outside structure' of an otter, for example?"

Yes, but not the same appearance. Let me explain to you how this is: If we study the outlines of the two heads, and the pictures of the two skulls—the first, those of the common harbor-seal, and the second those of the otter,—we shall see at once how the bones, and the shape and arrangement of the teeth in one, resemble those in the other. And if we had also a picture of the skull of a cod-fish, we should see how different from it are the skulls of the otter and seal.

Now look at the limbs. I have heard of a boy who defined a quadruped as an animal having a leg at each corner. Perhaps that would fit the otter, but you think that, certainly, it would not describe the seal, "which has n't legs at all," you say, "but fins or 'flippers.'"

If I had the time, I could prove to you that the difference between the fin of a fish and the bone-leg of an otter or of a dog, or your own arm, is not so very great; and it would be easy to show how nearly alike the flipper of the seal and fore leg of a land mammal really are. On examining diagrams of the bones in a seal's flipper and an otter's fore leg, you will find that you can match every bone of the one by a similar bone of the other. The shapes of the bones, to be sure, are altered to suit the varied uses of swimming in the water and walking on the land; but all the parts of the arm and hand (or fore foot) of the otter, or any other mammal, are seen also in the flipper of our subject—only there they are shortened, thickened, and covered with a membrane which converts them into a paddle instead of a paw.

The same comparison will hold good for the hind feet of the otter and the hind flippers or "tail" (which is *not* a tail) of the seal; and it is equally true of the walrus and of the whale, porpoise, grampus, blackfish, and other cetacea.

Of course, being mammals, these animals must breathe air. You could drown any of them by forcing it to remain under the water too long. Whales can stay down an hour or more, if necessary, and seals can hold their breath for fifteen or twenty minutes, though they do not like to be under as long as that. Of course, it is necessary for seals, therefore, in the arctic seas, where mainly

is their home, to be able to reach the air, even in spite of the sheet of thick ice which for half the year covers the whole ocean. But in large bodies of ice there always are some holes, no matter how cold the weather may be; and these holes afford the seals of that region an opportunity to come to the surface to breathe. There are some species, however, that keep round, smooth-edged air-holes open for themselves by continually breaking away the young ice as fast as it is formed; these holes are never very large at the surface—sometimes only big enough to let one animal poke his nose up through; they are much like chimneys, indeed, for the ice may sometimes be a hundred feet thick.

Before I go further, let me say that the word "seal" applies to several families of Pinnipeds, only one of which concerns us at present. This is the Phocidæ, or family of earless seals, of which the common harbor-seal, the ringed seal, the harp, or Greenland seal, and the bearded, or hooded seals, are chiefly to be remembered. Concerning the gigantic sea-elephant of the antarctic pole, the huge sea-lions of the Pacific, and the various "fur" seals, we have no occasion to speak. All our subjects inhabit the arctic zone, and principally the coasts of Greenland and Newfoundland,—washed by the North Atlantic.

While the breathing-holes in the ice afford the seals their only possibilities of life, they often prove to be death-traps, since many foes lie in wait near them.

The enemies of seals, other than man, are not a few, both on land and in the water. The polar bear, finding their holes, watches as quietly and vigilantly as a cat for a mouse, and leaps upon them as they rise to breathe, or even chases them into the sea, and so captures a great many. The arctic wolves and foxes, the raven, and probably also the great snowy owl, attack the young before they are able to defend themselves or escape. These enemies are so active that the heavy and awkward parents have hard work to defend their babies. The full-grown seals, as well as the young, are seized in the water by sharks and sword-fish, and also by killer-whales, which, though of small size, are able to murder the monstrous right whale by biting out his tongue.

Travelers say that when a sword-fish sees a seal upon a floating "pan," or cake of ice, he will get on one side and tip the pan down to such an angle that the seal must slip off, and then will devour it. So great is a seal's terror of these water-foes that, should a man be on the pan when sword-

fish and sharks are after him, the seal will run between his feet for protection. Many seals are killed, too, by fighting among themselves, and by the fierce storms of the frozen zone.

The most ingenious and dreaded enemies of the seal, however (leaving out of sight for the present the white men), are the Eskimos. To them seals are of the utmost importance, and we may say that in many parts of the arctic world men could not live without these animals. The Eskimos' methods of hunting this game, and the hundred ways in which they utilize its body, will be interesting matters to look into.

The harbor-seal [see page 627] is, perhaps, the



A SEAL SEEKING A MAN'S PROTECTION FROM A SWORD-FISH.

least serviceable of seals, since he is not common very far north of Labrador; but his flesh is considered the best, and on the Pacific coast the Indians take whole herds at once, by stealing upon them when they are basking on the beach or in shallow bays, and drawing a seine around them. The hides

floating fields of ice, are born thousands of baby seals—only one in each family, to be sure, but with plenty of play-fellows close by—all in soft woolly dress, white, or white with a beautiful golden luster. The Newfoundlanders call them “white-coats.” In a few weeks, however, they lose this soft covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes its place. In this uniform they bear the name of “ragged-jackets”; and it is not until two or three years later that the full colors of the adult are gained, with the black crescentic or harp-like marks on the back which give them the name of “harps.”

The squealing and barking at one of these im-

makes a mistake nor feeds any bleating baby until she has found her own. If ice happens to pack around them, so that they can not open holes, nor get into the water, the whole army will laboriously travel by floundering leaps to the edge of the field; and they show an astonishing sagacity in discerning the proper direction. It is supposed that they can smell the water at a long distance.

Sometimes great storms come, breaking the ice-floes in pieces and jamming the fragments against one another, or upon rocky headlands, with tremendous force. Besides the full-grown seals that perish in such gales, thousands of the weak babies



THE HARBOR-SEAL. [SEE PAGE 625.]

mense nurseries can be heard for a very long distance. When the babies are very young, the mothers leave them on the ice and go off in search of food, coming back frequently to look after the little ones; and although there are thousands of the small, white, squealing creatures, which to you and me would seem to be precisely alike, and all are moving about more or less, the mother never

are crushed to death or drowned, notwithstanding the dauntless courage of their mothers, in trying to get their young out of danger and upon the firm ice. And it is touching to watch a mother-seal struggling to get her baby to a safe place, “either by trying to swim with it between her fore flippers, or by driving it before her and tossing it forward with her nose.” The destruction caused

by such gales is far less when they happen after the youngsters have learned to swim.

Does it surprise you that seals, which are constantly in the water, have to *learn* to swim? Well, it might stagger the phocidæ to be told that men have to be taught to walk. The fact is, a baby seal is afraid of the water; and if some accident, or his mother's shoulder, pushes him into the surf when he is ten or a dozen days old, he screams with fright and scrambles out as fast as he can. The next day he tries it again, but finds himself very awkward and soon tired; the third day he does better, and before long he can dive and leap, turn somersaults (if he is a bearded seal), and vanish under the ice, literally "like a blue streak," the instant danger threatens. But he had to learn how, to begin with, like any other mammal.

It is when the seals are busy in caring for their helpless babies and giving the better-grown youngsters their early lessons, that the Eskimo hunters seek most diligently to kill them. This is not merely for the pleasure of it,—not that at all, perhaps,—but because their flesh and skins are imperatively needed. Those pursued by the Eskimos, however, are not the species that make the great southward migrations which I have just described, but the ringed seals (*Phoca fetida*) which remain on the far arctic coasts all the year round. Upon this animal the Eskimos place almost their entire dependence for food, fuel, light, and clothing. Its capture is therefore exceedingly important to every family.

At the end of winter each of the female seals creeps up through the breathing-hole (which is named *atluk*); and under the deep snow overlying all the ice-field she digs a cave, eight or ten feet long and three to five feet wide. At one end of the excavation is the breathing-hole, affording a ready means of retreat in case of danger. In this cave the young seal is born, and though protected from the sight of its enemies, here it is often captured.

About the first of April the Eskimo hunter leaves his winter encampment, taking his family and a few bits of furniture on his dog-sledge, and goes to some locality where he expects to find seals abound. Arrived there, he cuts out square blocks of hard snow, piles them up into a round hut with a domed roof, clearing away the snow from the inside, down to the hard ground or ice-surface. Over this hut he throws water, which, in freezing, cements all the blocks together; and then he has a good tight house—as warm as though made of stone, as soon as he has built his fire. This done, he and his family are as comfortable as if they were at their winter home, and if his hunting is successful, he is contented and happy.

The old-fashioned native manner of hunting —

some of the Eskimos now have guns, and this spoils the interest—called for much skill and patience. In it, each hunter has a trained dog which runs on ahead, but is held by a strap around his neck from going too fast and far. The dog scents the seal lying in its excavation under the snow (the level surface of which of course gives no sign of the cave), and barks; whereupon the hunter, who is close behind, hastens forward, and by a vigorous jump breaks down the cover before the young seal can escape. If he succeeds in cutting off its retreat, it is an easy prey, for he simply knocks it on the head; otherwise he must use his seal-hook very quickly or his game is gone.

"It sometimes happens," says Mr. L. Kumlien, "that the hunter is unfortunate enough to jump the snow down directly over the hole, when he gets a pretty thorough wetting. The women often take part in this kind of sealing, and become quite expert. The children begin when they are four or five years old: the teeth and flippers of the first catch are saved as a trophy, and are worn about the little fellow's neck; this they think will give him good luck when he begins the next year.

"As the season advances and the young begin to shed their coats, the roof of their *igloo* or cave is often or perhaps always broken down, and the mother and young can be seen on sunny days basking in the warm sunshine beside their *atluk*. The mother will take to the water when the hunter has approached within gunshot, and will leave the young one to shift for itself, which generally ends in its staring leisurely at the hunter until suddenly it finds a hook in its side. A stout seal-skin line is then made fast to its hind flipper and it is let into the *atluk*. It of course makes desperate efforts to free itself, and is very apt to attract the attention of the mother if she is anywhere in the vicinity. The Eskimo carefully watches the movements of the young one, and, as soon as the mother is observed, begins to haul in on the line; the old one follows nearer and nearer to the surface; until, at last, she crosses the hole at the proper depth, when the deadly harpoon is planted in her body and she is quickly drawn out. If, however, the mother has seen the hunter approaching the *atluk*, she will not show herself."

If you were to examine the weapons by which the Eskimos manage to capture these and other seals,—specimens of them are in the National Museum at Washington,—you would be astonished at their roughness. It is very difficult, especially for the northern bands, to get any wood, excepting sticks that are washed ashore, and a piece long enough to make a good spear-handle is extremely rare. In most cases, therefore, they are obliged to splice two or three short pieces together,

and this they can only do by slanting both ends, and binding the pieces at their juncture with strings of raw-hide or strips of intestine. The striking end of the spear usually consists of a long and pretty straight piece of bone, such as can be got from a whale's or walrus's skeleton, and this is tipped with a sharp point of bone, or flint, or (nowadays generally) of iron. Sometimes this tip is movable, so that when it penetrates the prey it will come off and only be held by the line, while the handle floats, secured by a loop. Other spears have each a skin buoy attached, this making it

up and the Eskimos can go out in their kayaks, the crankiest of primitive craft, on the ugliest of voyages; but this is an adventure they never shirk, and one that their acquaintance with Europeans has not changed at all. The kayak is eighteen or twenty feet long, but is so light that it can be carried by the one man who forms the crew. It is all decked over, excepting a little round hole through which the young Eskimo squeezes his legs and sits down. Then he puts on a tight oil-skin coat over his garments, and ties it down to the deck all around him, so that no water can pour



HEAD OF THE HOODED SEAL, OR "SQUARE-FLIPPER,"—"THE SPECIES WHICH SHOWS FIGHT." [SEE PAGE 626.]

more difficult for the poor animal to swim away, and also helping to float the weapon if the hunter misses his aim. The stout lines are made of seal-hide, or sometimes of braided spruce roots. The "hooks" mentioned above have wooden or bone shafts, to the end of which a curved and sharpened hook of bone is firmly bound. Besides, there are other rough weapons, and a kind of net, in all of which the seal's hide and bones contribute to his tribe's destruction, and which are marvels of savage ingenuity.

Many of them are used later when the ice breaks

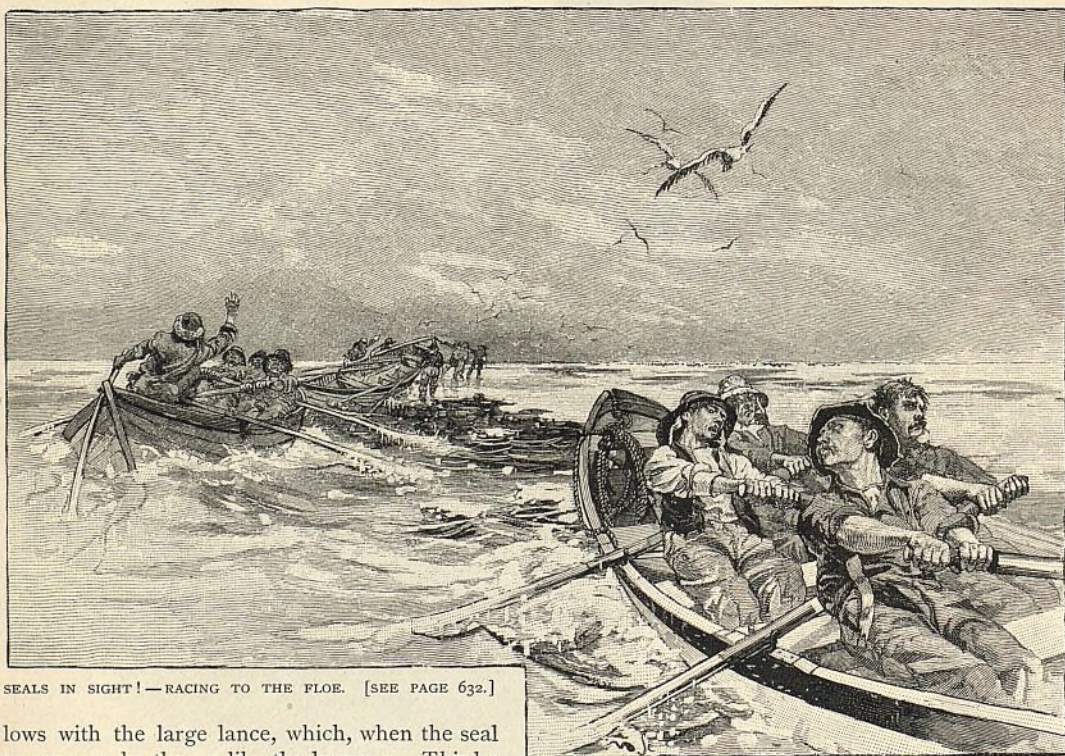
in "tween decks." But, on the other hand, he must untie the knots before he can get out; so if by chance he capsizes, he must either be content to navigate head down and keel up, or else must right himself by a sort of somersault, which shall bring him up on the opposite side—and this he often actually does.

When the kayaker catches sight of a seal, he advances within about twenty-five feet of it, and hurls his harpoon "by means of a piece of wood adapted to support the harpoon while he takes aim." This

is called a throwing-stick, and curiously enough the Australasians had a similar contrivance for hurling their javelins. As he throws, the kayaker loosens the bladder and tosses it off. The animal struck dives, carrying away the coiled-up line with great speed; if in this moment the line happens to become entangled, the canoe is almost certain to be capsized and dragged away with no chance of rising again, and many an Eskimo has lost his life through a similar mischance. But if the attack has been successful, the bladder moving on the surface of the water indicates the track of the frantic animal beneath it, and the hunter fol-

Late in the summer, when the young seals have grown able to take care of themselves, and the herds are away enjoying the open sea and getting fat on the abundant food they find at that season, the Eskimo has to pursue them with great caution, crawling over the ice face downward, and imitating their awkward, tumbling play until near enough to hurl his spear; or he must get into his frail kayak and chase the herds far up glacial fiords and away across the rough and chilling sea, where they are living on the floating ice.

The food of seals is various, but consists chiefly of fish, though the young ones, when companies



SEALS IN SIGHT!—RACING TO THE FLOE. [SEE PAGE 632.]

lows with the large lance, which, when the seal re-appears, he throws like the harpoon. This he does again and again, the lance always disengaging itself, until the poor seal becomes so weak that it can be overtaken, and killed by a lunge of the knife.

The flesh of the netsick serves for food all through the summer, and is "cachéd," or concealed, in the snow, or dried for winter use. From the skins of the old seals the arctic natives make their summer clothing, while under-garments are fashioned from those of the young netsick. Children often have entire suits of the white skins of the baby seals in their first fuzzy coat. With the flesh and skins of the netsick, too, the Eskimo travels southward to the Danish settlements, and trades for such civilized articles as he is able to buy.

of them first begin to hunt in the shallow water near shore, seem to like crabs better than anything else; and to several species of shrimps, abounding in northern seas, the observant sailors have given the name "seals' food." Shell-fish of various sorts, too, are cracked in their strong jaws and devoured—especially the arctic mussels. They swallow many pebble-stones also, not for food, but, it is supposed, in order to aid digestion.

