



THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

[See page 700.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

JULY, 1882.

No. 9.

[Copyright, 1882, by THE CENTURY CO.]

## INSIDE A FISH-NET.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

OF all the stories which have been written since the world was made, it is safe to say that this one is the first written inside a fish-net.

There are three of them,—nets and reels,—and all of them stand about two hundred feet from land, by the side of a pier that heads out into the sea full one hundred feet beyond the reels. With its lonely and almost desolate surroundings it is, indeed, a curious place in which to write a story.

The net was bought only last summer, and it cost of somebody's money eight hundred dollars. But the story itself is now to be told.

Three or four winters ago, when the ice began to grow along the shores of Cape Cod, and grew so fast and so strong that it shut up all the fishing ships before they could get to land, the "Little Katie" was caught in its grasp. On the "Little Katie" was Captain John Rose, and in Provincetown, on the Cape, were his wife and Wild and Johnny, the girl and boy who saved their father by building a big kite and flying it out to the ship when all Provincetown was trying, in vain, to devise some manner of getting food to the boats. That blessed kite carried the string that carried the line that carried the bread that carried life to the starving crew of the "Little Katie."

After that hard winter, Captain Rose said that he would not go to the "Banks" any more for cod-fish, but would catch menhaden along the shores of the ocean and in the bays and inlets of the coast, while the fishing season should continue, and then, when the very cold weather should come on, he would

stay in his house and let Cape Cod sands blow all over it and pack it down as solidly as they might.

And this is what came of that venture:

The first season, everything moved along happily, and the fish came to the seine, or rather the seine went around the fish, so that the Rose family began to see prosperous days and to dream of a time when they might move from Cape Cod and live somewhere upon the "Main."

The first summer, Captain Rose was only a mate, and the fishing gang to which he belonged carried their menhaden to a floating fish-oil mill, anchored in one of the inlets on the coast of Maine.

Before another summer came, the oil-ship burned, and everything in and upon it was utterly destroyed. Captain Rose, his wife and children heard the bad news with dismay in their hearts.

It was Wild who said: "Never mind, Father: there are more oil-ships and more nets, and more fish in the sea a-growing every single minute."

"And more fishermen a-growing to use them, too!" groaned Captain John, with a wild look of despair in his face at the thought that the oil-ship owner might not be able to pay him for his last season's labor. Captain Rose had been living on credit until the oil should be sold, and now the oil had ascended to the sky in flame; and it might be that no man would trust him with food; for the news of his loss was abroad in Provincetown.

That was a dark day in the sand cabin, and many a bright and long-cherished hope of good things to come turned to leaden facts.



A week went by, and there was no word of news from the oil-ship owner. Meanwhile, Captain John and his son John (Johnny's first trip) went to the Banks on a fishing schooner, for, come what would, bread must be won.

When they were well away, and the topsails of the schooner had slipped down almost out of sight, Wild said to her mother: "We may as well go on fixing up the clothes, for clothes will be needed, fishing or no fishing." And so they worked while they waited.

It was in the spring, in March, that Captain Rose and Johnny went. They had been a week gone when one of the fiercest gales that ever blew on any coast, since coasts were made, blew down from the north, and shouted in from the east, and tore fearfully through the sands of Cape Cod. It was during this storm that a letter for Captain Rose was carried to the cabin by a brave neighbor lad, who struggled with it through the shifting sands, with a vague feeling that it might have in it good news; and the lad—it was he who had helped Johnny to build the famous kite—was very glad to fetch any good news to Wild Rose. A rushing blast swept in at the door as he opened it and panted into the kitchen, closing the door with his foot as he sank into a chair, the letter standing well out of his jacket pocket.

"Peter Petit!" exclaimed Mrs. Rose. "Whatever in this world sent you over here in such a storm?"

"Nothing sent me. I just came," answered the boy, rising and drawing the letter forth. "I was down to the post-office when the mail came in, and the post-master took notice of this letter, and says he: 'I hope,' says he, 'that this here letter's got some good news in it for John Rose, I do. It comes from the owners of that oil-ship that burned up his summer's work!' When he said that, says I, 'Give it here, and I'll take it over,' and here it is,"—handing the envelope to Mrs. Rose.

"Open it, Mother, do!" pleaded Wild, with flushed face. "Who knows but that it ought to be answered?"

"Course! That's what made me fetch it," said Peter. "It would keep jest as well in the post-office as 't would here."

"I never open Father's letters," said Mrs. Wild; "he would n't like it."

The sand just then beat in showers against the cabin, and the sea sound came raging over the Cape from the Highland Light.

"I wish you was over in the town to-night, where there's more folks to hear it blow with you, and I'm just sorry I came, if I have n't got any good news inside that letter," said Peter; and then he rose and bade them "Good-night."

He went away, feeling disappointed; for Peter had a vague feeling that things were going all right whenever Wild's eyes gleamed with happiness,—but to-night there was no happiness shining in them.

Wild took a dozen good hard looks at the big envelope before she went to bed, and thought it too bad in her mother not to open it.

Ten days later,—the storm having blown out itself and ships and souls together,—a letter, addressed to the oil manufacturer in Wild's peculiar handwriting, was mailed at Provincetown. This was the letter:

"CAPE COD, March 15, 1879.

"MR. WASHINGTON WILES: Father went off to the banks a week ago afishing and your letter is come, but nobody has opened it, cause mother says father 'don't want anybody to.' Please, if it's good news, wont you keep it for father, cause we all need good news so much—*more 'n you can tell.*"

WILD ROSE."

Wild's letter went over the distance between the sand cabin of John Rose and the pleasant village home of Mr. Wiles, and chanced to be given into his hands just at the moment when his neck was clasped about by the arms of his daughter Maud, a young girl as old as Wild Rose herself; and Maud was saying, in her most entreating tones:

"Papa, dear! Don't you remember, you promised me a new piano this spring? And I want it now, before my new teacher comes."

"Let me read my letters first, Maud, and then I will tell you."

Maud's gray eyes penetrated to the very heart of Wild Rose's letter as she looked at it.

"Tell me, Papa, all about it. Who is she, and why do they need good news?"

"I have never seen the child," said Mr. Wiles, "but I have heard how Captain Rose's children saved him and his fishing crew from starving, by getting a kite-string out to the boat, across the ice, where no man could go; and this letter is from Wild, the girl."

"But why do they need good news? Does she want a new piano, I wonder?"

Mr. Wiles smiled. He had once seen the sand cabin, as the neighbors called John Rose's habitation. Presently, his face grew very grave, as he said: "Maud, this Wild Rose means that they have no money to live upon; that all her father's summer work was burned up in the oil-ship. Perhaps they have no bread in the house. I am very sorry for him, my child."

"So am I, Papa. When you get me my new piano I'll send this Wild my old one. She will be glad to get it. What makes you look so grave, Papa?"

"Maud," said her father, "I did promise you a new piano, but I have been thinking a good deal, lately, of Captain Rose and his hard lot, and I



know of but one way to help him. If you will give up the new piano for this year, I will take the money it would cost, and with that buy a new seine, and give Captain Rose the new yacht, 'Rosemary,' and let him have a chance this summer."

"Why can't you do both, Papa?"

"Because I have not the money. I lost a great deal of money when the oil-ship burned."

"Then, what did you write about?"

"I told him that there was no money for him, and that I could not give him work this summer. I was very sorry to write it, Maud, and I am very glad his poor wife did not open the letter when he was away."

Maud inserted a quick little kiss just above the sharp edge of her father's collar, and said, very swiftly: "I *won't* have any piano! I want Captain Rose to have the 'Rosemary.'"

"Very well, my child. Write, yourself, to this Wild Rose, and tell her the good news."

Maud wrote:

"DEAR WILD ROSE: I don't know you, but Papa got your letter, and he says he wrote your father that there was n't any boat, nor any seine, for him; but since your letter got here, there is a yacht, the 'Rosemary,' and there is going to be a new net for him, too, just as soon as he gets back from fishing. Papa says so, and he told me I might write the letter to you and tell you the good news. I hope he'll take you up here in the boat some time. I want to see you, and have you tell me all about that kite you and your brother made. I wish you would write me a letter, and tell me all about Cape Cod and everything you do down there.

"Your friend,

MAUD WILES."

Everybody knows just how anxious and worried and agonized all the fisher folk of Cape Cod were, that spring-time, when the great gale had blown over, and the boats did not get home. When the days came one after another, and families looked their eyes dim with peering past the Highland Light to catch the first glimpse of the inward-bound sail, that might mean great joy to some one of their number, Wild Rose was there early and late.

"He will come! He *must* come! Oh, I know he will come back to us, and Johnny with him!" she kept saying over and over to herself, as she went her way across to the light-house in the morning; and, in the evening, as she turned her back upon the wild, tossing sea, she still repeated the comforting assurance to herself; and she whispered it to her sorrowful mother as she bade her "good-night" after each dreary day.

At length, the clothes they had made ready were put out of sight, and the waiting became full of pain.

A week went by, and then it was Peter, again, who fetched Maud's letter to Wild—Peter kept careful watch over the sand cabin in those days. Wild was just setting forth to take one

more look at the spread of ocean, from the Highland itself, when Peter shouted to her from afar, holding up the white envelope.

Wild ran, as fast as the sands would let her, to meet him. Had her father reached some port, and sent them word of his safety?

With panting heart, and fingers all in a flutter of eagerness, she reached out to receive it.

"It's something so out of the ordinary for a letter to come for *Miss* Wild Rose, that I thought I'd just come right ahead with it. Provincetown watches all its letters mighty close just now, you'd better believe, Wild, and if there's any news, let's have it right off, and I'll run back with it."

Peter went on talking, whilst Wild got inside the envelope with all speed.

"Oh, Peter! Peter!" she cried, as she read.

"Father *will* come now,—I'm sure he will,—to get the good news. He's going to be captain of a yacht, and have a new net all to himself, and we'll have *such* times!"

At any other period in her life—excepting when her father was caught in the ice—Wild would have been gladdened to the utmost of joy. Now she ran with the letter to her mother, and then, holding it fast, she made her way to the Highland once again, to search for the sign by which she should know her father's sail. Wild was the only watcher that day, and, when the light was trimmed and the keeper gone, she had the place to herself. Poor, young, faithful Wild, with such good news for a father who might, at that very moment, be lying beneath the ocean!

Wild leaned forth from the tower, and looked northward. She opened wide Maud's letter. She shook it as a signal. She cried out: "Oh, Father, Father! Come! Come! Come to your new sloop and your new net! Come *home*, you and Johnny!"

Four sails came into sight during the watch, but not the sail for sight of which her eyes ached. Wild went down and homeward, meeting, as she went, the housewives whose work-day at home was over, and who might, in the afternoon, take the dreary march across to the Light.

Wild had folded away her good news, and it lay in her pocket as she passed one and another. It was Peter whom she saw, when about half-way home, plodding valiantly through the yielding sands to come to her in haste.

"There's somebody a-waiting, Wild, to see you to home," said Peter, from afar, the words brimming from his heart through his lips and flowing onward to Wild, who responded:

"Who is it?"

"It's a man and a boy: it's Captain Rose and Johnny—it's your father and brother, Wild Rose,



it is!" and Peter laid hold on Wild's hand to pull her onward.

"Peter Petit! You're not cheating, are you?" gasped Wild, feeling with her free hand for the good news in her pocket.

"Cheating you, Wild! Did I ever cheat you in my life? They are there, safe and sound; but the batteredest-looking things! When the bark came to dock, the old sails were nothing but string strips, and they just whipped around the mast; the wind went through and through everything like a chopping-knife. But every man is safe."

"Oh, Peter!" cried Wild,—her feet never did seem to sink so deep in the sand before,—"I think I'm the happiest girl! I'd rather be just Wild Rose than anybody else in the whole world; God is so full of goodness to me. Peter, are any other boats safe, did they say?" And so talking they came to the sand cabin, which, for that night, held within it as much joy as a palace could contain.

The next two weeks found the Rose family packing up their effects and flitting from Cape Cod to Long Island.

A small house on its northern shore was taken for a temporary home, for it was within the waters of Long Island Sound that the new yacht was to cruise for fish. Captain Rose went over to Connecticut to take command of the "Rosemary," and back to Long Island to gather his crew, and it was there, within sight of his new home, that the seine was to be made ready.

It was brought, a huge bundle of netted twine, and opened in the presence of all the family. When its grand length was outspread over a wide field, Wild went about it with intense joy, and begged her father to let her help to finish it; for it had to be tarred, lined, corked, and leaded before it was ready for use.

Neither her father, nor Johnny, nor even Peter—for Peter was to be one of the crew on the "Rosemary"—despised her deft helpfulness, and the end of May found everything ready for the first start.

Mrs. Rose and Wild went down to see the seine put into the boats and the yacht sail away over the blue in search of menhaden. Three hours later, Wild had the happiness to see the two seine-boats row from the yacht and pay out the net, half of it from one and half from the other boat, as they described a huge circle in the water, in which circle were imprisoned thousands of white-fish.

Two months went by, and not once had the yacht returned to the place whence it had sailed.

The soft summer days slipped into the beginning of July, and then Captain Rose wrote that he should run over to spend the Fourth at home. He had only pleasant things to relate of his summer, thus far. Half a million fish had come into the new

seine, and, if all went well, last year's misfortune would be more than made good.

On the morning of the fifth, the "Rosemary" was to set sail in the early dawn. That all might be in readiness, Captain Rose and Peter slept on board, while Johnny, who said he should not fail to hear the horn-call, staid at home.

We who live within sight of Long Island Sound all remember how the thunder called to us that night; how the peals of sound rolled from cloud to cloud, following the lightning flash; how we seemed wrapped in a blaze of light and crash of thunder.

The "Rosemary," lying at anchor, lay in the lightning's way. A ball of fire shot through the cabin—and lo! the fishing yacht flashed into flame! Wild and her mother and Johnny saw it together, as the yellow fire wrapped it about.

Half-dressed, they got down the oars and made haste to the dock. There was no time to summon the nearest neighbor to the rescue, and they must do what could be done, with speed.

As they got into a great row-boat, Johnny saw, for the first time, that Wild carried an ax. "What in the world did you fetch that for?" he questioned.

"May be we can cut a hole in the yacht and so save her," said Wild, obeying her brother's instructions to herself and her mother in regard to their combined management of one oar.

They worked with courage undaunted, pushing out, by the lightning's blaze, over the white-caps to the burning yacht. The seine-boat was awkward and heavy, and the great oar was hard to hold.

At last a shout was heard. Somebody was alive on the burning boat.

"Coming! Coming!" called Johnny, rowing harder; while his mother gazed wildly at the flames, and clung with both hands to the big oar.

On the bowsprit stood Captain Rose and Peter. They were cut off by the fire from everything that could aid them. Even the boat, anchored at the stern, they could not reach.

"Father! Father! Let us save the new net," called Wild, as Captain Rose and Peter dropped into the boat. "And see! I've fetched an ax to scuttle the yacht," she added, as the boat pushed off to avoid the fire.

It took but a moment to row around and cut loose the other seine-boat, in which lay fully half of the great net.

While Johnny and Peter, Wild and her mother dragged at the other half of the seine, which lay on deck, and was surrounded by flame, to get it into the water, anywhere away from the burning, Captain Rose wielded the ax against the side planks of the "Rosemary," that he might sink her, if possible, and thereby save something for her owner. The planking gave way and the water poured in,



but the flames poured up and over and drove both boats away. With scorched hands, the net being saved, they sorrowfully left the pretty "Rosemary" to her fate and pulled away to witness the burning.

"She 's sinking!" cried Peter, as they watched.

"She 's surely going down!" echoed Johnny.

"She is!" confirmed Captain Rose, as the mast with flames curling about it swayed and swayed and slowly settled down, lower and lower, until the cooling sea surged into the flame on deck and put out the fire.

The crew had been aroused, in their boarding-house, and had made haste to the shore; but the brave "Rosemary" could cruise no more for them.

"Misfortunes never come single," said the mate, as Captain Rose reached the wharf.

to learn the full extent of the loss. It chanced that only Wild was at home when he arrived, and thus she had opportunity to tell the story in her own words.

"I know," said Wild, "that my father tells the truth always, and he says a ball of fire came right into the cabin and set everything into a blaze, and he would have saved the pretty yacht if he could. I 'm very sorry for you, Mr. Wiles," she added, "to lose so much money; and for my father, too, and for everybody; but it is a comfort to know that God took it all, is n't it? I believe He 's going to send us back something a great deal better in its place, don't you?"

The oil manufacturer turned away, not knowing what to say to the girl who held such faith in the all-goodness of the Power that rules our



"WITH COURAGE UNDAUNTED THEY ROWED OVER THE WHITE-CAPS TOWARD THE BURNING YACHT."

"Something better than the 'Rosemary' is coming for my father," said Wild. "I *know* there is; but I am glad we 've saved the new net with only one edge burned a little—see."

It was in the dawn, and the blackened edge of the netted twine lay on the water between the two boats that had brought it to shore.

The telegram sent over to Connecticut in the early morning of the fifth of July contained the words:

"The 'Rosemary' was struck by lightning and burned to the water's edge last night. Net saved."

The same day, Mr. Wiles crossed to Long Island

lives; nor do we know what to say more than that the seine saved from the burning yacht has been brought across the Sound and reeled here, to await the finding of a new fishing-boat for its captain, John Rose.

For dear Wild Rose's sake we pat its brown meshes softly as we write the last words, and hope, that her faith may grow and grow until it blossoms in the good times, and even better times, that she dreams of; for this is a real net and a real reel, and this story has really been written here, and the pretty yacht was struck by lightning and burned on the night of the Fourth of July.



## TINKEY.

BY S. A. SHEILDS.

"SCHOOL-TIME, Tinkey! Nearly nine o'clock!" Tinkey was in the attic, stretched out at full length upon some sacks of potatoes, reading a fairy story. His Latin grammar lay in front of him, open at the lesson he should have been studying. Tinkey really had intended to divide the hour before school-time between Latin grammar and fairy tales, but when his mother called, he found the hour was over, and the fairy tales had had the whole of it.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Tinkey, looking up from his book, and putting his fists under his chin. "Oh, dear!" He kicked up both feet, by way of a preparation for changing his lazy position, and said, wistfully:

"I wish there were fairies nowadays!"

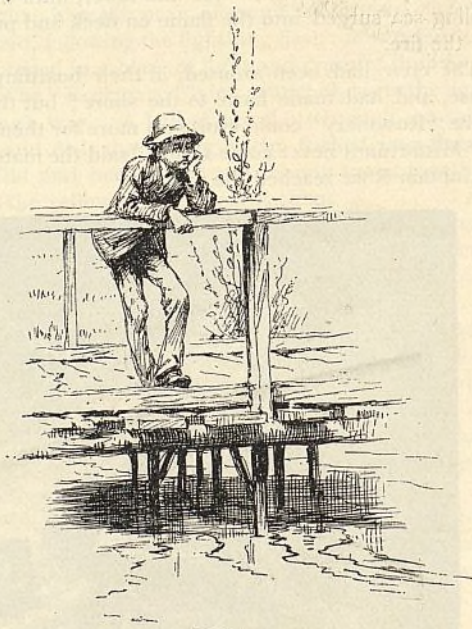
"And who told you there were not?" cried a very sharp, thin voice that came from close before him, right under his nose, it seemed to Tinkey. He looked up quickly. Was that a fairy? It was certainly unlike anything Tinkey had ever seen before, and a sight to startle anybody. A little old woman in a scarlet cloak, a black pointed hat, and tiny high-heeled shoes, leaning upon a crutch, and standing upon the pages of Tinkey's open Latin grammar.

"Who told you there were no fairies?" she repeated, thumping her crutch upon the book, and looking into Tinkey's



"WHO TOLD YOU THERE WERE NO FAIRIES?" SHE REPEATED." bewildered face. "There are just as many fairies now as ever, and they are just as powerful, too.

Dear me, boy, don't stare at me so! The eyes will drop out of your head. You don't believe me, eh?"



"I WISH I WAS THAT CALF AND NEED N'T GO TO SCHOOL."

"I am sure, ma'am," stammered Tinkey, "I did not say —"

"No, but you thought! Nobody need ever speak to a fairy. You do not believe I *am* a fairy. Well, perhaps you will, before the day is over, for I mean to grant the very first wish you make. Be careful, now, what you wish for first; for, as surely as I am a fairy, whatever it is, you will get it!"

Then the funny little old woman made one jump on to the sill of the attic window; and Tinkey, looking after her, saw a tiny carriage, with sails like a boat, and ten butterflies harnessed to it, waiting for her. She sprang into it, took a seat, waved her crutch to the astonished boy, and the butterflies carried her up and up in the air until she was quite out of sight.

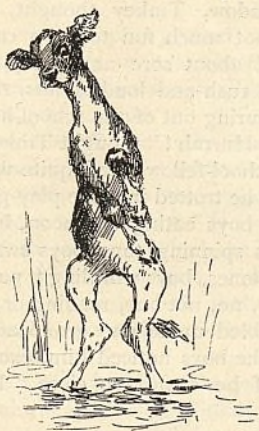
Wondering, yet half inclined to think he had been dreaming, Tinkey took up his grammar, tucked his fairy-tale book under a potato-sack, and went slowly down the stairs. There was no one in the entry as he took his hat from the rack



and sluggishly dragged his unwilling feet across the garden walk into the road.

Not one single lesson had Tinkey studied, and he was half tempted to wish he knew them all. But, no! He would not waste a fairy wish upon one day's lessons! Perhaps he would wish for a bicycle, or a new fishing-pole, or, better still, for a million million dollars, and then he could buy anything he wanted.

It was a scorching day in June, and the road to school was very hot and dusty, excepting at one spot, where a little wooden bridge crossed a narrow creek that crept through the meadows on each side of the road. The water rippled by with a cooling, musical gurgle, and Tinkey stopped to rest his chin on his hand, his elbow on the railing, and follow the stream with his eyes, into his father's meadow, till it wound around under a clump of large trees,



"HE TRIED TO FIND HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF."

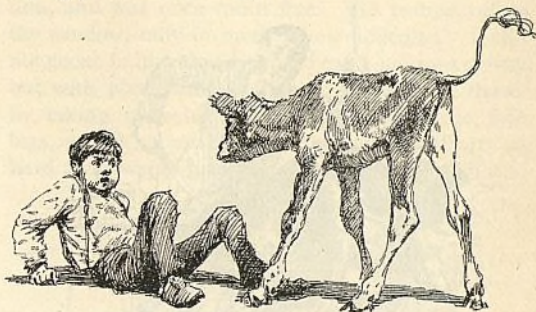
where a group of cows and their babies stood knee-deep in the water, under the cool, shading branches. The school-bell was clanging noisily; the sun was pouring its hot rays on Tinkey's head; punishment was in store for neglected lessons; and reality for a moment was stronger than hope. Quite forgetting his fairy visitor, Tinkey cried, aloud:

"Oh, dear, I wish I was that red-and-white calf under the willow, and need n't go to school!"

In one second there was a cool rippling of water around Tinkey's feet, and, instead of two legs clothed in dusty trousers, there were four covered with hair, in the running stream, while something went flopping on one side and the other, keeping away all obtrusive flies.

Tinkey turned his head, and took a long look at his hairy sides, his long, awkward legs, and the reflection of his face in the clear water. Then he burst out into one long, wailing cry, the well-known bleat of a distressed calf.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Tinkey. But it sounded like "B-a-a, b-a-a." "I have made my wish, and wasted it by turning myself into a hateful, ugly calf. Oh! Oh!"



"SENT HIM SPRAWLING UPON THE GROUND."

Here a motherly old cow lifted her head, and tossing it up, said:

"Be quiet! Don't make such a row!"

But, as Tinkey had not yet learned the cow language, it only sounded to him like "Moo-o-o," and he paid no attention to it. The old cow lowered her head, and gave him a sharp dig with her horns, which made his tears flow faster than ever. But not being accustomed to weep over a brook, Tinkey wanted his pocket-handkerchief, and, forgetting he no longer possessed pockets, he reared up on his hind legs and tried to find his pocket with his fore legs; he strained his neck in looking up and down his sides, and cut up such antics in the water that the cows became quite indignant at having their quiet so disturbed, and fairly drove him away.

"Mrs. Whiteface always did spoil that calf," said one old cow, pettishly; "he is really too rude to be in decent society, making such a noise and commotion! Just see how he has muddied the water with his capers!"

"Let the little plague amuse himself in the



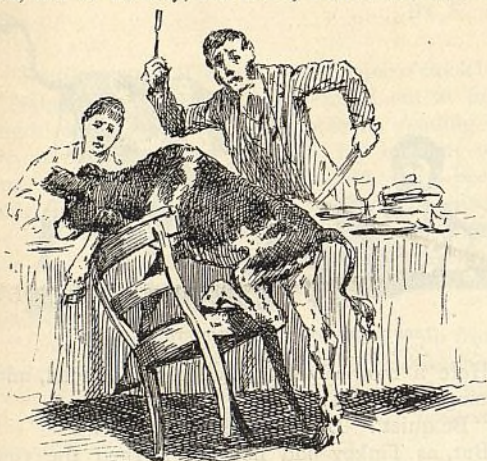
"TOM BATES, YOU'RE CHEATING!"

sun awhile, until he learns to behave himself properly," grumbled another.

But Mrs. Whiteface, the motherly old cow who



had first spoken to the distressed calf, was sure something dreadful must be the matter with her baby. Never before had he acted so strangely, and, full of anxiety, she slowly waded to the bank



"'HERE I AM, PAPA,' SAID TINKEY, TRYING TO TAKE A SEAT."

and followed him across the meadow. He was seeking a shady spot under a great spreading oak-tree, walking slowly and clumsily along, his head and his tail hanging down in the most disconsolate way.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Whiteface, kindly.

"Moo-o-o," sounded in Tinkey's ears; and, afraid of feeling the old cow's horns again, he tossed up his head, and trotted away as fast as his awkward legs would carry him.

He ran across the meadow, through the corn-field, around the duck-pond and into the yard adjoining the school-house, a bare stretch of ground without shade or shelter. He was all out of breath, and trembling from head to foot, as he stood for a moment's rest under the school-room window. The voice of the school-master came through the open window, calling out the names of the boys.

Now Tinkey's proper name was Frank Kirke, but the school-boys had each a nickname, and were known at home and in play-time quite as well by such names as Tinkey, Bobo, Fuzzy, or Tip, as by their proper names of Frank, Harry, Tom, or George. But Tinkey knew very well who was meant when the master asked:

"Where is Frank Kirke this morning?"

"Here I am, sir," said Tinkey, thrusting his head in at the open window.

"B-a-a-a," said the calf, and all the boys shouted, and the girls giggled, making a great commotion in the school-room. Even the master felt a little twitching in the muscles about his mouth, but he only said, very sternly:

"John Smith, drive that calf away!"

Tinkey looked around for the calf, and then suddenly remembered that he, Tinkey Kirke, was the animal to be driven away.

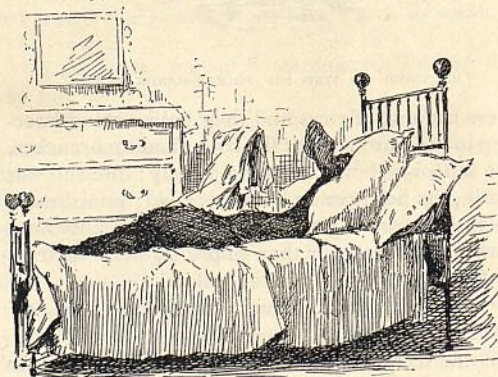
"John Smith," thought Tinkey, scornfully; "he had better try it. I can lick John Smith any day." So, when John Smith lazily sauntered into the school-yard, he was amazed to see a calf bristling all over with fight, that, before he could make an effort to drive it away, rushed forward, thrust a hairy head between his legs, and sent him sprawling upon the ground.

But Tinkey had forgotten that he could not throw stones, and, before he could make another charge, John had pelted him so rapidly with heavy stones that he was glad to run away, bruised and sore all over. As he stood in the hot June sun, afraid to venture near the water, or into the meadow, Tinkey thought, mournfully, that it was not much fun to be a calf, after all. He wandered about sore and sorry, until, suddenly, with a rush and loud shouts, the boys and girls came pouring out of the school-house.

"Recess! Hurrah!" thought Tinkey, hurrying to join his school-fellows, and quite forgetting he was a calf, as he trotted into the play-ground.

Here were boys eating luncheon, boys playing marbles, boys spinning tops, boys swapping pencils and jackstones, boys whittling "pussy" sticks, but not a boy, no, not one, reading or studying.

Tinkey ambled up to one group after another, but none of the boys noticed him, except to shove him away, if he came too close. His especial



"HE DREAMED OF COOL WATERS AND SHADY LANES."

friend, Jim Jones, was one of three boys playing marbles, and Tinkey, unrecognized and unnoticed, stood near, sadly conscious that he could not use any one of his four long, clumsy legs to join in the game. But as no one drove him away, he stood watching the play until Tom Bates cheated. There was no doubt about it, and Tinkey thrust his head into the group, crying:



"Tom Bates, you're cheating!" At least, that is what he thought he said. What he really did say, was—"B-a-a-a!"

Never was a game broken up more quickly! Every boy was on his feet, with a stick or a stone, and, in an instant, every other game was abandoned to make general war upon poor Tinkey.

Driven away, he found two boys strolling down the road, talking, and heard this sentence:

"He's only playing off sick, I know. Tinkey Kirke is the laziest boy in school; he never knows his lessons."

"I'm no lazier than you are, Bobo Wells," cried Tinkey, in a prolonged "B-a-a-a!" at the same time giving Bobo a vicious dig in the ribs with his head.

"Jiminy!" screamed the boy. "What's that? Hey! Here's a young mad bull, boys! Hey! At him!"

Every boy in the play-ground answered the loud call, and Tinkey, with a wholesome fear of stones and sticks, galloped away, followed by a shower of boy ammunition.

He was very sore all over, very weary, very hot, and there came over him a great longing to put his aching head down into his mother's lap to be petted, and have a good cry. He was very hungry, too, and the attempt which he made to eat grass proved a miserable failure. "It is too nasty for anything," Tinkey decided. Just as he reached home, the family were sitting down to dinner, and Mr. Kirke asked:

"Where is Tinkey? He is always late!"

"Here I am, Papa," said Tinkey, in his long "B-a-a-a," walking in at the door and trying to take his seat.

With laughing shouts, the whole family sprang up to drive him away, and Tinkey ran to his mother for protection. Surely, surely, his own dear mother would know him!

But Mrs. Kirke ran screaming away. Something was the matter with the calf, she thought, and she was afraid of it. Mr. Kirke caught him at last, but not until every chair was upset, the table-cloth pulled off, the dishes smashed and scattered, the dinner wrecked, and the room in direst confusion.

Well belabored with a heavy stick, Tinkey was led to the barn and tied up, to think over the delights of being a calf and the misery of being a well-fed school-boy with a happy home.

He was horribly hungry, and made several attempts to eat the hay and oats before him, but he could not swallow them.

On a level with his head there was a kitchen window, plainly visible through the great space left by the barn doors standing wide open. It was baking day, and loaves of bread stood on the table;

three large, tempting pies were cooling on the window-sill, while a pitcher of milk was just behind them on the table. Tinkey tugged and jerked, until he succeeded in breaking the rope holding him, and was once more free. He trotted off to the window, only to meet a new difficulty. It did not occur to him that he could eat a pie in any way but with plate, knife, and fork, or, without these, by taking it in his fingers. His hands, or fore legs, would not reach up to the window-sill, try as hard as he would to make them, and, in his efforts,



"ALL HIS EFFORTS FAILED TO GET EVEN ONE HIND LEG INTO THEM."

he knocked two of the pies to the ground, breaking them to pieces. Only one remained, and, inspired by hunger, Tinkey at last put his nose down to the plate and ate up the pie. By a great effort of stretching he got the pitcher over on its side, and eagerly lapped the milk as it ran out. But, suddenly, a most tremendous blow fell upon his head, as his mother shouted:

"Get out! Go away! Father, the calf has broken loose!"

Quite sure that his father would find a stronger rope the next time, Tinkey ran away as fast as he could, through the cabbage-patch, over the flower-beds, around the house, from the kitchen window to the front porch, where he stood panting and listening as his father hunted in the barn and at the back of the house for him. The front door was standing ajar, and as Tinkey looked at it a brilliant idea rushed into his head—he would go into his own room and take a nap.

His head ached, and every bone in his body seemed to be sore with the variety of hammering he had received. Nobody was about. Indeed, the confusion in the dining-room was likely to keep everybody busy for one afternoon, and



nobody saw Tinkey as he made frantic efforts to walk upstairs on his hind legs, and hold the balusters with his fore legs. By and by it occurred to him to try the ascent with all his legs down, and at last he accomplished it in that way.

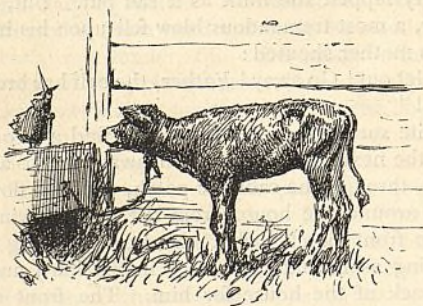
Getting into bed presented another difficulty, as his legs would not go up high enough to scramble in, in his usual fashion, but, after many efforts, the desired result was gained by standing sidewise and rolling himself over. Then a long sleep fell upon the weary little boy-calf, and he dreamed of cool waters, of shady lanes, of refreshing drink, until a welcome sound awakened him—the tea-bell.

But he was confused by his nap, and he mistook the bell for the summons to breakfast. Upon a chair were thrown his best suit and some clean underclothing that his mother had been mending; and, knowing he would be late, as he must have failed to hear his mother's usual morning summons, Tinkey scrambled awkwardly to the floor and took up a shirt.

By a great effort he reared up, and tried to lift this garment over his head. All in vain! Struggle as he would, it only hung upon the hoofs that had no fingers to grasp it, until it fell upon the floor. Perhaps he could do better with the trousers! At least he could try.

But the trousers were still worse. He braced himself against the wall, and hung the waistband upon his fore legs, but all his efforts failed to get even one hind leg into them. He reeled over, he fell upon the floor, he reared up, and tipped over. He even tried to crawl into his clothes, after pushing them into place upon the floor.

But it was of no use, and, while he was still working over this problem, harder than any sum he had ever puzzled out in school, the door opened.



“SO YOU DO BELIEVE I AM A FAIRY?”

Again that dreadful shout, now so familiar to him, fell upon his ears, as Bob, his younger brother, rushed into the room.

“Oh, Papa! Mamma! Here ’s fun. Here ’s that calf in our room, pulling Tinkey’s clothes all over the floor!”

“You just shut up!” said Tinkey, in a terrific “B-a-a-a!”

“Sho! Get out of my room!” shouted Bob.

“It is just as much my room as it is yours,” cried Tinkey, angrily, dashing at Bob and driving him against the wall. “Oh! Oh! Papa! Come! He ’s killing me!” yelled Bob.

“You big baby,” sneered Tinkey, in calf language. “I have n’t touched you!”

But while he spoke, Mr. Kirke and two hired men were coming up the stairs, and another chase ended in poor Tinkey’s defeat.

But it was not until the neat, pretty bed-room of an hour previous looked as if there had been a whirlwind through it. Everything that could be knocked down *was* knocked down; everything that could be smashed *was* smashed; and from the dire confusion he had made, Tinkey was at last led out, and tied, very strongly this time, with these words of his father’s to comfort him:

“I can’t imagine,” said Mr. Kirke, “what ails that calf; but I will send him to the butcher’s in the morning!”

Tied up securely, the barn doors closed and fastened, Tinkey had plenty of time to think over his day’s experience.

The butcher! Cold chills ran over him, as he thought of the long, bright knife he had seen many times in the hands of the butcher. Great tears ran down his face, and he was bitterly regretting his rash wish, when there was a soft whirr in the air, and the fairy car, drawn by butterflies, floated down upon a corn-bin. The wee woman stepped daintily down, and walked along the edge until she stood in front of poor, shivering Tinkey.

“So,” she said, “you don’t like it! You are tired already of being a calf!”

“Oh, yes! yes! Very tired! Please, dear Mrs. Fairy, make me a boy once more, and I will never, never be so foolish again!”

“I ’m not so sure of that! You don’t like Latin grammar.”

“But I like it better than being stoned and beaten and driven about. Oh, please, please don’t go away and leave me a calf, dear Mrs. Fairy.”

“Oh, ho! So you do believe I am a fairy?”

“I am sure of it.”

“I will not be a cruel fairy, then. You shall have one more wish. Be a boy again!”

She waved her wand as she spoke, and a queer, numb feeling crept over Tinkey. The barn faded away; the fairy car floated up out of sight; for a moment all was black, and then he found himself lying on the potato-sack, in the attic, with the Latin grammar still open before him.

With a joyful shout he sprang to his feet, very glad to be a boy once more!



## THE CONSCIENTIOUS CORREGGIO CAROTHERS.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

CORREGGIO CAROTHERS was a man of much renown;  
The dolls he made and painted were the talk of all the town;  
In a room half shop, half study, he would gayly work away,  
Completing, by his diligence, one dozen dolls a day.

If it chanced to be fine weather, every Monday he would go  
With a number to the toyman's, where he 'd lay them in a row;  
And some would be so beautiful that one could scarce refrain  
From kissing them; while others would be very, very plain!



