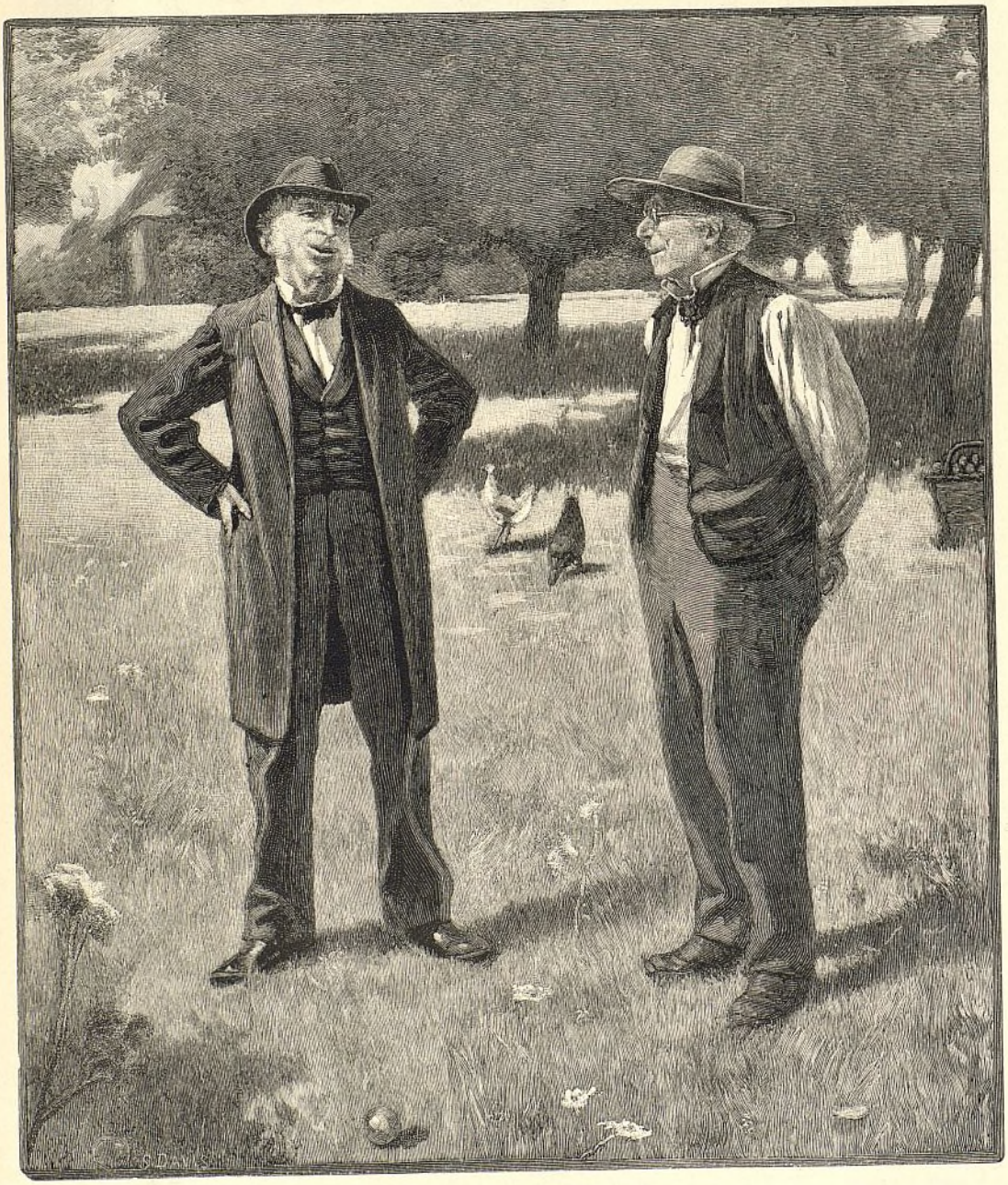

"WHEN WE WERE BOYS—"

[See Letter-box.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE FAMINE AMONG THE GNOMES.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

I BELIEVE it was in the winter of 18— (but it does not matter so much about the time) that the servants on the large estate of Halthorp raised a great ado about something or other. Whereupon the baron of Halthorp, who was too stout to walk down the stairs on slight provocation, called his steward in a voice like that of an angry lion, and asked him, "Why in the name of Moses he did not keep the rascals quiet."