Now I must force myself to leave this hasty sketch of the natural history of these most interesting and serviceable animals, regretting that I can not dwell longer upon many of its features, and turn to the exciting incidents of the chase con-

ducted against them every spring by ships and crews from America and Europe. In this case, however, I am obliged to say that I must not go greatly larger in point of numbers than any that go out now, consisted wholly of sailing vessels, many of which were of small size, notwithstanding the long



A SEAL AFLOAT ON AN ICE-PAN.

into details, since they would present a horrible picture of blood and cruel warfare against one of the most innocent and child-like creatures that ever breathed. But I suppose that, much as we might wish it, it will be impossible always to keep out of our sight objects and acts that make us shudder; that is, if we are to know what is actually going on in the world.

The phocine seals of the Atlantic are not hunted for their fur, as are their Alaskan cousins, but chiefly for their oil, and secondarily for their skins. It is an industry which profitably employs hundreds of ships and thousands of seamen, and it receives the name of "sealing." The principal sealing-grounds are Newfoundland, Labrador, and the islands which lie between, but especially the ice-floes off the coast of Western Greenland, the Spitzbergen and Jan Mayen seas; Nova Zembla, the White Sea, and the Caspian Sea. Of these the most important is that first-named, where, as long ago as half a century, three hundred and seventy-five vessels assembled annually, and, twenty-five years ago, five hundred thousand seals were taken in a single season. These early fleets, which were

and tempestuous voyages they had to endure. The most of them hailed from Newfoundland. All these were concerned in "ice-hunting," which is the most extensive and profitable, though by far the most dangerous, of all the methods in vogue for capturing seals.

You will remember that at the end of winter enormous herds, chiefly of the harp-seals, come down and congregate upon the floating fields of ice eastward of Newfoundland, where the young are born in March. These are the place and season of the largest fishery, but the locality is never fixed nor certain; the fields, approached simultaneously by sailing fleets and steamers from Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Scotland, England, France, Germany, and Norway, must be sought for every year as though for the first time. This is in the icy, tempestuous North Atlantic, at the most stormy period of the year. Dreadful gales may drive the ships anywhere but where they seek to go, bergs may be hurled against them, the ice may jam them between its ponderous edges and crush the doubly braced hulls into splinters, or cleanly cut away parts of the bottom, and leave the



STEAM-SHIP DASHING INTO THE ICE.

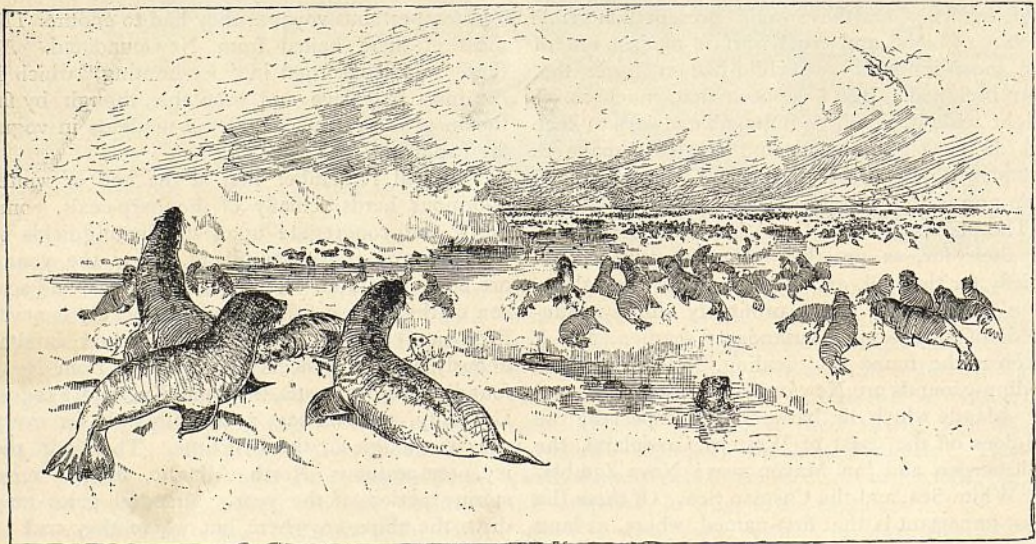
vessels to sink and the men to save themselves as best they may upon broken and drifting ice. Strange to say, steam-ships are more liable to harm from the ice than sailing ships, which will

path. Then the ship dashes into it as far as its power can force it. When it sticks, the crew leap overboard, chop and break the field into cakes which are shoved under the floe or hauled out on top: or, if it is too thick to be broken, saws are brought out, and a canal is slowly made for the ship's progress. This is a time of great desire for haste, and you may well believe that every man works with all his might.

"Sometimes," writes an eye-witness, "a crowd of men, clinging around the ship's bows, and holding on to the bights of rope . . . would jump and dance on the ice, bending and breaking it with their weight and dragging her on over it with all their force. Up to their knees in water, as one piece after another sank below the cut-water, they still held on, hurrahing at every fresh start she made, dancing, jumping, pushing, shoving, hauling, hewing, sawing, till every soul on board was roused into excited exertion."

Well, when all this toil and danger are passed,—sometimes greatly prolonged, and in the midst of a frozen sea and the most violent storms,—and the ship has the good luck to sight a herd, then begins for the crew of hardy sailors a season of about the most arduous labor that one can imagine.

If the weather permit, the vessel is run into the ice, and moored there; if not, it sails back and forth in open spaces, managed by the captain and one or two others, while the remainder of the crew, sometimes sixty or seventy, or even more in number, get into boats and row swiftly to the floe. The

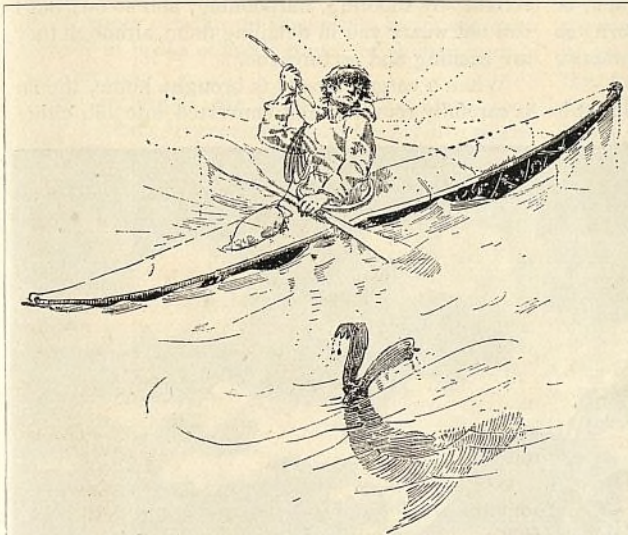


A "SEAL-MEADOW," OR A HERD OF SEALS UPON AN ICE-FLOE.

be lifted up instead of crushed. Often a field of thin "bay-ice," or a solid floe, will lie right in the path of the ship, and the crew will be obliged to

young seals lie scattered about here and there, basking in the sun or sheltered under the lee of a hum-

mock, and they lie so thickly that half a dozen will often be seen in a space twenty yards square. endurance, his nerves to peril, and his heart to bitter cruelty;—but every pelt is worth a dollar!



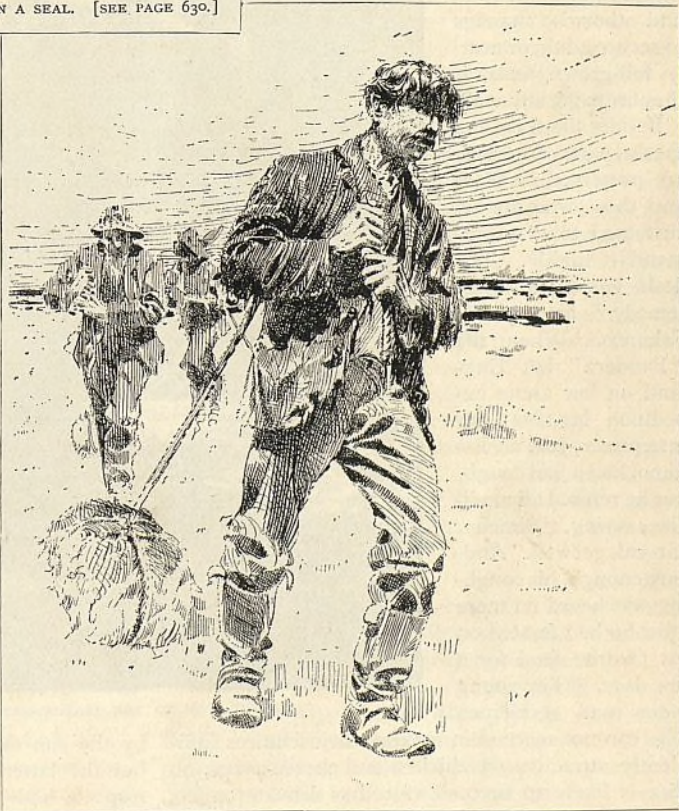
AN ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK, ABOUT TO HARPOON A SEAL. [SEE PAGE 630.]

By night, after a "seal-meadow" has been attacked, the decks of the vessel are hidden under a deep layer of fat, slippery pelts. After these have lain long enough to get cool, they are stowed away in the hold in pairs, each pair having the hair outward. The hold is divided by stout partitions into compartments, or "pounds," in order to prevent the cargo from moving about and so rubbing the fat into oil, which would speedily fill every part of the hold and the cabins, spoiling all the provisions. A vessel once had to be abandoned from this accident, because it had not been "pounded." The European ships, however, generally separate the fat at once and stow it in casks.

Sometimes, instead of bringing the pelts to the ship as fast as they are obtained, the hunters pile them up and

They can not get away, or at most can only flounder about, and their plaintive bleatings and white coats might almost be those of lambs. The old seals are frightened away by the approach of the sailors, and never show fight, and the youngsters are easily killed; so the men do not take guns, but only clubs, with which they strike the poor little fellows a single blow on the head, usually killing them at once.

Having struck down all they can see within a short distance, the small squad of men who work together then quickly skin, or (as they call it) "sculp" them, with a broad clasp-knife, cutting clear through the thick layer of fat which lies underneath the hide, and so leaving a surprisingly small carcass behind. Bundles are then made of from three to seven "pelts," and each man drags a bundle toward the boat. This is sometimes miles distant, the ice is rough and broken, he must leap cracks, trust himself to isolated cakes, and often he falls into the freezing water, or loses his way in a sudden squall of snow. It is limb-cracking and life-risking work, and, to accomplish it successfully, a man must school his muscles to



SAILORS DRAGGING BUNDLES OF "PELTS" OVER THE ICE TO THEIR BOAT.

place a flag on the heap, so that no other crew will take them, for there may be a score or two of vessels all attacking the herd at once; and this

claim is respected. But in very many cases a snow-storm hides these heaps, or they break away from the floe, or the ice "jams" and crushes them, or the ship itself is driven too far off to return, so that they are lost and wasted; hence the practice of thus piling up the pelts is ceasing.

Perhaps I have given you the impression that it is only the young seals that are taken on these expeditions, but that is not wholly correct. Two voyages are ordinarily made, each lasting about two weeks. The first voyage brings home few old seals, but on the second voyage the sealers find the youngsters pretty well grown, and as well able to escape as the old ones. They must therefore use guns somewhat, and otherwise manage to secure adult, or nearly full-grown seals, if they are to get any at all.

Besides the skins and the fat, parts of the flesh are preserved for food, and those who are accustomed to it recommend it highly. The flesh is a "universal remedy" among the Eskimos. When the "Pandora" left England on her arctic expedition in 1874, her interpreter, Joe, an Eskimo, had a bad cough, but he refused all medicine, saying, "Bimeby, eat seal, get well." And, sure enough, his coughing was heard no more after he had feasted on his favorite food for a few days. "For young ladies and gentlemen who can not succeed in making their features sufficiently attractive on chicken and cheese-cakes, no diet is likely to succeed so well as delicate cutlets from the loin of a seal."

There are several methods of capturing these animals along the shore, by driving companies of them into nets, set among rocks or spread under-

neath the ice at their breathing-holes; by surprising them asleep on the shore and cutting off their retreat; by shooting, harpooning, and so on; but I can not weary you in detailing them, although they are exciting and picturesque.

When a cargo of pelts is brought home, the fat is carefully removed and converted into oil, either



ON THE WAY TO THE SEALING-GROUNDS.—LEADING THE FLEET.

by the sun or, in less time, by the aid of steam; but the latter produces a quality poorer in some respects both for lamps and for the lubrication of machines. The skins are salted and packed, and become cured in three weeks, finding ultimate use as shoe-leather, and as covering for knapsacks, valises, small trunks, etc. It would be interesting

to enlarge on this point, too, but readers must be content with only a skeleton of a history of seals and the seal industries, which they can fill out with all the more pleasure to themselves by independent reading in books of arctic travel, of zoology, and of the fisheries.

The sealing in the North Atlantic alone gives employment every spring to, say, twenty-five steamers from Newfoundland, built expressly for the purpose, besides unnumbered sailing vessels; the crews

of this fleet making a navy of about ten thousand eager young men. The starting is a scene of the greatest bustle, and when the men return with rich cargoes, and get their pockets full of money, there is great hilarity around the usually dull towns of that far-northern island. It is said that in one year, recently, a round million of seals were taken in the North Atlantic alone. Yet there seems to be little or no diminution in the crowds that throng the ice-floes as each March comes round.

THE CORRECTION BOX.

BY KITTY WHITE.

YESTERDAY morning a missionary man came to our Sunday-school, and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor sew patchwork, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, Mother gave us each a five-cent piece. "That's to put in the correction box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Johnny said: "It is n't the least use to send five cents to the heathen. They'd rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and of course they would n't care about five cents. And there's no candy in heathenland, so what do they want of money, anyhow?"

Then I said: "If I only had my button-string, we could each give a button, and spend the five cents for candy, and so we'd be pleased all 'round." Johnny said that was a good idea; and "there's a button loose on my jacket this minute; and if I can twist off another before the correction box comes 'round, I'll give it to you, Kitty."

I thought it was a lovely plan, for Johnny's buttons are just beauties. I heard Mother tell sister Em that they cost two dollars a dozen. They look like gold. But when we got to church, they made me go into the pew first, and Father put Johnny beside him next the door, so 's we could n't talk.

The missionary talked a long time, and then they sang "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and then they went 'round with the correction boxes. Father takes one of them, and they're on long sticks like a corn-popper, and deep, so 't other folks can't see what you put in. I had to drop in my

five cents, and then Mother and Em put in their money, and last of all Johnny put in his button. He held his hand close to the box when he did it, and then he looked at me behind the others, and nodded, so I'd know he had his five cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We did n't have time to eat it before school, and when we were going home, Johnny said: "Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece; and then I'll tell Father what the missionary said, and may be after this he'll give buttons, and it'll save him a great deal of money."

So we waited, and after dinner, just as we took out the candy to divide it, Father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to Mother. She thought it was money, and said, "Just what I wanted!" But it was n't money; it was a brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she.

"I found it in the correction box, yesterday afternoon," said Father. "Some little rascal put it in, I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a wholesome lesson. If he was my son —"

And then Mother said, "Why, it is just like Johnny's buttons!" And sister Em said, "Well, there's one gone off his Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it."

Everybody looked at us. Father asked what we had in that paper, and "John, is this your button?" And what could we say but yes? They called us unhappy children, and sent us upstairs.

We've both had a wholesome lesson. I had one 'cause they said I put it into Johnny's head. For two weeks, Father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember.

Johnny says he wishes he was a heathen.



IN THE GARDEN.

By Margaret Johnson.

"Bright hollyhocks that grow so tall
Beside the mossy garden wall,
Bend down with slender stem to me
That I your crimson cups may see,
And pluck them from beside the wall
O hollyhocks that grow so tall!"

So sang wee Nell one summer day
Within the garden old at play.
The yellow sunshine slanted down
And touched her curls into a crown.
"Dear blossoms, bend to me I pray!"
Sang winsome Nell that summer day.

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE poets who love children are the poets whom children love. It is natural that they should care much for each other, because both children and poets look into things in the same way,—simply, with open eyes and hearts, seeing Nature as it is, and finding whatever is lovable and pure in the people who surround them, as flowers may receive back from flowers sweet odors for those which they have given. The little child is born with a poet's heart in him, and the poet has been fitly called "the eternal child."

Not that all children or all poets are alike in this. But of him who has just gone from us—the honored Longfellow—we think as of one who has always been fresh and natural in his sympathy for children, one who has loved them as they have loved him.