"Correggio, Correggio," the toyman oft would cry,  
"Oh, why do you persist in making dolls no one will buy?  
In my second-story wareroom I have hundreds stored away;  
And, if each had a pretty face, they 'd not be there to-day!"

"My work is conscientious, sir," he proudly would explain;  
"As dolls are mimic people, some of them must needs be plain.  
I can not, I assure you, give good looks to every doll,  
Since beauty is a priceless gift that does not come to all!"



## THE YELLOW PANE.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

WHEN overhead the gray clouds meet,  
 And the air is heavy with mist and rain,  
 She clambers up to the window seat,  
 And watches the storm through the yellow pane.

At the painted window she laughs with glee;  
 She smiles at the clouds with a sweet disdain,

And calls: "Now, Papa, it's sunshine to me,"  
 As she presses her face to the yellow pane.

Dear child, in life should the gray clouds roll,  
 Heavy with grief, o'er thy path amain,  
 Stealing the sunlight from thy soul,  
 God keep for thee somewhere a yellow pane!

## AN EARLY AMERICAN REBELLION.

BY F. N. DOUBLEDAY.

THE event I want to tell you about took place more than two hundred years ago, and it was exactly one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was framed at Philadelphia—which makes the date 1676, an easy one to remember. If you will recollect this date and the story of Bacon's Rebellion, you will have learned of one of the most important and interesting occurrences in the history of our early colonies. The affair was of so much consequence that I should think every American would be familiar with the story; but if you will ask some of the older people what it was all about, they will very likely answer that they "used to know, but somehow have forgotten," and they "have not studied United States history for so long a time, you know"—or in other words of that kind.

All that now remains of old Jamestown, the first settlement made by the English under the famous Captain John Smith, is an old stone wall which once formed a side of the first church in Virginia, where the people assembled from all the country around to worship as their custom had been in England.

At the time of which we write, Jamestown was quite a colony; the people had built for themselves comfortable houses; the ground they cultivated yielded them good crops of tobacco, much of which they sent to England, where it was just beginning to be considered a great luxury. They received a good price for their commodities, and they would have gotten along very well if they had not happened to have a very unsatisfactory government, which taxed their lands heavily and interfered greatly with their liberty.

The Governor of Virginia at this time was Sir

William Berkeley, who had been appointed to the post by his King, Charles II. of England. Sir William was not a popular officer; he was grand and dignified; he felt himself to be above the common people. He lived in Jamestown, a short distance above the James River, in a big house, which was filled with servants and attendants. In everything he did he sought to make a great show and to appear very grand. When he rode about, he went in a ponderous great coach; nothing in Virginia had ever been seen like it, and by the simple planters it was regarded with awe. He could afford to cut such a fine figure and to keep up such style, because he was very rich, and made a great deal of money from the Indians, to whom he sold gunpowder; and as he was the only one allowed to trade in that dangerous commodity, you may be sure his profits were enormous.

To disturb such good customers as the Indians was far from his intention. Although the savages often attacked the settlers, and carried off cattle and sheep whenever they had a chance,—and they took care to make a good many chances,—the Governor would not seriously attack them, and issued a mandate forbidding any company of settlers to do so.

Among the owners of plantations was a young man of good family, named Nathaniel Bacon. He was warm-hearted and generous; the sufferings of his neighbors had awakened his sympathies, and he determined to make some effort to lessen their troubles. Although only thirty years old, the settlers must have had great confidence in him, for they had already elected him to a seat in the Governor's council.



When, therefore, this man called his neighbors together and said that, whether the Governor liked it or not, he meant to go out against the Indians with whosoever would follow him, four hundred men immediately placed themselves under his command.

The company started; but they had not gone far when a messenger came up with them, and, in the name of the Governor, denounced all those as rebels who should not return immediately to their houses and abandon the expedition.

Now, in those days, to be known as a rebel was a very serious matter. It meant that the person thus entitled would be the victim of any abuse the

started out to drive off the Indians who had robbed them and slain their friends, and they would finish the undertaking.

The little band now pressed forward into the wilderness, confident of soon coming on the savages and striking a quick and decisive blow. But they learned, as many have learned since, that one of the most difficult parts of Indian warfare is to find the Indians. For days they wandered about, keeping up an earnest but fruitless search. Then a new trouble appeared: their supply of food ran low; starvation looked them in the face; it seemed for a time that nothing remained to do but to return in humility to Jamestown and submit to what punishment the Governor might be pleased to inflict.

Bacon's pluck, however, never failed; he sought to encourage his men by cheering words and to push on till food could be obtained of some friendly tribe. It was in this, their darkest hour, when all were disheartened, that they suddenly came upon the hostile Indians. The spirits of the little band of white men rallied instantly. Now was the time to show that it was not safe to rob and kill the English settlers. Before the savages had time to prepare, an attack was made on their stronghold. For a time the fight was fierce; but quickly the Indians wavered, deserted their defense, and fled into the thick woods. The victory was complete, although the red men numbered three times as many



GOVERNOR BERKELEY CHALLENGES BACON TO SHOOT HIM.

people might choose to heap on him, and not only would he be made the object of taunts and jeers, but if the Governor and his council should so decree, his property, of whatever kind, might be taken from him. Among so many difficulties the "rebel" would be in a sorry plight indeed.

None understood better than Bacon's men the danger they ran in disobeying Sir William's command; and, although all the four hundred were attached to their young leader, only fifty-seven had the courage to stick by him. But those who were left were brave and determined men; they had

as the little company of half-famished settlers.

Bacon hurried back to Jamestown. He was satisfied that, for a while at least, no trouble was to be feared from their old tormentors. The news had gone before him, and the people received the brave leader and his men with every show of joy and esteem; they insisted that, in spite of his being a "rebel," he should again occupy in the council the seat to which they had elected him.

Of course, Bacon's triumph over the Indians did not add to Berkeley's regard for him. But the Governor was shrewd enough to see that this was



no time to inflict punishment; so, after the young man had asked forgiveness for going against the Indians without permission, he no doubt thought it a great condescension when, a few days after, the Governor accosted him in the Council-room, saying, with a great deal of affected sorrow: "Mr. Bacon, if you will live civilly but until next quarter court, I will promise to return you to your place there," and he pointed to Bacon's empty seat.

The quiet that now reigned in Jamestown did not last long; for soon the cry went around the country: "Bacon is fled!" "Bacon is fled!" and tumult and uncertainty ensued. The forgiven rebel had doubted the Governor's sincerity, and had fled for safety. Moreover, he was dissatisfied, and wished to have the right to go against the foes of the colony whenever he might think proper. So, once more he gathered his friends around him, and within a few days he returned to Jamestown, which he entered without resistance, accompanied by five hundred armed men. All was confusion in the settlement; no one in authority dared to act.

Bacon issued an order commanding the members of the Council to appear before him, and while he waited he walked excitedly along a line of troops drawn up to receive the expected Councilmen. Of a sudden, some one forced a way through the crowd, and made toward the young leader. It was Governor Berkeley, pale and agitated. Scarcely knowing what he did, he thrust himself before Bacon, and baring his breast, cried: "Here! Shoot me! 'Fore God, fair mark! Shoot!"

Bacon stepped back, resting one hand on his sheathed sword, and respectfully holding his hat in the other. Simply, and with cool politeness, he said to the frantic Governor: "No; may it please your honor, we will not hurt a hair of your head. We have come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, and," he added, with less calmness, "we shall have it before we go."

Sir William said nothing, but turned and walked away. The next day Bacon

received his commission, granting him the right to go against the Indians whenever he might choose.

But their strife did not end here. When Bacon next attacked the savages, the Governor denounced him again as a traitor; and when Bacon heard of it, he replied: "We will go see why he calls us traitors;" to which his men all shouted, "Amen!" But when Berkeley found that the man he had called a traitor was coming back to Jamestown, he fled, and tried to rally a few followers to support him against his enemy. These friends having come together, as soon as he began to speak, cried, "Bacon! Bacon! Bacon!" and refused to listen. All this and a great deal more is related in the full history of Jamestown.

When the troops arrived, the Governor was nowhere to be found, for he had sailed down the James River, to be out of harm's way. In a tumult of excitement and rage the men set fire to the houses; and from the deck of his ship the craven Governor looked on helplessly at the destruction of what to him had been a little kingdom. It took but a few hours to completely destroy the little settlement: the people then dispersed, and in process of time built new houses for themselves among the surrounding plantations. It was, perhaps, on the whole, well that Jamestown was destroyed; for the place was very unhealthy.

In this expedition Bacon brought on a serious illness by exposure and fatigue; he rapidly became worse, and soon died. He was deeply mourned by the people, for during his short life he had been a faithful friend and protector to them.

Governor Berkeley staid in America several years after this, and when he was recalled home, in dishonor, he was a feeble old man, and he did not long survive his disgrace.

This old Jamestown, the first English settlement in America, was never rebuilt, and the church wall, covered now with vines a century old, is all that remains to mark the spot where once so much that was stirring and interesting took place.



THE OLD CHURCH WALL AT JAMESTOWN.



## TAG'S 'COON.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



"WHAT 'S DAT!"—EVERYBODY STARTED IN AFFRIGHT." [SEE PAGE 686.]

It was a bright scene in front of the house at Ormsley farm, one September night, just after supper. The night was dark, but the lawn and the porch were lighted up by several torches of "fat pine," which were blazing in the hands of some negro men and boys; a number of dogs were running about, barking and yelping as if they were impatient to go somewhere; three white boys stood on the steps of the porch, talking to some young ladies who seemed in a very merry mood; and in the door stood a pleasant-faced, middle-aged gentleman.

"What are you all waiting for?" said this latter personage. "You make so much preparation and noise that I don't believe you 'll do any hunting at all, and I 'm afraid that Walter will never see a 'coon until some steady person like myself goes out with him."

"Oh, Father," cried one of the young ladies, "if Walter never sees a 'coon till you go with him,

he 'll have to buy a book on natural history to find out how the animal looks."

"Perhaps that is true," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Early has gone to tie up Tag," said one of the boys on the steps. "You know we can't start till he is tied up. But here comes Early, and now we are off, sir."

The boys ran down the steps, and started away, followed by the dogs, the negro boys carrying the torches, and the negro man with an ax.

"Good luck to you!" shouted one of the girls from the porch. "If you don't find a 'coon, perhaps we 'll take Walter out some night."

Walter Mason was a boy from the North, on a visit to his Virginia cousins, Gilbert and Joe, who were now taking him out on his first 'coon hunt.

The party rapidly made its way out of the great gate, across the road, and over the fields, toward a high hill-side covered with forests, about a mile from



the house. Here the 'coon hunters entered a wood-road, and more slowly made their way among the high trees. They had gone but a short distance into the woods, the dogs sniffing and yelping ahead of them, when a rush and a bark were heard behind the party, and, in a moment, a large dog was jumping and barking around Gilbert and Joe.

"Here is Tag!" cried Gilbert. "Why, Early, I thought you 'd tied him up."

"Dat no 'count good-for-nuffin' Tag!" exclaimed Early, the negro man. "I done tied him up, but he 's bruck loose."

"We might as well give up 'coon hunting now," said Joe.

"I 'se a great mind to hit yo' in de head wid de ax," said Early, glaring at the dog. "What yo' mean, sar, comin' here to spile de fun?"

"Let him alone," said Gilbert. "Now he 's here, he 'll have to stay. Perhaps he wont spoil the fun after all."

Tag was a long-bodied, woolly dog, with a black face and a tawny body. On looking at him, one could not help thinking he ought to be a handsome dog, but he was not. He looked as if he were a good watch-dog, but he was not that. He was not a good sheep-dog. He would not drive hogs. He caught no rats. In fact, he was of no use at all; and was justly called by Early "a no 'count dog." Nobody wanted him on a 'coon hunt, because it was well known that Tag would never pursue rabbits, nor any other creature, but would jump among the other dogs and begin to fight them, and so give the game a chance to escape. He was larger than the other dogs, and would probably interfere so much with them if they were after a 'coon that there would be no sport at all. But now he was here they must make the best of him, and so they started on again.

Tag was certainly an absurd dog. The other dogs were now on the track of a 'coon, but he paid no attention to this important fact, and trotted along by himself as if he had changed his mind about joining the party and was thinking about going home. Reaching a cross-road he turned into it, and ran quickly into the darkness.

"Tag 's done gone!" suddenly exclaimed one of the negroes.

"Glad of it," said Joe. "I hope he wont come back! And now, boys, keep your pine-knots burning, or we shall all break our necks."

The whole party was now hurrying forward as fast as the darkness, only fitfully dispelled by the light of the torches, would allow. The dogs were far ahead, and when the boys came up to them they were barking and clawing at the foot of a tall persimmon tree.

"Now, Walter," cried Gilbert, "they 've treed a

'coon. He is somewhere up that tree. We 'll cut it down, and then we 'll have him."

Two of the negro boys were holding the torches as high up as they could. "Dar he!" cried one of them—"dar he, Mahs'r Joe."

Looking up, the boys saw in a crotch of the tree, not very far above them, a mass of fur, not larger than a lady's muff, with a sharp nose and two twinkling eyes in front of it, and a cross-barred tail hanging down behind.

"Is that the 'coon?" cried Walter.

"That is the 'coon!" joyfully replied his cousins.

"Cl'ar away now!" shouted Early, beginning to swing his ax, "and I 'll have dis yer tree down in no time."

With strong arms, Early now began to cut into the tree. The chips flew, the dogs barked, the boys shouted, and the 'coon sat up aloft and watched the whole affair with its little twinkling eyes. Soon the tree began to lean slightly to one side. "Stand back!" cried Joe. And then it came crashing down.

At this moment the hunters and the dogs sprang forward, and the 'coon sprang, too. But the boys and the dogs sprang toward the top of the tree as it lay on the ground, while the 'coon sprang on the branch of a chestnut tree it brushed in its fall. The dogs dashed in among the fallen branches, and the hunters, with their torches, looked in vain for the game.

"Whar dat coon?" cried Early. But no one could give him an answer.

Gilbert was an observing and thoughtful boy, and he presently suggested that the 'coon must have jumped into the chestnut tree as the persimmon fell. It was not easy to see into the thick foliage of the chestnut, but the torches, being held up, soon revealed the 'coon creeping cautiously out toward the end of one of the lower branches.

"Climb up dar, you 'Lijah," said Early to one of the negro boys, "and shake him off. If you jump on de lim' he 'll drap."

"P'r'aps he 'll bite me," said Elijah, reluctantly climbing the tree, assisted by a boost from the other boy.

"Go 'long, and jump on de lim'," said Early. "De 'coon wont bite you if you don't bite him."

Elijah clambered out on the limb, and, standing on it, took hold of the branch above, and began to shake the branch he stood on. The 'coon was a good deal bounced, but he did not intend to be shaken off. He turned and ran along the limb toward the tree. Elijah, sure he was about to be attacked, gave a yell of horror, and drew himself up with his hands, jerking his bare feet and legs high into the air. The 'coon dashed under him, reached the trunk of the tree, and disappeared.



Whether he ran out on another limb and got upon a neighboring tree,—for the woods were very thick just here,—or whether he had concealed himself in the top of the chestnut, the hunters could not tell.

Early himself climbed up into the tree, and a torch was handed him, but he could see nothing of the 'coon. The tree was too valuable to be cut down, and the hunters concluded they would have to let that 'coon go.

"I hate to give up a thing like that," said Joe, "but it's no use wasting our time. There are plenty more 'coons in these woods."

Off they went again, dogs, boys and Early, and in less than fifteen minutes they were all after another 'coon. This creature did not seem to want to go up a tree, and it led the dogs and hunters a doleful chase. Through thickets and brambles, over fallen trees, half the time in darkness and guided only by the noise of the dogs, the boys pushed bravely on.

"This is hard work, Walter," said Joe, as the two boys panted along together, "but we are bound to get a 'coon. I'd be ashamed to go back to the house without one."

"That's so," cried Walter, cheerfully; "we're not going to give it up yet."

When at last the 'coon was kind enough to go up a tree, the hunters had descended to the other side of the hill, and found themselves on the bank of a small creek. The 'coon had run up a low, crooked tree on the very edge of the water, and the dogs were furiously barking below.

"You'll have to be careful how you cut down this tree," said Joe to Early, "and see that it falls on shore and not into the water."

"I don't reckon I'll have to cut it any way," cried Early, who was holding a torch out over the creek. "Look-a-dar! He's gwine to jump!"

Everybody looked, and they saw the 'coon sitting near the end of a limb that hung over the water. He was a larger animal than the other one, and much quicker in making up his mind. The next instant, he leaped from the limb and plunged into the water.

"At him! Sic him! Catch him!" shouted the boys, and the dogs dashed into the water. Before the 'coon could reach the other side the dogs surrounded him, and a terrible fight ensued.

In the water a 'coon has great advantages over dogs, as these fellows soon found out. The 'coon seemed to have half a dozen mouths, and every dog snarled and yelped as if they had all been bitten at the same moment. They kept up a furious attack, however, upon their common foe; the boys and negroes, meanwhile, urging them on with shouts and cries.

There was one dog in the water that belonged

to Joe. This was a setter named Ponto, and was, indeed, much too good a dog to go on a 'coon hunt. The 'coon appeared to find out that Ponto was the best of the dogs, and thinking, probably, that if he conquered him he could get away from the others, he seized the setter by the nose and began to pull his head into the water.

Poor Ponto jerked up his head, and the other dogs splashed and snapped at the 'coon, who was nearly out of sight beneath the surface; but the brave little creature held on firmly, and down went Ponto's head again.

Everybody was greatly excited, and especially Joe. He was sure his dear Ponto would be drowned. The struggling animals in the creek had drifted a little down the stream, and were near a fallen log that lay across the creek. On to this log sprang Joe. If he could seize his Ponto he would pull him out of the water, 'coon and all. But, alas! there was a crack and a crash! The rotten log broke in the middle, and down went Joe into the dark stream! For a moment he disappeared, and then, by the light of the uplifted torches, he could be seen struggling to his feet.

In an instant Gilbert, Walter, and Early dashed in to his assistance. The water was about up to their waists, but they did not stop to think whether it was deep or shallow.

Early seized Joe, and attempted to pull him to the bank, but Joe, by this time, had hold of Ponto, whose nose was held by the 'coon, upon whose hind quarters and tail two dogs had now fastened, and so the negro man had rather a heavy tow. Joe shouted to him to let go of him, for he was not going to leave Ponto. Gilbert also seized hold of the setter, and Walter made several cracks at the coon with a stick he had picked up.

Suddenly all was darkness. The negro boys on the banks, in their excitement, had forgotten to renew their fat-pine torches, and for some minutes Elijah had held the only one left burning; this had burned down to his fingers without his noticing it, and then he had suddenly dropped it.

In the dark confusion which then ensued, everybody scrambled to shore, but Joe did not let go of Ponto. The boy and the dog climbed up the bank together, but there was no 'coon on Ponto's nose. Gilbert had some matches in an upper pocket, and there were several pine-knots left. These were lighted, and the boys looked at one another and laughed.

Joe was wet all over, and the others were dripping to their waists. The dogs were climbing out of the water, and the 'coon was gone.

"Look h'yere!" cried Early to the negro boys, "jump 'round lively now, and pick up some dry wood! We'se got to have a fire and all get dry



afore dere 's any more huntin' done. I don't want to take anybody home wid de rheumatiz."

It was not long before a fire was blazing merrily in an open space among the trees, and those of the party who had been in the creek were glad to gather around it and dry themselves. Ponto, who had had enough active exercise for the present, remained with the group near the fire, but the other dogs were scattered about in the woods, sniffing around for the track of another 'coon.

Joe was just beginning to feel that he was about half dry,—and that is generally dry enough for a boy who has a good deal of walking or running before him,—when, suddenly, among the trees, a short distance from the fire, was heard a dreadful crash. High overhead there was a sound of breaking limbs, then a rush and a clatter, and a thump on the ground, followed by a muffled cry and a great stir and confusion among the dark and spectral trees.

Everybody started in affright, and the eyes and mouths of the negroes flew wide open.

"What 's dat?" whispered Early, his legs trembling beneath him.

Nobody answered a word. In fact, the white boys were nearly startled out of their wits.

The disturbing noise had now ceased, and in a moment Elijah opened his mouth: "It 's little Jacob!" he gasped.

"Little Jacob!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes," said Elijah; "he done died day 'fore yist'day."

"Stupid!" said Joe, who was now beginning to recover himself. "You darkey boys are always looking out for ghosts. What do you suppose poor little Jacob would be doing up a tree?"

"And he was so drefel thin," said Early, who was glad to assure himself that he had not heard a ghost, "he could neber 'a' made all dat noise a-fallin'."

"Let 's go and see what it is," said Walter. And the white boys, followed at a little distance by the negroes, proceeded cautiously to the spot where they had heard the noise. There, by the light of the fire and the torch, they saw upon the ground a large dead limb, broken to pieces, while in the trees above them there began a flapping and a fluttering.

"Oh, hi!" cried Early, holding up a torch. "I 'll tell you what all dis bizness is, Mahs'r Joe. Dem yar 's tukkey-buzzards a-roostin' up dar. Dey was scared by de fire, and one of 'em jumped on de rotten limb and down come he. And dat was de whole magnitude of de t'ing! And, now, I tell yo' what 't is, yo' boys," said he, turning to Elijah and his companion, "yo' ought to be 'shame' o' yo'selves, bein' skeered at ghos'es. Yo 's allus get-

ting skeered half to death every time you hears a little noise."

"Oh, ho!" cried Elijah, boldly. "Yo' was skeered yo'self, Uncle Early. Yo' done reckoned it was little Jacob, coffin and all!"

The white boys burst out laughing. "You were just as much frightened as anybody, Early," said Gilbert.

"I neber did hear anybody make such a talkin' and clatterin' as dese two boys," said Early, still glowering at Elijah and the other negro. "Dey 's enough to frighten all de 'coons out o' de woods."

"Come on!" cried Joe. "We are ready to start now, and we 'll see if there are any 'coons left."

The party clambered up the hill again, considering it better to make their way toward home. They had scarcely reached the top of the ridge when the dogs started another 'coon. The hunters followed for a short distance, but as the chase led down into a deep ravine, filled with brushwood and bushes, the boys stopped, feeling that they had had enough of that rough kind of work for the night.

The late moon had now arisen, and by its light the boys could see the dogs clamoring at the foot of a tall tulip-poplar tree on the other side of the ravine.

"That 's the meanest thing of all!" cried Joe. "There 's a 'coon in that tree, and he just went up there to make us feel badly. He knows we can't cut down that tree, for it is the finest poplar in these woods. People come out here just to look at it. We might as well keep on. But I do hate to go home without a 'coon. I hope the folks are all in bed."

The boys found it very difficult indeed to get the dogs away from the poplar tree. The animals would not listen to their calls, and the negroes were at last obliged to cross the ravine, and drive them away from the tree. The party had now reached the wood-road by which it had first entered the forest.

The torches were all burned out, but the light of the moon occasionally breaking through the tree-tops enabled the hunters to see their way. It was not long before they heard the barking of a dog in the distance.

"Have any of those dogs got off again?" said Joe, turning to Early. "I told you to keep them with us. We don't want any more break-neck chases to-night."

"Dey 'se all here, Mahs'r Joe," said Early. "I done tied a string to old Zack and I 'm leadin' him, and de udders wont go for no 'coon widout he goes fust."

"The dogs are all here," said Gilbert, who had



called them to him. "It must be some other dog we hear."

The barking of this dog was heard more plainly as they proceeded, and when they reached a cross-road, Early stopped and exclaimed:

"Mahs'r Joe, dat 's Tag!"

"It can't be Tag," said Joe; "he went home long ago."

"It 's bound to be dat dog," persisted Early. "I knows his bark just as well as if 't was my old dad a-speakin' to me."

"Let 's go see!" said Joe. And the whole party ran along the road.

They had just gone around a little bend, when they saw Tag at the foot of a tall young tree. He was standing on his hind legs, with his fore feet against the tree, barking furiously.

"Well I declare!" cried Joe; "I do believe that Tag has treed a 'coon!"

There was no doubt of the fact. On one of the straggling limbs of the tree, which stood out in the full moonlight, a 'coon could be plainly seen.

"Did yo' eber see such a dog as Tag!" shouted Early. "He 's been a tryin' to scratch up dis tree by de roots. He 's done dug holes all 'roun' it."

"I guess he 's been here all the time," said Joe.

"And what 's more," said Gilbert, "I believe that he was on the track of that 'coon when he first turned into the road and left us."

"And if we 'd followed him I guess we might have had a 'coon long ago, might n't we?" asked Walter.

"I reckon so," said Joe; "but nobody ever follows Tag."

"I s'pose it 's about time to quit preachin' and go to cuttin'," said Early. And, taking the ax from his shoulder, he began to hack away at the tree.

Tag retired to a little distance, and sat down on his haunches, apparently satisfied that he had done all that could be expected of him, and that the enterprise would now be carried on by other parties. The boys, white and negro, stood back, holding the dogs out of the way of Early's ax. In a very short time the tree came crashing down. As its top fell into the road the dogs and the hunters dashed to the spot, and the 'coon was seized almost before he touched the ground.

Then there was a lively time! The 'coon laid down on his back, spinning around like a top, and bit and clawed until the dogs became almost afraid to touch him. Tag absolutely refused to have anything to do with the fight, and Ponto, whose nose was still sore from his adventure in the creek,

was not at all anxious to have another 'coon fasten upon him, and therefore showed but little zeal in this affray.

Then Joe, who was fearful that the 'coon would spring up and get away from the dogs, ordered Early to kill him with a club, which was accordingly done.

The 'coon was hung to a pole, and the hunters started home in triumph, everybody petting and patting Tag.

"Wid Tag to tree 'em, an' a bull-pup to fight 'em," said Early to his two companions as they followed in the rear of the party, "an' me, to cut down de tree, dere would n't be no use for nobody else gwine on a 'coon hunt 'round here."

"Yo' go 'long wid yo' blowin', Uncle Early," said Elijah, contemptuously; "de tukkey-buzards 'ud frighten yo' cl'ar out de woods!"

When the hunters reached home, they found the house lighted and the family up. It was late, but nobody wanted to go to bed until the 'coon hunters returned. The 'coon was pronounced a splendid one, and Mr. Ormsley gave directions to have it carefully skinned.

"Who do you suppose really got the 'coon?" asked Joe.

"Give it up," cried everybody, anxious to know.

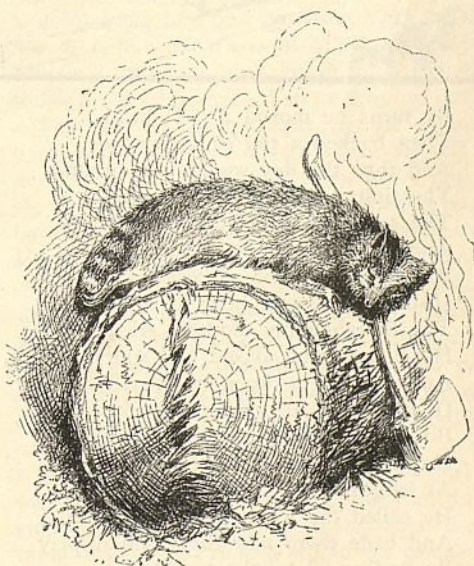
"Tag!" said Joe.

"Not Tag!" cried the girls.

"Yes, Tag!" said Gilbert.

"Tag?" ejaculated Mr. Ormsley.

And the boys, in chorus, answered: "Tag!"



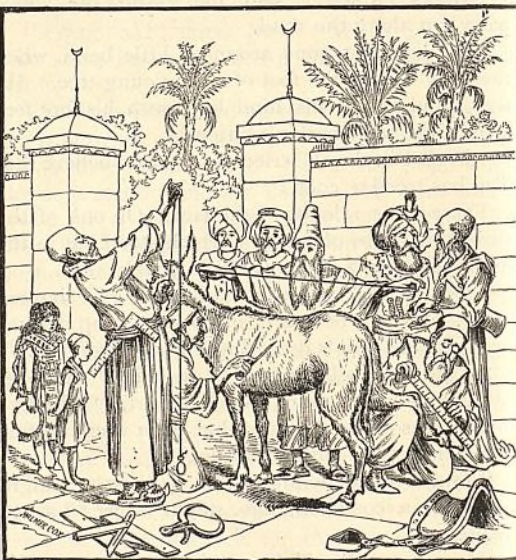
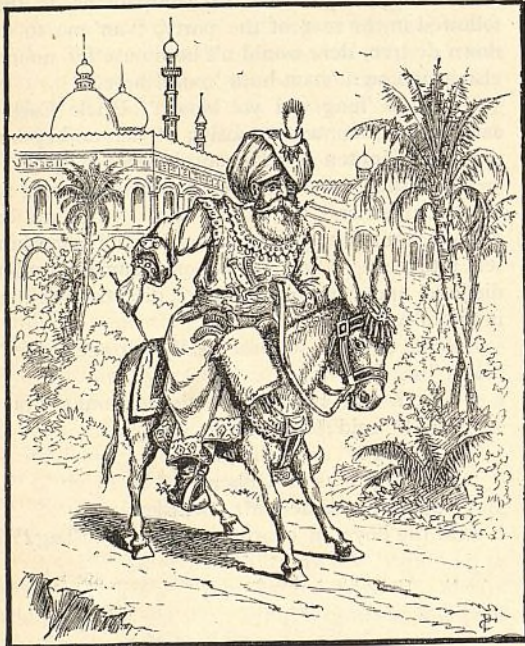


## THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

BY PALMER COX.

THERE was a Sultan of the East  
Who used to ride a stubborn beast;  
A marvel of the donkey-kind,  
That much perplexed his owner's mind.

The beast was measured o'er with care;  
They proved him by the plumb and square,  
The compass to his ribs applied,  
And every joint by rule was tried;



By turns he moved a rod ahead,  
Then backed a rod or so instead.  
And thus the day would pass around,  
The Sultan gaining little ground.  
The servants on before would stray  
And pitch their tents beside the way,  
And pass the time as best they might  
Until their master hove in sight.  
The Sultan many methods tried:  
He clicked and coaxed and spurs applied,  
And stripped a dozen trees, at least,  
Of branches, to persuade the beast.  
But all his efforts went for naught;  
No reformation could be wrought.  
At length, before the palace gate  
He called the wise men of the state,  
And bade them now their skill display  
By finding where the trouble lay.

With solemn looks and thoughts profound,  
The men of learning gathered round.



But nothing could the doctors find  
To prove he differed from his kind.  
Said they: "Your Highness! It appears  
The beast is sound from hoof to ears;



No outward blemishes we see  
To limit action fair and free.  
In view of this, the fact is plain  
The mischief lies within the brain.  
Now, we suggest, to stop his tricks,  
A sail upon his back you fix,  
Of goodly size, to catch the breeze  
And urge him forward where you please."

The Sultan well their wisdom praised.  
Two masts upon the beast were raised,  
And, schooner-rigged from head to tail,

With halliards, spanker-boom, and sail,  
In proper shape equipped was he,  
As though designed to sail the sea!

And when the Sultan next bestrode  
That beast upon a lengthy road,  
With favoring winds that whistled strong  
And swiftly urged the craft along,  
The people cleared the track with speed;  
And old and young alike agreed  
A stranger sight could not be found,  
From side to side the province round.

## THE EXTRA TRAIN.

BY YOUNG JOE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SECRET.

YOU 'D better believe I was glad when that letter came from Uncle Joe; for Mother and Father had promised me that, if I should get a good average in my marks at school, I might go and spend the vacation at Uncle Joe's. I put in and studied like a Trojan, and, at the end of the term, I stood third in my class. Jim Stearns and Wally Lyon were ahead of me; but Jim is sixteen, and Wally's mother helps him at home. At any rate, Father and Mother were satisfied, and that 's all I cared for.

But, about Uncle Joe's letter. Oh, was n't I glad! Uncle Joe is a splendid man; I was named after him, and he always calls me Young Joe. He lives in Massachusetts and is President of a Railway Company. He said in the letter that I must be sure to come, for he was going to take us young ones away somewhere to have a good time all summer.

As luck would have it, school was just over when the letter came. I was measured for a new roughing suit of clothes; Father bought me a stunning fishing-rod and tackle, and I squeezed in my baseball and bats after Mother had packed my trunk—I had to laugh when I saw how she had put all the socks and handkerchiefs in little rows and piles. I thought they would n't stay that way a great while. And right on the top of all I put the presents I bought for Cousin Hal and Susy and Baby Bunting. At last I started. I went by the Fall River boat, and Father stood on the pier waving his handkerchief until we were out of sight.

Cousin Hal met me at the train the next morning when I got out. They were all real glad to see me, and Aunt Maria had a tip-top breakfast. Hal's school had closed the day before; but Uncle Joe said we should not start off on our trip until the next week, so we should have two or three days to knock around in.

It was a great secret where we were going. Hal did n't know. Susy did n't know. And when we asked any questions Uncle Joe had a funny twinkle in his eye and Aunt Maria laughed. They said it was n't to the seaside, nor to the mountains, nor to a hotel, nor to a boarding-house, nor on a ship, nor in a tent. At last, Susy guessed "up in a balloon," and everybody laughed; but Uncle Joe shook his head again, and so we gave up guessing.

That was on Sunday night, just before we went upstairs. Hal went down, when he was half-undressed, to ask if it was in a cave; and when his father said "no," Hal said, then it could n't be anywhere. We went to bed at nine o'clock, for we were going to start early the next morning.

Hal and I were up before everybody else. We could n't eat much breakfast, in spite of all that Aunt Maria said. We had a good many things to see to. Hal was going to take his dog, Susy her canary, and Baby Bunting a pet rabbit, which we carried in a box. Uncle Joe said it was a regular menagerie.

We went down to the depot in two carriages, with a lumber wagon behind to carry all the baggage. We had hardly got there, when the train came along. We had a whole car to ourselves, and, as Uncle Joe is the President, of course we were "passed," and the conductor did n't come around to take our tickets. So Hal made believe



he was the conductor, and put a badge on his hat and went up and down the aisle, calling out at every step, "Tickets, please!" and Baby Bunting gave him a bit of card, and it tickled Baby Bunting 'most to death.

We went through a good many towns and places, but we did n't stop, except once to "water up." It was past noon when all at once we "slowed up," in a wild sort of place out in the woods, and pretty soon we began to back. We backed and backed as much as a quarter of a mile, on a side track, until we came to a place that was all woods on one side and clear, open fields upon the other; and then we stopped. We asked Uncle Joe what it meant, but he told us to keep still and we should see very soon; and then he got up and went out and talked with the engineer and brakemen. We could n't hear what they said, but pretty soon the engine went off and left us. We told Aunt Maria, and she laughed again, but said nothing.

By and by, Uncle Joe came back and said: "Now, youngsters, come with me!"

We all jumped up and followed him in Indian file. He went out and unlocked the door of the next car and told us to go in. We rushed past him into the car and stopped, and all cried:

"Oh!"

What do you think it was? Why, the car was made into a parlor—not a Pullman palace-car, but a regular parlor, such as we have at home. All the seats had been taken out, there was a carpet on the floor, there were the sofa and easy chairs from Aunt Maria's room put around the wall, there was the piano at one side, there was a center-table and some shelving for books, just like a room at home.

We asked Uncle Joe lots of questions, but he only smiled and again said: "Come along!" and went on to the next car. Then we all shouted again, for that was fixed up for three sleeping-rooms: one for Uncle Joe and Aunt Maria, at one end, a little one in the middle for Susy and Baby Bunting, and then one at the other end for Hal and me. There were six little iron beds, and all the rooms were divided off with heavy curtains, and there were funny little wash-stands, and combs and brushes, and lots of nails to hang our clothes on, and it was just the jolliest thing you ever saw!

Then Uncle Joe led us into the next car, and there was a dining-room—a large table in the middle, a lot of chairs, and a cupboard up in the corner with plenty of crockery.

As soon as we saw that, we all clapped our hands and cried out:

"Oh! now we know the secret: we are going to live in the cars all summer!"

Uncle Joe smiled and looked at Aunt Maria.

"But where 's the kitchen?" cried Susy. "Are we going to cook out-of-doors?"

Uncle Joe did n't answer, but went to the door and beckoned, and there was another car! And when we went in, we found it was a splendid kitchen, and there sat our own cook and second girl from home, laughing and kind of blushing to see us rush in. They had a nice little bed-room partitioned off for them at the further end of the car, but when Aunt Maria asked them how they liked it, we all laughed to hear the cook answer:

"Shure, 't is very nate an' foine ma'am, but we 'd he shcared out of our lives wid the wild bastes an' Injuns."

"Now, pickaninnies," said Uncle Joe, when we went out, "this is to be your home for the summer!"

We shouted with delight, Hal and I threw up our hats, Susy danced a little jig, Baby Bunting flourished his fat little arms, and altogether we made so much noise that Aunt Maria begged us to stop.

"This is to be our summer home," said Uncle Joe, again. "And now the question is, what shall we call it?"

"Let 's call it 'The Sportsman's Bower,'" cried Hal, thinking of his gun and fishing-rod.

"Or 'The Huntsman's Haunt,'" said I.

"Or 'The Railroad Ranch,'" cried Susy.

"Or 'The Traveling Troupe,'" said Hal.

"Or 'The Roving Roost,'" said I.

"Why not call it what it is?" asked Uncle Joe—"The Extra Train."

We all thought that would be first-rate, and said: "Yes, let 's have that!"