"But, your honor," stammered the steward, who was as thin as the baron was stout, "I have kept them quiet for more than a month past, though it has been hard enough. Now, they refuse to obey me unless I admit them to your honor's presence, that they may state their complaint."

"Impudent beggars!" growled the old gentleman. "Tell them that I am about to take my after-dinner nap, and that I do not wish to be disturbed."

"I have told them that a dozen times," whined the steward, piteously. "But they are determined to leave in a body, unless your honor consents to hear them."

"Leave! They can't leave," cried his honor. "The law binds them. Well, well, to save talking, fling the doors open and let them come in."

The steward hobbled away to the great oak-paneled doors (I forgot to tell you that he limped in his left foot), and, cautiously turning the knob and the key, peeped out into the hall. There stood the servants—twenty-eight in all—but, oh! what a sight! They were hollow-cheeked, with hungry eyes and bloodless lips, and deep lines about their mouths, as if they had not seen food for weeks. Their bony hands twitched nervously at the coarse clothes that flapped in loose folds about their lean and awkward limbs. They were indeed a pitiful spectacle. Only a single one of them—and that was of course the cook—looked like an ordinary mortal, or an extraordinary mortal, if you like, for she was nearly as broad as she was long. It was owing to the fact that she walked at the head of the procession as they filed into the parlor, that the baron did not immediately discover the miserable condition of the rest. But when they had faced about, and stood in a long row from wall to wall—well, you would hardly believe it, but the baron, hard-hearted as he was, came near fainting. There is a limit to all things, and even a heart of steel would have been moved at the sight of such melancholy objects.

"Steward," he roared, when he had sufficiently recovered himself, "who is the demon who has dared to trifle with my fair name and honor? Name him, sir,—name him, and I will strangle him on the spot!"

The steward, even if he had been acquainted with the demon, would have thought twice before naming him under such circumstances. Accordingly he was silent.

"Have I not," continued the baron, still in a voice that made his subjects quake—"have I not caused ample provisions to be daily distributed among you? Have not you, Mr. Steward, the keys to my store-houses, and have you not my authority to see that each member of my household is properly provided for?"

The steward dared not answer; he only nodded his head in silence.

"If you please, your honor," finally began a squeaky little voice at the end of the row (it was

"OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN CAME A CROWD OF GNOMES."

that of the under-groom), "it is n't the steward as is to blame, but it 's the victuals. Somehow there is n't any taste nor fillin' to them. Whether I eat pork and cabbage, or porridge with molasses, it don't make any difference. It all tastes alike. As I say, your honor, the old Nick has got into the victuals."

The under-groom had hardly ceased speaking before the baron, who was a very irascible old gentleman, seized his large gold-headed cane, and, as quickly as his bulk would allow, rushed forward to give vent to his anger.

"I 'll teach you manners, you impudent clown," he bawled out, as, with his cane lifted above his head, he rushed into the ranks of the frightened servants, shouting to the under-groom, "Criticise my victuals, will you, you miserable knave!"

The under-groom having on former occasions made the acquaintance of the baron's cane, and still remembering the unpleasant sensation, immediately made for the door, and slipped nimbly out before a blow had reached him. All the others, who had to suffer for their spokesman's boldness, tumbled pell-mell through the same opening, and jumped, rolled, or vaulted down the steps and landed in a confused heap at the bottom of the stairs.

The baron, in the meanwhile, marched with long strides up and down the floor, and expressed himself, not in the politest language, concerning the impudence of his domestics.

"However," he grumbled to himself, "I must look into this affair and find out what fraud there is at the bottom of it. The poor creatures could n't get as lean as that unless there was some real trouble."

About three hours later, the baron heard the large bell over the gable of his store-house ring out for dinner. The wood-cutters and the men who drove the snow-plow, and all other laborers on the large estate, as soon as they heard it, flung away their axes and snow-shovels and hurried up to the mansion, their beards and hair and eyebrows all white with hoar-frost, so that they looked like walking snow-men. But as it happened, the under-groom, Nils Tagfat, chanced at that moment to be cutting down a large snow-laden fir-tree which grew on a projecting knoll of the mountain. He pulled off his mittens and blew on his hands (for it was bitter cold), and was about to shoulder his ax, when suddenly he heard a chorus of queer little metallic voices, as it seemed, right under his feet. He stopped and listened.

"There is the bell of Halthorp ringing! Where is my cap? where is my cap?" he heard distinctly uttered, though he could not exactly place the sound, nor did he see anybody within a mile around. And just for the joke of the thing, Nils, who was always a jolly fellow, made his voice as fine as he could, and, mimicking the tiny voices, squeaked out:

"Where is my cap? Where is my cap?"