We wish he had given us more of the memories of his own childhood. One vivid picture of it comes to us in "My Lost Youth," a poem which shows us how everything he saw when a child must have left within him a life-long impression. That boyhood by the sea must have been full of dreams as well as of pictures. The beautiful bay with its green islands, widening out to the Atlantic on the east, and the dim chain of mountains, the highest in New England, lying far away on the north-western horizon, give his native city a roomy feeling not often experienced in the streets of a town; and the boy-poet must have felt his imagination taking wings there, for many a long flight. So he more than hints to us in his song:

"I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Longfellow's earliest volume, "The Voices of the Night," was one of the few books of American poetry that some of us who are now growing old

ourselves can remember reading, just as we were emerging from childhood. "The Reaper and the Flowers" and the "Psalm of Life,"—I recall the delight with which I used to repeat those poems. The latter, so full of suggestions which a very young person could feel, but only half understand, was for that very reason the more fascinating. It seemed to give glimpses, through opening doors, of that wonderful new world of mankind, where children are always longing to wander freely as men and women. Looking forward and aspiring are among the first occupations of an imaginative child; and the school-boy who declaimed the words:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,"

and the school-girl who read them quietly by herself, felt them, perhaps, no less keenly than the man of thought and experience.

Longfellow has said that—

"Sublimity always is simple
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning,"

and the simplicity of his poetry is the reason why children and young people have always loved it; the reason, also, why it has been enjoyed by men and women and children all over the world.

One of his poems which has been the delight of children and grown people alike is the "Village Blacksmith," the first half of which is a description that many a boy might feel as if he could have written himself—if he only had the poet's command of words and rhymes, and the poet's genius! Is not this one of the proofs of a good poem, that it haunts us until it seems as if it had almost grown out of our own mind? How life-like the picture is!—

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

No wonder the Cambridge children, when the old chestnut-tree that overhung the smithy was cut down, had a memento shaped into a chair from its boughs, to present to him who had made it an immortal tree in his verse! It bore flower and fruit for them a second time in his acknowledgment of the gift; for he told them how—

"There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street
Its blossoms white and sweet,
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

"And when the winds of autumn, with a shout
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath."

In its own wild, winsome way, the song of "Hiawatha's Childhood" is one of the prettiest fancies in poetry. It is a dream of babyhood in the "forest primeval," with Nature for nurse and teacher; and it makes us feel as if—were the poet's idea only a possibility—it might have been very pleasant to be a savage baby, although we consider it so much better to be civilized.

"At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder:

Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
* * * * *

"Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
* * * * *

"Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'"

How Longfellow loved the very little ones can be seen in such verses as the "Hanging of the Crane," and in those earlier lines "To a Child," where the baby on his mother's knee gazes at the painted tiles, shakes his "coral rattle



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE—ONCE WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

'Minne-wawa!' said the pine-trees;
'Mudway-aushka!' said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes.
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little dancing, white-fire creature,

with the silver bells," or escapes through the open door into the old halls where once

"The Father of his country dwelt."

Those verses give us a charming glimpse of the home-life in the historic mansion which is now so rich with poetic, as well as patriotic associations. Other glimpses of it he has given us also. Some

years ago, many households in our land were made happy by the pictured group of Longfellow's three children, which he allowed to be put into circula-



A CORNER IN LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

tion,—three lovely little girls, who became known to us through the poet's words as—

"Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."

How beautiful it was to be let in to that twilight library scene described in the "Children's Hour":

"A sudden rush from the stair-way,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall!"

"They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere."

"Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?"

"Have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart."

"And there will I keep you forever,
Yea, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away!"

Afterward, when sorrow and loss had come to the happy home, in the sudden removal of the mother of those merry children, the father who loved them so had a sadder song for them, as he looked onward into their orphaned lives:

"O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on, through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load,
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!"

And later, as if haunted by a care for them that would not leave him, he wrote the beautiful sonnet beginning:

"I said unto myself, if I were dead,
What would befall these children? What would be
Their fate, who now are looking up to me
For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,
Would be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer see
To read the rest of their dear history,
So full of beauty and so full of dread."

Very sweet to those children must be the memory of such a father's love!

Longfellow loved all children, and had a word for them whenever he met them.

At a concert, going early with her father, a little girl espied Mr. Longfellow sitting alone, and begged that she might go and speak to him. Her father, himself a stranger, took the liberty of introducing his little daughter Edith to the poet.

"Edith?" said Mr. Longfellow, tenderly. "Ah! I have an Edith, too; but *my* baby Edith is twenty years old." And he seated the child beside him, taking her hand in his, and making her promise to come and see him at his house in Cambridge.

"What is the name of your sled, my boy?" he said to a small lad, who came tugging one up the road toward him, on a winter morning.

"It's 'Evangeline.' Mr. Longfellow wrote 'Evangeline.' Did you ever see Mr. Longfellow?" answered the little fellow, as he ran by, doubtless wondering at the smile on the face of the pleasant gray-haired gentleman.

Professor Monti, who witnessed the pretty scene, tells the story of a little girl who last Christmas inquired the way to the poet's house, and asked if she could just step inside the yard; and he relates how Mr. Longfellow, being told she was there, went to the door and called her in, and showed her the "old clock on the stairs," and many other interesting things about the house, leaving his little guest with beautiful memories of that Christmas day to carry all through her life. This was characteristic of the poet's hospitality, delicate and courteous and thoughtful to all who crossed his threshold. Many a trembling young girl, frightened at her own boldness in having ventured into his presence, was set at ease by her host in the most genial way; he would make her forget herself in the interesting mementos all about her, devoting himself to her entertainment as if it were the one pleasure of the hour to do so.

It is often said, and with reason, that we Americans do not think enough of manners—that politeness of behavior which comes from genuine sympathy and a delicate perception of others' feelings. Certainly our young people might look to Mr. Longfellow as a model in this respect. He was a perfect gentleman, in the best sense of that term, always considerate, and quick to see where he might do a kindness, or say a pleasant word.

A visitor one day told him in conversation of a young lady relative or friend, who had sent to Mr. Longfellow the message that he was the one man in the world she wanted to see.

"Tell her," said the poet, instantly, "that she is the one young lady in the world whom I want to see."

Some young girls, from a distant part of the country, having been about Cambridge sight-seeing, walked to Mr. Longfellow's house, and venturing within the gate, sat down upon the grass. He passed them there, and turning back, said:

"Young ladies, you are uncomfortably seated. Wont you come into the house?"

They were overjoyed at the invitation, and on entering, Mr. Longfellow insisted upon their taking lunch with him. They saw that the table was set for four, and were beginning to be mortified at finding themselves possible intruders upon other guests. They so expressed themselves to their host, who put them at ease at once, saying that it was only his regular lunch with his children, and that they would be happy to wait.

One of a group of school-girls whom he had welcomed to his house sent him, as a token of her gratitude, an iron pen made from a fetter of the Prisoner of Chillon, and a bit of wood from the frigate "Constitution," ornamented with precious stones from three continents. He wrote his thanks in a poem which must be very precious to the giver,—*"Beautiful Helen of Maine,"*—to whom he says of her gift that it is to him—

"As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree."

Longfellow's courtesy was as unfailing as the demands upon it were numerous and pressing. Very few imagine what a tax it is upon the time of our more prominent authors simply to write the autographs which are requested of them. He almost invariably complied with such requests, when made in a proper manner, wearisome as it must often have been to do so. Not long since, he had a letter from a Western boy, who sent his name,

desiring him to translate it into every language he knew, and send it back to him with his autograph! The poet was much amused at the request, but it is doubtful whether he found time to gratify that boy.

Still another incident related of him is that he was one day walking in a garden with a little five-years maiden who was fond of poetry and occasionally "made up some" herself.

"I, too, am fond of poetry," he said to her. "Suppose you give me a little of yours this beautiful morning?"

"Think," cried he, afterward, to a friend, throwing up his hands, his eyes sparkling with merriment,—*"think what her answer was! She said: 'Oh, Mr. Longfellow, it does n't always come when you want it!' Ah me,—how true, how true!"*

The celebration of Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday by school-children all over the country is something that those children must be glad to think of now—glad to remember that the poet knew how much they cared for him and for what he had written. Even the blind children, who have to read with their fingers, were enjoying his songs with the rest. How pleasant that must have been to him! Certainly, as it seems to me, the best tribute that the young people of the country can pay to his memory is to become more familiar with his poems.

Of our older poets, whose greatness time has tested, only a few remain. One of them, writing of Longfellow's departure, says sadly: *"Our little circle narrows fast, and a feeling of loneliness comes over me."*

We should not wait until a great and good man has left us before giving him honor, or trying to understand what he has done for us. A dreary world ours would be, if there were no poets' songs echoing through it; and we may be proud of our country that it has a poetry of its own, which it is for us to know and possess for ourselves.

Longfellow has said:

"What the leaves are to the forest
With light and air and food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,
That to the world, are children":

and something like this we may say of his songs. There is in all true poetry a freshness of life which makes the writer of it immortal.

The singer so much beloved has passed from sight, but the music of his voice is in the air, and, listening to it, we know that he can not die.

LONGFELLOW'S LAST AFTERNOON WITH CHILDREN.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever:
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing."

"I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea."

"And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon."

IN the early part of March, some lads belonging to the Dwight School, Boston, wished to visit Professor Longfellow, with whose poems they were becoming familiar.

"Let us write to him," said one of the boys, "and ask his permission to call on him some holiday afternoon."

They consulted their teacher, who favored the plan, and the following note was sent to the poet:

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW—*Dear Sir*: Would it be agreeable to you to receive a call from four boys of the Dwight School? . . ."

Four names were signed to the note.

In a few days the following answer was returned:

"Mr. Longfellow would be pleased to meet the boys of the Dwight School on Saturday afternoon."

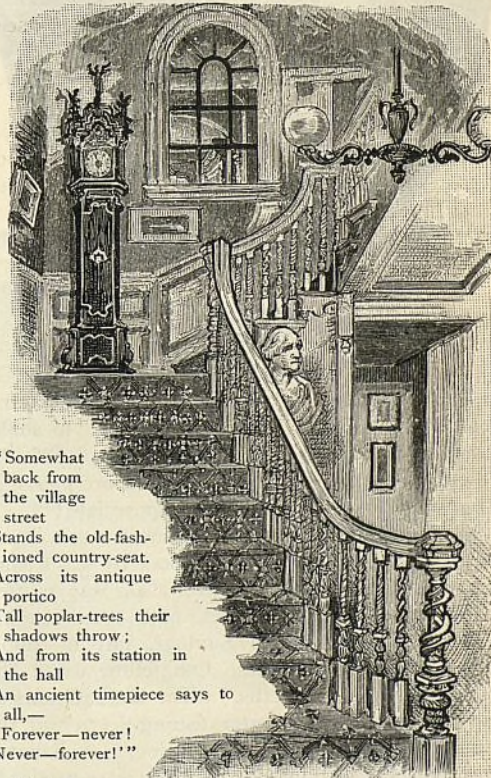
The boys were delighted. They procured a choice bouquet of flowers to give to the poet, and on Saturday afternoon, March 18th, went to Cambridge, and made the last visit to Longfellow that he ever received. Soon after they left him, he walked on the piazza of the ancient house, and being there exposed to the raw March winds, he contracted the sudden illness that ended his life.

On their way to Cambridge, the boys left Boston by the Charles River bridge, over which incessantly day and night a procession of footsteps goes and returns, as restless as the tide that ebbs and flows among the wooden piers and there makes its ceaseless murmur.

Many years ago, in loneliness and despondency, the great poet himself had been accustomed to go over the wooden bridge in the same place; and often he went at night, when the city clocks around Beacon Hill solemnly announced the hours. There was a great furnace then on the Brighton Hills, and its red light glowed weirdly in the shadowy distance. That sad time and lonely scene were in his mind when he wrote:

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower."

A horse-car ride of half an hour took the boys past Harvard College, where the poet had spent many happy years as a professor, to his home—the mansion that Washington made famous in history as his head-quarters. It resembles the one described in "The Old Clock on the Stairs":



"Somewhat
back from
the village
street
Stands the old-fash-
ioned country-seat.
Across its antique
portico
Tall poplar-trees their
shadows throw;
And from its station in
the hall
An ancient timepiece says to
all,—
'Forever—never!
Never—forever!'"

This poem was suggested by the French words, "*Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!*"

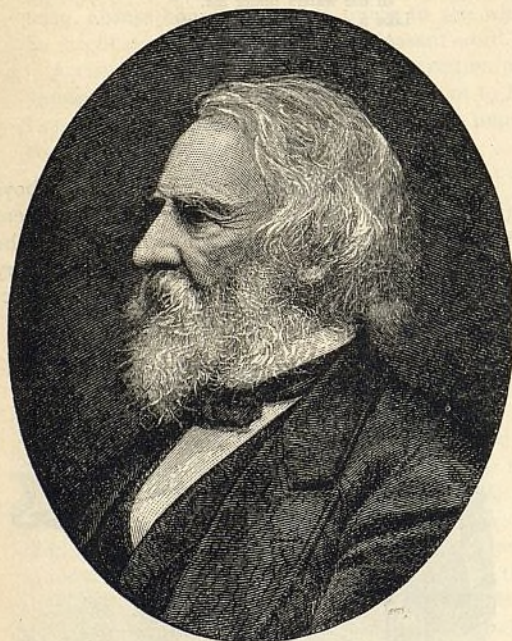
In that house the "Psalm of Life" was written. This poem, which to-day is known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, was at

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

first not intended for publication, but was merely an expression of the poet's own views and purposes.

Longfellow once told the writer of this article the story of the composition of this poem, and added the following pleasing incident:

"As I was returning from my visit to the Queen



Henry W. Longfellow

in London, a laborer came up to my carriage and extended his hand. 'I wish,' he said, 'to shake hands with the author of "The Psalm of Life!"' Few incidents of my life have been more pleasing. *That* was a compliment I could appreciate!"

In this house, too, "Evangeline" was written, the story being given to the poet by his friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Here, also, was written "Excelsior," after the poet had been reading a letter, from Charles Sumner, full of noble sentiments; here, besides, Longfellow wrote the "Wreck of the Hesperus," when the sad news of the loss of the Gloucester fishing-fleet, and the mournful words "Norman's Woe," so haunted him that he could not sleep. Here were produced nearly all of his poems that have become household words in many lands.

The poet received the boys most cordially and graciously, accepted their present of flowers, and expressed his pleasure in it. He then showed them the historic rooms, and the articles associated with Washington's residence there. He was accus-

tomed to exhibit to older visitors a piece of Dante's coffin, Coleridge's inkstand, and Thomas Moore's waste-paper basket.

The old poet, crowned with his white hair, chatted pleasantly awhile with the four boys, whose faces wore the beauty and inquisitive intelligence of the years that had vanished from him forever.

One of the lads, a Master Lane, then asked him a question which must have revived tender memories: "In your poem on the River Charles," he said, "there is a stanza beginning in some books with the line 'Four long years of mingled feeling.' In other books it begins with 'For long years with mingled feeling.' Will you please tell me which is right?"

"*Four long years,*" answered the poet, thoughtfully.

"Is that the River Charles?" asked one of the boys, pointing outside.

The poet looked out on the flowing stream. It was almost the last time that he gazed upon it; perhaps *the* last time that his attention was directed to it. "Yes," said he, mournfully, in answer, "that is the Charles."

Years before, when his manhood was in its prime, he had sung of this river:

"Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver:
I can give thee but a song.

"Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

"And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

"Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

"Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

"More than this;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

"Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!"

And again, after the death of his friend Charles Sumner, when age had silvered his hair:

"River, that stealest with such silent pace
 Around the City of the Dead, where lies
 A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
 Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
 Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
 And say good-night, for now the western skies
 Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
 Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
 Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
 Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
 That are no more and shall no more return.
 Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
 I stay a little longer, as one stays
 To cover up the embers that still burn."

The poet bade the lads an affectionate farewell, and for the last time he saw the forms of children depart from his door. He gave them his autograph, and copies of the poem he had written for the children of Cambridge, after they had presented to him a chair made from a tree that stood near the shop of the village blacksmith, whose honest history he had taken for the subject of one of his poems.

The last view of the River Charles and of happy children! How the scene must have awakened in the poet's mind memories of the past, even although he could not then know that the shadow of death was so near!