"Very well," said Uncle Joe. "I will have a sign painted, and send it down to-morrow when Bo's'n comes with the horse."

"Is Bo's'n coming?—and the horse, too? Oh, what fun!" cried Susy.

"Yes," said Uncle Joe.

"Where will they stay? There is n't any stable," suggested Hal.

"We shall have to build one," said his father.

"Let 's go out now and choose a spot."

We all went out and jumped off the car, and then we saw what a beautiful place we were in. It was very high ground. There was a mountain not very far off on one side, and a little lake quite near on the other. There was a splendid view; we could see miles and miles away. There were ever so many hills,—big hills, too,—and lots of towns and villages 'way, 'way off in the distance, so that we could just see the spires of the churches—oh, I can't tell you how grand it was!

Uncle Joe told us that the track we were on ran about a quarter of a mile farther to a gravel-pit,



but that it had not been used for several years and we should not be disturbed. He said, also, that the cars were old cars that the company did n't want any more, and that's how he came to take them. The engineer and brakemen had blocked the wheels tight before they went away, so that we could n't move. The track was not sandy as most railway tracks are, but the grass came clear up to the rails, and the blackberry vines ran all over the sleepers in some places.

We hunted around for a spot in which to build the stable, and Uncle Joe at last picked out one in a little clump of trees, at one side of the big open

measured off and arranged, Aunt Maria came out to join us, and we played all the afternoon.

After that there was the prettiest sunset I ever saw: the lake was all gold and the mountain deep purple. But it seemed sort of solemn and dreary at first, when the night came on, there were so many queer sounds. For, besides the crickets and tree-toads, there were lots of whippoorwills and something else, now and then, that Uncle Joe said was a screech-owl. I could n't help thinking then of what the cook had said about the "wild bastes an' Injuns," but I did n't say anything to Hal about it, for he would have laughed at me.



THE STOPPING-PLACE OF THE EXTRA TRAIN.

place. We left him drawing plans upon a piece of paper while we ran and capered all over the wide green pasture, which we named "The Field," playing "Tag" and "Gule" and "Leap-frog," till all at once Aunt Maria came out of the dining-room car and stood on the steps ringing a big bell. We wondered what it was for, but when we went in we saw a splendid dinner ready, set just as it is at home. We were glad to see it, too, for we were pretty hungry by that time.

After dinner, Uncle Joe said we should go out and pitch the lawn-tent and set up the croquet wickets. We found a fine place, and after we had got it

We forgot about the woods pretty quickly when we went in; for Aunt Maria had the big astral lamp lighted on the center-table, and we had games, and some music on the piano, and then we thought it was great fun going to bed in those droll little beds and bed-rooms. We knew nothing after that until old Meg, the cook, rang a tremendous big bell for us to get up in the morning.

We did n't know where we were at first, but we soon were dressed and out. And, oh, you never saw anything so fresh and sweet as the woods were, nor heard such a racket as the birds made!

We had breakfast pretty early, because Uncle



Joe was going away. We went with him down to the main track; he shook his handkerchief when the train came along, and the engineer, who was on the lookout, stopped and took him up.

That afternoon a car was switched off upon our track by the "up" freight-train, with two carpenters and a lot of lumber on it. The carpenters went right to work building the stable. It was a rough-looking little shed when it was done, but it was nice and warm inside, and it was hidden by the trees, so its looks did n't matter. The carpenters staid two days, and did a lot of little jobs for Aunt Maria; they made some steps to go up into the cars by, for the car-steps were too high to be easy; then they made some benches to put around in "The Field," where Aunt Maria could come and sit to see us play, and where we could sit when we were tired.

The day after the stable was done, Bo's'n came with the horse. We were awful glad to see him. You ought to have seen how he grinned when he saw the stable and we told him about naming "The Extra Train." Bo's'n is a real good-natured fellow; he is as strong as a giant, almost, and knows how to do everything. His name is n't really Bo's'n, you know—it is George Latham; but we call him Bo's'n because he was once a real boatswain on a great ship. He said he would show Hal and me how to snare rabbits and partridges in the woods, and teach us to swim and dive and float and a lot of things.

Aunt Maria said she felt more "to rights" after the carpenters had gone and Bo's'n had come; for she confessed she had been a little afraid, before, though Hal said she need n't have been, for he had his shot-gun.

Bo's'n found a splendid spring in the woods, and used to bring the water every day in big buckets. Then he found an old grass-grown road by which we could drive the horse and carriage out to the highway; and then we used to take a long ride all 'round the country every day.

Uncle Joe came down 'most every night, and always brought a big basket of things from the city. That makes me think I have n't told you how we did our marketing.

Why, the morning train used to stop and drop it off, in a big market-basket, two or three times a week, and Bo's'n was down there to get it. The engineer soon knew the spot, and used to give us a salute whenever he went by—a kind of "toot, toot!" on the steam-whistle. We liked to hear it, but I guess the passengers in the cars thought it was funny.

Saturday night an engine came down late on purpose to bring Uncle Joe, who had been kept by business too late to take the cars. Then Aunt

Maria said, as long as the engine was there, she wanted the cars shifted so as to put the sleeping-car at the farther end from the kitchen, which was a good deal better; for then we did n't have to go through "the sleeper" to get to the dining-room.

You know now, pretty well, what sort of a place we lived in, and so I'll go on and tell you some of our adventures.

## CHAPTER II.

### "JIM CROW."

AFTER the first week, we felt just as much at home on "The Extra Train" as in our own houses. Our papers and letters were thrown out of the cars every day by the expressman, in a little canvas bag, and Hal and I went down the first thing in the morning to get it.

Uncle Joe took us down to the lake one day, and picked out the very prettiest boat there, and hired it for the season. Her name was "Undine," and she was the fastest boat on the lake. Bo's'n rather turned up his nose at her, at first, I think, and said:

"She's all well enough, p'r'aps, for *fresh* water."

She was nothing but a row-boat, of course, but he fixed her up with a cat-rigging and we used to have some jolly sails in her.

Aunt Maria said it was a sweet little lake; and so it was; and not so very little, for it was six miles long. We used to go fishing 'most every day, at first; we caught perch and horn-pouts, and, now and then, a pickerel. We took Baby Bunting one day, and he actually caught a fish—a funny little flat fish—and pulled it in with his own fat little hands, and his eyes stuck out of his head, almost.

He took such care of that fish! He wrapped it up in a piece of paper, he put it in his pocket, he carried it home, and took it to bed with him, and cried as if his heart would break, next day, when Aunt Maria said it must be thrown away. But he stopped crying when we promised to get him some more. And so we did; we made a little aquarium out in a hollow rock, and put in two or three little fishes; but they did n't thrive, for Baby Bunting would take them out and nurse them every day, and squeeze them affectionately in his fat little fists.

But speaking about the boat makes me think of the first scrape we got into; and it *was* a scrape, I tell you. Everybody was scared 'most to death for a while. This is the way it happened:

Aunt Maria said, the day before Hal's birthday, that we should have a huckleberry pudding next day for dinner if we would go and pick the berries.

Of course we were glad enough to do that; so,



in the afternoon, Hal and Susy and I set out to go to the hills. But, after we had gone about half a mile, Hal stopped, all of a sudden, and said he remembered seeing lots of huckleberries over on Crow Island, and we 'd better go there.

Crow Island is the biggest island in the lake, and it got its name from always having flocks of crows flying and cawing 'round it.

We thought it would be ever so much more fun to go to the island; so we got the "Undine" and rowed over. We found lots of berries, and picked our baskets heaping full. It was nearly sundown when we started to come home. We were just getting into the boat, when Susy pointed to a large pine tree, not far away, in which the crows were making a great noise. We went 'round to see what it was, and discovered a big crow's nest near the top.

"I 'll bet there are some young ones up there!" I said.

"Come on, let 's go up, then!" cried Hal. "It would be 'such fun to have a young crow; we 'd teach him to talk."

Without another word we both started up the tree; it was pretty hard climbing, and when we got about half way up the old crows began making a horrible noise over our heads. But we climbed on, up and up, until we were within reach of the nest. There it was, sure enough, so full of young birds that it was a wonder some of them did n't tumble out.

The old crows made a great fight, and darted right at our faces. Hal said he was afraid they 'd pick out our eyes; and so was I. Worse than that, we were up so very high that I was dizzy and my knees shook like everything. I kept hold, though, like grim Death. Hal shouted:

"Brace right up, now, and don't go flunking!"

And I did n't. He kept the old ones off by fighting them with his hat, while I grabbed a fine young crow, and we scrambled down. I did n't dare to look below, for I thought I should fall every minute; and that young varmint of a crow—my goodness, did n't he caw and kick, though! He opened his mouth as if he were going to swallow me, tree and all. He knew he was being kidnapped, I can tell you.

But Hal and I did n't feel guilty, for we knew we were going to civilize that crow, and give him the advantage of an education; and then, if he wanted to, he could go back as a missionary to the other crows, you know. Any way, we got down with him all right, and now begins the scrape.

Just as we reached the ground we heard a cry from Susy. We ran toward the lake, and what do you think? There was the boat, with Susy in it, out in the deep water, half a dozen rods from the shore, and Susy herself, with one of the

oars, was paddling for dear life, and all the time only making the boat go 'round and 'round in a circle! She was so scared, when she first found herself floating away from shore, that she had lost overboard the other oar.

This was a pretty pickle; for Hal and I could only swim a few strokes then, and of course we could n't go 'way out there in that deep water. We made believe not to be scared, but we were; for the night was coming on, and we were left alone upon the island without any way of getting off. And there was the boat, with poor Susy in it, crying as if her heart would break, floating off toward the farther end of the lake, from which she would have to walk miles and miles through the woods to get home. Besides all that, we knew Aunt Maria would be frightened within an inch of her life.

We shouted to Susy not to be afraid, but to sit still in the boat, and she would float ashore; and then Hal and I began calling and shouting and hooting, in the hope that somebody would hear us. And soon we were both as hoarse as frogs. But of course Aunt Maria thought we had gone toward the mountain, and she would hunt in that direction first, when she missed us.

But all this time poor Susy kept floating farther and farther off, until she looked like a big speck on the water, and the light was fading fast.

At last, we saw somebody moving on the shore. We both tried to shout, but we were too hoarse to shout loudly.

Then what do you s'pose we did?—why, Hal stripped off his shirt, and we tied it to a tall pole by the sleeves, so as to make a white flag; and we waved it back and forth, taking turns at it, until our arms ached.

Pretty soon we heard a voice calling. We tried to answer, but we could n't make much of a noise; so we kept on waving the shirt.

By and by the voice came nearer, but the evening was becoming so dark that we could n't see anything plainly. In a few minutes we heard the splashing of oars, and then came Bo's'n's voice calling us by name. We managed to make him hear us this time; and, when he came up to the rock where we were, we both leaped into the boat and almost hugged him, we were so glad. He had brought along Tearer, Hal's dog, who nearly ate us up with delight, just as if he understood all about the scrape we had been in.

When we told Bo's'n about Susy, he seemed a little scared at first; but in a minute he said:

"Never you fear, she 's all right; we 'll git her—but we must give your ma the signal first; she 's over there on the shore, an' she 's e'en a'most crazy. I told her, ef 't was all right I 'd signal."

And striking a match as he spoke, he lighted a



lantern in the bottom of the boat and swung it 'round his head three times.

"There; that 'll ease *her* mind, I reckon, an' now we 'll go after the little one!"

With that, he just "lay to" the oars, as he called it, and made the boat almost fly through the water

would reach the other end of the lake. *We* thought he had made a mistake in changing his course, but he only said:

"Now, you jest leave this 'ere to me, boys; you jest leave this 'ere to me."

By and by, we saw the dark shadow of the woods on shore. We all shouted:

"Susy! Susy!"

But not a sound came back excepting a kind of echo from the woods. I kept swinging the lantern all the time, Hal was frightened nearly out of his wits, and Tearer barked like a good fellow.

Hal and I were going to get out, but Bo's'n stopped us. He said we could hunt better in the boat than on shore.

Then he rowed along shore, keeping well in, and pretty soon we saw some object in the bushes. We rowed up, and there, sure enough, was the "Undine," but — *she was empty!*

Oh, how scared Hal and I were! We could hardly breathe at first, and I felt all kind of hollow inside. We thought Susy was drowned, but Bo's'n kept saying:

"Don't you be scared a bit; set right still here in the boat! I 'll find her."

He jumped out, and called the dog. Tearer went bounding into the woods, and we could hear him, for a little while, racing back and forth, this way and that, trying to find the scent. In a few minutes the sound of Bo's'n's footsteps and the barking both died away, and it was terribly still and dark and lonely.

We waited and waited and waited, it seemed as if 't was almost a year, and by and by, after a long, long time, we heard a shout; then Tearer's bark; then the crackling of the bushes, and pretty soon out came Bo's'n with Susy in his arms. He came right on board, took off his coat and wrapped her in it, and put her down on the seat between Hal and me.

She acted in a very funny way, at first; she laughed one minute and she cried the next, her teeth chattered, and she shivered all over. Bo's'n said he guessed she'd got "the histrikes" slightly, but she'd get over *them* quick enough when she got back to her ma.

We did n't lose much time in getting home, you can imagine, and there was poor Aunt Maria waiting on the shore in the greatest fright. I expected she would scold Hal and me, but she did n't; she hugged us and kissed us and called us her dear children, and took us home and gave us a splendid supper, and was as kind as ever she could be. And she has never said a word about it since, nor forbidden us to go again, nor anything of the sort.

And I guess that was the best way, for Hal and



"HAL KEPT THE OLD ONES OFF BY FIGHTING THEM WITH HIS HAT."

in the direction we showed him. Now and then he stopped and wet his finger, and stuck it up in the air to see which way the wind blew. Then he would change his course and row harder than before. Hal and I were so anxious, that we did n't say much; but we kept a sharp lookout, and every now and then I swung the lantern. It seemed as if Bo's'n had rowed a tremendous distance, and that he never



I felt as bad as we could, any way, and I think it would have been a sort of relief to be scolded. Instead of that, Aunt Maria was so awful good to us that it cut us up worse than ever.

And that was our first regular scrape, but I forgot to tell one thing. After we had reached home and we stood shivering around the fire, Aunt Maria said to me suddenly:

"Why, my dear, what 's that you have in your hand?"

I looked down, and there was the poor little crow which I had tied up in my handkerchief and carried all the time, without ever knowing it. He was all alive and well, in spite of what he had been through. We called him "Jim," in honor of the renowned "Jim Crow." We taught him a good many tricks and he grew up to be a wonderful bird—I wish I had time to tell you some of the funny things he did.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN.

Now I must tell you about our trip up the mountain, for that was rather an exciting event; at least, we thought so.

We had been waiting ever so long to go, so, at last, Aunt Maria said one evening that we should start the next morning. It was a splendid day. We had an early breakfast. Aunt Maria packed a big basket with luncheon, and Bo's'n drove us over to the Mountain House, a hotel right at the foot of the mountain, where we left the carriage.

There was a good path, so we thought there was no danger of losing the way, and it was easy going, at first. Bo's'n carried Baby Bunting, and Hal and I carried the hamper. But, pretty soon, the way became steeper, and it got to be awfully hot. We all sat down in a shady place to get cool. We were so thirsty that we almost choked. While we sat there groaning for a drink, all at once Tearer, who had been dashing about in the woods, came rushing up to us.

"There! There! See that! He 's found it!" shouted Bo's'n, and pointed at Tearer's feet.

We looked, and, sure enough, his feet were all wet. Then Hall and I jumped up, took a pail and went hunting about in the woods with him; and there, about half a dozen rods from the path, we found a splendid brook.

The water was as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. We took back a pail of it. Aunt Maria said it was the best water she had ever tasted, and that we must stop there on the way down, to get another drink.

Now, just that one remark of Aunt Maria's was

the cause of all the trouble that happened to us, and a pretty muddle it was.

We went on up to the top, and there we met a delicious breeze, as cool as could be, and saw the view—only there was so much of it that, of course, we could n't half see it.

Hal said he wished he had eyes like telescopes, and Aunt Maria said she would be a fairy god-mother for once, and gratify his wish. Then she smiled and said: "Presto—change!" and pulled a big spy-glass out of the basket. We took turns looking through it. It was funny to see Baby Bunting—he always shut up the wrong eye.

By and by we had luncheon, and when we were rested we started down. After a while, Aunt Maria and Susy wanted to sit down. Bo's'n said he "guessed he 'd keep right on, and have the carriage ready for us when we got down." So off he went, with Baby Bunting on his shoulder.

Susy became so tired that Aunt Maria had to stop pretty often for her to rest, so Hal and I ran ahead. When we came to the place where the spring was, we remembered what Aunt Maria had said, so we struck into the woods to go over there, thinking she would stop when they came along.

Hal and I took a drink, and then went to work building a little dam, expecting every minute to hear Aunt Maria. We waited ever so long and did n't hear her, and so we filled our pail and came out upon the path. Aunt and Susy were n't there, and so we sat down and waited another long while, but still they did n't come. Then we thought perhaps they had gone past, and we hurried on.

After we 'd gone about half a mile, we found in the path a whistle that I had made for Susy; then we knew they must be ahead, and ran as fast as we could to catch them.

Pretty soon, we came to a place where the path branched off in two directions, which we had n't noticed in going up. Hal and I took the left-hand path, which turned out to be right. We hurried down to the hotel, and there was Bo's'n and baby sitting in the carriage, but they had n't seen a sign of Aunt Maria. Then we knew right off that they must have taken the wrong path and gone astray.

We did n't wait a minute, but just turned 'round and cut right back. It was a pretty good distance, but it did n't take us long. It 's funny that we did n't think of taking "Tearer," but we did n't; we left him behind in the carriage. We ran along the right-hand path, calling and whistling as loudly as we could, until pretty soon the path branched off again. Then we did n't know what to do. At last we agreed that Hal should go one way and I the other, and come back to that spot to meet.

And now the muddle begins: Aunt Maria and Susy came out upon some road at the foot of the



mountain, where they met a farmer driving along in an old-fashioned wagon, and he told them they were several miles away from the hotel, so they hired him to drive them around.

But, meantime, Bo's'n thought something must have happened to us, and so he tied the horse and left Baby Bunting in the carriage, with Tearer to watch him, and he started off up the mountain to find us.

Then Baby Bunting got lonesome without any of us, and he got out of the carriage and went wandering about, crying, until a lady found him and took him up to her room at the hotel; but all he could tell was that his name was Baby Bunting, and he lived on "The Extra Train"—which was n't very clear to the lady.

Then Aunt Maria drove up and found the empty carriage, and was dreadfully frightened. She asked if anybody had seen a small child and a man and two boys. Nobody had seen the two boys and the child, but a man told her that he had seen Bo's'n get out of the carriage and start off up the mountain a few minutes before. Then Aunt Maria hired the man to go with her, and she started off up the mountain again.

Now to come back to myself: After I had followed my path a long way, and found it end in a swamp, I went back to wait for Hal at the spot appointed.

He did n't come, but while I was waiting, Bo's'n came up and found me; we stuck a note into the tree for Hal and started back. We met Aunt Maria and the man. Then Aunt Maria and I went back toward the carriage, and sent Bo's'n and the man to find Hal.

After Bo's'n had told Aunt Maria that he had left Baby Bunting in the carriage alone, you can imagine she did n't think of anything but finding the Baby. We ran 'most all the way back. And then, lo and behold! Susy was gone, too! Aunt Maria had left her in the carriage and charged her not to stir.

It seemed as if everybody was bewitched.

I thought Aunt Maria would faint away, she was so tired and excited. But it turned out all right: somebody had told Susy that her little brother was in the hotel, and she had gone in to see; and while Aunt Maria stood there so bewildered, they both came out on the piazza, and how they *did* run when they saw her!

Then I wanted to go off after Bo's'n and Hal, but Aunt Maria would n't let me. She said she had had Box-and-Cox enough. So we got into the carriage and waited; and pretty soon up came Hal from just the opposite direction that we expected, and after a long time poor Bo's'n came back with Tearer; and how he did grin when he saw us all seated in the carriage.

It was long after dark when we got back to "The Extra Train," and found the two servant girls scared half to death at being left alone. And what do you think they said? Why, that Uncle Joe had come home and got alarmed about us, and he had started off toward the mountain to find us. Aunt Maria dropped into a chair and gasped out:

"Oh, dear, this caps the climax!"

Bo's'n stood there looking dreadfully sorry for a minute; then all at once he brightened up and said:

"I've got it! I'll fetch him; never you fear, marm!"

Then he ran out to the stable. Hal and I wondered what he was going to do, but we were so tired we did n't follow.

In a minute there was a tremendous rushing noise outside, and we ran to the window and saw what it was.

Bo's'n had set off a sky-rocket!

We had a half-dozen left from the "Fourth," and Bo's'n set off three—one after another. Sure enough, it did the business! Uncle Joe saw them, and knew we must have got home and that the signal was meant for him, so he came hurrying back, just in time to eat supper with us.

Aunt Maria said it seemed as if she was never so glad in her life, and that she had had enough of climbing mountains; that mountains were made to look at, but not to climb.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE CANADIANS.

THE days went by, and we had lived a good while without anybody having come near us, so we never thought of there being any danger. We had no neighbors, you know, and folks could n't see us from the road. We were so hidden among the trees that they never suspected any one was living there. We used to play all around where we liked, and Aunt Maria used to go away to spend the day whenever she wanted, without worrying about us.

But at last we had our eyes opened. We had a visit that we did n't forget. Hal and I used to read Walter Scott's novels, and wished there were castles nowadays and we could be in one just once, when it was besieged. We never thought our wishes would be granted. But they were. And this is the way it happened:

One fine day, just after dinner, Aunt Maria took Susy and started off for a town seven or eight miles away, to do some shopping. Bo's'n went with them to drive. The two servant girls had



done up their work and gone off for a walk in the woods. Hal and I were out in the field. I was painting the hull of a little ship we had been making for Baby Bunting, and Hal was fixing the rigging in a way that Bo's'n had showed him. Baby was inside, taking his afternoon nap on the parlor sofa, and Tearer was lying on the floor by his side.

It was just as still as it could be. The birds had stopped singing, because it was so warm, and there was n't any noise except the rustling of the trees and now and then a squirrel whistling in the woods.

All at once, Hal started up and said:

"What's that?"

We listened, and heard a furious crackling of dead branches in the woods, as if some one was running, and in a minute more out rushed our two girls, with their faces as white as a sheet. Hal and I sprang up and asked what was the matter. They could scarcely speak, at first, but they managed to stammer out:

"Ugh, ugh! Run, Misther Hal! Run, both o' yeess!"

"What is it?"

"Oh, they 're comin'. They 'll kill us—they 'll murder us, and ate us!"

"Who?"

"Thim wild Injuns;—the woods is full of 'em! Quick! quick! Get into the kairs, like foine byes, now—they wont lave a stitch of flesh on yer bones, av they onct lay hands on yeess!"

Hal and I began to laugh at this wild story, but just then there was a sound of trampling in the woods, coming toward us, and we scrambled into the cars. Hal darted into the kitchen after the girls, and I was going to follow, but I happened to think of Baby Bunting, and rushed into the parlor-car.

Luckily, the two other cars were well locked. The girls always locked up the dining-room, between meals, on account of the silver, and Aunt Maria had locked "the sleeper" before she went.

As soon as I had got in and locked both doors of the car, I stuck my head out of the window to see what it was. But I popped it in again as quick as a flash; for there, close to us, was a party of rough-looking men coming through the trees. Then I ran and pulled down all the blinds, so that they could n't see into the car.

They came up and stared and stared all 'round "The Extra Train." They could n't make it out. I could see them, as plain as could be, through the shutters. They were about as dark as Indians, but they were n't Indians. I did n't know what they were until I thought all at once of what Bo's'n had said about there being a party of Canadians

encamped somewhere about the lake. I knew then it must be they.

They were rough, loaferish men, and I did n't like the looks of them at all. I wished I were in the same car with Hal. I wondered what he was doing. All the time, though, I kept a sharp watch on the Canadians. There were three middle-aged men and one young man.

Pretty soon they came up the steps and tried the door. Tearer jumped up; I grabbed him and stuffed my cap in his mouth to keep him from barking. But he is n't a barking dog. He does n't usually waste breath in barking; but when there 's any danger he takes right hold. And so, when I saw him get up and go to the door and stand there so still, with the shaggy hair bristling up all over his neck, I did n't feel quite so scared.

The Canadians tried hard to get in. They shook the door; they dashed against it and they tried their best; but it was too strong for them. Then they went around and clambered up to look through the windows; but the blinds were shut, so they could n't see anything. I kept whispering to Tearer all the time, to keep him from growling. I thought perhaps if they did n't hear nor see anybody they might go away.

All at once the fellow at the window up with his fist and hit the pane a rousing crack. It was very thick glass and it did n't break, but I knew it would n't stand many such knocks as that. Just as he lifted up his fist to strike again, and I began to wonder what I should do, there was the sound of a gun, and the man jumped down to the ground like lightning.

I knew in a minute it was Hal, and I wanted to hurrah and clap my hands. He had opened the window and fired his shot-gun. I guess the Canadians were well scared, for they ran up to my end of the train, all four of them, and stood there under my windows, jabbering a lot of gibberish and looking around with an ugly scowl.

Just then I happened to see our little brass cannon under a chair in the corner. I knew it was loaded; we always kept it loaded—but only with powder, of course—so as to be ready for a salute.

I picked it up, put it on a little table close to one of the windows, raised the sash softly, and *bang!* it went, right over their heads!

I thought they would all jump out of their skins! I giggled right out, but they did n't hear me; they ran, as tight as they could go, across the field, over by the stable, and hid in the bushes.

The cannon waked Baby Bunting, and he began to cry. I had to quiet him, and by that time the Canadians had rallied, and began to throw big stones to break the glass.



Crash! crash! went two of the windows in a twinkling. I began to be afraid again.

I saw two of them go creeping off through the woods, and I knew they meant some mischief. I was afraid they meant to set fire to the train.

Hal shot off his gun again, but I had no more powder.

The Canadians kept well behind the trees, which showed they were afraid; but now and then one threw a stone. Luckily, they were a good way off.

At last, when I was just beginning to hope they had got tired and gone away, I heard a queer little noise under the train. In a minute more, we began to move. Then I knew what they had done: they had taken the blocks away from the wheels and pushed until they had set the car in motion. I was awfully scared at this; for it was a down grade clear to the main track, and if the train once got going I knew we could never stop it. Besides, it was 'most time for the regular express up-train, which would surely run into us and smash us all to atoms.

back, and there were two of the Canadians running across the field with Tearer at their heels. They disappeared in the woods. Hal loaded his gun with some more powder, and we went across toward the stable.

Somehow we were n't so afraid now we had seen them run.

We heard a tremendous tussle going on in the woods. We hurried up, and when we got into the edge of the woods we found that Tearer had put the whole of them to flight!

He had seized one by the coat-tail, and the fellow just slipped out of the coat and ran for his life.

Then Tearer pulled another down, and was just going to spring upon him, when another Canadian came up with a big club and cracked Tearer over the head.

Then Tearer turned upon him, and the first one got up and ran like a deer. The fellow with the club fought like a tiger for a few minutes, but at last he dropped his stick and darted up a tree.

Tearer flew after him, growling furiously, but the



THE EXTRA TRAIN IS BESIEGED.

That made me really desperate. I did n't wait another instant, but opened the door and sprang out on the platform, yelling like a Mohawk. Hal came out of his car the same minute. I set Tearer on the Canadians and we both sprang to the brakes.

As soon as we had stopped the train we looked

Canadian managed to draw himself up to a big limb, out of the way. Then Tearer sat down at the foot of that tree and held him prisoner. The fellow shouted to us, and talked a lot of gibberish, but we could n't understand him. We went up and patted Tearer on the head and pointed to the



man, and told him not to let his prisoner escape, and we knew he would n't.

When we got back to the train, there was the carriage, and there was Aunt Maria hugging Baby Bunting and listening to the story which the two girls were telling of the "wild Injuns."

Hal and I made believe 't was n't much of anything, so as not to scare Aunt Maria; but we told Bo's'n about the man in the tree, and he slipped out there to look at him, as soon as he had put up the horse. He patted Tearer, and nodded his head, and muttered:

"We 've got *you* trapped, my fine feller!"

We expected Uncle Joe early that afternoon, and he came just at sundown. We took him out to the barn and told him all about the whole affair, and how the tramp was "treed."

Uncle Joe flared up like gunpowder. He said things had come to a pretty pass if folks could n't be safe from savages in New England, by this time. He said he would send those fellows packing that very night, and told Bo's'n to harness up the horse right away.

Then he went out into the woods where Tearer was still keeping the man prisoner in the tree. Uncle Joe called the dog off, and told the man to come down.

At first the man was n't going to, but Uncle Joe has an air of authority about him,—he is used to commanding men,—and he put on a stern look which the man did n't dare disobey. So at last he came sneaking down, and Uncle Joe marched him back to the stable, and made him get into the wagon. Then Uncle Joe got in, took the reins, and drove away.

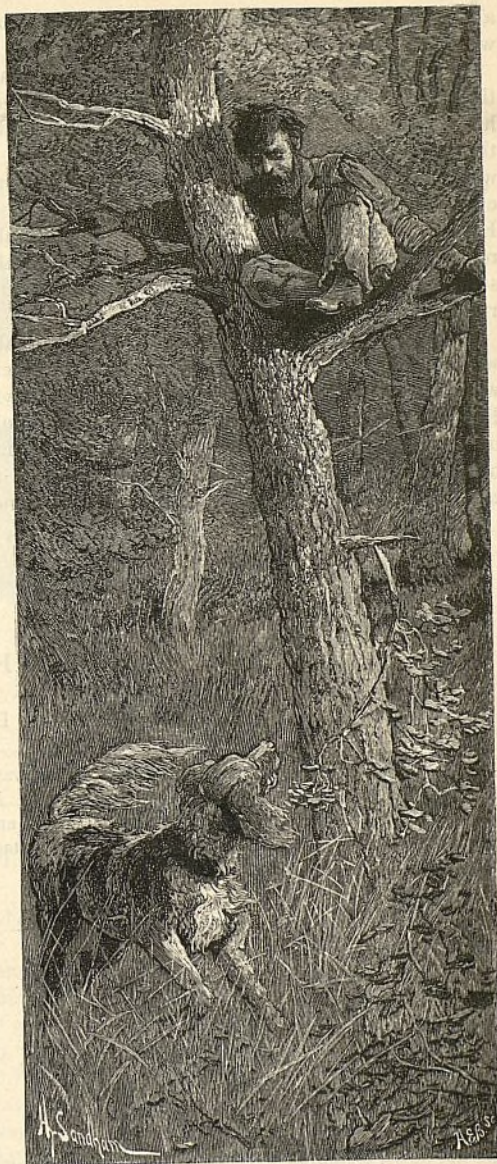
It was about an hour before dark. They drove a couple of miles over to where one of the selectmen of the town lived.

Uncle Joe got him, and then they went and hunted up the Canadians in their camp down by the lake, made them pack up their duds in their old tumble-down wagons, and clear off out of the town. Uncle Joe and the selectman followed them for several miles and threatened to arrest them if they were ever seen in those parts again.

And now my story draws to a close. There are a great many things more I should like to tell, but I guess you must be tired by this time. The summer was 'most gone, and there were only a few more days left of vacation—but I must tell you about the end of it, for that was real funny—the funniest of the whole, I think, and makes it all seem now, to look back upon, almost like a fairy story.

We had had a splendid time. We were awfully sorry to go home; we knew, of course, we should

VOL. IX.—45.



"TEARER HELD HIM PRISONER."

have to go pretty soon, but we did n't ask any questions—we did n't like to think about it. Uncle Joe and Aunt Maria had n't said anything, either, but at last, one evening,—it was Friday night, I remember,—Uncle Joe went out to the door, about nine o'clock, and came back pretty soon saying he guessed it was going to rain, and we'd better get our playthings in.

We were in the midst of a game of "Logomachy," 'round the parlor table; but we jumped up and went out, and got in all our traps. It was real cloudy, and we thought Uncle Joe was right



about the rain, and never suspected anything, but went to bed as innocent as lambs.

But were n't we astonished in the morning, though? I waked up pretty early; I had been having dreams of rolling off a precipice and flying through the air, and lots of disagreeable things. I went to the window and looked out, rubbed my eyes, looked again, turned around and stared at Hal, rubbed my head, looked again, and finally roared out to Hal to get up and see what under the sun was the matter. He came to the window and rubbed *his* eyes.

What do you suppose it was? Why, the lake was gone, the mountain had disappeared, and there we were standing in the midst of a strange town. Finally, Aunt Maria came in laughing, and told us we were half way home: that Uncle Joe had ordered a locomotive to come up on purpose to take us, that we had started very early so as not

to interfere with the regular trains, that we were "watering up," now, and should go on in a minute, and, finally, that it was time for us to get up, for breakfast was almost ready.

We hurried, and were ready in less than no time. It seemed queer enough to be sitting there, the whole family about the breakfast-table, as comfortable as could be, while the cars were flying along like the wind.

When we arrived at our own station and got up to go, it almost seemed like leaving home. We all felt rather down in the mouth, I guess; but, just as we alighted on the platform, something happened that made us all laugh.

A man with a big carpet-bag, bundle, and umbrella came rushing up to Uncle Joe, all out of breath, and asked: "What train is this?"

"This," said Uncle Joe, with a twinkle in his eye, "this, sir, is 'The Extra Train.'"

## THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

BY A. L. A. SMITH.

"At the battle of Jena, when the Prussian army was routed, the Queen, mounted on a superb charger, remained on the field attended by three or four of her escort. A band of hussars seeing her, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group, and pursued her all the way to Weimar. Had not the horse which her majesty rode possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would infallibly have been captured."

### I.

FAIR Queen, away! To thy charger speak—  
A band of hussars thy capture seek.  
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way.  
Speak—speak to thy charger without delay;

They 're nigh.

Behold! They come at a break-neck pace—  
A smile triumphant illumines each face.  
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race—  
To Weimar for safety—fly!

### II.

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash—  
Over the field like the lightning's flash—  
Fled.

Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,  
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,  
The Queen and her enemies thundering go—  
On toward Weimar they sped.

### III.

The royal courser is swift and brave,  
And his royal rider he strives to save—  
But no!

"*Vive l'empereur!*" rings sharp and clear;  
She turns and is startled to see them so near,  
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear  
And away he bounds like a roe.

### IV.

He speeds as tho' on the wings of the wind.  
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.

No more

She fears, tho' each trooper grasps his reins,  
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs, and strains,  
For ride as they may, her steed still gains  
And Weimar is just before.

### V.

Safe! The clatter now fainter grows;  
She sees in the distance her laboring foes.  
The gates of the fortress stand open wide  
To welcome the German nation's bride  
So dear.

With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,  
And the gates at once on her enemies close.  
Give thanks, give thanks! She is safe with those  
Who hail her with cheer on cheer!





WORKING BY THE DAY.

## SWORDS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

ONE of the most clearly marked differences between man and the brute beasts lies in the fact that with his own unaided strength man is seldom able to take the life of his fellow-beings. Consequently, when we wish to put ourselves upon a level with the tiger and the wolf, and to qualify ourselves for the shedding of blood and the taking of life, we are obliged to find some other weapons than those nature has given us. Here and there may be a man who can kill another man by the exertion of his unassisted strength, but it is very seldom indeed that human life is taken by human beings without the use of an artificial weapon.

The first weapon used by man was probably a club; and it is also likely that in time this was made of very hard wood, and somewhat sharpened on one or more sides, so as to inflict a more deadly wound. Wooden weapons of this kind are now in use by some savage races. Then it was found that more effective weapons of the sort could be made of a harder substance, and short, unwieldy swords were hewn out of stone, very much as our Indians

made their arrow-heads of flint. But a sword of this kind, although a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong man, was brittle and apt to break; and so, in time, when the use and value of metals came to be understood, swords were made of these substances. The early Romans, and some other nations, had strong, heavy swords made of bronze. But when iron and steel came into use, it was quickly perceived that they were the metals of which offensive weapons should be made.

Thus it may be seen that the sword was one of the first weapons made by man; and, in time, it became the most important arm and auxiliary of warfare.

By a careful study of the form and use of the sword, from its first invention until the present time, we may get a good idea of the manner in which, in various ages, military operations were carried on. At first, men fought at close quarters, like the beasts they imitated. They struggled hand to hand, and with their short swords they banged and whacked at each other with all the fury and strength they



possessed. But as the arts of warfare began to be improved, and as civilization and enlightenment progressed, men seemed anxious to get farther and farther away from one another when they fought, and so the sword gradually became longer and longer, until, in the Middle Ages, a man's sword was sometimes as long as himself.

But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and when the use of projectiles which would kill at a great distance became general, it was found that a soldier was seldom near enough to his enemy to reach him with his sword; and so this weapon gradually fell into disfavor, until, at the present day, it is seldom used in actual warfare except by cavalymen, and these frequently depend as much on the fire-arms they carry as upon their sabers. It is said that cavalry charges, in which the swords of the riders are depended upon to rout the enemy, do not frequently occur in the warfare of the present day; and those naval battles of which we all have read, where the opposing ships are run side by side, and the sailors of one, cutlass in hand, spring upon the deck of the other, and engage in a hand to hand fight, are now seldom heard of. Our iron-clad ships fire at one another from a great distance, or one of them comes smashing into another with its terrible steel ram; and a sword would be a very useless thing to a modern sailor. Our armies lie a mile or two apart, and pop at each other with long-range rifles and heavy cannon, and to the great body of the opposing forces swords would be only an incumbrance. Even bayonets, which may be considered a sort of sword, though they more nearly resemble the lance, are not so much used as formerly in actual warfare.