But imagine his astonishment when suddenly he heard a voice answer him with: "You can take Grandfather's cap!" and at the same moment there was tossed into his hands something soft, resembling a small, red-peaked cap. Just out of curiosity, Nils put it on his head to try how it would fit him, and small as it looked, it fitted him perfectly. But now, as the cap touched his head, his eyes were opened to the strangest spectacle he ever beheld. Out of the mountain

came a crowd of gnomes, all with little red-peaked caps, which made them invisible to all who were not provided with similar caps. They hurried down the hill-side toward Halthorp, and Nils, who was anxious to see what they were about, followed at a proper distance behind. As he had half expected, they scrambled up on the railings at the door of the servants' dining-hall, and as soon as the door was opened they rushed in, climbed up on the chairs, and seated themselves on the backs just as the servants took their places on the seats. And now Nils, who, you must remember, had on the cap that made him invisible, came very near splitting his sides with laughter. The first course was boiled beef and cabbage. The smell was delicious to Nils's hungry nostrils, but he had to conquer his appetite in order to see the end of the game. The steward stood at the end of the table and served each with a liberal portion; and at the steward's side sat the baron himself, in a large, cushioned easy-chair. He did not eat, however; he was there merely to see fair play.

Each servant fell to work greedily with his knife and fork, and just as he had got a delicious morsel half-way to his mouth, the gnome on the back of his chair stretched himself forward and calmly snatched the meat from the end of the fork. Thus, all the way around the table, each man unconsciously put his piece of beef into the wide-open mouth of his particular gnome. And the unbidden guests grinned shrewdly at one another, and seemed to think it all capital fun. Sometimes, when the wooden trays (which were used instead of plates) were sent to be replenished, they made horrible grimaces, often mimicking their poor victims, who chewed and swallowed and went through all the motions of eating without obtaining the slightest nourishment. They all would have liked to fling

"THE BARON SPRANG UP WITH AN EXCLAMATION OF FRIGHT."

knives and forks and trays out through the windows, but they had the morning's chastisement freshly in mind, and they did not dare open their mouths except for the futile purpose of eating.

"Well, my lads and lasses," said the baron, when he had watched the meal for some minutes; "if you can complain of food like this, you indeed deserve to be flogged and put on prison fare."

"Very likely, your honor," said one of the milk-maids; "but if your honor would demean yourself to take a morsel with us, we would bless your honor for your kindness and complain no more."

The baron, looking around at all the hopeless eyes and haggard faces, felt that there was something besides vanity that prompted the request; and he accordingly ordered the cook to bring his own plate and drew his chair up to the table. Hardly had he seized his knife when Nils saw a gnome, who had hitherto been seated on the floor awaiting his turn, crawl up on the arm of his big chair and, standing on tiptoe, seize between his teeth the first bit the baron was putting to his mouth. The old gentleman looked astounded, mystified, bewildered; but, fearing to make an exhibition of himself, selected another mouthful, and again conducted it the accustomed way. The gnome came near laughing right out, as he dispatched this second morsel in the same manner as the first, and all around the table the little monsters held their hands over their mouths and seemed on the point of exploding. The baron put down knife and fork with a bang; his eyes seemed to be starting out of his head, and his whole face assumed an expression of unspeakable horror.

"It is Satan himself who is mocking us!" he cried. "Send for the priest! Send for the priest!"

Just then Nils crept around behind the baron, who soon felt something soft, like a fine skull-cap, pressed on his head, and before he had time to resent the liberty, he started in terror at the sight of the little creature that he saw sitting on the arm of his chair. The baron sprang up with an exclamation of fright, and pushed the chair back so violently that it was almost upset upon the floor. The gnome dexterously leaped down and stood staring back at the baron for an instant; then, with a spring, he snatched a potato and half a loaf of bread, and disappeared. In his haste, the baron ran against Nils, the under-groom, who (now without a cap) was standing with a smiling countenance calmly surveying all the confusion about him.

"Now, was I right, your honor?" he asked with a respectful bow. "Did *you* find the victuals very filling?"

The baron, who was yet too frightened to answer, stood gazing toward a window-pane, which suddenly and noiselessly broke, and through which the whole procession of gnomes, huddled together in flight, tumbled headlong into the snow-bank without.

"And what shall we do, Nils?" said the baron, the next day, when he had recovered from his shock, "to prevent the return of the unbidden guests?"

