



"WHAT MAKES IT GO?"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE DOLL THAT COULD N'T SPELL HER NAME.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

TOM was really at the bottom of it. It very often turned out that Tom *was* at the bottom of things.

In the Belknap household, when the pot of jam tumbled off the top shelf of the pantry, when the cream was all drunk up, when the Sevres china cups were broken, they never suggested that it was the cat; they merely groaned, "Tom!"

Sometimes there was mischief done for which Tom was not accountable, but, being proven guilty of so much, of course he was blamed for all.

Bess had Tom for a brother. She had no sister and no other brother, so, of course, she had to make the best of Tom. And sometimes he was really quite nice; he had once taken her out into the park, and let her fly his kite—a beauty, with Japanese pictures all over it, and yards and yards of tail; once in a while he would draw her on his sled—though I am sorry to say he generally did n't want to be bothered with girls; and now and then, though not often, he had more caramels than he wanted.

He put on as many airs with Bess as if he were the Great Mogul, and, if he had been, Bess could not have had greater faith in him, or obeyed him more implicitly. When you are a boy thirteen years old and study Latin, it is easy to be the Great Mogul to a little body not quite eight, who is only a girl, any way, never went to school in her life, and can't go out when it rains, because she is delicate.

Bess was sure that a boy who studied Latin and could ride on a bicycle, as Tom could, must know

everything. So when Tom told her that, if her doll was going to give a kettledrum, she (the doll) ought to write the invitations herself, she did not think of questioning it. She could n't quite see how it was to be done, but it must be the proper way, if Tom said so.

"It's the fashion now for ladies to write their own invitations," said Tom. "Have n't you noticed that Mamma writes all her cards? Never has them engraved, as she used to. It would n't be at all stylish, or even proper, for your doll to have a kettledrum, unless she wrote the invitations herself."

"But Lady Marion can't write," said Bess, mournfully. "I was going to ask Mamma to write them."

"Oh, you have only to put the pen in her hand, and guide it slowly, and she will write them well enough. I will tell you what to have her write. And she must draw a kettle at the top of the sheet and a drum at the bottom, like those that Miss Percy sent to Mamma, you know."

"It would be beautiful, Tom, but Lady Marion never could do it in the world!" said Bess.

"Oh, pooh! I'll show you just how, and you can help her. It will be just the same as if she did it all herself. There! that is the way to draw a kettle, and that's a drum," and Tom drew, with just a few strokes of his pencil, a kettle that was just like a kettle, and a drum that you would have known anywhere, while Bess looked on in breathless admiration, and thought Tom was almost a magician.

"And this is what you're to write—to make the doll write, I mean." And he repeated a formula several times, until Bess had learned it by heart.

"Oh, Tom, it will be perfectly splendid! How good you are to me!" said Bess, gratefully. "You shall have my new Roman sash for a tail to your kite!"

"Mamma would n't like that, and she would be sure to find it out; but I'll tell you how you can pay me: you can lend me your two dollars and fifteen cents. I am awfully short, and I must have a new base-ball bat."

Bess's face fell at this suggestion. She had been hoarding that two dollars and fifteen cents for a long time, to buy Lady Marion a new traveling trunk, her old one being very shabby, and having no bonnet-box in it, so that her bonnets got frightfully jammed whenever she went on a journey; and Nurse advised her never to lend money to Tom, because his pay-day was so long in coming; and when he got to owing too much he often went into bankruptcy, and paid but very little on a dollar.

But when one has been very kind, and shows you how to get up beautiful invitations, it is not at all easy to refuse to lend him your money. And, besides, if Bess should refuse, Tom would be very likely to tear up the beautiful kettle and drum that he had drawn, and, without a pattern to copy, Lady Marion could never draw them.

So Bess produced her purse, and poured its contents into Tom's hand.

"I'll be sure to pay you, Bess, the very first money I get," said Tom, as he always said.

"I hope you will, Tom," said Bess, with a sigh, "because Lady Marion is suffering for a new trunk. She'll have to stay at home from Saratoga if she does n't get it."

"Oh, you'll get the money long before summer. And, I say, Bess, I shall expect you to save me some of the goodies from that kettledrum—though I don't suppose you can save much, girls are such greedy things!"

"I will, Tom," said Bess, earnestly. "I will save lots of meringues and caramels, because those are what you like. And I'm very much obliged to you."

"Well, you ought to be! I don't know how you'd get along without me." And Tom went off, singing, at the top of his voice, about the "ruler of the queen's navee."

Left alone, Bess went to work diligently. Lady Marion's kettledrum was to come off next week; it was high time that the invitations were out.

Lady Marion had been invited out a great deal, but she had never yet given a party. She was well fitted to be a leader of fashion, but hitherto

her mamma's health had prevented her from assuming that position. Nature had been very bountiful to her, giving her cheeks just the color of strawberry ice-cream, eyes like blueberries, and truly hair the color of molasses candy that has been worked a long, long time. She was born in Paris, and had that distinguished air which is to be found only in dolls who have that advantage. She had, it is true, been out for a good many seasons, and looked rather older than several of her doll associates; her cheeks had lost the faintest tinge of their strawberry ice-cream bloom, and her beautiful hair had been so tortured by the fashionable style of hair-dressing—bangs and crimps and frizzes and Montagues and water-waves and puffs—that it had grown very thin in front, and she was compelled to wear either a Saratoga wave or a Marguerite front to cover it. The Saratoga wave was not a perfect match for her hair, so she wore that only by gas-light. She had also been in delicate health, the result of an accident which strewed the nursery floor with saw-dust, and made poor Bess fear that her beloved Lady Marion would be an invalid for life. The accident happened at the time when Tom had decided to be a surgeon, and had bought three new knives and a lancet to practice with, and the dreadful cut in Lady Marion's side looked, Bess thought, very much as if it had been done with a knife.

Tom, however, affirmed that it was caused by late hours and too much gayety, and Bess did not take Lady Marion to a party again for more than two months. The accident destroyed her beautiful plumpness, but Mamma thought that slenderness added to her distinguished appearance, so Bess was comforted. This kettledrum was intended to celebrate Lady Marion's return to society, and Bess was anxious that it should be a very elegant affair. It was to be held in the drawing-room, and Bess had permission to order just what she liked for refreshments. There was to be more than tea and cake at that kettledrum.

And the invitations must be in the very latest style. Bess felt as if she could not be grateful enough to Tom for telling her just what was the latest style.

She aroused Lady Marion from her afternoon nap and forced a pen into her unwilling fingers—being such a fashionable doll Lady Marion had neither time nor taste for literary pursuits, and I doubt whether she had ever so much as tried to write her name before. But at last the pen was coaxed to stay between her thumb and forefinger, and Bess guided her hand. After much patient effort and many failures, a tolerably legible one was written, and Bess thought it was a great success for a doll's first effort, although the kettle and

drum were not by any means perfect like Tom's, and, indeed, she felt obliged to write their names under them, lest they should not be understood.



"BESS GUIDED HER HAND."

They did not all look quite so well as the first. After one has written twenty-five or thirty invitations, one's hand grows tired, and one is apt to get a little careless; but, on the whole, Bess thought they did Lady Marion great credit. Not one was sent that had a blot on it, and Bess was satisfied that the spelling was all quite correct. Before six o'clock they were all written and sent, and Bess had a great weight off her mind. But she was very tired, and Lady Marion was so exhausted that she did n't feel equal to having her hair dressed, and was not at home to visitors.

Before she slept, however, Bess made out a list of the refreshments she wanted for the kettledrum, and she gave especial orders that there should be plenty of meringues and caramels, that Tom need not come short—he was so fond of them, and he would make such unpleasant remarks about the girls if they were all eaten.

And having settled all this, Bess felt that there was nothing more to do but to wait for that slow coach of a Tuesday to come around; party days always are such slow coaches, while the day on which you are to have the dentist pull your tooth comes like the chain-lightning express! There was nothing more that she could do, but there was one little thing that did n't quite suit her: she wanted to invite the nice little girl who lived around the corner of Pine street, and when she had asked leave, Mamma had said:

"Oh, hush, dear! No, no! you must n't ask her. You must n't speak of her! Papa would be very angry!"

Bess thought that was very strange. She was a very nice little girl. Bess had made her acquaintance in the park; they had rolled hoops together, and exchanged a great many confidences. Bess had told her about her parrot that could say "Mary had a little lamb," and about the funny little mice that Tom had tamed, and described

Lady Marion's new dresses that Aunt Kate had sent her from Paris; and the strange little girl told her that her name was Amy Belknap,—Belknap, just like Bess's name, which Bess thought was very strange,—and that she had three brand-new kittens, as soft and furry as balls of down, with noses and toes just like pink satin, with dear little peaked tails, and the most fascinating manners imaginable; and she had invited Bess to come and see them. But her mamma would not let her go, and told that if she ever talked to the little girl again her papa would be angry. And Mamma looked very sad about it; there were tears in her eyes. It was all very strange. Bess did not know what to think about it, but Papa was very stern when he was angry, so she did not say anything more about Amy, although she met her two or three times at parties. But she did so want to have Lady Marion invite her doll to the kettledrum that she could not help asking; but it was of no use, and Mamma said "Hush! hush!" as if it were something frightful that she had proposed. And last night she had heard Nurse talking with Norah, the parlor maid, when they thought she was asleep, and Nurse had said that Amy Belknap's father was Papa's own brother, but they had quarreled years before about a will, and were so angry still that they would not speak to each other. And Amy's mother was Mamma's cousin, and had been brought up with her, so that they were just like sisters, and Mamma felt very unhappy about the quarrel.

It did not seem possible to Bess that her papa would quarrel, when he always told Tom and her that it was so wicked, and when he got down on his knees and said, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," just as if he meant it!

Just what a will was, Bess did not know, but she had a vague idea that it had something to do with money. Surely her father would not quarrel about money! She had heard him say that it was very wrong to think too much of it.

There must be a mistake somewhere, Bess thought, and she wished very much that it might be set right, so that Amy and she might be friends.

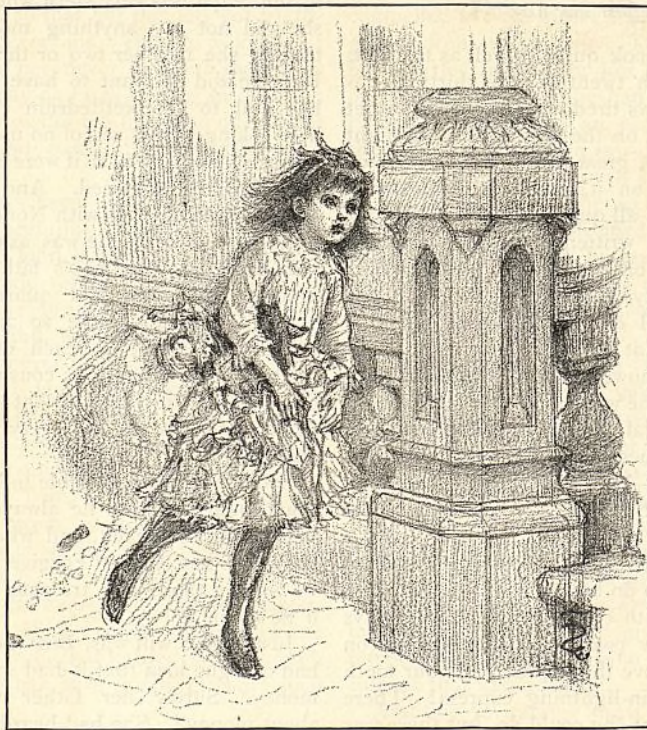
Tuesday came at last, and long before four o'clock Bess and Lady Marion had their toilets completed, and were perched up on the window-seat to watch for the coming of their guests. It was not very dignified, certainly—Mamma never did so when she expected guests; but then Lady Marion was of a nervous temperament, and could not bear to sit still.

Lady Marion had on a lovely "tea-gown" of Japanese foulard over blue satin, trimmed with

beautiful lace, and carried a new Japanese fan, with pearl sticks and lace, and her hair was arranged in a new style that was extremely becoming.

The refreshments and flowers had all come: there was nothing wanting to make the kettle-drum a complete success—nothing but the guests. Strangely enough, they did not appear! Four o'clock came, and half-past four, and not one of the dolls that Lady Marion had invited came, but all the time a stream of carriages had been going around the corner of Pine street, and stopping at

and some locks of golden hair. And Amy declared that she never would have another doll that looked in the least like Flora; it would break her heart. But she had another doll, who, strange as it may seem to you when I tell you how she looked, was very popular in society. She was a colored doll, and her name was Mary Ann. A very black doll indeed she was, with the kinkiest wool that ever was seen, eyes that would roll up so that you could see only the whites, and very big, red lips, that were always smiling and showing her white teeth. She looked so jolly that



"SHE RAN OUT, NOT WAITING FOR HAT OR CLOAK."

Amy Belknap's door; and Bess could see gayly dressed little girls tripping up the steps, every one with her doll in her arms!

Had Amy Belknap sent out invitations for this afternoon, and did all the girls prefer to go to her party? It was very strange. And a doll's party, too, apparently! Amy's best doll, Flora McFlimsey, had been left carelessly on the mantel-piece when a very hot fire was burning in the grate, and there was nothing left of her when Amy found her but a pool of wax, a pair of lovely blue glass eyes,

it made one laugh just to see her. She could turn her head from side to side and give you a friendly little nod, and if you pulled a string she could walk and dance. It was not a dance suited to polite society that she danced—it was a real negro break-down; indeed, I do not think that Nature had intended Mary Ann for polite society, but for all that she was very popular in it. No doll's party was thought to be complete without her, and her mamma paid as much attention to her toilet as to the lamented Flora McFlimsey's. Was Mary Ann

having a party this afternoon? A suspicion darted into Bess's mind. The names were a good deal alike—Marion and Mary Ann. Could they have made a mistake?

She rushed up to the nursery, and found one of the invitations which had been discarded by reason of many blots. It seemed to her that the *o* was plain enough, but, oh, dear! Mamma had told her once that Marion was spelled with an *i* and not with a *y*.

"It was Lady Marion's fault! If I had been writing by myself I should have thought. It does look like Mary Ann, and Amy's Mary Ann had so many parties, and goes so much, they thought it must be her kettledrum, and they have all gone there!"

Bess wrung her hands, and hid her face on Lady Marion's sympathizing bosom. Only for one moment; in that moment she decided that she could not bear it. She rushed to the table, in a little ante-room, where the refreshments were spread, and taking up her over-skirt, apron fashion, she filled it full of goodies, tossing them all in helter-skelter, never minding that the candied fruit was sticky and the grapes juicy. Then she seized Lady Marion upside down, actually with her head downward and her feet sticking up in the air, so that she was in imminent danger of apoplexy—not to mention her feelings, which were terribly wounded by such an indignity—and ran out of the street door, not waiting for hat or cloak!

Mamma was away, and would not be home until night, but if Nurse saw her she probably would not allow her to go, so she closed the door very softly behind her. In her eagerness she quite forgot that there was a mysterious reason why she should not go to Amy Belknap's house; she only realized that Lady Marion's kettledrum had gone astray, and she was fully determined not to lose it entirely.

The servant who opened the door had been surprised at the appearance of so many little girls and dolls, when none had been invited, but she was still more surprised when she opened the door to a little girl without hat or cloak, with her over-skirt full of bon-bons, and her doll's legs waving wildly in the air!

Amy had thought it a surprise party, and there had been no explanations until Bess and Lady Marion appeared. The girls were all very much surprised at the mistake, and said they did not understand why "Lady" was prefixed to Mary Ann's name, and some of them thought they ought to go at once to Lady Marion's house, since the invitations had really come from her; but Bess was quite willing to stay where she was, and Lady Marion made no objection.

The only difference was that there were two hostesses instead of one, Lady Marion and Mary Ann being seated side by side in state. Lady Marion was very elegant and polite, and was greatly admired; and as for Mary Ann, she fairly outdid herself, setting everybody into roars of laughter with her dancing; and the refreshments were not so *very* much mixed up.

Bess and Lady Marion staid after the others were gone. Bess wanted to see the kittens and the other pretty things that Amy promised to show her; and, besides, she had begun to realize by this time that she had done wrong in coming, and she did n't want to go home and tell how naughty she had been.

If it were wrong merely to mention Amy's name, how dreadfully wrong it must be to have run away, without asking leave of anybody, and stay so long in Amy's house! She must be as bad as Tom was when he got acquainted with the circus clown, and went home with him and staid all night. Tom was kept shut up in his room all day, on bread and water, and Papa said he would "rather have no boy at all than a boy he could n't trust." Would he wish that he had no girl at all? That was a dreadful thought.

But why should n't she visit Amy, who was the very nicest little girl she knew, and never got cross and said she would n't play if you did n't do just as she wanted to, as some of the girls did?

Bess turned it over and over in her small mind, and decided that it was very unjust. But she was very tired, and while she was puzzling over it her thoughts got queerly mixed up, and, before she knew what she was going to do, she had "taken the boat for Noddle's Island." They were sitting on the warm, fluffy rug, before the fire, in the nursery. Amy's nurse had given them some bread and milk, and then she had hinted, very strongly, that it was growing late, and Bess had better go home.

Bess did n't choose to pay any attention to the hints. She dreaded going home, and it was very pleasant where she was. They had the three kittens, who were twice as furry, frolicsome, and fascinating as Amy had said; a toy mouse, with a spring that, when wound up, would make him run and spring so like a "truly" mouse that it made one's blood run cold, and nearly drove the kittens frantic; a music-box that played the loveliest tunes, and a Jack-in-the-box that fired off a tiny pistol when he popped out; all these delightful things they had on the hearth-rug, besides Lady Marion and Mary Ann, who were a little neglected, I am afraid, but so tired and sleepy that they did n't mind.

After such an exciting day as Bess had spent, one can't keep awake long, even when there is so

much fun to be had, especially when it is past one's bed-time.

Nothing but politeness had kept Amy's eyes

They had discovered her absence two or three hours before, and had been seeking her far and near, in the keenest anxiety and distress. They



"LADY MARION AND MARY ANN SEATED SIDE BY SIDE IN STATE."

open so long, and when she saw that Bess was asleep she gave a great sigh of relief, and she, too, got into Noddle's boat. The three kittens, finding it very tame to play with a mouse that would n't go for the want of winding up, curled up together in a little furry, purring heap, and went fast asleep, and the Jack-in-the-box, losing all hope of getting another chance to pop out, did the same. Lady Marion had long ago been lulled to sleep by the soft strains of the music-box, and, last of all, Mary Ann, who ached in every joint from so much dancing, and whose eyes were strained and smarting from continual rolling up, but who never left the post of duty while there was anybody to be entertained, stretched herself comfortably out on the soft rug and, like the others, forgot her weariness in slumber.

The nurse stole out to have a chat with a crony. Amy's mother was out, and there was no one to notice that it was very quiet in the nursery, or think that it was time for the strange little girl to go home. But in the strange little girl's own house they were thinking that it was time for her to come home!

had visited every house where they thought she would be at all likely to go; they had given notice of her loss at several police stations, and secured the aid of two or three police officers in the search. Last of all, having heard that Amy Belknap had had a party that afternoon, they came there: Papa and Mamma almost beside themselves; Nurse never ceasing to weep and wring her hands; Tom outwardly stolid, and with his hands in his pockets, but inwardly wishing heartily that he had been a great deal better to Bess, and resolving that, if they ever found her, he would pay her that two dollars and fifteen cents right away.

"I am sure she is n't here," said Bess's mamma, as they rang the door-bell. "Bess never does what she knows I would not wish her to."

But when the door was opened the servant said she thought she was up in the nursery. And upstairs rushed Bess's father and mother immediately, scarcely remembering whose house they were in, but thinking only of their lost little girl who might be found.

It happened that they opened one door into the nursery just as Amy's papa opened another. And

when Bess opened her eyes, almost smothered with her mother's hugs and kisses, there stood her papa and Amy's papa, looking at each other, as Tom, afterward, rather disrespectfully remarked, "just as his big Newfoundland Rover and Bobby Sparks's big Cæsar looked at each other, when they had n't made up their minds whether to fight each other, or go together and lick Dick Jefferd's wicked Nero!"

Bess discovered that she was not going to be scolded, but was the heroine of the hour; even Tom, who hated "making a fuss," was actually crying and kissing her; and Bess began to feel very important and thought she might set things to rights. She tugged at her father's coat-tails to gain his entire attention.

"Papa," she began, "don't you know 'Birds in their little nests agree,' and 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite'? I'll get Nurse to say them to you, if you don't. It is n't right for you to quarrel just because you're big! And he's your brother, too—just like Tom and me. And he's Amy's father, and Amy's my pertikler friend. You kiss him, now, and say you're sorry, and—and I'll buy you something nice!"

In her eagerness, Bess had fallen into Nurse's style of bribery.

There was one very good thing about it—it made everybody laugh; and sometimes a laugh will swallow up more bitterness than tears can drown. They did not kiss each other, to Bess's great disappointment; but the very next day Amy came to see her, and Amy's mamma too, and she and Bess's mamma kissed and cried over each other, just as if they were school-girls; and they called Bess "a blessed little peace-maker;" so Bess is quite sure that it is all coming out right, and that she shall always have her cousin Amy for her "pertikler friend."

When Bess's mamma heard that it all came about because Lady Marion could n't spell her own name, she praised Lady Marion, and said her ignorance was better than all the accomplishments that she ever knew a doll to have!

But as for Tom, who was really at the bottom of it, nobody thought of praising him.

But Bess had saved a great many meringues and caramels for him—more than anybody but a boy could eat—so he did n't mind.



THE COCKATOOS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



EMPTY the throne-chair stood;
mayhap
The king was taking his royal
nap,
For early it was in the afternoon
Of a drowsy day in the month
of June.

And the palace-doors were
open wide
To the soft and dreamful airs
outside,
And the blue sky burned
with the summer glow,
And the trees cool masses
of shade did throw.

The throne-chair stood in
a splendid room.

There were velvets in ruby and purple bloom,
Curtains magnificent to see,
And a table draped most sumptuously.

And on the table a cushion lay
Colored like clouds at the close of day,
And a crown, rich-sparkling with myriad rays,
Shone on the top in a living blaze.

And nobody spoke and nobody stirred
Except a bird that sat by a bird—
Two cockatoos on a lofty perch,
Sober and grave as monks in a church.

Gay with the glory of painted plume
Their bright hues suited the brilliant room;
Green and yellow, and rose and blue,
Scarlet and orange and jet black, too.

Said one to the other, eyeing askance
The beautiful *fleur-de-lis* of France
On the cushion's lustrous edge, set round
In gleaming gold on a violet ground—

Said one to the other, "Rocco, my dear,
If any thief were to enter here,
He might take crown and cushion away,
And who would be any the wiser, pray?"

Said Rocco, "How stupid, my dear Coquette!
A guard is at every threshold set;
No thief could enter, much less get out,
Without the sentinel's warning shout."

She tossed her head, did the bright Coquette.
"Rocco, my dear, now what will you bet
That the guards are not sleeping this moment
as sound
As the king himself, all the palace round?"

"T is very strange, so it seems to me,
That they leave things open so carelessly;
Really, I think it's a little absurd
All this should be left to the care of a bird!

"And what is that creaking so light and queer?
Listen a moment. There! Don't you hear?
And what is that moving the curtain behind?
Rocco, dear, are you deaf and blind?"

The heavy curtain was pushed away
And a shaggy head, unkempt and gray,
From the costly folds looked doubtful out,
And eagerly everywhere peered about.

And the dull eyes lighted upon the blaze
Of the gorgeous crown with a startled gaze,
And out of the shadow the figure stepped
And softly over the carpet crept.

And nobody spoke and nobody stirred,
And the one bird sat by the other bird;
Both overpowered by their surprise,
They really could n't believe their eyes!

Swiftly the madman, in fear's despite,
Darted straight to that hill of light;
The frightened birds saw the foolish wretch
His hand to the wondrous thing outstretch.

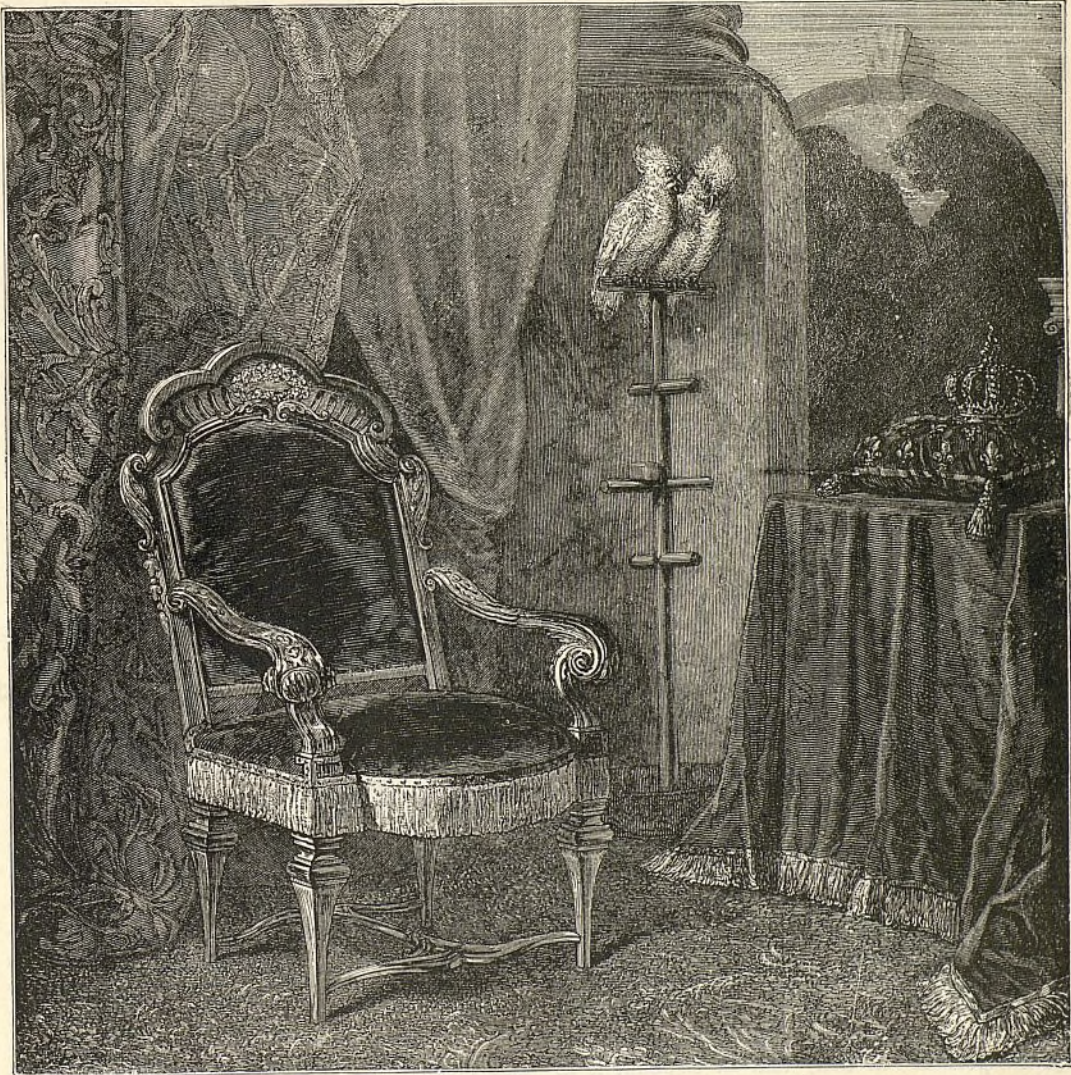
Then both at once such an uproar raised
That the king himself rushed in, amazed,
Half awake, in his dressing-gown,
And there on the floor lay the sacred crown!

And he caught a glimpse through the portal
wide
Of a pair of flying heels outside,
And he shouted in royal wrath, "What ho!
Where are my people, I'd like to know!"

They ran to the rescue in terror great.
"Is this the way that you guard my state?
Had it not been for my cockatoos
My very crown I had chanced to lose!"

They sought in the shrubbery to and fro,
Wherever they thought the thief might go;
They looked through the garden, but all in vain,
They searched the forest, they scoured the plain.

They'd a special servant on them to wait,
To do their pleasure early and late:
They grew so haughty and proud and grand,
Their fame was spread over all the land.



They gave it up, for they could not choose.
But oh, the pride of those cockatoos!
If they were admired and petted before,
Now they were utterly spoiled, be sure!

And when they died it made such a stir!
And their skins were stuffed with spice and myrrh,
And from their perch they still look down,
As on the day when they saved the crown.

ELEVEN OR NONE.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A KINDLY looking gentleman one day accosted me:
 "Do you know any one who wants eleven dogs?" asked he.
 "They 're so gentle and so good
 That I 'd keep them if I could,
 But I really can't gratify their appetite for food."

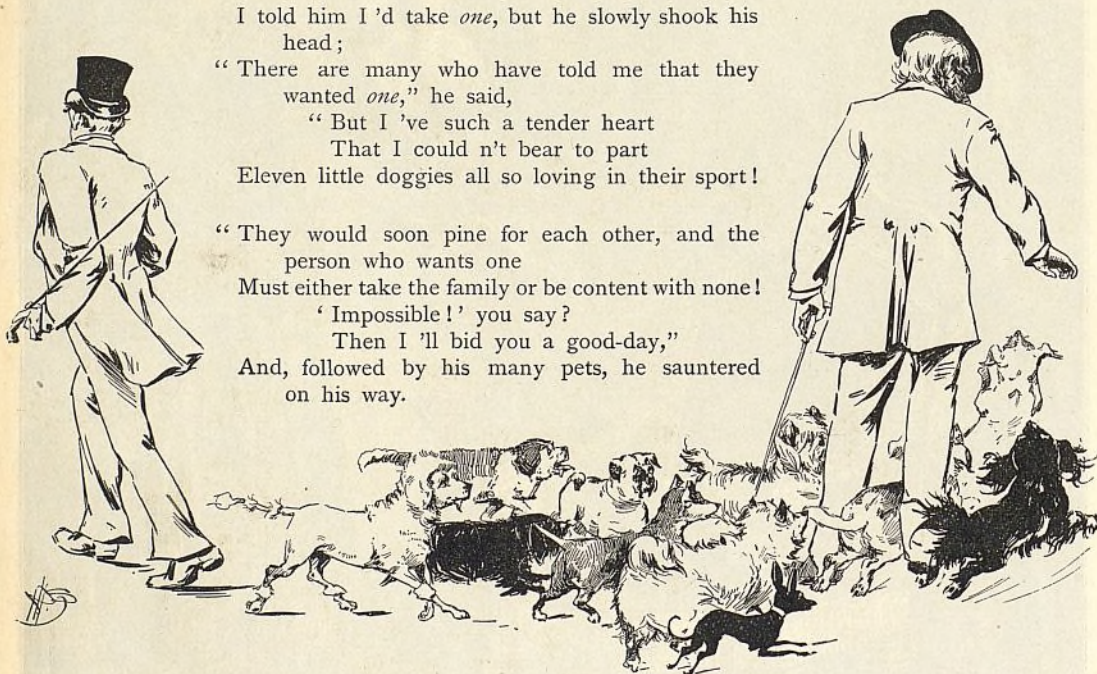
I told him I 'd take *one*, but he slowly shook his head;

"There are many who have told me that they wanted *one*," he said,

"But I 've such a tender heart
 That I could n't bear to part
 Eleven little doggies all so loving in their sport!

"They would soon pine for each other, and the person who wants one
 Must either take the family or be content with none!
 'Impossible!' you say?

Then I 'll bid you a good-day,"
 And, followed by his many pets, he sauntered on his way.



OUR LARGEST FRIENDS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

FEW persons will deny that an elephant is as large a friend as any of us can expect to have. There is but one other living creature that is larger than an elephant, and that is a whale; but, on account of the peculiarity of his residence, it would be difficult for any one to keep company with a live whale long enough to form a lasting friendship. Even Jonah and his whale staid together only three days, and, after that, it is quite certain that they never met again.

But strong friendships have been formed between elephants and men, and it is on this account

that I call these great beasts our largest friends. And who could chide a person on good terms with an elephant for boasting that he had an extensive acquaintance?

At the present time of writing there is no animal, not domestic, which occupies so prominent a position before the public as the elephant; and the great interest which is now taken in these animals is probably due to the fact that we have some extraordinary specimens of them among us. One of the most remarkable of these is the baby elephant recently born in this country. This

little animal, not higher than a table, is certainly the most amusing and interesting creature of its kind that I ever saw. He is very frisky and playful, and trots about on his stumpy little legs in a way that is very surprising to those who have always considered elephants among the steadiest and most solemn creatures in the world. The fact that, with the exception of being ever so much smaller, he is exactly like a full-grown elephant, makes him all the more interesting and peculiar. In color and proportions he resembles a full-sized elephant looked at through the wrong end of a telescope. If he should never grow any larger than he is now, he would be the most valuable elephant in the world.