The officers, even in the infantry service, now wear swords, but these are merely insignia of rank, and are seldom used to fight with; and, indeed, I have heard that it is not considered proper for an officer to have his sword sharp, because, when using it in marshaling and leading his men, he might accidentally hurt some of his command.

Swords have been made in so many different forms, on account of the various methods in which they have been used and the widely differing tastes of the people making and using them, that a description of all the different kinds of swords with which we are acquainted would cover a great deal of printed space. Some of the more distinctive forms of the weapon, however, are shown in the illustrations to this article.

First we see the short, bronze sword, used by the early Romans before they knew how much harder and better a weapon could be made of steel or even iron. There was also a longer, bronze sword with a formidable sharp point, but a very awkward

handle. After the Romans made much better swords, they still preferred the short, thick form, although a longer weapon was sometimes used. The most usual form of the ancient Roman sword is seen in the picture of the sword of Hadrian. These blunt, heavy weapons were employed in hand to hand conflicts, and their blows were warded off by stout shields or bucklers, which the warriors wore upon their left arms. The sword of the fourteenth century, which is shown in the next illustration, though in some respects more clumsy than the Roman sword, is longer, which shows that fighting men had already begun to get farther away from one another.

The claymore, once famous in Scottish history, was a very long sword, with a hilt so large that it could be grasped by both the hands of the warrior who wielded it, and when this tremendous weapon was swung around by any of the brave

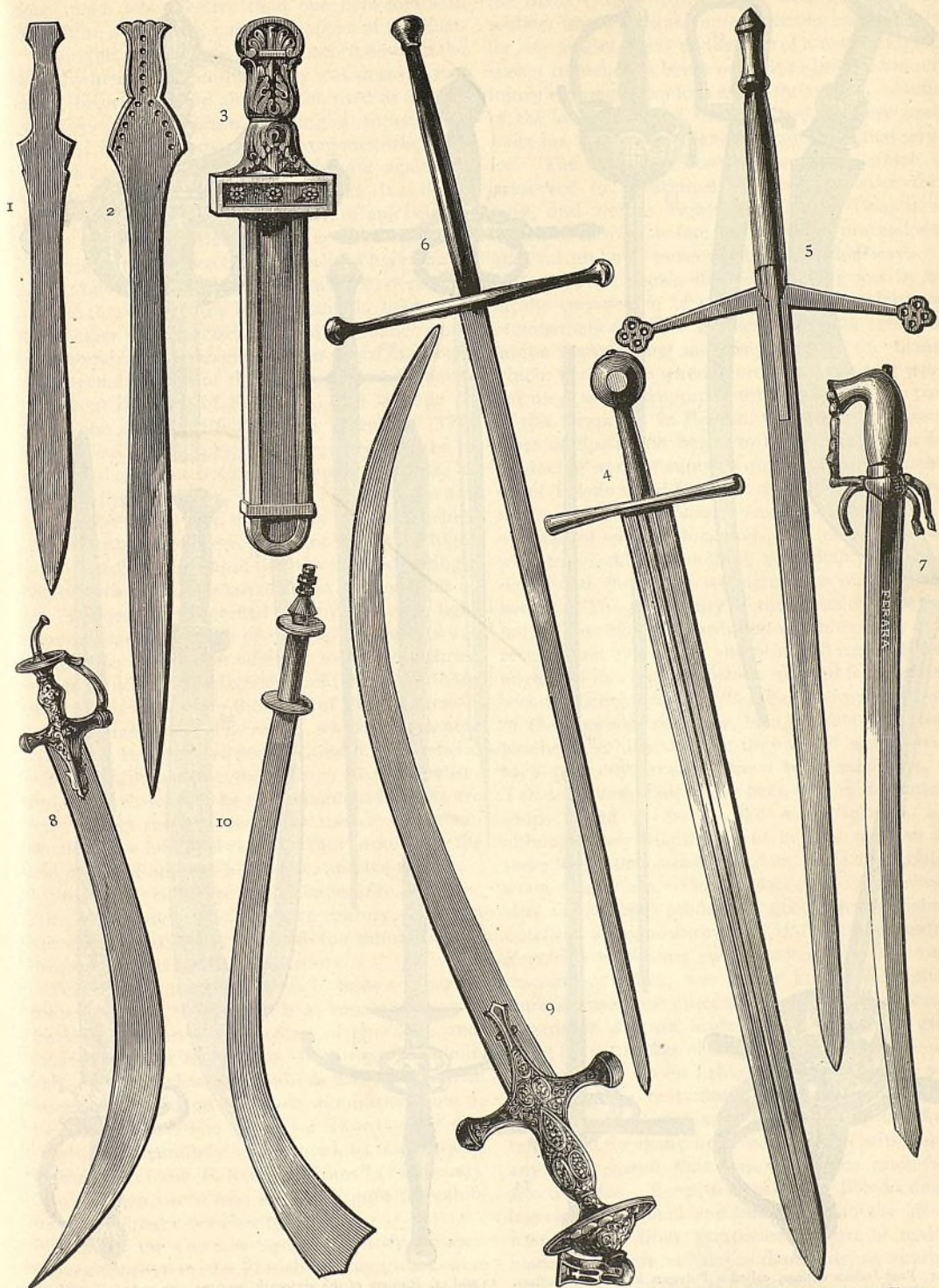
"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,"

there was every reason for the opposing soldiers to want to get as far away as possible. Long, two-handed swords were in use in various parts of Europe during the Middle Ages, but it is from Scotland that we have heard the most about them.

Andrea Ferrara, who was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a celebrated Italian armorer, and he made swords which were well known throughout Europe for the fineness of their temper and the beauty of their ornamentation. The hilt of the Ferrara sword shown in Figure 7 is of a rather curious form, although not very elaborate. But some of the swords made about this period for the rich knights and nobles who delighted in elegant armor and handsome as well as useful arms, were very elaborately ornamented, the hilts often being of complicated and artistic forms.

In Eastern countries, also, the ornamentation of swords was carried to a great extent. The East Indian saber, or Tulwar, shown in the illustration, has a neat and pretty hilt, while the East Indian scimitar is more highly and artistically ornamented. The Malabar sword is a simple weapon, but very broad at the end, and apparently intended to be used more as a hatchet than as a sword. The East Indian cutlass, or Polygars knife, is a weapon of somewhat similar shape, although not so blunt at the end. A cut from one of these heavy blades, wielded by a quick and powerful arm, must be a terrible thing. The modern cutlass, shown in Figure 12, page 704, was used very much in the same manner as these East Indian weapons—that is, its stroke was always a cut and never a thrust; but a blow with its comparatively slight blade must have





1 and 2. Bronze Roman sword. 3. Sword of Hadrian. 4. Sword of the fourteenth century, at the British Museum. 5. Claymore.  
6. Mediæval two-handed sword. 7. Andrea Ferrara sword. 8. Indian saber, or Tulwar. 9. East Indian scimitar. 10. Malabar sword.





11. East Indian cutlass, called a Polygars knife. 12. Cutlass. 13 and 14. Rapiers of the sixteenth century. 15 and 16. Swords of the sixteenth century. 17. Italian Malchus. 18. German sword. 19. German two-handed sword. 20. Michel Angelo's sword. 21 and 22. Japanese swords.



been much less effective than one delivered with any of the ponderous, curved weapons of the East.

From the first invention of the sword down to the period when the fifteenth century was drawing to a close, this weapon had always been used as an arm of offense. The person wielding it thrust it or hewed it into the body of his antagonist whenever he had a chance, and the only defense against it was stout armor or an interposed shield. It is not to be supposed that an ancient warrior, or one belonging to the earlier Middle Ages, never thrust aside or parried with his own blade a stroke of his enemy's sword; but this method of defense was not depended upon in those days; the breast-plate, the helmet, or the buckler was expected to shield the soldier while he was endeavoring to get his own sword into some unprotected portion of the body of his antagonist. But about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, the science of fencing was invented. This new system of fighting gave an entirely new use to the sword: it now became a weapon of defense as well as offense. Long, slender rapiers, sharpened only at the point, were the swords used in fencing. Armed with one of these, a gallant knight, or high-toned courtier, who chose the new method of single combat, disdained the use of armor; the strokes of his opponent were warded off by his own light weapon, and whichever of the two contestants was enabled to disarm the other, or to deliver a thrust which could not be parried, could drive the sharp point of his rapier into the body of his opponent if he felt so inclined. The rapier, which was adapted to combat between two persons, and not for general warfare, soon became the weapon of the duelist; and, as duels used to be as common as lawsuits are now, it was thought necessary that a gentleman should know how to fence, and thus protect the life and honor of himself, his family, and his friends.

Swords of elaborate and wonderfully executed hilts, like those of the sixteenth century, shown in the cuts on page 704, excited the admiration of lovers of art, as well as of warriors.

People who understood such things regarded these beautiful weapons with as much interest as we look upon any work of art of our day; and, indeed, some of these sword-hilts were so admirably executed that those which are preserved in museums command as much admiration now as they ever did. The blades of swords were also sometimes beautifully ornamented, as may be seen in the cut of the Italian "Malchus" (Figure 17). The German sword next shown (Figure 18) exhibits a very artistic peculiarity of hilt.

Some of the German swords, used by the mercenary soldiers in the French religious wars, were enormous two-handed weapons, with sharp points, jagged edges, and great spikes near the base of

the blade (Figure 19). These were used only by soldiers who were uncommonly strong and skillful; for any awkwardness on the part of a man swinging such a tremendous blade was apt to inflict as much injury on his companions as on the enemy. Some of the long swords of the Middle Ages were used more for show and ceremony than for actual service. The sword of Edward the Third, which is preserved in Westminster Abbey, is seven feet long, and weighs eighteen pounds. This, it is said, was carried before the King in processions, and was probably never used in any other way.

But the art shown in sword-making was by no means confined to beautiful forms and elaborate ornamentation. The greatest skill was exercised in the manufacture and tempering of the blade, which, in the days when swords were not only worn but used, was more important than any other part of this weapon. In Europe, the sword manufacturers of Spain first began to have a reputation for producing work of superior quality, and the armorers of Toledo stood foremost among their countrymen. A "Toledo blade" was considered to be a weapon of great value, and, even now, when we wish to speak of something remarkably fine-tempered and sharp, we compare it to one of these swords. The peculiarity of the Toledo blade was not only its extreme hardness, which enabled it to receive and retain the sharpest and most delicate edge, but its elasticity, which allowed it to be bent without being broken. Some of the most famous of these swords could be bent so that the points touched the hilts, and yet they would spring back to a perfectly straight line. It is said that, in Toledo, sword-blades have been seen in the cutlers' shops coiled in boxes like watch-springs, and although they might remain in this position for some time, they would become perfectly straight when taken out. Other places in Europe were also famous for producing good swords. Many excellent weapons were made in Italy, and Andrea Ferrara, the Italian sword-maker, who has been mentioned before, was better known throughout Europe than any other of his craft. To possess a genuine Ferrara blade was considered a great thing by the nobles of France and England.

But it is to the East that the world owes the production of the most finely tempered swords it has ever seen; and the steel of Damascus has been celebrated for many hundred years as superior to any other metal that has ever been made into sword-blades. Even the cutlers of Toledo doubtless owed their skill and knowledge to the Moors, who brought from Damascus the art of making blades that were as hard as diamonds, as sharp as razors, and as elastic as whalebone.

Wonderful stories are related of these Damascus



swords. We have been told that with one of them a full-grown sheep could be cut in half at a single blow, a heavy iron chain could be severed without turning the delicate edge of the sword, and a gauze veil floating in the air could be cut through by one gentle sweep of the glittering blade. These wonderful scimitars are not manufactured now, but their

their manufacture will be attempted. We should consider, however, that although the present age is preëminent as an inventive and manufacturing period, there are some things which have been produced by the ancients and the artificers of the Middle Ages which we of the present day have not been able to equal. It is possible, therefore,



23. Sword of Gonzalvo di Cordova, A. D. 1453-1515 — Royal Armory, Madrid. 24. Sword of Don John — Royal Armory, Madrid. 25. The Mascaron sword — Royal Armory, Madrid. 26. Spanish sword — Artillery Museum, Paris.

#### SOME FAMOUS SWORD-HILTS.

fame has exceeded that of any other weapon of their kind, and it is quite certain that their extraordinary excellence has not been exaggerated. It is probable that the workers in steel of the present day might be able to discover the peculiar methods by which the Damascus steel was made, but as there would be little use or demand for the blades after they had been produced, it is not likely that

that our steel-workers might never be able to make a Damascus blade, even if they wanted to.

Some of the swords of Japan are said to possess wonderful qualities of hardness and sharpness. The story is told that if one of these celebrated blades is held upright in a running stream the leaves floating gently down with the current will cut themselves in two when they reach the keen



edge of the sword. Samples of Japanese swords are shown in Figures 21 and 22, on page 704.

But these Japanese swords, some of which were held in such high esteem that they were worshiped, and temples were built in their honor, were only hard and sharp; they had no elasticity, they could not bend and they might break, and in this respect they were far inferior to the splendid scimitars of the Moors and Saracens.

To show still further the extent to which the art of ornamentation was carried in the manufacture of swords, we give pictures of the hilts of some of these weapons which are preserved in museums. Figures 23, 24, and 25 show the sword of Gonzalvo di Cordova, the sword of Don John, and the "Mascaron" sword, all preserved in the Royal Armory of Madrid; and Figure 26 represents a Spanish sword, of very beautiful workmanship, which is to be seen in the Artillery Museum of Paris.

Having said so much about the art of ornamenting and making the sword, we must add that the literature of the weapon has been as widely extended as its use. When the story-tellers and troubadours of the Middle Ages told or sang about a noble knight, his trusty sword was mentioned almost as often as himself. In those days, many of the swords were named, and in reading about them you might almost suppose that they were actually personified, and that they thought out in their own minds, and carried into execution, the brilliant deeds that are recorded of them. We all have heard of King Arthur's famous sword "Excalibur," and of the sword of Edward the Confessor, which was called "Curtana," the cutter, although we are told it was not very sharp. But even before the days of chivalry, the favorite swords of warriors bore titles and names. The sword of Julius Cæsar was called "Crocea Mors"—"yellow death"; and the four blades used by Mohammed were called "the Trenchant," "the Beater," "the Keen," "the Deadly." The sword of Charlemagne, called "Joyeuse," is famous in story.

Not only were names given to swords, but inscriptions intended to indicate their quality, or the deeds they were expected to perform, were engraved upon their blades. Some of these were of a very vaunting and boastful spirit. The best inscription upon a sword of which I ever heard was one upon an old Ferrara blade, which read thus: "My value varies with the hand that holds me." On a great many of the blades made at Toledo was the inscription: "Do not draw me without reason, do not sheathe me without honor." Among the vaunting inscriptions was this: "When this viper stings there is no cure in any doctors' shops." A Sicilian sword bore the announcement: "I come," meaning, probably, that

everybody else had better go away; while a Hungarian sword declared: "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely." These are but a few of the legends by which a man's sword, in the days when cavaliers and warriors used to do as much talking as fighting, was made to imitate its master.

But the sword was not always used for the mere purpose of taking human life. From its first invention to the present day, it has, of course, like every other weapon, offensive or defensive, been mainly used in war or private quarrel, but, unlike all other weapons, it has a dignity and a quality, not so great now as formerly, but still recognized, which is entirely distinct from its character as an instrument for shedding blood. It was so long the constant companion of rank and valor that it acquired a dignity was used in representative of its the present day, state, which are cessions, and on them are the "Black sword," sword," and the sword." In the

of its own. Thus the sword many ceremonies as a rep- owner. In England, at there are various swords of borne in Lord Mayors' pro- other occasions. Among "Pearl sword," the the "Sunday "Common



THE SWORD-BEARER OF EXETER.

accompanying picture is seen the ceremonial weapon borne by the sword-bearer of the city of Exeter.

But not only did the sword represent and indicate rank and high position, whether civil or military, but it was used, and is still used in parts of Europe, as an instrument for conferring rank. When an English commoner is to be made a knight, and he kneels before his sovereign as plain



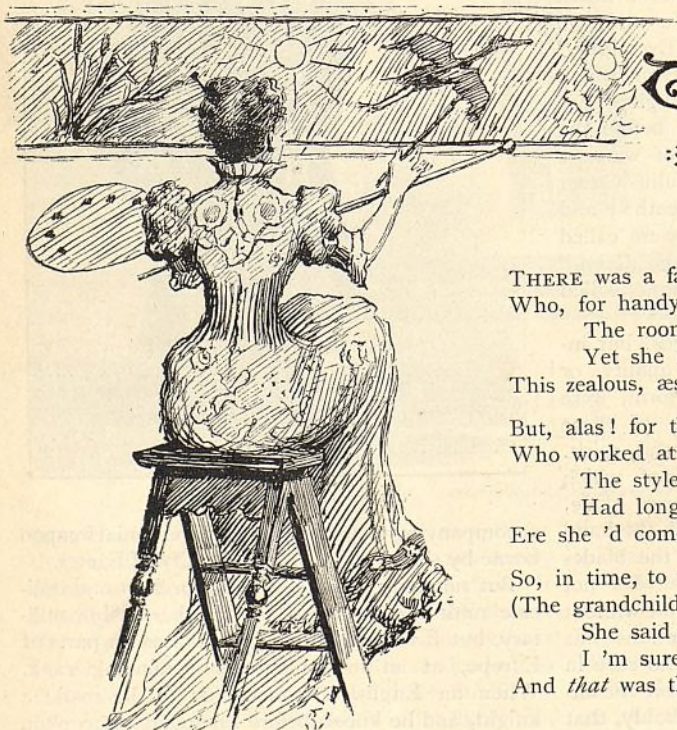
Mr. Thomas Brown, the regal personage touches him on the shoulder with the tip of a sword, and he rises—*Sir* Thomas Brown. Nothing but the sword-blade is considered adequate to confer knighthood. A man might be touched by his monarch with a battle-ax of solid gold, or a most costly rifle, but he would never consider himself a genuine knight or baronet. It is the sword alone which is aristocratic enough to confer aristocracy.

Not alone, however, for such noble purposes has the sword been used. In many countries, both barbarous and civilized, it has been the weapon of the executioner, and we read of great blades made for this purpose, containing within them a narrow channel in which ran a column of quicksilver. This heavy and fluid metal, suddenly flowing from hilt to point as the sword was swung, gave an additional impetus to the blow, and made the work of the headsman easier and more certain. The sword was used, too, in the bull-fights of Spain, to dispatch the wounded and maddened animals.

But, as we have said, such uses as these are merely incidental, and do not detract from the rank and character of the sword, which, although it is not relied upon now, as formerly, in war and combat, is yet emblematic of all that it once was. Thus, when a general surrenders his army he hands his sword to the commander of the conquering forces, thereby indicating that he gives up his power to lead his men into further combat.

It is not at all likely that cannon, pistol, gun, or any weapon that may be invented will ever attain the peculiar regard and high estimation in which the sword has been held so long. A weapon which was the personal companion of its owner, and derived its greatest value from its holder's skill and courage, was considered almost a part of the soldier or cavalier, and with it he often carved his way to fortune or to fame.

But in our times, fame and fortune are seldom won, even in military life, by mere hewing and stabbing. The palmy days of the sword are over.



## The Æsthetic Young Lady



THERE was a fair maid named Louise,  
Who, for handy-work, painted a frieze;  
The room was quite big,  
Yet she cared not a fig!  
This zealous, æsthetic Louise.

But, alas! for the Lady Louise,—  
Who worked at her task by degrees,—  
The style of that day  
Had long passed away  
Ere she 'd come to the end of her frieze!

So, in time, to the group at her knees  
(The grandchildren whom she would please)  
She said: "T will improve it,  
I 'm sure, to remove it,"—  
And *that* was the end of her frieze!



## THE BOY WHO LOST THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

NICK TWEEDLE sat astride the hen-house, whittling. The roof of the hen-house could not be said to afford a comfortable seat, especially in the position which Nick always chose; but it was a retired spot, and therefore suited to meditation, and Nick's mind was so absorbed that he thought little of his bodily comfort; besides, he liked to get astride the hen-house when he wanted to form a very brilliant plan, because it suggested being on a horse's back, and gave him a sense of courage and freedom.

He could n't be on a horse's back, because Aunt Jane did n't believe in boys riding horseback. The very worst thing about Aunt Jane was her skepticism; there were so many things that she did n't believe in.

She did n't believe in two pieces of pie.

She did n't believe in swapping jack-knives.

She did n't believe in circuses.

She did n't believe in dogs.

She did n't believe in guns.

She did n't believe in playing all day on Saturday.

She did n't believe in camping out.

She did n't believe in playing Indian, and would n't let Tommy be scalped.

She did n't believe in base-ball.

She did n't believe in carrying jam-tarts and pickles to bed.

She did n't believe in making a noise.

She did n't believe in leaving things 'round.

She did n't believe in red-headed boys, any way.

When she expressed that last sentiment, as she did very often, Nick found it hard not to regard it as personal; for his hair was undeniably red—so red that people were always making unpleasant jokes about its being a beacon light on the top of Tweedle's hill, and the men who lounged in the village store pretended to light their pipes by it. Perhaps Aunt Jane "did n't mean anything," as his father always assured him, but Nick thought it was a little singular that it never happened to be light-haired boys, nor brown-haired boys, nor black-haired boys that she did n't believe in.

She did n't believe in tearing trousers, nor being forgetful, either. In fact, Nick was of the opinion that a list of her unbeliefs would be longer than the catechism that he had to say in Sunday-school.

To-day, Nick had planned to go fishing with Jack Deering; they were going to Lazy Brook, where, as Jack declared, the trout were so thick and so willing to be caught that they would "peek out and

wink at you," and Aunt Jane had commanded him to stay at home and weed the garden, because she did n't believe in going fishing.

And Nick had made up his mind that there were some things that no boy could endure.

He had fully determined to run away.

Just how and where to go were the subjects to which he was now giving his attention. Although he sat astride the hen-house and whittled, no brilliant ideas seemed to come.

Nick did n't want to do anything commonplace; he was convinced that he had uncommon talents. He had thought of running away to sea, but three boys from the village had already done that, and so it seemed rather tame. Besides, Dick Harris, who had come home, darkly hinted that there was more hard work than fun about it, and it was a peculiarity of Nick's that he liked fun better than hard work.

Jacob, their hired man, had secured a position in a menagerie to educate a whale. That was an occupation that would just suit himself, Nick thought, but from inquiries that he had made he judged that whale educators were not in great demand. Not everybody was as lucky as Jacob—though Aunt Jane thought he had better have staid on the farm, and said she did n't believe in menageries nor whales.

Another thing that Nick wanted was to be a magician and take a cat and three kittens out of a hat that would n't begin to hold them, but he did n't know just where he could go to learn the business. His father could not tell him, and as for Aunt Jane, she did n't believe in magicians.

He had thought somewhat of joining an Arctic exploring expedition, until he read that the provisions almost always gave out; Nick never thought there was much fun where there was n't plenty to eat, and he read a list of the supplies that were usually taken, and found no mention of pies. After that he went over to Aunt Jane's way of thinking, and did n't believe in Arctic exploring expeditions.

He had intended to invent a telephone which should be so superior to those already in use that, instead of merely transmitting the sound of voices, it should do the talking all by itself. But he had not succeeded as yet, and it would hardly be prudent to run away from home trusting to that as a means of support, although, once out of Aunt Jane's reach, his chance of success would be much better, for he had no opportunity to experiment



now, because she did n't believe in telephones. Another plan that occurred to him was to ride around the world on a bicycle. He thought that by the time he got to Kamtchatka he might make money by exhibiting himself, as it was quite probable that they did n't have bicycles there; but there was a difficulty in the way—it would take money to get as far as Kamtchatka, even on a bicycle. A boy might possibly endure to sleep out-of-doors with only ambition to keep him warm, but Nick was of the opinion that ambition would never keep a boy with a big appetite from being hungry.

It is very sad, but one has to take a practical view of matters, even if one is a genius and expects to do great things in the world; so Nick decided that he would not attempt the tour of the world on a bicycle, even if he could get a bicycle, which was very doubtful, as Aunt Jane did n't believe in them.

Walking on a tight-rope he regarded as an agreeable and elevated means of gaining a livelihood; but an experiment of that kind which he had tried, with the rope fastened to the high beams of the barn, had proved so disastrous that he was forced to the conclusion that his talents did not lie in that direction.

Going to fight Indians on the Western plains was another of his favorite plans, but the unpleasant habit of scalping people which the Indians indulged in so freely made him feel some hesitation. He might be like the "Red-handed Rover of the Rocky Sierras," whose adventures he had read, who always turned upon the twenty-seven uncommonly large Indians who were about to scalp him, and scalped them with their own weapons. But although he might not have acknowledged it, he had some doubts, drawn from his experiences in the fighting line, whether his abilities were as great as the Red Rover's. He reflected that he had once "licked little Billy Shannon out of his boots," but when Billy Shannon's big brother came upon the scene the results of the contest were sadly changed. He was as ready as anybody to "stand up man to man," but when it came to encountering twenty-seven uncommonly large Indians, all in war-paint, and brandishing tomahawks, Nick felt that he would rather not.

To be a soldier had always been his greatest desire. He was very patriotic, and wanted an opportunity to defend his country, but as there seemed no prospect whatever of a war he felt almost discouraged about that. He had gotten up a sham fight at the last Fourth of July celebration, and with several other boys had become so excited as to entirely forget that it was a sham, and the result had been more lively than delightful.

And Aunt Jane did n't believe even in ten-cent

pop-guns, nor two bunches of fire-crackers under a tin pan at four o'clock in the morning, nor even in the dinner-bell and a fish-horn—which did n't make any noise to speak of,—and she said she did n't believe Nick wanted anything but to give her a headache.

There really seemed to be no way of giving vent to patriotic feeling without being misunderstood.

Nick concluded that it was a hard world for a boy, but still he did n't think he could find anything harder in it than staying at home with Aunt Jane and her unbeliefs, and he was just resolving to go and be a tramp until he could raise money enough to buy out a tin-peddler, when Tim Harri-man, a next-door neighbor, came along and called out to him that he had brought him a letter from the post-office.

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Nick.

His list of correspondents was extremely limited. In fact, he had received but one letter in his life, and that was from Aunt Jane when she had gone to pay a visit, telling him that she did n't believe in boys wasting money on postage stamps, so he need n't write to her. There was nobody who would be likely to write him a letter, so it must come from somebody who was unlikely to, and that might be the Khan of Tartary, who had written to offer him the position of Grand Vizier, or Decapitator General, or whatever the highest dignitary of his court was called.

After such a splendid vision it was somewhat disappointing to open the letter and find it was from their old "hired girl," Tryphosa, who had married Augustus Spilkins, and moved up into the back-woods. Tryphosa wrote:

"MY DEER BOY: me and augustus Wants yu to kum and sea us, And Stay A long Spell. we Kepe tarvern and hev a Plenty off Good Vittuls. not exceptin Pys. yu Kan take augustuses Old Muskit and Shoot the cros that is eatin' up all the Corn and aint a mite Afrade off the scarcro though it is maid to look edzactly like augustus and yu kan brake in the Colt that is caliker and a romun Nose and One Good i and Terrerble Skitish, and yu kan help augustus maik Jinger Ail wich has to bee Plenty bein a temperunce hous and not Another Drop though soshyble. me and augustus always set by yu and we Want yu to kum sertin sure pertikerly as it kant bee none two kumfurin' wher thare is sich an Onbelever az sum fokes that yu and i noes off. with Respects yores respectful  
TRYPHOSA."

"p. S. Kum Rite Of."

If a visit to Tryphosa was not so delightfully exciting as the adventures which Nick had been proposing to himself, it had an advantage over them which was not to be disregarded in this uncertain world—it was a possibility.

And there was a wild attractiveness about the prospect of shooting crows, and breaking in the calico colt, with his one eye and his skittishness.

Besides, Nick liked Tryphosa; she knew how to sympathize with a boy that had an Aunt Jane; and



her sympathy did not take the form of hugging and kissing—things which Nick could not endure—it took the form of pie. If there was a person in the world who thoroughly understood the art of pie-making, it was Tryphosa, and she was never known to cut a pie into stingy little pieces.

Augustus Spilkins was very agreeable, too, and had gifts that distinguished him. He could balance a pitchfork on his eye-lid, and do a trick with cards that the school-master could n't find out. He could swallow a cent and take it out of his sleeve, and he could fiddle and dance so that the minister could n't help listening and looking on. And, though he came from Nova Scotia, there never was a Yankee who could equal him at whittling; he could whittle out a pig that could almost squeal, and mice that drove the cat half crazy. And he whittled out a dog that would wag his tail—though the wag did get out of order very soon.

Tryphosa used to scold at first, because he "littered up" the kitchen, but he won her heart by whittling out a butter-stamp for her with two hearts, joined together, and a turtle dove upon it. That was how they came to be married.

Nick thought things over and decided that there was sure to be fun going on where Augustus was.

He was sure that his father would give him leave to accept Tryphosa's invitation, but Aunt Jane did n't believe in boys visiting, so Nick decided to avoid any little unpleasantness that might possibly arise, by omitting to take leave of her.

He wrapped his clothes in a gay bandana handkerchief, which was a present from Augustus, and hung the bundle over his shoulder, upon a stout stick. He had a traveling bag, but he thought that gave him a less adventurous air than the bundle. As he left the gate he heard Aunt Jane's voice calling him, and declaring in shrill tones that she did n't believe in boys having on their best clothes on a week-day. Nick hurried along. He did n't know how many bad people he might meet in the world, but Tryphosa had once solemnly assured him that he would never find another such an "infiddle" as Aunt Jane.

He stopped at his father's store, but his father not being in he contented himself with leaving a note for him, in which he explained where he was going, and asked him not to tell Aunt Jane. Nick's father was a very easy and obliging man, and, besides, Nick suspected that he suffered himself from Aunt Jane's unbelieving disposition, and would enjoy keeping the secret from her.

He felt a little sorry that he could not take Tommy with him. Tommy was Aunt Jane's son, but he was not in the least like her. He was four years younger than Nick, and believed in everything Nick did. And he never was so mean as to

"tell on him." How much of his reticence was due to the fact that Nick threatened to make fiddle-strings of him if he did tell, it is impossible to say, but it is probable that this terrible threat had a powerful effect on Tommy's mind, as it always made him turn pale.

Tommy's most striking characteristic was a propensity to tumble into the well; four times he had been rescued dripping and senseless, and Aunt Jane "did n't believe that boy would be anything but a lifeless corpse the next time he was hooked out of the well." Nick almost wished that he had taken Tommy with him when he thought of that dreadful possibility, but he contented himself with going back and adding a postscript to the note he had left in his father's store: "Tell Tommy not to get drowned in the well till I come home."

Then Nick went on with a mind at ease.

Augustus had appended to Tryphosa's letter minute directions, so that Nick might have no difficulty in making his way to Tantrybogus, the town where he and Tryphosa lived; but he mentioned so many different railways and stage-routes that Nick was afraid his funds would not hold out until the end of the journey.

He found that railroads and stage-routes came to an end nine miles from Tantrybogus. By the good nature of the driver of the last stage he was enabled to ride to the end of the route, although his money was exhausted. And he found that nine miles was as far as he cared to walk, but he reached Tantrybogus about nine o'clock.

Tryphosa was almost overcome with surprise and delight, but instead of fainting, or kissing him, she gave expression to her feelings by setting six kinds of pie before him. There was no doubt that Tryphosa was just as agreeable as ever.

Augustus complimented him in a very gratifying manner.

"Well, now, I swanny, I would n't have thought 't was you, you 've growed so! If I was onbelieve-in' like your Aunt Jane, I should declare 't wa'n't you! I declare you 're gettin' to be a man so fast it makes me feel awk'ard to think what a little spell ago 't was that I made free to call you sonny!"

You may say what you will, it is pleasant to meet people who realize that one is getting to be a man, and cannot properly be called "sonny."

The "tarvern" seemed to be a very "soshlyble" place, as Tryphosa had said; there were many very pleasant and jolly people there, but it seemed to Nick that they looked and talked very differently from Stumpville people. Some of them he could hardly understand, and they had very odd, outlandish names.

Nick came to the conclusion that very night that Tantrybogus was a queer place.



He found out the next day that it was also a very delightful place. There were plenty of good times to be had, and no school, no garden to weed, no Aunt Jane, and unlimited pie.

Shooting crows was great fun. He did n't happen to hit any, but he hit the scarecrow and made a complete wreck of him. He also hit Tryphosa's favorite black turkey that was roosting in a tree, and a neighbor's black cat, mistaking them for crows. So nobody could say that he was a poor shot if he did n't kill crows. As for the colt, everybody knows that a calico colt with a Roman nose and one good eye is very hard to break, so it is not surprising that he ran away with Nick into the river, and might have drowned him if he had n't been able to swim.

Tryphosa cried over Nick, because he had had such a hard time, and carried a whole pie to his bedside, in the middle of the night, and Augustus said he did n't know how they had ever got along without him, he made things so kind o' lively.

All these things happened in a few days, for it was less than a week after Nick's arrival in Tantrybogos that he suddenly became aware that the very next day would be the Fourth of July. At home, in Stumpville, he would have been counting the hours that must pass before the day came, but here he had found so many novel diversions that he had quite forgotten that it came so soon.

In a great state of excitement he rushed to Augustus, who was bottling ginger ale.

"Fourth of July, to-morrow!" he shouted, "and not so much as a fire-cracker ready! Have you forgotten?"

Augustus seemed disturbed and uneasy. He let the corks fly out of two or three ale-bottles, in his uncertainty of mind. Nick thought that popping was better than nothing; it sounded a little like the Fourth of July.

"You see, Tantrybogos is kind of a cur'us place. They don't seem to set no great store by the Fourth of July, and seein' it's Canady, and they're mostly English and French, it could n't in nater be expected," said Augustus, looking sad.

Canada! Nick knew it was just across the line, and had n't thought of it, he had been having so many other things on his mind. He sat down on the lowest step of the cellar stairs, clasped his hands around his knee, and reflected.

"I could n't stand it, Augustus!" he said, firmly, at last. "It's all right for the Tantryboguses, and for you, because you came from Nova Scotia, but I should burst!"

Augustus scratched his head in perplexity, and went on letting the corks pop.

"You might go down to Polywhappit," said he, brightening suddenly. "That's across the line,

and it's only a matter of ten miles from here, and I expect they'll have a rousing time."

"I'll start right off!" cried Nick, jumping up.

"I'll harness up, and carry you a good piece, and you can walk the rest of the way; and I'll give you a five-dollar bill to do your celebratin' with. Oh, you need n't feel bad about takin' so much, for I'm glad to have you go and enjoy yourself, and bein' you're so lively, it's worth more'n that to me to have you go."

Afterward it struck Nick that a double meaning might be attached to those words of Augustus', but he was too eager to go to think about them then.

Tryphosa took a tearful leave of him, and insisted upon putting a pie in the crown of his hat, where it "would n't be in his way, but would be handy when he got hungry," and told him to be sure to find her brother's wife's cousin, Lysander Hewitt, who lived in Polywhappit, and would be sure to welcome him for the sake of the family connection.

Augustus drove him a little more than half way to Polywhappit, and then had to hurry back lest his ginger ale should spoil.

It was late in the afternoon when Nick reached Polywhappit. It was almost as large a town as Stumpville, but Nick thought it did n't look very wide awake, and though he looked about him very sharply he could see no signs of preparation for the Fourth of July.

However, they were, unquestionably, Yankees in Polywhappit, and Nick had never heard of Yankees who did n't make a noise on the glorious Fourth.

Great, therefore, was his dismay when he learned from Tryphosa's relative, Lysander Hewitt, "that Polywhappit did n't calkilate to do no celebratin'. They had built a new town hall and repaired a great many roads, and did n't feel able to spend any more money. Money's skerce in Pollywhappit, and that's a fact," said Tryphosa's relative.

"Do you mean to say that they wont make any noise at all to-morrow?" asked Nick, not without an accent of disgust.

"Well, Polywhappit folks seem to feel that when your powder is burnt up, your money's burnt up too, and there a'nt no great profit in it, to say nothin' of the danger of bein' sot afire. I did hear that the school children over to the East Polywhappit district was every one agoin' to recite the Declaration of Independance and sing some of them appropriate pieces like Ameriky and Old Hundred. If you feel like celebratin' I'll carry you over there to-morrow mornin'."

Nick heaved a sigh, and thought of the grand times that he had been wont to enjoy at Stumpville on the Fourth of July.

"I'm afraid that would n't be quite lively enough for me. We do things differently in Stumpville.



"We don't value money that we spend to do honor to our country!" said Nick, with a grand air.

His thoughts were turning, wistfully, to Stumpville. Even if he had to endure Aunt Jane and her unbeliefs, Stumpville was not the worst place a boy could live in. For there they had not lost the Fourth of July. There they would have a ringing and a banging, a rattling and a snapping, that it would do one's heart good to hear. And, probably, at five o'clock in the afternoon a balloon would go up from the common. If he were at home, Nick might have some chance of going up in that balloon, for the aeronaut was Aunt Jane's brother-in-law's wife's nephew. And, at all events, he could go up on to the band-stand when the band was playing, because Aunt Jane's sister-in-law's second husband's son played the cornet. There were advantages as well as disadvantages about having an Aunt Jane. It occurred to Nick that he had never fully realized the advantages. He had thought too much about Aunt Jane's unbeliefs and not enough about her desirable family connections.