"Stop ringing the great bell," answered Nils. "It is that which invites the gnomes."

And since that day the dinner-bell has never been rung at Halthorp.

But one day, late in the winter, Nils the groom, as he was splitting wood on the mountain-side, heard a plaintively tinkling voice within, singing:

"Hunger and sorrow each new day is bringing,
Since Halthorp bell has ceased its ringing."

RADISHVILLE.

By William O. Stoddard.

"WHAT is it, Charley — what are you digging for now? Is it mice?"

"Mice! Wud he go for mice wid a rake? An' it 's not mice, begorra," said Pat McCue.

"No, it is n't mice; but if you boys want some fun, you can climb over and take hold."

"We 're coming. I 'll call Grip. What on earth is it, Charley?"

"No, sir! I don't want Grip. Not this time. I don't care to have any small dogs in my town."

"Your *town?*"

Hal Pinner had reached the top rail of the garden fence, and he paused for a moment to look down on the puzzle.

"Town!" echoed Pat McCue. "I 'd like to know what wud a town be wid no dogs?"

Charley Brayton had not stopped work for an instant. He was plying a long-handled garden rake upon a patch of soft earth near the fence, and his younger brother stood in the path, a few feet away, watching him very seriously.

"Dogs?" he said. "Yes, of course, dogs. When the town 's done, I 'll have some; cats, too, if I can get 'em of the right size."

"Hal," said Pat McCue, gravely, "Charley 's took wid one of his quare noshins — that 's all."

Just now Charley's "queer notion" had so strong a hold upon him that he did not seem to notice it. He raked away, with a care that was quite remarkable, for a moment more. Then he drew a long breath and leaned upon his rake-handle.

"Well, I 'll tell you, boys, it 's just this way: My Uncle Frank is visiting at our house. He lives away out West. None of our folks have seen him before for years and years. I did n't know him at first. They had to tell me who he was. Then he showed me a couple of bats and a ball he 'd bought for me."

"Show us thim," interrupted Pat McCue. "Sure, it 's a new ball we nade, worst of all things in the worruld."

"I will, by and by," said Charley. "And he brought me a new knife with four blades."

"Hear that, Hal Pinner!" shouted Pat. "It 's out West they make the right kind of uncles. I 'll get me mother to spake for wan."

"And he said if I 'd come and pay him a visit he 'd give me a gun ——"

"Now, Charley, whin ye go on that visit, take me along. Mebbe he 's got two o' thim guns!"

"Keep still, Pat," said Hal Pinner. "Let Charley get through."

Charley had to turn, just then, and say to his small brother: "Keep back, Bub — you 're stepping on the boundary line," but he went right on with his explanation.

"And you see, boys, Uncle Frank 's been building a new town, and they let me sit up till eleven o'clock last night, hearing him tell all about it ——"

"Elivin o'clock," muttered Pat.

"And it was all a bare prairie when he began. Not a house, nor a fence, nor so much as a field of corn on it ——"

"That 's it," said Pat; "it 's aisy to do anything at all, af there 's nothing at all in the way."

"And Uncle Frank went at it, and now it 's a young city, with two railroads and a river, and all sorts of things, and the people that live there buy town-lots of him and pay him rent for their houses, and buy sugar and coffee and things at his store, and he has a big farm outside, and hunts for birds and deer and rabbits."

"I 'd like to have four or foive of them uncles," said Pat, with a long sigh, as he slowly came down from the fence. "But what 's all that got to do wid your rakin' for mice in the garden, to-day?"

"Mice?" said Charley. "This bed was full of radishes, till they got ripe. Then we pulled 'em up and ate them. Uncle Frank says they have radishes three times as large out West. And I asked Father if I might have the bed for a town, now it 's empty, and I 've got it almost level now. The first thing to do, when you 're going to build a town, is to get all the weeds and sticks and old roots out of the way."

Hal Pinner was on the ground now, and both he and Pat McCue began to see the fun in Charley Brayton's "quare noshin."

As for Grip, that active little black-and-tan had worked his way under the fence, but he had scented something among Deacon Pinner's lilac bushes, and was dodging in and out through them.

The rake had nearly done its part in the work of making that town, and the patch of earth, about six feet wide by twice as many long, was as smooth and level as a table.

A hoe, a shovel, a lot of half-bricks, and a pile of shingles were lying in the path, and little Bub Brayton was doing his best on a building of his own with some of the bricks.