Another very noticeable elephant is the great beast Jumbo, recently brought from England to this country. This is one of the very largest animals of his kind; and although he has been a long time in captivity, he is occasionally very difficult to manage, and, until recently, there was only one man who was able to control him. Most of us know what an undertaking it was to bring him to this country. It was necessary to put him into a great box, as strong as iron and wood could make it, which was hoisted on board of a ship, and in this way Jumbo was brought across the ocean.

It is very unusual to have such trouble in transporting elephants from place to place; for, although I have classed them among the animals that are not domestic, it is generally quite easy to train and tame them. I suppose, in some countries where they are extensively used as beasts of burden and for other purposes, they may be said to be domesticated. But, after all, an elephant, however kind and gentle he may be, is not the sort of animal we would like to have about our houses, like a cat or dog.

Most of us are so familiar with elephants, which we frequently see in menageries and circuses, and which are generally so gentle and docile, obeying the slightest word or sign of their keepers, that we are accustomed to look upon them as the most peaceable and quiet, as well as the slowest and most awkward animals on the face of the earth. It is therefore difficult sometimes to imagine what an active and often terrible fellow an elephant is in his native wilds. He can run very rapidly, and when his temper is aroused there is no more savage creature to be found. Sometimes two of these ponderous beasts, who have imagined themselves insulted or injured in some way, or, from their natural viciousness, feel inclined to vent their bad temper upon any animal they may meet, join themselves together, and range forest and plain in search of a victim. It would be a terrible thing indeed, to meet a pair of such elephants on murderous

thoughts intent, for it would be almost impossible for any man to defend himself against two such assailants. With one of the heavy rifles used in elephant-hunting, a steady eye, and an unflinching soul, it might be possible to stop the onward progress of one such mass of savage fury. But if two creatures of the kind should be met, there would be no safety but in a very high tree with a very thick trunk.

Apart from man, there is no animal that can successfully combat with a full-grown elephant. The largest tiger can be crushed beneath his feet or knees. His great tusks can be driven even into the body of a rhinoceros; and, although a savage enemy may spring upon his back, and keep out of the way of his elastic and powerful trunk, it is not easy for even the fiercest tiger to make much of an impression upon his thick hide and enormous body.

Sometimes, indeed, when attacked by two animals at once, such as a lion and a lioness, who surprise him at his favorite drinking-place, an elephant may be thrown into a state of considerable agitation. In such a case, he would feel very much as a boy would who should be attacked by two hornets, for the teeth and claws of the lion and lioness would inflict painful wounds; but, if he were not able to throw off his antagonists, so as to pierce them with his tusks or trample them with his feet, he would soon feel as the boy would if a hornet had got down his back, and his impulse would doubtless be to rush into deep water, where he could breathe with nothing but his trunk in the air, but where his enemies would have to swim ashore, or be drowned; and they might be obliged to swim away with much alacrity, for it would doubtless please the elephant as much to seize a swimming lion with his trunk and hold his head under water, as it would please the boy to clap his hat over a half-drowned hornet and help him to sink.

In warm countries the borders of rivers are favorite places for hunters, whether they be men or animals, to wait and watch for their game or prey; and when a herd of elephants approaches one of these drinking-places it is customary for the leader to go on ahead, and if, when he reaches the edge of the water, he perceives or suspects the presence of enemies, he throws up his trunk and loudly trumpets an alarm. His companions then halt, and the whole band retreats, unless it is thought better to stand and make a fight. If the latter plan is determined upon, it is quite certain that the affair will be well managed and carried on with spirit, for the elephant is endowed with good sense as well as courage.

But if the enemies lying in wait happen to be hunters, armed with murderous rifles, it is probable



SOUNDING THE ALARM.

that several of the huge animals will soon lie lifeless on the sands, and that their tusks will be carried away to make billiard-balls and piano-keys.

Considering the elephant as a fighting animal, we should not forget to include his trunk among his weapons of offense and defense. With his powerful and sinuous trunk, which the elephant

uses for so many and such different purposes, he can seize almost any animal and hurl it to the ground. But wily and savage creatures, such as tigers, almost always attack an elephant in the rear, and spring upon some part of him which he cannot reach with his trunk. It is not likely, however, that lions and tigers often attack elephants,

unless there is some unusual reason for so doing. When, for instance, a Bengal tiger springs upon an elephant which is trampling through his jungle, it is because there are men upon the huge creature's back who are hunting the tiger, and who have wounded or otherwise enraged him. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any wild beast would be so hungry as to try to kill a full-grown elephant for his dinner.

A great deal has been written about the elephant's trunk, but I believe that few persons thoroughly understand the variety of uses to which it is put. Not only is everything the elephant eats or drinks conveyed to his mouth by the trunk, but the little hand or finger at the end of the long proboscis is used very much as we would use our hands and fingers. Not long ago, I saw the great elephant Jumbo receive from one of his visitors a package of candy, neatly wrapped in white paper. He curled up the end of his trunk and laid the

and carried it to his mouth without dropping a single piece.

In regard to Jumbo, who is one of the largest, and is perhaps the best known elephant in the world, I must say something more. We have all heard of the sacred white elephants of Siam and Burmah; but if one of these revered beasts had been carried away from either of those countries, it is scarcely possible that the Siamese or Burmese could have been more excited or troubled than were the English people when their favorite elephant Jumbo was carried away from the Zoölogical Gardens in London, and brought to the United States. Great public feeling was aroused, and there was a general demand that he should not be taken away. Lords and ladies, and even high public officers, signed petitions protesting against his removal. He had been in England for nearly thirty years; thousands and thousands of children had ridden upon him, and even the Queen of Great



A SAVAGE PAIR.

package in the hollow of the curve; then he rubbed it with his finger until the paper was broken and the candy fell out on his trunk. He threw the paper away, gathered up the candy with his finger,

Britain had mounted upon his back. If the Prime Minister had left the country, it is not likely that there would have been such public grief.

In looking at Jumbo, it is easy to see that it is

not on account of his beauty that the English people wished to keep him among them. He is one of the ugliest beasts alive. But he is enormously large, and towers far above other elephants. He was born in Africa, and, like the other elephants of that country, has very large ears and a slightly humped back. The Indian elephant has a much handsomer head. His ears are smaller, and his tusks grow more gracefully from his upper jaw.

It seems a curious thing for elephants to work on a railroad, for we generally consider these ani-

constructed, elephants were used to pack the earth down firmly. Long lines of the great creatures walked backward and forward on an embankment, their immense weight pressing the earth into a solid and compact mass. It is not likely that in that country anything else could have been found so serviceable for this purpose as the wide feet and ponderous bodies of elephants.

In connection with the employment of the elephant by man, there is an allegorical fable which, although it has probably no basis of fact, may

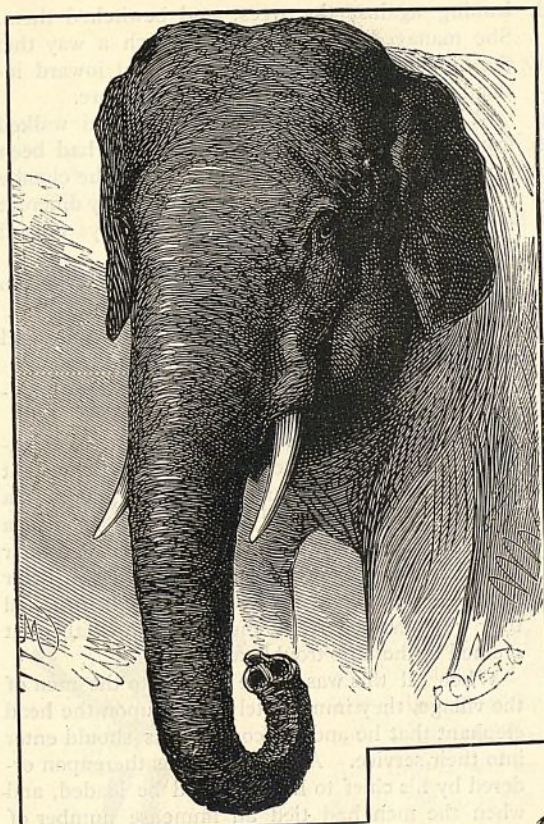


LION AND LIONESS ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT.

mals as either inhabitants of forests and jungles, or the servants of oriental masters who have no idea of the improvements and inventions of modern times. And yet, elephants have been employed on railroad work. On a road recently built in Burmah, from Rangoon to the city of Prome, there were many embankments to be made where the road ran over low lands. While these were being

possess a certain interest for those who are fond of investigating the reasons of things.

According to this story there was, at one time, a comparatively small number of elephants upon the earth, and these lived together in one great herd. They were quiet, docile animals, and did no injury to any one. They were formed, however, somewhat differently from the elephant of the



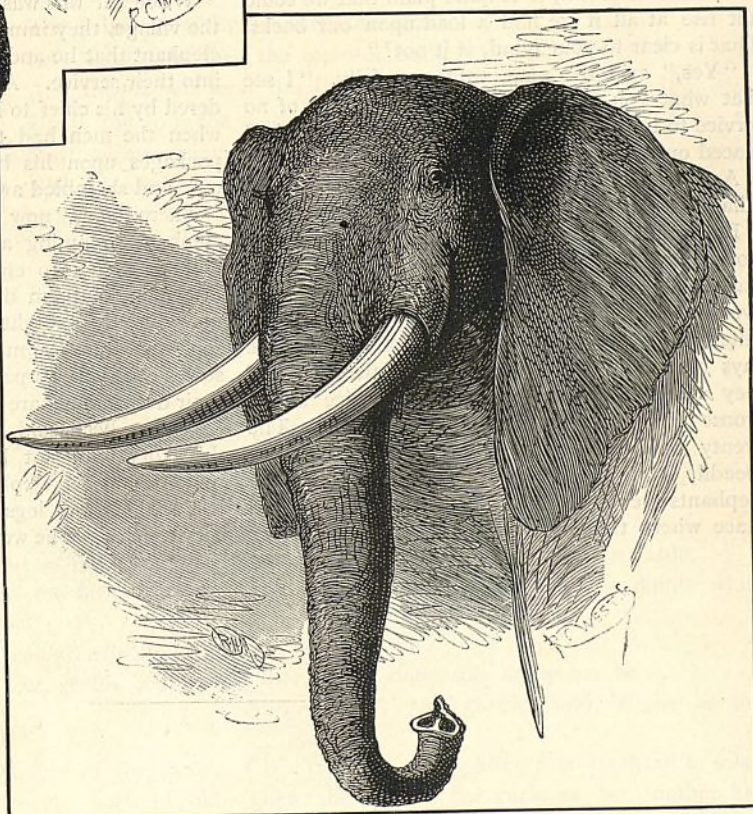
HEAD OF INDIAN ELEPHANT.

present day. You may have noticed that the hind legs of these animals bend forward like the legs of a man, while the hind legs of nearly all other quadrupeds bend out backward. In the days of which this allegory tells, the elephant's hind legs were formed in the same way: they bent out backward like the legs of a dog, a horse, or a cow. The people in that part of the country where these elephants lived had no beasts of burden, or wagons, or carts, and they often thought what an excellent thing it would be if the great, strong elephants would carry them and their families about on their broad backs, or bear for

them the heavy loads which they were often obliged to carry from place to place.

One day, several of the men saw the leader of the herd of elephants standing in the shade of a clump of trees, and they went to him to talk upon this subject. They told him of the difficulty they had in taking journeys with their wives and children, especially in the rainy season, when the ground was wet and muddy, and explained to him how hard it was for them to carry loads of provisions and other things from one village to another.

"Now, twenty of these loads," said the spokesman of the men, "would be nothing for one of you to carry; and if one of us, and all his family, and even some of his household goods, were upon your great back, you could walk off with ease. Now, what we wish to propose to you is this: If some of your herd will consent to carry us when we wish to make a journey, and to bear about our heavy goods for us, we will give you grass, rice, and banyan-leaves and melons from our gardens, and such other things as may be proper, for your services. By this arrangement both sides will be benefited."



HEAD OF AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

The elephant listened with great attention, and when the man had finished speaking he replied :

"Melons are very tempting, for these we seldom find in the forest, and fresh leaves from the luxuriant banyans which grow about your houses are highly attractive to elephants; but, in spite of the inducements you offer, there are objections to the plan you propose which will, I fear, prevent it from being carried out. If, for instance, one of your families wished to get upon my back, or if you desired to place a heavy load thereon, it would be necessary for me to lie down, would n't it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "Our women and children could never climb up to your back while you are standing, and we could not reach high enough to place loads upon it unless you should lie down."

"There comes in the difficulty," said the elephant. "Our bodies are so large and heavy that when we lie down it is as much as we can do to get up. Indeed, most of us prefer to sleep leaning against a tree, because when we lie down at night we often find in the morning that it is almost impossible for us to rise. Now, if we find it difficult to get up from the ground when we have nothing but ourselves to lift, it is quite plain that we could not rise at all if we had a load upon our backs. That is clear to your mind, is it not?"

"Yes," said the man, rather ruefully. "I see that what you say is true. You would be of no service to us if you could not get up after we had placed our loads upon your backs."

And he and his fellows returned sadly to their village.

But some of the people, when they heard this story, were not willing to give up the matter so easily. There was a witch of great wisdom who lived in the neighborhood, and they went and consulted her. She considered the matter for three days and nights, and then she told them that, if they would give her twenty pots of rice and a bronze gong, she would make it all right. The twenty pots of rice and the bronze gong were speedily brought to her; and that night, when the elephants were all fast asleep, she went to the place where they were lying on the ground, or

leaning against the trees, and bewitched them. She managed her witcheries in such a way that the hind legs of the elephants all bent inward instead of outward, as they had done before.

When the head elephant awoke and walked from under the tree against which he had been leaning, he was very much surprised at the change in his gait. He shuffled along in a very different way from that in which he had always walked before.

"I feel as if I were all shoulders," he said to his wife.

"And well you may," said she, "for your hind legs bend forward, exactly like your fore legs."

"And so do yours!" he cried, in utter amazement.

The elephants who were lying down were awakened by this loud conversation, and, noticing that many of their companions were moving about in a very strange way, thought it would be a good idea to get up and see what was the matter. To their astonishment they arose with great ease. Their hind legs were bent under their heavy bodies, and they were enabled to lift themselves up with what seemed to them no trouble at all.

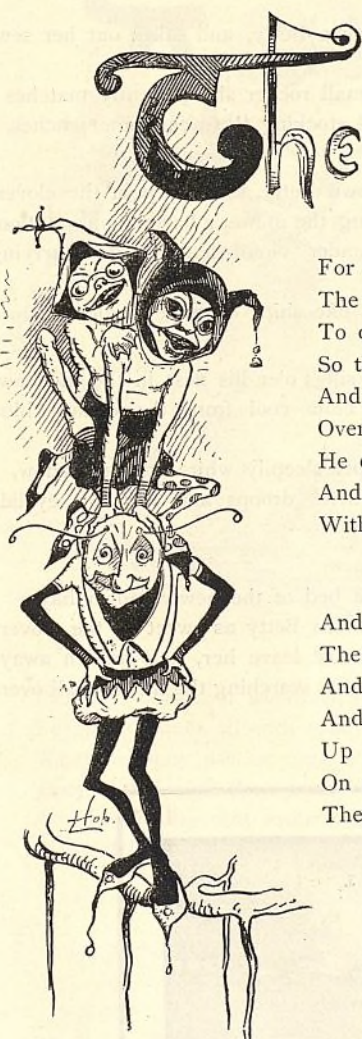
When all this was made known to the men of the village, they immediately urged upon the head elephant that he and his companions should enter into their service. An elephant was thereupon ordered by his chief to lie down and be loaded, and when the men had tied an immense number of packages upon his back, he arose with apparent ease and shambled away.

There being now no possible objection to an elephant becoming a beast of burden, these great animals began to enter into the service of man. But many of them did not fancy labor, no matter how able they might be to perform it, and these separated from the main herd and scattered themselves over various parts of Asia and Africa, where their descendants are still found.

As has been said before, it is quite likely that this story may not be true; but still the facts remain that the elephant's hind legs bend forward just like his fore legs, and that he shambles along very much as if he were all shoulders.

NONSENSE SONG.

BY A. R. WELLS.



The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie,
 They climbed up into the banyan tree.
 They climbed to the top,
 But they had to stop,
 For no more foot-hold could they see.
 The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie
 To climb still farther did all agree,
 So the Jack stood up on the topmost limb,
 And then the Jolick climbed over him.
 Over the two went the Jamborie,—
 He climbed up quickly the world to see,—
 And then the Jack from the topmost limb,
 With grin and chuckle, climbed after him.
 To the top climbed he,
 The world to see,
 And there in the air swung all the three:
 The Jolick gleefully followed the Jack,
 And quickly reached the topmost back.
 And then again went the Jamborie
 Up to the top, the world to see.
 On they are going, and on and on;
 They'll reach the stars before they are done!

LITTLE BROWN BETTY.

BY ADA NEYL.

LITTLE brown Betty looks out in the morning,
 And sees the great dew-drops the bushes adorn-
 ing,
 The sky all aglow, and the clouds in a flurry,
 Where the sun has jumped out of his bed in a
 hurry.
 She hears in the distance the low of the cattle,
 The shout of the herd-boy, the bark of old
 Rover,
 And nearer the tinkle of baby's tin rattle,
 And the hum of the bees o'er the dainty white
 clover.
 Little brown Betty fills deftly her bowl,
 And splashes and gurgles and laughs as the
 water
 Goes trickling and tickling from forehead to sole;
 Then she brushes her curls as her mother has
 taught her.

Then neatly puts on all her clothes in a twinkle,
With her little brown hands patting out every
wrinkle;

Then softly she kneels at her bedside, and prays
That God will watch over her words and her
ways.

Now little brown Betty is helping her mother,
And merrily flitting from cupboard to table;
Now stooping a moment to fondle her brother,
Now giving a pat to the black kitten Sable.

She sets up the chairs, and she goes for the
water,
And sings as she comes with her pail running
over,
Then she watches for Father,—the dear little
daughter!—
And picks him a posy of daisies and clover.

Little brown Betty, when breakfast is ended,
Trips into the garden, by Rover attended,
And waters her pansies, and ties up her roses,
While Rover lies under the lilacs and dozes.

Then back to the house, with her dusky cheeks
glowing,

Goes little brown Betty, and takes out her sew-
ing,

And in her small rocker she patiently matches
On apron and stocking the wearisome patches.

Now little brown Betty, knee-deep in the clover,
Stands watching the mower's harmonious motion,
While the tender cloud-shadows go hurrying
over

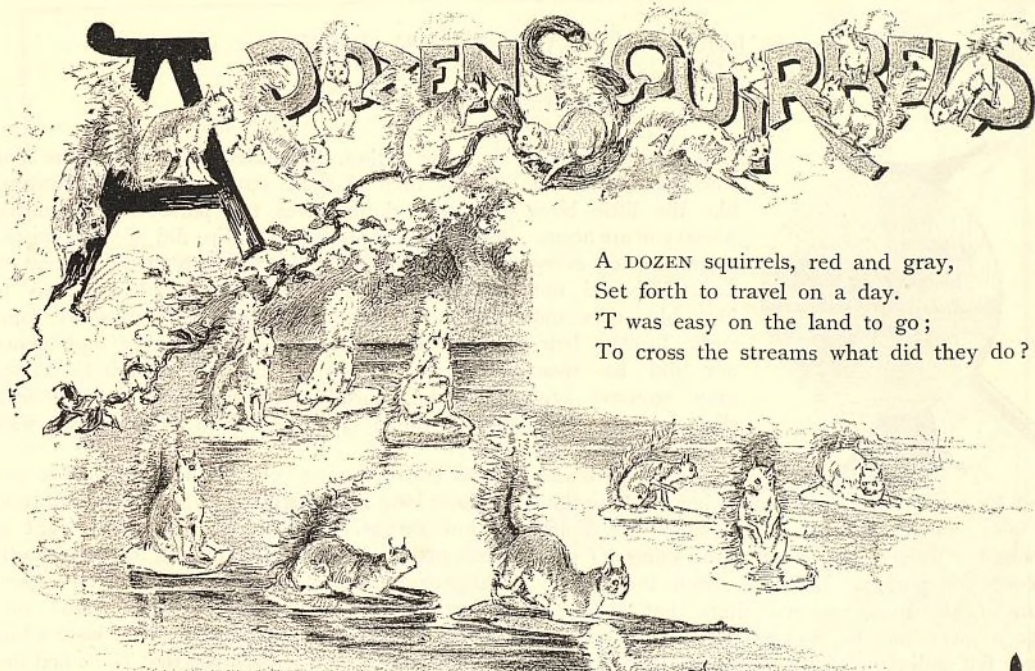
The meadows like ships on an emerald ocean.

The bobolink sings o'er his nest in the meadow,
The breezes blow cool from the distant blue
river,

The grasshopper sleepily whirs in the shadow,
And Betty's head droops and her soft eyelids
quiver.

And now on a bed of the newly mown hay
Sleeps little brown Betty as sweet as the clover,
And here we must leave her, half hidden away,
While her father is searching the meadow all over.





A DOZEN squirrels, red and gray,
Set forth to travel on a day.
'T was easy on the land to go;
To cross the streams what did they do?

Pieces of bark and woodmen's chips
Furnished them all with ready ships.
What did they use for oars or sails?
They curled aloft their bushy tails,
And every chip that squirrel bore
Was safely blown from shore to shore.



Four days they traveled, then they found
A grove where beech-nuts did abound;
And there they staid, devoid of fear,
And happy lived for many a year.

JIRO—A JAPANESE BOY.

By C. A. W.



ONCE knew a little boy who was not at all like the little boys whom you are accustomed to see every day. He did not have blue eyes and curly brown hair, nor did he wear gray trousers and short jackets.

No; his eyes and hair were jet black,

and he was troubled with no other clothing than a loose, wrapper-like garment, which he bound about his waist with a long sash, using its wide sleeves for pockets. Perhaps, from the description of his dress, you will think that he looked like a girl; but he was a real boy, and would have felt indignant if you had taken him for anything else.

In fact, Jiro—for that was the young gentleman's name—was an inhabitant of that country somewhere down under our feet known as Japan, and sometimes called the "Children's Paradise." Now, Jiro was very proud of his country, and believed, as did all his countrymen, that the inhabitants had descended from the gods. Although he was only eight years old, because his father was one of those terrible fellows called *samurai*, or retainers (who would lop your head off in a minute and think nothing of it), little Jiro was allowed to carry in his belt a real sword. He was not ignorant of its use, either, as he took lessons in fencing twice a week.

Jiro's elder sister, Miss Koto, was learning to handle the lance and spear—an accomplishment of Japanese ladies of position, which is considered as necessary as learning to sew, or read, or paint; and Jiro longed for the time to come when his own hands would be strong enough to lift these heavier weapons. One day, as our little friend was returning from fencing-school, he thought that, instead of making his way homeward through the crowded streets, he would take a shorter cut he knew of, across the fields, where he would be able to find some tall lotus-flowers for his sister's deft fingers to arrange in the parlor flower-vases.

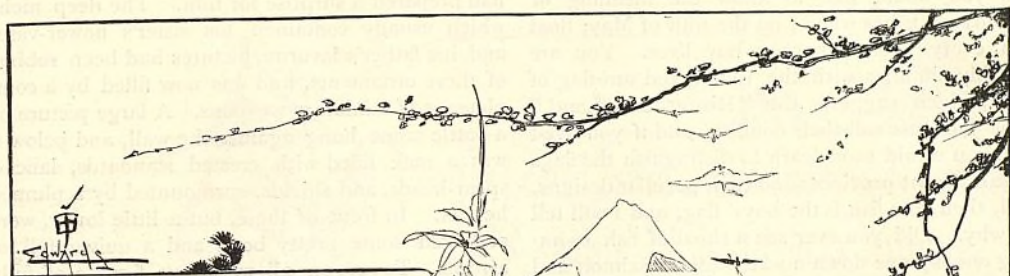
On reaching the pond where the lotus grew, he found that several children were already there, some busily engaged in collecting the sweet lotus-

roots for eating, and others, who were more fond of play than of work, strutting about, holding up the great lotus-leaves for parasols, or wearing them as jaunty sun-hats. Jiro did not care for the roots (as his mother frequently bought them of the vegetable-man), and, as he felt too busy to play, he set manfully to work and cut down some of the most beautiful buds growing high above his head. When he had cut enough he started for home, sturdily trudging along with his arms full of the rosy flowers and their great, wide leaves.

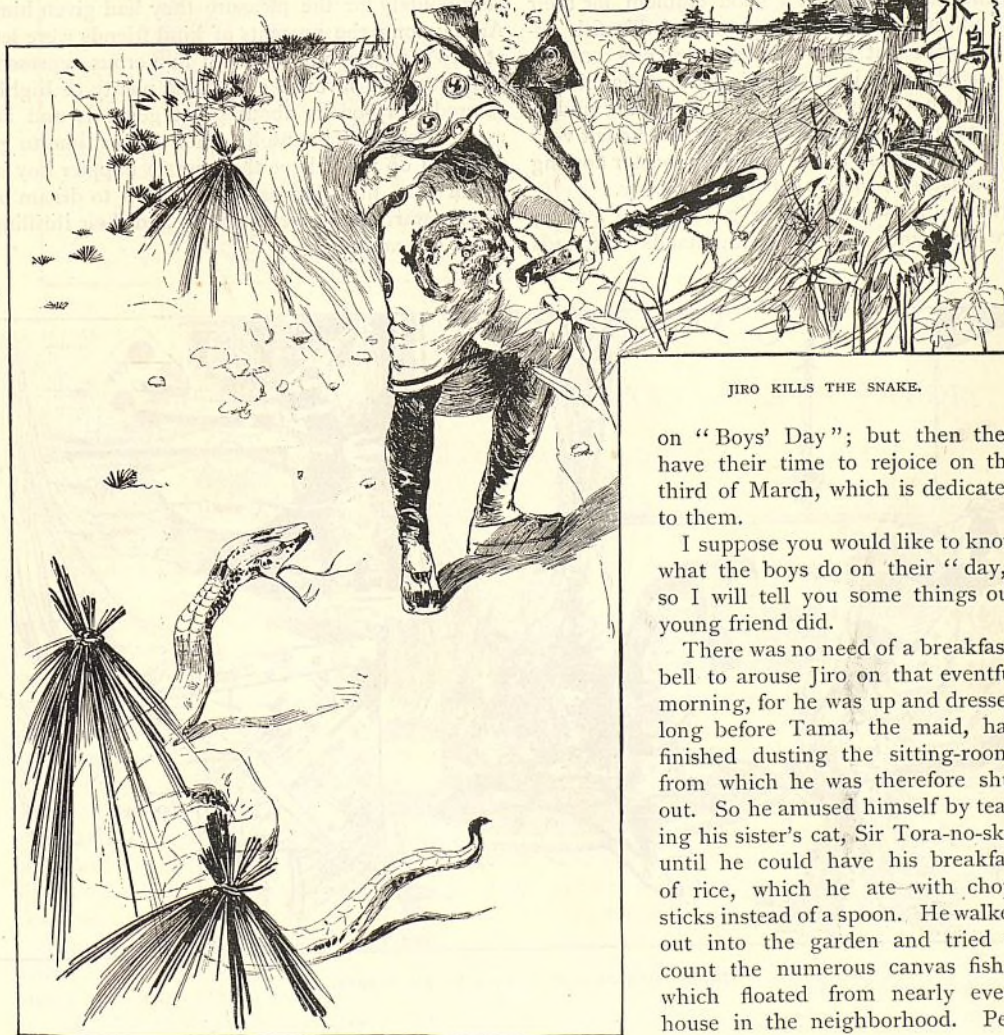
He had not gone very far, however, before one of those long snakes which, in Japan, inhabit trees or low shrubs, lifted up its ugly head right in Jiro's path, and made him drop his fragrant bundle and grasp the hilt of his little sword. The serpent looked very ugly, seeming to say, "No! no! Master Jiro, you can't pass here until I have a bite of you!" and I rather suspect that Jiro's first impulse was to run away. But, remembering that his father was the retainer of a great prince, and that some day he would be a retainer too, Jiro felt braver, and as the snake continued to rear its head right in his path, Jiro cut at it with his sharp little sword and lopped its head right off; giving it another cut to make quite sure it was dead, the lad picked up his flowers and went on, feeling very proud of his triumph.

Jiro went to school like other boys, and sat on the floor, as every one does in Japan. The school-room was full of children, who studied their lessons aloud, without disturbing each other in the least. He had plenty of holidays, so you need not be afraid that he hurt himself by studying too hard.

Perhaps you will think it strange that, among all Jiro's holidays, he had never counted a birthday. Birthdays are so important over here, that I fancy the boys would be inclined to object if they were told that such days were not to be celebrated any more. Jiro, however, did not even know the day of the month when he was born, but, like all good Japanese, counted his age from the first New Year's day of his life. So you will understand how much the people over there love New Year's, which comes, like ours, on the first of January. But I think that our friend Jiro, together with the other boys of Japan, was most pleased when old Father Time brought around the fifth of May, which is called "Boys' Day," because especially devoted to the boys of Japan. Oh, they do have good times



then! And I have no doubt that the little, olive-tinted, almond-eyed fellows look forward with as much pleasure to that day as our boys do to the fourth of July. The little girls feel very much cast in the shade



JIRO KILLS THE SNAKE.

on "Boys' Day"; but then they have their time to rejoice on the third of March, which is dedicated to them.

I suppose you would like to know what the boys do on their "day," so I will tell you some things our young friend did.

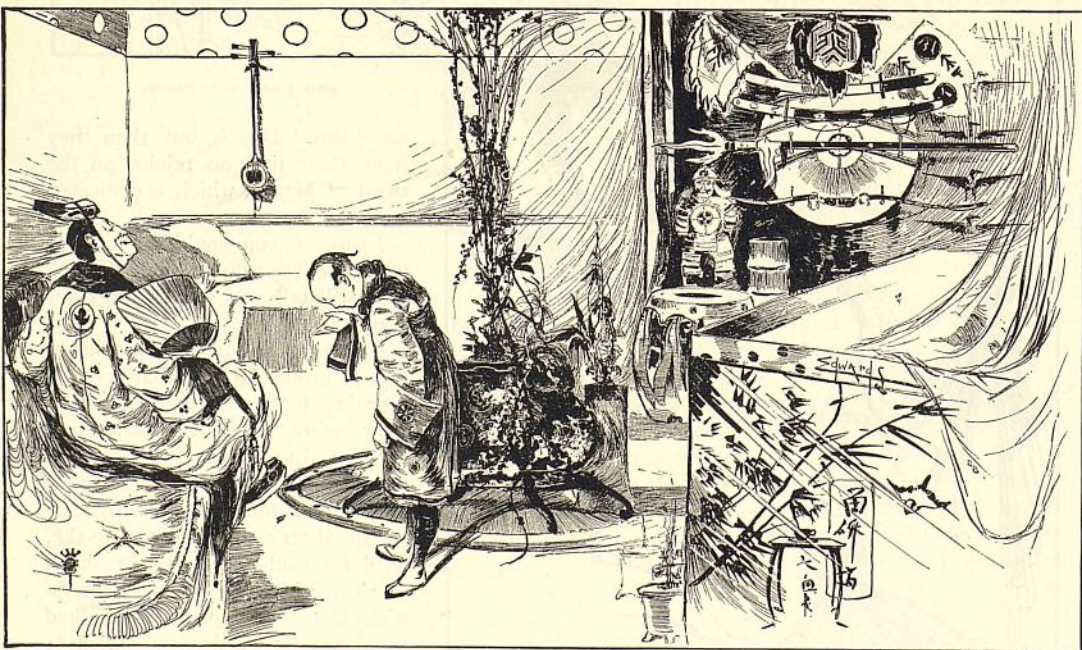
There was no need of a breakfast-bell to arouse Jiro on that eventful morning, for he was up and dressed long before Tama, the maid, had finished dusting the sitting-room, from which he was therefore shut out. So he amused himself by teasing his sister's cat, Sir Tora-no-ské, until he could have his breakfast of rice, which he ate with chopsticks instead of a spoon. He walked out into the garden and tried to count the numerous canvas fishes which floated from nearly every house in the neighborhood. Per-

haps you would like to know the meaning of the curious fishes which, on the fifth of May, float from every house where a boy lives. You are probably familiar with the round, red sun-flag of Japan, which suggests the "Rising Sun Land," as the Japanese call their country, and if you lived there you would soon learn to distinguish the flags of the different provinces and their peculiar designs. Well, then, the fish is the boys' flag, and I will tell you why. Did you ever see a shoal of fish swimming one by one down a water-fall? Salmon and trout do this, but there are few fishes which can *ascend* a cataract, as well as leap down it. There is one kind, however, which can do this, and the Japanese call it *roi*, but we know it as the carp. As is readily apparent, to be able to swim up the rapids as well as to descend them requires both strength and courage; so the fanciful Japanese decided that the carp would be a good emblem for their boys, and in presenting the image of this fish express a wish that they may be as strong and as brave as the carp in overcoming the difficulties of life. I do not suppose that little Jiro quite understood the meaning of the boys' flag, but he felt very proud as he looked at the swelling monster floating from his father's roof in his especial honor.