He decided to get back to Stumpville very soon—if possible, before that balloon went up.

He asked Lysander Hewitt whether he thought he could do it by walking all night, but Lysander thought he would get there just as soon by taking the stage at five o'clock in the morning. The railroad station was only seven miles away, and an express train connected with the stage.

So Nick accepted Lysander Hewitt's hospitality for the night, and, being very tired, he fell asleep, although it was entirely contrary to every Stumpville boy's ideas of propriety to sleep on the night before the Fourth; and he dreamed that he was an enormous fire-cracker, and was all lighted and going off splendidly, and very proud of himself, when all the people in Tantrybogus and all the people in Polywhappit began to pour cold water over him. He was very angry and made an immense effort to go off, in spite of the cold water, and suddenly found himself wide awake and rolling out of bed.

It was daylight, but not a sound indicated that it was anything different from an ordinary day—no ringing of bells, no firing of guns, no inspiring rattle and bang of fire-crackers, not so much as the cheering snap of one small torpedo! Nick felt that Polywhappit was in a low condition morally, and ought to be aroused to a sense of its duties and encouraged to perform them. He took his money out of his pocket and counted it; besides the five dollars that Augustus had given him he had some change which Tryphosa had slipped into his hand after she put the pie into his hat; there was just thirty-seven cents; counting it over three times would n't make it any more than that.

On a scrap of paper which he found in his pocket he wrote this note:

"Please celebrate a little, for it is an Orfool Disgrace not to have any fourth of july at all. i give you this dollar and Thirty Seven Cents to Help Along. as much noys as you could get for this would be a Grate Deel better than no fourth of july at all."

He inclosed the money in the note, and slipped it under the door of Lysander Hewitt's chamber. Then he hurried to the stage, and soon bade farewell to Polywhappit.

He had saved a little more than enough money to pay his fare home, and would have been glad to invest that little in fire-crackers for a parting salute to Polywhappit, but the stage-driver told him that not a fire-cracker was to be had in the town.

"There wa' n't no great liveliness about the Polywhappiters," he said.

It seemed to Nick that never before had stages and railroad trains moved so slowly as those that he rode on that day. The stages waited for the mails, and waited for passengers, and waited to feed the horses, and waited for a young lady to go back and find something she had forgotten, and for an old lady to go back and see if she had n't forgotten something. And the trains waited for wood and waited for water, and stopped not only at the stations but at almost every house they came to. Nick thought it was fortunate that the houses were a good many miles apart, otherwise they might never reach Stumpville. All the stations seemed half buried in the woods, and Nick saw scarcely a sign that anybody knew it was the Fourth of July. Once or twice a horrible suspicion seized him that the day had really dropped out of the calendar. But that was when he grew very tired and sleepy with the long ride and the jolting of the cars.

Five o'clock came and went, while they were still miles away from Stumpville. Nick, in despair, pictured to himself the scene on the common, the crowd shouting and clapping hands as the great balloon—the balloon which he might have been in—sailed skyward. But he might still be in time for the fire-works; it was likely to be a dark night and they would begin early, but he might get there before the close. But, alas! nine miles away from Stumpville the engine broke down! It might take hours to repair it, so Nick decided to walk the rest of the way. The seven-league boots could hardly have gone over those nine miles in a shorter space of time than Nick did, but it was all in vain. A distant glimpse of the last sky-rocket that went up from Stumpville common was all he had!

When he walked into the village there were still a few belated people in the streets whom he heard congratulating each other upon the grandest



Fourth of July celebration that Stumpville had ever known!

Nick hurried homeward, not feeling just in the mood to hear about the celebration.

He went into the back yard, thinking he would creep up to his room by the back stairs, and not let anybody see him. But he stumbled over Tommy, who was fast asleep on a heap of empty torpedo boxes and fire-cracker papers, with a pop-gun still clutched tightly in his hand, and Tommy awoke, with one of the resounding screams for which Tommy was famous.

"Keep still! what have *you* got to cry about?" said Nick, bitterly.

"I w-w-want it to be F-f-fourth of July some more!" sobbed Tommy.

Tommy's cry drew Aunt Jane from the front gate, where she was talking over the glories of the day with a neighbor, and Nick was discovered.

"So it's you, though I would n't have believed it," said Aunt Jane. "I don't believe in boys slinking in by the back way, even if they have reason to be ashamed of themselves. If you'd been here you might have touched off the cannon, for Captain Thumb said he meant to let you—though I don't believe in boys touching off cannons. And you might have gone up in the balloon, for

you had an invitation, and your father said he should have let you go, though *I* don't believe in balloons. I should like to know *where* you have been, for I don't believe in people leaving a splendid Fourth of July celebration in their own town to tramp all over the country!"

"Neither do I," said Nick. He would n't have believed that he should ever come to share one of Aunt Jane's unbeliefs, but he did.

Nick never expected to hear anything of the result of his effort to arouse the patriotic feelings of the Polywhappers; but in less than a week after his return he received a letter in which Lysander Hewitt, in behalf of the selectmen, returned thanks for his generous gift, and regretted to say that, owing to the lateness of its reception, they had been unable to apply it to the object which he had mentioned, but as the town had been for years afflicted with the nuisance of stray animals, especially pigs, running loose about the streets for lack of a suitable inclosure, they had resolved to use the money, with his permission, to make a pound, to be called in compliment to him "The Nick Tweedle Pig-pound"! Nick hoped he never should hear anything more from those benighted Polywhappers, who preferred a pig-pound to a Fourth of July celebration.

## A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

WHEN I was a small youngster, years ago, we boys used to be told thrilling stories of what was called "The Last War." In these later days, we have had a war on our own soil, which was, let us hope, the last war that we shall ever be engaged in as long as the American Republic lasts. But boys of an older generation than this knew "The Last War" to be the war between the United States and Great Britain, now generally called "The War of 1812." It is a long and painful story of misunderstandings and oppressive acts which must be told to explain the causes that led to the beginning of that war. Happily, the contest was not a very long one, and Americans, whatever may be said of the rights and wrongs of the two parties engaged in the fight, look with pride upon the achievements of the American navy of that period. The names of Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Porter, Perry, and many other gallant sailors, will be remembered as long as the traditions of the United States navy endure. Their wonderful exploits did much to close the sorrowful and wasteful struggle.

In 1813, the frigate "Essex," commanded by Captain David Porter, after committing much havoc upon the British marine off the Atlantic coast of South America, sailed boldly around Cape Horn into the Pacific Ocean. Porter had resolved to strike out into a new field of operations, and, carrying into the Pacific the first American flag that had floated from the mast-head of a man-of-war, he swooped down upon the British merchantmen and whalers, causing tremendous consternation. Nobody had dreamed that the Yankees would dare to send a man-of-war into this distant sea, and the British frigates were making things very uncomfortable for the few American merchantmen engaged in the Pacific trade. The arrival of the "Essex" soon changed all that. Within a year she had captured four thousand tons of British shipping, and had taken four hundred prisoners. She may be said to have subsisted upon the enemy, as the vessel was not only supplied with everything needed for repairs, rigging, ammunition, clothing, and provisions, taken from the enemy's captured





THE BATTLE OF THE "ESSEX" WITH THE "PHOEBE" AND THE "CHERUB."

ships, but the men were paid with money found on board of one of her prizes.

Orders were given that the "Essex" must be destroyed, at all hazards, by any British man-of-

war that should be fortunate enough to catch her. But the American frigate was fleet, and difficult to catch. Finally, in February, 1814, the frigate, accompanied by a small craft called the "Essex



Junior," a cruiser made over from one of the prizes captured from the British by Porter, cast anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso, Peru. The Peruvian Government was not then independent, Peru being a province of Spain. But Valparaiso was a neutral port, although the people of Peru, and the Spanish, also, were somewhat unfriendly to the Americans. So, when two British men-of-war, the "Phœbe" and the "Cherub," entered the port, it was tolerably certain that there would be a fight, should the "Essex" dare to put out to sea.

The Englishmen had the redoubtable "Essex" and her little consort in a trap. For six weeks, the two British vessels kept a very close watch on the Americans, sailing up and down the coast, just outside of the entrance to the harbor. Finally, on the 28th of March, Captain Porter, trusting to his ability to outsail either of the British vessels, and draw them away, so that the "Essex Junior" might escape, set sail and drew out of the anchorage. In doubling a headland at the entrance of the harbor, the "Essex" was struck by a squall, which carried away her maintopmast and several men. Captain Porter returned toward the roadstead, and anchored three miles from the town and about the distance of a pistol-shot from the shore. The "Phœbe" and the "Cherub" had been exchanging signals, and it was evident that they meant to attack, although the vessels were all in neutral waters.

The "Phœbe" carried thirty long eighteen-pounders and sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades for her armament, besides seven small guns in her tops. She also had 320 men, all told. The "Cherub" carried twenty-eight guns of various caliber and 180 men. To meet this formidable force the "Essex" had 255 men, and her armament consisted of twenty-six thirty-pounders and six long twelve-pounders. The "Essex Junior," which took no part in the fight, had twenty guns and sixty men. Nevertheless, Porter resolved that he would never surrender as long as he had men enough to work his guns; and right manfully did he hold to his resolution.

The "Phœbe" opened fire at four o'clock in the afternoon, being then nearly dead astern of the disabled "Essex." The long eighteens of the Englishman did great damage on board the "Essex," which, notwithstanding her disadvantage, returned the fire with gallantry and spirit. The "Cherub," then on the starboard bow of the "Essex," next opened fire also, but was driven off by the guns of the American. Three of the long twelve-pounders of the "Essex" were then got out astern, and played upon the "Phœbe" with such terrible effect that she, too, was hauled off for repairs, many of the shot having struck below the water-line.

Both the British vessels now closed upon the American frigate, being on her starboard quarter, and poured into her a fire so galling that the spars and rigging of the doomed ship were soon in a tangle of wreckage. Porter slipped his cable, and, hoisting his flying-jib, bore down upon the enemy, pouring broadsides into them as the ship slowly drifted. The "Cherub" was driven off for a second time, and the "Phœbe" retired out of the reach of the guns of the "Essex," but near enough to worry her with her long-range ordnance. After two hours of fighting, Porter tried to run his vessel ashore, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy; but a change of wind prevented him, and he anchored once more, making fast a sheet-anchor with a hawser.

Very shortly after, the hawser parted, and, to increase the trials of these determined heroes, the ship took fire below deck. In this extremity, Captain Porter told the men to save themselves as best they could. Some threw themselves into the sea and swam to shore, some were drowned, and many were picked up, while clinging to bits of wreck, by the boats of the enemy. But a larger part of the crew staid by the ship, and continued firing into the enemy, in the midst of the smoke and flames. Finally, the fire was partly subdued, and men enough to work two of the long twelves kept up a brisk fire.

But further resistance was useless. Only seventy-five men were left to do duty, the remainder being killed, wounded, or missing. So, after an engagement that had lasted two hours and a half, Porter, with a sorrowful heart, hauled down the American flag, and the wreck of the gallant "Essex" was surrendered to the foe. The British lost four killed and seven wounded on the "Phœbe," and one killed and three wounded on the "Cherub." Both ships were badly crippled, their sails and rigging being riddled, and the "Phœbe" had received eighteen shots below water-line from the long twelves of the "Essex." Thousands of spectators crowded the shores to gaze on the bloody encounter. The Spanish Viceroy was vainly entreated by the American Consul to insist upon the maintenance of neutrality. He refused to interfere.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable naval engagements of modern times. It ended in disaster to the American cause. But the heroic defense of the "Essex," in which officers and men vied with one another in a determination not to give up the ship, fired with fresh enthusiasm all who heard the story of their brave and obstinate fight. And, when the young people of this republic shall celebrate once more the deeds of the patriotic defenders of the American Republic, let them give a hearty cheer for David Porter and his crew.



## AMATEUR NEWSPAPERS.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

IT is coming to be regarded as an axiom by the young people of America that "What man has done, boy can do"; and the notion is not entirely unheard of that what a boy can do, so can his sister. There is scarcely an industry of any importance, carried on by the energetic and inventive men of the day, which has not its counterpart in reduced scale among the amusements of our boys and girls. Even in early childhood, those games are most popular which lead children to imitate the employments of their grown-up friends.

Six-year-old Mary is never so happy as when she is playing "keep house"; especially if she is so fortunate as to own a real iron stove in which she is allowed to kindle a real fire for boiling a real potato; and if Johnny has a father wise enough to give him a box of tools, he will cheerfully play carpenter all winter long. So the clouds of labor have their sunny side of imitative play. The mighty rumble of the locomotive is echoed in the tiny roar of thousands of mimic engines; the intricate rattle of the busy telegraph is reproduced in a minor key on multitudes of little "sounders"; and even implements of deadly warfare are reduced in caliber and sold as playthings.

If this is true in the case of little children, much more is it true of our boys and girls as they grow older. The age is swiftly reached when toys no longer satisfy, and the boy must have a chest of tools that will do good work; he must engineer an engine that has horse-power in it; he must cultivate a patch of ground, and plant something more practical than the watermelon seeds of his early years; he must have a gun that will throw real lead.

Among the many youthful occupations which this spirit of imitation has created, none, perhaps, has been more widely extended and more enthusiastically followed than AMATEUR JOURNALISM.

The idea of a newspaper printed and edited by a boy is, in one sense, not a novel one. Benjamin Franklin might be called the pioneer boy printer; for it is commonly mentioned in connection with the Discovery of America, the Landing of the Pilgrims, the Surrender of Cornwallis, and various other incidents of the sort, that when Benjamin Franklin was very young he published his brother's paper in his absence, and won himself distinction thereby.

It is said, also, that in 1812, at the time when England and the United States were engaged in

their second discussion, a boy by the name of Thomas G. Condie, or Cundie, living in Philadelphia, edited the *Weekly Portfolio*, a paper which had some local repute. Tradition has it that Condie's paper was of four pages measuring eight and a half by eleven inches.

We speak of this as a tradition; for—alas, for the vanity of earthly glory!—learned scribes and critics have arisen who have proved, in the *Censor* and elsewhere, not merely that, as with Shakespeare, the spelling of our hero's name is uncertain, but that no such person as either Condie or Cundie ever lived, breathed, or edited a paper.

We learn from Mr. W. M. Clemens, that on the 21st of August, 1820, Nathaniel Hawthorne, then sixteen years of age, sent forth the first number of *The Spectator*, a small but neatly printed and well edited paper. A prospectus had been issued only the week before, setting forth that the *Spectator* would be issued on Wednesdays, "price twelve cents per annum, payment to be made at the end of the year."

Among the advertisements on the last page was the following:

*Nathaniel Hawthorne proposes to publish, by subscription, a new edition of the "Miseries of Authors," to which will be added a sequel containing facts and remarks drawn from his own experience.*

Whatever others may think, no member of the National Amateur Press Association will hesitate to attribute a fair share of Hawthorne's subsequent greatness to the discipline of these early labors in the editorial chair.

*The Boy.*

In 1834 or 1835, a little lad of Hartford, Conn., then known as "Nat," now as Rev. Professor Nathaniel Egleston, of Williamstown, Mass., published an amateur paper called *The Boy*.

He set up his type in one of the tin Sedlitz powder boxes common then, and printed a sheet as large as a postal card.

And this device of the Sedlitz powder box calls to mind a very interesting account of another original contrivance devised in 1839 by a Western boy, or at least by an Eastern boy gone West. The story was told in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1879, under the title of "How a Comet Struck the Earth," and should be carefully read and pondered



by all who would know with what difficulties early amateur editors were forced to contend.

In 1858, appeared the *Coos Herald*, from Lancaster, N. H., which attracted considerable attention. Between these dates there were, doubtless, many other papers whose names, though long forgotten by the world, still nestle in a warm corner of the memories of their quondam editors. Perhaps the difficulties in the way of obtaining presses, which the editors of *The Boy* and *The Comet* succeeded so ingeniously in overcoming, deterred many less energetic boys from attempting similar publications.

However this may be, it is certain that the invention, in 1867, of the cheap "Novelty" press was the event from which must be dated what is now understood as Amateur Journalism. The widely scattered advertisement, "EVERY BOY HIS OWN PRINTER," proved irresistible. Not *Comets* only, but whole constellations, suddenly flashed across the journalistic sky; *Suns* shone, *Stars* twinkled, *Meteors* blazed and burst; and, before the end of 1868, at least fifteen papers were regularly issued once a month.

In September, 1869, the first convention of amateur printers assembled at the house of Mr. Charles Scribner, of New York. This convention organized itself, with Charles Scribner, Jr., as its President, into the "Amateur Printers' Association," but changed its name the following year to "Amateur Press Association."

It was during this year, too, that *Our Boys' Intellect* (later, *Our Boys*) was first issued in Wenaona, Ill., by Charles A. Diehl. After a time, its publication office was removed to Chicago; Fred. K. Morrill became one of its editors, it was enlarged from time to time, until it grew to be a handsome journal of sixteen pages. Its circulation is said to have reached ten thousand copies, and it was finally consolidated with a professional juvenile magazine. Mr. Diehl, its founder, adopted journalism for his profession, and has, for many years, been on the staff of the *Chicago Times*. Mr. Diehl is by no means the only amateur editor who has, in later years, reached a position of professional eminence. William Howe Downes left his boys' paper for the *Boston Globe*. Frank H. Converse, well known to readers of the *Portland Transcript*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Golden Days*, was once editor of an amateur journal. So was Thomas Edison; and Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy, three or four years ago, wrote:

"It is now twenty-four years since we started as an amateur editor with a little paper, the *Sun*, at Corning, N. Y. We have grown out of the atmosphere of youth, but can never forget that we were once a poverty-scarred amateur editor, and never can have in our hearts other than good wishes for the youths, the young men, amateur editors, some of whom, in the course of years, will be the leading journalists of this country."

The list might be greatly extended, but enough has been given to show that in the publication of amateur papers we may have one of the truest schools of journalism.

On this point, Hon. Horatio Seymour has expressed himself in the following letter:

EDITOR COMET—*My Dear Sir:* I am much pleased with the copy of the *Comet* you sent me, and I am gratified with your courtesy in letting me see the account of the proceedings of your Association. I hope and believe that great good will grow out of the efforts of your young associates to put journalism upon the right basis. You begin at the beginning, and I know of no other way of having any useful pursuit carried on with success. This is demanded in all professions. I can see no reason why men should jump over the fences to get into the field of journalism. It should be entered through the regular gateway. It is as much a learned profession as law, medicine, or divinity. It calls for early training and careful preparation. I believe your association will do much to give the next generation higher toned journalism than we now have in our country.

Truly yours,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1872.

One of the best papers which appeared during the *renaissance* of 1870-76 was the *Youthful Enterprise*, conducted by Miss L. Libbie Adams. This is undoubtedly the "thirteen-year old girl-editor" mentioned in the "History of Woman Suffrage," who, "for three years, wrote, set up, and published a little paper in the interior of New York" (Elmira). It may be new to the authors of the just mentioned history that Miss Adams began her editorial labors in Carbondale, Pa., where she printed some numbers of the *Carbondale Enterprise* on a press which her father had secured for her, and in an office which had been fitted up in a garret. We shall mention later the *Hurricane* which still blows freshly from the orange groves of Carolina, but even at the date of which we are writing, Miss Adams was not the only girl in the ranks of amateurs. Miss Delle E. Knapp, who still writes excellent articles for the "mimic press," edited a bright paper in Buffalo, N. Y.; and at Wartville, Tenn., Miss Birdie Walker published the *Girls' Own Paper* for several years. She is now one of the editorial contributors of a professional literary magazine.

In 1870, more than fifty excellent papers were published, and the future of Amateur Journalism was assured.

During 1871, Amateurdome, or the "Dom," as it is pleasantly called by its members, prospered exceedingly. "The Centennial year," says Mr. Charles J. Steele, Jr., in the *Buffalo Courier*, "inaugurated what are now known as 'halcyon days.'"

The whole country then looked to Philadelphia. All sorts of societies and clubs held reunions there. Friends who had long been widely dispersed took that occasion to meet again. Naturally enough, it occurred to some of the brighter amateur editors that it would be a good



plan to have a grand reunion, and to publish a weekly amateur journal there. The last part of this programme was found impracticable. When the World's Exhibition had been held at Vienna in 1873, a paper called *Our American Youth* had been issued weekly, under the auspices of the New York Branch of the A. P. A.; but either the American Exposition managers were not so favorable as the Austrian, or the boys did not manifest so much enthusiasm in 1876 as in 1873.

#### N. A. P. A.

The reunion, however, was a grand success. Seventy-five amateurs were present in the Quaker City, and on the Fourth of July, amid the noise of martial music and the tramp of great processions, the NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION was formed. The mercury stood at 104° in the shade, but the intense heat served only to weld the boys into firmer union.

The former organization had been local, and its members were from the Eastern States, but this Association was national, and embraced young men from all sections of the country. From that time, the letters "N. A. P. A." have been regarded with growing affection by a rapidly increasing number of American youth.

The Constitution, which was adopted in 1876, has been recently amended and will be given, in part, in its proper place. The first President of the N. A. P. A. was John W. Snyder, of Richmond, Virginia. It is estimated that, during the year of his administration, there were five hundred amateur journals of all sizes and kinds.

In 1877, the annual *Napa* meeting was held at Long Branch, and was the largest yet convened. There were over a hundred present, and, after a most exciting contest, A. W. Dingwall, of Milwaukee, was elected President, and C. C. Henman, of New York, Official Editor. During this year the number of papers reached flood-tide, and there were over six hundred.

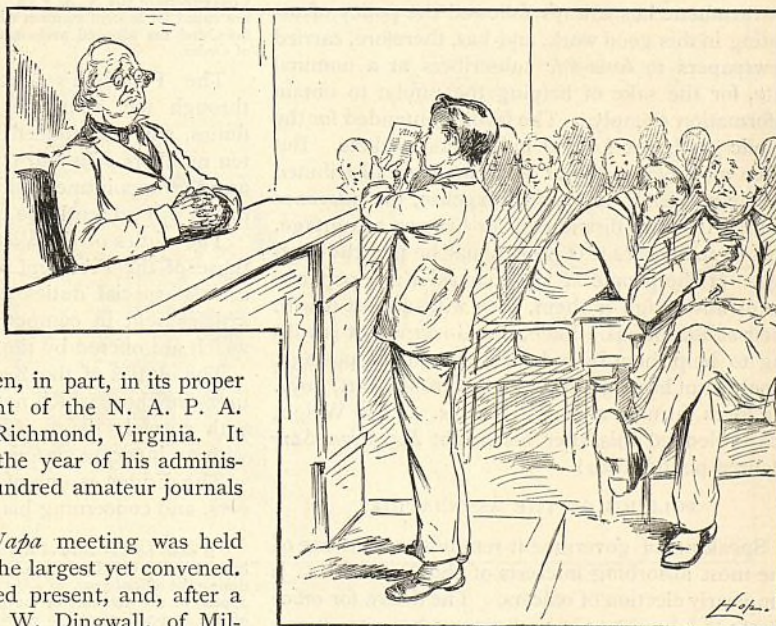
In 1878, during the administration of President Will T. Hall, of Chicago, the great trouble with the Post-office authorities arose. One brief account says: "It was determined by the powers that be, that papers published by boys were not legitimate newspapers, and that the publishers

should be required to place a one-cent stamp on each and every paper sent out. The boys could not afford to do this, and the papers went down like grass before the mower. From this severe blow Amateur Journalism has been slow to recover."

#### A LITTLE LAW.

As it is evident from editorials in many leading papers of the "Dom," as well as from this quotation from an ex-amateur editor, that this "'P. O. Trouble' is regarded by the boys as one of the main events in their history as an association," we have been at some pains to become acquainted with the inside facts and reasons of what has seemed to many an unreasonable discrimination.

The foregoing quotation was sent to Washington, accompanied by a request for advice as to the principles on which a distinction is made between papers published by boys and men. In reply, we were referred to certain sections in the Postal Guide and in a circular issued by the Third Assistant



FACE TO FACE WITH THE LAW.

Postmaster-General, a careful study of which convinces us that, however severely the decision of the Department may affect some of the less energetic boy editors, yet the complaints of unjust discrimination have no substantial foundation. And, while the rulings of the Department are in full force at this date, it is still true that very many boys are sending their papers at pound rates through the mails, and



yet acting in perfect harmony with law. For the information of all interested we will quote briefly the rulings which are in point:

"Publications asserted to be issued in the general interest of printers and publishers can not be admitted to entry as second-class matter where it appears that the number of their paid subscriptions is so insignificant in comparison with their exchange lists as to demonstrate that the primary object of their publishers is to advertise their own business and that of others by means of a free circulation among other publishers and printers. \* \* \*

"The rule just indicated for the exclusion of so-called printers' publications, designed primarily for the purposes of free exchanging, should also be applied to so-called 'Amateur' publications, and the same evidence of a self-sustaining subscription list required of them as of trade-journals before admission to entry as second-class mail matter."

Thus it appears that amateur papers which are on a business basis, and which are self-supporting, have never been deprived of the advantages accorded to the professional journals. The circular quoted enters into a long explanation of the reasons for this rule, showing that the nominal rate of two cents a pound does not cover the actual cost of transportation, and is accorded to no paper as a right, but is extended as a favor to such periodicals as are believed to be issued with a view to the spreading of intelligence among the people. The Government has always followed the policy of assisting in this good work, and has, therefore, carried newspapers to *bona-fide* subscribers at a nominal rate, for the sake of helping the public to obtain information cheaply. The favor is intended for the public good, not for the publishers' pockets. But when most of the copies of a paper are distributed by the publisher at his own expense, the inference is that they are distributed for his own advantage, and in such cases it is proper that he pay the postage. If the people at large consider any paper to be of advantage to them, they will support it with their subscriptions. Then, the Government is willing to help them by reducing the rate of postage. Uncle Sam has a great and a generous heart, boys. He loves fairness above all things. Even Wright acknowledged this after his bright *Egyptian Star* secured pound rates!

#### POLITICS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Speaking of government reminds us that one of the most absorbing interests of the N. A. P. A. is the yearly election of officers. The desire for office seems to be quite as strong among boys as among men, and the struggles for the Presidency and the Chief Editorship are often extremely close and persistent.

The yearly conventions are looked forward to with eager expectancy by the friends of the several candidates, and the oral debates and intricate wire-pulling of the actual meeting are preceded by months of earnest discussion, and even occasional partisan violence, in the numerous papers connected with the Association. It appears that many of the

amateur editors print their papers for no other purpose than that they may try their luck in the yearly race for office, and certainly one of the strongest incentives to hard work in producing a creditable sheet is the fact that, as the boys are rarely personally acquainted, they are obliged to form their opinions of one another largely from the essays, poems, or editorials which they write.

From this it happens that the offices usually fall to the lot of the most energetic, painstaking, and intelligent members, and whatever may be thought of political aspiration as a motive to literary endeavor, it appears certain that herein lies the strongest bond of union among the fraternity. Take away the annual conventions, with their platforms, discussions, and preceding campaigns, and the N. A. P. A. would soon dissolve.

With regard to the officers, their election and duties, the Constitution speaks as follows:

"ART. IV.—*Officers.* The Officers of the National Amateur Press Association shall consist of a President, First, Second, and Third Vice-Presidents, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Treasurer and Editor.

"ART. V. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all Conventions of the N. A. P. A., and to perform such other duties as are called for in conformation with this Constitution and these By-laws, and the adopted parliamentary authority." (Robert's Rules of Order.)

The President's duties are further defined through ten elaborate sections. Among these duties, may be noticed the publishing of at least ten numbers of a journal during his year of office, and the appointment of Judges of Award. Their duties will presently be explained.

The duties of the Vice-Presidents are naturally those of the President in his absence, and there are also special duties relating to the reception of articles sent in competition for the various prizes which are offered by the Association.

The duties of the Secretaries and of the Treasurer are those which naturally fall to such officers, with special charge of certain matters connected with an intricate system of "proxy" voting.

The Editor is one of the most responsible officers, and concerning his work Article XII. says:

"It shall be the duty of the Editor to take entire and complete control of the Official Organ, to issue four numbers of said paper during the official year, to allow nothing of a political character to appear in the columns of the paper, and to mail to every member of the Association and to every subscriber to the Official Journal one copy of each number, as soon as issued."

It is provided by the next article that this "Official Organ" shall be known as the *National Amateur*, that it shall have at least four pages, which shall be 9 x 13 inches in size, and set in long primer type. The names and addresses of the officers shall be published at the head of the editorial page, with full information regarding the method of joining the Association.

The "Judges of Award," just referred to, per-



form duties which are explained by Articles XXIII., XXIV., and XXV. of the Constitution.

"ART. XXIII.—*Prize Compositions.* SEC. 1. In order to promote the interest of our Editors and Authors, and the general tone of amateur literature, this Association will present to the author of the best written article on any subject, in accordance with section 3 of this article, the title of Laureate as hereinafter specified.

"SEC. 3. Articles may be written under the following heads and sent to the officer whose name precedes them:

Second Vice-President, Department A.	}	Serials.
	}	Stories or Sketches.
Third Vice-President, Department B.	}	Poems. Essays.
	}	History of Amateur Journalism.

"ART. XXIV.—*Judges of Awards.* SEC. 1. There shall be five Judges of Award, each of whom shall have a distinct department.

"SEC. 2. Four of these Judges of Award shall be literary men of known ability not actively connected with Amateurdome. The fifth Judge of Award shall be an active Amateur.

"SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of these Judges of Award to examine closely every article sent them, and to report to the President as soon as possible the one they believe to be in a majority of respects the best, giving their reasons therefor.

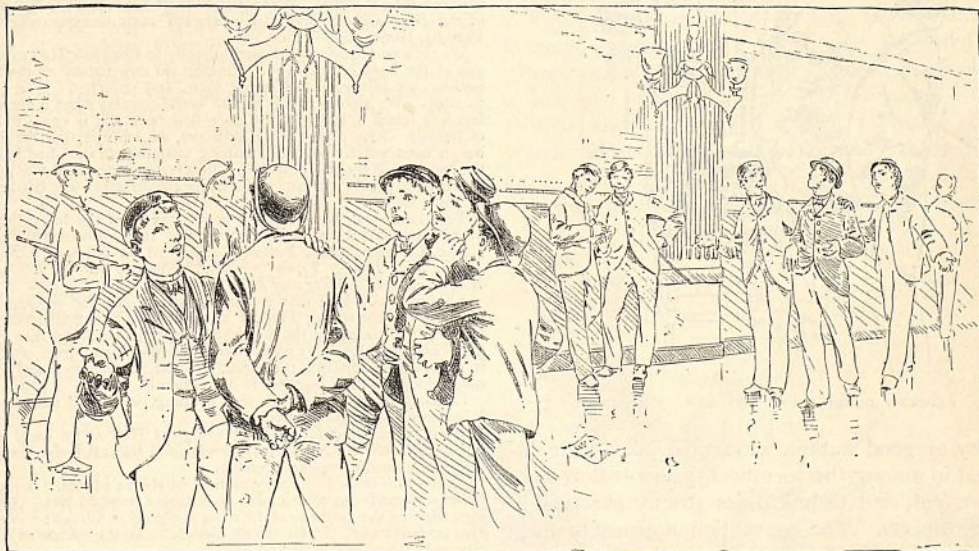
"ART. XXV.—*Titles.* SEC. 1. The title of Laureate shall be conferred upon the person contributing the best article on the subjects specified in Article XXIII., Section 3."

Such are the offices which are yearly filled from the ranks of amateur journalists. A large share of all the talent of the "Dom" is exercised in the

#### A QUESTION TO BE SETTLED.

The latest question for discussion has been regarding certain boys' papers of New York which are of a sensational and far from elevating nature. Some of the N. A. P. A. have strenuously opposed any fellowship with them. Others have argued that, although the tone of such papers was bad, still it was the best policy for the *Napa* to allow the obnoxious editors to retain their membership, in order to reap the benefit of their initiation fees, yearly dues, political influence, and advertising assistance. This appears to us to be one of the most vital questions which have arisen, and our confidence in the perpetuity of the Association is greatly strengthened by reading, in Article XVI., Section 2, of the Revised Constitution: "*No person connected with or contributing to [here follow the names of the disreputable sheets] shall be eligible to membership.*"

No motives of policy ever could overrule the wisdom of that section, and if the boys would take a step further, and promptly expel from their ranks



LOBBYING FOR THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

weekly discussion of the various candidates for these offices, and truth compels the statement that many of the young editors allow themselves, in the heat of the campaign, to cross the limits of courtesy quite as far as their elder brethren of the professional press.

A brief history of the latest election will give a clear notion of Amateur Politics. Before beginning this, however, it may be well to glance at one of the great questions which have divided Amateurdome during the past ten years.

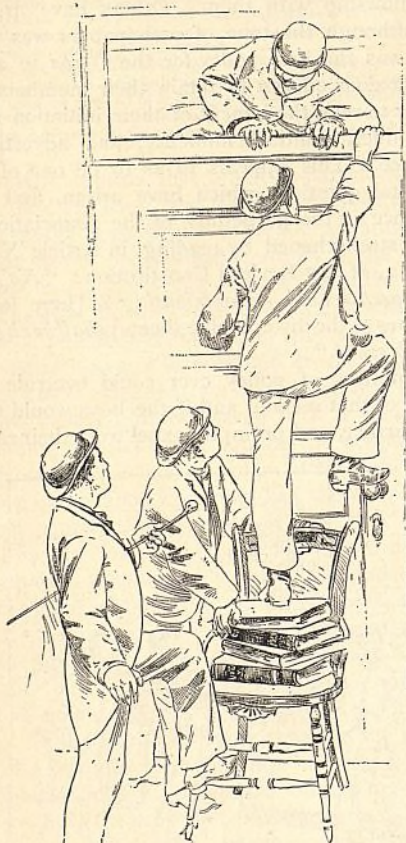
every editor who publishes a single profane or indecent paragraph, they would greatly benefit the cause.

It must not be inferred from this that there are many editors who do print such matter, but, in looking over large bundles of amateur journals, one is occasionally pained by seeing paragraphs which tend to throw discredit on the institution.

To their credit be it said that the leading spirits of the "Dom" are bravely fighting this evil, and we have no doubt that they will succeed in stamping it out entirely.



The latest convention was held in Buffalo, and is acknowledged by all the boys to have been a decidedly poor affair. There were only fifteen members present, as a large faction had bolted, and there was a good deal more excitement than either



LOCKED DOORS COULD NOT KEEP THEM IN.

dignity or good nature. Practical jokes were indulged in among the members, proxy ballots were thrown out, and technicalities strictly observed in other respects. The convention appears to have been pretty well "fixed" beforehand; there was a good deal of "denouncing," some carousing, and a little business done. Still, oddly enough, excellent results have followed this most unfortunate meeting. In the first place, an energetic and enthusiastic set of officers were elected, and in the next place, the whole Association has been aroused to see the necessity of sending more and abler representatives to the yearly convention. Moreover, the evils of a cumbrous system of proxy voting have become evident, as has also the unwisdom of a Constitution with eighty-eight sections, besides voluminous By-laws.

Boys wish to have fun at their conventions, of course; but they do not wish to be locked in their hotel-rooms, so that they can not reach the meeting without crawling through the transom!

The following account of this meeting is condensed from Sanderson's wide-awake *Bay State Press*:

N. A. P. A., FRANK NEWTON REEVE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

THE LESSERITES DARE NOT ATTEND THE CONVENTION, BUT BOLT IT.—SMALL ATTENDANCE BUT A GRAND MEETING!—"ME TOO" GLEASON DISHONORS HIMSELF.—THE LESSER FACTION COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED!!—LESSER HALF CRAZY.—THE REEVITES CARRY THE DAY.—THE NATIONAL IN GOOD HANDS FOR THE NEXT YEAR.—EVERY OFFICER ACTIVE!

A full, complete, and authentic account of our trip to Buffalo, and of the Convention.

Since June 1st we have thought of nothing else but the convention of the National Amateur Press Association which was to be held at Buffalo, in July. It had been our one thought and wish to attend the meeting, and in accordance with this we began to save up our spare shekels and to accumulate enough collateral to attend it. The morning of the 16th of July found us counting our cash, and to our great joy we found that we were able to go. Hurriedly packing our knapsack, we boarded the train at the little depot in Warren and were soon proceeding at a rattling rate toward the capital of the Empire State.

After a ride of five hours, we jumped off the train in Albany. While waiting here for eight dreary hours, we were suddenly confronted by two hungry individuals who had the appearance of being amateurs. One of them stepped up to us and said, "Is this Sanderson?" and we were soon shaking hands with Reeve and Kempner. The eight hours at length passed away and found us slowly rolling out of Albany. At eight, next morning, the train steamed into Buffalo. After a short search we found Charlie Steele of the *Boys' Herald*, and soon afterward came unexpectedly upon Parsons, Imrie, and Gleason.

We took no breakfast, but went directly to Congress Hall to see if any of the boys had arrived. Finding no new names on the hotel register, we adjourned to Reeve's room, and stretched out on a sofa to sleep. We were scarcely lost to consciousness when a clatter of feet was heard in the hall, the door flew open and in came Pelham of Detroit. After a fraternal handshake, we learned that the Pittsburgh boys had arrived, and, rushing upstairs, we soon had hold of the hands of Weissert and Koch. In a few minutes all the boys had gathered in Reeve's room, and a lively conversation was carried on for some time.