"That 's our prairie," said Charley. "We 'll want a river next."

"What for?" asked Hal Pinner.

"What for?" said Pat McCue. "Did ye never see a river? It 's to put bridges over. What wud ye do wid yer bridges av ye did n't provide a river?"

"And to run steam-boats on," said Charley, as he worked away with his hoe at a sort of trench running across the patch from corner to corner.

"I 'll put in this end of yer river wid the spade," said Pat.

"What shall I do?" asked Hal.

"Pick out a good big brick for a corner grocery store, and another for a college, and another for a hotel. Then you go and cut some sods for a City-hall square. That 's got to be green, till the people kill the grass by walking on it. Uncle Frank says they 've killed all his grass, except some that grows wild in the streets."

The new river was rapidly dug out, but no water made its appearance.

"We 'll do without wather for a while," said Pat, "but we 'll build twice as many bridges, so they 'll know it 's a river whin they coom to it."

The sods were cut and brought, and Charley went to the house for a long pole, and, with that laid flat on the ground, he began to mark out the patch of ground into little squares of about twelve inches each.

"What are ye doin' now?" asked Pat.

"Laying out the streets. Uncle Frank did that, first thing. Only he says the cows can't find some of them yet, and there 's two he wishes he 'd lost before he let 'em be built up the way they are. This is the main street."

"Make it wider," said Pat. "Think of all the processions there 'll be on that sthreet! Make it wide enough for any kind of a Fourth of July to walk in."

"I say, Charley," said Hal, "here 's a lot of bricks just alike. Let 's have a block of stores."

"All right. And these stones are for meeting-houses."

"There 's just about shingles enough for bridges," said Pat. "But what are ye raisin' that hape o' dirt for, at the corner?"

"That 's our fort. We 'll cut a Liberty-pole and swing out a flag, and I 'll mount all three of my cannon on it."

"And my pistol," said Hal.

"And I 've a big cannon of me own," added Pat. "I can put it behind the fort, lukin' over into the town. They 'll all be paceable enough whin they luk into the mouth of it."

It was grand fun, and the boys worked like beavers. They were so busy, in fact, that they were not listening for the sound of coming feet, and their first warning of the approach of a visitor was from a deep voice behind them, which suddenly said:

"All right, Charley. I see what you 're up to. Did n't I hear you say that all those stones were meeting-houses?"

"Oh, Uncle Frank! Are you here? Yes, sir."

He rapidly ran over the names of several denominations, and could not see why Uncle Frank should laugh as he did.

"That 's it, Charley. We went at it just in that way. We 're doing a good deal what you are, to this very day."

"What 's that, sir?" asked Charley.

"Waiting for population, my boy. Some of it has come but we want more."

"'Dade, sir, and some of ours has come, too," suddenly exclaimed Pat McCue, "and it 's diggin' cillars, first thing."

Charley turned to look, and instantly shouted:

"Hal Pinner, call off Grip! He 's scratching the main street right into the river! Bub, jump out quick! You 've put the Baptist meeting-house on top of the town-hall. Stop!"

Bub chuckled with delight, and before he obeyed he rearranged several of the bridges across the new stores instead of the river.

"What is the name of your new city, Charles?" asked Uncle Frank, soberly.

"Name? I had n't thought of that. I suppose it must have a name."

"Certainly. That 's the first thing, when you build a town. All there was of my new town, for ten years, was the name and an old wagon I left in the middle of it. The rest of it grew up around that wagon."

"Did n't ye say there was radishes here, wance, on the bed that was?" asked Pat McCue.

"Yes," hesitated Charley.

"That 's it, thin — our town is named, sir. It 's Radishville!"