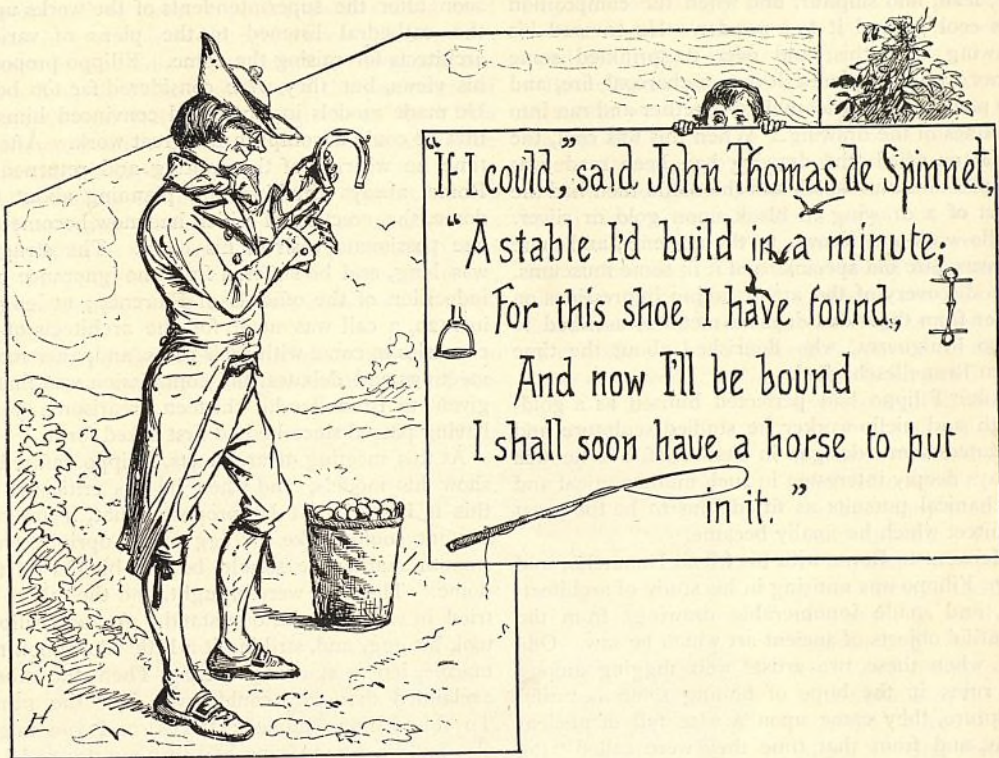
Jiro was presently told to go into the parlor, where he found that the loving hands of friends

had prepared a surprise for him. The deep niche which usually contained his sister's flower-vases and his father's favorite pictures had been robbed of these ornaments, and was now filled by a complete set of miniature weapons. A large picture of a battle-scene hung against the wall, and below it was a rack filled with crested standards, lances, spear-heads, and shields, surmounted by a plumed helmet. In front of these, but a little lower, were arranged some pretty bows and a quiver full of arrows. To crown all were two figures of fully equipped warriors, each bearing in his hand a small but exact copy of the provincial flag under which his father once fought.

You ought to have seen how Jiro's eyes sparkled when he beheld all these wonders! The first thing he did was to make a low bow to his parents (for Jiro was a well-taught boy), and thank them very politely for the pleasure they had given him. All day long the presents of kind friends were left at Jiro's door—among them numerous representations of the favorite carp, and plenty of highly colored story-books about great generals and famous soldiers. That night, when it was time to go to bed, I do not believe there was a happier boy in Japan than little Jiro as he laid down to dream of famous warriors of ancient times and their thrilling deeds of bravery.



JIRO'S SALUTATION OF THANKS TO HIS FATHER.



STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—NINTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

BRUNELLESCHI.

IN reading about art we often find something concerning a certain time which is called the Renaissance, and the art of that period bears the same name—the art of the Renaissance. This is a word meaning a new birth or a re-awakening, and in art it denotes the time when the darkness and ignorance of the Middle Ages was passing away, and men were arousing themselves and endeavoring to restore literature and art to the high places they had once occupied. The artists who took the lead in this movement were a remarkable class of men, and merit remembrance and gratitude from all those of later times who have profited by their example.

Some authors call Filippo Brunelleschi, or Brunellesco, the "Father of the Art of the Renaissance." He was born in Florence in 1377, and died in 1446. His mother was of a noble family, and on

his father's side he had learned notaries and physicians for his ancestors. Filippo's father desired that his son should be a physician, and directed his education with that end in view; but the boy had such a love of art, and was so fond of the study of mechanics, that his father at length allowed him to learn the trade of a goldsmith, which trade was, in that day, more closely connected with what we call the fine arts than it is now.

Filippo made rapid progress, now that he was doing something that pleased him, and soon learned to excel in the setting of precious stones, and this, too, in exquisite designs drawn by himself. He also made some beautiful figures in niello. This art was so interesting that I must describe it to you, especially because to it we owe the origin of engraving.

The niello-worker drew a design upon gold or silver, and cut it out with a sharp tool called a burin. He then melted together some copper, sil-

ver, lead, and sulphur, and when the composition was cool ground it to a powder. He covered his drawing with this, and over it sprinkled some borax; he then placed it over a charcoal fire, and the powder and borax melted together and ran into the lines of the drawing. When this was cool, the metal on which the drawing had been made was scraped and burnished, and the niello then had the effect of a drawing in black upon gold or silver. Niello-work was known to the ancients, and there are very rare old specimens of it in some museums. The discovery of the art of taking impressions on paper from these drawings on metal is ascribed to Maso Finiguerra, who flourished about the time when Brunelleschi died.

After Filippo had perfected himself as a goldsmith and niello-worker he studied sculpture and executed some designs in bass-relief, but he was always deeply interested in such mathematical and mechanical pursuits as fitted him to be the great architect which he finally became.

He went to Rome with his friend Donatello, and there Filippo was untiring in his study of architecture, and made innumerable drawings from the beautiful objects of ancient art which he saw. One day, when these two artists were digging among the ruins in the hope of finding some beautiful sculpture, they came upon a vase full of ancient coins, and from that time they were called "the treasure-seekers." They lived very poorly, and made the most of their small means, but even then they suffered many privations. Donatello returned to Florence, but Filippo Brunelleschi studied and struggled on, and there grew up in his heart a great desire to accomplish two things in his native city—to revive there a pure style of architecture, and to raise the dome upon the then unfinished cathedral. He lived to see the realization of both these ambitious hopes.

The Cathedral of Florence is also called the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, which means St. Mary of the Flower; this may also be rendered St. Mary of the Lily, and is better so, since the lily is the emblem of the Virgin Mary, the chief patron saint of Florence. St. Reparata is another favorite Florentine saint, who, in pictures, holds in her hand a banner, on which is a lily. The same device was on the red shield of the republic; indeed, the very name of Florence is popularly believed to have had its origin in the abundance of its flowers, especially the lily known as the *Iris Florentina*, which grows wild in the fields and in the clefts of the old walls in various parts of the city.

In 1407 Brunelleschi returned to Florence, and

soon after the superintendents of the works upon the cathedral listened to the plans of various architects for raising the dome. Filippo proposed his views, but they were considered far too bold. He made models in secret and convinced himself that he could accomplish the great work. After a time he wearied of the waiting and returned to Rome, always thinking and planning about the dome, the erection of which had now become the one passionate wish of his heart. The struggle was long, and he suffered from the ignorance and indecision of the officials of Florence; at length, in 1420, a call was made for the architects of all countries to come with their plans, and, after many meetings and debates, the commission was finally given to Brunelleschi, thirteen wearisome years having passed since he had first asked for it.

At this meeting of architects, Filippo refused to show his models, and when he was criticised for this it is said that he proposed that, if any one present could make an egg stand upright on a smooth marble, he should be the builder of the dome. The eggs were brought, and the others all tried in vain to make one stand. At last Filippo took his egg, and, striking it a little blow upon the marble, left it standing there. Then the others exclaimed that they could have done the same. To this Filippo replied: "Yes, and you might also build a dome if you had seen my design!"*

The story of the building of the dome is very interesting, but it is too long to be given here. There were endless difficulties placed in Filippo's way, but he overcame them all and lived to see his work almost completed; only the outer coating was wanting at the time of his death. It is the largest dome in the world. The cross on the top of St. Peter's at Rome is farther from the ground than is that above Santa Maria del Fiore, but the dome of the latter is larger than the dome of St. Peter's. It was also the first dome that was raised upon a drum, as the upright part of a dome or cupola is called, and this fact alone entitles Filippo Brunelleschi to the great fame which has been his for more than four centuries.

He designed many other fine architectural works in and about Florence, among which are the church of San Lorenzo, that of Santo Spirito, some beautiful chapels for Santa Croce and other churches, the Hospital of the Innocents, and the Badia at Fiesole. That he had also a genius for secular architecture is proved by his having designed the famous Pitti Palace.

Its builder, Luca Pitti, was a very rich rival of the great Medici and Strozzi families, and he

* This story of the egg is also told of Columbus, but it doubtless originated as given above, as many Italian writers thus tell it, and, if true of Brunelleschi, the incident must have happened some fourteen years before Columbus was born. The astronomer Toscanelli was a great admirer of Brunelleschi, and there is little doubt of his having told this story to Columbus.

determined to erect a palace which should excel theirs in grandeur and magnificence. This palace stands in the midst of the Boboli gardens, and was for a long time the residence of the sovereigns of Tuscany and Italy, but was given up by Victor Emmanuel when he removed to Rome and made that city the capital in 1870.

The visitor to the Pitti Palace has his interest and attention divided between the beauty of its surroundings, the splendor of the palace itself, and the magnificent treasures of art preserved there, the collection being now best known as the Pitti Gallery.

Filippo's enthusiasm for art made him willing to endure any amount of fatigue for the sake of see-

Donatello was angry, and replied: "It is easier to criticise than to execute; do you take a piece of wood and make a better crucifix."

Brunelleschi did this, and when he had completed his work invited Donatello to dine with him. He left the crucifix in a conspicuous place in his house while the two went to the market to buy the dinner. He gave the parcels to Donatello and asked him to precede him, saying that he would soon be at home. When Donatello entered and saw the crucifix, he was so overcome with admiration that he dropped eggs, cheese, and all on the floor, and stood before the carving as motionless as if made of wood himself. When Brunelleschi came in he said, "What are we to do now? You

have spoiled all the dinner!" "I have had dinner enough for to-day," replied Donatello. "You, perhaps, may dine with better appetite. To you, I confess, belongs the power to carve the figure of Christ; to me that of representing day-laborers." This crucifix is now in the chapel of the Gondi in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, while that of Donatello is in the chapel of Saints Ludovico and Bartolommeo, in the Church of Santa Croce.

On the south side of the square which surrounds the cathedral, called the Piazza del Duomo, there is a modern

statue of Brunelleschi. He is represented as sitting with a plan of the great dome spread upon his knee, while his head is raised and he looks at the realization of his design as it rises above the cathedral. He was buried beneath the dome. His monument is the first in the southern aisle, where he was interred at the expense of the city. A tablet in the wall bears his epitaph, and above it is his bust, made by his pupil Buggiani.

GHIBERTI.

LORENZO GHIBERTI also belonged to the early days of the Renaissance, and took a leader's place in the sculpture of bass-reliefs, as Brunelleschi did in architecture. He was born at Florence in 1378 and died in 1455. He was both a goldsmith and a sculptor, and all his works show that delicate finish



VIEW OF FLORENCE, SHOWING BRUNELLESCHI'S DOME.

ing beautiful things. One day he heard Donatello describe an ancient marble vase which he had seen in Cortona. As Filippo listened he was possessed with the desire to see it, and quietly walked away, saying nothing of his intentions. He went on foot to Cortona, a distance of seventy-two miles, saw the vase and made accurate drawings from it, and was again in Florence before he was really missed by his friends, who supposed him to be busy with his inventions in his own room.

A very interesting story concerning himself and Donatello is that the latter received an order for a crucifix, carved from wood, for the church of Santa Croce, and when it was finished asked Brunelleschi's opinion of it. Relying on their long friendship, Filippo frankly said that the figure of Christ was like that of a day-laborer, whereas that of the Saviour should represent the greatest possible beauty.

and exquisite attention to detail which is so important when working in precious metals. When the plague broke out in Florence in 1398, Ghiberti fled to Rimini, and while there painted some pictures; but his fame is so closely linked with one great work that his name usually recalls that alone. I mean the bronze gates to the Baptistery of Florence, and these are so grand an achievement that it is fame enough for any man to be remembered as their maker.

Andrea Pisano had made the gates to the south side of the Baptistery, which is octagonal in form, many years before Ghiberti was born. When the plague again visited Florence in 1400, the people believed that the wrath of Heaven should be appeased and a thank-offering made, so that they might be free from a return of this dreadful scourge. The Guild of Wool-merchants then decided to add these gates to their beloved Church of St. John the Baptist.

They threw the work open to competition, and many artists sent in models of a bass-relief representing the sacrifice of Isaac. Finally all were rejected but those of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, and for a time there was a doubt as to which of these artists would be preferred. It had happened that, while Brunelleschi had been struggling for the commission for the building of his dome, Ghiberti had annoyed him very much, and, indeed, after the work was begun, he did not cease his interference. For this reason it could scarcely have been expected that Brunelleschi should favor Ghiberti; but the true nobility of his character declared itself, and he publicly acknowledged that Ghiberti's model was finer than his, and retired from the contest.

The gates on the north were first executed; they were begun in 1403 and finished twenty-one years later. They contain twenty scenes from the life of Christ, with the figures of the Evangelists and the four Fathers of the Church, in a very beautiful frame-work of foliage, animals, and other ornaments, which divides and incloses the larger compositions. These gates are in a style nearer to that of Pisano and other artists than are his later works; however, from the first Ghiberti showed original talent, for even his model of the Sacrifice of Isaac, which is preserved in the Museum of the Bargello together with that of Brunelleschi, proves that he had a new habit of thought.

Beautiful as these gates are, those on the east are finer and far more famous; it is of these that Michael Angelo declared, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise!" Here he represented stories from the Old Testament in ten compartments: 1. Creation of Adam and Eve. 2. History of Cain and Abel. 3. Noah. 4. Abraham

and Isaac. 5. Jacob and Esau. 6. History of Joseph. 7. Moses on Mount Sinai. 8. Joshua before Jericho. 9. David and Goliath. 10. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Ghiberti showed great skill in composition, and told these stories with wonderful distinctness; but I fancy that every one who sees them for the first time must have a feeling of disappointment on account of the confusion which comes from the multitude of figures. But when they are studied attentively this first effect passes away, and the wonderful skill of their maker is revealed. They must ever remain one of the great monuments of this most interesting age of the Renaissance.

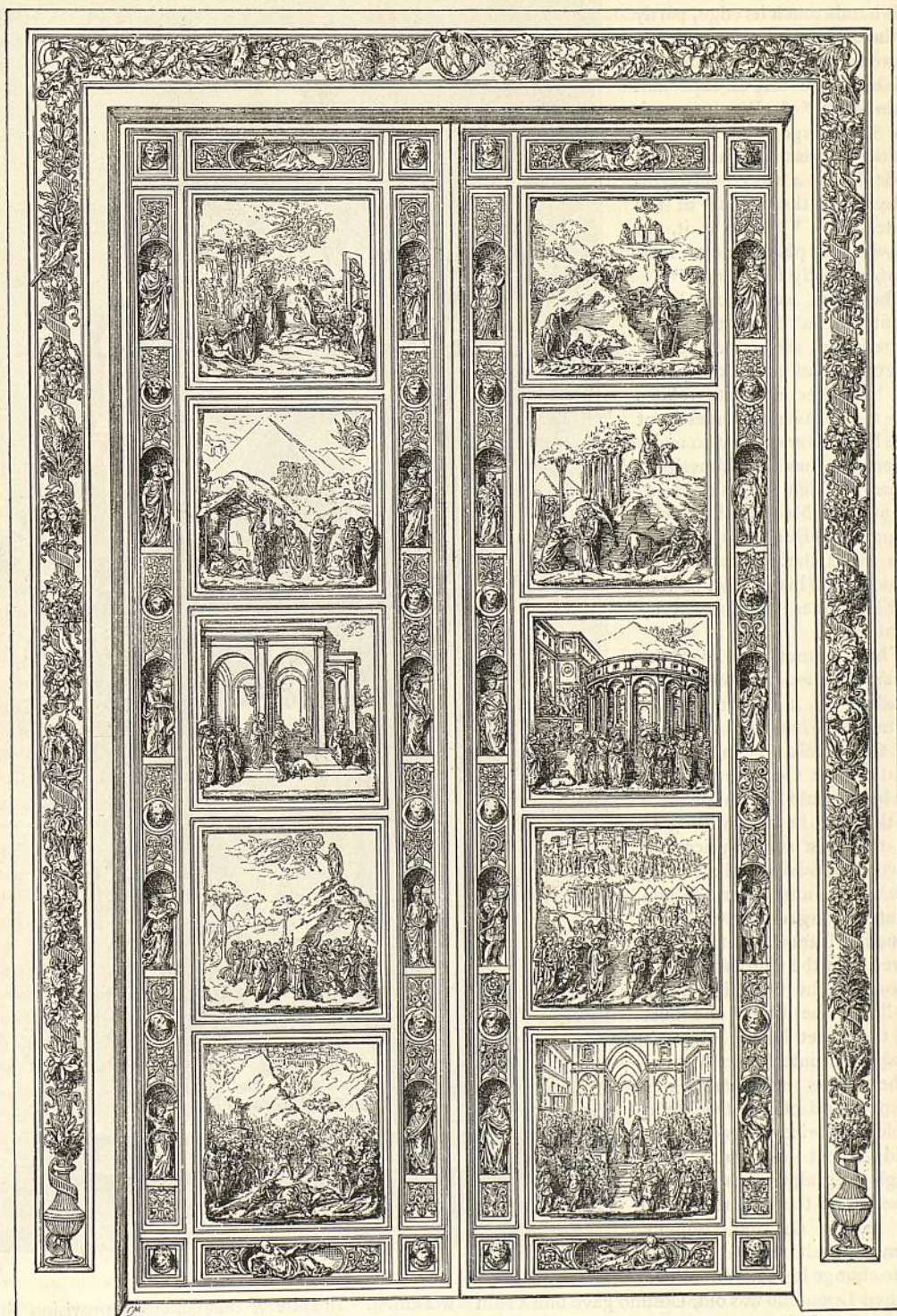
Ghiberti also made the Sarcophagus of Saint Zenobius, which is in the Cathedral of Florence, and is his greatest work after the gates. Other sculptures of his are in the churches of Florence and Sienna.

DONATELLO.

THE real name of this sculptor was Donato di Betto Bardi. He was born in 1386 and died in 1468. He was a realist; that is to say, he followed nature with great exactness, and this was not productive of beauty in his works; indeed, many of his sculptures were painfully ugly. Donatello is important in the history of art, because he lived at a time when every advance was an event, and he made the first equestrian statue of any importance in modern art. This is at Padua, in the square before the Church of San Antonio; it represents Francisco Gatta-Melata, and is full of life and power.

He made some beautiful marble groups of dancing children for the front of the organ in the Cathedral of Florence, which have since been removed to the Uffizi Gallery. One of these groups is shown in the illustration on page 858. Several of his statues of single figures are in Florence, Sienna, and Padua. He considered his "David," which is in the Uffizi, as his masterpiece. It is familiarly known as "*Lo Zuccone*," which means the bald-head; he was so fond of this statue that he had the habit of affirming his statements by saying, "By the faith I place in my Zuccone!" In spite of Donatello's opinion, however, it is generally thought that his statue of "St. George" (shown on page 856) is far more admirable than the "David."

The German art-writer Grimm says of this statue: "What a man is the St. George in the niche of the Church of Or San Michele! He stands there in complete armor, sturdily, with his legs somewhat striding apart, resting on both with equal weight, as if he meant to stand so that no power could move him from his post. Straight before



THE Ghiberti Gates.—THE EAST DOOR OF THE BAPTISTERY AT FLORENCE.

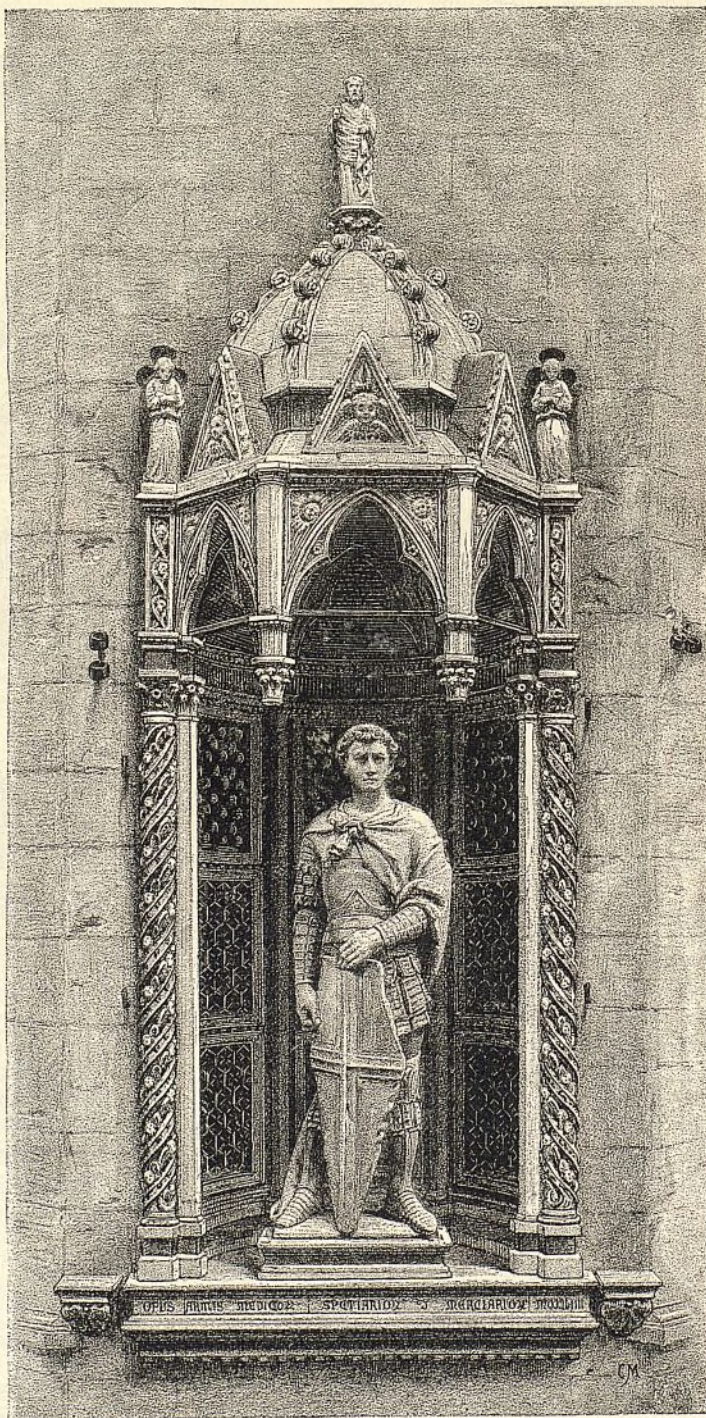
him he holds up his high shield ; both hands touch its edge, partly for the sake of holding it, partly in order to rest on it ; the eyes and brow are full of expectant boldness. * * * We approach this St. George, and the mere artistic interest is transformed suddenly into a more lively sympathy with the person of the master. * * * Who is it, we ask, who has placed such a man there, so ready for battle ? ”

The story we have told of Donatello, in connection with Brunelleschi, shows that he was impetuous and generous by nature. Another anecdote relates that a rich Genoese merchant gave him a commission to make a portrait bust of himself in bronze. When it was finished, Cosimo de' Medici, the friend and patron of Donatello, admired it so much that he placed it on a balcony of his palace, so that all Florentines who passed by might see it.

When the merchant heard the artist's price for his work he objected to it ; it was referred to Cosimo, who argued the case with the merchant. In this conversation the Genoese said that the bust could be made in a month, and he was willing to give the artist such a price that he would receive a dollar a day for his time and labor. When Donatello heard this he exclaimed, “ I know how to *destroy* the result of the study and labor of years in the twinkling of an eye ! ” and he threw the bust into the street below, where it was shivered into fragments.

Then the merchant was ashamed, and offered Donatello double the price he asked if he would repeat his work ; but, though the sculptor was poor, he refused to do this, and remained firm in his decision, though Cosimo himself tried to persuade him to change his determination.

When Donatello was old, Cosimo gave him a sum of money sufficient to support himself and four workmen. In spite of this generous provision the sculptor paid little attention to his own appearance,



DONATELLO'S STATUE OF ST. GEORGE.

and was so poorly dressed that Cosimo sent him a gift of a red surcoat, mantle, and hood, but Donatello returned these with thanks, saying that they were far too fine for his use.

His patron and friend died before him, and during the last of his life the sculptor was a bedridden paralytic. Piero de' Medici, the son of Cosimo, was careful to supply all Donatello's wants, and when he died his funeral was conducted with great pomp. He was interred in the Church of San Lorenzo, near to the tomb of his friend Cosimo. The artist had purchased the right to be thus buried—"to the end," he said, "that his body might be near him when dead, as his spirit had ever been near him when alive." Several of Donatello's sculptures are in this church, and are a more suitable monument to his memory than anything could be that was made by others after his death.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THIS sculptor had an eventful life, and the story of it, written by himself, is one of the most interesting books of its class in existence. He was born in Florence in 1500, and died in 1571. He gives a very interesting though improbable account of the origin of his family, which is that "Julius Cæsar had a chief and valorous captain named Fiorino da Cellino, from a castle situated four miles from Monte Fiascone. This Fiorino having pitched his camp below Fiesole, where Florence now stands, in order to be near the river Arno, for the convenience of the army, the soldiers and other persons, when they had occasion to visit him, said to each other, 'Let us go to Fiorenza,' which name they gave to the place where they were encamped, partly from their captain's name of Fiorino, and partly from the abundance of flowers which grew there; wherefore Cæsar, thinking it a beautiful name, and considering flowers to be of good augury, and also wishing to honor his captain, whom he had raised from an humble station, and to whom he was greatly attached, gave it to the city which he founded on that spot."

When the child was born, his father, who was quite old, named him Benvenuto, which means welcome, and, as he was passionately fond of music, he wished to make a musician of this son. But the boy was determined to be an artist, and his time was divided between the two pursuits until he was fifteen years old, when he went as an apprentice to a celebrated goldsmith. We must not forget that to be a goldsmith in the days of the Renaissance meant in reality to be a designer, a sculptor—in short, an artist. They made altars, reliquaries, crucifixes, caskets, and many sacred articles for the churches, as well as the splendid services for the

tables of rich and royal patrons; they made weapons, shields, helmets, buttons, sword-hilts, coins, and many kindred objects, besides the tiaras of popes, the crowns, scepters, and diadems of sovereigns, and the collars, clasps, girdles, bracelets, rings, and numerous jeweled ornaments then worn by both men and woman. So exquisite were the designs and the works of these men that they are now treasured in the museums of the world, and belong to the realm of art as truly as do pictures and statues.

Benvenuto was of so fiery a temper that he was early involved in a serious quarrel and fled to Sienna, and then to Bologna. When he dared he returned to Florence and resumed his work, but soon again became angry because his best clothes were given to his brother, and walked off to Pisa, where he remained a year. Meantime he had become skillful in the making of various articles, and not only his execution but his designs were so fine that in some respects he has never been excelled.

When Cellini was eighteen years old, the sculptor Torregiano—who had given Michael Angelo a blow upon the nose which disfigured the great sculptor for life—returned to Florence to engage workmen to go with him to England to execute a commission which he had received. He desired to have Cellini among the number, but the youth was so outraged by Torregiano's boasting of his disgraceful deed that he refused to go, in spite of the natural desire of his age for travel and variety. Doubtless this predisposed Michael Angelo in his favor, and led to the friendship which he afterward showed to Cellini.

During the next twenty-two years he lived principally in Rome, and was largely in the service of Pope Clement VII., the cardinals, and Roman nobles. The Pope had a magnificent diamond,—for which Pope Julius II. had paid thirty-six thousand ducats,—and he wished to have it set in a cope button. Many artists made designs for it, but the Pope chose that of Cellini. He used the great diamond as a throne upon which sat a figure representing God; the hand was raised to bless, and many angels fluttered about the folds of the drapery, while various jewels surrounded the whole. The other artists shook their heads at the boldness of Cellini and anticipated a failure, but he achieved a great success.

Cellini, according to his own account, bore an active part in the siege of Rome, May 5, 1527. He claims that he slew the Constable di Bourbon, the leader of the besieging army, and that he also wounded the Prince of Orange, who was chosen leader in place of Bourbon. These feats, however, rest upon his own authority. Cellini entered the castle of St. Angelo, whither the Pope retired for

safety, and he rendered such services to the cause of the Church that the Holy Father pardoned him for all the "homicides he had committed, or might commit, in the service of the Apostolic Church."

But, in spite of all his boasted bravery on this

In 1534, Cellini committed another crime in killing a fellow goldsmith, Pompeo. Paul III. was now the pope, and because he needed the services of Cellini he pardoned him, but the artist felt that he was not regarded with favor. He therefore



GROUP OF DANCING CHILDREN, BY DONATELLO.

occasion, Cellini acted a cowardly part a few years later, when he was called upon for the defense of his own city: he put his property in the care of a friend and stole away to Rome.

went to France, but returned at the end of about a year, to find that he had been accused of having stolen certain jewels, the settings of which Clement VII. had commanded him to melt down, in order

to pay his ransom when he was kept a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo. Cellini's guilt was never proved, but he was held a prisoner for nearly two years.

In 1540, his friend Cardinal Ippolito d'Este obtained his release on the plea that Francis I., king of France, had need of his services. He remained five years in France, and received many gifts and honors. He was made a lord and was presented with the Hôtel de Petit Nesle, which was on the site of the present Hôtel de la Monnaie. The story of his life in France is interesting, but we have not space to give it here, and he never made the success there which he merited as an artist, because Madame d'Étampes and other persons who had influence with the King were the enemies of Cellini. Francis I. really admired the sculptor, and on one occasion expressed his fear of losing him, when Madame d'Étampes replied that "the surest way of keeping him would be to hang him on a gibbet." A bronze nymph which he made for the Palace of Fontainebleau is now in the Renaissance Museum at the Louvre, and a golden salt-cellar, made for King Francis, is in the "Cabinet of Antiques" in Vienna; these are all the objects of importance that remain of his five years' work in France.

At length, in 1545, Cellini returned to Florence, never again to leave it for any considerable time. He was favorably received by Duke Cosimo, and received a commission to make a statue of Perseus to be placed in the Loggia dei Lanzi. When Cellini heard this, his ambition was much excited by the thought that a work of his should be placed beside those of Michael Angelo and Donatello. The Duke gave him a house in which to work, and a salary sufficient for his support. Nine years passed before this statue was in place and uncovered. Meantime the sculptor had suffered much from the hatred of his enemies, and especially from that of Baccio Bandinelli. In one way and another the Duke had been influenced to withhold the money that was necessary to carry on the work; but at last the time came for the casting; everything was prepared, and just at the important moment, when great care and watchfulness were needed, Cellini was seized with so severe an illness that he was forced to go to bed and believed that he should soon die.

As he lay tossing in agony, some one ran in and exclaimed, "Oh, Benvenuto! your work is ruined past earthly remedy!" Ill as he was he rushed to the furnace, and found that the fire was not sufficient and the metal had cooled and ceased to flow

into the mold. By superhuman efforts he remedied the disaster, and again the bronze was liquid; he prayed earnestly, and when he saw that his mold was filled, to use his own words, "I fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart, after which I ate a hearty meal with my assistants, and it being then two hours before dawn, went to bed with a light heart, and slept as sweetly as if I had never been ill in my life."

When the statue was at last unveiled it was as Cellini had predicted: "It pleased all the world excepting Bandinelli and his friends," and it still stands as the most important work of his life. Perseus is represented at the moment when he has cut off the head of Medusa, who was one of the Gorgons and changed every one who looked at her into stone. The whole story of what he afterward did with this dreadful head before he gave it to Minerva to put in her breast-plate you will find one of the most interesting in your mythology.