The hand that wrote "The Children's Hour" now rests in sweet Auburn, Boston's city of the

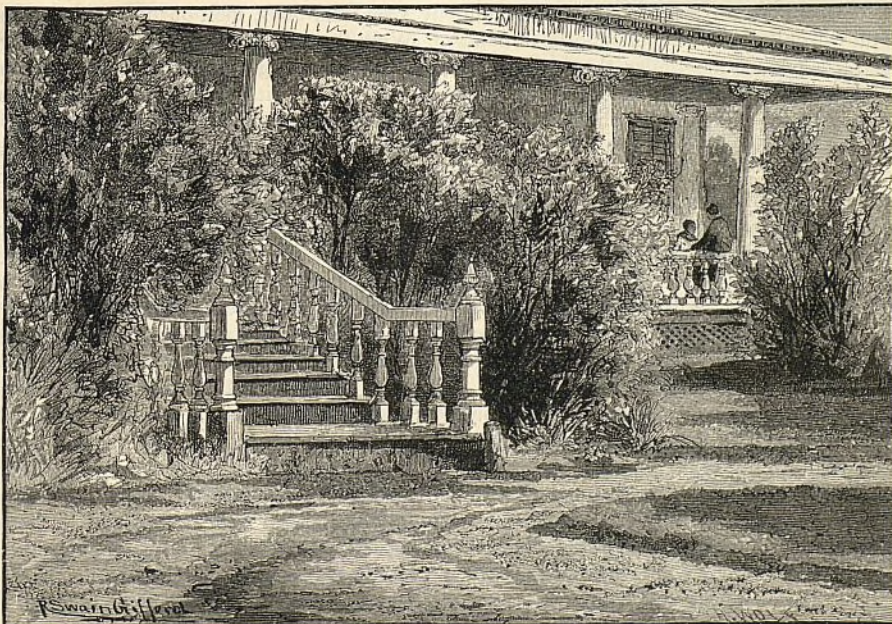
dead. The River Charles flows by, and its banks will still grow bright with every spring-time. Charles Sumner, for whose name the poet loved the river, sleeps there, and Cornelius Felton, of Harvard College, whom also the poet loved. There, too, rests the universally loved and honored Louis Agassiz, another of those "three friends," each of whom left him for years but a "majestic memory."

The birds will come there in summer, and sing among the oaks and the fountains. The children will go there, too, and never by them will their own poet be forgotten. They may love to remember that his last reception was given to children, and that with them, when the friends of other years had passed away, he looked for the last time upon the River Charles.

"Come to me, O ye children!
 And whisper in my ear
 What the birds and the winds are singing •
 In your sunny atmosphere.

"For what are all our contrivings,
 And the wisdom of our books,
 When compared with your caresses,
 And the gladness of your looks?"

"Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said;
 For ye are living poems,
 And all the rest are dead."



THE WESTERN ENTRANCE OF LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE. (FROM THE PIAZZA THERE IS A VIEW OF THE RIVER CHARLES, BRIGHTON, AND THE DISTANT HILLS.)

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE "G. B. C."

DOROTHY was made very happy one day by Uncle George handing her the little copy-book diary, and saying that she and Donald could read as much of it as they wished.

"Oh, Don; see here!" she exclaimed, holding up the book as Donald, by invitation, joined her in the Cozy Corner. "It's all right. Uncle says so. We'll begin at the first page and read every single word!"

The diary, it seemed, contained nothing startling, but it gave them an excellent idea of Aunt Kate's happy girlhood. She spoke of many things familiar to them, and above all they were interested in her frequent allusions to "our new dog, Nero," evidently her own special pet.

Poor Nero! So young then, and now so very old! This was his last winter. He had become blind of late and very feeble; but, nevertheless, when the end came, it was a shock to all, and a sore trial to Don and Dorry. Many a time after that day they would stop in their sports to bend beside the little head-stone under the evergreens and talk of him—the faithful friend they had loved all their lives, who had reached his prime and died of old age during their own youth.

We must pass rapidly over the next few months, only pausing to say that they were busy ones for the D's. In the first place, the new tutor, as Don expressed it, was "worked by steam" and was "one of the broad-gauge, high-pressure sort"; but Uncle George noted that his nephew and niece made great advancement under what *he* called Dr. Sneed's careful and earnest teaching.

But they had, too, their full share of recreation. Don and Ed found the gymnasium not only a favorite resort in the way of pleasure, but also a great benefit to their physical development. After a few weeks' exercise, their muscles began to grow stronger and harder, and the startling climbs, leaps, tumbles, hand-springs, and somersaults which the boys learned to perform were surprising.

When the summer came, Don and Ed Tyler secretly believed themselves competent to become members of the best circus troupe in the country, and many a boy-visitor was asked to "feel *that*, will you?" as each young Hercules knotted the

upper muscles of his arm in order to astonish the beholder. Even the girls caught the spirit, and, though they would not for the world have had the boys know it, they compared muscle in a mild way among themselves, and Dorry's was declared by admiring friends to be "awfully hard."

Little Fandy Danby, too, became so expert that, after giving himself numberless bruises, he finally attained the summit of his ambition by hanging from the horizontal ladder and going hand over hand its entire length, though not without much puffing and panting and a frantic flourishing of little legs.

Don and the boys had great fun in "stumping" each other, which consisted in one performing a certain feat and challenging the others to do it, and if matched in that, then daring them to some bolder and more difficult attempt.

Uncle George himself took part in these contests, and, though often beaten, threatened to distance them all after a few months' practice. "There's a plentiful share of limberness tied up in these old muscles," he would say, "and when it's set free, boys, look out for your laurels!"

Well, the spring passed away and no bones were broken. Boating and bathing, berrying and other sports came with the advancing season; but the great feature of the summer was the G. B. C., or Girls' Botany Club, of which Dorry was president, Josie Manning secretary, and Dr. Sneed inspirer, advisory committee, and treasurer, all in one. Nearly all the nice girls joined, and boys were made honorary members whenever their scientific interest and zeal in hunting for botanical treasures entitled them to that distinction.

Ah, those were happy days! And if the honorary members were troublesome now and then, scaring the girls half to death with lizards, toads, or harmless garter-snakes, why it was only "the boys"; and after all it really was fun to scream a little by way of lightening the more solid pursuits of the club. Besides, the boys often were a real help, especially in rocky places and in the marshes, and — Well—it was less troublesome to have them than to do without them.

So far, only one real shadow had fallen across the sunny hours, and that was when Dorry had proposed Charity Danby as a member, and some of the foolish girls had objected on the plea that the Danbys were "poor folks."

"Poor folks," indeed! You should have seen

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their president then! You should have heard her spirited remarks, her good, wholesome arguments, and seen her glowing, indignant presidential countenance! The opposition had been stubborn at first, gathering strength in secret and losing it in public, until at last good sense and kindness prevailed. The motion to admit Charity as a member of the G. B. C. was carried unanimously, and almost the first she knew about it she was a full member, eagerly searching hill-side and meadow with the rest, and wondering deep in her inmost soul whether she ever, ever could "catch up" to the other girls. They knew so much from books, and she had been able to study so little!

Poor Charity—she was wiser than she knew. Her habit of close observation, and her eager desire to learn, soon made her a valuable addition to the club. She knew where to find every wild flower of that locality in its season, from the trailing arbutus in the spring to the latest bloom of the autumn, and "Charity Danby says so" soon became a convincing argument in many a discussion.

But we must now go back for several weeks, and learn how it happened that our busy Charity was able to accept the invitation of the G. B. C.

It was early in July; remnants of exploded fire-crackers still lingered in the trampled grass near Mrs. Danby's white-washed fence. She—busy soul!—was superintending the mending of her home-made chicken-coop, now trembling and quivering under the mighty strokes of Daniel David. With one breath the mother was making suggestions to her young carpenter, and with the next screaming to Helen and Isabella to be careful or they would tumble into the pig-pen, when, suddenly, she saw Dorry at the back gate.

"Massy! Here comes Dorothy Reed, looking like a fresh rose, as she is, and not a thing in the house to rights. Well, I can't help it—ten children so, and everything to—Ah, Dorothy!" continued Mrs. Danby, exchanging her silent thoughts for active speech, "walk right in, dear, and do please excuse everything. Charity's in the house, picking up and putting away; I'd call her out, but——"

No need to finish the sentence. Dorry, with a cheery: "Oh, no, indeed, thank you!" had already vanished under the morning-glory vines that shaded the door-way.

"Bless her heart!" pursued Mrs. Danby, now talking to Daniel David, "but she's a beauty! Not that my own are humbly, either. Charity's no fright, by no means, and there's your sister Amanda—why, only last summer Master Donald's teacher drew a picture of her, because she was so

picturesky, which I'll keep to my dying day. There, Dan Dave, you don't need no more slats on that side; take this broken one out here, that's a good child; it scrapes the old hen every time she goes under. Look out! You'll break the whole thing to pieces if you aint careful. My! How strong boys are!"

Meantime, Dorry, as we know, had entered. The house *was* out of order, but Charity was doing her best to improve matters. With one hand she was "picking up and putting away," and with the other stroking the bumped head of baby Jamie. Though now able to walk alone, the little one had just experienced one of his frequent tumbles, and was crying and clinging to Charity's skirts as he trotted beside her. No one else was in the room,



"SO PICTURESKY!"

and perhaps this was why the busy sister was softly saying to herself, as she worked:

"Queen Elizabeth was one, William-and-Mary's Mary was another, and Lady Jane Grey and Queen Victoria—Oh, do hush, Jamie, dear, I've kissed it twice already—there!"

Suiting the action to the word, she pressed her lips of healing once more upon Jamie's yellow hair, and lifting her head again, she saw Dorry in the door-way, laughing.

"Oh, Dorothy, how you startled me! I did n't hear you coming at all. I'm so glad! But you need n't laugh at me, Dorry—I'm only trying to remember a little hist'ry."

"I'm not laughing at *you*," Dorry protested, merrily. "But it was so funny to hear you putting the English queens into the pots and pans; that was all. Here, let me help a little. Come, Jamie, sit on Dotty's lap, and she'll tell you all about Bluebeard."

"Oh, no; that's too old for him. Tell him

about the chickies," suggested Charity, in a business-like way, as, disengaging her gown from his baby clutch, she sprang upon a chair, in order to put something away on the highest shelf of the dresser.

"It's no use," she said, jumping down again, almost angrily, and raising her voice to be heard above Jamie's outcry. "Oh, dear, what *does* make you so naughty, Baby?"

"He is n't naughty," said Dorry, soothingly; "he's only tired of being indoors. Come, Jamie, we'll go out and play chickie till Charity gets through, and then we'll all take a nice walk."

Jamie seized Dorry's hand instantly, and out they went.

"Be careful!" called Charity, after her, setting a chair down hard at the same time. "Look out, or he'll get right under the cow's feet; he always does."

"I'll be careful," sang out Dorry. "Come as soon as you can. This delightful air will do you

heart more than once; and so Dorry was not in the least surprised to find Ellen Eliza in the act of comforting a draggled-looking fowl, which she held tenderly in her arms in spite of its protest.

"Is it hurt?" asked Dorry.

Ellen Eliza looked up with an anxious countenance as she murmured:

"Oh, no, not exactly hurt; he's complainin'. I think he's hungry, but he won't eat."

"Dear me!" was Dorry's unfeeling comment; "then I'd let him go hungry, I declare if I would n't."

"Oh, no, you could n't be cruel to a poor sick rooster?" Here Ellen Eliza pressed the uneasy fowl to her heart. "May be, he's got a sore throat."

"Do you know what I think?" said Dorry, quite disregarding the patient's possible affliction.

"What?" asked Ellen Eliza, plaintively, as if prepared to hear that her feathered pet was going into a rapid decline. And Dorry went on:

"I think that if people with tender hearts would remember their sisters sometimes, it would be —"

"What do you mean?" interrupted the astonished Ellen Eliza, releasing the now struggling bird as she spoke.

Dorry laid her hand kindly on the little girl's shoulder.

"I'll tell you," she said. "If I were you, I'd help Charity more. I'd take care of this dear little brother sometimes. Don't you notice how very often she is obliged to stay from school to help with the work, and how discouraged she feels about her lessons?"

"No!" answered Ellen Eliza, with wide-open eyes. "I did n't ever notice that. I think it's nice to stay home from school. But, anyhow, Charity would n't trust me. She dotes on Jamie so. She's always been afraid I'd let him fall."

Dorry smiled.

"Oh, that was long ago, Ellen. Jamie can walk now, you know, and if you look after him sometimes, you'll soon be able to help Charity wonderfully."

"All right!" was Ellen Eliza's cordial answer. "I'll do it. Somehow, I never thought of it. But I often help Mother. She says I'm the best-hearted of all the children, and so I am. You see if I don't help Charity after this."

The conversion seemed too sudden to be very lasting; but Ellen Eliza, who was really sincere, proceeded at once to put her new resolution into practice. To be sure, her renowned tender heart did not make her all at once an experienced housemaid, seamstress, and nurse, as Charity was; but from that day it made her, at intervals, a willing little hand-maiden, and so gave her sister many a



"HE'S COMPLAININ'."

good." Then, seeing Ellen Eliza, the ten-year-old Danby girl, standing not far from the house, she led Jamie toward her.

Ellen Eliza had a very tender heart. Every one who knew Mrs. Danby had heard of that tender

leisure hour for reading and study. More than this, Ellen Eliza and Dorry became close friends in Charity's behalf, and one thing led to another, until Charity actually attended school regularly. She was behind most of the scholars, of course; but many a day she spent an hour in the Cozy Corner, where Dorry helped her to study her lessons. Her progress was remarkable.

"You make everything so beautifully plain, I can't help improving," she would say to Dorry. And Dorry would laugh and protest that the teacher was learning as much as the pupil, and that they were a wonderful pair, any way.

All this while, Charity, bright and hopeful, was doing a goodly share of house duties, and making the Danby home more sunny with her happiness. Little Jamie was her delight, as she was his; but she was no longer jaded and discouraged. Ellen Eliza looked at her with pride, and willingly submitted to the school-teaching that Charity, in turn, was able to give her.

"I can't bear 'rithmetic," was the tender-hearted one's comment, "but I have to learn my tables, else Charity 'd worry and Dorry would n't like it. And jography 's nice, 'cause Pa likes me to tell him about it, when he comes home. Soon 's I get big, I mean to make Helen and Is'bella learn their lessons like everything."

Alas! The new educational movement met with a sudden but temporary check in the shape of the measles. One fine day, that unwelcome visitant came into the house, and laid its hand on poor little Helen. In a few days, Isabella and Jamie were down beside her—not very ill, but all three just ill enough to require a darkened room, careful nursing, and a bountiful supply of Dorry's willing oranges.

This was why Charity, for a time, was cut off from her studies, and why she was quite taken by surprise when word came to her of the G. B. C., and that she was to join it, as soon as the little ones could spare her.

You have seen Charity botanizing on the hill-side with the other girls, but to understand her zeal, you should have heard her defend the science against that sarcastic brother of hers—Daniel David. In vain that dreadful boy hung dried stalks and dead branches all about her room, and put dandelions in her tea-cup, and cockles in her hair-brush—pretending all the while that he was a good boy bringing "specimens" to his dear sister. In vain he challenged every botanical remark she made, defying her to prove it. She always was equal to the occasion in spirit, if not in knowledge.

One Saturday morning, though, she had her triumph, and it was an event to be remembered.

Daniel David had listened, with poorly concealed interest, while Charity was describing a flower to Ellen Eliza,—how it has calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils; how some flowers have not all these parts, but that *all* flowers have pistils and stamens,—when he, as usual, challenged her to "prove it."

"Very well," said Charity, with dignity, and yet a little uneasily; "you bring the flowers, and I think I can satisfy Your Majesty."

Out he ran, and in a moment he came back, bearing defiantly a fine red-clover blossom.

"Ha, my lady!" he said, as he handed it to her. "There 's the first flower I came to; now let 's see you find your pistils and stamens and thingamies."

Instead of replying at once, Charity looked inquiringly at the pretty flower in her hand. She seemed rather puzzled and crestfallen. Daniel David laughed aloud; even Mrs. Danby and the poetic Amanda smiled.

"Oh!" said Charity, at last, with an air of great relief. "I see it now. How funny! I never thought of it before; but the clover-blossom is n't *one* flower at all—it's a good many flowers!"

"Ho! ho!" cried Daniel David. "That's a good one! You can't get out of it in that way, my lady. Can she, Ma?"

Ma did n't know. None of the rest knew; but they all crowded about Charity, while, with trembling fingers, she carefully pulled the blossom to pieces, and discovered that every piece was a flower. "See!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Dozens of them, and every single one complete. Oh, my! Is n't it wonderful?"

"I surrender," said Daniel David.

"But you've helped me to find out something that I did n't know before," said the enthusiastic sister, forgiving in an instant all his past taunting. "I wonder if Dorothy knows it. Let's go right over and ask her."

"Agreed," said Daniel David. "Wait till I slick up a bit." Off he ran, whistling, and in fifteen minutes he and Charity were with Dorry in the Reed sitting-room, examining the separated, tiny clover-flowers through Donald's microscope.

Dorothy explained to them that the clover-blossom or head is a compound flower, because a head is made up of many flowerets, each complete in itself.

But when she went further, and told them that not only the clover, but every dandelion and daisy in the field is made up of many flowers, even Charity appeared incredulous, saying: "What! Do you mean to say that the daisy, with its yellow center and lovely white petals, is not a flower?"