Telegrams had been coming in all day from the boys, but the evening brought the most important one. It was directed to "F. N. Reeve, Congress Hall, Buffalo," and read as follows: "*Monroe, Mich., July 17th. Train wrecked. Nobody hurt. Will come Wednesday eve. Niles and Kast.*"

All were suspicious that something was up, for the message was received on the wrong kind of a blank, and a capital letter was missing. Hunting up the boy who brought it, we found that it was given him by three boys on the corner of Michigan Street, and that it never came through the office. It was, as we afterward found out, a dodge of the Lesserites to dishearten us.

Looking over the register that evening, we found that Lesser, Ritter, and Buckley had arrived.

Tuesday morning found us at Congress Hall at an early hour. About eight o'clock Niles, Kast, Brown, and Rickert arrived, and we were introduced in rapid succession.

At eleven o'clock a caucus was held in Reeve's room. A regular ticket was made up and a plan of business mapped out. A huge sign adorned the entrance of the room and read as follows: "REEVE HEADQUARTERS. NO QUARTER GIVEN." In the middle of it was a representation of a skull and cross-bones.

The meeting was appointed to convene at two o'clock, but it was not called until three. None of the Lesser faction appeared, and a committee consisting of Fischer and Sanderson was sent to request their attendance. Arriving at their room, we were invited in. Telling them that the meeting was to be called in five minutes, we were replied to by young Gleason, who said:

"You appointed the convention at two o'clock. No one appeared and Lesser called the meeting. No one came and now the thing's adjourned *sine die*."

We said nothing and turned to go, but what was our dismay to find the door locked and the key on the outside. The Lesserites had us completely in their power. The meeting was being held down-stairs and we could not get there. Our wrath rose a little at this point, and stepping to one side of the room we gave the servant's bell a violent pull. No one answered, but, having observed the lay of the land, we suddenly seized a chair and, placing it by the side of the door, leaped up over it and squeezed out of the little window at the top, before they could realize what we were doing. Hurrying down to the parlor, we found that the convention had just been called to order.



## THE CONVENTION.

At 3.05 o'clock, President Parsons called the meeting to order. Minutes of last meeting were read and accepted. A large number of new recruits were added to the membership list. The following



STARTING A PAPER.—“What shall we call it?”

were appointed as laureate winners for the year: Jas. L. Elderdice, poet; Wm. F. Buckley, sketch; Chas. S. Elguttie, essay.

The treasurer reported \$15.50 in the treasury. After a good deal of minor business had been transacted, the election of officers occurred at 4.50. Will C. Brown arose and stated that he had the pleasure of nominating Frank N. Reeve for the presidency. No opponent appearing, he was elected by acclamation. In response to the cries of “speech,” he rose and addressed a few well-chosen words to the association, and sat down amid hearty applause. He was then escorted to the chair by a committee of two and the election proceeded as follows: Louis Kempner nominated F. E. Day for first Vice-President, and he was elected unanimously. Sanderson nominated J. A. Imrie for second Vice-President, and he was also elected without opposition. For third Vice-President, Wylie and Kempner were nominated. The association then proceeded to ballot, and it resulted as follows:

Kempner	.....II
Wylie	.....I

Mr. Kempner was declared elected. J. J. Weissert and Warren J. Niles were elected Recording and Corresponding Secretaries respectively. Howard K. Sanderson was elected Treasurer by a majority of eight votes over his opponent, Chas. C. Rickert. Finlay A. Grant was elected Official Editor, and Detroit, Mich., as the next place of meeting.

Each of the newly elected officers present responded with short speeches. Bills against the association were ordered paid. Adjourned.

The next convention is to assemble this month in Detroit, Michigan, and bids fair to be the largest and most enthusiastic yet held. It will probably decide the fate of the “Dom.” There is a small faction who are desirous of a revolution, like Orgetorix of old, and unless a rousing meeting is secured, and a strong set of officers elected, trouble is threatened. But the better element is well organized and alert, and fully determined to have fair play and keep the old N. A. P. A. afloat.

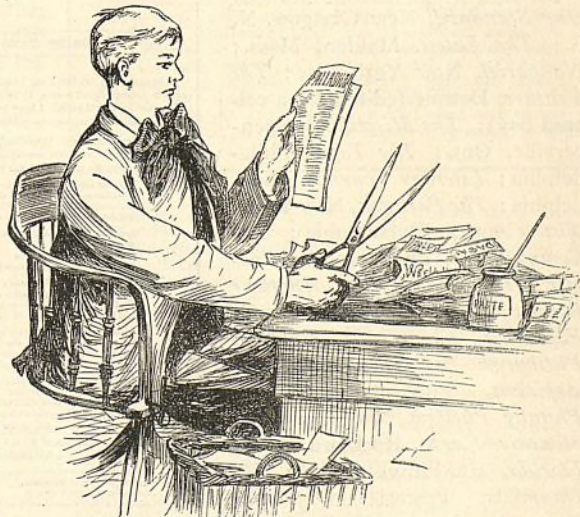
## AMATEUR LITERATURE.

An account of amateur newspapers which should give no specimens of what the amateur editors produce would be like a Thanksgiving dinner with the ornithology omitted; but the style of these papers is so varied, and the papers them-

selves so numerous, that one is at a loss where to begin. A bare list of their names would fill several pages of this magazine. An excellent representative of its class is the *Independent Times*, published by Frank Newton Reeve, of Newark, N. J., who is now the President of the Association. His portrait appears on the next page of this article. The *Times* is printed on fine paper with excellent type by Jas. B. H. Storms, who is considered to be the best printer in Amateurdum. The size of the paper is  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$  inches. An idea of its general appearance, with its effective title-head and “make-up,” may be gained from the reduced fac-simile which we present. The *National Amateur*, which is the official organ, will be mentioned further on. Next to it in importance come the organs of the various sub-societies, such as the New England

A. P. A., The South-Eastern, The Western, The Ohio and Michigan, etc.

Following these comes the long train of miscellaneous papers, among which may be noted *The Hurricane*, of Charleston, S. C., edited entirely by a little girl of fourteen years. Her name is Eva Britton, and she is well known to many at the North, for she makes annual tours through the cities, securing subscribers for her bright paper. She has now about four thousand, and is one of

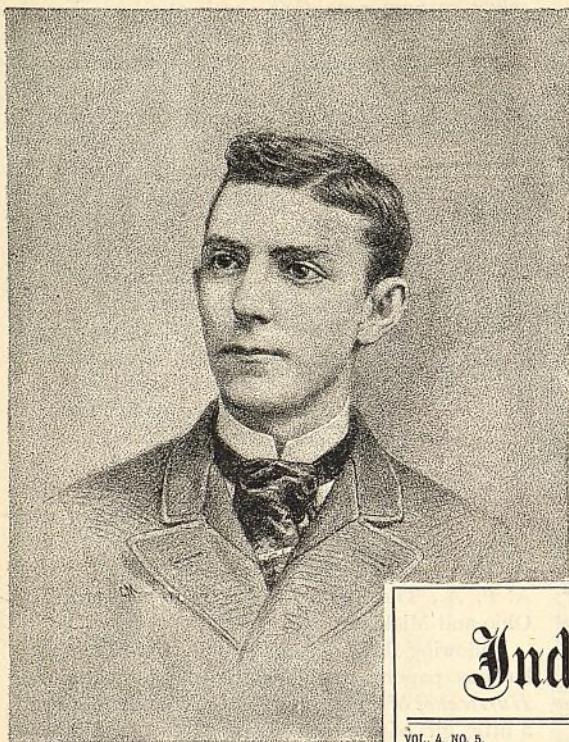


“OUR EXCHANGES.”

a very few amateurs who are supported by their work. Is she not the only one?

*The Mercury*, of Towanda, Penn.; *The Young*





F. N. REEVE, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION AND PUBLISHER OF THE "INDEPENDENT TIMES."

*Recruit*, of Vineland, N. J.; *The Bay State Press*, of Warren, Mass.; *Our Standard*, New Glasgow, N. S.; *The Latest*, Malden, Mass.; *Nonpariel*, New York City; *The Venture*, Detroit (edited by a colored boy); *The Miscellany*, Spencerville, Ont.; *The Topic*, Philadelphia; *Literary Journal*, Philadelphia; *The Paragon*, New York; *The Censor*, Philadelphia; *The Commentator*, Philadelphia; *Puzzler's Pride*, Chicago; *Amateur Review*, Cincinnati; *New York's Favorite*; *The Tablet*, Halifax; *Pittsburgh Independent*; *Young Aspirant*, Punxsutawny, Pa.; *Phunny Phellow*, Nebraska City; *Monthly Eagle*, Rockford, Ind.; *Florida*, Hawkinsville, Fla.; *The Dauntless*, Fostoria, O.; *The Sphere*, Washington, D. C.; *Blushing Bud* (by two girls), Evansville, Ind.; *The Vigilant*, Pittsburgh, Pa.; *Amateur Exchange*, Stanberry, Mo.; *The Stylate*, Frederick, Md.;

*Our Blade*, Buffalo, N. Y., and *The Union*, Hamilton, Ont., are names taken at random from a huge pile of Amateur journals of all shades of politics and all degrees of excellence.

Those who are interested in this subject will doubtless be able, by obtaining specimen copies of some of these sheets, to satisfy their reasonable curiosity.

The *National Amateur* is the official organ of the N. A. P. A., and is as good as any amateur paper we have seen. Important information heads its editorial columns, as may here be seen. It is conducted by Finlay A. Grant, of New Glasgow, N. S. Mr. Grant also publishes *The Boy's Folio*, and is the leading spirit of *Young Nova Scotia*, both excellent papers. He has won his way to the front of Amateurdom by a long service of earnest and devoted labor. It was largely due to his exertions that Canadian boys were admitted to the Association, and, in spite of the drawback of his distant home,

## Independent Times.

VOL. 4. NO. 5.

NEWARK, N. J., JULY, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 41.

### A FEW IMITATIONS.

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

I have at times employed my leisure moments, when not engaged in writing original poetry, by making many curious imitations of our most prominent poets. I have here given the result of my labors to a discriminating amateur public.

Here is an imitation of TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam." Those who are acquainted with that somewhat over-estimated poem, will, I think, recognize the closeness of the resemblance:—

Ann old memories make me stare?  
Sometimes forgotten names will shake  
My heart, and dim old songs will wake  
The dying heartbeats in my heart.

Sometimes her likeness, dimly seen,  
A phantom on a rolling sea,  
Will rise, and for a moment be  
Herself, or what she might have been.

Her hair is crowned with widow's weeds,  
And sprays from weeping willows torn  
She laughs the furious waves to scorn  
And laughs, and then men she pleads.

Saying, "Oh, world, my will is weak!  
Have mercy on my courage goes:  
My crimes are done; have done thy blow,  
Cruel world," then blazes flame her cheeks.

On moments more, the clouds o'cloud  
Bend and envelope in their mist  
The erring one; I know that Christ  
Will judge her crime, and she is dead.

The next is an imitation of EDGAR A. POE. It is perhaps too trifling, and I ask pardon for introducing it in this connection:—

As I sat the winds were thundering,  
Trembling my soul was pondering,  
Sleepy my soul was wondering,  
Who shall solve this ghastly mystery, which men mortals here term death.

Where there came a sudden knocking,  
Solemn still, and somewhat shocking!  
Said I, "Thou Jones in his rocking  
Chair who occupies a chamber on the first floor underneath."

But the noise grew louder, swelling  
On the air; throughout the dwelling,  
As from very Hell 'twas yelling  
Then said I, "If this is quiet that I asked for here this morn'ing.

'Tis a somewhat noisy quiet,  
'Tis a quite infernal rest,  
Then the hell I had my eye at  
Straight I rang, and up the staircase came my hostess dark and frowning.

"Tell me, madam, what are these  
Cries that rend the earth and seas?  
Are they fierce Eremusides  
Shouting, or the fates concealing miseries for men unborn?"

"Sir!" she cried, in indignation,  
"What a strong imagination!  
Jones is under operation  
By two famous chiropodists for removal of a corn!"

Here is BYRON in his gentler moments:—

Night on the phidic woodlands! Zara waits  
Beside the rapturing place; the bending woods,  
The scorching owl, all sounds of human hates  
Have hushed with the vast cries of multitudes.  
There breathes a whispering silence of sound;  
The gentle bird pours forth with noiseless bark;  
There is no sound, save when the winds go round,  
And lightly stir the coals that smoulder fair Zara's cheek.

Still Zara waits, and he for whom she waits  
Comes not; oh, he the traitor hides at home,  
Traitor indeed and fool! the cuckoo mates  
But he cares not for her, and does not come.  
What wealth is her's to idle? she will give  
If he but ask it, all a ruin desires;  
A fool indeed who would refuse to live  
Within her smile, to feed with love her husband's fires!

Here is WALT WHITMAN:—

Ye primitive woods, ye mystical silence, ye dead oaks, answer me!  
Oh, thrilling heart of the woods, answer my riddle.  
Ye who have sung your poems through hundreds of ages of silence,  
Overwhelm me not with your silence! it is grand, it is awful, majestic,  
It is petrified truth, it is music in nature, it is a silent poem of God.  
Or what we call God—we are weak and motion in our creeds and doctrines.  
Tell me, oh eye of the woods, what thou hast seen in the chaos of some hundred  
of years.  
Blackness and darkness; and riddles of life and death forever and ever enacted!  
In vain I may question thee. Unanswered, I pick myself up and depart,  
Filled with the mystical silence of the great, grand, and glorious woods.

To conclude, how will this answer for TOM MOORE?

Sweet Jenny! a flower that grows by the stream,  
That wanders by woodlands of cedar and fir,  
Walks forth in the morning; the sun's early gleam,  
Like a wide-awake lover, looks forth upon her,  
Ah, Jenny, the pride of the village, the love  
Of a hundred bold suitors that woo her in vain;  
Oh is there a star in the blue vault above,  
So perfect, so cold, as my beautiful Jane?

If Jenny had buckles, and arrows, and bow;  
Not that's fair self could be colder than her;  
And sadly the village youth watches her go,  
Alone, constrained, by color and fire,  
Ah, Jenny, thy graces they are patient, but mind  
Some day they will leave thee, and sadly upbraid  
No savior to sue thee, no men shall then find,  
They will leave thee to languish and die an old maid!





FINLAY A. GRANT, EDITOR OF "THE NATIONAL AMATEUR,"  
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE N. A. P. A.

he has been elected to the highest office but one. He is an entire stranger to us personally, but we have read with admiration his editorials on various topics, and they breathe a manly and true spirit.

We present on page 726 an engraving of the editors of the *Petit Anse Amateur* as they appeared when at work. Their paper has had the reputation of being the smallest in the world, and a fac-simile of the first page of it is also given. But there are now many papers much smaller. *The Midget*, for instance, is an exact reprint of one of them, "life-size." *The Amateur*, of Warsaw, Ind., is only  $\frac{3}{4} \times 1$  inch, and *The Oak*, which was, at one time, printed in Boston on a hand-press, was still more minute. Its four pages were as follows:

THE  
OAK  
No. 1.

SMALL-  
EST  
YET!!!

Ed. by  
LES-  
TER!

THIS  
BEATS  
'EM ALL.

#### SPECIMENS OF AMATEUR STYLE.

The articles contributed to amateur journals may readily be divided into five classes: Editorials, Stories, Essays, Poetry, and Criticisms. As a sample of the first, see the following from the *Independent Times*, by President Reeve:

#### "THE OUTLOOK.

"Not for years have the future prospects for Amateur Journalism seemed so promising. New papers are coming into existence daily,

## The National Amateur.

OFFICIAL ORGAN N. A. P. A.

FINLAY A. GRANT, *Editor*, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

### OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

#### PRESIDENT:

FRANK NEWTON REEVE,.....Newark, N. J.

#### VICE-PRESIDENTS:

FRANK E. DAY,.....Cedar Rapids, Ia.

JOHN A. IMRIE,.....Spencerville, Ontario.

LOUIS KEMPNER,.....New York, N. Y.

#### SECRETARIES:

Corresponding,—CHAS. C. RICKERT,.....Canal Dover, O.

Recording,—JNO. J. WEISSERT,.....Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### TREASURER:

HOWARD K. SANDERSON,.....Warren, Mass.

#### OFFICIAL EDITOR:

FINLAY A. GRANT,.....New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR is sent free to members. To others it is 15 cents per year.

The National Amateur Press Association is composed of the amateur editors, authors, publishers and printers of North America, who meet yearly, during the month of July, for the purpose of acquaintance and transacting such business as may be proposed. The next Convention will be held in Detroit, Mich., subject to the call of the President.

#### EXTRACTS FROM CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE XVI.—Section 1.—Any person who is actively interested in Amateurism, is the publisher of an amateur paper, or a contributor to the Amateur Press, or the printer of amateur publications, and resides in the United States of America or Canada, may become a member of the Association by conforming with the requirements set forth in this Constitution and these By-Laws, and no person shall be entitled to the privileges of membership until he has. Persons who are Puzzlers only are not construed by this section to be contributors to the Amateur Press.

Any person desiring to join the National Amateur Press Association and who conforms with the above conditions must make application to C. C. Rickert, Canal Dover, O., Chairman Credential Committee, stating in what manner he or she is connected with amateur journalism, and who will notify such applicant of his or her acceptance or rejection. If accepted, send two dollars (\$2.00), for initiation fee and one year's dues, to J. J. Weissert, 1 Wylie Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., when such person will be entitled to all the privileges of membership for one year.

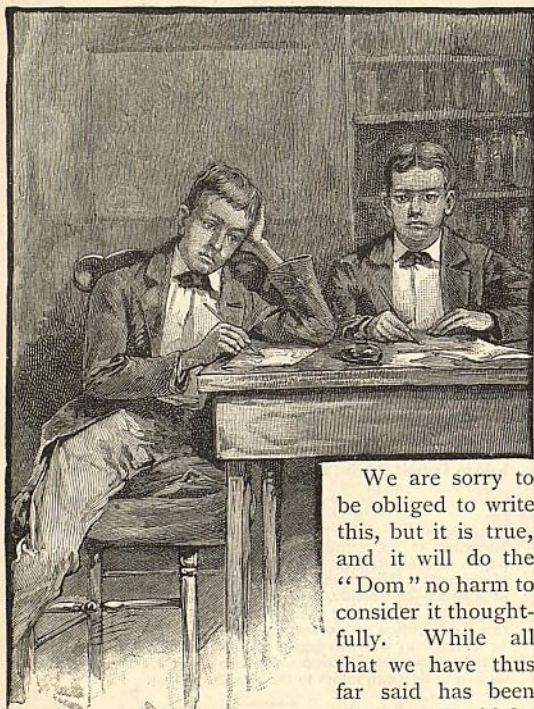
and especially in the vicinity of New York City are affairs assuming a healthy activity. Every spring and summer new papers appear, their editors invariably being inspired by the campaign for National officers, but a distressing number of suspensions take place as soon as the campaign is past. But this year [1881] the campaign was entirely too tame and one-sided to prompt the publication of the usual number of campaign sheets. We are, therefore, led to believe that the present spurt in amateur affairs is a genuine and healthy one. We have on our exchange list eighty-two papers that have started since last year, and we know of many more soon to appear.

"With those strong influences for good to our cause will be coupled as much encouragement from the officers of the N. A. P. A. as it is possible for active leaders to give. *The National Amateur* will appear regularly, and the entire board of officers will exert their best efforts to elevate and increase Amateurism in character and strength. All they ask is to receive the hearty coöperation of every amateur. If they err, criticise them as they deserve, but don't allow political bickering to cause you to say disheartening things or act in a manner calculated to retard them in their efforts to benefit the 'Dom.'"

Most of the papers have good editorials; but, alas, after a search of several hours through our whole bundle of Amateur journals, we can not find



a single story which can properly be reproduced here. Many of them are poor imitations of the dime novel, others, less trashy, are marred by slang words, gross allusions, or the irreverent use of sacred names.



THE EDITORS OF THE "PETITE ANSE AMATEUR" AT WORK.

We are sorry to be obliged to write this, but it is true, and it will do the "Dom" no harm to consider it thoughtfully. While all that we have thus far said has been only in praise of the work of our young friends, we should

be neglecting a plain duty did we fail to warn them that the three greatest enemies of their cause are vulgarity, irreverence, and abusive personalities.

The first two of these three are found chiefly in the story columns. The last, which sometimes includes the others, appears mainly in "Notices of our Exchanges," but often steals into what, if anything, should be kept pure and courteous and Christian—the Editorial page.

If Amateur Journalism has been looked upon with disfavor by the professional press, a potent cause may be found in the bitter sneers, coarse jests, rude taunts, and open accusations which used to form a constant feature of the average boy's paper; and if, as we believe, this disfavor is passing by, the reason for it will be found in the noble, persistent, and successful efforts for a higher standard by the clean-minded and whole-souled editors, like Grant of the *National Amateur*, Mercur of the *Mercury*, and Morris of the *Young Recruit*.

Although many excellent essays are before us, they are too long to be available here, and we

therefore give a few specimens of the manner in which the boys criticise each other. Some of them may serve as warnings rather than as models!

"Latest advices state that the Fool Killer is roaming through Michigan, and that he will shortly fetch up in Detroit. A hint to the wise is sufficient, Mr. ———."—*Manifest*.

"This youthful Socrates should know that fools are rarely, if ever, wise."—*Detroit Venture*.

"We hereby give notice that we have noticed ——— in these columns for the last time. If our contemporaries are desirous of keeping their papers clean and doing us a favor they will pay no further attention to that parasite."—*Independent Times*.

"*Bay State Press*, *Lynn Amateur*, and *Golden Moments* lug off the bun for neatness."—*Puzzler's Pride*.

"We can digest an issue of the *Mercury* of Towanda, Penn., with as great a zest as, perhaps, any other paper of its size we receive. It is decidedly interesting at times, and remarkably fresh."

"The *Nonpariel* is decidedly a progressive sheet of much merit, and ably conducted. Its regular issue will be of much importance to the cause, now that Kempner is a National officer."

"*Idle Hours* is quite an improvement on the *Amateur Reformer*, and its interesting contents and good management will do much good for the cause in Indiana. Such papers we delight to notice."

"The *Danbury Hornet* is the liveliest little sheet in the 'dom.' Admirably and vigorously edited, neatly and regularly issued, it deserves much credit, and will certainly gain it if it continues its present creditable issue."

#### 46 PETITE ANSE AMATEUR, JUNE, 1879.

##### THE PETITE ANSE AMATEUR

Is published, owned, and printed by school-boys, and the articles which appear are the efforts of children whose ages range from 7 to 13. The object of the paper is principally for self-improvement; as typography is now a branch of study in the *Petite Anse Grammar School*. It is issued every month, and a yearly subscription price of 50 cents is charged. Yearly advertisements are inserted at the rate of \$1.50 per square; \$5.50 per column, and \$12 per page.

D. D. AVERY, JR.,  
J. A. McLENNY,  
Editors and Proprietors,  
to whom all communications should be addressed at NEW IBERIA, LA.

PETITE ANSE ISLAND,  
JUNE, 1879.

##### WHAT WE DO.

Our friends will be delighted to hear of our continued success. The

circulation is rapidly extending over the country, while advertisers are crowding our pages. Our evenings are occupied in scanning exchanges and in answering the daily increasing correspondence. Every moment of the daytime is in demand; and if type-setting, composition, and other matters connected with the *AMATEUR* do not call on us, then kite-flying, fishing, swimming, or baseball is the order.

##### EDITORIAL MENTION.

The papabotto return from their southern flight to feed on our prairies, on which they will fatten and afford good sport for gentlemen of the gun and enjoyment for those who love good eating.

FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF THE "PETITE ANSE AMATEUR."

#### COST OF RUNNING A PAPER.

Doubtless some of our young friends, if any have followed us so far, are asking themselves: "Could I start a paper?" "How should I begin?" "What would it cost?" "Would it pay?"

To these questions we answer briefly by quoting from a letter recently received from the official editor of the "Dom":

"In reference to running an amateur paper, I will first of all state that it seldom if ever pays. The only way to save it from being a continual expense is to have a printing outfit of your own and print your paper yourself. By doing this you will be able to make both ends meet. However, an amateur paper could be made to pay, and



has been before now, by a proper course of advertising and by devoting time to working it up. But not one paper in fifty pays anything over running expenses. Those now publishing papers do it solely as a means to benefit themselves, to give them a bright mental and moral training, or as an amusement. The cost of issuing an amateur paper ranges from two to ten dollars per issue. The *Young Nova Scotia* costs us ten dollars. A paper half the size can be issued in the U. S. for four or five dollars. A paper two columns to a page, four pages, can be issued at a cost of two or three dollars.

address, monthly. All the manual labor on the paper for the last six months has been executed by the editor alone, and he has also written more than two-thirds of the reading matter which has filled its columns. During all of this time we have attended school regularly."

There can be little doubt that boys who are willing of their own accord to subject themselves to such discipline as that have a power of will, a spirit of perseverance, and a praiseworthy ambition which will surely lift them, by and by, into positions of greater honor and wider usefulness. It is claimed that about one-half of those who begin by editing such papers continue their connection with the Press after they have passed the age of boyhood. Many successful editors and newspaper correspondents attribute their present fortune to the training they gave themselves as amateurs. The boys are fond of quoting a saying of Speaker Randall to the effect that amateur journalism is the "noblest work indulged in by our American youth."

Whether this be strictly true or not, we reckon among the strongest reasons which cause us to regret that we have passed the boundaries

#### 4 THE MIDGET.

##### PERSONAL.

Masher's Column.

Will Hazelrigg has given up the idea of going to Indianapolis to live. Bring a wash pan for our tears.

Gus Muhlhause has been sick. Cause, drinking too much ice-water.

The August number of the *Atlas* is eight pages.

##### WE WANT JUSTICE.

In *Scribner's Monthly* for the month of August the *Petite Anse Amateur* claims to be the smallest paper in the world.

We find by measurement that the *Midget* is about half the size of the *Amateur*.

#### THE MIDGET.

Vol. 1] Evansville, Ind. August. [No. 1

##### INTRODUCTION

In introducing this little paper to the boys and girls of Evansville, we will first of all, beg of them and the *Amateur Press*, not to criticise us too severely at first, as this is our first attempt at the business.

As our reader can plainly see, our paper is small, and we will not have room to waste in apologising, so we will make it short by asking you to excuse all the errors that we may make, in "getting out" this sheet, which we hope will please all.—Eps.

"THE MIDGET"—LIFE-SIZE.

"The directions for starting an amateur paper are very simple. All that is necessary is to decide upon starting one, then upon what size. The editor can then use his judgment as to what to publish; but whatever he publishes should be original, as that is the prime motive for starting a paper: to exercise the literary ability of the editor. It would be well for a beginner to make the acquaintance of some one who has had experience as an amateur in order to get the names and addresses of exchanges, for the exchanges are the life of an amateur paper that is devoted to the cause. If the would-be editor wishes to print his paper himself, let him consult the advertising columns of some boy paper and he will find out where to purchase presses and material. There are many who keep all the requisites of an amateur printing office for sale, and who do nothing else but manufacture and sell them. How many boys spend more than ten dollars a month upon those things which do them not half the good which would come from publishing an amateur paper!"

#### THE LABOR.

Some notion of the toil required to manage successfully even a small paper may be obtained from the experience of the editor of the *Egyptian Star*. He says:

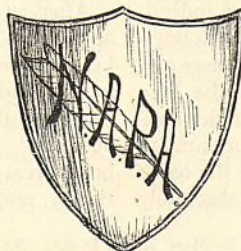
"This paper contains about sixty thousand pieces of type metal, which have not only to be set up, but handled the second time when distributed. Our press being small, only one page of the *Star* is printed at a time, therefore one month's issue of our average size requires upwards of eight thousand impressions. Besides this the MS. for each month's issue has to be carefully prepared, in itself no small labor; the MS. of this number alone covering over one hundred and fifty sheets of common note-paper.

"Then with our three hundred exchanges every month, and as many or more letters during the same time, we have a vast amount of reading to do. One thousand two hundred papers we fold, wrap, and



AN EDITOR DEMOLISHING A RIVAL.

of youth, the impossibility of editing an amateur paper, of joining the N. A. P. A., of decorating our breast with the silver shield and pen, of going to the convention at Detroit, and doing our very best by voice and ballot to elect to the presidential chair for next year Mr. —. But, alas! the ivory gates of boyhood have closed behind us, and we have no right to nominate. We can only express our hope to see an honest fight, and a true devotion to the cause. May the best man win!





## JULY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells  
 Her dream to the dragon-fly,  
 And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees  
 And murmurs a lullaby,  
     It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
 The corn-flower's blue cap awry,  
 And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
 To bow to the butterfly,  
     It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,  
 And poppies flame in the rye,

And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
 Has softened almost to a sigh,  
     It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time  
 Forgets them, and lets them lie  
 'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink  
 At the sunset in the sky,  
     It is July.

When each finger-post by the way  
 Says that Slumbertown is nigh;  
 When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,  
 And nobody wonders why,  
     It is July.

## DONALD AND DOROTHY.\*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## A FROLIC ON THE WATER.

DONALD had won the gratitude of many Nestle-town fathers and mothers, and had raised himself not a little in the estimation of the younger folk by his encounter with the rabid dog. That it was a case of hydrophobia was settled from the testimony of some wagoners, who had seen the poor animal running across the road, but who, being fearful of having their horses bitten, had not attempted to stop him. Though all felt sorry for "General," everybody rejoiced that he had been put out of his misery, and that he had not bitten any one in his mad run through the fields.

As the summer advanced, and base-ball and running-matches proved to be too warm work for the season, the young folk naturally took to the water. Swimming and boating became the order of the day and the night, too; for, indeed, boats shot hither and thither through many a boy's sleep, confounding him with startling surprises and dream-land defeats and victories. But the lake sports of their waking hours were more under control. Donald and Ed Tyler, as usual, were among the most active in various contests with the oars; and as Donald believed that no event was absolutely

complete if Dorry were not among either the actors or the spectators, boat-racing soon grew to be as interesting to the girls as to the boys.

The races usually were mild affairs—often impromptu, or sometimes planned in the morning and carried into effect the same afternoon. Now and then, something more ambitious was attempted: boys in rowing-suits practiced intently for days beforehand, while girls, looking on, formed their own not very secret opinions as to which rowers were most worthy of their support. Some went so far as to wear a tiny bit of ribbon by way of asserting allegiance to this or that crew sporting the same color in cap, uniform, or flag. This, strange to say, did not act in the least as "a damper" on the pastime; even the fact that girls became popular as coxswains did not take the life out of it—all of which, as Dorry said, served to show the great hardihood and endurance of the boy-character.

After awhile, Barry Outcalt, Benjamin Buster, and three others concocted a plot. The five held meetings in secret to complete their arrangements, and these meetings were enlivened with much smothered laughter. It was to be a "glorious joke." A boat-race, of course; and there must be a great show of previous practice, tremendous rivalry, and pressing competition, so that a strong

\* Copyright, 1881, by Mary Mapes Dodge. All rights reserved.



feeling of partisanship would be aroused; while, in truth, the race itself was to be a sham. The boats were to reach the goal at the same moment, nobody was to win, yet every one was to claim the victory; the air was to be rent with cries of "foul!" and spurious shouts of triumph, accompanied by vehement demands for a "fresh try." Then a second start was to be made—One, two, three, and off! All was to go well at first, and when the interest of the spectators was at its height, every eye strained and every heart almost at a stand-still with excitement, two of the boats were to "foul," and the oarsman of one, in the most tragic and thrilling manner, was to fall over into the astonished lake. Then, amid the screams of the girls and scenes of wild commotion, he was to be rescued, put into his empty boat again, limp and dripping—and then, to everybody's amazement, disregarding his soaked garments and half-drowned state, he was suddenly to take to the oars in gallant style, and come in first at the close, rowing magnificently.

So ran the plot—a fine one truly. The five conspirators were delighted, and each fellow solemnly promised to stand by the rest, and not to breathe a word about it until the "sell" should be accomplished. So far, so good. Could the joke be carried out successfully? As the lake was public property, it was not easy for the two "fouling" boys to find opportunities for practicing their parts. To make two boats collide at a given instant, so as to upset one and spill its occupant in a purely "accidental" way, required considerable dexterity. Ben Buster had a happy thought. Finding himself too clumsy to be the chief actor, he proposed that they should strengthen their force by asking Donald Reed to join the conspiracy. He urged that Don, being the best swimmer among the boys, was therefore best fitted to manage the fall into the water. Outcalt, on his part, further suggested that Ed Tyler was too shrewd to be a safe outsider. He might suspect, and spoil everything. Better make sure of this son of a lawyer by taking him into the plan, and appointing him sole judge and referee.

Considerable debate followed—the *pros* urging that Don and Ed were just the fellows wanted, and the *cons* insisting that neither of the two would be willing to take part. Ben, as usual, was the leading orator. He was honestly proud of Don's friendship, and as honestly scornful of any intimation that Don's better clothes and more elegant manners enhanced or hindered his claims to the high Buster esteem. Don was a good fellow—the right sort of a chap—and that was all there was about it. All they had to do was to let him, Ben, fetch Don and Ed around that very

day, and he'd guarantee they'd be found true blue, and no discounting.

This telling eloquence prevailed. It was voted that the two new men should be invited to join. And join they did.

Donald entered heartily into the plot, impelled both by his native love of fun and by a brotherly willingness to play an innocent joke upon Dorry, who, with Josie Manning, he knew would surely be among the most interested of all the victimized spectators.

A number of neat circulars, announcing the race and the names of the six contestants, with their respective colors, were written by the boys, and, after being duly signed by Ed Tyler, as referee, were industriously distributed among the girls and boys.

On the appointed afternoon, therefore, a merry crowd met at a deserted old house on the lake-shore. It had a balcony overlooking the place where the race was to begin and end.

This old building was the rendezvous of young Nestletown during boating hours; indeed, it was commonly called "the boat-house." Having been put up long years before the date of our story, it had fallen into a rather dilapidated condition when the Nestletown young folk appropriated it; but it had not suffered at their hands. On the contrary, it had been carefully cleared of its rubbish; and with its old floors swept clean, its broken windows flung open to air and sunlight, and its walls decorated with bright-colored sun-bonnets and boating flags, it presented quite a festive appearance when the company assembled in it on the day of the race.

Fortunately, its ample piazza was strong, in spite of old age and the fact that its weather-stained and paintless railing had for years been nickered, carved, and autographed by the village youngsters. It was blooming enough, on this sunny Saturday, with its freight of expectant girls and boys, many of the first-named wearing the colors of their favorites among the contestants.

The doughty six were in high spirits—every man of them having a colored 'kerchief tied about his head, and sporting bare, sinewy arms calculated to awe the beholder. Don was really superb. So were Ben Buster and young Outcalt. Many a girl was deeply impressed by their air of gravity and anxiety, not suspecting that it was assumed for the occasion, while the younger boys looked on in longing admiration. Ed, as starter, umpire, judge, referee, and general superintendent, rowed out with dignity, and anchored his boat a little way from shore. The six, each in his shining boat, rowed into line, taking their positions for the start. The stake-boat was moored about a third of a mile up the lake, and the course of the race



was to be from the starting-line to the stake-boat, around it, and back.

The balcony fluttered and murmured as Ed Tyler shouted to the six rowers, waiting with up-lifted oars:

"Are you ready? — ONE, TWO, THREE — GO!"

On the instant, every oar struck the water, the six boats crossed the line together, and the race began.

No flutter in the balcony now; the spectators were too intent.

Not for a moment could they imagine that it was not a genuine race. Every man bent to his work with a will: soon Ben Buster, with long, sweeping strokes, went laboriously ahead, and now Outcalt and another passed him superbly, side by side; then Don's steady, measured stroke distanced the three, and as he turned the stake-boat his victory was evident, not only to Dorothy but to half the spectators. Not yet — a light-haired, freckled fellow in a blue 'kerchief, terribly in earnest, spun around the stake-boat and soon left Don behind; then came the quick, sharp stroke of Ben Buster nerved for victory, closely followed by Steuby Butler, who astonished everybody; and then, every man rowing as if by superhuman exertion, inspired by encouraging cries from the balcony, they crowded closer and closer.

"Ben's ahead!" cried the balcony.

"No, it's Don Reed!"

"Good! it's Outcalt!"

"No, I tell you it's Butler!" — And then, before any one could see how it was done, the boats, all six of them, were at the line, oars were flourished frantically, the judge and referee was shouting himself hoarse, and the outcry and tumult on the water silenced the spectators on the land. Cries of: "No fair!" "No fair!" "It won't do!" "Have it again!" "Hold up!" "I won't stand such work!" culminated in riotous disorder. Seven voices protesting, shouting, and roaring together made the very waters quiver.

But Tyler was equal to the occasion. Standing in his boat, in the identical position shown in the picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," he managed to quiet the tumult, and ordered that the race should be rowed over again.

Once more the boats were in line. Again the umpire shouted: "Are you ready?" and again the crowd fluttered and murmured with expectation as every boat dashed forward.

But what was this? Dorry and Josie, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, moving rapidly as they could among the crowding spectators, and whispering urgent words that evidently produced a strong sensation.