After the completion of the Perseus, Cellini visited Rome and made a bust of Bindo Altoviti, concerning which Michael Angelo wrote: "My Benvenuto, I have long known you as the best goldsmith in the world, and I now know you as an equally good sculptor, through the bust of Messer Bindo Altoviti." This was praise indeed. He did no more great work, though he was always busy as long as he lived. A marble crucifix which he made for his own grave he afterward gave to the Duchess Eleanora; later it was sent to Philip II. of Spain, and is now in the Escorial.

We have spoken of his autobiography, which was honored by being made an authority in the Accademia della Crusca on account of its expressive diction and rich use of the Florentine manner of speech; he also wrote a valuable treatise upon the goldsmith's art, and another upon sculpture and bronze-casting. He takes up all the departments of these arts, and his writings are of great value. He also wrote poems and verses of various kinds. But his association with popes, kings, cardinals, artists, men of letters, and people of all classes, makes the story of his life by far the most interesting of all his literary works.

His life was by no means a good one, but he had a kindly spot in his heart after all, for he took his widowed sister with six children to his home, and treated them with such kindness that their dependence upon him was not made bitter to them.

When he died, every honor was paid to his memory and he was buried in the Church of the Annunziata, beneath the chapel of the Company of St. Luke.

SEVEN IDLE LITTLE MEN.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

SEVEN idle little men were sitting on a tree,
Discussing all that 's happened and all that 's sure to be.
Seven giant bumble-bees, from off a bush of posies,
Stung the seven little men upon their seven noses.

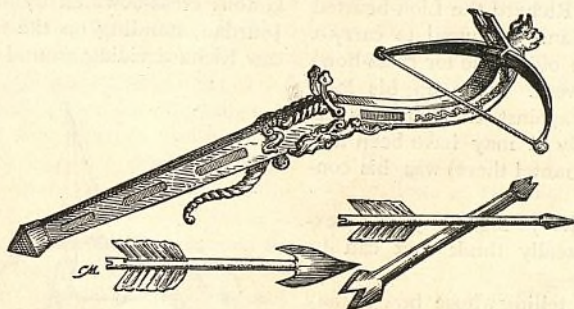


Seven shrieks arose at once and seven wives did run;
All the seven noses were bandaged, one by one;
Seven messengers were sent, in seven separate
flurries,
To bring back seven doctors in seven awful hurries.

Into bed the men were put, still groaning loud and dazed,
And seven solemn doctors upon their patients gazed;
"Hum! the case is dangerous! to hinder further ills,
We must give you boneset, and castor-oil, and squills!"

Seven little backs arose without the least delay;
Seven fearful somersaults were turned, right away;
All the clothes were scattered on all the seven beds;—
Slap went all the medicines at all the doctors' heads!

Seven doctors scurried in very serious fright;
Seven little men sat down and laughed with all
their might;
Then their seven hats they put, each, on his curly pate—
Sallied out together and walked abroad in state.



THE STORY OF THE ARBALIST.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

HAVE you ever seen one of those old-time Southern kitchens? Think of a room twenty-four feet long and twenty feet wide, with a huge fireplace and a heavy, rudely carved mantel. Overhead are great beams of hewed pine, smoked until they look like ebony, upon which rest the broad planks of the ceiling. In one corner is a cupboard, of triangular form, in which may be seen pottery plates and dishes of curious shapes and brilliant colors. Several four-post chairs are scattered around, and the tall, black andirons spread out their crooked legs and seem to gaze at you from beneath the charred wooden crane. The walls are smoked and dingy, but the floor is clean and white. In such a kitchen I saw my first cross-bow. It was a heavy piece of finely carved oak, with a steel lathe or bow. It was hung obliquely across a raw-hide shield, or buckler, just above the mantel. Two or three arrows, called quarrels, stood beside it, and the head of an ancient spear projected from a rude stone jar just beyond. In this kitchen, two brown-haired boys heard their father tell all about cross-bows. It was a windy night and a cold rain was falling. The blackness and dreariness out-doors made the flaring pine-knot fire on the wide hearth seem doubly bright and comforting. The mother of the boys, a sweet-faced woman, was sewing near a round cherry table whose feet had claws like those of a lion. On this table stood a brass candlestick in which burned a tallow candle, and beside the candlestick lay a big Bible bound in undressed calf-skin, with the hairy side out. The father sat in front of the fire. The boys sat one on either side of him. The pine-knots flamed and sputtered, and black, fleecy-looking smoke rolled heavily up the yawning chimney.

"I will now tell you about the cross-bow," said

the father, settling himself deeper into the wide-armed chair.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said the older boy.

"Oh, good, good!" cried the younger, clapping his hands and laughing happily.

The mother looked up from her sewing and smiled at the joyful faces of her children. The rain swashed and throbbed on the roof, the wind shook the house.

"That cross-bow was sent to me from England. It is said to be of Spanish make, and to date back to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It may have been used in the terrible battle of Cressy, for all any one knows. The cross-bow was the most deadly of all the missile weapons before the perfecting of fire-arms. The Spaniards brought it to the greatest degree of efficiency, but the French and English also made very fine cross-bows. You see how simply it is constructed. The stock is of black oak, carved to suit the taste of the maker, whilst the lathe, or bow, is of spring steel. The stocks of some cross-bows are straight, others are crooked, somewhat after the shape of the stock of a gun. A great many of these weapons had wooden bows in the place of steel lathes; these were made of yew-wood. The arrows of the cross-bow were called quarrels, or bolts. They were shorter, thicker, and heavier than the arrows of the English long-bow. The place in the cross-bow where the string is fastened when it is pulled back, ready to shoot, is called the nut. From the nut to the fore end of the stock the wood is hollowed out, so that, when a quarrel is placed in position for firing, it does not touch the stock, except at the tip of its notch and the point where it lies on the fore end. The trigger, as you see, works on a pivot, causing the nut to free the string, whereupon the bow discharges the quarrel.

"The history of the cross-bow is very interesting. You will find that Richard the Lion-hearted was a great cross-bowman. He used to carry a very strong arbalist (the old name for cross-bow) with him wherever he went. Even on his long expedition to Palestine against the Saracens his favorite weapon (possibly it may have been that one hanging over the mantel there) was his constant companion."

"Oh, Papa!" cried the younger boy, in an excited voice, "do you really think that can be King Richard's bow?"

"I have no means of telling whose bow it may once have been," replied his father. "But I was going to tell you that Richard Cœur de Lion, at the siege of Ascalon, is said to have aimed his quarrels so skillfully that many an armed warrior on the high walls was pierced through and through."

"The steel bolts fired from the strongest cross-bows would crash through any but the very finest armor. There are breast-plates and helmets of steel, preserved among British antiquities, which have been pierced by quarrels. I have read in old books, written in French and Spanish, all about how these terrible weapons were made and used."

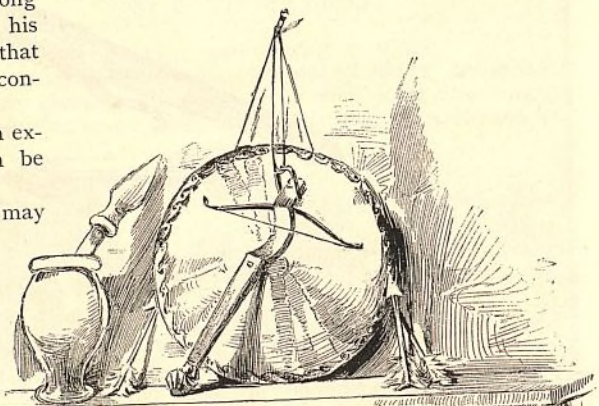
"Tell us more about Richard the Lion-hearted," urged the younger boy, who delighted in stories of battle.

"Richard was killed by a quarrel from a French cross-bow," replied the father.

"Oh, dear!" cried the boys.

"Yes, I will tell you the story as I have gathered it from the old accounts: A plowman in the province of Compiègne unearthed a gold statuette of Minerva, a most valuable thing. This he divided, sending one half to Richard, and keeping the other half himself. But, you know, in those days a king wanted everything. Richard's lion heart could not brook to divide a treasure with one of his vassals. So he peremptorily demanded the other half of the treasure, which being refused, he called together a small army and went to lay siege to the strong castle of Chalus, in Normandy, wherein the treasure was said to be hidden. But

it was a dear expedition for the bold king. A famous cross-bowman by the name of Bertram de Jourdan, standing on the tall turret of the castle, saw Richard riding around in the plain below and



LISTENING TO THE STORY OF THE ARBALIST.

took steady aim at him. This Bertram de Jourdan had cause to hate the king, for Richard had killed his two brothers with his own hand. So when he pressed the trigger of his powerful cross-bow he sent a hiss of revenge along with the steel-headed quarrel. Richard heard the keen twang of the bow-string and bent low over the bow of his saddle, but the arrow struck him in the shoulder and he died of the wound. So, you see, he would have

done better to leave that gold alone. However, his men stormed the castle and brought Bertram de Jourdan before him while he lay dying. Richard was too noble to mistreat a prisoner, so he gave the cross-bowman a magnificent present and ordered him to be set at liberty. But one Marcadee, an infamous brute, who was next in command to Richard, as soon as the king was dead ordered De Jourdan to be flayed alive and hung up for the vultures to eat."

"Oh, how mean and cowardly!" exclaimed the younger boy, indignantly. "If I'd been there and had a cross-bow, I'd have shot that miserable Marcadee!"

"Yes," said the older boy, "and then his soldiers would have hacked you to pieces in a minute."

"It may be," said their father, reflectively, "that our cross-bow up there is the very one with which Bertram de Jourdan killed the lion-hearted king."

"If it is, let's burn it up!" said the younger boy. "I would n't have a cross-bow about that would do so mean a thing."

"On the 2d of August, in the year 1100," continued the father, "William II., surnamed Rufus, a famous king of England, and a son of the conqueror, was killed by a cross-bow bolt in the forest at Charningham, accidentally, it is said, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, his bow-bearer. A nephew of King Rufus had been killed in May of the same year by a like mishap. But the deeds done with the cross-bow were not all so bloody and terrible. From a very early date in the history of France companies of cross-bowmen have existed, among which those at Lisle, Roulaix, Lennoy, Comines, Le Guesnoy, and Valenciennes may be mentioned as prominent. That at Roulaix was instituted by Pierre de Roulaix in 1491, a year before America was discovered by Columbus. The members of these societies shot at targets and marks of various kinds, and their meetings were often the occasion for great pomp and splendor. Many of these companies have been suppressed by law in comparatively recent times."

"The sportsmen of Spain and France used the cross-bow as their principal hunting weapon up to the time when the flint-lock fire-arm had reached a degree of power and accuracy at short range second only to the perfected weapon of the nineteenth century. In England, as far back as the reign of William Rufus, laws were passed forbidding the use of the arbalist, excepting by persons having especial royal permit. This was because the cross-bow, particularly the kind with a windlass attachment to draw the string, was so destructive to the king's deer. You will at once see the great advantage the arbalist gave to huntsmen who

used it instead of the long-bow; for he could shoot from any tangled thicket where a long-bowman could not use his weapon at all. Then, too, it required years of patient practice before a man could shoot well enough with a long-bow to hit a deer, while any one, with but a day or two's experience, could successfully aim a cross-bow.

"The mediæval arbalister, as the cross-bowman was called, is represented in old drawings and



THE MODERN BOY WITH HIS CROSS-BOW.

engravings as a strong, heavy-limbed man, wearing a helmet and a coat of chain mail, or of quilted silk and thongs of raw-hide, and a loose, shirt-like garment over all, belted at the waist. He stands in the attitude of aiming, with his feet planted firmly on the ground, his bow-stock resting in the hollow of his left hand, whilst his right forefinger presses the trigger. He takes sight over the point of his quarrel. His attitude is very much like that of a rifleman aiming a rifle.

"I have told you that the Spaniards were probably the most skillful arbalist-makers in the world,

but I forgot to relate how I once came near becoming the owner of a genuine old Spanish weapon. I was at St. Augustine, that strange old town on the coast of Florida, and was having a man dig up a plant which grew close beside the crumbling wall that flanks the famous gate, when his hoe struck something hard, and he dragged out of the loose sand a rusty bow of iron set in a piece of rotten oak-wood."

"That was luck!" exclaimed the older boy.

"But it belonged to the man who dug it up," interposed the younger.

"Not when Papa had hired him," replied the elder.

"As I was proceeding to tell you," continued their father, "it proved to be —"

"Oh, how came it there?" cried the younger boy, excitedly. "Tell us the story!"

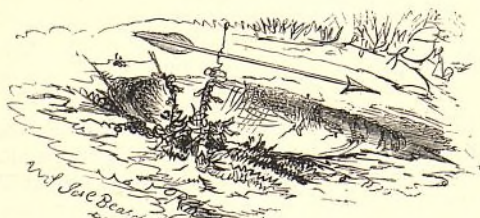
"Well, he was telling it, and you went and stopped him," said the elder.

"Now Claude," said the younger, whose name was Jesse, "you know I did n't mean it!"

"You know," said their father, "that when that celebrated captain, the blood-thirsty Menendez, was fighting everybody, white or Indian, that he could find in Florida, his cross-bowmen used to prowl all through the woods where St. Augustine now stands, and they no doubt had many a deadly trial of skill with the cunning Indian archers.



WHAT HE AIMED AT,



AND WHAT HE HIT. [SEE PAGE 866.]

This, of course, might be one of Menendez's arbalists, or even one of De Soto's. To be sure, it was a mere fragment, which the teeth of time had left for me; but would n't the merest rotten splinter and rusty remnant of those knightly days be worth a good deal?"

"I should think so," said Claude.

"Tell us about fighting the Indians and the wild game and all," said Jesse.

"Oh, for that matter," said the father, "those Spanish soldiers were great murderers. Once when De Soto and his men were pursuing some flying savages, a warrior suddenly turned his face toward the Spaniards and halted. He was armed with a long-bow and arrows, and was just across a narrow river from his foes. He made signs that he challenged any one of the Spanish cross-bowmen to fight a duel with him. The challenge was accepted by one Juan de Salinas, a most expert arbalister, who stepped forth and faced the Indian. The comrades of Salinas offered to cover him with their shields, but the brave soldier scorned to take advantage of a naked savage. So he refused the cover, and placing a quarrel on the nut of his drawn bow made ready to shoot. The Indian also was ready by this time, and both discharged their arrows at the same moment. But Salinas was cooler under such stress of danger than the Indian was, and so took truer aim. His quarrel pierced the savage warrior's heart, and he fell dead. The bows of the savages were puny things when matched against the steel arbalists of the trained Spanish soldiers. The Indian's slender reed arrow passed through the nape of Juan de Salinas' neck, but without seriously hurting him. A quilted shirt of doubled silk was sufficient protection against most of the Indian missiles, and a man in steel armor was proof against all."

"But did the man let you have the old cross-bow he dug up?" asked Claude, as his father stopped speaking.

"I picked it up," said his father, "and found it to be a rotten barrel-stave with an arc of old rusted hoop fastened to it."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Jesse. "You were badly sold, were n't you?"

"But to go back to hunting with the cross-bow," said his father. "I have seen a picture of Queen Elizabeth of England, representing her in the act of shooting at a deer with an arbalist."

"Oh, Papa! May be our cross-bow was the one she used!" said Claude, breathlessly.

"Why, Claude," exclaimed Jesse, in a tone of voice that indicated surprise, "you know very well that a woman never could have handled *that* bow!"

"But Queen Elizabeth had a strong man for her bow-bearer," said his father, "and all she had to do was to take aim and pull the trigger after the bow-bearer had made the arbalist all ready for shooting. Nevertheless, I think she would not have chosen so heavy a weapon. Its recoil might have hurt her."

"The manner of hunting deer in those days was to stand in a spot whence you could see in all directions through the forest, while a number of expert woodsmen drove the game near to you as you held your arbalist ready to shoot. If you shot at a running deer you would have to aim far ahead of it in order to hit it.

"Hare or rabbit shooting was great sport for the cross-bowmen. For this purpose lighter arbalists were used. The hunter kept carefully trained dogs, somewhat like our pointers and setters, whose business it was to find the game. Twenty-five yards was about the usual distance for shooting at rabbits. They were rarely shot while running.

"A cross-bow for throwing pebbles, called a stone-bow, was used in small bird shooting. This weapon was also called a rodd. At short distances it shot with great force and precision. The rodd differed very little from the ordinary arbalist. Its string was armed with a sort of loop or pouch at the middle for holding the pebble or small stone. Some men became very expert in the use of the stone-bow. There are old pictures which seem to convey the idea that birds were shot on the wing; but I doubt if that could be done with so clumsy an instrument as the rodd."

"Papa, I think my rubber gun must be somewhat like a rodd," said Jesse. "You know it has an attachment for shooting bullets."

"Yes," replied his father; "it is the same principle. But your rubber gun shoots by the elasticity of its string, while the rodd was a real cross-bow, or arbalist, many of them having powerful lathes of steel.

"The long-bowmen of England cordially hated the arbalisters, especially when it came to shooting game in the green woods. The good yeomen who had spent years of unremitting practice to become proficient with the famous Norman long-bow, could not bear to see lazy fellows, who had never given a

month to practice, coming into the best hunting-grounds armed with those murderous steel cross-bows. A great deal of quarreling and bloodshed was the result. So, as I have said, the Government



OLD-TIME CROSS-BOWMAN WITH HIS ARBALIST.

of England passed stringent laws against the arbalist, and the weapon became somewhat dishonored. But in France and Spain it held the supremacy over all the weapons of the chase. Even to this day in Spain a hunter is called *ballastero*, which means cross-bowman or arbalister.

"De Espinar, a Spanish writer of the seventeenth century, in a curious and most delightful book on hunting and field sports, gives minute details of the grand royal hunting matches in the time of Philip IV. of Spain; but I think the arbalist fell into comparative disuse at about the end of the first half of the seventeenth century.

"The strongest and most deadly arbalists were

those constructed with monlinet pulleys and movable handles or cranks, which gave a man power to spring a bow of enormous strength. These were clumsy instruments and rather uncouth in appearance."

"But, Papa," exclaimed Jesse, "why don't you sometimes take the old cross-bow and go hunting? I should think it would be just splendid fun!"

His father gazed into the fire and smiled rather grimly, as if some curious recollection had been suddenly called up.

"I did try that once," he presently said.

"Oh, tell us about it!" cried both boys, drawing their chairs closer to him and leaning forward in their eagerness.

"It was soon after I got the arbalist," continued their father, "when the idea of trying its shooting qualities came into my mind. I think I must have allowed the poetry of the thought to get the better of me, for I never once stopped to consider the chances of any disastrous result to the experiment. For some time the hares had been gnawing at my young apple-trees. This afforded me a good excuse, if any was needed, for shooting the little pests. So one morning I took down the old cross-bow and its quarrels and went forth, as I imagine the poachers of the fourteenth century used to do in Merrie Englande, to have an hour or two of sport. It chanced that the first live thing I saw was a gold-shafted woodpecker. It was on an old stump, and I thought I would try a shot at it. But I found it no easy task to pull the string back to the nut. I tell you that steel bow was strong. The string came near cutting my hands, I had to pull so hard. At last I got the weapon sprung and a quarrel in the groove, ready for firing; but when I looked for my bird it was gone and I could not find it any more. So I kept the bow set and my thumb on the nut to prevent any accidental discharge, as I pursued my search for game. Hares were plenty in this region then, and it was not long before I discovered one lying in its form. A form

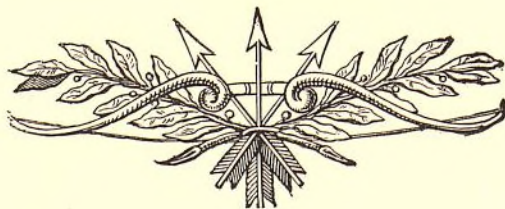
is the shallow bed a hare sleeps in during the daytime. I was not more than forty feet distant from it as it lay in its peculiar crouching attitude, amid the thin weeds and briars. I raised the arbalist, and took careful aim at the little animal. When I thought all was right, I pressed the trigger with the forefinger of my right hand. Clang! whack! you ought to have heard that racket. The recoil was astonishing, and painful as well. The stock had jumped against my chin and hurt it; but I did not take my eyes off the hare. You never saw anything so badly scared. The quarrel had hit the ground just a little short of the game and was sticking there. The hare had turned its head and was gazing wildly at the quarrel, but the next second it leaped from its form and scudded away, soon disappearing in a thicket of sassafras and persimmon bushes. Upon another occasion I tried the same feat again, with a somewhat different but equally unsatisfactory result. Though my aim this time was truer, the second hare was too quick for me. Simultaneously with the 'clang' of the bow it disappeared in the thicket, my arrow burying itself harmlessly in the hollow it had just quitted. This was the last of my cross-bow shooting, however. The recoil of my second shot had snapped one limb of the steel lathe of the arbalist short off."

"Oh, Papa, that would spoil it!" said Jesse.

"So it did. I got a skillful workman to rivet the lathe, but of course it is spoiled for all shooting purposes, and must hang over the mantel as a mere relic of the past. Sometimes I half imagine it broke in sheer resentment at having a nineteenth-century man presume to disturb the long rest it had enjoyed since Richard Cœur de Lion, or Bertram de Jourdan, or Sir Walter Tyrrel, or Queen Elizabeth, or Ponce de Leon had last fired it."

"I am sorry it is broken," said Claude, ruefully.

Soon after this the boys kissed their mother good-night, and went to bed to dream of mediæval days and mighty feats with the arbalist.



DO YOU KNOW SUCH BOYS?

(A Tale of the Marlborough Sands.)

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.



TOM KIDDER lay stretched upon the hay in the loft of his father's barn, idly whittling a piece of wood with his new knife, and listening to the superior conversation of his latest acquaintance, Dick Jones. Tom had never been out of Sconsett in his life,—except once when he went to Portland,—and heard with deep interest the marvelous tales which Dick, who was a summer visitor down at the beach, had brought from Boston. The two boys were about the same age, but Tom regarded his friend with as deep veneration as though Dick had been Methuselah. It was a beautiful summer afternoon, the air was perfectly still and not very warm, and Dick, having exhausted for the time his stock of adventures, began to find the haymow too confining for his restless ambition.

"Say," he remarked, "don't you want to harness up the horse and take me down to the beach? It would be a nice afternoon for a drive, and I ought to be going home."

Tom looked a little uncomfortable.

"I don't believe I can do that," he said. "Father has gone off with the buggy and old Sam."

"So much the better," remarked Dick. "That leaves the other horse for you and me, don't you

see? Only it's a nuisance that we shall have to take the wagon."

"But I can't," remonstrated Tom. "Father never lets any one drive Prince but himself, and never harnesses him to the wagon. I'll row you down to the ferry-pier, though, and you can take the train there over to Marlborough."

Dick curled up his lip in a disagreeable way, rising at the same time to his feet. "Thanks," he said, "but I guess I'll walk. Only I don't see how I can get up here very often if it is such hard work to get back. It is n't any joke, you know, to walk two miles through the heat and dust."

Tom was in an agony of mortification.

"Oh, I say, Dick!" he cried, "you know I don't want you to walk; let me row you down to the pier. The tide will be running out in ten minutes, and it will be an easy row. Or, stay here all night, wont you? and I'll row up to town and telephone down to the beach that you wont be home."

But Dick was quite inflexible.

"No," he declared, "I am not going to be drowned in the river, and I can't stay all night. I have got an appointment at six o'clock, at the hotel.

If you can't harness up Prince, as you call him, why, I'll have to walk."

"But he balks," faltered Tom.

"Balks, does he? Well, if there's one thing I'm more glad to get hold of than another it's a balky horse. Why, my dear boy, I know a trick that will cure the worst case you ever saw."

Tom hesitated. Had not his father said, only the day before, that if some one could not cure Prince of his balking the horse must be sold? What a grand thing it would be if he could take Prince out and bring him back cured! Deacon Kidder did not like Dick, as Tom very well knew, but if Dick should cure Prince the Deacon could have no reason for not liking him.

"How do you do it?" Tom asked at length.

Dick surveyed him with an air of surprise.

"How do I do it?" he asked. "Well, I guess that's my secret. May be you won't find out how when you've seen it done, but I'll do it all the same. Does he balk when you drive him?"

"I never drove him," said Tom, meekly.

"Never drove him? Well, before I'd let a horse like that stand idle in my father's stable while my father was away, I'd know it. It's time you began, young fellow. You can drive him part of the way this afternoon."

Now, considering that the horse belonged to Tom's father, and that if either of the two boys had a right to drive him it was not Dick, this offer was not so magnanimous as it seemed. Indeed, it was what Tom himself, if he had not been dazzled by Dick's air of superiority, would have called impudent; but just now he was under a spell which blinded his judgment and made him willing to do things that at other times he would not have dreamed of doing.

"Well, I'd like to drive Prince," he admitted.

"Of course you would, and if you'd had any pluck you'd have driven him long ago. The idea of a fellow like you having to take that old cow every time you go out! Why, your father ought to buy you a light wagon and let you drive Prince out every afternoon. I dare say you could train him so that he'd go inside of three minutes. Come, let's go down and harness."

Tom still deliberated. He felt flattered by Dick's sugared compliments and enticed by his wily suggestions and stung by his contempt. Perhaps it was the contempt that decided him; for when Dick rather sneeringly remarked, "Afraid, are you?" Tom with a quick, angry flush jumped to his feet and faced his friend.

"No, I'm not afraid!" he said. "I dare say Father'll thrash me for it; but I'm not afraid."

"Oh, he won't thrash you, if you bring the horse back cured."

"Well, I don't know," said Tom, reflectively. "Father would n't believe he was cured until he'd tried him himself; but we'll go down just the same and harness him."

Tom had not lived on a farm all his life without knowing how to harness a horse, but Dick, when it came to putting Prince in the wagon, did not display that proficiency which his somewhat boastful conversation had led Tom to expect from him. Tom, indeed, had to go over his work, straightening out the trace, readjusting the breeching strap, and making things generally safe and sure. It was strange, he thought, that a fellow who knew so much about horses should not know more about harnessing them; but then, perhaps, that had always been done for him. At any rate, the job was now complete and they were ready to start.

"Which way did your father go?" asked Dick, as they got in the wagon.

"Oh, father went up to Lyman," said Tom. "We sha'n't meet him anywhere. Which road shall we take?"

"Let's keep down your road," returned Dick. "That will take us to the Ferry Beach, then we can drive along the beach to Marlborough."

"You forget about the quicksands," objected Tom. Dick threw back his head and laughed.

"Of all ridiculous tales," he declared, "that quicksand story is about the worst I ever heard! Why, I drove over there the other day, and it was like a floor the whole way."

"A horse and wagon were swallowed up there once," observed Tom, soberly.

Dick's lip curled. "Oh, pshaw!" he said, "I don't believe a word of it. I'm not afraid."

By this time they were fairly on their way. The horse as yet had not shown the slightest symptom of balking, which, though it certainly made the drive more agreeable, left Tom without the excuse which he had been making to himself for taking the horse out.

"It's always the way," he said, gloomily. "If nobody wanted him to balk, he would be sure to do it."

"Who wants him to balk?" said Dick, flicking a fly off of Prince's flank with the whip. "I'm sure I don't; perhaps he'll gratify you coming back."

This possibility had not struck Tom before.

"Suppose he should?" he exclaimed.

Dick laughed. For the first time it struck Tom what a cold, disagreeable laugh Dick's was.

"Well, you'd have to get along the best way you could," he said, indifferently.

"And won't you tell me your trick?"

Dick smiled, and made no response.

There was a few minutes' silence while the wagon rolled swiftly along the road. However much

Dick might be enjoying it, the ride was already becoming to Tom a very unpleasant experience. The sense of his disobedience and of his father's displeasure, his fear lest the horse might balk when he should be alone, and his dread of the Marlborough Sands combined to make his situation extremely uncomfortable.

"Fine, is n't it?" remarked Dick at length.

Tom mumbled something which might have been either yes or no.

"It'll be finer, though," Dick continued, "when we get down to the beach."

This time Tom did not say a word, and they drove along without speaking until another turn brought them in sight of the Bay View House. In a moment more they had passed the house and crossed the railroad track and gained the hard surface of the sand beyond.

"Glorious!" Dick cried. "Reminds me of Nantasket."

"Nantasket!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly; "there isn't another beach like the Marlborough in the world."

It seemed, indeed, as if Tom must be right. Far away in the direction which they were taking curved the hard, level sand—so far, indeed, that the eye could not discern the end; and though it was high tide, there were yet a hundred feet between them and the rippling waves. They were leaving the Ferry Beach, as it was called, behind them, and were approaching the little river which marked the boundary of Marlborough Beach and concealed, as Tom had said, the dreaded quicksands. Already they had crossed one or two little rivulets when Tom, who had been keeping a sharp watch, saw the glitter of a wider stream not far ahead.

"Now look out for the sands," he cried. "They're right along here where one of these inlets sets in from the sea."

Dick hit the horse with the whip.

"Oh, bother take the sands!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe there are any."

"Here it is!" cried Tom, excitedly, "right ahead—Dick, you *shall* stop!" and leaning over he grasped both reins and pulled up the horse on the brink of a stream about fifty feet wide, the appearance of which certainly gave no cause for alarm. One could hardly imagine that underneath the rushing water lurked the terrible power to seize and drag down those who might venture to cross it.

"Let go!" shouted Dick, angrily, tearing the reins away from Tom's hold. "What a fool you are! Don't you know that's the worst thing in the world to do? I'm going through here, quicksands or no quicksands. There's a wagon ahead

that has been through, and where one man has gone another can go, I guess."

There was a wagon ahead,—that was a fact,—and, as the tracks showed, it had been through the stream. The marks of the wheels going down one bank were quite plain, and they were equally plain going up the other. Seeing that, Tom felt somewhat reassured and withal a little ashamed of his own haste.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it may be further on, but this looks just like the place."

"Of course it is further on," said Dick, mockingly, "if it's anywhere. I don't believe it's anywhere. Get up!" he cried, striking Prince again with the whip.

The horse, still obedient, started forward and walked cautiously into the river. Then, as he felt the water rising about his fetlocks, he raised his feet nervously and showed a disposition to stop.

"Get up!" said Dick again, with a snap.

But Prince did not get up. On the contrary, he stood still. They were by this time a dozen feet past the water's edge; the water was rushing violently under the body of the wagon, and Tom noticed, to his dismay, not only that the body was nearer the surface of the water than it had been a moment before, but that the wagon tracks on the opposite side, at which they had aimed, were several feet up stream.

"It is the Marlborough Sands!" he cried; "and oh, Dick! we are going down!"

At the same moment, the man in the wagon ahead happened to turn around and discovered their perilous position.

"Whip your horse!" Tom could hear him cry; "for heaven's sake, whip your horse!"

Dick had already been whipping the horse, but whether the wagon was too heavy to be pulled out of the shifting sand, or the animal himself was contrary, they did not move an inch, except as the swift current carried them down the river, and the sand threatened to swallow them up. Already the wagon had sunk to the hubs of the wheels.

"Jump!" cried the man, driving back to the bank; "jump now! It's your only chance!"

Dick threw down the whip and flung the reins over the dashboard. "I was a fool to trust myself to a balky horse!" he said. "You'd better jump, Tom, while you've got a chance, and leave the brute to take care of himself. I'm going now."

With these words he clambered into the back of the wagon, coolly removed the second seat, tossed it into the river, and then jumped in after it. The seat served as a buoy to keep him above the dangerous sands, and with a few rapid strokes he gained the shore which they had left. Without waiting to see how Tom came out of the scrape, he

made his way up the stream to where it might be crossed, and thence as quickly as he could go to the hotel.

Tom, meanwhile, sat hopeless and dazed. Rather than go back to his father without the horse he would go down with the wagon. It would n't be long, if he sat there, before he would be drowned. How terribly he was paying for his disobedience, and how ill prepared he was to die! The cries of the man urging him to jump fell on deaf ears. He could not jump and leave Prince to drown.

But need he leave Prince? A sudden thought roused him from his stupor. Leaning over the dashboard he cut the traces with two strokes of his sharp knife. Another stroke severed the strap that connects the saddle with the breeching; then, gathering the reins in his hands and stepping carefully on the shaft, he mounted Prince's back and hit him sharply with the reins. The horse, alive to the situation, plunged forward. Tom's feet pushed the tugs away from the shafts, and with another plunge the shafts dropped into the river. The horse stood free. Another plunge—the reins were not needed now to urge him—and his feet were extricated from the shifting bottom. Another, and Prince, quivering like a leaf, was scrambling up the farther shore. The whole operation had taken but a moment, but when Tom had leaped from the horse's back and looked around for the wagon, he discovered with a thrill of horror that it had disappeared from sight.

"Well!" exclaimed the man, who had watched the proceeding with eager interest, "that was a smart thing to do, but let me tell you, young fellow, you had a pretty narrow escape."

Tom's face had not yet regained its natural color, nor his voice its usual steadiness.

"Yes," he said, soberly, "I suppose I did."

"Horse balk?" inquired the other.

Tom nodded.