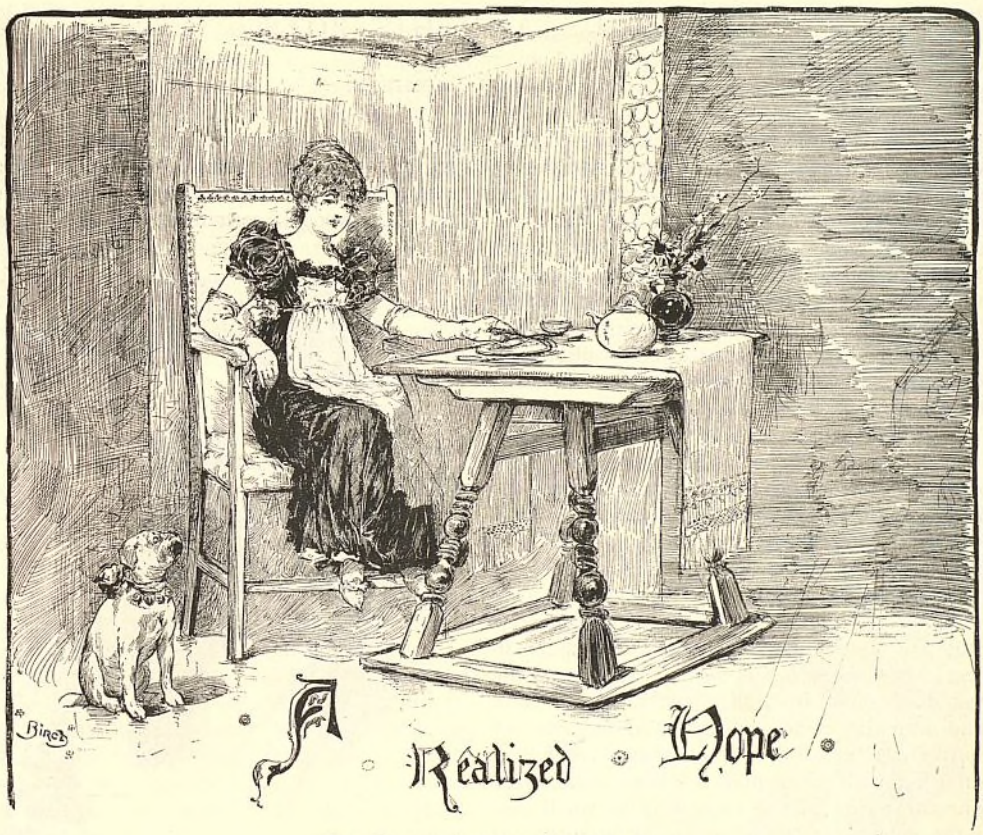
"Capital," exclaimed Uncle Frank. "All your letters 'll come straight. It 's the only town of that name in the whole country. But you 'll have to look out for one thing."

"What 's that, sir?"

"The right kind of population. We let in some that made us all sorts of trouble."

"So did we, sor," said Pat McCue. "There he is again. Was it dogs of that size, sor? Sure and that black-and-tan wud scratch the sthreets out of ony town, av he got at it while it was young and tinder."

Grip was put over the fence again and Uncle Frank walked away, but the boys spent more than one morning, after that, in building up and ornamenting and fortifying Radishville.



By Clara Louise Burnham.

O dear, it 's very hard indeed to sit here patiently,
And see that heartless little girl eat chicken for her tea!
She don't know how to take a hint, for I have said "Bow-wow,"
And no one could look hungrier than I am looking now.

It surely is a drum-stick that she 's holding in her hand.
If I had that, I 'd be the happiest puppy in the land!
I wonder if she hears me crying softly through my nose;
I 'd yelp out if I dared, but it would never do, I s'pose.

Ma had some meat like that one day, and I gnawed it, but since then
She 's watched me, and I 've never had a single chance again.

I 've dreamed of it sometimes!—*yap!*—*yap!*—
'T would move a heart of stone,
That I 'm too old for bread and milk, and yet too young for bone.

Perhaps if I should come up near, and play a little trick,
My mistress would throw down a bite; but no!—
"'T will make him sick,"—
That 's what she always says, and she laughs at my big head and feet.
'T would serve her right if I should go and get lost in the street.

I look *so* young, she often says,—as if *she* did n't, too!—
There comes a bone! I whined so hard, I do believe she knew.
My, what a noise! With teeth like that, a pug like me deserves
Something beyond such trashy stuff as pickles and preserves.

A PICUS AND HIS POTS.

By Maurice Thompson.

In very ancient times, when men believed that almost every mountain and river, brook and grove, was presided over by a deity of some sort, it was said that nectar and ambrosia were the drink and food of these gods. Because those old poets and philosophers indulged in those fine stories about nymphs and satyrs, fawns, naiads, and dryads, we call them heathen; but, after all, their myths, like the fictions of our own writers, are beautiful and entertaining. I have often thought of a charming story which might be written by some imaginative boy or girl about a wood deity which haunts some of the groves of America. It can be said with much truth that nectar and ambrosia fill the cups and pots of this bright and joyous being. I have seen him sipping nectar more fragrant than the fabled sweets of Hybla and Hymettus. This is saying much, for Hybla used to be the most famous town in the world for its honey, and Hymettus was a mountain, south-east of Athens, in Greece, where the bees stored their combs with the purest distillations from the flowers. But I have looked into the clean, curiously wrought cups of our American grove-god, when they were full to overflowing with clear fluid. I have even tasted the nectar, although the cups were so small that only the merest bit of my tongue could enter. It is slightly acrid, this nectar, but it has in its taste, hints, so to speak, of all the perfumes and sweets of the winds and leaves and flowers — a fragrance of green wood when cut, and of the inner tender bark of young trees. And a racy flavor, too, which comes from the aromatic roots of certain of our evergreens, is sometimes discoverable in it.