"No, I don't mean that," said Dorry. "Of

course, the daisy is a flower. But it is a compound flower. What you call white petals are not exactly petals. Anyhow, the yellow center is made up of hundreds of very small flowers. That's what I mean. I have seen them magnified, and they look like yellow lilies."

Daniel David hardly dared to say "prove it" to so elegant a creature as Dorry, but his looks were so expressive that the president of the G. B. C. at once proposed that he should go and gather a dandelion and a daisy, for them to pull to pieces and examine the parts under the microscope.

All of which would have come to pass had not Donald rushed into the house at that moment, calling:

"Dorry! Dorry! Come up on the hill! We're going to set up the targets."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

THE targets, eight in number, which had been made by the boys a few days before, were really fine affairs. They were painted on sheets of strong pasteboard, and were each about eighteen inches in diameter. Every circle from the bull's-eye to the outer ring was carefully made out, and all the targets were of exactly the same measurements. Eight rough tripods already awaited them at the shooting-range, and each tripod had its upright piece of eighteen-inch plank at the top, to which a pasteboard target was now to be firmly fastened.

On any ordinary occasion one or two tripods would have been considered sufficient, but on this special day there was to be a real "match," and a target to each man would be required, so that the contestants could show a clear record of every shot. Experience had proved this to be the best plan.

The spot selected for the shooting-range was well adapted to the purpose. It was a plateau or broad strip of level land, forming the summit of the long slope that rose from the apple-orchard back of the Reed mansion. At the rear or eastern limit of this level land was a steep, grassy ridge, called by the D's the second hill.

Perhaps you will see the plateau more clearly if you read this description which Dorry afterward wrote to a friend at boarding-school:

"* * * Don and the boys have made a lovely summer-house by an apple-tree on the second hill, back of the house. It's so high up that you can look across our place from it, and see the lake in front and the village far down at the left. It is beautiful, looking from the summer-house at sunset, for then the lake sometimes seems to be on fire, and the trees in the orchard between us and the road send long shadows that creep, creep up the hill as if

they were alive. You see we really have two hills, and these are separated or joined, whichever you please, by a long level strip more than a hundred feet wide, forming a grassy terrace. I often imagine a long row of enormous giants resting there on the grass side by side, sitting on the great wide level place, with their backs leaning against the second hill and their feet reaching nearly to the edge of the first hill. Now, I hope you understand. If you don't, you will when you come here to visit me this fall. Well, it was on this level ground that we had the shooting-match I'm going to tell you about, and where something happened that I'll never, never forget as long as I live. * * *

While Don and Ed, assisted by the doughty Daniel, are at work setting up the row of targets close to the base of the second hill, so that stray bullets may be safely buried in the soft earth-wall, and while Dorry and Charity are watching the boys from the shady summer-house, we may look into Mr. Reed's study.

He is sitting in his arm-chair by the window, but the warm breeze stealing through the closed blinds is not lulling him to repose; his face is troubled, and he holds something in his hand which he is studying intently, though it seems to give him no satisfaction. It is a small gold chain or necklace, with an old-fashioned square clasp. On a graceful mahogany stand near by are several articles carefully laid together beside an open box, as though he had been examining them also. They were there when Donald knocked at the door, a few moments ago, to ask his uncle to come up later and see the completed arrangements for the shooting-match. But Mr. Reed, without unlocking the door, had said he was very busy, and begged Don to excuse him.

"Certainly, Uncle; but I'm sorry," Don had replied, and even while trudging up the hill with the targets his mind had been busy:

"What is the matter? Something is troubling Uncle George yet. I've noticed it very much of late. There's more to be told, and I must soon have a good square talk with him about it. There's no use in putting it off forever. I can't excuse him from the match, though. Why, it would spoil the whole thing not to have Uncle see it. Would n't it, Dot?" he asked aloud, as Dorry at that moment joined him.

"Would n't what?"

"Why, not to have Uncle here at the match."

"I don't understand," she said, looking puzzled.

"Why, the study door's locked and he's very busy. I was just thinking it would be a pretty go if he should n't come up this afternoon at all."

"What a ridiculous idea!" said Dorry, with a laugh. "Why, of course, Uncle will come there. I'll bring him myself."

And she did.

Of all the company of boys and girls that came trooping up the green slope to the shooting-range that afternoon, not a brighter, happier-looking pair

of faces was seen than Mr. Reed's and Dorry's. The little maid evidently had chased away his troubles for that day.

Donald was too busy to do much more than glance at them, but that glance did him good; his hearty "Ho, Uncle!" did Mr. Reed good, too.

After a careful inspection of the arrangements, and a few words with Don and the other boys concerning the necessary rules and restrictions for the general safety, Mr. Reed retired to the grassy seat of honor that had been prepared for him. The other spectators stood beside him, or settled themselves comfortably upon the turf near by.

Sailor Jack stood at a respectful distance with the smallest youngsters about him, explaining to them "as to how they 'd best stand close, and keep a sharp lookout, for dry land was a pesky dang'rous place at all times, and now, with bullets flyin' about, there was no tellin' what might happen. But if they wanted to see right clever shootin', they could just wait a bit, for Master Donald had the sharpest eye he ever seed in any youngster on sea or shore."

There were to be eight contestants. All had arrived excepting Ben Buster. He had been invited to shoot, but had loftily replied that he had other affairs on hand, but he 'd come if he could. Anyhow, they 'd best have a substitute ready.

Mr. Reed's two rifles and Don's and Ed Tyler's were the only arms to be used; for Mr. Reed had objected to a fully equipped party of young gunners ranging across his estate. But they were not like Creedmoor shooters, who must not only use their own special rifles, but must clean them after every shot. The Nestletown boys were used to trying borrowed weapons, and though a few had grumbled at a fellow not being allowed to bring his own gun, the spirit of sport prevailed, and every face wore a look of eager interest in the occasion.

Ben Buster was missing, but a substitute was soon found, and the match began in earnest, four on a side,—the Reds and the Blues,—each wearing ribbon badges of their respective color.

Dorry had made the four red rosettes and Josie Manning the four blue ones. Besides these, Josie had contributed, as a special prize to the best marksman, a beautiful gold scarf-pin, in the form of a tiny rifle, and the winner was to be the champion shot of the club, ready to hold the prize against all comers.

Ed Tyler had carefully marked off the firing line at a distance of forty paces, or about one hundred feet from the targets, and it was agreed that the eight boys should fire in regular order,—first a Red, then a Blue, one shot at a turn, until each had fired fifteen times in all. This was a plan of their own, "so that no fellow need wait all day for his turn."

As Ed Tyler was a "Blue," and Don a "Red," they found themselves opponents for once. Both were considered "crack shots," but Don soon discovered that he had a more powerful rival in another of the "Blues"—one Barry Outcalt, son of the village lawyer. It soon became evident that the main contest lay between these two, but Don had gained on *him* in the sixth round by sending a fourth bullet, to Barry's second, into the bull's-eye, when Ben Buster was seen strolling up the hill. Instantly his substitute, a tall, nervous fellow, who had outgrown his strength, proposed to resign in Ben's favor, and the motion was carried by acclamation,—the "Blues" hoping everything, and the "Reds" fearing nothing, from the change.

Master Buster was so resolute and yet comical, in his manner, that every one felt there would be fun if he took part. Seeing how matters stood as to the score, he gave a knowing wink to Barry Outcalt, and said he "did n't mind pitchin' in." He had never distinguished himself at target practice, but he had done a good deal of what Dorry called "real shooting" in the West. Besides, he was renowned throughout the neighborhood as a successful rabbit-hunter.

Shuffling to his position, he stood in such a shambling, bow-legged sort of an attitude that even the politest of the girls smiled; and those who were specially anxious that the "Reds" should win felt more than ever confident of success.

If Don flattered himself that it was to be an easy victory, he was mistaken. He still led the rest; but for every good shot he made after that, Ben had already put a companion hole, or its better, in his own target. The girls clapped; the boys shouted with excitement. Every man of the contestants felt the thrill of the moment.

The Blues did their best; and with Outcalt and Ben on the other side, Don soon found that he had heavy work to do. Moreover, just at this stage, one of the Reds seemed to contract a sudden ambition to dot the edge of his target with holes. This made the Blues radiant, and would have disconcerted the Reds but for Don's nerve and pluck. He resolved that, come what might, he would keep cool, and his steadiness inspired his comrades.

"Crack!" went Don's rifle, and the bull's-eye winked in response. A perfect shot!

"Crack!" went Ed's, and *his* bull's-eye did n't wink. The second ring, however, showed the bullet's track.

"Crack!" The next Red left his edge-dot on the target, as usual.

"Crack!" went Outcalt's rifle, and the rim of the bull's-eye felt it.

Another Red went straight to the left edge of the center.

The third Blue sent a shot between targets, clean into the earth-wall.

"Crack!" went the next Red. His target made no sign.

Ben Buster, the Blue, now put in his third center shot. He was doing magnificently.

In the next round, and the next, Donald hit the center, but it was plain that his skill alone would not avail to win the match, unless his comrades should better their shots; so he tried a little generalship. He urged each of the three in turn not to watch the score of the enemy at all, nor to regard the cheers of the Blues, but to give attention solely to making his own score as high as possible. This advice helped them, and soon the Reds once more were slightly ahead of the Blues; but the advantage was not sufficient to insure them a victory. As the final rounds drew near, the interest became intense. Each marksman was the object of all eyes, as he stepped up to the firing-line, and the heat of the contest caused much wild shooting; yet the misses were so evenly divided between the two companies that the score remained almost a tie.

Don stepped to the firing-line. Bull's-eye again!

Ed Tyler next. He gave the Blue's score a lift.

Now for the rim-dotter. He pressed his lips together, braced every nerve, was five minutes taking aim, and this time put his dot very nearly in the center!

Outcalt was bewildered. He had been so sure Jones would hit the rim as usual, that now he seemed to feel bound to do it in Jones's stead. Consequently, his bullet grazed the target and hid its face in the earth-wall.

The third Red fired too hastily, and failed.

Third Blue—a bull's-eye!

Fourth Red—an "outer."

Ben Buster stepped to the line. The Blues cheered as he raised his gun. He turned with a grand bow, and leveled his piece once more. But triumph is not always strength. His previous fine shooting had aroused his vanity, and now the girls' applause quite flustered him. He missed his aim! Worse still, not being learned in the polite art of mastering his feelings, he became vexed, and in the next round actually missed his target entirely.

Poor shooting is sometimes "catching." For a while, neither Reds nor Blues distinguished themselves, until finally only one shot was left to be fired on each side; and, so close was the contest, those two shots would decide the day.

It lay between Ben Buster and Donald.

Each side felt sure that its champion would score a bull's-eye, and if both should accomplish this, the Reds would win by two counts. But if Ben should

hit the center, and Don's bullet even should fall outside of the very innermost circle, the Blues would be the victors. It was simply a question of nerve. Ben Buster, proud of his importance, marched to position, feeling sure of a bull's-eye. But, alas, for overconfidence! The shot failed to reach that paradise of bullets, but fell within the first circle, and so near the bull's-eye that it was likely to make the contest a tie, unless Donald should score a center.

Don had now achieved the feat of gaining nine bull's-eyes out of a possible fifteen. He must make it ten, and that with a score of voices calling to him: "Another bull's-eye, Don!" "One more!" "Don't miss!"

It was a thrilling moment, and any boy would have been excited. Don was. He felt his heart thump and his face flush as he stepped up to the firing-line. Turning for an instant he saw Dorry looking at him proudly, and as she caught his glance she gave her head a saucy, confident little toss as if sure that he would not miss.

"Aye! aye! Dot," said Don under his breath, as, re-assured by her confidence, he calmly raised the gun to his shoulder and took careful aim.

It seemed an age to the spectators before the report sounded. Then, those who were watching Don saw him bend his head forward with a quick motion and for a second peer anxiously at the target. Then he drew back carelessly, but with a satisfaction that he could not quite conceal.

A few moments later, the excited Reds came running up, wildly waving Don's target in their arms. His last bullet had been the finest shot of the day, having struck the very center of the bull's-eye. Even Ben cheered. The Reds had won. Donald was the acknowledged champion of the club.

But it was trying to three of the Reds, and to the Blues worse than the pangs of defeat, to see that pretty Josie Manning pin the little golden rifle on the lapel of Donald's coat.

Little he thought, amid the cheering and the merry breaking-up that followed, how soon his steadiness of hand would be taxed in earnest!

Mr. Reed, after pleasantly congratulating the winning side and complimenting the Blues upon being so hard to conquer, walked quickly homeward in earnest conversation with Sailor Jack.

CHAPTER XXI.

DANGER.

THE company slowly dispersed. Some of the young folk cut across lots to their homes; others, remembering errands yet to be attended to in the village, directed their course accordingly. And

finally, a group of five boys, including Donald and Ed Tyler, started off, being the last to leave the shooting-range. They were going down the hill toward the house, talking excitedly about the match, and were just entering the little apple-orchard between the hill and the house, when they espied, afar off, a large dog running toward them.

The swiftness and peculiar gait of the animal attracted their attention, and, on a second look, they noted how strangely the creature hung its head as it ran.

"Hello!" exclaimed Don, "there's something wrong there. See! He's frothing at the mouth. It's a mad dog!"

"That's so!" cried Ed. "Hurry, boys! Make for the trees!"

A glance told them plainly enough that Don was right. The dog was a terrible foe, indeed, for a party of boys to encounter. But the apple-trees were about them, and as all the boys were good climbers, they lost not a moment in scrambling up to the branches.

All but Donald; he, too, had started for one of the nearest trees, when suddenly it occurred to him that the girls had not all left the second hill. Most of them had quitted the range in a bevy, when the match was over; but two or three had wandered off to the summer-house, under the apple-tree, where they had been discussing the affairs and plans of the Botany Club. Don knew they were there, and he remembered the old step-ladder that leaned against the tree; but the dog was making straight for the hill, and would be upon them before they could know their danger! Could he warn them in time? He would, at least, try. With a shout to his companions: "The girls! the girls!" he turned and ran toward the hill at his utmost speed, the dog following, and the boys in the trees gazing upon the terrible race, speechless with dread.

Donald felt that he had a good start of his pursuer, however, and he had his gun in his hand, but it was empty. Luckily, it was a repeating-rifle; and so, without abating his speed, he hastily took two cartridges from his jacket and slipped them into the chamber of the gun.

"I'll climb a tree and shoot him!" he said to himself, "if only I can warn the girls out of the way."

"Girls! Girls!" he screamed. But as he looked up, he saw, descending the hill and sauntering toward him, his sister and Josie Manning, absorbed in earnest conversation.

At first he could not utter another sound, and he feared that his knees would sink under him. But the next instant he cried out with all his might:

"Back! Back! Climb the tree for your lives! Mad dog! Mad dog!"

The two girls needed no second warning. The sight of the horrible object speeding up the slope in Donald's tracks was enough. They ran as they never had run before, reached the tree in time, and, with another girl whom they met and warned, clambered, breathless, up the ladder to the sheltering branches.

Then all their fears centered upon Donald, who by this time had reached the plateau just below them, where the shooting-match had been held. He turned to run toward the apple-tree, when, to the dismay of all, his foot slipped, and he fell prostrate. Instantly he was up again, but he had not time to reach the tree. The dog already was over the slope, and was making toward him at a rapid, swinging gait, its tongue out, its blood-shot eyes plainly to be seen, froth about the mouth, and the jaws opening and shutting in vicious snaps.

Dorry could not stand it; she started to leave the tree, but fell back with closed eyes, nearly fainting, while the other girls clung, trembling, to the branches, pale and horrified.

To the credit of Donald be it said, he faced the danger like a man. He felt that the slightest touch of those dripping jaws would bring death, but this was the time for action.

Hastily kneeling behind a stump, he said to himself: "Now, Donald Reed, they say you're a good shot. Prove it!" And, steadying his nerves with all the resolution that was in him, he leveled his rifle at the advancing dog and fired.

To his relief, the poor brute faltered and dropped—dead—as Don thought. But it was only wounded; and, staggering to its feet again, it made another dash toward the lad.

Don was now so encouraged, so thankful that his shot had been true, that, as he raised his gun a second time, he scarcely realized his danger, and was almost as cool as if firing at the target on the range, although the dog was now barely a dozen feet away. This was the last chance. The flash leaped from Don's rifle, and at the same moment he sprang up and ran for the tree as fast as his legs would carry him. But, before the smoke had cleared, a happy cry came from the girls in the tree. He glanced back, to see the dog lying flat and motionless upon the ground.

Quickly reloading his gun, and never taking his finger from the trigger, he cautiously made his way back to the spot. But there was nothing to fear now. He found the poor brute quite dead, its hours of agony over.

The group that soon gathered around looked at it and at one another without saying a word.