"Wont do it again," said the man, "no more'n you'll cross the Marlboro' Sands again with a heavy wagon at a high tide."

"I guess I wont," said Tom. "I did n't want to do it to day."

"The other fellow led you into it, did he? Well, you wont be led so easy the next time. Going up Sconsett way?"

"Yes," said Tom; "I'm Deacon Kidder's son."

The man whistled. "Deacon Kidder your pa!" he exclaimed. "Land's sake! wont you get it when you get home! Guess I'd better stop in and tell them how cute you saved the horse. You can ride up with me, if you like."

"Thank you," said Tom, "I'll be glad to ride up with you, but I'll tell father myself about—The fact is, I took the horse and wagon without

leave, and I shan't feel quite easy until I've made it right."

"You'll get a thrashing," said the man, who seemed to be intimately acquainted with the deacon's peculiarities.

"All right!" said Tom cheerfully. "I'd rather be thrashed than feel mean."

"Well," said the man, as he whipped up his own horse and the two started off, leading Prince behind, "so would I; but I'll tell you what I'd do—I'd take it out of that other fellow the next time I met him."

Tom laughed.

"Oh!" he said, "I don't want to take it out of anybody. I'm too glad to have got out of that place alive to feel mad."

"Well, you had a mighty narrow escape," said the man again, as though that, after all, was the chief impression which the affair had left upon his mind.

Did Tom get a thrashing? Well, I am obliged to admit that he did. He brought back the horse, to be sure, but then he had had no business to take the horse out; beside which he had lost the wagon. He bore the chastisement, however, very philosophically, knowing that he deserved it, and after it was all over told his father that Mr. Chase—John Chase, of Lyman, which Tom had discovered to be the man's name—had said that the horse would never balk again. The deacon was very incredulous, but as it turned out Mr. Chase was right. Prince never did balk again—except once when the deacon tried to drive him through the Marlborough Sands at low tide. Then he rebelled; and not all Mr. Kidder's persuasions could induce him to take one step until he had been turned around, when he went willingly enough in the opposite direction.

The credit for the horse's cure Dick Jones hastened to take to himself.

"Yes," he would say, in answer to people's inquiries, "I drove him out one day, and he has n't balked since."

Unfortunately, however, he repeated this tale in the hotel office one evening when Tom's friend, Mr. Chase, whom Dick did not recognize, happened to be present.

"Was that the day," Mr. Chase asked, quietly, "when you drove the horse into Marlborough Sands and then jumped out of the wagon, leaving Tom Kidder and the horse to drown?"

Dick flushed scarlet.

"Tom need n't have staid," he stammered.

"Tom staid to look after the horse; and if you had been any kind of a man you'd have done it, too. It was Tom Kidder who got the horse out,

and if anybody cured his balking it was Tom Kidder who did that. Don't tell your story around here any more, Dick Jones. People might not believe it, you know."

Dick took the advice, leaving the next day for Boston and never re-appearing in the place. Tom was not sorry when he heard Dick had gone.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he said. "When he jumped out of that wagon it seemed as though a ray of light lit him all up and showed what a mean little soul he had. People get experiences," he added, meditatively, "in very queer ways. I am sure I never got so much in all my life as in that one moment on the Marlborough Sands."



THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER—JUST OUT.

LAUGHING LILL.

By M. J.



LAUGHING LILL lives on the hill,
Where runs the water to the mill,
And be the day or fair or gray,
She sings her merry roundelay:
"Come weal or woe, come good or ill,
The stream goes dancing to the mill;
The robin sings, whate'er the sky,
And so do I!"

The rain may fall, the loud winds call,
And stormy clouds be over all.
But laughing Lill she carols still,
While sweeter grows her merry trill:
"Come weal or woe, come good or ill,
The stream goes rippling by the mill;
The robin sings, though dark the sky,
And so will I!"

THE LAND OF NODDY.—A LULLABY.

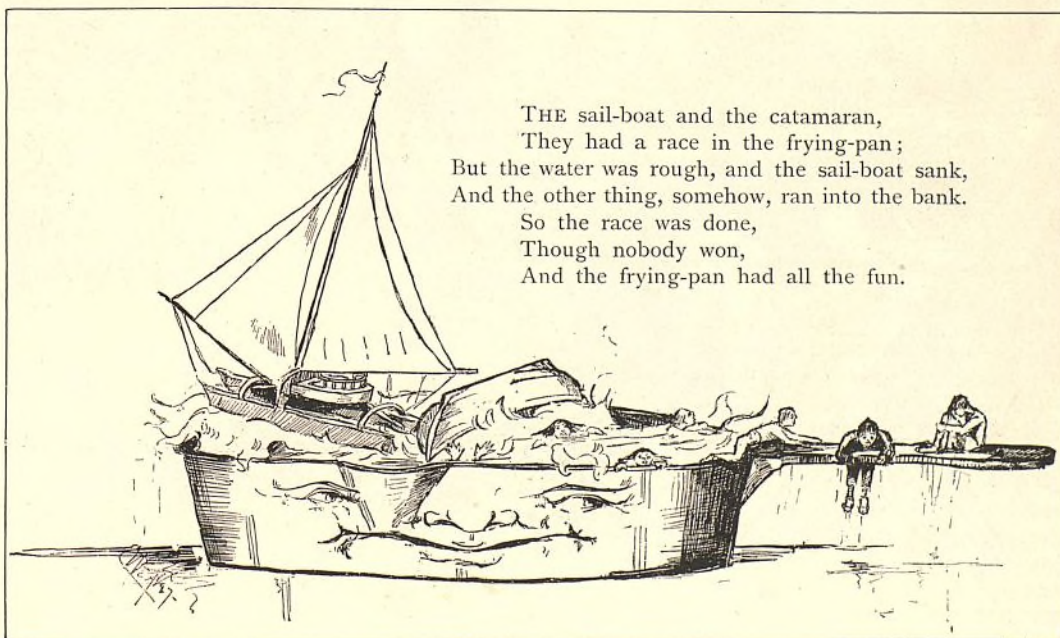
BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

PUT away the bauble and the bib,
 Smooth out the pillows in the crib.
 Softly on the down
 Lay the baby's crown,
 Warm around its feet
 Tuck the little sheet,—
 Snug as a pea in a pod!
 With a yawn and a gap,
 And a dreamy little nap,
 We will go, we will go,
 To the Landy-andy-pandy
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
 To the Landy-andy-pand
 Of Noddy-pod.

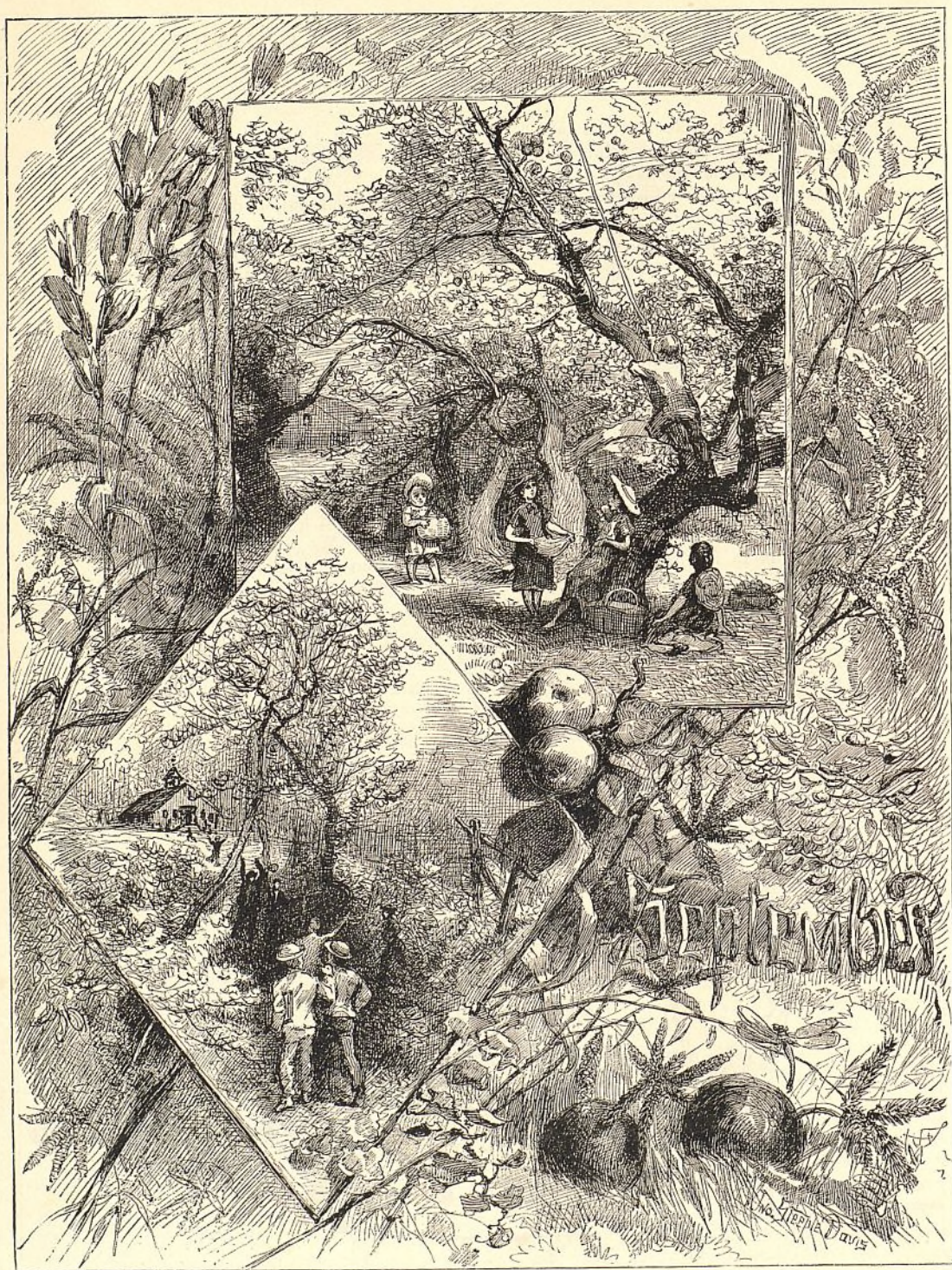
There in the Shadow-maker's tent,
 After the twilight's soft descent,
 We'll lie down to dreams
 Of milk in flowing streams;
 And the Shadow-maker's baby
 Will lie down with us, may be,
 On the soft, mossy pillow of the sod.

In a drowse and a doze,
 All asleep from head to toes,
 We will lie, we will lie,
 In the Landy-andy-pandy
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
 In the Landy-andy-pand
 Of Noddy-pod.

Then when the morning breaks,
 Then when the lark awakes,
 We will leave the drowsy dreams,
 And the twinkling starry gleams;
 We will leave the little tent,
 And the wonders in it pent,
 To return to our own native sod.
 With a hop and a skip,
 And a jump and a flip,
 We will come, we will come,
 From the Landy-andy-pandy
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
 From the Landy-andy-pand
 Of Noddy-pod.



THE sail-boat and the catamaran,
 They had a race in the frying-pan;
 But the water was rough, and the sail-boat sank,
 And the other thing, somehow, ran into the bank.
 So the race was done,
 Though nobody won,
 And the frying-pan had all the fun.



HOW THE CHILDREN EARNED MONEY FOR CHARITY.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

MANY years ago, in a little village among the hills, lived some children whose names you would know very well if you saw them here; but it would not do to make them public, for, to tell the truth, some of them have not grown any older yet in heart, although their merry faces are wrinkled with the smiles of age, and the tops of their heads resemble snow-drifts. As they lived long before the iron horse had dug through the mountain barriers, only one of them had ever seen a city. He had made a trip to Boston on the stage, starting before daylight, and riding all the next day and night over the route now traveled by the express train in a few hours. The hero of this remarkable expedition was named Joseph, and, like the "dunces who have been to Rome," he seldom failed to allude in every possible manner to his adventures abroad. So, when the children met to discuss the project of giving a theatrical performance in order to raise money enough to buy a Thanksgiving turkey for a poor widow, Joseph was, of course, chosen manager, because he had seen a real play at the Museum.

"My friends," said the oracle, in his opening speech, "you will need a curtain, and a place in which to hang it."

"My father will let us use the mill-chamber," said blue-eyed Katy, the miller's daughter; "for the stream is so low that he will not work there for a month, and there are lots of boards which we can use if we do not spoil them."

"Very well," said Joseph; "to-morrow will be Saturday, and we will meet at the mill to build the stage and cast our plays; so let us all bring any pieces of cloth we can borrow, and as many play-books as possible."

So that bright afternoon sun, as it shone cheerily through the chinks and cracks of the mill-garret, lit up the bright faces of the children who were preparing for the opening of their theater. The boys first brought up the boards and carefully piled them at the western end of the room, until they had formed a platform three feet high across one end of the chamber, while the girls sewed into three curtains the motley strips of cloth which they had borrowed from their mothers' rag-bags—the odd combinations of materials and shades thus obtained producing an effect very much like some of the grotesque draperies which the modern art-lovers profess to admire. The most showy

piece was chosen for the central curtain, upon the edge of which brass rings were sewed. The boys next stretched a wire across the room at just the same distance from the stage as the height of the curtain, on which the girls had strung the rings before it was fastened in place. A post was then put up at each side of the curtain, and securely nailed to the stage and to the top beams of the room, and the two other pieces of cloth tacked, one on each side, to the post and to the sides of the room. Two other curtains were made, large enough to fill the spaces from the posts to the back of the room, thus forming a dressing-room on each side of the stage, the entrances to which were made by pushing away the curtains at the front and rear corners, as required. The only change of scene from interior to exterior was made by pine-trees fastened into wooden blocks, which could be placed in various positions. The setting sun lighted up the completed stage, and the busy children grouped themselves in restful attitudes upon it, to select and cast the play. Dramatic works had, at that time, little place among the libraries of the simple farm-folk, who were content with "Pilgrim's Progress," "Fox's Martyrs," and the weekly visits of *The Ploughman*. But the lawyer's daughter, Annie, had brought a volume of Shakespeare's plays, and golden-haired Mabel had her "Mother Goose," the best and only play-book she had ever known.

"Shakespeare," said Joseph, "is a good writer, for I saw one of his plays myself. 'Hamlet' was the name of it, and I will be *Hamlet*, for I know how to act."

The children, of course, agreed, and each accepted the part which the manager assigned to him or her. Maggie was to be the *Queen*, because she was so tall, and Dick was unanimously chosen for the *Ghost*, because he was so thin. Bill Jones was offered the part of *Polonius*, because he liked to use big words; and sweet Mabel Drake took *Ophelia*, because she had lovely long hair and a brand-new white dress. *Laertes* was given to Sam Williams, because he was a good fighter—for they decided to have the combat with fists, as swords were very dangerous, even if they could get any, which they could not. The only sword in the village was somewhat damaged through long use as a poker by old Squire Hawks, who was mad

when he was not chosen captain of the militia. The minor parts of the play were given out by lot, and thus some of the children had two or three each, as there were so many, and all were told to come again on Wednesday, ready for rehearsal. But, when Wednesday afternoon came, they did not know their parts, for the words were so long and hard they could not remember them, and it seemed impossible even to the energetic Joseph to have "Hamlet" ready by Saturday afternoon, the day announced for the opening of the show. So Shakespeare was given up, and little Maud ventured to say that he was not half so good as Mother Goose. Struck with this idea, the children gave up their search for the unknown, and wisely resolved to content themselves with something less ambitious. Mabel Drake, in full costume copied from the picture, read the rhymes as they were acted with spirit by those who knew and loved them. Joseph resigned the part of *Hamlet* for that of *Bobby Shaftoe*, and sweet Effie Jones brought tears to the eyes of all as she knelt at the flax-wheel in grief for the drowned sailor, who returned triumphant in the next scene, in a neat sailor-suit, which seemed to have passed through the shipwreck uninjured. Maggie looked and acted the tall daughter to perfection, and little Maud was lovely as the bride, in poke-bonnet, as she rode proudly in the wheelbarrow, the chosen bride of little Eddie, who preferred her to the short, the greedy, or the progressive girl of the period. The hall was filled by the delighted parents of the children on that memorable Saturday, and the entrance fee of ten cents each gave the Widow Simpkins such a Thanksgiving dinner as she had never had before. But this was not all that the children earned for charity; for, when one of them grew up, he wished to write for the ST. NICHOLAS something that would interest the hosts of children who read the magazine, and he wrote for them a full account of the pantomime of "The Rats and the Mice," and the operetta of "Bobby Shaftoe," which have since been acted in hundreds of parlors, to the delight of old and young.

And even this was not the end. A few years later he was asked to assist in raising a very large sum of money for charity; and remembering the funny old mill theater, he caused lovely airs to be composed for these pieces, and, in connection with many other scenes, had them presented in large opera-houses by young ladies and children, to audiences of their friends, who gathered in such numbers that as much as one thousand dollars has been realized in a single evening from the simple and natural representation of these Mother Goose plays. In every city of note from Montreal to St.

Louis, with three exceptions, these Gems of Nursery Lore have earned money for charitable purposes, and in many of the representations the costumes and appointments have been very costly and elegant; but none of them have given more pleasure to actors and spectators than was enjoyed by the simple country people who witnessed the original performance in the old mill on the hillside, in which all these greater and more elaborate exhibitions originated. This little tribute of respect to the dear old Dame, to whose early inspiration so many poets and wise men owe their best efforts, will not be considered out of place; but there are those who feel that Mother Goose has had her day, and that her old rhymes have become a little hackneyed by oft-repeated representation. To such as these, ST. NICHOLAS has offered many pantomimes and operettas on wholly new themes, and these may be readily used by young folk to earn money for charity.

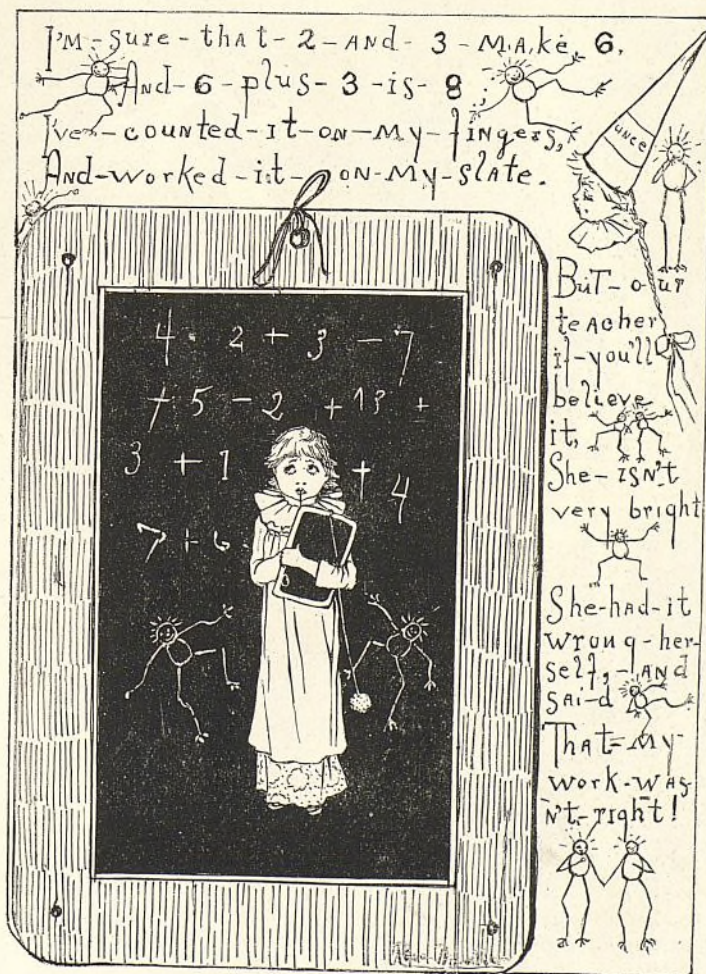
The children of to-day are constantly asking: "How can we also make money to help carry on our Sunday mission schools and to help the poor?" Letters of inquiry come often from distant cities and towns in the Far West. In reply to these queries we would recommend the Children's Carnival as the simplest and newest method. To encourage the little ones in this endeavor, a true story may not be out of place. In one of the chief cities of Western New York the largest church in town contemplated an entertainment for charity and became discouraged, when two young school-girls took up the abandoned idea and carried it out with immense success, using the operetta and pantomime from this magazine.

To get up a Children's Carnival, first give notice of your plan in the schools, asking those interested to meet for the choice of manager, treasurer, and committees for the alcoves, refreshments, and amusements, which may consist of three or more girls and boys for each. The first committee has the duty of arranging a stage at the end of the hall, unless one is already built, as is the case in many town-halls, and also the choice of twenty-five performers and the selection of the pantomime, operetta and tableau from their magazines. The manager is responsible for all performances on this stage, which should occupy an hour after the supper, and before the sales in the alcoves. The refreshment committee prepare tables across the end of the hall opposite the stage, and attend to the supper, which is solicited from the homes of all interested. They also choose four waiters for each table, who bring the refreshments from a side room and collect the money for them. The treasurer has charge of all receipts and pays all expenses, and appoints door-keepers, ushers, and ticket-sellers.

The committee on alcoves prepare three on each side of the hall, draped with cambric or any hangings suitable for the periods represented. They also choose attendants for each, in appropriate costumes, as for instance: the Curiosity Shop, with "Little Nell" and "Grandfather," who show or sell antique furniture and bric-à-brac in the upper alcove on the left side of the hall. In the next, three Turkish girls sell coffee, and in the third, two Japanese sell tea and fans. Across the hall, "Simple Simon" sells pies and cakes, and "Dame Trot" fancy-goods and

toys; and in the last alcove, on the right side of the hall, three little fairies sell candy. Flower-girls flit around the hall with bouquets, and music is furnished from a piano or orchestra, in case of a dance or promenade at the end of the evening. The performance on the stage is of course the principal attraction, and may be very effectively used in any parlor or hall, with or without the carnival; but the latter, when the work is divided, is not as laborious as you might suppose, and can not fail to please as well as to earn money for charity.

IN SCHOOL AGAIN.





YOUNG WOLVES AT PLAY.

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

BALDER.

BALDER, the god of the summer, was Odin's son, and he was the brightest and best of all the Asa-folk. Wherever he went, there were gladness and mirth, and blooming flowers, and singing birds, and murmuring water-falls. Balder, too, was a hero, but not a hero like Siegfried. For he slew no giants, he killed no dragons; he was not even a warrior; he never went into battle, and he never tried to make for himself a great name. There still are some such heroes, but they make little noise in the world; and, beyond their own neighborhood, they often are unnoticed and unknown.

Hoder, the blind king of the winter months, was Balder's brother, and as unlike him as darkness is unlike daylight. While one rejoiced and was merry and cheerful, the other was low-spirited and sad. While one scattered sunshine and blessings everywhere, the other carried with him a sense of cheerlessness and gloom. Yet the brothers loved each other dearly.

One night Balder dreamed a strange dream, and when he awoke he could not forget it. All day long he was thoughtful and sad, and he was not his own bright, happy self. His mother, the Asa-queen, saw that something troubled him, and she asked:

"Whence comes that cloud upon your brow? Will you suffer it to chase away all your sunshine, and will you become, like your brother Hoder, all frowns, and sighs, and tears?"

Then Balder told her what he had dreamed, and she, too, was sorely troubled; for it was a frightful dream and foreboded dire distress.

Then both she and Balder went to Odin, and to him they told the cause of their uneasiness. And he was dismayed at what he heard; for he knew that such dreams dreamed by Asa-folk were the forewarnings of evil. So he saddled his eight-footed horse Sleipner, and, without telling any one where he was going, he rode with the speed of the winds down into the Valley of Death. The dog that guards the gate-way to that dark and doleful land came out to meet him. Blood was on the fierce beast's jaws and breast, and he barked loudly and angrily at the Asa-king and his wondrous horse. But Odin sang sweet magic songs as he drew near, and the dog was charmed with the sound, and Sleipner and his rider went onward in safety. They passed the dark halls of the pale-

faced queen, and came to the eastern gate of the valley. There stood the low hut of the witch who lived in darkness and spun the thread of fate for gods and men. Odin stood before the hut, and sang a wondrous song of witchery and enchantment, and he laid a spell upon the weird woman, and forced her to come out of her dark dwelling and answer his questions.

"Who is this stranger?" asked the witch. "Who is this unknown who calls me from my narrow home and sets an irksome task for me? Long have I been left alone in my quiet hut, and little recked I that the snow sometimes covered with its cold, white mantle both me and my resting-place, or that the pattering rain and the gently falling dew often moistened the roof of my house. Long have I rested quietly, and I do not wish now to be aroused."

"I am Valtam's son," said Odin, "and I come to learn of thee. Tell me, I pray, for whom are the soft and beautiful couches prepared that I saw in the broad halls of Death? For whom are the jewels and rings and rich clothing, and the shining shield?"

And she answered:

"All are for Balder, Odin's son; and the mead which has been brewed for him is hidden under the shining shield."

Then Odin asked who would be the slayer of Balder, and she answered that Hoder was the one who would send the shining Asa to the halls of Death. And she added: "But go thou hence, now, Odin; for I know thou art not Valtam's son. Go home, and none shall again awaken me nor disturb me at my task until Balder shall rule over the new earth in its purity, and there shall be no death."

Then Odin rode sorrowfully homeward; but he told no one of his journey to the dark valley, nor of what the witch had said to him.

Balder's mother, the Asa-queen, could not rest because of the ill-omened dream that her son had had; and, in her distress, she called together all the Asa-folk to consider what should be done. But they were speechless with alarm and sorrow, and none could offer advice nor set her mind at ease. Then she sought out every living creature and every lifeless thing upon the earth, and asked each one to swear that it would not on any account hurt Balder, nor touch him to do him harm. And this oath was willingly made by fire and water,

earth and air; by all beasts and creeping things and birds and fishes; by the rocks; by the trees and all metals. For everything loved Balder the Good.

Then the Asa-folk thought that great honor was shown to Balder each time an object refused to hurt him; and, to show their love for him, as well as to amuse themselves, they often hewed at him with their battle-axes, or struck at him with their sharp swords, or hurled toward him their heavy lances. For every weapon turned aside in its course, and would neither mark nor bruise the shining target at which it was aimed; and Balder's princely beauty shone as bright and pure as ever.

When Loki, the mischief-maker, saw how all things loved and honored Balder, his heart was filled with jealousy, and he sought all over the earth for some beast, or bird, or tree, or lifeless thing that had not taken the oath. But he could not find one. Then, disguised as a fair maiden, he went to Fensal Hall, where dwelt Balder's mother. The Asa-queen was busy with her golden spindle, and her maid-servant, Fulla-of-the-flowing-hair, sat on a stool beside her. When the queen saw Loki, she asked:

"Whence come you, fair stranger, and what favor would you ask of Odin's wife?"

"I come," answered the disguised mischief-maker, "from the plains of Ida, where the gods meet for pleasant pastime, as well as to talk of the weighty matters of their kingdom."

"And how do they while away their time to-day?" asked the queen.

"They have a pleasant game which they call Balder's Honor. The shining hero stands before them as a target, and each one tries his skill at hurling some weapon toward him. First, Odin throws at him the spear Gungner, but it passes harmlessly over his head. Then Thor takes up a huge rock and hurls it full at Balder's breast, but it turns in its course and will not strike the sun-bright target. Then Hoenir seizes a battle-ax, and strikes at Balder as though he would hew him down; but the keen edge refuses to touch him. And in this way the Asa-folk show honor to the best of their number."

The Asa-queen smiled in the glad pride of her mother-heart, and said: "Yes, everything shows honor to the best of Odin's sons; for neither metal, nor wood, nor stone, nor fire, nor water will touch Balder to do him harm."

"Is it true, then," asked Loki, "that everything has made an oath to you, and promised not to hurt your son?"

And the queen, not thinking what harm an unguarded word might do, answered: "Everything has promised, save a little, feeble sprig that men

call the mistletoe. So small and weak it is that I know it could never harm any one; and so I passed it by and did not ask it to take the oath."

Then Loki went out of Fensal Hall and left the Asa-queen at her spinning. And he walked briskly away, and paused not until he came to the eastern side of Valhalla, where, on the branches of an old oak-tree, the mistletoe grew. Rudely he tore the plant from its supporting branch and hid it under his cloak. Then he walked leisurely back to the place where the Asa-folk were wont to meet in council.

The next day the Asas went out, as usual, to engage again in pleasant pastimes. When they had tired of leaping, and tilting, and foot-racing, they placed Balder before them as a target again; and, as each threw his weapon toward the shining mark, they laughed to see the missile turn aside from its course and refuse to strike the honored one. But blind Hoder stood sorrowfully away from the others and did not join in any of their sports. Loki, seeing this, went to Hoder, and said:

"Brother of the gloomy brow, why do you not take part with us in our games?"

"I am blind," answered Hoder, "and I can neither leap, nor run, nor throw the lance."

"But you can shoot arrows from your bow," said Loki.

"Alas!" said Hoder, "that I can do only as some one shall direct my aim. For I can see no target."

"Do you hear that laughter?" asked Loki. "Thor has hurled the straight trunk of a pine-tree at your brother, and, rather than touch such a glorious target, it has turned aside and been shivered to pieces upon the rocks over there. It is thus that the Asa-folk, and all things living and lifeless, honor the sun-bright Balder. Hoder is the only one who hangs his head and fears to do his part. Come, now, let me fit this little arrow in your bow, and then, as I point it, do you shoot. When you hear the gods laugh, you will know that your arrow has shown honor to the hero by refusing to hit him."

And Hoder, thinking no harm, did as Loki wished, and allowed him to fit the mistletoe to his bow. And the deadly arrow sped from the bow and pierced the heart of shining Balder, and he sank lifeless to the ground. Then the Asa-folk who saw it were struck speechless with sorrow and astonishment; and, had it not been that the Ida plains whereon they were standing were sacred to peace, they would have seized upon Loki and put him to death. Forthwith the world was draped in mourning for Balder the Good; the birds stopped singing and flew with drooping wings toward the far Southland; the beasts sought to hide them-

selves in their lairs and in the holes of the ground; the trees shivered and sighed until their leaves fell withered to the earth; the flowers closed their eyes and died; the rivers ceased to flow, and dark and threatening billows veiled the sea; even the sun shrouded his face and withdrew silently toward the south.

When Balder's good mother heard the sad news, she left her golden spindle in Fensal Hall, and

beach, and bewailed the untimely death of their hero. First came Odin with his grief-stricken queen, and then his troop of handmaidens the Valkyrien, and his ravens Hugin and Munin. Then came Thor in his goat-drawn car, and Heimdal on his horse Gold-top. Then Frey in his wagon, behind the boar Gullinbruste of the golden bristles; then Freyja, in her chariot drawn by cats, came, weeping tears of gold. Lastly, poor blind Hoder,



"BALDER'S HONOR" — "EVERY WEAPON TURNED ASIDE."

with her maidens hastened to the Ida plains, where the body of her son was lying. Nanna, the faithful wife of Balder, was already there, and wild was her grief at sight of the lifeless loved one. And all the Asa-folk, save guilty Loki, who had fled for his life, stood about them in dumb amazement; but Odin was the most sorrowful of all, for he knew that, with Balder, the earth had lost its gladsome life.

They lifted the body and carried it down to the sea, where the great ship "Ring-horn," which Balder himself had built, lay ready to be launched. And a great company followed, and stood upon the

overcome with grief, was carried thither on the back of one of the Frost giants. And old Ægir, the Ocean-king, raised his dripping head above the water and gazed with dewy eyes upon the scene; and the waves, as if affrighted, left off their playing and were still.

High on the deck they built the funeral-pile; and they placed the body upon it, and covered it with costly garments and woods of the finest scent; and the noble horse which had been Balder's they slew and placed beside him, that he might not have to walk to the halls of Death; and Odin took from his finger the ring Draupner, the earth's

enricher, and laid it on the pile. Then Nanna, the faithful wife, was overcome with grief, and her gentle heart was broken, and she fell lifeless at the feet of the Asa-queen. And they carried her upon the ship and laid her by her husband's side.

When all was in readiness to set fire to the pile, the gods tried to launch the ship; but it was so heavy that they could not move it. So they sent, in haste, to Jotunheim for the stout giantess, Hyrroken; and she came with the speed of a whirlwind, riding on a wolf which she guided with a bridle of writhing snakes.

"What will you have me do?" she asked, as she looked around upon them.

"We would have you launch the great ship 'Ring-horn,'" answered Odin.

"That I will do," roared the grim giantess; and giving the vessel a single push, she sent it sliding with speed into the deep waters of the bay. Then she gave the word to her grisly steed, and she flew onward and away, no one knew whither. The "Ring-horn" floated nobly upon the water, a worthy bier for the body that it bore. The fire was set to the funeral pile, and the red flames shot upward to the sky; but their light was but a flickering beam when matched with the sun-bright beauty of Balder, whose body they consumed.