Still the boats pressed on, every rower apparently

outdoing himself, if not outdoing everything else. If cheers and shouts had inspired them before, the intense silence now was even more inspiring. Could anything have succeeded better? With every show of exertion, the rascals managed to slacken or quicken as the case required, until, when nearly home, they were all close together.

It was glorious! They never had known such fun in their lives. Now for the grand business!

Donald and Outcalt came together with a crash — a perfect "foul"! One masterly effort — over went Don's boat and over went Don, headlong into the water!

The boys in the other boats did beautifully, crowding about and, in spite of Don's wild struggles, catching him with oars and arms, never hearing the screams of the girls in the suppressed mirth and wild activity of the moment, but getting Don into his boat again, limp and dripping; and finally, with real dramatic zeal, carrying out their entire plan — too busy and delighted with success to note its effect upon the crowd of spectators. Everything worked to perfection. Don, scorning his half-drowned state, had sprung suddenly to his oars, and in dead earnest had won the race, against every dead-earnest competitor, and —

What *do* you think?

When those six oarsmen, including the victor, looked up to receive the acclamations of the crowd, white with the waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, they heard only — silence; saw nothing but an empty piazza. Not a spectator was to be seen — not even a face at a window — not a single eye peering through a crack. Worse than all, their judge and referee was in the bottom of his boat, kicking with merriment. He had strength only to point to the boat-house and gasp, between his bursts of laughter:

"Not a soul there! — they found us out! — went off before Don's ducking!"

The boat-house was, in truth, deserted. After the mysterious movements and whisperings of Dorry and Josie, every boy and girl had sped away on tiptoe; and down in a hollow grove near the road, where they could not even see the water, they were chatting and giggling and having the very best kind of a time — all because they had turned the tables on the gallant seven.

It was now well understood by these spectators who had deserted their post that a second mock race had been carried on without a single eyewitness, and the thought was rapture. How much more they would have enjoyed it had they known of the difficult "foul," of Donald's headlong plunge, and of the subsequent frantic but honest contest of rowing!

So much for carrying out one mock race and



starting another in the presence of somebody named Dorothy, who first had suspected and then had been morally sure that those boys were playing a trick! When four of them crossed the line at once, her suspicions were aroused. "I do believe they're fooling!" she had said to herself, and then, remembering certain recent mysterious conferences that Don and some others of the "seven" had been holding, coupled with a sly look or two that she had seen exchanged by the contestants, she had jumped at the correct conclusion. As she afterward expressed it to Ed Tyler, she had seen through it all in a flash.

Misery loves company. Those seven boys, from

unbend, and that was when little Fandy ventured to observe that he ought to have heard what one of the girls had said about him in the race. This remark rankled even that stony bosom. The more Ben Buster tried not to care, the more it tortured him. To make matters worse, he had betrayed himself too soon to the sagacious Fandy. In vain the big brother cajoled the little one, in vain, at cautious intervals, he tried the effect of indirect bribes and hidden threats. The more he desired to know what that girl had said, the more Fandy would n't tell him. At last he triumphed. In a yielding moment, when Ben had been touchingly kind, the grateful youngster let it out.



THE CONSPIRATORS' PLOT IS CARRIED INTO EFFECT.

that day, had a peculiar tenderness for one another. They were linked by a hidden bond—and while they laughed heartily at their own expense, and tacitly confessed themselves beaten, they compelled all outsiders to be satisfied with guessing and with hints of the catastrophe that somehow came to light. Not one of them ever disclosed all the facts of the case—the secret sessions, the frequent upset-practicings on cloudy evenings, the difficulty of the final performance, and the full sum of their defeat.

Ben, usually a kind brother, was sternness itself so far as the great race was concerned. Not one of the juvenile Danbys dared to allude to it in his august presence. Only on one occasion did he

Ah, that wily Ben! Not for the world would he have had that small child know how those words thrilled him.

"Dorothy Reed said it! It sounds like her," was Ben's ecstatic thought, but to poor Fandy's surprise and disappointment, he only muttered aloud: "There, there, that's a good little boy. Go and play!"

Many a time after that, in the sanctity of the lonely fields, did Ben, rather sheepishly, repeat to himself the bewitching phrase:

"How splendid your brother Ben can row!"

Judge, then, of his feelings, when one Sunday in September, Master Fandy whispered to him, rather loudly, while coming out of church, "There



she is" (pointing to a little tot of seven summers) —"that 's the girl who said it!"

Ben stared at her, speechless with disgust.

"I might have known," he thought, "that the little goose would call a baby like that a girl!"

So much for Ben's private feelings. Concerning the race, the six—among themselves—enjoyed exceedingly the unexpected recoil of their little joke. I say six, for in this matter Ed Tyler was unanimously suspected by the others of being on the fence. They never could tell whether he was laughing at them or with them. Donald was sure that it was the very best thing he ever heard of in his life. Outcalt protested he would n't have missed it for the world; and Ben Buster, laughing

It 's a blamed shame the way a fellow gets caught sometimes!"

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### YANKEE AND DOODLE.

DONALD and Dorothy exchanged but four words on the subject of the sham race after it was over, but these were very expressive:

*Donald.* "Well, madam!"

*Dorothy.* "Well, sir!"

Their sparkling looks, Donald's tone of accusation and injured innocence, Dorothy's playful, rather defiant, air of triumph, said the rest. Uncle George, who was present at the interview, having previously heard both sides of the story from the D's separately, was much amused. In fact, he laughed aloud in quite an undignified manner, and so did they.

The next day brought news of Dr. Lane, their old tutor, who had been living for several months in South Carolina. He was better—indeed, quite well again, and having lately accepted the position of principal of the boys' academy at F—, about ten miles from Nestletown, he proposed taking up his abode there immediately.

"Oh, Don," said Dorry, as she folded the letter; "I've an idea!"

"I can not believe it," exclaimed Don, in well-feigned surprise.

"Yes, but I have," she insisted. "Dr. Lane will be at F— by Friday. Let us ride over on Dood and Yankee and give him a welcome!"

"Agreed!"

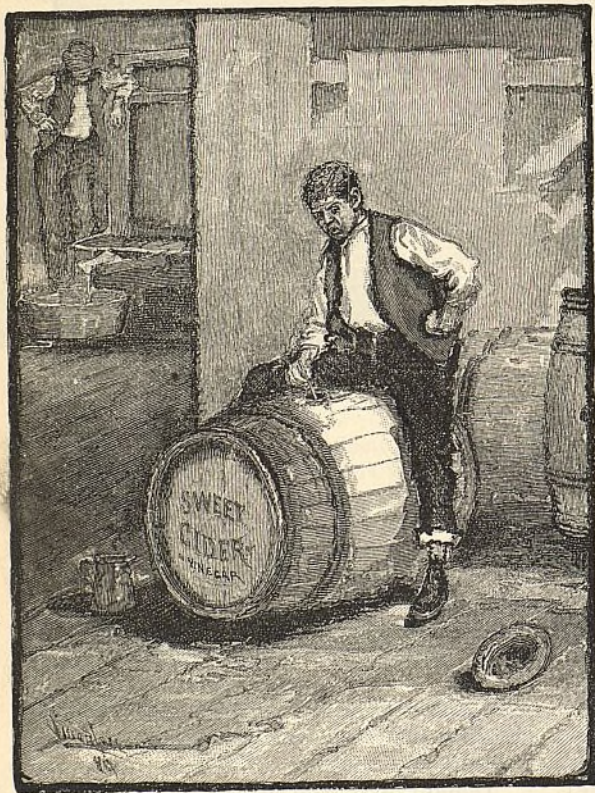
Friday came, full of sunshine, and in a fresh, breezy way, as if to say, "Now for the ride!"—at least, so it seemed to Dorry.

Lydia, who was shaking rugs over the wide piazza railing, was pleased to salute Sailor Jack as he led the ponies, saddled and ready, to the door. Fine ponies they were, too, large of their kind, glossy black, with flowing tail and mane. Uncle George had given them to the D's, on the Fourth of July of the previous summer; and in

honor of the day they had been named Yankee and Doodle. Yankee being the more spirited was given to Don, and Doodle, by no means a lamb, became the special pride and property of Dorry.

"Good-morrow to you, Mistress Blum!" said Jack, in a subdued though airy way, returning Lydia's nod. "Are the middies ready?"

"If you mean the twins, I presume they are, Mr. Jack. Have you looked carefully to Miss Dorothy's saddle?"



BEN'S CIDER EXPERIENCE.

rather ruefully, declared that he never knew the "beat of it" but once, and that was one day when he had slipped into Jones's cider-yard and taken a good, long drink, through a straw, from a barrel marked "sweet cider," as he thought. "I tell you, fellows," was Ben's concluding remark, "if I was n't sold that time, I'll give in. I was so warm and thirsty that I took a good, long pull before I found out that it was n't cider at all, but vinegar, sour enough to take a man's head off.



"Not extra," he answered, in an aggravating tone—first looking up at the windows to be sure that none of the family were near; "think the girth's 'most broke—'t aint worth while to be too pertickler."

"Yes, it is; you'd better make sure of saddle and bridle, too, I can tell you. Miss Dorry'll ride twenty miles, and more, before sundown."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Sailor Jack—still bent on teasing her. "Had n't you better come down, Mistress Blum, an' see to it that the pony's legs is on good and tight? It would be dreadful if one on 'em was to tumble off, now."

Lydia laughed. "Oh, but you're a funny man, Mister Jack! Well, I need n't worry. You're even worse about Miss Dorry than I am, bless her!—Hush! here they are."

Off went Jack's hat, though he had to hold the two bridle-reins with one hand to accomplish it.

"Up-a-daisy!" he exclaimed, as Dorry, assisted by Donald, sprang lightly to her saddle. "It's a splendid day for a ride, Miss!"

"Yes, indeed," said Dorry, looking about her with bright, happy eyes, as she stroked her pony's neck.

Uncle George came out upon the piazza. By this time, Don was on Yankee's back, dexterously making him appear as spirited as possible—whereat Dorry's steed began to prance also.

"Good-bye, Uncle! Good-bye, Jack and Liddy!" cried Dorry, waving her whip and looking back with a laughing face.

"Good-bye!" shouted Don; and they cantered off—glad to be together; glad to breathe the bright, clear air; glad at the prospect of a good gallop over the hills.

Uncle George, Liddy, and Jack looked after them proudly, till the road turned and the sound of hoofs died in the distance. Jack was the first to speak.

"Aye! but they're a pretty pair, Capt'in!"

Mr. Reed nodded a happy assent.

"An' do you know, sir, I'm fancyin' of late they're growin' liker to one another."

"Ah?" said Mr. Reed, well pleased. "In what way?"

"Why, in feature, sir, an' manners, an' most ev'ry way."

"Why should n't they favor one another," remarked Lydia—"bein' twins? Yet, some way, I don't see it myself, sir, as plain as I might. Shall I serve dinner on the back porch, Mr. George?"

"Well, yes, Lydia, as I shall be alone. The birds and trees will be good company for me."

And so the three separated.

Meanwhile, the D's cantered on, happy as—I was going to say, as birds, but they were happier

even than birds—they were happy as happy brothers and sisters.

For a while, they galloped in silence, Don often going so far ahead that he had to wait for Dorry to catch up; then, when the road was specially pleasant and shady, they rode leisurely, side by side, laughing and chatting. The day was so fine, and they saw so much to interest them, and there were so many things to talk about, that the ten-mile ride to F— was accomplished almost before they were aware of it.

Leaving the ponies in the yard of its pretty hotel, to be fed and cared for, they enjoyed a hearty luncheon, and then proceeded on foot to the Academy near by—Dorry deftly carrying the train of her riding-habit over her arm, and snapping her riding-whip softly as she tripped beside her companion. Fortunately, the path was well shaded, and the dust had been laid by showers of the night before.

Dr. Lane was surprised and delighted to see them so soon after his arrival. He had many interesting things to tell them, and they, in turn, rather shyly but heartily related the main incidents of the past months and gave him some account of their present course of study.

Then they all went through the Academy building, which, as it was "vacation," was now being cleaned and made ready for the fall term. Globes, maps, black-boards, collections of minerals, electric machines, patent desks, dining-room, and dormitory passed before them in rapid succession, figuratively speaking; afterward, they went up to the cupola to see the view, and finally settled themselves on the large front porch to rest.

Then, and not till then, they noticed a change. Light clouds were gathering; the sun still was shining, but it was shining under difficulties, as Dorry observed, and the air was heavy and sultry.

"It's going to rain, Professor," said Don, rising from his seat on the steps of the porch. "I think we'll have to go now."

"Yes, indeed," said Dorry, in her impulsive way—"we've no time to lose either. Good-bye, Professor. What shall we say to Uncle for you?"

"Give Mr. Reed my hearty regards, and tell him I hope to see him at Nestletown very soon."

"Yes, thank you," said Dorry, starting toward the gate. "Good-bye. Come, Donald, we may be able to get home before it rains hard."

The Professor joined her at once, and the three were soon at the hotel.

At first it seemed best to wait until the approaching shower should be over; but, as the clouds grew no darker, and the ponies evidently were ready for a brisk run, it was decided that they



should try a race with the shower and see which could get home first.

The shower beat. They were not half-way home when, just after crossing the railroad, with its cottage-like station in sight, the sky darkened rapidly and a big drop fell upon Donald's nose!

"We're in for it!" he cried. "Whip up, Dot! We'll make for the station."

Reaching the station, and finding themselves still dry, in spite of the warning thunder, they decided to hurry on to the next stopping-place.

This was Vanbogen's, a little country inn about half a mile further, where they could be comfortably housed, if necessary, and the horses be sheltered also.

A sudden flash gave point to their determination. On they sped, the lightning now dancing ahead of them, and the thunder rolling on, apace.

"It's a race for life," thought Dorry, in high spirits—so pleased to have an adventure that she forgot to dread the threatening shower. Yankee and Dood did nobly; abandoning their canter, they galloped on, neck and neck, while their riders carried on a panting sort of conversation concerning the new turn of things and the prospects of reaching home before dark.

"What mat—ter if—we don't?" said Dorry, her voice almost lost in the rumbling thunder; "we'll find—the way."

"But, Uncle—expect—ed us by —"

"Well—he'll know—what keeps—us."

"Plucky girl!" thought Don, admiring her bright cheeks and graceful air as she at that moment dashed by.

Yankee, on principle, never let Dood beat him. In the commotion of the thunder and lightning, it seemed to Donald that a livelier race had begun; but, the next instant, he realized that Dorry's pony had halted and his own was some paces ahead.

Turning at Dorry's call, he saw that something was the matter. Dood limped painfully for a few steps, then stopped.

"He's hurt his foot," cried Dorry. "It was n't a stumble; he tripped. Poor Dood!" she added, as the pony's head turned pitifully toward her; "you must go on now."

Dood tried, but it was slow work. He grew lamer at every step. Don, noticing that one of the pony's fore-shoes was loose, dismounted and tried to take it off, but it would not come.

A turn in the road disclosed Vanbogen's not far away. By this time, slanting lines of rain showed against the trees.

"It's going to storm, in earnest, Dot—you'll get soaking wet!" said Don.

"Not I," chirped Dorry. "My riding-habit is water-proof. You'll be the wet one. Hurry

ahead, Don. Dood and I will be there as soon as we can. I do hope he is n't hurt seriously. Oh, Don, do hurry!"

But Don would n't and Dood could n't. If the shower had not paused to take breath before making its grand dash, they certainly would have been drenched.

As it was, they hardly had dismounted at the inn, before the rain came down in torrents.

"Dear me!" said Dorry, shaking her riding-skirt, as she sprang into the bare hall, "our saddles will get soaked!" But a negro, in a blue checked jacket, already was leading the steeds to shelter.

It was a very shabby house at the best of times, but it was particularly dreary now. Dorry was sure she never before had seen anything so dismal as the damp, little parlor into which Donald escorted her. The closed blinds, the moldy, bumpy sofa, the faded green table-cover, the stained matting, the low-spirited rocking-chair with one arm broken off, and the cracked, dingy wall-paper oppressed her strangely.

"What a horrid place!" she exclaimed in an awe-struck whisper to Don, as a flash of lightning shone through the blinds. "Let us go!"

"Don't mind it, Dot," he answered. "We'll start as soon as the shower is over. Wait here a while, and I'll run and see what we're to do about the pony. Would you like to have a cup of hot tea?" he added, looking back as he left the room.

"Mercy, no!" said Dorry, "not here!"

They both laughed. "It's fun, after all," thought the young girl as he went out. "I don't mind anything as long as Don's around—the dear old fellow!"

Vanbogen's seemed deserted. She had noticed a solitary hen stepping daintily across the long, wet stoop as she entered, and a woman, going upstairs, had turned to stare at her. A sound of men's voices, too, had reached her from a closed room opposite the parlor, yet she felt strangely alone. For company's sake, she examined some ambrotypes that stood upright in their half-opened cases on a table between the windows. The ghastly things made her only more lonely.

At that moment, hearing a clicking sound, she raised her head and saw a man's face outside looking at her through the blinds. The slats closed sharply, when she moved back.

"How nervous I am!" she thought, with a slight shiver. "A pretty traveler I'd make!"

Donald soon came in.

"Here's a fine piece of business! Dood has hurt his foot in some way—sprained, I suppose. It is swollen, and evidently pains him dreadfully. I've



sent for a man who claims to be a veterinary surgeon. No, indeed, no use in your going out there, Dot; the men appear to be doing all they can for him. It's out of the question for us to travel with that pony to-night; the last train that stops at this one-horse station has gone by, and I can't get a carriage anywhere."

"Can't you hire a horse, then, for yourself? Put my saddle on Yankee; I can ride him."

"Can't get a horse either. They've only one, and he's out for the whole afternoon."

"Let's walk, then. The shower is nearly over. It's only five miles."

"Good!" said Don. "But no—Yankee can carry you, and I'll trot alongside on foot;" and he hastened out to have the side-saddle put on Yankee.

To Dorry's amazement, Donald came back in a few minutes, looking flushed and excited.

"I've taken a room for you, Dot; come upstairs—quick."

"But I don't want a room. I——"

"Yes, you do; you'll need to rest. Come right up," he insisted in a low voice, hastily locking the parlor door behind him, and almost pulling her toward the stairs. "I'll tell you up there; come quick."

They ran up together.

"What's the matter?" she asked on the way. "What have you heard?"

"Oh, nothing at all," he said, as they stepped into a room shabby with ragged matting and worn-out furniture; then closing the door, he added: "Dorry, you must go away from this place at once. Don't ask any questions—Oh, it's nothing much, Dot,"—as he noticed her alarm,—“but this is a rough sort of place, you see, and of course I can't leave Dood here with these fellows. The sooner you get off the better. I'll bring Yankee around to the back door at the end of the hall, so as not to attract attention. Lock your door while I'm gone, and when I come back, hurry down with me, jump on Yankee, and be off without a word."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, half inclined to laugh, but he was gone.

She turned the key in the lock and ran to the window, pulling its green paper shade aside. Nothing to be seen but tumble-down out-buildings, a dog-kennel, trampled grass, an empty clothes-line, and a barrel or two.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed again. "Oh, there comes the pony."

Donald lost not a moment; but it seemed to Dorry that he never would come up. Meantime, she resolved that, happen what might, she would not go and leave him. Unlocking the door, she stood with her hand upon the knob, intending to discuss the matter with Don; but no sooner had

his hand touched the other side than somehow she found herself on the stairs; in the hall; then on Yankee's back, and leaning to catch Don's words.

"Careful, now—don't lose a moment—send Jack to me at once with Lady and the buggy—Go!" Even after she had started, she still seemed to feel the pressure of his hand upon hers. Never had she seen Don more resolutely in earnest.

As she galloped through the open gate-way, and passed the inn, she turned and saw him in the hall, talking savagely to a man in a wet linen duster, whose back was toward her.

"The idea of leaving Don here alone! I shall not go," she said, suddenly pulling at the bridle. But Yankee thought otherwise. He had determined that she should. After a momentary contest, Dorry yielded, deciding to hurry home as fast as possible, and send Jack to Don's relief.

The shower, which had held back for awhile, now started afresh. Yankee, with visions of a dry stall and bountiful supper before him, went on his rapid way through the rain, troubling himself little about Dood or Don, and quite unconscious of the disturbed state of his rider's mind, where anxious thoughts and surmises chased each other in quick succession:

"I noticed that it was a rough place the moment we went in. Who were the noisy men in the other room, I wonder? The man in the wet duster was n't one of them. What could Don have been saying to him? May be Dood had broken his leg, and Don did n't like to tell me. Ridiculous idea, as if a pony with a broken leg could go a step! May be Don's watch was stolen, or he'd lost his pocket-book. But he could have told me *that*. Dear me, he need n't have been so dreadfully afraid for me to stay there. It's forlorn to be a girl and have people think you can't stand anything. Don can take care of himself, anyhow. I'd like to see any of those fellows trying to hurt *him*" (and here, by way of showing how very much she would "like" it, Dorry's cheek turned very pale)—“How foolish! Probably he staid for Dood's sake. Poor Dood! I hope he'll not be laid up long; Jack could cure him quickly enough. Dear me, how it rains! Glad my riding-habit is water-proof. Liddy will be frightened about me. I suppose they think we're at F—yet, waiting to ride home by moonlight. How well Dr. Lane looks! But he has a fearfully Greek-and-Latin expression. Can't help it, I suppose. Don knows nearly as much Latin as Uncle, I do believe. Dear old Don! How kind he is! Oh, if anything should happen to him"—here, Yankee, already speeding bravely, received instructions to "get up," and then Dot, to her great joy, spied a familiar object in the distance, coming swiftly toward her.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

DONALD.

DONALD *was* talking rather savagely. But the man in the wet duster was not in the least vexed on that account. On the contrary, he assumed a lordly air, and called Donald "my boy."

"All the Reeds are impetuous," he had said lightly, as if apologizing for this particular member of the family; "so we'll waive ceremony, my boy. With your permission, as I said before, I'll step into the parlor now, and have a little chat with the young lady."

"And as I said before," retorted Donald, "you'll do no such thing."

"Calm yourself," sneered the other. "It would be easy for me to get in through the window, were it not that one hates to scare the pretty bird—and as for the key——"

"As for the key," echoed Donald, who happened to have it in his possession; "well, and what of the key?"

"Why, my boy," glancing toward Don's pocket, "it would n't tax a six-footer like me overmuch to help himself to it—but, under the circumstances, it might be wiser merely to tell mine host in yonder room that an irate little manikin has taken it into his head to lock his sister, as he calls her, in the public parlor and refuses to let her out."

"Insolent fellow!" exclaimed Donald, yet restraining his anger as well as he could. "Look out what you say. Another word like that, and I'll have you turned out of this place, neck and heels."

"Ha! ha! Pretty good. Well, as I was remarking, I've a word or two to say to my young lady in there. Hold up! H-o-l-d up! No one is going to kill her. Perhaps you're not aware I have a right there!"

"You have a right there, I'll admit, as a traveler," said Don; "but just now, I ask you to stay outside."

"And I ask you to let me in," returned the six-footer, beginning to be angry.

At any other time, Donald would not have parleyed a moment with the man, but, as the reader may have surmised, he had reasons of his own for prolonging the interview. He had planned well and worked hard to get Dorry off unobserved, and now that his strategy had succeeded, the next point was to gain time for her to be far on her way before Eben Slade—for he it was—should discover that Dorry was not safely locked in the dingy parlor.

"I ask you to let me in," repeated the long, lank man, softening his tone, "as one gentleman

would ask another. May be I've more right to talk to her than you have yourself."

"What do you mean, you rascal?"

"Thank you!" sneered Eben. "Rascal is good. Pray, do you know my name?"

"No, I do not, and I don't want to. It's enough that I recognize you; and probably the less one knows about you the better."

"May be so. But the time's gone by for that. My name's Eben Slade. *Now* do you know why I want to go into that room? No? Well, I'll tell you," continued Eben Slade; "it's because I've more right to speak to that girl than you have. It's because—— Hi! hi! not so fast, young man," muttered Eben, restraining Donald with considerable effort. "You can't put me out on the road this time. As I was saying——"

"What do you mean by those words, sir?"

"Let me into the room, my boy, and I'll tell you and her together, quietly, just what I mean. I want to tell both of you a plain story and appeal to *her* sense of justice. She's old enough to act for herself. Perhaps you think I have n't heard something of Dorothy's, or what-you-call-her's, spirit by this time."

"Let her name alone!" cried Donald, furiously.

"If you mention my sister again, I'll knock you flat—you overgrown ruffian!"

"Hush—not so fast—you'll have those fellows out here in a minute. What's the use of letting everybody into our private affairs?"

Here Eben stepped into the hall, followed by Donald.

"Let me into that room, will you?"

Donald, taking the key from his pocket, now threw open the door, with a "much good may it do you"; and, closing it again after Slade had entered, coolly locked him in the room. The blinds flew open—Don rushed to the still deserted stoop, only to see Eben Slade's angry face glaring at him. The man could have got out at the window easily enough, but he preferred his present position. Leaning out, with his elbows on the sill, he said distinctly, in a passionate, low voice:

"You've baffled me this time, Donald Reed, but I'll carry the day yet. That girl, wherever she's gone to, is no more your sister than she is mine—and I can prove it to her! She's my niece—my own niece! I've a right to her, and I can prove it. She's going back home with me, out West, where my wife's waitin' for her. Now, sir, what have you to say to that?"

The poor boy, aghast at Eben's statement, stood at first as if stunned; but recovering himself, he made a rush toward Eben, not blindly, but with a resolute determination to clutch him by the throat and force him to unsay his terrible words.



Eben sprang from the window at a bound. A struggle ensued—brief, violent. Donald was nearly mastered, when a strong man sprang upon them and with one blow knocked Eben Slade prostrate upon the boards.

It was Sailor Jack, who had driven up unperceived and leaped from the buggy just in time.

Three or four men rushed from the bar-room, all calling out at once:

"What 's the matter here?"

"What 's all this?"

"Who 's killed?"

Two of them seized Jack as Eben rose slowly; another tried to catch hold of Donald. Their sympathy plainly was with Slade, who, seeing his opportunity, suddenly started toward the buggy with the evident intention of driving off in it.

Jack, breaking from his astonished captors, was upon him in an instant, dragging him back, just as Slade had put one foot on the buggy-step, and as Donald was alertly seizing Lady's bridle.

"Stand off—all of you!" cried Jack, still holding Eben by the collar. "We 're out on the open seas at last, my man! and now look out for yourself!"

The thrashing was brief but effective. Jack wore a serene look of satisfaction when it was over; and Eben Slade slunk doggedly away, muttering:

"I 'll be even with 'em yet."

Every hat was off, so to speak, when Jack and Donald, who had paid the landlord handsomely, drove from Vanbogen's door. Lady was impatient to be off, but Jack soon made her understand that the splendid time she had made in coming from Nestletown was no longer necessary, since Dood, tied at the rear of the buggy, could not go faster than a walk. The removal of his shoe and prompt nursing had helped the pony so much that by this time he was able to travel, though with difficulty.

It was a strange drive. The spirited mare ahead,

relieving her pent-up speed by gently prancing up and down as she walked; Jack, grim and satisfied, going over again in fancy every stroke that had fallen upon the struggling Eben; Donald, pale and silent, with Slade's vicious words still ringing in his ears; and the pony limping painfully behind.

"He 's taken up with his own thoughts," said Jack to himself, after a while, noting Don's continued silence. "It aint for me to disturb him, though them twins somehow seem as near as if they was my own children; but I *would* like to know just what the little chap has heard from that sea-sarpent. Somethin' or other 's took fearful hold on him, sure 's sailin', poor lad! He aint apt to be so onsociable."

Following up these thoughts, as the mare jogged along, it was a great solace to good Sailor Jack, after their dismal drive, to see Don look up at the house as they turned into the lane and wave his hat gallantly to Dorothy.

She, too, standing at her bed-room window with Lydia, was wonderfully relieved by Don's salutation.

"Oh, it 's all right!" she exclaimed, cheerily. "Even Dood is n't hurt as badly as we feared, and how lovely it is to have Don back again, safe and sound! You should have seen Jack, Liddy, when I refused to get into the buggy, and made him drive on for his life with Lady. But the trouble is over now. How lovely! Both of us will take supper with Uncle, after all!"

Lydia, who had been doing all sorts of things to save Dorry from "taking her death o' cold," stood admiringly by while, with rapid touches and many a laughing word, the happy girl arrayed herself to go down and meet "dear old Don and Uncle."

Meanwhile Mr. Reed, in his study, looking up inquiringly to greet Donald's return, was surprised to see the boy's white face and flashing eyes.

"Uncle George," said Donald, the moment he entered the room, "tell me, quick! Is Dorothy Reed my sister?"

(To be continued.)





## HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO HARRY IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY FANNY BARROW.

"WHY does n't San-ta Claus come in sum-mer time?" asked lit-tle Har-ry, as he lay up-on his back on the sweet, green grass, and looked up in-to the blue sky.

"Per-haps be-cause there is no snow for his sleigh," said his moth-er.

"What a pit-y!" sighed Har-ry. "I wish it would snow this min-ute. There is my horse; it has on-ly one leg, and no nose at all.

My foot-ball went pop! the oth-er day, and turned in-to a lit-tle crook-ed twist of In-dia rub-ber. My ex-press wag-on is all to pieces, and my drum is bu'st 'cause I banged it so hard."

"Oh, what a boy!" said his moth-er. "I am a-fraid you banged your poor horse a lit-tle, al-so."

"Yes, I did, and I kicked the foot-ball tre-men-jous-ly! and up-set my wag-on ev-er so man-y times; but I don't care for those now; I want a book, Mam-ma—a book full of pict-ures and sto-ries."

"Well, list-en; I will sing you a song a-bout Kris Krin-gle—which is the Ger-man name for Saint Nich-o-las, as well as San-ta Claus.

And who knows? per-haps he will hear me, and make you a vis-it, al-though it is sum-mer-time."

Then his moth-er sang the song, which so de-light-ed Har-ry that he begged her to lend him the mu-sic, so that he might learn the words. He had just be-gun to read, and he was ver-y proud and hap-py when he had read an-y-thing all by him-self.

"I 'll sing it, too!" cried Har-ry, "and keep time with my drum-sticks." But first he went down in-to the kitch-en and begged Bridg-et, the cook, to give him a big tin pan.





"What do you want it for, Mas-ter Har-ry?" she asked.

"Oh, nev-er mind," said Har-ry, and he ran a-way as fast as he could. He fas-tened the mu-sic to the back of a chair with a big pin, and put the tin pan up-side down on the seat, and then he be-gan to sing, rat-tling with the drum-sticks in fine style. He did not get the tune quite right, but the cho-rus came in splen-did-ly. This is it:

"Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jing, jing, jing. How mer-ry we shall be!  
Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, come Kris Krin-gle—Come with your Christ-mas-tree."

His moth-er laughed soft-ly to her-self as she list-ened, and then she wrote a lit-tle note, ad-dressed to some-bod-y in New York Cit-y, and sent it to the post-of-fice.

Har-ry lived in the coun-try, and it was three days be-fore the an-swer came. It was a beau-ti-ful book; just as full of pict-ures and sto-ries as a book can be! And you nev-er saw a bright-er face than Har-ry's, when he ex-claimed to his moth-er: "On-ly think! San-ta Claus has come to see me in sum-mer-time!"

#### FOURTH OF JULY.

OH, what a noise!  
Ah, what a clatter!  
Is it the boys?  
What 's the matter?  
Dozens and dozens—  
Only eight, is it?—  
Only some cousins  
Come on a visit?  
Hearing the rattle,  
I thought 't was an  
army;  
Sounds of a battle  
Always alarm me.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

In this country, July is the grand eagle month of the year, I'm told. Hundreds and thousands of the finest American variety are called in on the fourth day by orators and lesser speakers, all over the land, and made to do duty in various ways. Some poise, some pounce, some scorn, some droop, and some, according to the special mood of the speaker, soar—soar—soar so high that they find great difficulty in getting down again, especially if the Star-spangled Banner happens to be waving at the same moment.

For all that, America is a great country—no-body loves and knows it more than your Jack—and the eagle is a noble bird. I've watched him from my pulpit more than once, and felt that our nation did well to adopt him as its own—so inspiring is his flight, so majestic his repose. By the way, on last Fourth of July, when I, your loyal Jack, stood listening,—stripes on my pulpit and stars—daisy stars—at my feet,—the birds brought me a letter. It is not very poetical, but it will interest all of you chicks, who are of a scientific and inquiring turn of mind. Here it is;—but first let me explain that a bald eagle is not really bald. He only looks bald, because the feathers on the top of his head are lighter and smoother than those on the rest of his body:

## EAGLES' FOOD.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Some years ago I had a bald eagle, which I kept for several months in captivity. He had been wounded in one wing by a shot, but not otherwise injured. He was very fierce and savage, and for a day or two refused to eat; but finally hunger prevailed, and he greedily seized the meat which I gave him. I knew that, though eagles commonly eat the flesh of animals either killed by themselves or already dead, yet they also sometimes eat fish, often robbing the fish-hawks to get the fish. But I was not aware how much they seem to prefer fish to anything else, until I gave by chance some fish to this captive of mine. I had returned from fishing, and as usual stopped by the eagle's cage, or rather the large pen in which he lived, to admire him. Taking a perch from my basket, I threw it to him. His quick eye detected the treasure on the instant,

and instead of walking up to it, as he would have done had it been a piece of meat, he made a furious dash and caught the fish before it reached the ground. The eagerness of his movements and the savage haste with which he devoured the perch told the story—it was the food which he chose above all others; and from that time, I fed him on fish when I could get them. Anything less than half a pound in weight he always swallowed head foremost entire; larger fish were held down with his claws while his beak tore them to pieces. He soon learned that I would throw them to him, and it was curious to see him catch them in the air. I can not remember that I ever saw him miss one.

Yours truly,

W. O. A.

## A WARM-WEATHER PUZZLE.

"THERE 's only one thing in 'stronomy I'm sure about," said a little chap near my pulpit, one very hot day last July.

"Ah!" exclaimed Deacon Green, "and what is that, my little man?"

"Why, sir, that this earth is a heap nearer the sun in summer than it is in winter," says the boy.

"But it is *not* nearer in summer, my lad," says the Deacon. "What are you going to do about that?"

"Deacon Green," says the little boy, trying to speak respectfully, "I skated on that creek over there last winter, many a time. It was frozen hard as a rock, sir. To my knowledge, it has n't been fit to skate on once this summer. What's more, sir, my father always tells me to take the evidence of my own senses when I can, sir—and if that there sun is n't nearer this earth to-day" (here the speaker dried his freckled little forehead with his sleeve) "than it was last Christmas, sir, I'll give up."

"Give up, then," says the Deacon, nodding and smiling a real good, sociable smile at the boy, "for you're wrong."

Now the Deacon's reckoned to be a learned man, and a sensible man, but yet somehow, my hearers,—what with the July weather and all,—it was as much as I could do not to side with that innocent child.

## ORBITS.

IN connection with the above, I am advised by the Deacon to "throw out a hint about orbits—the earth's orbit in particular." I am not familiar with them myself, but perhaps you will know what the good soul means.

## IS THIS THE REASON WHY?

ANOTHER day, out in my meadow, a little girl from the Red School-house asked the Little School-ma'am why summer is warm and winter cold. As near as I can remember the answer, it was something like this: (I can't say I quite see through the matter myself, but I've no doubt you'll be able to puzzle it out, my clever ones.)

The earth leans over in one direction on its journey about the sun; and, when it is near the sun, the top or northern part of the earth, where we live, is a little nearer to him than are the other parts; it is then summer time in the north. But when the earth is at the other end of its path, farther from the sun, it still leans over in the same direction, so that the top is turned away from the sun; and then it is winter in the north. Besides



this, the sun shines so directly on the middle parts of the earth that they never get very cold; but near the top and bottom the sun's rays reach the earth at a slant, and the heat is not felt so much there.

#### BUSY AT THE CALIFORNIA TREES.

DEAR JACK: The red-headed woodpecker of California, scientifically known as *Melanerpes formicivorus*, has a strange custom of storing away acorns which it seldom, if ever, eats, using the trunks of trees for its store-house. These industrious little birds pick holes in the bark, and with their strong bills hammer acorns into the holes until the trunks of the trees look as if they were studded from top to bottom with big-headed tacks from some upholstery shop. Even the giant trees that have withstood the tempests for thousands of years are made to serve as a mighty store-house of provisions for these little red-heads. During this process, many pair of bright eyes look on approvingly. These eyes belong to the pert, chattering squirrels, who, no doubt, consider it a kind and very considerate act upon the part of the woodpecker to thus lay up winter provisions for Mrs. Squirrel and all the family of little Squirrels.

DAN BEARD.

Jack is very much obliged to Mr. Beard, both for his letter and for the pretty picture it explains.



Some of my birds are related to these little red-headed fellows, and they tell me that, while the mighty California trees are thus forced to store acorns, the acorns themselves, in turn, often hold fine grubs that are considered especially delicate eating by the woodpecker.

Sometimes, a number of birds are driving acorns into a tree at the same time, and then what a lively time they have!—pushing, driving the nuts in with their bills, darting off a moment for a play-spell, filling the air with rattling cries, and then back again to their skillful work. Meanwhile, the expectant squirrels look boldly on, and lazy jays, hard by, chatter about the good time they will yet have, eating the acorn-meat, and laughing at the red-headed, unsuspecting little workers.

By the way, the Little School-ma'am has asked me to tell you that there is a very interesting paper on this matter in the May number of *The American Naturalist*.