Then Dorry spoke: "Stand back, everybody. It's dangerous to go too near. I've often heard that." Uncle know. Ask him if we shall bury it right here." "That 's the best," cried Dot, excitedly,



THE GIRLS LOOKED ON, TREMBLING AND HORRIFIED.

"Yes," said Don, "the body must be disposed of at once."

"Bury it right here where it lies," suggested Ed; and Donald nodding a silent "Certainly," added, aloud: "Poor fellow! Whose dog can he be?"

"Why it 's our General!" cried one of the boys. "As sure as I live it is! He was well yesterday." Then, turning pale, he added: "Oh, I must go right home —"

"Go with him, some of you fellows," Don said, gravely; "and Dot, suppose you run and let



"DON LEVELED HIS RIFLE, AND FIRED."

as she started off. "Jack and I 'll bring spades." "Yes; but tell Uncle!" Don shouted after her.

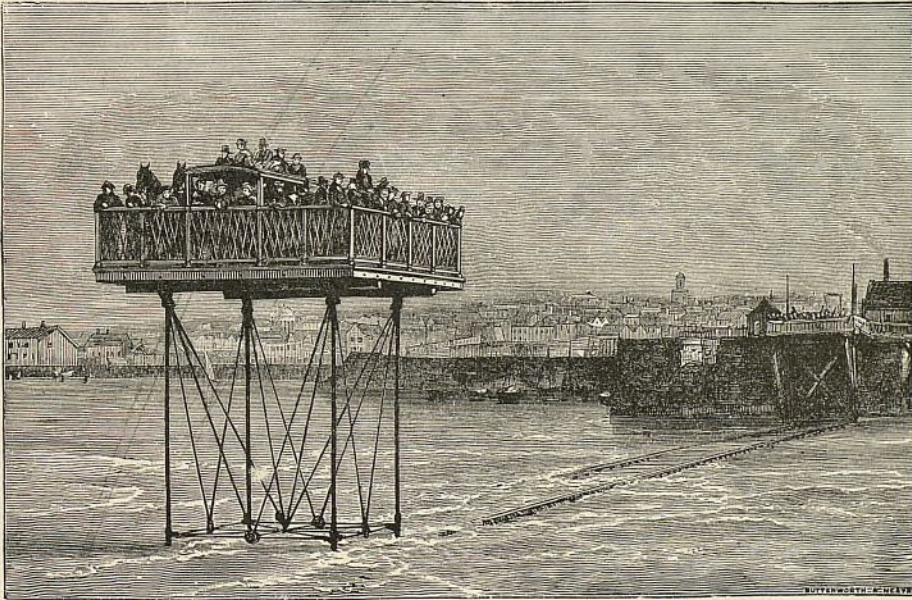
(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS ROLLING BRIDGE.

SOME of our readers may remember that in Robert Browning's famous poem of "Hervé Riel," which was reprinted in our "Treasure-box of Literature" for September, 1881, the poet mentions the town and roadstead of St. Malo. This old sea-port town of Normandy is situated upon a

made up his mind to be buried on it. At the extreme end of the rock, so close to the edge that it is a wonder how the grave was ever dug, stands a plain granite cross,—his only monument.

"I had often admired the pretty bay, and wondered to see so many islands near the land; but



lovely little bay, and the curious contrivance shown in the above picture was used as a bridge across part of this bay.

We do not know whether this queer bridge still exists or not, but you will be interested in the following description of it by an English traveler:

"A little after midday, our vessel steamed into the bay so famous for its beauty and its oysters.

"Just before we entered it, we had passed a French lightship, and I had been much amused by watching our union jack being hauled up and down, to say 'Good-morning' in nautical language to our foreign friend.

"The bay is studded with islands of various sizes and forms, the largest of all being surmounted with a fort, while another, near enough to land to be reached on foot at low water, contains the grave of the great French writer Chateaubriand.

"He was born at St. Malo, and the townspeople presented this rocky island to him.

"It was rather an awkward present, after all—too small to live upon, and too large to carry away and put in a museum; so Chateaubriand

now for the first time I learned the cause of this, being told by a Frenchman that formerly there was no bay, but that centuries ago the mainland had been split by a great earthquake, which had let in the ocean.

"I was interested by this account, and was wondering over it, when the sight of a ghostly looking machine, creeping along across our path, roused me.

"It was the rolling bridge that plies between St. Malo and St. Servan. The 'bridge' is a sort of railed platform, bearing a small covered cabin, and supported high in air by slender trestle-work; beneath the trestle are set the wheels, which run on rails laid upon the bottom and visible at low water. The passengers being all on board, a man sounds a trumpet, and then the machine glides silently and swiftly across, worked by a little engine on one side of the harbor. When it is high water, and the lower part of the bridge can not be seen, it is most peculiar to watch the spidery-looking contrivance making its way across without any visible propeller."

THE BOY IN THE MOON.

BY CLARA L. BURNHAM.



A WEE baby boy sitting up in his cradle,
With fleecy cloud-curtains draped high o'er his head.—
He blinks at the "dipper," that big starry ladle,
Nor fears that the "great bear" will tread on his bed.
But night after night, as he sails through the heavens,
His cradle is changed to a golden balloon,
And baby, grown older, leans out and looks earthward,
Where children hail gayly the Man in the Moon.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A QUEER FLY.

By L. H.

It was on Little Snake River, near the Colorado line, that I saw my queer fly, one bright, sunny day, in the early summer, when the vegetation was just blossoming in that high latitude, although much further advanced in more favored regions. On a well-beaten path in the alkaline soil, which the sun had warmed and dried, the fly was hurrying along, dragging, with its slender legs, another insect, apparently dead, which seemed a heavy burden for it. The little creature would stop every few minutes to take a breathing-spell, and at these times it would spread its wings upon the ground and lie perfectly motionless; then, as if receiving increase of strength from contact with the earth, it would shake itself, and return to its wearisome task. We soon discovered that its purpose was to find a perfectly dry and safe spot in which to bury its burden, until the occupant of the egg that she was about to lay in it should come to life, feed on the entombed insect, and at last rise from its grave, expand its iridescent wings, and fly away.

There were four of us, officers of the army, watching the performance, which was new to all, and, as the sequel proved, very interesting. After a few moments, the fly dropped her burden and went off to select a spot suitable for her purpose. But, in a short time, apparently fearing that her treasure might be disturbed during her absence, she started to fly back. While she was gone, however, one of us moved her prey a short distance away from where it had been left, and when she returned and did not find it, she fell into a flutter of excitement. She flew swiftly about in circles, widening at every round, until she became wearied, when she spread herself prone on the ground until rested, and then retraced her path, lessening the circles and never becoming confused. Soon the insect was placed where she could find it, when she seized it with unmistakable pleasure and bore it away to the site of the grave, and, after resting a second or two, began to dig with might and main. Her manner of excavating was peculiar; she stood on her head and, spinning swiftly around like a top, bored into the ground like an auger, making a humming noise with her wings. When exhausted by this violent exercise, she was not satisfied with

merely resting on the ground, but sought the shade cast by a blade of grass or a leaf of a tiny shrub, which afforded a cool retreat to her slender body.

The hole was soon bored out, and smoothed to exactly the right width and depth to receive the seemingly dead insect, although no measurements had been made by this Lilliputian engineer, who had worked with unerring skill, unheeding the giants watching her. Having completed her task, she took a good rest within the shadow of her favorite leaf, and then sought her burden. But, again, it was gone!

At this, she acted precisely as if she were saying: "Oh, dear, dear! I laid the thing there, close by the grave, as sure as sure. And yet I must be mistaken; for I had paralyzed it with my sting so that it could neither fly nor walk; and those hulking giants standing around here would not be so mean as to steal it from me. Oh, fie! There it is. I fear my brains are in a whirl from overwork in this hot sun. I could have sworn I laid it on *this* side, instead of on *that*." (One of us had moved the insect again.) Then she laid an egg in the insect.

The burial did not take her long; deftly she patted down the dust, and butted at it, using her small head as a battering-ram; but before she had half finished, she was forced from sheer weakness to seek again the shady covert of the leaf.

And during this interval,—so eager were we to observe the little worker's queer ways,—we took advantage of her absence to remove the insect from its hole and lay it on the ground alongside. When she returned, she looked at it intently for a moment, and then patiently went to work to put it back; and this was repeated twice, with the same result. Finally the patient fly, after resting a longer time than usual, returned to give the finishing touches to the grave, and finding it again despoiled, seemed to become terribly enraged, as if convinced that the insect was trying to make a fool of her. She fell upon it and stung it again and again, and finally destroyed it by repeated blows.

At this unexpected *dénouement*, we walked away to our tents, amazed that so small a head should contain such a volume of wrath.



BY AUNT FANNY.

"WHAT you fink I dot in dis box?" asked Ma-yo, hold-ing out a lit-tle yel-low pa-per box that once had held ice-cream.

"I don't know," said Aunt Ni-na.

"Well, you dess," said Ma-yo.

"Oh, must I? I guess it is ice-cream!"

"No!" shout-ed Ma-yo. "It is two 'it-tle mous-ies." And o-pen-ing the box, he dropped in his aunt's lap two ti-ny mice, quite dead.

"Where *did* you get these?" asked Aunt Ni-na.

"Mar-gy gave dem to me. She shaked 'em out of a 'it-tle red box."

"Oh, poor lit-tle things! That red box was a trap; it killed them, and now their moth-er is look-ing for them. Poor mam-ma mouse!"

"Tell me 'bout it," said Ma-yo, ea-ger-ly, and he climbed to his aunt's lap and put the mice back in the box. Aunt Ni-na began:

"Once up-on a time, there lived un-der the pan-try floor a brown mouse, and she had two lit-tle mous-ies named Brown-ie and Black-ie. They were ver-y hap-py. They played hide and go seek, and they had plen-ty to eat, for the serv-ant let ma-ny crumbs of bread and cake fall on the floor. The moth-er mouse was al-ways tell-ing her chil-dren nev-er to go near a big creat-ure that lived in the house, and that had great green eyes and fierce whisk-ers, and would pounce up-on them and eat them up, if he should catch one of them.

"So, when Brown-ie and Black-ie came through the lit-tle hole in the cor-ner of the pan-try, just a-bove the floor, their bright black eyes looked right and left, and up and down, to see if that dread-ful creat-ure was a-ny-where near.

"Some-times the pan-try door was o-pen, and they would see the creat-ure sit-ting close by, and then, whew! they would rush back through the hole, their hearts beat-ing fast be-cause they were so fright-ened. Do you know the name of that big creat-ure?"

"I dess it was a nor-ful bear," said Ma-yo.

"No; it was a CAT!" said Aunt Ni-na. "Let us look at the poor lit-tle mice in the box. Don't you see that a cat is twen-ty times big-ger than one of these mice? A cat seems as big to a lit-tle mouse as an el-e-phant seems to you.

"Well, one day the pan-try door was shut, and out came Brown-ie and Black-ie to hunt for a break-fast. It was not a dark pan-try, for there was a lit-tle win-dow in the side of the wall. They whisked and frisked a-round, and soon saw in one cor-ner a great ma-ny bread-crumbs. In an-oth-er was a lit-tle heap of su-gar, a-bout as large as a sil-ver dol-lar, and at least half a crack-er lay near it. Here was a splen-did feast!—too much, in-deed; so the good lit-tle things car-ried the crack-er to the hole and pushed it through, so that it might be hand-y when sup-per-time should come.

"'Let's play hide and go seek,' said Brown-ie, who could not work for long with-out hav-ing a game of play.

"'Oh, yes!' cried Black-ie. 'And I'll be the one to hide first—why, what's that?' he asked, point-ing with his sharp nose at a small red box un-der the shelf.

"'Let's go and see,' said Brown-ie. 'Oh, how nice some-thing smells!' And he went sniff, sniff, sniff-ing, close up to the box. 'Look! There is a

round hole in it!—sniff, sniff. ‘I do de-clare, it is that lit-tle yel-low lump, in-side, that smells so sweet! Dear me, Black-ie! It makes me feel so hun-gry that I’ll have to go and try a bit of it,’

“‘No; let me go!’ cried Black-ie.

“‘No! I found it first,’ said Brown-ie.

“‘Well, so you did,’ an-swered the good lit-tle broth-er; ‘but don’t you eat it all, will you?’

“‘Why, no! I would n’t be so mean.’ Then Brown-ie ran quick-ly and put his head through the hole.

“‘Click!’ went some-thing, and a shin-y wire hoop, that was ly-ing on top of the box, flew up and made an arch. Brown-ie’s legs kicked a lit-tle, and then he was quite still.

“‘Dear me, how long he stays!’ thought Black-ie, quite read-y for his bite of the yel-low lump. ‘I do be-lieve he means to eat ev-ery sin-gle bit. I think it is too bad of him.’

“He went to his broth-er, and tried to pull him out by his legs, but Brown-ie did not stir. At this, Black-ie be-came ver-y an-gry, and said: ‘I’ll just go home and tell my moth-er how mean he is!’ Then he ran a-round the red box, and what should he es-py but an-oth-er hole, and in-side of it an-oth-er yel-low lump!

“‘O-ho!’ he cried, ‘I can have a feast, too! What fun!’

“He poked his head, in a great hur-ry, through the hole, and the next in-stant that sound came a-gain—‘Click!’ And an-oth-er wire hoop flew up on top of the box.

“And oh, what a pit-y! Both lit-tle broth-ers were caught, and killed in the cru-el trap—and here they are, dead, in your box. Are n’t you sor-ry?”

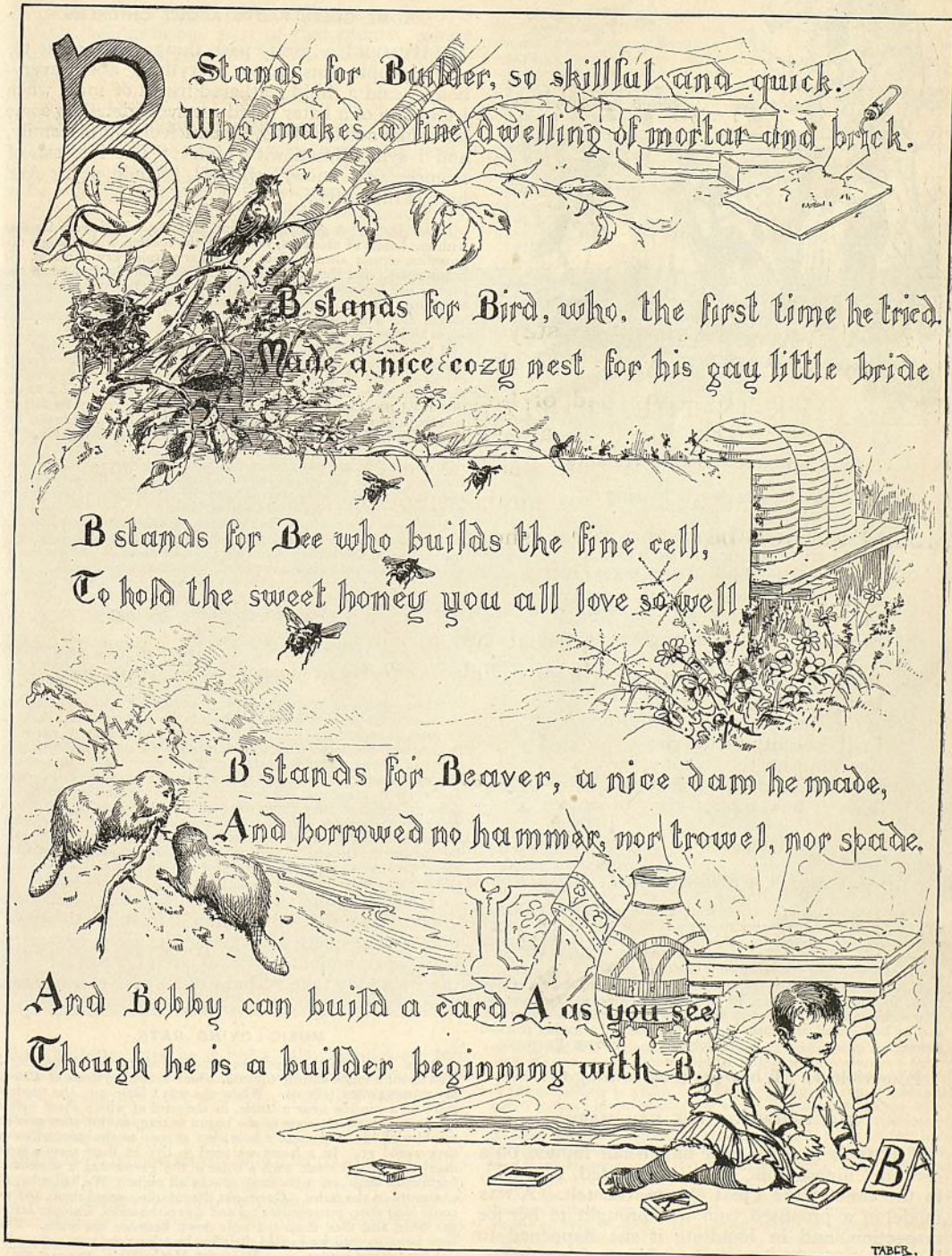
“Yes,” said Ma-yo. “Poor ’it-tle mous-ies! ’at was a jef-ful bad t’ap to kill poor fings!” and he took them up gent-ly and smoothed their soft fur.