Then the sorrowing folk turned and went back toward their homes; a cheerless gloom rested heavily where light gladness had ruled before. And when they reached the high halls of Asgard, the Asa-queen spoke and said:

"Who now, for the love of Balder and his stricken mother, will undertake an errand? Who will go down into the Valley of Death and seek for Balder, and ransom him and bring him back to Asgard?"

Then Hermod the Nimble, the brother of Balder, answered:

"I will go. I will find him, and, with Death's leave, will bring him back."

And he mounted Sleipner, the eight-footed steed, and galloped swiftly away. Nine days and nine nights he rode through strange valleys and deep mountain gorges where the sun's light had never been, and through gloomy darkness and fearful silence, until he came to the black river and the glittering golden bridge which crosses it. Over the bridge his strong horse carried him, although it shook and swayed and threatened to throw him into the raging black waters below. On the other side a maiden keeps the gate, and Hermod stopped to pay the toll.

"What is thy name?" asked she.

"My name is Hermod, and I am called the Nimble," he answered.

"What is thy father's name?"

"His name is Odin; mayhap thou hast heard of him."

"Why ridest thou with such thunderous speed? Five kingdoms of dead men passed over this bridge yesterday, and it shook not with their weight as it did with thee and thy strange steed. Thou art not of the pale multitude that are wont to pass this gate. What is thy errand, and why ridest thou to the domains of the dead?"

"I go," answered Hermod, "to find my brother Balder. It is but a short time since he unwillingly came down into these shades."

"Three days ago," said the maiden, "Balder passed this way, and by his side rode the faithful Nanna. So bright was his presence, even here, that the whole valley was lighted up as it had never before been lighted; the black river glittered like a gem; the frowning mountains smiled for once, and Death herself slunk far away into her most distant halls. But Balder went on his way, and even now he sups with Nanna in the dark castle over yonder."

Then Hermod rode forward till he came to the castle-walls; and they were built of black marble, and the iron gate was barred and bolted, and none who went in had ever yet come out. Hermod called loudly to the porter to open the gate and let him in; but no one seemed to hear or heed him, for the words of the living are unknown in that place. Then he drew the saddle-girths more tightly around the horse Sleipner, and urged him forward. High up the great horse leaped, and sprang clear over the gates, and landed at the open door of the great hall. Leaving Sleipner, Hermod went boldly in; and there he found his brother Balder and the faithful Nanna seated at the festal board, and honored as the most worthy of all the guests. With Balder Hermod staid until the night had passed; and many were the pleasant words they spoke. When morning came, Hermod went into the presence of Death, and said:

"O mighty queen, I come to ask a boon of thee. Balder the Good, whom both gods and men love, has been sent to dwell with thee in thy darksome house. And all the world weeps for him, and has donned the garb of mourning, and will not be consoled until his bright light shall shine upon them again. And the gods have sent me, his brother, to ask thee to let Balder ride back with me to Asgard, to his noble mother, the Asa-queen. For then will hope live again in the hearts of men, and happiness will return to the earth."

Death was silent for a moment; and then she said, in a sad voice:

"Hardly can I believe that any being is so greatly loved by things living and lifeless; for

surely Balder is not more the friend of earth than I am. And yet men love me not. But go you back to Asgard, and if everything shall weep for Balder, then I will send him to you; but if anything shall refuse to mourn, then I will keep him in my halls."

So Hermod made ready to return home, and Balder gave him the ring Draupner to carry to his father as a keepsake, and Nanna sent to the queen-mother a rich carpet of the purest green. Then the nimble messenger mounted his horse and rode swiftly back over the dark river and through the frowning valleys, and at last reached Odin's halls.

When the Asa-folk found upon what terms they might have Balder again with them, they sent heralds all over the world to beseech everything to mourn for him. And men and beasts, and birds and fishes, and trees and stones,—all things living and lifeless,—joined in weeping for the lost Balder. But, on their road back to Asgard, they met a giantess named Thok, whom they asked to join in the universal grief. And she answered:

"What good deed did Balder ever do for Thok? What gladness did he ever bring her? If she should weep for him, it would be with dry tears. Let Death keep him in her halls."

Here Dame Gudrun paused, and little Ingeborg said:

"How cruel of Death to keep the sun-bright Balder forever in her halls, when no one but the ugly giantess failed to weep for him!"

"She did not keep him there," answered Gudrun. "For some say that every year Balder comes back with Nanna to his halls in Breidablik, where he stays through the summer season; and then the earth throws off its mourning, and gods and men feast at his table and bask in his smiles, until the time comes for their return to the Valley of Death. And during their half-year of absence, the earth is not altogether sad, for all know that Balder and his faithful bride will come back with the spring, and in the joy of anticipation the months glide swiftly by."



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

LONG AGO.



ROUND the house
the birds were flying,
Long ago.

Came the little children,
crying,
"Teach us, we are tired of trying,
How to fly like you,
In the far off blue,"—
Came the eager children, crying,
Long ago.

From the house-top lightly springing,
Long ago,
'Mid the birds' enraptured singing,
Over hill and valley winging,
All the day they flew,
Up and down the blue;
While the blithesome birds were singing,
Long ago.

When the summer day was dying,
Long ago,
Suddenly, their mothers spying,
Down the children came, swift-flying,
And in cozy beds
Hid their weary heads.
Ended then the children's flying,
Long ago.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNEXPECTED LETTER.

"It was all so sudden," explained Dorothy to Charity Danby, a few weeks afterward, in talking over her brother's departure, "that I feel as if I were dreaming and that Don must soon come and wake me up."

"Strange that he should 'a' been allowed to go all the way to Europe, alone so—and he barely fifteen yet," remarked Mrs. Danby, who was ironing Jamie's Sunday frock at the time.

"Donald is nearly sixteen," said Dorry with dignity, "and he went on important business for Uncle. Did n't Ben go West when he was much younger than that?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, but then Ben is—different, you know. He's looked out for himself ever since he was a baby. Now, Ellen Eliza," suddenly changing her tone as the tender-hearted one came in sight, "where in the world are you going with that face and hands? You 've been playin' in the mud, I do believe. Go straight in and wash 'em, and change your feet, too, they 're all wet—and don't lay your wet apron down on your sister's poetry like that, you forlorn, distresséd looking child. She 's been writin' like wild this mornin', Mandy has, but I aint took time to read it. It's a cryin' shame, Dorothy, her writin's is n't all printed in a book by this time. It would sell like hot-cakes, I do believe,—and sell quicker, too, if folks knew she was n't going to have much more time for writin'. She's going to be a teacher, Mandy is; young Mr. Ricketts got her a situation in a 'cademy down to Trenton, where she 's to study and teach and make herself useful till she perfects herself. 'T is n't every girl gets a chance to be perfected so easy, either. Oh, Charity—there 's so much on my mind—I forgot to tell you that Ben found your 'rithmetic in the grass, 'way down past the melon-patch, where baby Jamie must have left it. There, put up your sewing, Charity, and you and Dorothy take a run; you look jaded-like. Why, mercy on us!" continued the good woman, looking up at this moment and gently waving her fresh iron in the air to cool it off a little, "you look flushed, Dorothy. You aint gone and got malaria, have you?"

"Oh, no," said Dorry, laughing in spite of her

sadness. "It is not malaria that troubles me: it's living for three whole weeks without seeing Donald."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Danby. "I don't wonder if it is, you poor child—only one brother so, and him a twin."

Dorry laughed pleasantly again, and then, with a cheerful "good-bye," walked slowly homeward.

The next morning, when she awoke, she felt so weary and sleepy that she sent a good-morning message to her uncle and told Lydia she would not get up till after breakfast-time. "Be sure," she said to Liddy, "to tell Uncle that I am not really ill,—only lazy and sleepy,—and by-and-bye you may let Kassy bring me a cup of very weak coffee."

Lydia, secretly distressed, but outwardly cheerful, begged her dear young lady to take a nice, long nap. Then lighting the fire, for the morning was raw and chilly, though it was May, she bustled about the room till Dorry was very wide awake indeed. Next, Uncle George came up to bid her good-morning, and make special inquiries, and when he went down re-assured, Kassy came in with her breakfast. By this time Dorothy had given up all thought of sleep for the present.

"Why, Kassy!" she exclaimed in plaintive surprise, "you 've brought enough to feed a regiment. I can't eat all that bread, if I *am* ill——"

"Oh, but I'm to make toast for you, here in your room, Miss," explained Kassy, who seemed to have something on her mind. "Lydia,—I mean Mr. Reed said so."

"How nice!" exclaimed Dorry, listlessly.

Kassy took her place by the open fire, and began to toast the bread, while Dorry lay looking at her, feeling neither ill nor well, and half inclined to cry from sheer loneliness. This was to be the twenty-third day without Donald.

"I wonder what the important business can be," she thought; "but, most likely, Uncle will tell me all about it before long."

Meanwhile, Kassy continued to toast bread. Two or three brown slices already lay on the plate, and she was attending to the fourth, in absent-minded fashion, much to Dorry's quiet amusement, when the long toasting-fork dropped aimlessly from her hand, and Kassy began fumbling in her pocket; then, in a hesitating way, she handed her young lady a letter.

"I—I should have given it to you before," she

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faltered, "but kept it because I thought—that—perhaps—I——"

But Dorry already had torn open the envelope, and was reading the contents.

Kassy, watching her, was frightened at seeing the poor girl's face flush painfully, then turn deadly pale.

"Not bad news, is it, Miss? Oh, Miss Dorry, I feel I've done wrong in handing it to you, but a gentleman gave me half a dollar, day before yesterday, Miss, to put it secretly into your hands, and he said it was something you'd rejoice to know about."

Dorry, now sitting up on the bed, hardly heard her. With trembling hands, she held the open letter, and motioned toward the door.

"Go, call Uncle! No, no—stay here—Oh, what *shall* I do? What ought I to do?" she thought to herself, and then added aloud, with decision: "Yes, go ask Uncle to come up. You need not return."

Hastily springing to the floor, Dorry thrust her feet into a pair of slippers, put on a long white woolen wrapper that made her look like a grown woman, and stood with the letter in her hand as her uncle entered.

She remained motionless as a statue while he hastily read it, her white face in strange contrast to the angry flush that rose to Mr. Reed's countenance.

"Horrible!" he exclaimed, as he reached the last word. "Where did this letter come from? How did you get it?"

"Kassy brought it. A man gave her half a dollar—she thought it had good news in it. Oh, Uncle!" (seeing the wrath in Mr. Reed's face), "she ought not to have taken it, of course, but she does n't know any better—and I did n't notice either, when I opened it, that it had no post-mark."

"Did you read it all?"

Dorothy nodded.

"Well, I must go. I'll attend to this letter. The scoundrel! You are not going to faint, my child?" putting his arm quickly around her.

"Oh, no, Uncle," she said, looking up at him with an effort. "But what does it mean? Who is this man?"

"I'll tell you later, Dorry. I must go now——"

"Uncle, you are so angry! Wait one moment. Let me go with you."

Her frightened look brought Mr. Reed to his senses. In a calmer voice he begged her to give herself no uneasiness, but to lie down again and rest. He would send Lydia up soon. He was just going to open the door, when Josie Manning's pleasant voice was heard at the foot of the stair:

"Is any one at home? May I come up?"

"Oh, no," shuddered Dorothy.

"Oh, yes," urged Mr. Reed. "Let your friend see you, my girl. Her cheerfulness will help you to forget this rascally, cruel letter. There, goodbye for the present," and, kissing her, Mr. Reed left the room.

Josie's bright face soon appeared at the door.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "Are you



KASSY SEEMED TO HAVE SOMETHING ON HER MIND.

rehearsing for a charade, Miss Reed? And who are you in your long white train—Lady Angelica, or Donna Isabella, or who?"

"I don't know who I am!" sobbed Dorothy, throwing herself upon the bed and hiding her face in the pillow.

"Why, what *is* the matter? Are you ill? Have you heard bad news? Oh, I forget," continued Josie, as Dorry made no reply; "what a goose I must be! Of course you are miserable without Don, you darling! But I've come to bring good news, my lady—to me, at least—so cheer up. Do you know something? Mamma and Papa are

going to start for San Francisco on Wednesday. They gave me my choice—to go with them or to stay with you, and I decided to stay. So they and your uncle settled it last night that I am to be here with you till they come back—two whole months, Dot! Is n't that nice?"

"Ever so nice!" said Dorry, without lifting her head. "I am really glad, Jo; but my head aches and I feel dreadfully this morning."

"Have you had any breakfast?" asked the practical Josie, much puzzled.

"N-no," sobbed Dorry.

"Well, no wonder you feel badly. Look at this cold coffee, and that mountain of toast, and not a thing touched. I declare, if I don't go right down and tell Liddy. We'll get you up a good hot breakfast, and you can doze quietly till we come."

Dorry felt a gentle arm round her for an instant, and a warm cheek pressed to hers, and then she was alone—alone with her thoughts of that dreadful letter.

It was from Eben Slade, and it contained all that he had told Donald on that day at Vanbogen's, and a great deal more. He had kept quiet long enough, he added, and now he wished her to understand that, as her uncle, he had some claim upon her; that her real name was Delia Robertson—she was no more Dorothy Reed than he was, and that she must not tell a living soul a word about this letter or it would make trouble. If she had any spirit or any sense of justice, he urged, she would manage for him to see her some day when Mr. Reed was out. Of course—the letter went on to say—Mr. Reed would object if he knew, for it was to his interest to claim her; but truth was truth, and George Reed was no relation to her whatever. The person she had been taught to call Aunt Kate, it insisted, was really her mother, and it was her mother's own brother, Eben, who was writing this letter. All he asked for was an interview. He had a great deal to say to her, and Mr. Reed was a tyrant who would keep her a prisoner if he could, so that her own uncle Eben could not even see her. He had been unfortunate and lost all his money. If he was rich he would see that he and his dear niece Delia had their rights in spite of the tyrant who held her in bondage. She *must* manage somehow to see him,—so ran the letter,—and she could put a letter for him, that night, under the large stone by the walnut tree behind the summer-house. He would come and see her at any time she mentioned. No girl of spirit would be held in such bondage a day. The writer concluded by calling her again his dear Delia, and signing himself her affectionate uncle, Eben Slade.

CHAPTER XXX.

A TIME OF SUSPENSE.

THAT morning, after Josie had gone home to assist her mother in preparations for the trip to California, Dorothy, exhausted by the morning's emotions, fell into a heavy sleep, from which she did not waken till late in the afternoon. By the bed stood a little table, on which were two fine oranges, each on a Venetian glass plate, and surmounted by a card. On one was written: "Miss Dorothy Reed, with the high, respectful consideration of her sympathizing friend, Edward Tyler, who hopes she will soon be well"; and the other bore a limping verse in Josie's familiar handwriting:

"To this fair maid no *quarter* show,
Good Orange, sweet and yellow,
But let her eat you—in a certain way
That Dorothy and I both know—
That 's a good fellow!"

It must be confessed that Dot most implicitly followed the hint in Josie's verse, and that she felt much refreshed thereby. That evening, after they had had a long talk together, she kissed Uncle George for good-night, and, though there were tears in her bright eyes, she looked a spirited little maiden, who did not intend to give herself up to doubting and grieving so long as "there was more than hope" that she was Dorothy.

Half an hour later, the young girl stole softly down to the deserted sitting-room, lit only by the glowing remains of a wood-fire, and taking an unlighted student's lamp from the center-table, made her rapid way back to her pretty bedroom upstairs. Here, after putting on the soft, Lady-Angelica wrapper, as Josie had called it, she sat for a long time in a low easy-chair, with little red-slippered feet in a rug, before the fire, thinking of all that the eventful day had brought to her.

"There is more than hope," she mused, while her eyes were full of tears; "those were Uncle's very words—more than hope, that I am Dorothy Reed. But what if it really is not so, what if I am no relation to my—to the Reed family at all—no relation to Uncle George nor to Donald!" From weeping afresh at this thought, and feeling utterly lonely and wretched, she began to wonder how it would feel to be Delia. In that case, Aunt Kate would have been her mother. For an instant this was some consolation, but she soon realized that, while Aunt Kate was very dear to her fancy, she could not think of her as her mother; and then there was Uncle Robertson—no, she never could think of him as her father; and that dreadful, cruel Eben Slade, her *uncle*? Horrible! At this thought her soul turned with a great longing toward the un-

known mother and father, who, to her childish mind, had appeared merely as stately personages, full of good qualities—Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Reed, honored by all who knew them, but very unreal and shadowy to her. Now, as she sat half-dreaming, half-thinking, their images grew distinct and loving; they seemed to reach out their arms tenderly to her, and the many good words about them that from time to time had fallen tamely upon her ears now gained life and force. She felt braver and better clinging in imagination to them, and begging them to forgive her, their own girl Dorothy, for not truly knowing them before.

Meantime, the night outside had been growing colder and there were signs of a storm. A shutter in some other part of the house blew open violently, and the wind moaned through the pine-trees at the corner of the house. Then the sweet, warm visions that had comforted her faded from her mind and a dreadful loneliness came over her. A great longing for Donald filled her heart. She tried to pray,—

"No thought confessed, no wish expressed,
Only a sense of supplication."

Then her thoughts took shape, and she prayed for him, her brother, alone in a foreign land, and for Uncle, troubled and waiting, at home, and for herself, that she might be patient and good, and have strength to do what was right—even to go with Eben Slade to his distant home, if she were really his sister's child.

The storm became so dismal that she started up, poked the fire into a blaze, and lighted the student's lamp on the table behind the arm-chair. Then she took a photograph from the mantel and a large hand-glass from her dressing-table, and, looking hurriedly about her to be doubly sure that she was alone, she sat down resolutely, as if saying to herself:

"Now, we'll see!"

Poor Dot! The photograph showed Donald, a handsome, manly boy of whom any loving sister might be proud; but the firm, boyish face, with its square brows, roundish features, and shining black hair, certainly did not seem to be in the least like the picture that looked anxiously at her out of the hand-glass—a sweet face, with its oval outline, soft, dark eyes and long lashes, its low, arched eyebrows, finely modeled nose and chin, expressive mouth, and sunny, dark brown tresses.

Feature by feature, she scanned the two faces carefully, unconsciously pouting her lips and drawing in her warm-tinted cheeks in her desire to resemble the photograph, but it was of no use. The two faces would not be alike—and yet, as she looked again, was there not something similar

about the foreheads and the lower line of the faces? Hastily pushing back her hair with one hand, she saw with joy that, excepting the eyebrows, there really was a likeness: the line where the hair began was certainly almost the same in both faces.

"Dear, dear old Donald! Why, we are just alike there! I'll show Uncle to-morrow. It's wonderful."

Dorry laughed a happy little laugh, all by herself.

"Besides," she thought, as she laid the mirror away, "we are alike in our natures and in our ways and in loving each other, and I don't care a bit what anybody says to the contrary."

Thus braced up, she drew her chair closer to the table and began a letter to Donald. A vague consciousness that by this time every one in the house must be in bed and asleep deepened her sense of being alone with Donald as she wrote. It seemed that he read every word as soon as it fell upon the paper, and that in the stillness of the room she almost could hear him breathe.

It was a long letter. At any other time, Dorry's hand would have wearied with the mere exercise of writing so many pages, but there was so much to tell that she took no thought of fatigue. It was enough that she was pouring out her heart to Donald.

"I know now," the letter went on to say, "why you have gone to Europe, and why I was not told the errand. Dear, dear Donald! and you knew it all before you went away; and that is why you sometimes seemed silent and troubled, and why you were so patient and good and gentle with me, even when I teased you and made sport of you. Uncle told me this afternoon all that he has to tell, and I have assured him that I am Dorry, and nobody else, and that he need not be bothered about it any more (though you know, Don, I can not help feeling awfully about it). It's so dreadful to think of us all being so mixed up. The idea of my not being Dorry makes me miserable. Yet, if I were anybody else, would I not be the first to know it? Yes, Donald, whether you find proof or not, you dear, good, noble old fellow, *I am your sister*—I feel it in my very bones—and you are my brother. Nobody on earth can make me believe you are not. That dreadful man said in his letter that it was to George Reed's interest that I should be known as Dorothy Reed. Oh, Don, as if it were not to *my* interest, too, and yours. But if it is not so, if it really is *true* that I am not Dorothy, but Delia, why I must be Delia in earnest, and do my duty to my—*her* mother's brother. He says his wife is sick, and that he is miserable, with no comforts at home and no one to care whether he is good or bad. So, you see, I *must* go and leave you and Uncle, if I am Delia. And, Don, there's

another thing, though it's the least part of it: if I am Delia, I am poor, and it is right that I should earn my living, though you and Uncle should both oppose it, for I am no relation to any one, — I mean any one here, — and it would not be honorable for me to stay here in luxury.

"I can see your eyes flash at this, dear brother, or perhaps you will say I am foolish to think of such things yet awhile. So I am, may be, but I must talk to you of all that is in my thoughts. It is very lonely here to-night. The rain is pouring against the windows, and it seems like November; and, do you know, I dread to-morrow, for I am afraid I may show in *some* way to dear Uncle George that I am not absolutely certain he is any relation to me. I feel so strange! Even Jack and Liddy do not know who I really am. Would n't Josie and Ed be surprised if they knew about things? I wish they did. I wish every one did, for secrecy is odious.

"Donald dear, this is an imbecile way of talking. I dare say I shall tear up my letter in the morning. No, I shall not. It belongs to you, for it is just what your loving old Dorry is thinking.

"Good-night, my *brother*. In my letter, sent last Saturday, I told you how delighted Uncle and I were with your descriptions of London and Liverpool.

"I show Uncle your letters to me, but he does not return the compliment — that is, he has read to me only parts of those you have written to him. May be he will let me read them through *now*, since I know 'the important business.' Keep up a good heart, Don, and do not mind my whining a little in this letter. Now that I am going to sign my name, I feel as if every doubt I have expressed is almost wicked. So, good-night again, dear Donald, and ever so much love from your own faithful sister,

"DORRY.

"P. S. — Uncle said this afternoon, when I begged him to start with me right away to join you in Europe, that if it were not for some matters needing his presence here we might go, but that he can not possibly leave at present. Dear Uncle! I'll be glad when morning comes, so that I may put my arms around his neck and be his own cheerful Dorry again. Liddy does not know yet that I have heard anything. I forgot to say that Mr. and Mrs. Manning are going to California and that Josie is to spend two months with me. Wont that be a comfort? How strange it will seem to have a secret from her! But Uncle says I must wait.

"P. S. again. — Be sure to answer this in English. I know we agreed to correspond in French for the sake of the practice, but I have no heart for it now. It is too hard work. Good-night, once more. The storm is over. Your loving Dorry."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ONLY A BIT OF RAG.

DORRY's long letter reached Donald two weeks later, as he sat in his room at a hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle. He had been feeling lonely and rather discouraged, notwithstanding the many sights that had interested him during the day; and from repeated disappointments and necessary delays in the prosecution of the business that had taken him across the sea, he had begun to feel that, perhaps, it would be just as well to sail for home and let things go on as before. Dorry, he thought, need never know of the doubts and anxieties that had troubled Uncle George and himself, and for his part he would rest in his belief that he and she were Wolcott Reed's own children, joint heirs to the estate, and, as Liddy called them, "the happiest pair of twins in the world."

But Dot's letter changed everything. Now that she knew all, he would not rest a day even, till her identity was proved beyond a possibility of doubt. But how to do it? No matter. Do it he would, if it were in the power of man. (Donald in these days felt at least twenty years old.) Dorry's words had fired his courage anew. He felt like a crusader, as he looked over the roof-peaks, out upon the starry night, and Dorothy's happiness was his Holy-land to be rescued from all invaders. The spirit of grand old Charlemagne, whose bones were in the Cathedral close by, was not more resolute than Donald's was now.

All this he told her in the letter written that night, and more, too, but the "more" did not include the experiences of the past twelve hours of daylight. He did not tell her how he had that day, after some difficulty, found the Prussian physician who had attended his father, Wolcott Reed, in his last illness, and how impossible it had been at first to make the old man even remember the family, and how little information he finally had been able to obtain.

"Vifteen year vas a long dime, eh?" the doctor had intimated in his broken English, and as for "dose dwiin bapies," he could recall "nothing about dat at all."

But Don's letter suited Dorothy admirably, and in its sturdy helpfulness and cheer, and its off-hand, picturesque account of his adventures, it quite consoled her for the disappointment of not reading the letter that she was positively sure came to Mr. Reed by the same steamer.

The full story of Donald's journey, with all its varied incidents up to this period, would be too long to tell here. But the main points must be mentioned.

Immediately upon landing at Liverpool, Donald had begun his search for the missing Ellen Lee, who, if she could be found, surely would be able to help him, he thought. From all that Mr. Reed had been able to learn previously, she undoubtedly had been Mrs. Wolcott Reed's maid, and had taken charge of the twins on board of the fated vessel. She had been traced fifteen years before, to Liverpool, as the reader knows, and had disappeared at that time, before Mr. Reed's clerk, John Wakely, had seen her. Donald found the house in Liverpool where she had been, but could gain there no information whatever. The house had changed owners, and its former occupants had scattered, no one could say whither. But, by a persistent search among the neighboring houses he did find a bright, motherly woman, who, more than fifteen years before, had come to an opposite house, a bride, and who remembered a tall, dark-complexioned young woman sitting one night on the steps of the shabby boarding-house over the way. Some one had told her that this young woman had just been saved from a shipwreck, and had lost everything but the clothes she wore, and from sheer sympathy she, the young wife, had gone across the street to speak to her, and had found her at first sullen and uncommunicative. "The girl was a foreigner" (said the long-ago bride, now a blooming matron with four children). "Leastwise, though she understood me and gave me short answers in English, it struck me she was French-born. Her black stuff gown was dreadful torn and ruined by the sea-water, sir, and so, as I was about her height, I made bold to offer her one of mine in its place. I had a plenty then, and me and my young man was accounted comfortable from the start. She shook her head and muttered something about 'not bein' a beggar,' but do you know, sir, that the next day she come over to me, as I was knitting at my little window, and says she, 'I go on to London,' she says, 'and I'll take that now, if you be pleased,' or something that way, I don't remember her words, and so I showed her into my back room and put the fresh print gown on her. I can see her now a-takin' the things out of her own gown and pinning them so careful into the new pocket, because it was n't so deep and safe as the one in her old gown was; and then, tearin' off loose tatters of the black skirt and throwing them down careless-like, she rolled it up tight, and went off with it, a-noddin' her head and a-maircyng me in French, as pretty as could be. I can't bring to mind a feature of her, exceptin' the thick, black hair and her bein' about my own size. I was slender then, young master; fifteen years makes —"

"And those bits of the old gown," interrupted

Donald, eagerly, "where are they? Did you save them?"

"Laws, no, young gentleman, not I. They went into my rag-bag like as not, and are all thrown away and lost, sir, many a day ago, for that matter."

"I am sorry," said Donald. "Even a scrap of her gown might possibly be of value to me."

"Was she belonging to your family?" asked the woman, doubtfully.

Donald partly explained why he wished to find Ellen Lee; and asked if the girl had said anything to her of the wreck, or of two babies.

"Not a word, sir, not a word, though I tried to draw her into talkin'. It's very little she said at best, she was a-grumpy like."

"What about that rag-bag?" asked Donald, returning to his former train of thought. "Have you the same one yet?"

"That I have," she answered, laughing; "and likely to have it for many a year to come. My good mother made it for me when I was married, and so I've kept it and patched it till it's like Joseph's coat; and useful enough it's been, too—holding many a bit that's done service to me and my little romps. 'Keep a thing seven year,' my mother used to say, 'keep it seven year an' turn it, an' seven year again, an' it'll come into play at last.'"

"Why may you not have saved that tatter of the old gown twice seven years, then?" persisted Donald.

"Why, bless you, young sir, there's no knowin' as to that. But you could n't find it, if I had. For why? the black pieces, good, bad, and indifferent, are all in one roll together, and you nor I could n't tell which it was."

"Likely enough," said Donald, in a disappointed tone; "and yet, could you—that is—really, if you would n't mind, I'd thank you very much if we could look through that rag-bag together."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the woman, seized with a sudden dread that her young visitor might not be in his right senses.

"If I could find those pieces of black stuff," he urged, desperately, "it would be worth a golden guinea to me."

Sure, now, that he was a downright lunatic, she moved back from him with a frightened gesture; but glancing again at his bright, boyish face, she said in a different tone:

"And it would be worth a golden guinea to me, young master, just to have the joy of finding them for you. Step right into this room, sir, and you, Nancy" (to a shy little girl who had been sitting, unobserved, on the lowest step of the clean, bare stair-way), "you run up and bring Mother down the old piece-bag. You shall have your way, young

gentleman—though it's the oddest thing ever happened to me."

Alas! To the boyish mind a bundle made of scores of different sorts of black pieces rolled together is anything but expressive. On first opening it, Don looked hopelessly at the motley heap, but the kind woman helped him somewhat by rapidly throwing piece after piece aside, with, "That can't be it—that's like little Johnny's trousers," "Nor that,—that's what I wore for poor mother;" "Nor that—that's to mend my John's Sunday coat," and so on, till there were not more than a dozen scraps left. Of these, three showed that they had been cut with a pair of scissors, but the others were torn pieces and of different kinds of black goods. Don felt these, held them up to the light, and, in despair, was just going to beg her to let him have them all, for future investigation, when his face suddenly brightened.

He put an end of one of them into his mouth, shook his head with rather a disgusted expression, as though the flavor were anything but agreeable, then tried another and another (the woman meantime regarding him with speechless amazement), till at last, holding out a strip and smacking his lips, he exclaimed:

"I have it! This is it! It's as salt as brine!"

"Good land!" she cried; "salt! who ever heard of such a thing, and in my rag-bag? How could that be?"

Don paid no attention to her. Tasting another piece, that proved on a closer examination to be of the same material, he found it to be equally salt.

His face displayed a comical mixture of nausea and delight as he sprang to his feet, crying out:

"Oh! ma'am, I can never thank you enough. These are the pieces of Ellen Lee's gown, I am confident—unless they have been salted in some way since you've had them."

"Not they, sir; I can warrant that. But who under the canopy ever thought of the taste of a shipwrecked gown before!"

"Smell these," he said, holding the pieces toward her. "Don't you notice a sort of salt sea odor in them?"

"Indeed, I fancy so," she answered, sniffing cautiously as she continued: "Fifteen years ago! How salt does cling to things! The poor woman must have been pulled out of the very sea!"

"That does n't follow," remarked Donald; "her skirt might have been splashed by the waves after she was let down into the small boat."

Donald talked awhile longer with his new acquaintance, but finally bade her good-day, first, however, writing down the number of her house, and giving her his address, and begging her to let

him know if, at any time, she and her husband should move from that neighborhood.

"Should *what*, sir?"

"Should *move*—go to live in another place."

"Not we," she replied, proudly. "We live here, we do, sir, John and myself, and the four children. His work's near by, and here we'll be for many's the day yet, the Lord willing—No, *no*, please never think of such a thing as that," she continued, as Donald diffidently thrust his hand into his pocket. "Take the cloth with you, sir, and welcome—but my children shall never have it to say that their mother took pay for three old pieces of cloth—no, nor for showing kindness either" (as Don politely put in a word), "above all things, not for kindness. God bless you, young master, an' help you in findin' her—that's all I can say, and a good-day to you."

"That nurse probably went home again to France," thought Donald, after gratefully taking leave of the good woman and her rag-bag. "Mother must have found her in Prussia, as we were born in Aix-la-Chapelle."

Before going to that interesting old city, however, he decided to proceed to London and see what could be ascertained there. In London, though he obtained the aid of one James Wogg, a detective, he could find no trace of the missing Ellen Lee. But the detective's quick sense drew enough from Donald's story of the buxom matron and the two gowns to warrant his going to Liverpool, "if the young gent so ordered, to work up the search."

"Had the young gent thought to ask for a bit like the new gown that was put onto Ellen Lee? No? Well, that always was the way with unprofessionals—not to say the young gent had n't been uncommon sharp as it was."

Donald, pocketing his share of the compliment, heartily accepted the detective's services, first making a careful agreement as to the scale of expenses, and giving, by the aid of his guide-book, the name of the hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle where a letter from the detective would reach him. He also prepared an advertisement "on a new principle," as he explained to the detective, very much to that worthy's admiration. "Ellen Lee has been advertised for again and again," he said, "and promised to be told 'something to her advantage;' but, if still alive, she evidently has some reason for hiding. It is possible that it might have been she who threw the two babies from the sinking ship into the little boat, and as news of the rescue of all in that boat may not have reached her, she might have felt that she would be blamed or made to suffer in some way for what she had done. I mean to advertise," continued Donald to the detective, "that information is wanted of a Frenchwoman,

Ellen Lee, by the two babies *whose lives she saved* at sea, and who, by addressing so-and-so, can learn of something to her advantage, and we'll see what will come of it."