The being of which I speak is an industrious little fellow. Many times I have watched him making pots to catch nectar in, and cups to hold the precious ambrosia. These he hollows out so neatly that they all look alike, and he arranges them in rows around the bole of a tree — sometimes a maple, often an ash, may be a pine, and frequently a cedar. He has a great many of these pots and cups — so many, indeed, that it seems to keep him busy for a great part of the day drinking their delicious contents. He has very quiet ways, and you must be silent and watchful if you wish ever to see him. He rarely uses his voice, except when disturbed, and then he utters a keen cry and steals off through the air, soon disappearing in the shadows of the woods.

In the warm, dreamful weather of our early spring days you may find him by keeping a sharp lookout for his pots, which are little holes or pits bored through the bark and through the soft outer ring of the wood of certain trees. Very often you

THE SAP-SUCKER.

can find rings and rings of these pits on the trunks of the apple-trees of the orchards, every one of them full of nectar.

And now you discover that, after all, my winged grove-deity is nothing but a little bird that many persons call by the undignified but very significant name of Sap-sucker! Well, what of it? My story is truer than those of the old Greek and Latin poets, for mine has something real in it, as well as something beautiful and interesting. I suspect that many of the ancient myths are based upon the facts of nature and are embellished with fantastic dressing, just as some imaginative boy or girl might dress up this true story of our sap-drinking woodpecker.

In fact, how much happier, how much more redolent of joyous sweets, is the life of this quiet bird than that of any such beings — if they could have existed — as those with which the ancients peopled their groves and mountains! Think of flying about on real wings among the shadows of the spring and summer woods, alighting here and

there to sip real nectar and ambrosia from fragrant cedar pots!

The sap-drinking woodpecker is of the *Picus* family, or *Picidæ*, which name was given to a bird of his kind in ancient times. The story runs that a king of Latium, named Picus, renowned for his beauty and for his love of horses and the chase, went forth one day to hunt in the woods, dressed in a splendid purple robe with a gold neck-band. Circe, a sorceress, became angry at him, and, striking him with her wand, turned him into the bird that has ever since borne his name.

Several of the smaller American woodpeckers are sap-drinkers; but only one kind, the one of which I am writing, ever pecks holes for the purpose of getting at the sap. He is named by naturalists *Centurus Carolinus*. He is a very cunning bird. One of his habits is to move around the bole of a tree just fast enough to keep nearly hid from you as you walk around trying to get a good look at him. This he will continue to do for a considerable length of time, but, finally getting the tree-trunk fairly between you and him, he takes to his gay wings and flies in such a line as to keep hidden from your eyes. Usually he says good-bye with a keen squeal as he starts away.

Down in the mountain valleys of Northern Georgia I used to amuse myself with watching the little half-naked negro boys trying to shoot sap-suckers by means of their blow-guns. Such a blow-gun as they had is a straight reed or cane about six feet long, through the whole length of which a smooth bore is made by punching out the joints. The arrow used in this gun is made of a sharp piece of cane-wood not longer or larger than a knitting-needle, with a ball of cotton-lint bound on the end opposite the point. The arrow is blown out of the gun by the breath from the shooter's mouth. It flies with so great force that I have seen a bird killed at a distance of forty yards. Some of the little negro boys were very skillful in using the blow-gun, and as sly as cats in creeping up close to a bird before shooting at it. Many people in Northern Georgia have China trees on their lawns. The berries of these trees intoxicate or render drowsy the robins which feed upon them, and then the poor birds are killed very easily by these blow-gun Nimrods; but the sap-sucker never eats berries of any kind, so he keeps sober and gives his persecutors great trouble, nearly always outwitting them, for birds, like people, succeed better by keeping clear of everything intoxicating.