#### THREE NOTED RAVENS.

YESTERDAY, in my meadow, the Deacon told a group of boys and girls about three ravens that belonged in turn to one Charles Dickens. The first raven loved horses—in fact, generally slept on horseback, in his master's stable. The second was a discoverer of stolen goods, and managed to dig up in his master's garden all the cheese and half-pence that the first raven had pilfered from time to time, and hidden there. The third was a hermit, and neither loved horses nor had any special talent, excepting that he could bark like a dog. This same Mr. Dickens studied the habits of his ravens, the Deacon said, and wrote about them. Finally, he put two of them into one splendid book-raven, which is alive to this day, walking about and doing astonishing things in a volume known as "Barnaby Rudge."

#### BABY LIONS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My brother and I went to see Jumbo, but I liked the baby elephant better. He is the funniest little fellow I ever saw—just like a canton-flannel elephant suddenly made alive. But other baby animals have been exhibited. We read one night about a lioness named Old Girl, that belonged to a Zoo in Ireland. She died when she was sweet sixteen, and she had raised about fifty little baby lions during her life. These baby lions were just like kittens at first, but gradually they learned to roar, and then they were lions. Your little friend, ANGIE T.

#### NATURAL APARTMENT-HOUSES.

MY birds have told me of a queer thing. They hear so much, because they and their friends travel in so many different directions. In South Africa, it appears, mounds like haycocks are sometimes seen stuck high up in the trees. These mounds, though really made of coarse, wild grass, also remind one of a honey-comb, if looked at from below; for they are full of shapely little openings. And the openings are entrances to the nests of a colony of grossbeaks, who live sociably side by side, each in an apartment of his own, though under one common roof.

When the dear Little School-ma'am heard of these mounds, she called them natural apartment-houses, and seemed to think that birds were very like human folk, after all.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

WITH sincere sorrow we chronicle here the decease of Mr. Albert Robert Thompson, who died of scarlet fever at his home in Brooklyn, on the 10th of May. Mr. Thompson had been for the last five years a faithful and efficient assistant in the office of ST. NICHOLAS, and in his sudden and lamented death the readers, as well as the editor and publishers, of this magazine have suffered a loss.

Mr. Thompson was born in Paris, about thirty-four years ago, the son of a colonel in the British army, who was lately financial adviser to the Governor of Western Australia. He was educated at one of the English public schools, and devoted himself to business. He came to this country, about fourteen years ago, as the agent of a large London house engaged in the manufacture of rubber goods. Subsequently he was employed by the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., and E. Butterick & Co., and taught a public school in a New Jersey village. He then returned to England, and became engaged in the real estate business. When E. Butterick & Co. commenced the publication of a literary weekly known as *The Metropolitan*, in the winter of 1874-5, Mr. Thompson returned to New York to become its associate editor, and continued to do literary work for the firm for a considerable time after *The Metropolitan* ceased to exist. In 1877, he became an assistant in the editorial office of ST. NICHOLAS, where his fine qualities of character and temperament soon won the hearts of all his associates. He was possessed of a good education and a wide and thorough culture, and all his duties were performed with a faithfulness that never shrank from, nor slighted, any demand upon it. The statements already made in a few newspapers that he was the "associate editor" and the "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" of ST. NICHOLAS are incorrect; but his devotion, energy, and capacity made themselves felt in almost every department of the editorial work, and were of enduring benefit in many ways. It is but just to him who so sincerely loved and honored his work that all our readers—thousands of whom may not even have seen his name before—should know of his tireless zeal and efficient aid in their behalf.

Mr. Thompson was for some time superintendent of the Sunday-school in the Brooklyn church that was presided over by Dr. Edward Eggleston, and his deeds of unostentatious kindness will be long remembered by many whom he aided and cheered. He married an English lady, a Miss Ashmore, of London, in 1875. His wife and one child, a boy of two years and a few months, survive him. One other child, a bright and beautiful little girl, died when two years old of scarlet fever.

To those who knew Mr. Thompson, the years of acquaintance or friendship yield no memories of him that are not kindly. Life seemed beautiful and noble to him, and he helped to make it so for others by his gentle courtesy, his integrity of word and deed, and his serene, generous, and cheerful spirit.

THROUGH the courtesy of a friendly correspondent we are allowed to present to our readers the following charming letter, written by Mr. Longfellow to a young friend of his about eighteen months ago. Though merely a brief note, it is full of the poetry and gentleness characteristic of the great man who penned it, and will be read with interest by young and old:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 23, 1881.

DEAR —: The echo answers at once, and does not keep you waiting. And it says: Thank you for your postal card, and for the kind remembrance of your mother.

As one grows old, the memories of youth become more and more precious; the forms of early friends brighten in the sunset. You know nothing of this yet, but some day you will find it out.

To tell you the truth, I do not think so much of birthdays as I used to do. I have had so many of them that I begin to wish they would not come quite so often and quite so soon. I like other people's better than my own. And that is another thing you know nothing about yet, but will find out later.

By to-day's mail I send you my latest if not my last volume of poems, and hope you will find something in it to please you. I date it January 1st. This is what Plato calls a "well intentioned and

necessary untruth," and what, perhaps, a modern philosopher would call an unnecessary fiction or something worse.

And now, my dear child, I will hang up the mistletoe and kiss you under it, and over it, and wish you many happy New Years, one at a time, and with kindest regards to your mother,

I remain sincerely yours,  
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE report upon the stories for The Very Little Folk's page, received in answer to the invitation on page 497 of the April number, will be given in next month's Letter-box.

## THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

DEAR MADAM: We desire to acknowledge from the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS the kind gift of \$416.02, sent by them in small sums in order to found a "Children's Garfield Fund," for the poor and sick children of New York. This fund will be devoted to the children from New York tenement-houses who come down to the "Summer Home" at Bath, L. I., under the charge of the Children's Aid Society. It will help to give a happy week at the sea-side to those who are shut up in close tenement-houses the rest of the year. Here they will enjoy fresh air, nice sea-bathing, good country milk and food, and all the pleasures of this beautiful place, for a week. Mr. A. B. Stone has purchased one of the most lovely spots on the coast for the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and has generously presented it to the Society to be used for this purpose. The "Children's Garfield Fund" will greatly increase the number of those who enjoy the pleasures of this beautiful spot, and we hope it will be added to, each year, so that more and more of these poor little children can have this great pleasure. I send you a letter received from one of the little children who enjoyed the Home last summer.

Yours very truly,  
C. L. BRACE,  
Secretary Children's Aid Society.

NEW YORK, March 27, 1882.

DEAR MR. —: I am writing to tell you about Bath. How I would love to sit down on the beach, and watch the large waves roll on the beach, and sing songs which we learned in day-school and in Sunday-school! Oh, such lovely times in bathing! When the large waves rolled over our heads, we would give a long breath and a jump. Miss Lane would take us a good ways out and play "Ring" in the water; she would run fast in with us, and then the large waves would make us run back to the shore, as if to say, "What are you coming so far out here for?" And Miss Lane would go out farther; I tell you she would not be afraid, like us babies. I would love to hear the trees shake their glossy leaves! We had a lovely time out there! Miss Agte would make me speak all the pieces I knew and all the songs I knew. Mary Vander-noot and I would trim Miss Agte with daisies, and all kinds of flowers! We would have all kinds of nice things to eat. We would have nice potatoes, blackberries, and O! I could not commence to tell you what nice things we had! We all, when we went to bed, said the Lord's Prayer. I love to go there. I close my letter.

Most respectfully,  
JENNIE BLACK (age 10 years),  
Eighteenth Street School.

Mr. Brace's letter explains itself. We trust Willie P. Herrick and all the kind-hearted boys and girls who sent contributions to the Children's Garfield Fund, through the ST. NICHOLAS, will be glad to know that \$416.02, the entire sum received thus far, has been placed where it will be sure to help poor and sick little ones, and brighten lives that know very little of pleasure or even of comfort.

Long before the beautiful June days come, prosperous city parents eagerly discuss the question: "Where shall we take our young folk for a delightful and refreshing home during the hot season?" But the city poor are dumbly wondering whether or not *their* little ones can live through the sufferings and sicknesses of another crowded and scorching summer.



If any of the present or future contributors to the Children's Garfield Fund wish to know more of the Bath Summer Home, or of the Children's Aid Society, they may apply confidently at the rooms of the Society, No. 19 East Fourth Street, New York.

Meantime, we refer new readers to "A Summer Home for Poor Children" in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1880,—also to The Letter-box of November, 1881, for the letter from Willie and Tottie Herrick and one from Mr. Fry, Superintendent of the Summer Home, and to an article by Charles L. Brace, in this magazine for May, 1882, entitled "Wolf-reared Children."

These articles will throw light on the great and good work that the Children's Aid Society and kindred associations are doing. Already, the last-named paper has been the means of making at least one poor street-boy happy, as the following letter eloquently shows:

EAST-SIDE BOYS' LODGING HOUSE AND SCHOOLS,  
OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY,  
EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK, May 13, 1882.

MRS. DODGE.

Dear Madam: Many persons—some of whom had not been familiar with the process by which the Children's Aid Society takes rough-hewn street Arabs and puts them in the way of becoming useful and respectable citizens—have spoken to me of the pleasure

and interest with which they have read Mr. Brace's pretty story on "Wolf-reared Children" in this month's ST. NICHOLAS. In these times, when the country is flooded with tales that have a most pernicious influence on the young, it is refreshing to read a story like that of "Pickety," and I am sure you will be gratified to hear that some good fruit of it has already appeared.

Yesterday, a boy of sixteen came up to me in the office of the Children's Aid Society and asked if we could not provide him with a home in the West. He was poorly equipped in the matter of clothing and shoes, but had a bright, intelligent face. He said he did not know where he was born, had no knowledge of his parents, and his earliest recollection of himself was in an institution in Massachusetts. On being asked how he knew about the Children's Aid Society, he said he had just arrived that morning by the Providence boat, on board of which he had found a copy of ST. NICHOLAS containing the story of "Pickety." He said he had no money and had become greatly discouraged, but after reading about "Pickety" he made up his mind to go and ask to be treated just as that boy had been. The poor fellow's eyes danced with delight when I told him that I was Superintendent of the house where "Pickety" was cared for, and that I should be happy to treat him in the same way. On Tuesday next, I leave with a company of boys for Kansas, where good homes will be provided for all, and I shall take this latest edition of "Pickety" along with the rest.

I am, dear madam, very respectfully yours,  
GEORGE CALDER.

## THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—SIXTEENTH REPORT.

IT is with great pleasure that we are able to report unabated progress during the last month. We number now 251 Chapters and 2,900 members. The reports from our Chapters are, as usual, full of enthusiasm and rich in valuable suggestions. The following new Chapters have been admitted:

### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
225.	Burlington, Kansas (A).....	7.	P. M. Floyd.
226.	Alfred Center, N. Y. (A).....	16.	C. A. Davis.
227.	Ypsilanti, Mich. (B).....	6.	Louis B. Hardy.
228.	Buffalo, N. Y. (D).....	7.	Percy Scharff.
229.	Chicago, Ill. (F).....	4.	E. R. Larned, 103 Tremont Street, 2546 South Dearborn St.
230.	Brazil, Ind. (A).....	5.	Fred. Clearwaters.
231.	Wiconisco, Pa. (A).....	5.	J. R. Engelbert.
232.	Utica, N. Y. (A).....	19.	C. Baker.
233.	Sidney, Iowa (A).....	12.	Ed. Cooke.
234.	New York, N. Y. (F).....	7.	E. H. Hoeber, 339 West 29th Street.
235.	Washington, Pa. (A).....		Miss M. M. Gow.
236.	Factory Point, Vt. (A).....		Miss Jessie D. Nichols.
237.	Plantsville, Conn. (A).....	6.	Bertie Shepard.
238.	Wintusset, Iowa (A).....	20.	Harry Wallace.
239.	Georgetown, D. C. (A).....	4.	F. P. Stockbridge.
240.	New Milford, Pa. (A).....	6.	Wm. D. Ainey, Box 253.
241.	Scituate, Mass. (A).....		Geo. B. Hudson.
242.	Philadelphia, Pa. (I).....	5.	E. G. Lewis, 1125 Mt. Vernon St.
243.	Peekskill, N. Y. (B).....		Austin D. Mabie.
244.	Newport, Ky. (A).....	6.	Jerome Clarke.
245.	Germantown, (C).....	7.	Miss Ida Champion, corner Walnut Lane and Green St.
246.	Bethlehem, Pa. (A).....	5.	Harry Wilbur.
247.	Columbus, Ga. (A).....	8.	Chas. H. Dillingham.
248.	Richmond, Va. (A).....	5.	Mrs. J. B. Marshall, 302 West Grace St.
249.	Orange, N. J. (A).....		Geo. M. Smith.
250.	Tiffin, Ohio (A).....		
251.	Saratoga, N. Y. (A).....	4.	Harry A. Chandler, Box 15.

### AN A. A. HAND-BOOK.

In response to repeated and urgent requests, the President has written and printed a complete Hand-book of the ST. NICHOLAS A. A. It contains a history of the A. A., its Constitution and By-laws. There are chapters on—How to Organize a Chapter; How to Conduct Meetings; Parliamentary Law; The A. A. in the Public School; How to Collect all Kinds of Specimens; How to Col-

lect and Preserve Birds; Sea-weeds; How to build a Cabinet; Reports from Chapters and Members; Minerals; Full list of scientific books (over two hundred titles), etc., etc.; concluding with a complete and revised list of all our 250 Chapters, with the addresses of their secretaries. The book is well illustrated. We are able to furnish copies to those wishing them at fifty cents each, postage prepaid. We have written this book with the intention of answering in it all the questions which any one can care to ask about the A. A. Every active member of the A. A. should have one.

### REPORTS OF CHAPTERS AND MEMBERS.

DETROIT, MICH.

"How can 'poison ivy' be distinguished?"  
I will send an answer which I once wrote and read at one of our club meetings. Poison ivy closely resembles the Virginia creeper or woodbine, as it is often incorrectly called. It usually grows as a vine, clinging to a tree or bank, but in some parts of the country it grows like a bush, about two feet high, with a trunk from three to four inches through. The leaflets of the ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*) are similar in shape to those of the Virginia creeper, but each leaf of the ivy has three leaflets, whereas the creeper has five. Moreover the leaf of the ivy is darker, more glossy, and somewhat blistered. It can also be readily distinguished by handling.

AGNES WILEY (Chapter A).

[Will some one mention other characteristics of *Rhus tox.* ?]

Being frequently asked how animals can be preserved, we are glad to present the following excellent report from the Manhattan Chapter:

### TAXIDERMV.

Taxidermy is the art of preserving animals. It includes preservation in spirits, the operation of stuffing, the arrangement of skeletons or parts of them, and the preservation of the skin alone.

*To Preserve Animals in Spirits.* Alcohol is generally used. Any animal can be preserved in it. The alcohol is diluted about fifty per cent. (some say as low as twenty per cent.). The animals that are generally preserved in this way are those that can not be readily stuffed, as reptiles, fishes, mollusks, and some insects. Benzine is also used, and is preferred by some as it does not lose color.

*To Stuff Mammals.* This operation requires skill, patience, and practice.

Lay the animal on its back, and then stuff the mouth, nostrils, and wounds with cotton or tow, to prevent the blood from disfiguring the skin. Then split the skin from the tail to the breast-bone, taking great care not to penetrate so deep as to cut the abdominal muscles. Push off the skin gently, right and left, and as the skinning proceeds, put pads of cotton between it and the muscles. When the skin is removed as far as it can be without pulling or



using force, separate the thighs at their junctions with the pelvis; the tail should be severed inside the skin. Now separate the skin from the carcass carefully till the shoulders are reached, then separate the legs at the shoulder-joints. Next remove the skin from the neck and head; cut off the ears close to the skull. Great care must be taken not to injure the eyelids and lips. Cut off the head, remove the external muscles of the face, and take out the brain and eyes. Now return to the legs, clean away all the flesh to the toes, but do not remove the tendons around the joints, as the bones are to remain in the legs; skin the tail by forcing a cleft stick in between the bones and skin. When all is removed, sprinkle the skin thoroughly with preservation powder or soap it well with arsenic soap. Leave the skin stretched till it becomes perfectly dry and absorb the mixture. Fill the eye-orbits and nostrils with cotton, put a thin layer of cotton along the back, introduce the wire frame-work, stuff all the small parts with cotton and the remaining parts with any dry vegetable substance. Return the skull to the head; great dexterity is required in placing the artificial eyes—they are fastened with cement. When stuffing, care should be taken not to stretch the skin and to have the animal shaped into its natural appearance.

**Skeletons.** Remove the skin, muscles, and everything that will come off easily, except the ligaments, place it in water for several days, then take it out, clean it more thoroughly and remove the brain; place it in fresh water. Repeat this from day to day (changing the water each time). The bones are, each time, to be well cleaned. (The operation of cleaning and scraping should properly be done under the surface of the water.) After the skeleton is clean, place it in clean lime-water or solution of pearl-ash, then wash again with clean water, wire it and place it in position, and allow it to dry. Do not expose it to the sun or to a fire to dry. All large animals' skeletons can be prepared in this way. But for small skeletons, an easier method is to clean and soak the bones, and place them in perforated boxes, which should then be put into ant-hills. The insects will quickly remove the flesh; the skeletons must be taken out before they attack the ligaments. Now wash, wire, and place in position.

Walter H. Martin, 216 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is now Secretary of Chapter 151, in place of E. A. Osborne. (Nothing causes so great confusion as a change of secretaries. The change can not be noted here until three months after it occurs, and by that time a new one may have been elected. In case of Chapter 151, this change was necessary, but, ordinarily, the secretary should be permanent.)

#### EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Minerals and fossils for other minerals, fossils, and woods.—P. M. Floyd, Burlington, Kansas.

Birds' eggs blown with one hole.—Louis B. Bishop, Box 905, New Haven, Conn.

Petrified shells (labeled).—W. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio, Secretary Chapter 128.

Botanical specimens and correspondence.—Harry L. Russell, Poyntette, Wisconsin.

Minerals and birds' eggs.—Louis D. Orrison, 1206 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Lepidoptera correspondence.—Ed. R. Putnam, Davenport, Iowa. Chalcopyrite for quartz crystal.—E. R. Larned, Sec. Chapter 229, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Indian arrow-heads for a sea-horse or starfish.—Jerome Clark, 145 Washington Ave., Newport, Ky.

Feldspar, tourmaline, and Mexican onyx, for woods, geodes, minerals, and birds' eggs.—R. P. Kaighn, 2014 Ridge Ave., Phila.

Minerals in exchange for minerals, fossils, or woods.—Harry L. M. Mitchell, 23 W. 12th St., N. Y.

Minerals, Indian curiosities, and wood, for anything equal in value.—S. B. Arnold, Whipple Bk's, Yapai Co., Arizona Ty.

Pressed ferns and a stuffed bat, for foreign coins and birds' eggs.—Miss Hattie M. Grover, Folsom State Prison, Folsom, California.

Curiosities and relics for minerals and curiosities.—Wm. R. Nichols, 2016 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Eggs for woods, sea-weeds, etc.—C. M. Sprague, 19 Oakwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Red-head ducks, black skimmer, and other rare eggs, in sets or single.—C. G. Doe, 28 Wood St., Providence, R. I.

Birds' eggs.—A. H. Rudd, 956 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Garnets for fossils.—H. I. Hancock, Box 1339, Waltham, Mass.

Texas centipede, stinging lizard, and horned frog.—Miss Jennie Wise, Box 454, Waco, Texas.

Petrified moss, shells, coral, etc., etc., for ocean curiosities and minerals.—Edward Shaw, 459 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio.

Birds' eggs.—Samuel L. Magie, Rutherford, N. J.

Minerals.—Elliston J. Perot, Westchester, Penn.

Petrified moss.—Wm. G. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

Moss agates.—James O'Connell, Fort Stockton, Texas.

We will send Emerton's Structure and Habits of Spiders, for the best mounted collection of six species of spiders received by Sept. 8th.—Philadelphia B. H. Taylor Rodgers, Sec., 1015 Vine St.

Sea-shells and sand-dollars for ores.—P. Luckner, Galveston, Texas.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN PREVIOUS REPORTS.

GEODES are rounded hollow concretions, either empty, or containing a more or less solid and free nucleus, and frequently having the cavity lined with crystals. On account of their size and shape they are sometimes called potato-stones. The word *Geode* comes from the Greek, and means 'earthy.'

GEO. POWELL, St. Clair, Pa.

[This gives no explanation of how geodes are formed. No one has answered this question yet. Please ask the nearest "Professor," and report. Stay! Here is a letter from the home of the geode.]

WAVERLY, BREMER Co., IOWA.

DEAR SIR: I send you this day a box of geodes. We find them in a quarry in a bluff of soft limestone. Some have colored crystals, but the colors fade on exposure to light. I am inclined to think that they were once living animals, something like sponges. In course of time they became covered with sediment, and this, through some action of the elements, changed to limestone, without petrifying the animal substance. This decaying, left cavities, which later were filled with crystals. If any one has a better theory, I should be glad to hear it. Please tell good ST. NICHOLAS that it is rather inconvenient for me to get my mail in Ohio.

Very respectfully, L. L. GOODWIN.

[Mr. Goodwin's theory is surely ingenious. One member has suggested that geodes may have been volcanic in origin, and formed in the air like hail-stones. We shall hear further from this question.]

BEES carry the honey in a honey-bag. It is connected with the mouth, and the juices which the bees gather pass into it and are changed into honey. This can be brought up again at will.

THE APTERYX is a bird living in New Zealand. It has stumps of wings and no tail. Its feathers look like fur. Its eggs are laid in deep holes in the ground.

PEANUTS are the fruit of a trailing vine, with small yellow flowers. After the flowers fall the stem bends downward, and the pod forces itself into the ground, where it ripens.

BRAZIL has two seasons. It would be the "dry" season there at the time mentioned.

DARK SPOTS on leopards correspond to the leaves of the tree in which it hides, and prevent its being seen easily.

IF THE OSTRICH is hunted, it will often thrust its head into the sand and think that no one can see it.

THE MANATEE, Porpoise, Dolphin, Whale, and Narwhal are amphibious animals. [Who will correct this?]

MOST FLIES die in winter; a few live in crannies until spring.

THE HOUSE OF A BEAVER is built of mud, stones, and sticks. The entrance is always below the surface of the water.

THE FUSING POINT of copper is 1994 deg.; of lead, 620 deg.; of silver, 1873 deg. [All F.]

SALT WATER freezes at 26½ deg. F.

HIRAM H. BICE, Utica, N. Y.

[This is Miss Klyda Richardson's excellent answer to one of the March questions.]

I. Probably the hardest wood in the world is that of the *Eucalyptus resinifera*, Order Myrtaceae. This tree is a native of Australia and the Indian Archipelago. It is, in common with the other trees of this genus, very tall. Often it attains a height of two hundred and fifty feet, and is seventy feet in circumference at its base. This tree is called the brown gum tree, or iron bark. From it is obtained one of the valuable kinds of kino, so much used in medicine.

Many other answers received, for which space can not be given.

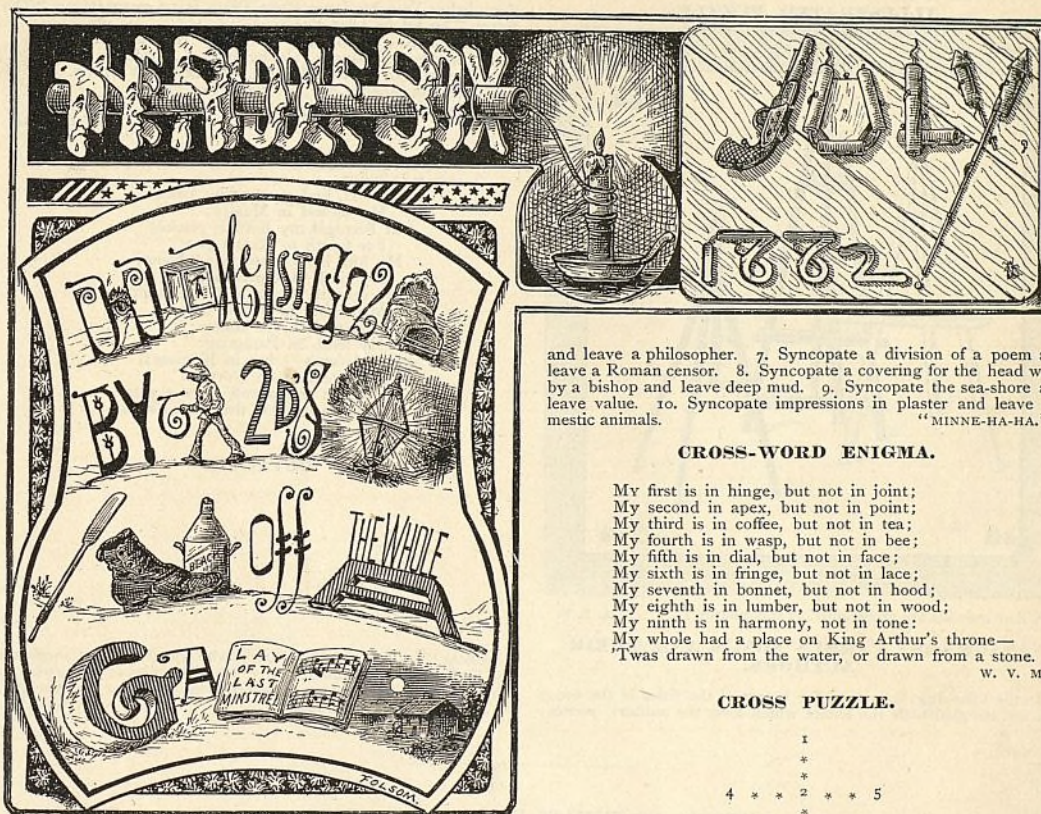
SNOW-CRYSTAL PRIZE.—The prize for best drawings of snow-crystals is again awarded to Miss Mary L. Garfield, of Fitchburg, Mass.

ORONO, ME.

I have read the reports of the A. A. with great interest, and fully appreciate that through its influence a constantly increasing army of naturalists is being formed, which is destined to accomplish valuable results in the line of scientific observations. America needs this army of trained and enthusiastic observers. Please tell Clarence L. Lower, that *Tortrix Clorana* feeds on the leaves of willow (*Salix pentandra*) in Europe, but this insect has never been found in this country, and he doubtless has mistaken some other insect for it. If he will send me the insect by mail, I will give him the true name, and what is known of its habits. I will name tortricids for any of the members of the A. A. who will collect and send them to me, for I am making a revision of all the described species of the world, and wish to see as many as possible, especially from the South and West. Yours truly, C. H. FERNALD, Prof. of Nat. Hist.

[This opportunity for making the acquaintance of "tortricids" will not be neglected by our entomologists.]





## ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

THE above should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a four-line stanza which forms a charade. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. GEORGE FOLSOM.

## DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

1	.	.	.	.	1
.	2	.	.	2	.
.	.	3	3	.	.
.	.	4	4	.	.
.	5	.	.	5	.
6	.	.	.	6	.

ACROSS: 1. A marine conveyance. 2. Of the same age. 3. A prophet and judge, of the tribe of Levi, who consecrated Saul king of Israel. 4. A land-tortoise. 5. A county of England. 6. Ragged.

DIAGONALS: Left to Right—A Roman general, born 106 B. C. Right to Left—A constellation. BERTIE BUSHNELL.

## CHARADE.

My first has no love for my second,  
But hopes 't will be his ere he dies;  
My whole is so pleasant a matter,  
To do it each clever one tries.

W. H. A.

## CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of the daughter of a powerful Indian chief.

1. Syncopate a substance used in making varnishes and leave a combustible mineral. 2. Syncopate a product of warm countries and leave fermented liquors. 3. Syncopate events and leave oleaginous matter. 4. Syncopate a small fish and leave a Scottish name for a lake. 5. Syncopate a town of Lombardy and leave an island of the Ægean Sea, near Cape Blanco. 6. Syncopate a poet

and leave a philosopher. 7. Syncopate a division of a poem and leave a Roman censor. 8. Syncopate a covering for the head worn by a bishop and leave deep mud. 9. Syncopate the sea-shore and leave value. 10. Syncopate impressions in plaster and leave domestic animals. "MINNE-HA-HA."

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in hinge, but not in joint;  
My second in apex, but not in point;  
My third is in coffee, but not in tea;  
My fourth is in wasp, but not in bee;  
My fifth is in dial, but not in face;  
My sixth is in fringe, but not in lace;  
My seventh in bonnet, but not in hood;  
My eighth is in lumber, but not in wood;  
My ninth is in harmony, not in tone;  
My whole had a place on King Arthur's throne—  
'Twas drawn from the water, or drawn from a stone.

W. V. M.

## CROSS PUZZLE.

1  
\*  
\*  
\*  
4 \* \* 2 \* \* 5  
\*  
\*  
3

FROM 1 to 2, the main timber of a ship. FROM 2 to 1, a vegetable. FROM 2 to 5, an oblique glance. FROM 5 to 2, a lively dance. FROM 2 to 3, a noose. FROM 3 to 2, a small body of stagnant water. FROM 4 to 2, vicious. FROM 2 to 4, to subsist.

"BUMPSY GARDNER."

## PI.

STEVEN car lony dewing thuslets ciwhh fyl form noe dies fo het mool fo file of het throe, eribang het namy coolder hardset tou fo hiwhc het cabfir fo rou treachrac si dame.

AUNT SUE.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals, read downward, each spell the surname of a famous American statesman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The cry of a bird. 2. Public records which are preserved as evidence of fact. 3. A branch of a tree. 4. To annoy. 5. An animal of the cat kind. 6. To turn to account. 7. One who directs the course of a ship. R. H. M.

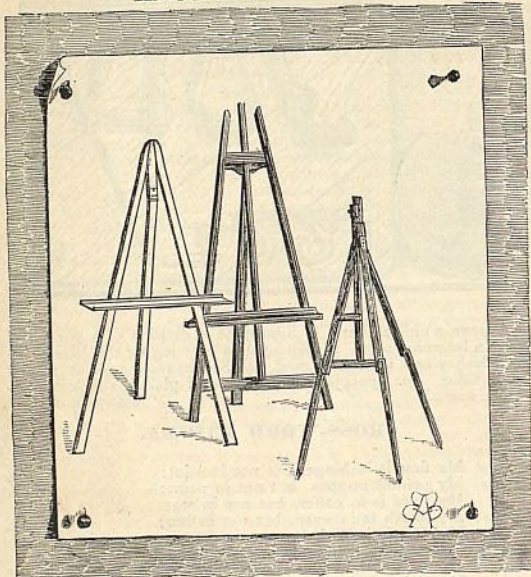
## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-three letters, and am a quotation from the Bible, in the book of Ecclesiastes.

My 45-23-62-32-15-3 we should "apply our hearts unto," says the ninetieth Psalm. My 59-14-60-60-12 is just the reverse. My 29-42-60-47-18-51 is to expand. My 43-57-21-6-50-16 is just the reverse. My 38-48-34-56-19 is said to be "stranger than fiction." My 20-48-21-54-48 is just the reverse. My 17-33-26-1-38-63 means evenly spread. My 21-54-39-8-36 is just the reverse. My 37-10-8-46 is a wise man. My 40-34-25-35-27 is just the reverse. My 2-44-11-35-41 is something entirely imaginary. My 55-4-35-56 is just the reverse. My 13-48-49-53-5 is quick. My 52-60-14-45 is just the reverse. My 9-61-30-7 is contemptible. My 2-10-49-21 is just the reverse. My 24-58-21-61-31-22 is quiet. My 55-48-44-28-18-6-35 is just the reverse. "PARTHENIA."



## ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



WHAT animals are represented in this picture?

A. B. B.

## ANAGRAMS: FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

In the following Anagrams, the letters of the titles of the songs are not mingled with the letters which form the authors' names;

thus, Ether Van, by Dean Rolla Peag, is an anagram on "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe.

1. The Woes o' Hemme, by Rodney J. H. Wahpona.
2. Granther Spedbann's Tale, by Stacy K. Crofstein.
3. The Baby of Churltin Temple, by Hilda J. Waurowe.
4. The Kaudlebert Cook, by Waldo Southmower.
5. Adora Wheaton's Tempter, by Roger O. P. Grimes.

M. C. D.

## NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

You 'LL find my first in Africa;  
My second in Mexico;  
In Portugal my third is placed;  
For fourth to Russia go;  
My fifth in Scotland has a home;  
My sixth in Candahar,  
My seventh dwells in Hindoostan;  
My eighth in France afar;  
My ninth is in Jerusalem;  
My tenth in Paraguay;  
My eleventh 's fast in Belgium;  
My twelfth is in Norway.  
My whole comes only once a year,  
The boy's delight, the mother's fear.

## OCTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. The son of Mercury, who was the god of shepherds and huntsmen. 2. Is anxious. 3. Small bundles or packages. 4. The ancient name of a picturesque portion of Greece. 5. Lacking. 6. To steal away. 7. To settle. "ALCIBIADES."

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

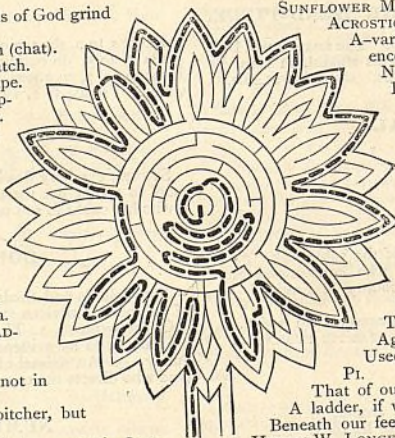
- AN AVIARY. 1. Nightingale. 2. Goldfinch (chat). 3. Lark. 4. Teal. 5. Chickadee. 6. Nut-hatch. 7. Bobolink. 8. Coot. 9. Cockatoo. 10. Snipe. 11. Whip-poor-will. 12. Magpie. 13. Lapwing. 14. Plover (plan). 15. Kingfisher. 16. Linnet (line). 17. Martin. 18. Sparrow. 19. Toucan. 20. Thrush (throne).

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Battle of Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. BoWer. 2. AbAse. 3. TITle. 4. TrEat. 5. LaRch. 6. EILen. 7. OzOnc. 8. FrOWn.

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. I Rosebud II. Anemone.

TWELVE CONCEALED CITIES. 1. Eton. 2. Paris. 3. Dover. 4. Thebes. 5. Athens. 6. Ephesus. 7. London. 8. Teheran. 9. Rome. 10. Verona. 11. Nice. 12. Sparta.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE. ROSES.



In rat, not in kitten; in oar, but not in sail;  
In gloves, but not in mitten; in pitcher, but not in pail;  
In trumpets, but not in tune; the whole appears in June.

SUNFLOWER MAZE. See accompanying illustration.

ACROSTIC: Tadmor in the Desert. 1. T-me. 2. A-varice. 3. D-ebt. 4. M-ercy. 5. O-bedi-ence. 6. R-efreshment. 7. I-ndustry. 8. N-ought. 9. T-ailoring. 10. H-eroism. 11. E-arth. 12. D-eath. 13. E-xcellence. 14. S-atisfaction. 15. E-ternity. 16. R-epu-tation. 17. T-ara.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. P. 2. See. 3. Pears. 4. Era. 5. S. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ace. 3. Scene. 4. End. 5. E. Central Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Spare. 4. Err. 5. E. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Stare. 4. Ere. 5. E. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. E. 2. Raw. 3. Eager. 4. Wet. 5. R.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Joan of Arc.

TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Oats. 2. Agree. 3. Tune. 4. Seen. II. 1. June. 2. Used. 3. Need. 4. Eddy.

PI. Saint Augustine! Well hast thou said,

That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.  
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW in "The Ladder of St. Augustine."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from A. Gardner, 11, and Mary A. Dodge, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from C. Horne—Ernest B. Cooper—"The Houghton Family"—Emma S. Wines—Freda—Alice Maud Kyte—Marna and Bae—Clara and her Aunt—Emilie Wheelock—The Blanke Family—Florence Leslie Kyte—Clara J. Child—Sallie Viles.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Pansy, 2—Minnie and Laurence Van Buren, 1—S. W. McClary, 1—Frank L. Burns, 6—Mary Deane Dexter, 2—Frank N. Dodd, 2—Jessie Bugbee, 6—Bess and Madge, 7—"Alci-biades," 7—Effie K. Talboys, 6—R. Hamilton, 1—Eirie, 3—J. Herbert Jordan, 1—H. W. Ogden, 2—Two Subscribers, 7—Edith McKeever, 4—E. Blanche Johns, 1—A. B. C., 6—Ruth Camp, 2—Carrie Weitling, 2—North Star, 1—Addie W. Gross, 1—Grace and Blanche Parry, 5—Annie Lovett, 7—Mattie G. Colt, 2—Rory O'More, 3—Bertie and Maud, 4—Rene, Bert, and Grace, 6—Louise Kelly, 4—Frankie Crawford, 2—F. N. Dodd, 4—Nellie Caldwell, 5—A. R., 4—L. E. R., 1—Livingston Ham, 1—Bessie P. McCollin, 6—Celesta M. Green, 6—Vin and Alex, 4—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 5—Helen E. Mahan, 6—Fred. Thwaites, 7—Anna Clark, 2—A. J. C., 2—Maud and Sadie, 2—H. M. S. "St. Vincent," 7—Florence E. Pratt, 6—Lyde McKinney, 6.