"Not so," suggested Mr. Wogg. "It's a good dodge, but say, rather, by two young persons whose lives she saved when they were babies. There's more force to it that way; and leave out 'at sea'—it gives too much to the other party. Best have 'em address Mr. James Wogg, Old Bailey, N. London." But Donald would not agree to this.

Consequently, after much consulting and painstaking, the following advertisement appeared in the London and Liverpool papers:

IF ELLEN LEE, A FRENCHWOMAN, WILL KINDLY send her address to D. R., in care of Dubigk's Hotel, Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, she shall receive the grateful thanks of two young persons whose lives she saved when they were infants, and hear of something greatly to her advantage.

Again, Ellen Lees, evidently not French, came into view, lured by the vague terms of the advertisement, but as quickly disappeared under the detective's searching inspection; and again it seemed as if that particular Ellen Lee, as Mr. Reed had expressed it, had vanished from the earth. But Mr. Wogg assured his client that it took time for an advertisement to make its way into the rural districts of England, and he must be patient.

Donald, therefore, proceeded at once to Dover, on the English coast, thence sailed over to Ostend, in Belgium, and from there went by railway to his birthplace, Aix-la-Chapelle. As his parents had settled there three months before his mother started for home, he felt that, in every respect, this was the most promising place for his search. He had called upon George Robertson's few family connections in London, but these knew very little about that gentleman, excepting that he had been reckless and unfortunate in business, and that his wife in her poverty had received help from somebody traveling in Prussia, and that the couple had been sent for to meet these people at Havre, when his little girl was not two months old, and all had sailed for America together. Donald knew as much as this already. If, fifteen years before, they could give Mr. Reed no description of the baby, they certainly could give Donald no satisfaction now. So far from gathering from them any new facts of importance, in regard to their lost kinsman and his wife and child, they had all this time, as Donald wrote to Mr. Reed, been very active in forgetting him and his affairs. Still Donald succeeded in reviving their old promise that, if anything *should* turn up that would throw any light on the history of "poor Robertson's" family, they would lose no time in communicating the fact—this time to the nephew—Donald. No word had

been heard from them up to the evening that Dorothy's letter arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle. No satisfactory response, either, to the Ellen Lee advertisement, and Donald, who had had, as we know, a disappointing interview with his father's physician, was weary and almost discouraged. Moreover, every effort to find the store at which the gold chain was purchased had been in vain. But now that Dorothy's letter had come, bringing him new energy and courage, the outlook was brighter. There were still many plans to try. Surely some of them must succeed. In the first place, he would translate his Ellen Lee advertisement into French, and insert it in Paris and Aix-la-Chapelle newspapers. Strange that no one had thought of doing this before. Then he would—no, he would n't—but, on the other hand, why not send—And at this misty point of his meditations he fell asleep, to dream, not, as one would suppose, of Dorothy—but of the grand Cathedral standing in place of the chapel from which this special Aix obtained its name; of the wonderful hot springs in the public street; of the baths, the music, and the general stir and brightness of this fascinating old Prussian city.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DONALD MAKES A DISCOVERY.

The new French advertisement and a companion to it, printed in German, were duly issued, but, alas! nothing came from them. However, Donald carefully preserved the black pieces he had obtained in Liverpool, trusting that, in some way, they yet might be of service to him. He now visited the shops, examined old hotel registers, and hunted up persons whose address he had obtained from his uncle, or from the owners of the "Cumberland." The few of these that were to be found could, after all, but repeat what they could recall of the report which they had given to Mr. Reed and John Wakely many years before.

He found in an old book of one of the hotels the names of Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Reed on the list of arrivals;—no mention of a maid, nor of a child. Then in the books of another hotel whither they had moved, he found a settlement for board of Wolcott Reed, wife, and maid. At the same hotel a later entry recorded that Mrs. Wolcott Reed (widow), nurse, and two infants had left for France, and letters for her were to be forwarded to Havre. There were several entries concerning settlements for board and other expenses, but these told Donald nothing new. Finally, he resolved to follow as nearly as he could the course his mother was known to have taken from Aix-la-Chapelle to Havre, where she was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and

their baby daughter, a few days before the party set sail from that French port for New York.

Yes, at Havre he would be sure to gain some information. If need be, he could settle there for a while, and patiently follow every possible clue that presented itself. Perhaps the chain had been purchased there. What more likely, he thought, than that, just before sailing, his mother had bought the pretty little trinket as a parting souvenir? The question was, had she got it for her own little twin-daughter, or for Aunt Kate's baby? That point remained to be settled. Taking his usual precaution of leaving behind him an address, to which all coming messages or letters could be forwarded, Donald bade farewell to Aix-la-Chapelle, and, disregarding every temptation to stop along the way, hurried on, past famous old cities, that, under other circumstances, would have been of great interest to him.

"We, all three, can come here together, some time, and see the sights," he thought to himself; "now I can attend to but one matter."

At Havre he visited the leading shops where jewelry and fancy goods were sold or manufactured. These were not numerous, and some of them had not been in existence fifteen years before, at the time when the sad-hearted widow and her party were there. There was no distinctive maker's mark on the necklace, and no one knew anything about it, nor cared to give it any attention, unless the young gentleman wished to sell it. Then they might give a trifle. It was not a rare antique, they said, valuable from its age; jewelry that was simply out of date was worth only its weight, and a little chain like this was a mere nothing. As Donald was returning to his hotel, weary and inclined to be dispirited, he roused himself to look for *Rue de Corderie, numéro 47*, or, as we Americans would say, Number 47 Corderie Street. As this house is famous as the birthplace of Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia," Donald wished to see it for himself and also to be able to describe it to Dorothy. He did not visit it on that day, however, for on his way thither his attention was arrested by a very small shop which he had not noticed before, and which, in the new-looking city of Havre, appeared to be fully a century old. Entering, he was struck with the oddity of its interior. The place was small, not larger than the smallest room at Lakewood, and though its front window displayed only watches, and a notice in French and English that Monsieur Bajeau repaired jewelry at short notice, it was so crowded with rare furniture and bric-à-brac that Donald, for a moment, thought he had entered the wrong shop. But, no! There hung the watches, in full sight, and a bright-faced old man in a black skull-cap was industriously repairing a bracelet.

"May I see the proprietor of this store, please?" asked Donald, politely.

"Oui, monsieur," replied the old man, with equal courtesy, rising and stepping forward. "*Je suis—I am ze propriétaire, je ne comprend pas. I no speak ze Ingleesh. Parlez-vous Français—eh?*"

"Oh, yes," said Donald, too full of his errand to be conscious that he was not speaking French, as he carefully took a little red velvet case from an inside pocket, "I wished to show you this necklace—to ask if you——"

The old man listened with rather an aggrieved air. "Ah! Eh! I sall re-paire it, you say?" then adding wistfully, "You no speak ze French?"

"*Oui, oui, monsieur,—pardonnez,*" said Donald, thus reminded. From that moment he and the now radiant Monsieur Bajeau got on finely together, for Donald's French was much better than monsieur's English; and, in truth, the young man was very willing to practice speaking it in the retirement of this quaint little shop. Their conversation shall be translated here, however.

"Have you ever seen this before, sir?" asked Donald, taking the precious necklace from the box and handing it to him over the little counter.

"No," answered the shop-keeper, shaking his head as he took the trinket. "Ah! that is very pretty. No, not a very old chain. It is modern, but very odd—very fine—unique, we say. Here are letters," as he turned the clasp and examined its under side. "What are they? They are so small. Your young eyes are sharp. Eh?" Here monsieur bent his head and looked inquiringly at Donald from over his spectacles.

"D. R.," said Don.

"Ah, yes! D. R.; now I see," as he turned them to the light. "D. R., that is strange. Now, I think I have seen those same letters before. Why, my young friend, as I look at this little chain, something carries the years away and I am a younger man. It brings very much to mind—Hold!—No, it is all gone now. I must have made a mistake."

Donald's heart beat faster.

"Did you make the chain?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, no, never. I never made a chain like it—but I have seen that chain before. The clasp is very—very—You know how it opens?"

"It is rusty inside," explained Donald, leaning forward anxiously, lest it should be injured. "We need not open it." Then controlling his excitement, he added as quietly as he could:

"You have seen it before, monsieur?"

"I have seen it. Where is the key?"

"The key, monsieur? What do you mean?"

"The key that opens the clasp," returned the Frenchman with sudden impatience. This Amer-

ican boy began to appear rather stupid in Monsieur's eyes. Donald looked at him in amazement.

"Does it lock?"

"Does it lock?" echoed monsieur. "Why, see here;" and with these words he tried to press the upper part of the clasp aside. It stuck at first, but, finally yielded, sliding around from the main part on an invisible little pivot, and disclosing a very small key-hole.

Donald stared at it in helpless bewilderment. Evidently his uncle had failed to find this keyhole, so deftly concealed?

The old man eyed his visitor shrewdly. Having been for some time a dealer in rare bric-à-brac, he prided himself on being up to the tricks of persons who had second-hand treasures to sell.

"Is this chain yours?" he asked, coldly. "Do you bring it to sell to me? All this is very strange. I wish I could remember —"

"Oh, no, indeed. Not to sell. Yes, the chain is mine, my sister's—my uncle's, I mean—in America."

Monsieur drew back with added distrust, but he was re-assured by Donald's earnest tone. "Oh, monsieur, pray recall all you can about this matter. I can not tell you how important it is to me—how anxious I am to hear!"

"Young man, your face is flushed, you are in trouble. Come in and sit down," leading the way into a small room behind the shop. "As for this necklace, there is something—but I cannot think—it is something in the past years that will not come back—Ah! I hear a customer—I must go. Pardon me, I will return presently."

So saying, Monsieur left him, bending slightly and taking short, quick steps, as he hurried into the shop. Donald thought the old man was gone for an hour, though it really was only five minutes. But it had given him an opportunity to collect his thoughts, and when Monsieur returned, Donald was ready with a question:

"Perhaps a lady—a widow—brought the chain to you long ago, sir?"

"A widow!" exclaimed Monsieur, brightening. "a widow dressed in mourning—yes, it comes back to me—a day, ten, twenty years ago—I see it all! A lady—two ladies—no, one was a servant, a genteel nurse; both wore black and there was a little baby—two little babies—very little; I see them now."

"Two!" exclaimed Donald, half wild with eagerness.

"Yes, two pink little fellows."

"Pink!" In a flash, Donald remembered the tiny pink sacque, now in his valise at the hotel.

"Yes, pink little faces, with lace all around—very droll—the littlest babies I ever saw taken into the street. Well, the pretty lady in black carried

one, and the nurse—she was a tall woman—carried the other."

"Yes, yes, please," urged Donald. He longed to help Monsieur on with the account, but it would be better, he knew, to let him take his own way.

It all came out in time, little by little—but complete at last. The widow lady had gone to the old man's shop, with two infants and a tall nurse. With a tiny gold key she had unlocked a necklace from one of the babies' necks, and had requested Monsieur Bajeau to engrave a name on the under side of its small square clasp.

"A name?" asked Donald, thinking of the two initials.

"Yes, a name—a girl's name," continued the old man, rubbing his chin and speaking slowly, as if trying to recollect. "Well, no matter. Intending to engrave the name later in the afternoon, I wrote it down in my order-book, and asked the lady for her address, so that I might send the chain to her the next day. But, no; she would not leave it. She must have the name engraved at once, right away, and must put the necklace herself on her little daughter. She would wait. Well, I wished to obey the lady, and set to work. But I saw immediately there was not space enough for the whole name. She was very sorry, poor lady, and then she said I should put on the two letters D. R. There they are, you see, my own work—you see that? And she paid me, and locked the chain on the baby's neck again—ah me! it is so strange!—and she went away. That is all I know."

He had spoken the last few sentences rapidly, after Donald had asked, excitedly, "What name, monsieur. What was the name, please?"

Now the old man, hardly pausing, deliberately went back to Don's question.

"The name? the name?—I can not quite say."

"Was it—Delia?" suggested Donald, faintly.

"Yes, Delia. I think that was the name."

If Donald had been struck, he could scarcely have been more stunned.

"Wait!" exclaimed Monsieur; "We shall see. I will search the old books. Do you know the year? 1850?—60?—what?"

"1859, November," said Donald, wearily, his joy all turned to misgiving.

"Ha! Now we can be sure! Come into the shop. Your young limbs can mount these steps. If you please, hand down the book for 1859; you see it on the back. Ah, how dusty! I have kept them so long. Now"—taking the volume from Donald's trembling hands—"we shall see."

Don leaned over him, as the old man, mumbling softly to himself, examined page after page.

"July, August, September—ah, I was a very busy man in those days—plenty to do with my

hands, but not making money as I have been since—different line of business for the most part—October—November—here it is—”

Donald leaned closer. He gave a sudden cry. Yes, there it was—a hasty memorandum; part of it was unintelligible to him, but the main word stood clear and distinct.

It was DOROTHY.

sure to write just what the lady told me.” An antique-looking clock behind them struck “two.” “Ah, it is time for me to eat something. Will you stay and take coffee with me, my friend. We are not strangers now.”

Strangers, indeed! Donald fairly loved the man. He did not accept the invitation, but thanking him again and again, agreed to return in the



MONSIEUR BAJEAU BECOMES INTERESTED IN DONALD'S CHAIN.

“Ah! Dorothy.” Echoed the other. “Yes, that was it. I told you so.”

“You said Delia,” suggested Don.

The old man gave a satisfied nod. “Yes, Delia.”

“But it's *Dorothy*,” insisted Donald firmly, and with a gladness in his tone that made the old man smile in sympathy. “Dorothy, as plain as day.”

To Monsieur Bajeau the precise name was of little consequence, but he adjusted his glasses and looked at the book again.

“Yes—Dorothy. So it is. A pretty name. I am glad, my friend, if you are pleased.” Here Monsieur shook Donald's hand warmly. “The name in my book is certainly correct. I would be

evening, for Monsieur wished to know more of the strange story.

Donald walked back to the hotel lightly as though treading the air. Everything looked bright to him. Havre, he perceived, was one of the most delightful cities in the world. He felt like sending a cable message home about the chain, but on second thought resolved to be cautious. It would not do to raise hopes that might yet be disappointed. It was just possible that after the visit to Monsieur Bajeau, his mother, for some reason, had transferred the necklace to baby Delia's neck. He would wait. His work was not yet finished, but he had made a splendid beginning.

More than one tourist hurrying through Havre that day, bound for the steamer or for that pride of the city, the hill of Ingouville, to enjoy the superb view, noticed the young lad's joyous face and buoyant step as he passed by.

Donald walked briskly into the hotel, intent upon writing a cheery letter home; but, from habit, he stopped at the desk to ask if there was anything for him.

"Mr. D. Reed?" asked the hotel clerk, pointing to a bulky envelope half covered with postage stamps.

"That 's my name," returned the happy boy as he hurriedly tore open one end of the envelope. "Whew! Six!"

There were indeed six letters; and all had been forwarded from Aix-la-Chapelle.

One was from Mr. Wogg, inclosing a bit of printed calico and a soiled memorandum, stating that he sent herewith a piece like the gown which the party in Liverpool had given to the young Frenchwoman fifteen years before. He had obtained it, Mr. Wogg said, "from an old patch-work quilt in the possession of the party, and had paid said party one crown for the same." Two letters were from Mr. Reed and Dorothy, and the rest, three in number—addressed to D. R., in care of Dubigk's Hotel, Aix-la-Chapelle—were from three persons with very different hand-writings, but each an Ellen Lee!

(Conclusion next month.)

DANDELION.

BY W. B. ALLEN.

A DANDELION in a meadow grew,
Among the waving grass and cowslips yellow;
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew,
He was a right contented little fellow.

Each morn his golden head he lifted straight,
To catch the first sweet breath of coming day;
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes, to wait
Until the long, cool night had passed away.

One afternoon, in sad, unquiet mood,
I paused beside this tiny, bright-faced flower,
And begged that he would tell me, if he could,
The secret of his joy through sun and shower.

He looked at me with open eyes, and said:
"I know the sun is somewhere, shining clear,
And when I cannot see him overhead,
I try to be a little sun, right here!"

A QUEER BOAT AND A FUNNY CREW.

BY C. J. T.

ONCE there was a riv-er with too much wa-ter in it. It had been rain-ing for a long time, and all the small streams which ran in-to this riv-er were ver-y full, and they poured so much wa-ter in-to the large riv-er that it rose a-bove its banks and spread far out o-ver the shore on both sides. This ris-ing of a riv-er is called a fresh-et, and it of-ten hap-pens that hous-es on the banks of the riv-er are car-ried a-way by the wa-ter, and that peo-ple and an-i-mals are drowned.

The wa-ter in this large riv-er rose so quick-ly that a great man-y liv-ing creat-ures did not have time to get to dry land. Some men

were on horse-back, and made their hors-es swim a-shore; and some peo-ple saved them-selves by climb-ing up on lit-tle isl-ands, or banks of earth a-bove the wa-ter.

There was a big, fat hog, who was so la-zy that he did not run to-ward the dry land as did the lit-tle pigs when the wa-ter reached the place where they were feed-ing, and it was not long be-fore the wa-ter was so deep a-round him that he could not run at all. Then he be-gan to be a-fraid he would be drowned, for he had never tried to swim, and he did not know wheth-er he could do so or not. Pres-ent-ly, he saw a large wood-en trough, which had been made for the hors-es to drink out of, come float-ing down quite near him.

"Hel-lo!" said the hog to him-self, "if here is n't a boat! I re-mem-ber when it was a horse-trough; but it must be a boat now, for it floats on the wa-ter. At a-ny rate, it is a good e-nough boat for me. If I can, I 'll get in-to it and float a-shore."

So the hog wad-ed close up to the trough, and, af-ter a great deal of trou-ble, he climbed in-to it. He was so big and clums-y that he came ver-y near up-set-ting it, and a good deal of wa-ter did get in-to the trough, but the hog was so glad to get in him-self that he did not mind stand-ing up to his knees in wa-ter. He now float-ed a-long ver-y well, but he did not float to the shore. The wa-ter was run-ning down the riv-er, and so, of course, his boat went that way too.

"If I on-ly had a sail, or a pair of oars," thought the hog, "I could make the boat go straight to shore. I have often seen a man in a boat, and when he had a sail or oars he could make the boat go just where he pleased. But I don't know how to man-age a sail, and I am not sure that I could hold oars with my fore feet; so, af-ter all, it may be just as well that I have n't ei-ther of them. Per-haps I may float a-shore be-fore long, and, at a-ny rate, this is a ver-y pleas-ant boat, and the wa-ter in it keeps my legs nice and cool."

Just then he came near an old hen-house which had once stood on dry land, but which was now far out in the wa-ter. On the roof of this house stood three hens and a cock, who had flown up there to keep dry.

"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-oo-oo!" crowed the cock, as soon as the hog came near. "Don't you want some pas-sen-gers?"

"No," said the hog, "there 's only room e-nough here for me. My boat is half-full of wa-ter a-ny-how, and you could n't stand in wa-ter, as I can."

"But we could perch on one side," said one of the hens.

"That would nev-er do at all," said the hog. "You would make that side heav-y and up-set us all. Why don't you fly a-shore?"

"It is too far," said an-oth-er of the hens; "we would flop in-to the wa-ter and be drowned."

"It is a great pit-y you are not ducks," said the hog; "then you could swim to the land."

"That's ver-y true," said the cock. "I nev-er be-fore wished to be a duck; but I think now it would be very nice to be one, and to swim a-shore. But, since we are not ducks and can not swim, I wish you would let us come on your boat. We might all sit on the mid-dle of your back, and then we would not tip the boat at all."

"Ver-y well," said the hog, "if you can do that you can come a-board; but do not fly down all at once, for that would rock my boat too much. You must come one at a time."

The three hens now flew, one at a time, on the hog's back. The cock was ver-y po-lite, and did not fly un-til the hens were all com-fort-a-bly on board. By this time the trough had float-ed past the hen-house, and the cock had to fly a good deal be-fore he reached the hog's back, but he got there safe-ly, and did not rock the boat at all.

"Now, then," said the cock, "this is real-ly pleas-ant. I nev-er be-fore made a trip on the wa-ter."

"I nev-er did either," said the hog. "If we only had some-thing to eat, we should do very well."

"As for me," said one of the hens, "I think it is per-fect-ly charm-ing. And I am not a bit hun-gry."

"I am al-ways hun-gry," said the hog.

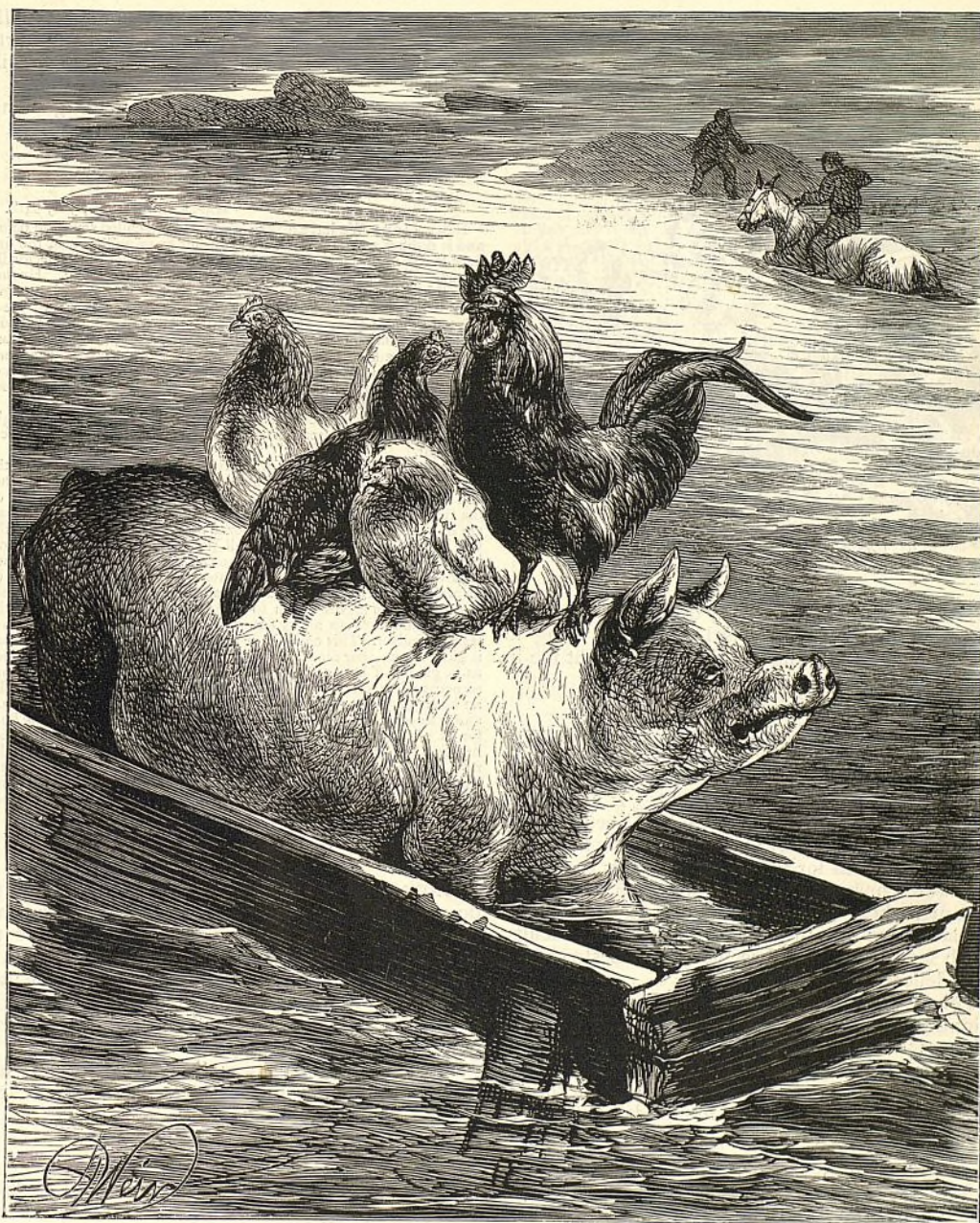
They float-ed, and they float-ed, and they float-ed un-til it was dark, and then they all went to sleep. About the mid-dle of the night the boat ran a-shore, and the hog, who was ver-y tir-ed of be-ing in the wa-ter, scram-bled out upon dry land. The fowls slipped off his back, and flut-tered on shore.

"This would do ver-y well," said the hog, "if we on-ly had some-thing to eat."

"We could n't see how to eat a-ny-thing if we had it," said one of the hens.

"If there was any food here I could eat it with-out see-ing it," said the hog. "I be-lieve I smell corn now."

With that he hunt-ed about un-til he found a corn-stack which stood near, and there he feast-ed un-til morn-ing. When it was day-light the fowls came to the corn-stack.



THE HOG AND HIS PASSENGERS.

"Oho!" said the hog, "I am sor-ry for you. You have had to stay o-ver there in the dark, and I have been eat-ing corn all night."

"We could n't see what we were eat-ing if we ate in the dark," said one of the hens.

"That makes no dif-fer-ence to me," said the hog.

"But we are not hogs," po-lite-ly re-marked the cock.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

TREAD lightly this time, my dears, and take your places without saying a word. We are going to lead off with something a little bird brought me in a letter:

WOVEN WIND.

IT is said that in India a muslin is manufactured which is so fine that it has received the poetic name of "Woven Wind." When laid upon the grass to bleach, the dew hides it from sight. It used to be spun only by native women who had been trained to the task from infancy; and so nice was the sense of touch required for the spinning of this yarn, that they were constantly waited upon by a retinue of servants, whose duty it was to relieve them of all menial offices that might endanger the fine faculty which long practice and seclusion had bestowed on their delicate finger-tips.

This "woven wind" is certainly a wonder of spinning, but your Jack happens to know of some spinners that are capable of still finer workmanship. The Deacon tells me that spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes many hundreds of them to equal in size a single hair.

WHO HAS TASTED IT?

I'M told that a certain fruit called the *durion* is the most delicious fruit in the world. The eatable part is a sort of cream-colored pulp, and this is enclosed in a hard shell covered with sharp spikes. It is a native of Borneo and grows on a tree like an elm. Has any one of my hearers ever tasted one? If so, Jack begs him, her, or it to report. Is it sweet, sour, high-flavored, or spicy? Does it resemble any North American fruit, and can it be raised in one of those glass buildings that prove such a puzzle to my birds? What of the *durion*?

By the way, I've just been informed that this

fruit, which must be pretty heavy, sometimes falls on persons passing under the high trees and hurts them seriously. It even has been known to kill people.

It does n't do to trust entirely to a thing being absolutely *good* because it is delicious, I find.

THE TREMBLING TREE.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., July 24th.

DEAR JACK: We have a very strange plant, called sensitive plant, and it dislikes to be touched. If you put your finger on it, the fine little leaves shrink away from you, and for a moment look decidedly wilted. But they soon brighten up if you let them alone. Having seen this plant every day, I was very much interested when a girl who belongs to the St. Nicholas Agassiz Association sent me a printed account of a wonderful sensitive plant which grows in Australia. She had cut the piece out of a newspaper. Will you please show it to the boys and girls, and then if any of them have ever seen just such a plant they will let you know. I do wonder if it is true. It says the tree is a kind of acacia, and ours is one of that kind, too, though it does not cut up so much.

This specimen, the account says, was grown from a seed brought from Australia, and already it has grown to be a sapling eight feet in height.

Regularly, every evening, when the chickens "go to roost," the tree performs very much the same duty. The leaves fold together and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. Lately, the tree being in a comparatively small pot, which it was fast outgrowing, it was deemed best to give it one of much larger size, but, when removed to its new quarters, it resented the operation to the best of its ability. When it had been fairly transplanted it acted as if furiously enraged. The leaves began to stand up in all directions, like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a feverish quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most sickening and pungent—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of venomous serpents when disturbed. The odor filled the house. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace, and it appeared that it had given up the battle only because the hour for its peculiar manner of "retiring" had arrived. It is probably needless to say that the children, and in fact the whole household, now stand in abject awe of the strange tree, as being a thing vastly more reptile than vegetable. Many similar experiences, and some even more remarkable, have been had with the different forms of highly sensitive plant-life.

Yours truly,
JENNIE C. R.

WAYS OF THINKING.

ONCE there was a man who did n't know what to do with himself. He had traveled twice around the world, he said, and there was nothing more to be seen. He was only twenty-eight years old.

And there was another man who said that life was too short, even what is called a long life would be too short for one to be able to thoroughly *see* a patch of growing grass a foot square.

Each of these men was right according to his way of thinking. But what a difference in the ways!

A TIDE 1296 FEET HIGH.

"Now you certainly must be mistaken, Jack," do I hear you say? "Why, in such a case the land would nearly all be covered by water, and—well, we never heard of such a thing, anyway."

But, my dears, this was long ago—ages and ages ago,—and I have the word of an eminent English astronomer for it. This learned man bases his calculations on the fact that, through lunar action on tides, the earth reacts on the moon, and is constantly driving it farther away. According to this scientist, who reasons backward, at one time the sun and the earth were so close together that the days were but three hours long instead of twenty-

four. The earth then made one complete revolution every three hours. It was in these ages that, as estimated, an ordinary tide would rise about 1296 feet.

But you don't understand all this, you say? And you want to know how the earth, through its tides, reacts on the moon? Well, this matter is not very clear in your Jack's mind; and the dear Little Schoolma'am is away, enjoying her "vacation." My birds can not help me this time, either. If we only had a wise old Dodo here, *he* might be able to explain. But the Dodo is an extinct bird, I'm told. It would be a joke, now, if these remarkable tides were before his time, even!

Anyway, if you consult an encyclopedia and read what it says about tides, you will probably either understand this business or not, more or less.

HOW THE FLAT-FISH DISAPPEARED.

HERE is a true story from a friend of the dear Little School-ma'am:

Kate and Robbie were on the bridge crossing a small creek near their house; Kate was eight years old and Robbie ten. They were watching the fish and the crabs and the shrimps, and whatever might come along. The water was only about a foot deep, and the bottom bright, clean sand, so that they could see with perfect clearness everything that passed.

Presently along came a flat-fish swimming up the creek. Flat-fish always swim close to the bottom, and when they stop swimming they lie flat on the bottom. This one was coming slowly along and stopping every few feet, and then going on again. He was about eight inches long and was of a dark brown color, and of course, as he contrasted with the bright sand, his dark color showed very strongly. The children saw him coming and were watching him, hoping that he would stop near them. He did so, making a halt just as he reached the bridge. They were very quiet for fear that they might frighten him, not even speaking; but some movement or other disturbed him, and *he disappeared*. "Why, Robbie! Where is the flat-fish?" "I am sure I can not tell, Kate. Did you see him go?" "No, and I was looking straight at him all the time. How could it be that he got away so quick?"

And so they went on talking over the matter, and wondering where the flat-fish was, while all the time he lay just where they had seen him stop.

After a few minutes Robbie's sharp eyes detected two black spots on the white sand. "Katie, don't you see those two specks? I wonder what they can be. I don't believe they were there before the flat-fish came." "Why, Robbie, they look to me like eyes. Do you suppose he has gone away and left his eyes there?" "I don't know, Kate, but you just keep still a minute and I will punch the place with a stick." He brought the stick, put it down carefully, and was about to touch the black spots, when away darted the flat-fish from the very spot under the stick, and as he swam off he looked as dark brown as he was when he came.

Now, how was it that he disappeared? Where did he go? I will tell you. He did not go; he lay still all the time, but he changed his color on the instant, so that instead of being dark he was as light as the sand, and thus the children were unable to see him, and when Robbie started him with the stick he resumed his dark color as suddenly. Is n't that strange? And yet it is absolutely true. I have seen it done many and many a time. You have probably read stories about the chameleon and its power of changing color. Probably all that you have ever read may be correct, but you ought to understand that other animals can change their color as well. I have seen chameleons often, and they change astonishingly, but a number of our fishes, can do it more strikingly. I have seen cuttle-fish, which are commonly called squids, change from dark chocolate-brown to clear white, and then back to brown again, and do it repeatedly, as rapidly as I could open and shut my hand.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO, IF—?

DON'T be frightened! I only want to say that the above is a good question to ask yourselves occasionally, and a careful consideration of it very helpful now and then. And here is a brief document in evidence of this fact:

DEAR JACK: My brother used to forget to arrange his clothes neatly at night, when going to bed, and Mamma chose a very novel way to cure him of his carelessness. Eddie was very much afraid of our house taking fire, or of fire in our neighborhood; so Mother said to him one night: "Eddie, what would you do if there was a fire in the night? You would not be able to find your clothes, and would occasion a deal of trouble to us all. Now lay them over a chair, in just the order in which you would wish to find them in case of fire."

Eddie thoughtfully did just as Mother said, and though he had to be reminded a few times after that, three years have now passed by, and I heard him say lately: "I never go to bed now without arranging my clothes neatly close at hand." D.