Then, what do you think that lit-tle boy did? He slid down from his aunt’s lap and went to Mar-gy, the cook, and begged her to give him the red box; and at last she gave it to him. Then Ma-yo went in-to the gar-den and poked the trap a-way un-der a cur-rant-bush, where no-bod-y would ev-er think of look-ing for it. “Bad box!” he said, shak-ing his fing-er at it; “you s’ant kill a-ny more poor ’it-tle mous-ies!”

He car-ried Brown-ie and Black-ie ’round the house all that day. He showed them to the gar-den-er, and the coach-man, and the cook; and in the af-ter-noon his aunt coaxed him to dig a hole un-der a rose-bush, and there they bur-ied the two lit-tle broth-er mice.

Ma-yo still feels sor-ry for the “poor ’it-tle mous-ies.” I do, too. Don’t you?

THE LETTER "B."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HOW DO BIRDIES LEARN TO SING?

How do birdies learn to sing?

From the whistling wind so fleet,
From the waving of the wheat,
From the rustling of the leaves,
From the rain-drop on the eaves,
From the tread of welcome feet,
From the children's laughter sweet,
Little birdies learn their trill
As they gayly float at will
In the gladness of the sky,
When the clouds are white and high,
In the beauty of the day
Speeding on their sunny way,
Light of heart, and fleet of wing—
That's how birdies learn to sing.

Jack says so, any way.

HO, FOR A NEW CANDY!

DEAR JACK: Having just seen a curiosity, one which I am sure will be found very interesting to many of your readers, I thought I would write to you about it. It is "Violet Candy," made of *violets grown* in Paris. It was given to my uncle in New Orleans, by a gentleman who had just received it from France.

It is beautiful as well as delicious, for it retains its shape and color, and, wonderful to say, its *flavor* also, if I may so express it. The whole violet, with its stem and every petal perfect, is conserved, and in both smell and taste it is as fragrant as a freshly plucked flower.

Yours truly,

FRANK BETHUNE.

Poor violets! What are they coming to?

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAIL-MARK.

THERE is a mark of a finger-nail minted on a certain Chinese coin, and it originated, I'm told, in the time of the great Queen Wentek. A wax model of a proposed coin was brought to her for inspection, and in handling it she happened to leave upon it the impression of one of her finger-

nails. Nobody dared to efface it, and for hundreds of years the curious nail-mark has appeared on that Chinese coin. And it has even been copied in those of Japan and Corea.

SOME QUEER FACTS ABOUT CHICKENS.

"HUMPH! a pretty pass things have come to, when people must know everything about everybody," said a timid feathered friend of mine when I told him of a letter I had received, detailing some particular secrets of Mr. Chanticleer and his family, and I sympathized with him. "The interests of science, you know," was all I could say. And here is the letter:

DEAR JACK: A gentleman friend of mine, who is very familiar with the habits of chickens, says that the rooster, when danger approaches, almost always gives a peculiar warning cry of alarm. It is not noisy, like the crow of defiance or triumph, but when the human ear has once observed it, it does sound very strikingly like an alarm. It has a guarded "Look out—something is wrong!" sound, and is given whenever the rooster is startled, or sometimes when he is suddenly disturbed.

If there is no rooster about, the hens will sometimes make the sound described; and the mother-hen will always do her best for her chicks in time of danger. I have known them to so thoroughly hide themselves, under her instructions, on the approach of a hawk, that I did not dare step about in the half-grown clover for fear of treading upon them; yet she had not staid by them. I found her near by, under some tall bushes, the clover probably being too short to hide her.

My friend raises many chickens, and whenever an egg is near hatching he can tell, by placing it suddenly close to his ear, whether the chick inside is a rooster or not; for it will give an alarm note resembling the one I have told you of.

I suppose he would not be absolutely certain that silence meant a cunning little Dame Pullet inside, but he says that he has very often heard Master Chanticleer declaring in advance, while not yet out of his shell, his determination to protect himself and his friends.

Yours truly,

M. A. P.

A VILLAGE CAPTURED BY BEES!

If you don't believe it, just read this item from a trustworthy newspaper:

"The village of West Fairview, Cumberland County, Pa., has been afflicted with a plague of bees. Two of the citizens keep some one hundred and thirty hives, and as bad weather made other food scarce, the interesting insects invaded the stores and houses in quest of sweets. Half a bushel of them swarmed in one man's kitchen, of which they remained sole tenants for a week. In that house, on their account, all fruit canning and preserving had to be done at night, and for many days all the family had to climb out and in by the windows, the bees laying siege to the doors. In addition to this, whole orchards of fruit and arbors of grapes were devoured by the bees. Dozens of persons were badly stung while passing along the streets, and a reign of terror was established."

Your Jack has nothing to say for those bees—excepting that when men "invade" the bees' homes "in quest of sweets," we seem to see no newspaper notices of "a reign of terror"! But the bees may take account of it, perhaps, in some way of their own.

MUSIC-LOVING RATS.

DEAR JACK: In the December number of the ST. NICHOLAS I read about a music-loving squirrel, which made me think of a story my mamma often tells us. When she was a little girl, she used to stand in a window near a stable, in the yard of which there were a great many rats. As soon as she began to sing, one rat after another would stick his head out of a hole; but as soon as she stopped, away they would go. In a house we used to live in, there were a great many rats, which made such a noise in the garret that it sometimes frightened strangers who came to stay all night. We had a bag of chestnuts on the stairs. One night the rats discovered them, and we could hear them pitter-patter up and down the stairs, scamper across the floor, and then drop the nuts down between the walls. They kept up until we spoiled their fun by taking the nuts away.

Your faithful reader,

BLANCHE McCORMICK, 12 years old.

SIDE-SADDLES FOR MEN.

WONDERS will never cease! Who would believe that in *any* part of the world men would ride on ladies' saddles? But an English gentleman,—Mr. Palgrave,—who has been to Arabia, says that it is all the fashion in one part of that country, where both men and women ride their donkeys with side-saddles.

THE SPERM-WHALE.

HERE is a letter, my friends, which to a land-lubber, like your Jack, is very interesting, and I am sure it is true. So let's read it together, and take a good look, too, at the picture.

As I am an honest Jack, the enormous, finny, fish-tailed fellow shown here looks very like a fish.

and dragged up high and dry for inspection. He reminds me, somehow, of a story about one Gulliver that the Little School-ma'am tells. But here is the letter:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here is a picture of a "great big fish" that is not a fish at all: and you therefore may be pleased to show it to your young friends. Though whales live in the water, you may say, they are not really like fishes. They can not breathe under water, and would be drowned, just as we should, if kept there too long. They hold their breath while below, and when they come to the surface they blow out the used air through blow-holes near the top of the head.

The two kinds of whales are called Boned whales and Toothed whales. The boned whales have no teeth, but have instead a mass of what is known as "whalebone," hanging down from the roof of the mouth at each side of the tongue. By means of this whalebone they secure their food, which consists of very small, soft, floating creatures. The toothed whales, on the contrary, have stout, strong teeth, and with these they kill and tear to pieces the great animals on which they feed. The sperm-whale is the largest of the toothed



But the letter says he is not a fish. And I am told that Mr. Ingersoll says the same thing about those queer creatures, the seals, in this very number of ST. NICHOLAS.

By the way, Jack does n't quite see how that whale ever got up on the shore so nicely. It is n't enough for some of you clever youngsters to say that the artist *drew* him up there. We want something more scientific. May be, the huge creature has been thrown up by some terrible storm,—and, may be, he has been caught by whale-fishermen

variety, and it is a sperm-whale which is represented in the picture I send. Some of them grow to be sixty-five and even seventy feet in length. The sperm-whale is killed not only for the sake of the oil or blubber which it yields, but also for the spermaceti—a material which is found in the head of the whale, and which looks something like camphor gum and is used for making candles and other things. Another curious product, which is sometimes found in the body of the sperm-whale, and which is worth more, even, than the spermaceti, is called ambergris. It is a substance used in the manufacture of perfumery, and brings a very high price.

The sperm-whale feeds chiefly on cuttle-fishes, which it easily destroys with its very strong teeth, sometimes killing cuttles that are nearly as long as itself. It is found mostly in the seas near the equator, unlike some of the other species, which seem to love the cold.

Will you tell your children all this, with my compliments, and believe me, dear Jack,

Yours truly, W. O. A.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

AS A great many of our new subscribers may not have seen the earlier volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, they may be glad to read here one of Mr. Longfellow's contributions to this magazine,—the fine poem of "The Three Kings," originally printed in the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS for 1877.

THE THREE KINGS.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And the Wise Men knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hills and dells,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at the way-side wells.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered: "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who can not wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said: "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,—
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet;
The gold was their tribute to a king;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With the clatter of hoofs, in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

IN connection with the mention of "The Old Clock on the Stairs," in the two articles concerning Mr. Longfellow, given in the present number, it should be said that the clock upon the stairs in his house at Cambridge was not the one mentioned in his famous poem. That special clock stood in the house of Mr. Longfellow's father-in-law, at Pittsfield, Mass. But the poet was in the habit of pointing out particularly the favorite old-fashioned clock on the stairs of his Cambridge home, and naturally visitors sometimes made the mistake of supposing this one to be the old clock of the poem.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You asked in the April number who could say more about "El Escorial." I think, as I have seen it, I shall be able to do so. It was built by Philip II., king of Spain, three centuries ago, in memory of a battle fought on the day dedicated to San Lorenzo, who was martyred on a gridiron, for which reason the palace is built in the shape of a gridiron. By some it is called the eighth wonder of the world. It is situated about two hours' ride from Madrid, and on the edge of a hill, in a prominent position. It is comparatively plain on the outside, but very handsome in the interior. There is a church in the center, under which is a grand and beautiful mausoleum, built of marble from all parts of the world. Many kings of Spain are buried there and several niches are empty, waiting for future kings. The walls of some of the rooms are inlaid with woods which came from South America and cost seven million francs.

I am always very anxious to receive ST. NICHOLAS, and all the time I was abroad I watched for it with as much interest as we did for letters. Yours truly, EMMA W. COMFORT, 12 years.

MR. WILLSON's article in the February ST. NICHOLAS, on "How to Run," has, it seems, proved very popular among the boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS; and the following, which is one of the best letters that we have received, shows how practical and useful Mr. Willson's hints have been:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We read that article in your number for February on running, and we tried breathing through our noses. Though not able to run a quarter of a mile before, yet the first time I tried it I ran nearly three-quarters of a mile, and I can now run a mile and a half without any difficulty, and my sister, who is writing with me, ran a mile the first time she tried.

MARGARET W. STICKNEY.
WESTON STICKNEY.

IN connection with this article, also, we must add the following newspaper items concerning two famous runners, which have been sent to us by kind correspondents:

"Count Eugène Kinsky, of the old Czechian nobility, was noted in Austria as an athlete and runner. A friend of his in Pesth was the other day singing the praises of the 'Orloff' trotters, which at one time did excellent work in the trotting races in Vienna. The Count made a large bet that he would beat this pair on foot at a short-distance race, viz., half a length of the Pesth Rondeau, some two

hundred yards. The race came off promptly, the Count getting well away at starting and coming in some fifteen feet before the horses, much to the disgust of their owners."

"The pedestrian feats of the present day are cast into the shade by the recorded exploits of Ernst Mensen, a Norwegian sailor in the English navy, early in the present century. Mensen first attracted attention by running from London to Portsmouth in nine hours, and soon after he ran from London to Liverpool in thirty-two hours. Having distinguished himself at the battle of Navarino, in 1827, he left the navy and became a professional runner. After winning a number of matches he undertook the feat of running from Paris to Moscow. Starting from the Place Vendôme at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, he entered the Kremlin at 10 o'clock A.M. on June 25, having accomplished the distance, 1,760 miles, in thirteen days and eighteen hours. The employment of Mensen as a 'courier extraordinary' soon became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country, bearing messages of congratulation or condolence, and despatches, and always beat mounted couriers when matched against them. He never walked, but invariably ran, his only refreshment being one biscuit and an ounce of raspberry syrup per day, and two short rests of ten or fifteen minutes each in twenty-four hours. These rests he took standing, and leaning against a tree or other support; at such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept. After the nap, he pursued his way as much refreshed as though he had slept for hours. In 1836, while in the employ of the East India Company, Mensen was charged with the conveying of despatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in fifty-nine days, or in one-third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. At last he was employed

to discover the source of the Nile. Setting out from Silesia on May 11, 1843, he ran to Jerusalem, and thence to Cairo, and up the western bank of the river into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside the village of Syang, he was seen to stop and rest, leaning against a palm tree, his face covered with a handkerchief. He rested so long that some persons tried to wake him; but they tried in vain, for he was dead. He was buried at the foot of the tree, and it was years before his friends in Europe knew what fate had befallen him."

THE author of "The Children's Fan Brigade" (printed in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1881) writes to us to say that repeated trials have shown that the Drill Prompter, suggested in that article, is rather a hinderance than an aid, as it is confusing to have a voice break in when the drill must go bar by bar with the music, and each bar brings the next movement to mind. The drill is essentially a silent one, as each child carries the movements mentally, and the music itself is the prompter.

She calls attention also to an error in one of the illustrations of the article. In the picture entitled "Gossip," there should be only one straight line of girls, instead of two. The directions concerning this movement are correct, as they include but one row of girls.

The Fan Brigade has proved to be one of the most popular entertainments ever printed in ST. NICHOLAS, and we gladly make room for these corrections for the benefit of any persons who are thinking of performing this entertaining and picturesque drill.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FIFTEENTH REPORT.

At the time of making our latest report the highest number on our register was 2143. Now we number 2630—making a gain, in two months, of nearly 500. At this rate, we may hope for a membership of 5000 before Christmas.

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Minerals.—H. E. Sawyer, 37 Gates St., So. Boston, Mass.
Other flowers, for any violets excepting *Viola cucullata, blanda, pedata, pubescens, sagittata*, and *delphinifolia*.—F. T. Griswold, Columbus, Wis.

Foreign and native woods, sea-mosses, wood-mosses, shells, ferns, flowers, and minerals.—Wm. C. Phillips, New Bedford, Mass.
Geodes, from the size of a walnut to the size of a water-bucket.—Z. T. Snively, Wayland, Clark Co., Mo.

"The Mysterious Island," "Dropped from the Clouds," and "Abandoned," by Jules Verne.—Russell D. Jannex, Marietta, O.
Birds' eggs and woods, for eggs.—I. B. Russell, 95 Belleville Ave., Newark, N. J.

Encrinure stems for sea-shells.—John T. Nixon, Osage City, Kan.
A great variety of minerals, for others or Indian relics.—A. J. Martin, Jr., 1914 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sea-shells and sand-dollars, for ores.—Philip C. Tucker, Jr., Galveston, Texas.

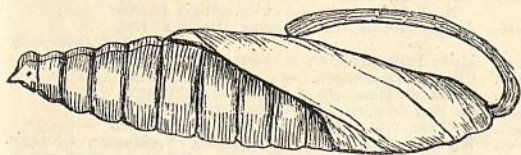
Insects.—G. W. Pepper, Taunton, Mass.

Five cocoons of *Attacus Cecropia*, for one living cocoon of *Attacus Luna*. Also, ores and pearl shells for exchange.—Thomas B. Emery, 3238 Dearborn St., Chicago.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, Feb. 28, 1882.

Within the year we have added to our cabinet many specimens of minerals and precious stones; 175 species of fossil shells, corals, and woods; 20 species of river shells (*Unio*); 15 land shells and 50 sea shells; and about 100 miscellaneous specimens. The entire collection is now valued at more than \$250.



Late in the fall, my brother and I found in the river a very large chrysalis. At first I thought it was dead, but when I got home and was showing it to Mother, it moved, and I am now anxiously wait-

ing for the appearance of the moth. It has a curious stem-like appendage growing from the head, curved backward, and fastened to the middle of the back. I inclose a drawing of it.

WILL A. LIGHTON.

[Questions for the A. A.: I. What will the moth be? II. What is the appendage? III. How did the chrysalis get into the river?]

NEVADA CITY, CAL.

Our collection is rapidly increasing; an interesting feature of it is a tarantula's nest. It is made of mud and clay, and has a trap-door, apparently on hinges. The spider enters, closes the door, and it is impossible to open it. The only visible fastening is a small white spot, just inside the door; but the manner of holding it closed is a puzzle, as yet unsolved. Can any one throw light on it? We wish to exchange California flowers for sea-weeds and mosses. We will mount them, and wish others to do the same. Please reprint the secretary's address, giving the name of

Yours truly,

MAUDE SMITH.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1882.

This branch was organized on Wednesday, the 25th of January, 1881, and although the society is only a year old, in the treasurer's book are recorded the names of one hundred and twenty-five members. We have a cabinet filled with specimens, fifty dollars' worth of which we purchased.

We have a small library of volumes by the very best authors in natural history. We have everything we need, excepting a microscope, and we intend to purchase one some day. We have a picture of Louis Agassiz hanging over our cabinet.

GEO. W. POUND, Sec.

[This letter is truly inspiring. It is an illustration of what might be done in hundreds of towns if young and old, school committees and teachers, parents and children, would all unite. Not much sale for dime novels in Lockport!]

PIGEON COVE, MASS., Feb. 27, 1882.

We now number nine active and two honorary members. We formed in February, 1881, and now our cabinet overflows with valuable specimens. We have most of the common minerals in our vicinity. [Good!] We have for exchange marine curiosities and Cape Ann minerals, some of which are found nowhere else. Please refer us to Chapters in the West and South.

CHAS. H. ANDREWS, Curator.

Will you admit us as a Chapter of your Association? I am a type-setter, and work ten hours in the office, and walk four miles besides, every day. [Think of that, boys, who think you "have n't time!"] This is a young lady, too—you must know! Three others are my sisters, from nine to nineteen. Seven others are bright,

hard-working, economical German boys and girls, and the rest are Americans. We none of us know anything, in a systematic way, about natural history, but some of us know all about where the earliest flowers grow, can tell ever so many different kinds of wood in the lumber, and all know marvelous stories of the instinct and "human ways" of domestic animals. We have few books and almost no books of reference. We have little time, and less money to spend. Now, do you want us? We are ready to do our best.

[Thrice and four times welcome! A Chapter after our own heart.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 25, 1882.

We have ten members. Our aim is not to have a large number, but to have a few good workers. We have honorary members, among whom are Prof. Bastin of the Chicago University, and Prof. Delfontaine of the High School. Prof. Bastin recently gave us a lecture on the "Motions of Climbing Plants." We use Geikie's Geology, printed in the Science Primer edition, and assign passages to be elaborated by our members. One of our number was lately fortunate enough to win a \$110 microscope, in a prize examination in microscopy open to the students of any incorporated college in this city.

C. S. BROWN, Sec., 117 Park Place.

[The whole "A. A." will feel pleased that one of its members has won this fine instrument. The adjective "fortunate" is entirely too modest.]

GENEVA, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1882.

The scholars and teachers of the "Quincy School" have been much interested in the Agassiz Association. We have formed a Chapter under the name "Geneva A. A.," with twenty-five members. Our first meeting was held last week. We talked about sponges. Six boys took part. At the close of a very interesting discussion, a Venus basket-sponge was presented to us. Our next talk will be on game-birds. We shall be glad to correspond and exchange with other chapters.

MISS N. A. WILSON, Sec.

[These school Chapters constitute one of the pleasantest features of the A. A. Teachers and scholars work much more frequently side by side than formerly, and it is an excellent thing for them both.]

COLUMBUS, WIS., Feb. 26, 1882.

Our time has been divided among flowers, insects, and minerals, and we have good collections of each.

We consider our seventy-five specimens of flowers as only a beginning. We have them nicely mounted, with a full analysis of each, and we are very anxious for spring, that we may again search the woods and meadows. There are so few of us, that we think of having painted badges. Yours for the cause,

F. T. GRISWOLD, Sec.

DEPERE, WIS., Feb. 27, 1882.

We have eleven new members, making twenty in all, to which number we have limited our Chapter for the present. Our badges are of double-faced satin ribbon, pink on one side, and blue on the other. They are stamped with A. A. in gilt, and painted, on the blue side, with trailing arbutus. The pink side, being used to distinguish the officers, is painted with wood violets and grasses. At our last meeting, some very convincing evidence of animals' counting was given, in the case of a water-spaniel. If his master, while hunting, drops two birds, he will not return to the boat without both, and if only one has fallen, he returns satisfied when he has found that one.

MRS. R. W. ARNDT, Sec.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

At first we were six, but we now number twelve. There is not a boy among us, and we are going to see what the girls can do alone. We are making mineralogy a study. We have a very simple method for making spirit-lamps: Take a glass bottle with a wide mouth, a cork to fit it tightly, a thimble without a top, and some cord wicking or piping cord. The thimble must be forced through a hole in the cork, and the wick drawn through the thimble. With alcohol in the bottle, the lamp is ready for use. For a blow-pipe, we use a common clay pipe, placing the bowl at the mouth to blow.

EDITH SAMSON.

6 AVE. DE CHATEAU, NEUILLY, FRANCE.

I notice, in my letter printed in ST. NICHOLAS, it says that Agassiz was born by Lake Geneva. I should have written Neuchâtel Lake. We have to pay a good deal, because almost everybody sends a postal and no stamp.

KENNETH BROWN.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Feb. 28, 1882.

I collect caterpillars and keep them under glasses, feeding them until they change. I sometimes have a hundred glasses at a time. I learn what they eat, and their habits. My two sisters are interested alike with me, and assist in getting specimens. We have Edwards's, Harris's, and Packard's books, yet we often have great difficulty in finding the right names. Are there catalogues of butterflies and moths, with descriptions of Massachusetts insects? Last July, I found near a pond what looked like a caterpillar covered with chinchilla feathers. Its body was a beautiful pink underneath. Black head, and some black lines on the body. The most beautiful colors I have ever seen on a caterpillar. In less than half an hour it went into a pink cocoon, half wrapped in a blackberry leaf. The cater-

pillar was about three inches long. The moth came out yesterday. It measures about two inches from tip of wing to tip. It is of a dusky reddish brown. There are zig-zag lines of darker shade, blending into white. On the upper wings a sort of diamond spot which looks like a *Polyphemus*. Both upper and lower wings scalloped; the edges white, with a line of black inside. Under the magnifying glass it is just the color of a fox with snow dusted over it. I wish to learn its name.

WILLIE C. PHILLIPS.

[Here is a fine opportunity for a little study. Who will be the first to send me the name of this beautiful insect, and the name of a satisfactory and exhaustive insect manual?—H. H. B.]

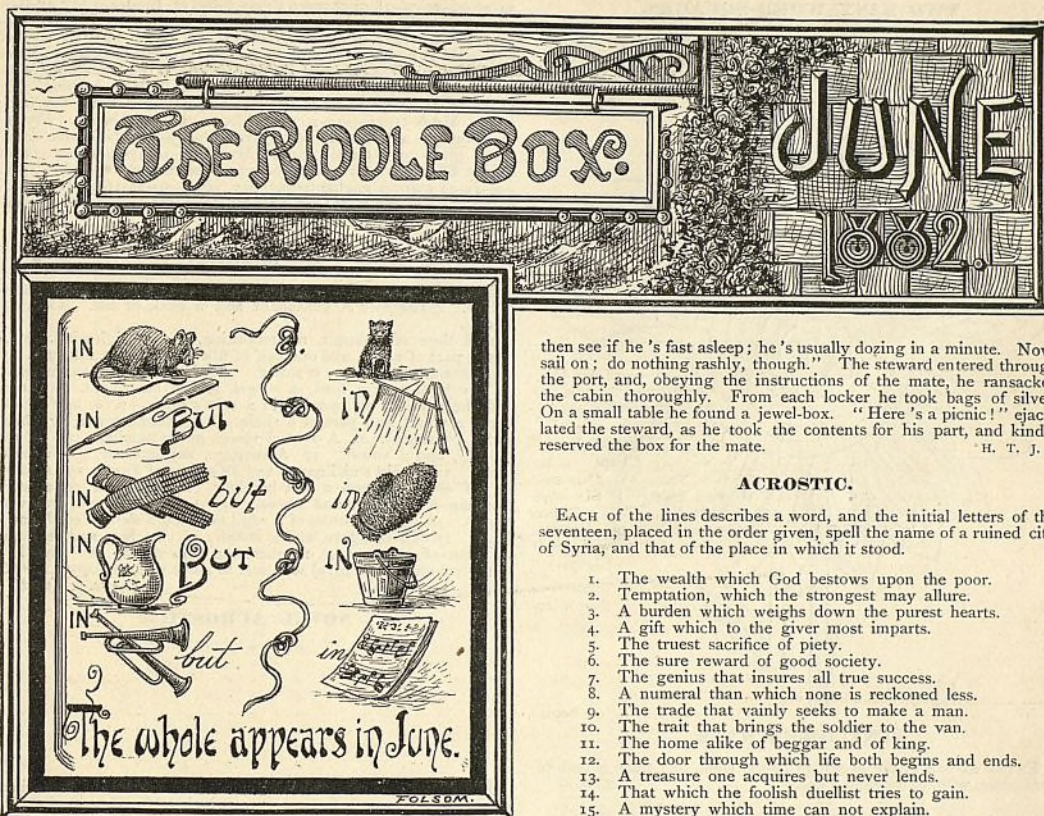
Some people have spoken of the wisdom of bees and wasps in constructing their cells in a hexagonal shape. Now, on the contrary, others believe, and I have been taught, that their wisdom has nothing to do with it. If a bee begins to build around himself as a center, he naturally makes a cell in the shape of a cylinder. As the different bees build, and their cells press against one another, they will be crowded into the form of a hexagon. A good way to illustrate this is to take a small tube and some not too soapy water, and blow air through the tube so quickly that the bubbles formed on the surface will be crowded together. They will be pressed into hexagonal shape.

A. B. G.

[A. B. G.'s reports are always very suggestive and interesting. The Chapters may like to discuss this question. If the above theory is correct, the outer row of cells should be cylindrical, since they are not subjected to pressure. Is this so? Will a bee make a cell if placed alone in a glass case? Let this be tried, and if he makes a hexagonal cell, the pressure theory is disproved; and *vice versa*.]

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
184.	Peoria, Ill. (B).....	10..	Eddie Smith, 1143 So. Adams St.
185.	Ashtabula, Ohio (A).....	15..	May H. Prentice.
186.	Geneva, N. Y. (A).....	25..	Nellie A. Wilson.
187.	Albany, N. Y. (A).....	7..	J. P. Gavit, 3 Lafayette St.
188.	Newport, R. I. (A).....	5..	R. S. Chase.
189.	West Medford, Mass.....	15..	Edith Samson, Box 175.
190.	Duncannon, Pa. (A).....	12..	Annie J. Jackson.
191.	New York, N. Y. (E).....	4..	Harry L. Mitchell, 23 W. 12th St.
192.	Waterbury, Conn. (B).....	5..	Charles Merriman.
193.	Providence, R. I. (A).....	7..	Florie E. Greene, 261 Pine St.
194.	Minneapolis, Minn. (B)....	7..	Burtie W. McCracken, 1016 Western Ave.
195.	Rutland, Ind. (A).....	5..	Birdie Blye.
196.	Dayton, Ohio (A).....	24..	Abbie L. Dyer.
197.	Philadelphia, Pa. (G).....	6..	Geo. Cattrell, 1934 Jefferson St.
198.	Philadelphia, Pa. (H).....	6..	W. R. Nichols, 2016 Arch St.
199.	Wellsboro, Pa. (A).....	11..	Margaret S. Potter.
200.	Germantown, Pa. (B).....	4..	Frank Brown, 123 Price St.
201.	Fitchburg, Mass. (C).....	12..	Ellen Snow.
202.	St. Louis, Mo. (C).....	10..	Letty M. Follett, 3014 Cass Ave.
203.	Framingham, Mass. (A)...	4..	C. F. Cutting.
204.	San Francisco, Cal. (C)....	5..	Bert W. Stone, 2104 Jackson St.
205.	Waco, Texas (A).....	23..	Jennie Wise, (care Rev. S. P. Wright).
206.	State College, Pa. (A)....	5..	Geo. C. McKee.
207.	Bowling Green, Ky. (A)....	5..	Jessie P. Glenn.
208.	Washington, D. C. (D)....	6..	W. B. Emory, 1234 6th St. N. W.
209.	Brownville, N. Y. (A)....	7..	John C. Winne.
210.	Lowell, Mass. (B).....	7..	Geo. A. Whitmore.
211.	Pittsfield, Mass. (B).....	5..	R. H. Peck.
212.	So. Boston, Mass. (B).....	8..	Homer C. Clapp, 79 E. 4th.
213.	Fort Wayne, Ind. (A).....	13..	John L. Hanna, 219 Madison St.
214.	Austin, Minn. (A).....		..Please send address.
215.	The Oaks, Tioga Center, N. Y. (A).....	4..	Angie Latimer.
216.	Allegheny City, Pa. (A)...	7..	David K. Orr, 138 Jackson St.
217.	Hyde Park, Mass. (A)....	11..	Lillian E. Rogers.
218.	Clinton, Mass. (A).....	6..	Gerald Alley.
219.	Taunton, Mass. (B).....	10..	A. C. Bent.
220.	De Pere, Wis. (C).....	14..	Jessie R. Jackson.
221.	De Pere, Wis. (D).....	7..	Carrie Dubois.
222.	Highgate, Eng. (A).....	4..	Geo. S. Hayter, Gluggie, Woodlane, Highgate, N.
223.	Cambridge, N. Y. (A)....	5..	W. J. B. Williams, Box 33.
224.	Cambridgeport, Mass. (A)...	5..	Frank T. Hammond.
225.	Burlington, Kansas (A)...	7..	P. M. Floyd, Lock-box 9.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

THE above should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a six-line stanza, which forms a cross-word enigma. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar enigmas.

GEORGE FOLSOM.

PI.

FROM what poem by a leading American poet is the following stanza?

Tinsa aguestuin! Lewl hats touh dais,
Htat fo rou cevis ew nca farne
A delard, fi ew lilw tub dreat
Thenbea oru efte ache eded fo mashe.

TWO EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

- I. My first is in corn, but not in sheaf;
My second in mutton, but not in beef;
My third is in school, not in vacation;
My fourth is in speech, not in oration;
My fifth is in bad, but not in good;
My sixth is in victuals, but not in food;
My seventh in period, not in time;
My whole is a flower almost in its prime.
- II. My first is in taper, but not in torch;
My second in burn, but not in scorch;
My third is in wren, but not in lark;
My fourth is in flame, but not in spark;
My fifth is in court, but not in yard;
My sixth is in minstrel, but not in bard;
My seventh in sweet, but not in sour;
My whole is a little woodland flower.

DYCIE.

TWELVE CONCEALED CITIES.

ALL was quiet on the ship. "A risky piece of business," murmured the steward. "Over the side with you," said the mate: "the best way is to wait until the captain takes his nap on the sofa;

then see if he's fast asleep; he's usually dozing in a minute. Now, sail on; do nothing rashly, though." The steward entered through the port, and, obeying the instructions of the mate, he ransacked the cabin thoroughly. From each locker he took bags of silver. On a small table he found a jewel-box. "Here's a picnic!" ejaculated the steward, as he took the contents for his part, and kindly reserved the box for the mate.

H. T. J.

ACROSTIC.

EACH of the lines describes a word, and the initial letters of the seventeen, placed in the order given, spell the name of a ruined city of Syria, and that of the place in which it stood.

1. The wealth which God bestows upon the poor.
2. Temptation, which the strongest may allure.
3. A burden which weighs down the purest hearts.
4. A gift which to the giver most imparts.
5. The truest sacrifice of piety.
6. The sure reward of good society.
7. The genius that insures all true success.
8. A numeral than which none is reckoned less.
9. The trade that vainly seeks to make a man.
10. The trait that brings the soldier to the van.
11. The home alike of beggar and of king.
12. The door through which life both begins and ends.
13. A treasure one acquires but never lends.
14. That which the foolish duellist tries to gain.
15. A mystery which time can not explain.
16. What bad men fear, and for which good men hope.
17. The topmost burden laid upon a Pope.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times; once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

- I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. In appears. 2. To view. 3. Fruit. 4. A period of time. 5. In appears.
- II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In soon. 2. A unit. 3. A spectacle. 4. A termination. 5. In need.
- III. Central Diamond: 1. In host. 2. An animal. 3. Scanty. 4. To blunder. 5. In keep.
- IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In summer. 2. The goddess of revenge. 3. To gaze intently. 4. Before. 5. In stone.
- V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In space. 2. Uncooked. 3. Earnest. 4. Damp. 5. In root.

GEORGIA HARLAN.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in January; my second is in October; my third is in April; my fourth is in June; my fifth is in November; my sixth is in February; my seventh is in August; my eighth is in September; my ninth is in March.

My whole is the name of a patriotic maiden who was put to a cruel death on the 30th of May, 1437.

M. C. D.