Talking of "what-ifs," moreover, I'm informed that historians say of Napoleon that, before beginning a battle, he thought little of what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he would do if surprised or defeated. And the mere fact that he won so many victories is no proof, in your Jack's opinion, that his taking defeat into consideration, and pondering awhile over resorts and emergencies, was a waste of time.

BABIES AMONG THE FLOWERS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Belle found such wonderful things growing *down in the ground*, in one of her flower-beds, that I must tell your children about them. I had never seen such growing, either in flower-garden or woodland, and probably some of your little folk can say the same.

One cold day last spring, while sweeping withered leaves into heaps for burning, Belle heard a strange little noise, right under her broom, as it seemed. "Queak, queak," it sounded, to the alarm of the little maiden, who having great fear of snakes, thought it must be one. The noise ceasing with her broom, she again commenced sweeping, and "queak, queak," came from the pile of leaves. She took a long stick, and stirring among the leaves found—what do you suppose? Only a hole scooped out, and well lined with soft gray fur, and in it what seemed to be a moving, wriggling ball of gray fur. It was a rabbit's nest, containing three tiny rabbits not larger than grown mice, but so much prettier! Their eyes were closed; but such long, dainty ears and beautiful sleek coats! Each had a straight line of white in each forehead, as though Mother "Cotton-tail" had combed and parted each little head, like any other mother who wishes her children to look very nice. After examining them, even taking one out of the nest, Belle replaced the hair-blanket and leaf-coverlet just as she found them, and concluded not to burn that heap of leaves.

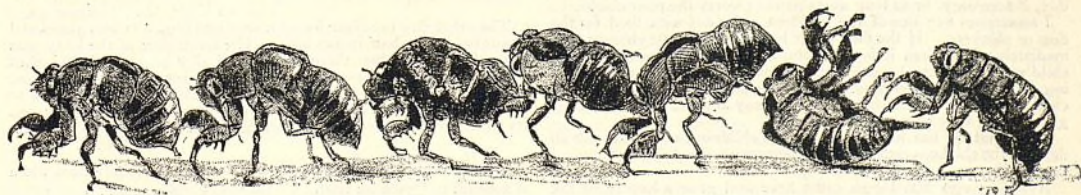
The gray babies received many visits, but soon grew so large and wide awake that one day, when Belle was taking a peep, out they scampered and were never more seen in the garden. Perhaps they came home to sleep every night, but they were not seen by Belle again.

Yours truly,

ANN N. N.

WHAT ARE THEY?

THE queer things shown in this picture are not alive, I'm told, and yet they seem to have an uncommonly lively look for what the Little School-ma'am calls "inanimate objects." Who can tell just what they are, and who can explain those strange black marks upon them that look like slits in their backs?



THE LETTER-BOX.



WHAT A CORRESPONDENT OF ST. NICHOLAS SAW IN A SEPTEMBER CORN-FIELD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Almost all children like to hear stories about animals. I would like to tell you one about a dog that is owned by a neighbor of ours. This neighbor has a good many handsome chickens which he prizes very highly, also a young hunting-dog.

This dog takes it upon himself to watch over these chickens, and he treats them pretty much as he pleases. In the morning, when the door of the coop is opened, he is too busy with his own breakfast to attend to them; but, as soon as that is finished, he starts for his charge.

First, he chases them around the yard until they take refuge in the shed or his kennel; then he will sit down before the door, and, from the way in which he wags his tail and shows his teeth, I am sure he laughs at the fright he has given the poor, innocent things.

By and by a very daring chicken gets out, but the dog runs round and round it, until he runs it into the shed. This he keeps up all day, if necessary, or as long as it seems to worry the poor chicks.

I sometimes see one of the children come out with food for the dog or chickens. If the food is for him, he leaves the chickens immediately; but when it is for them, he is very sad indeed, for the child stays out there to see that he does not molest them while eating, or steal away their food. I have seen bread thrown out to the chickens, and he would chase them all away and eat it himself, wagging his tail very contentedly.

After that he has his fun, for, as the children cannot stay out all day and the chickens cannot defend themselves, he again can imprison them.

Not long ago Mr. Bergh came here and gave a lecture on the

prevention of cruelty to animals, and spoke of the organization of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, which they have now in operation.

Now, as twelve chickens is a larger number than one dog, and as most people think the happiness of the greater number should be considered first, I think that Mr. Bergh should come here again and organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to chickens by dogs. Your faithful reader,

AMY MOTHERSHEAD (age 11).

GEORGE W. BARNES, of Philadelphia, sends a letter saying that he has been trying to make as many words as possible out of the letters contained in the words "Saint Nicholas"—and he incloses a list of seventy-two. Who will make more than this number?

KANSAS CITY, Mo., January 30.

The other day my sister found a very odd bug. It was green and about two and a half inches long. The lower part of the body was quite large, and then there was a long slim part about $\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. It had a three-cornered head. The eyes were on two corners, and the mouth on the third. When approached it turned to look at us. It had six legs, and when it wanted to pick its teeth [?] it put its foreleg over the second, and brought the second up to its mouth.

BINA J. RAY.

Who recognizes the bug? Who can tell what it really does when it appears to "pick its teeth"? Do 'bugs' have teeth?

THE following list, for which there was not room at the close of the September installment of "Art and Artists," comprises the most important existing works of the artists named therein:

BRUNELLESCHI: The Dome of the Cathedral, Florence; The Pazzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence; The Pitti Palace.

GHIBERTI: The Bronze Gates of the Baptistery, Florence; Sarcophagus of St. Zenobius, Cathedral, Florence.

BENVENUTO CELLINI: Perseus, Loggia de' Lanzi, Florence; Nymph in bronze, Renaissance Museum, Louvre, Paris; Golden salt-cellar, Cabinet of Antiques, Vienna; Crucifix in black and white marble, Escorial, Spain; A Reliquary, Royal Palace, Munich. Three cups and a flask, Plate-room, Pitti Palace, Florence; Cup of Lapis lazuli, Uffizi Gallery; Bust of Bindo Altoviti, Altoviti Palace, Rome.

DONATELLO: Dancing children, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; Statue of David, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; St. George and Sts. Peter and Mark, Or San Michele, Florence; Statue of Francesco Gattamelata, Padua; Magdalene, Baptistery, Florence; Judith, Loggia de' Lanzi, Florence.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—EIGHTEENTH REPORT.

THE BADGE.



The question of a badge for our Association has caused a great deal of discussion and awakened a great deal of interest. We have adopted one suggested by Kenneth Brown, which is here figured. It is a Swiss cross. This is doubly appropriate from the fact that Louis Agassiz was born in Switzerland, and that Switzerland was also the birth-place of school scientific societies like our own. The figure on the upper arm of the cross represents the number which each Chapter has in the general organization. The other letters explain themselves. We consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in having secured the services and interest of Mr. W. A. Hayward, 202 Broadway, New York. He has agreed to make badges for the members of the A. A. who wish them, at the following prices:

1. Blue ribbon, printed in gold.....\$0.10
2. Solid silver, engraved......50
3. Solid silver, blue enameled letters..... 1.00
4. Solid gold, engraved...... 3.00
5. Solid gold, blue enameled letters..... 4.00

Mr. Hayward may be considered the authorized badge-maker of the A. A., and all orders should be sent directly to him. We can not attend to them under any circumstances.

EXCHANGES.

Bird-skins and eggs.—A. C. Bent, Sec. Chapter 219, Taunton, Mass.

Siempra vivas, for marine curiosities.—J. J. O'Connell, Jr., Fort Stockton, Texas.

Will some one furnish the A. A. information regarding a genus of flies—*Offeria*, I believe—which, instead of hatching eggs, produces chrysalides?—Fred. E. Keay, North Cambridge, Mass.

Answer to W. Lighton: Philip Meeker.

Leaves and pressed flowers.—W. Evans, Sec., West Town, N. Y.

Shells and stones.—Miss S. M. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.

A buffalo's horn and a piece of lava.—Jesse Burgster, Saratoga, Dakota Ter.

Petrified stag-horn, shells, and white coral, for a Kansas grasshopper and three good specimens of other insects.—Miss Mamie Barker, 114 West Onondaga St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Scorpion from Palestine, lizard from South America, and minerals, for fossils.—E. C. Mitchell, 115 West Thirteenth St., New York.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mine is the painful task of informing you that W. B. Emory, the Secretary of our Chapter, is dead. We all mourn him sincerely.

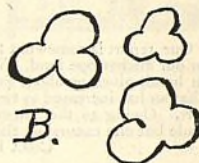
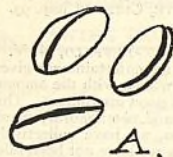
Had it not been for his enthusiasm, the Chapter would have disbanded long ago. We are a Chapter no longer.

Yours sorrowfully, F. E. COOMBS.

[The members of Chapter 208 have our most sincere sympathy and that of the whole A. A. in their sorrow.]

I give what I have found out about one kind of pollen. I shall not try to examine flowers in any order. I suppose my results and those of others will be arranged together.

Common name, Buttercup. *Shape*, globular, having three distinct lobes divided by chinks or depressions. (I infer this from the outline of the grains in the field of the microscope. The majority of the grains showed as at A, but many were like B.) *Color*, yellow. *Surface*, smooth. A. B. G.



[If each Chapter which owns a microscope would continue this study of pollen, as here indicated, and send us the results for comparison, it would be worth while.]

I have been much troubled in conducting exchanges, particularly eggs, as the identifications have seldom been sent. Let each collector give, at least, the locality in which a nest was found, the date, and number of eggs in nest. HARRY D. WHITE.

We have had the pleasure of watching the hatching of a butterfly's egg into a tiny dark caterpillar. MAY H. PRENTICE.

CHICOPEE, MASS.

A very little thought will show the error of "A. B. G.'s" theory (which was Agassiz's) that the hexagonal shape of bee-cells is caused by the crowding together of cylindrical cells. Examine the base of a cell, where a bee begins operations, and it will be found to be a "triangular pyramid," whose three faces are rhombs, and whose apex forms the center of the floor of the cell. I send you a sample of the artificial comb foundation now almost universally used by bee-keepers. To support the present theory, we must also assume that the *drone* cells in a comb are built by the drone bees, as their bodies alone are of the correct size to serve as a "model." In view of the fact that drones have neither wax-glands nor the organs necessary for cell-building, this is absurd. Finally, queen-wasps invariably build hexagonal cells, unaided and alone. Respectfully yours, JOHN D. WHITE.

I have lately received a fine skin of the puma or American lion (*Leopardus concolor*). It measures six feet eleven and a half inches from tip to tip. It has a dark line down the center of the back. The general color is tawny, and it is very beautiful.

JOHN L. HANNA, Fort Wayne, Ind.

H. Hancock writes: "I have been copying some of the snow-crystals figured in March St. NICHOLAS. I noticed that one had twenty-four points, and several had twelve. I read the other day that snow-crystals invariably had six points. How about that?"

[It has usually been said that snow-crystals have angles to the number of some multiple of three—this would allow both twelve and twenty-four; but, if the drawings which have been sent us are correct, there seems to be no law in the matter, for we have them of three, four, five, and six angles.]

We are pupils of the Waco Female College, Texas. About four years ago our teacher began to teach us to love nature, and, to keep our eyes and ears open, often took us to the woods. Oh, how we enjoyed those rambles! Such rides to and from the woods! We soon got a collection, and determined to form a Natural History Society. We were deliberating on a name when, to our great joy, your first article in St. NICHOLAS was read to us. With a few variations we forthwith adopted the name, constitution, and by-laws. Since then we have varied with wind and weather, but have now launched upon a smooth-sailing sea. We have twenty-six members. Some of our prominent citizens have joined us. By carefully hoarding our dues of admission, etc., we have been able to buy a fine microscope, a number of shells, and a few books and pictures. We have a book in which the librarian pastes articles and pictures selected by some one member every week. We have another into which the Secretary transcribes the papers read by the members be-

fore the Society, and also articles of interest which can not be cut from valuable books. The President always appoints one member to ask three questions to be answered at the next meeting. The correct answers are copied into our manuscript scrap-book. We often take questions from the St. NICHOLAS. Oh! we have so much to say to you, and to ask, I hardly know where to begin or leave off. We have a specimen of the Texas centipede for exchange, also a stinging lizard and a horned frog.

MISS JENNIE WISE, Box 454, Waco, Texas.

UNION ST., TAUNTON, MASS.

Our Chapter has just held its first anniversary. We are about to hold a field meeting. It will be at Lake Assawampsett, which is about ten miles from Taunton, and the largest lake in Massachusetts. Our meetings continue to be interesting. We have lessons in taxonomy, mounting botanical specimens, preserving marine objects, etc.

HARRY G. WHITE, Curator Chap. 93.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Our report is somewhat tardy, owing to an entertainment given for our microscope fund. We realized \$85, which, with the amount on hand, gives us about \$100 to invest in a good instrument. Our Chapter has increased to twenty-four active and two honorary members. Owing to the lateness of the season, we have collectively made but one excursion, though individually we have not been idle.

CORA FREEMAN, Cor. Sec. B. Chapter A. A.

CONDENSED REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS ASSIGNED TO JNO. F. GLOSSER, BERWYN, PA.

The Treasurer of Chapter 127, Beverly, Mass., reports finances in good condition, which means no debts and a balance in hand.

Report from Secretary of Newburyport, Mass., gives account of Agassiz's birthday celebration, which was interesting throughout and enjoyed by all. The alligator, now named "Dr. Tanner," still holds his own, eating almost nothing.

It is readily seen that Chapter 109 is located at the National Capital, for they are up to all sorts of parliamentary rules in their weekly meetings. Think of their going into a committee of the whole to discuss the question of celebrating Agassiz's birthday. There are many grown people who could learn how to conduct a public meeting by reading the reports of this Chapter.

Master Frank Ramaley, Sec. St. Paul, Minn., Chapter, says they are successful so far as filling their cabinet with specimens is concerned, but fears they are not learning enough. [A most hopeful sign.]

Jennie Hughes, Sec. Minneapolis, Minn., Chapter, reports seven new members, a picnic and woods meeting on the 27th of May. An oriole and grosbeak decorate their cabinet.

Mamie L. Kimberly, Sec. Auburn, N. Y., Chapter, sends a very encouraging report. Their cabinet contains specimens of ores from nearly all the Territories; quicksilver from California; moss, ferns, and leaves from Arizona; shells, fossils, silk-worm cocoons, and a dainty humming-bird's nest. A regular course of reading in botany and zoölogy occupies part of their time.

I would mention, for amphibious animals, the seal, walrus, climbing perch, and beaver. In answer to your question regarding what becomes of the tail of the tadpole, I would say it is gradually absorbed into the body. I send these questions for the A. A.: 1. Describe the kuda-ayer and its habits. 2. Why is the ounce so called? 3. What is a squid?

FRANK R. GILBERT, Chap. 255.

I found a small green caterpillar on a raspberry bush, and kept him under a tumbler. Pretty soon he began to act sick. I looked at him closely, and he had little green things sticking on his sides. Next morning he was yellow and the green things were as big as his head almost, and you could see them swallowing his blood. Pretty soon he turned black, and then they went off and died, and it was good enough for them. Good-bye.

IRENE PUTNAM.

Chapter 303 is in Vancouver, Washington Territory. The address in the Hand-book is the result of an error in printing. By the way, we must repeat that all orders for the Agassiz Hand-book, and all correspondence concerning the A. A., should be addressed to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass., and not to St. NICHOLAS.

Other reports cover our table, but for lack of space can barely be mentioned.

Miss Olive Cansey sends an excellent report from Scituate, Mass., containing the elaborate by-laws of Chapter 241.

Miss Ruegg sends us some beautiful pressed flowers from Stroud, England, among which the "wee modest crimson-tipped" daisies and the "small celandine" particularly please us.

H. H. Bice promptly sends a correction to one of his former answers, and mentions as amphibious the frog, newt, salamander, and proteus. [Who will write us a paper on the 'proteus' ?]

Miss Leila Mawer, of a London, Eng., Chapter, thinks "A. B. G." is right about the bees. She says: "The outer cells of a honeycomb are always more or less circular on their sides. Some bees, too, form free cells, which are always roughly cylindrical." [See Mr. White's letter in this report.]

The Hartford Chapter has been studying natural history under P. T. Barnum, but did not learn much about insects.

Jackson, Mich., celebrated the 28th of May with the following programme: 1. Life of A. 2. Notes about A. 3. Notes from A.'s trip to Brazil. 4. A.'s wife as his helper. 5. Prayer of A. 6. Tribute to A. 7. Personal anecdotes. 8. Piano solo. 9. Recitation. 10. Recitation. 11. "A good, great man." 12. An anecdote of A. 13. A.'s museum. 14. A.'s fiftieth birthday. [Such an exercise must have been extremely interesting and profitable.]

Philip C. Tucker (best), Fred. Clearwaters, and others answer Will Lighton's question by saying that the chrysalis contains the larvæ of a hawk-moth; probably *Sphinx Quinque-maculatus*. The appendage is its tongue-sheath. It must have been washed into the river, as the chrysalides of sphingidæ are buried underground.

Philadelphia (C) has noticed that when a snake swallowed a frog the frog's head was *outward*, and wishes to know "whether snakes are in the habit of swallowing their food hind part first."

Philip J. Tucker has two snake-skins, one of them three feet long.

Ernest Blehl, aged ten, has formed a wide-awake Chapter in Philadelphia. His motto is, "I will find a way, or make one."

Kansas City, Mo., has "already a good-sized cabinet, increasing every day."

San Francisco writes: "We shall get, if we can, the leaves of every tree and put them on cards."

Irene Putnam had a three-inch cocoon made of "hair." "The moth came out when we did not see it. It was very beautiful. It had feelers that looked just like big brown ostrich-feathers coming out of its head, and it had red trimming on its wings."

West Town, N. Y., is thriving in the midst of Philistines. "A good many people think and say that it won't last more than two or three months, but we are going to show them."

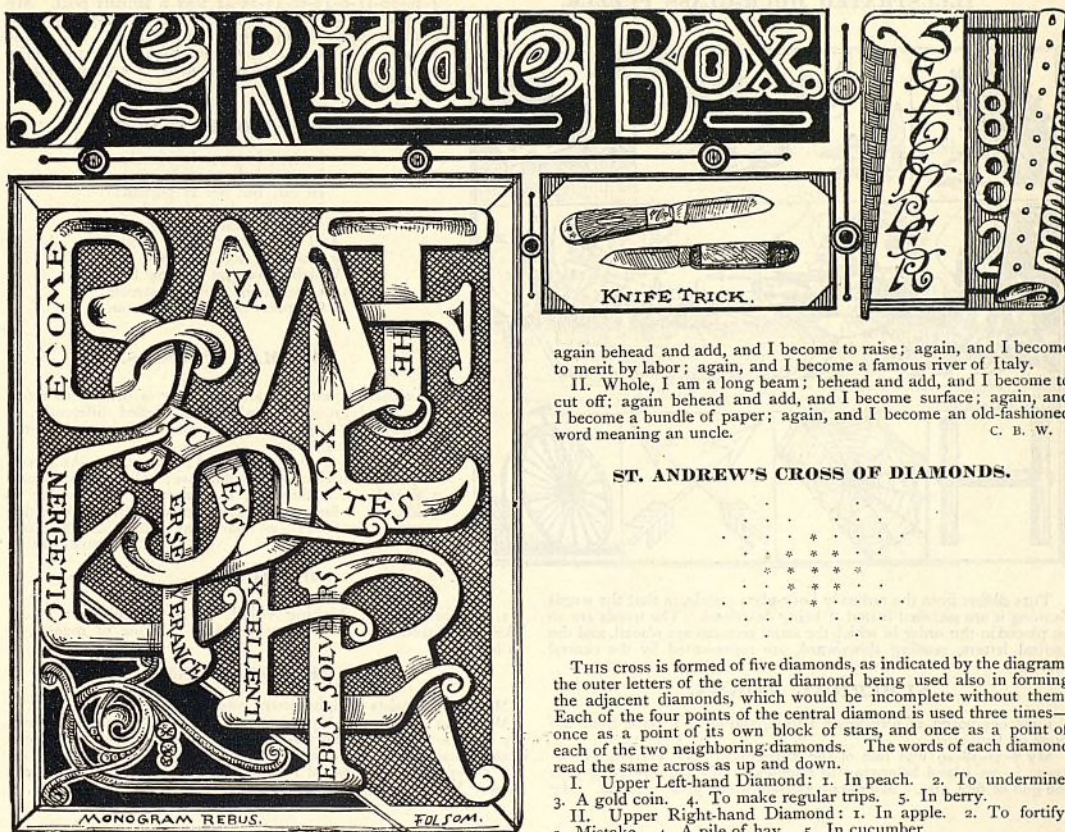
[A true interest in nature, such as most of our boys and girls have, is not a mushroom growth. It will increase with the flying years, and be a source of ever unfolding wonder and delight while life shall last. Those who have never felt this loving interest in nature can not understand it.]

Geneva, N. Y., now numbers twenty-eight. Meetings have been held every two weeks since the organization in February. Sponges, game-birds, perchers, birds of prey, and salt-water fishes have been studied and discussed. The members are carefully watching some newts' eggs as they change from small black specks. They have received as a present a "Venus basket-sponge."

One of the questions debated by Chapter 191, under the efficient guidance of President Mitchell, is, "Which is the most useful animal?"

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
298.	Pittsburgh, Pa. (D).....	10.	E. H. Henderson, 23d and Liberty Sts.
299.	Watertown, N. Y. (A).....	5.	Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., care of Hon. A. W. Clark.
300.	Bryn Mawr, Pa. (A).....	6.	Miss Grace A. Smith, Rosemont P. O., Montgomery Co.
301.	Topeka, Kan. (A).....	5.	Chas. A. Dailey, 218 Polk St.
302.	Cincinnati, Ohio (A).....	5.	Gaylord Miles, 35½ Sherman Ave.
303.	Vancouver, Wash. Ter.....	10.	L. A. Nicholson.
304.	Emporia, Kan. (A).....	10.	L. Osmond Perley, Box 1186.
305.	London, Eng. (B).....	8.	Miss Leila A. Mawer, 10 St. Michael's, Woodgreen, London N.
306.	Belmont, Nev. (A).....	30.	C. L. Deady.
307.	Columbus, Ohio (A).....	5.	E. G. Rice, 135 Park St.
308.	Wellington, Kan. (A).....	5.	J. T. Nixon, Box 504.
309.	Peekskill, N. Y. (C).....	5.	George E. Briggs.
310.	Belpre, Ohio (A).....	5.	Miss Fannie Rathbone.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

MONOGRAM REBUS.—Arrange the nine large letters of the above monogram so they will spell one word. Then read them in connection with the smaller letters which each large letter contains, using the large letters for the needed initials.

KNIFE TRICK.—With two knives make one thousand. G. F.

RHOMBOID.



ACROSS: 1. A boy's name. 2. Begins a voyage. 3. Trifling talk. 4. To pass off in vapor. 5. The surname of an Irish revolutionist, born in 1780.

DOWNWARD: 1. In September. 2. A verb. 3. To fold. 4. Affected manners. 5. A tablet for writing upon. 6. To make progress against. 7. Three-fourths of a large piece of timber. 8. A personal pronoun. 9. In September. BESSIE TAYLOR.

PL.

HA, oons no delfi dan lhil
Eth diwn lashi thislew lilch,
Nad trachpair wassowll acl rithe foclks hetgete,
Ot lyf moft storf nad wosn,
Dan kees rfo sland herew bowl,
Het arfire slosmobs fo a lambier thaweer.

"POLONIUS."

BEHEADINGS AND FINAL ADDITIONS.

EXAMPLE: Whole, I am a flat-bottomed boat; behead and add, and I am a garment worn by monks; again behead and add, and I am a species of night birds. **ANSWER,** scow, cowl, owls.

I. Whole, I am a rodent; behead and add, and I become surface;

again behead and add, and I become to raise; again, and I become to merit by labor; again, and I become a famous river of Italy.

II. Whole, I am a long bean; behead and add, and I become to cut off; again behead and add, and I become surface; again, and I become a bundle of paper; again, and I become an old-fashioned word meaning an uncle. C. B. W.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



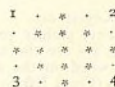
THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times—once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. In peach. 2. To undermine. 3. A gold coin. 4. To make regular trips. 5. In berry.
II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In apple. 2. To fortify. 3. Mistake. 4. A pile of hay. 5. In cucumber.
III. Central Diamond: 1. In orange. 2. A West Indian vegetable. 3. Impetuous. 4. Confronted. 5. In grape.
IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In melon. 2. Endeavor. 3. A species of sea-duck. 4. Individuals. 5. In pear.
V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In apricot. 2. Uppermost. 3. A peculiar kind of candle. 4. The god of shepherds. 5. In pine-apple. "FIREFLY."

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. An interrogative pronoun. 2. A many-headed monster. 3. A lazy person. 4. To crawl. 5. A fabulous monster.
II. 1. Pertaining to a king. 2. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 3. To long. 4. To concur. 5. Country by-ways. A. S. C. A.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.



READING ACROSS: 1. A feminine name. 2. Empty. 3. A river of Africa. 4. Slumber. 5. A rack for holding pictures.

INCLOSED DOUBLE DIAMOND. Reading across: 1. A consonant. 2. A girl's name. 3. A river of Africa. 4. A place defended from the wind. 5. A consonant. Reading downward: 1. A consonant. 2. Three-fourths of a river of Africa. 3. Fumes. 4. Half of a small steel instrument. 5. A consonant.

DIAGONALS. From 1 to 4, a spirit; from 2 to 3, a corner.

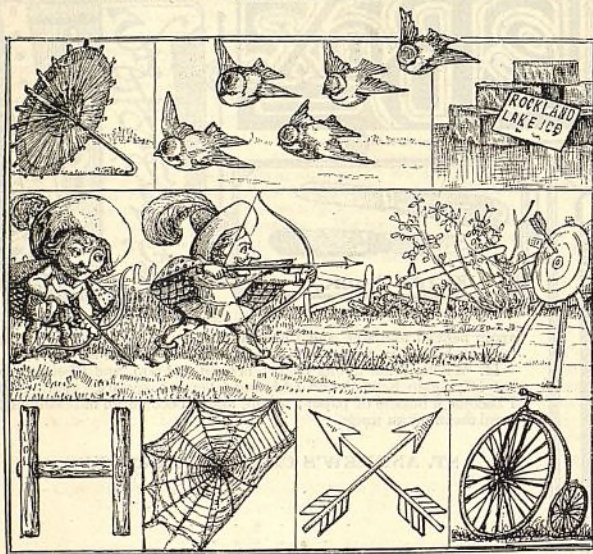
G. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name the title of a versified Oriental romance.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The morning star. 2. A brisk movement in music. 3. A place of restraint. 4. A singing bird. 5. Any part of a circle. DYCIE.

ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.



THIS differs from the ordinary hour-glass puzzle, in that the words forming it are pictured insted of being described. The words are to be placed in the order in which the small pictures are placed, and the central letters, reading downward, are represented by the central picture.

S. A. R.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters, and form a verse from the book of Proverbs.

My 8-32-38-49 was one of the patriarchs. My 37-18-40-12-3-57-29 is an island belonging to Portugal. My 1-43-7-17-33-31 is the god of fine arts. My 2-53-17-20-46 was a great general. My

4-36-10-11-6-43-56-15-25-41 was a famous poet. My 30-34-16-14-54-42 are combats. My 19-21-39-44-51-55 is a language. My 13-23-5-20-47 is robbery. My 35-48-15-9-24 is to deride. My 45-22-5-52 is the stalk of a plant. My 26-56-39-28 is crooked. My 51-27-50-13 is an action at law.

LIONEL A. BURNS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In fox, but not in camel;
In camel, but not in cat;
In cat, but not in pigeon;
In pigeon, but not in bat.

My whole, it stands for power,
And waves o'er many seas;
My whole is, too, a flower,
Which grows on marshy leas;—
Is on the cities' crowded streets;
Now guess me, if you please.

GERMAN COUSINS.

IN the following puzzle each pair of definitions refers to a word pronounced alike, but spelled differently, in German and English. The German definition is printed first, then the English.

1. An oval body; a personal pronoun. 2. An adversary; to discover. 3. Recompense; solitary. 4. Want; a sound. 5. A likeness; to construct. 6. A song; to guide. 7. A farinaceous substance; armor. 8. A rustic; an arbor. 9. Glory; an apartment. 10. Wide; brilliant.

A. T. MOMBERT.

DIAMOND.

1. In early. 2. A drinking vessel. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. A lake in Switzerland. 5. A salt-water fish. 6. One of many. 7. In late.

ISOLA.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

My whole consists of eight letters, and means acted.

My 1-2-3 is to open. My 1-2-3-4-5 is a musical entertainment. My 2-3-4 is through. My 3-4-5 is a fixed point of time. My 4-5-6 is an animal. My 4-5-6-7 is proportion. My 5-6 is a preposition. My 5-6-7 is the goddess of revenge. My 6-7-8 is a boy's nickname. My 7-8 is a boy's nickname.

ALCIBIADES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE. I. Double Acrostic. Primals, scythe; finals, garner. Cross-words: 1. StrikinG. 2. CeceliA. 3. YearneR. 4. TrunnioN. 5. HalberdinE. 6. EarlieR. II. Easy Diamond. 1. B. 2. TAG. 3. BaLes. 4. GEM. 5. S. III. A Word. Musical.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. August. 2. Urania. 3. Garret. 4. Unrest. 5. Siesta. 6. Tattas.

A LATIN-GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. Amor ac deliciae generis humani. 1. A-zores. 2. M-alta. 3. O-rinoco. 4. R-otterdam. 5. A-ral. 6. C-anton. 7. D-enmark. 8. E-cuador. 9. L-yons. 10. I-tasca. 11. C-alcutta. 12. I-daho. 13. A-byssinia. 14. E-gypt. 15. G-ranada. 16. E-rie. 17. N-icaragua. 18. E-u-phrates. 19. R-ouen. 20. I-ndus. 21. S-candinavia. 22. H-en-lopen. 23. U-trecht. 24. M-ozambique. 25. A-thens. 26. N-eva. 27. I-rawaddy.

PICTORIAL CHARADE. Key-stone. Here of my first is the key, plainly presented to you; While on this foundation we see the second is open to view. Find the whole word on the arch.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND. (From left to right.) 1. R. 2. NEp. 3. ReVel. 4. DellVer. 5. HaLes. 6. NEt. 7. D.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from R. H. S., and F. L. Atbush. ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Maud, 1—Sadie L. Demarest and William M. Richards, 3—“Rose,” 1—Fred. S. Elliot, 2—E. M., 1—J. W. Yeary, 2—Julius Fay, 1—C. R. W., 1—Susie M. Conant, 1—D. S. Crosby, Jr., 4—Willie B. Chase, 1—Pansy, 2—Fred. E. Stone, 3—Edith H. E. Parsons, 11—Paul England and Co., 4—Sallie Close, 3—Nellie Mosher, 1—Harry Reed, 1—Ada Reed, 1—Grace Reed, 1—“Rosamond,” 1—Bessie Ammerman, 4—Alice Dupré Lane Jones, 1—Arabella Ward, 5—E. Hope Goddard, 7—“Two Aesthetic Maidens,” 7—“Patience,” 5—F. Lawrence Bosqué, 1—Vera, 3—Effe K. Talboys, 9—Kittie B. Harris, 1—W. St. L., 5—“Pewee,” 3—Frankie Gardiner, 2—Leslie B. Douglass, 7—Cherry, 2—Cliff. M. Reifsnider, 1—“Alcibiades,” 6—Frank Nugent, 2—Warren, 4—V. P. J. S. M. C., 4—Génie J. Callmeyer, 6—Jessie Hutchinson, 7—Jas. T. Howes, 7—H. L. Pruyn, 2—Arthur C. Hixon, 10—“Machine,” 5—V. M. Giffin, 3—Bertie and Maud, 6—Azile, 3—Madge Tolderlund, 3—Harry Johnston, 7—J. H. Cumming, 2—Sallie Viles, 10—Fannie and Minnie, 6—Three Robins, 8—Charles H. Parmlly, 5—John G. Morse, 12—Sarah and Margaret, 2—Vin, Alex, and Henry, 5—Standish McCleary, 4—Mary E. Baker, 4—Helen's Mamma, 10—Fred. Thwaites, 9—Willie L. Brower, 3—Anna K. Dessault, 2—Appleton H., 7—Marna and Bae, 12—Florence G. Lane, 1—Clara J. Child, 10—Verna E. Barnum, 3—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 3—Algernon Tassin, 4—John F. Putnam, 1—Minnie and Florence Larwill, 3—Florence Leslie Kyte, 10—Pan Z, 6—Potrero, 6—Pernie, 5—G. L. and J. W., 2—Two Friends, 5—Lyde McKinney, 6—Gardiner L. Tucker, 7—Clara and her Aunt, 8—Edwin McNeilly, 5—J. C. Winne, 1.