In our Northern States, when the winter is very cold and all the maples and ash and hickory trees are frozen so that their sap will not flow into our bird's pots, he is compelled to depend upon the cedar trees for food, since their resinous sap is not affected by the cold. Often I have seen him pecking away at the gnarled bole of an evergreen when the thermometer's mercury stood ten degrees below zero, and the air was fairly blue with winter's breath. Even in Georgia it is sometimes so cold that he chooses the pine trees, finding between their bark and the underlying wood a sort of diluted turpentine upon which he feeds. While busily engaged pecking his holes on cold, windy days he is not so watchful as in fine weather. At such times I have seen a little negro "blow-gunner" stick three or four arrows into the soft bark all around the busy bird before it would fly, and have been just as much surprised at the boy as at the bird; because, if it was strange how the bird could be so busy as not to notice an arrow "chucking" into the tree close by him, it was equally strange how that little negro could "stand it" to be out so long in such a cold, raw wind with nothing on but a shirt!

But in spring and summer it seems to me this little bird ought to be supremely happy, having

AT HOME, BUT ON THE LOOKOUT!

nothing to do but to fly from tree to tree and attend to his brimming pots of nectar and ambrosia, now sipping the amber wine of the hickory, now the crystal juice of the maple, and anon the aromatic sap of the cedar.

The nest of the sap-sucker is in a hole pecked in a rotten tree. A beautiful little home it is, cunningly carved to fit the bird's body. Its door is

THE YOUNG HUNTER AND HIS BLOW-GUN.

usually shaded by a knot or bough, and sometimes its cavity is a foot or two deep, lined in the bottom with finely pulverized wood and leaves of lichen.

One peculiarity of the woodpecker family is extremely strong in the sap-sucker. This peculiarity may be called a *rolling flight*, and is produced by a single vigorous stroke of the wings, which are then held for a second or more closely pressed to the bird's sides. Of course, with each of these wing-strokes the bird mounts high in the air; then while the wings are closed it falls a certain distance. Another stroke causes it to mount again, and so on, this peculiar flight giving it a galloping motion, or a motion like that of a boat riding on high-rolling waves.

For a long while I felt sure this bird ate nothing but the sap or *blood* of trees; but, finally, I discovered one very complacently sipping the juice of a ripe peach. *I* do not blame him for that, however,—do *you?* If I were a bird I should take a sample sip from every ripe peach I came across, particularly such great blood-red Indian peaches as that one was.

Many owners of orchards are of the opinion that the sap-sucker injures their trees by pecking so many holes in them, but after closely studying the subject for several years I have concluded that, instead of hurting them, he really benefits them; for some of the finest bearing apple-trees I ever saw were just as full of pits from root to top as they could be, many of these pits having been pecked ten years before I saw them. So our nectar-loving bird should not be killed as an enemy, but ought to be loved for his beauty and admired for his rare cunning.

One notable habit of the sap-sucker is that of returning year after year to the same tree for his food. I spent three consecutive winters in a cheery old farm-house, in front of whose hospitable door stood a knotty and gnarled cedar tree, to which every January came a solitary sap-sucker. It was quite a study to examine the holes he had pecked, all up and down the entire length of its rugged surface. Some of them had been made so long ago they were almost grown over; others were a little more distinct, and the latest were bright and

new, overflowing with clear, viscid fluid. By carefully comparing the number of pits made each year, and the yearly change in their appearance, I concluded that this bird had been drawing upon this tree for food every winter for at least ten years. Of course some other bird may have helped at times, but my opinion is that the sap-sucker is a very long-lived bird, and that if not frightened away he will return to his pots or make new ones in the same tree every year for a long period of time.

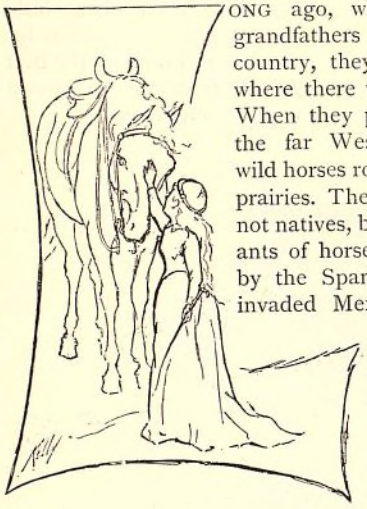
The red-head, the flicker, and the smaller varieties of woodpecker, all of close kin to the sap-sucker, take great delight in occasionally drinking to the health of the latter out of his own pots, first driving him away by furiously attacking him; but they are either too lazy or too ignorant to make any pots of their own. Our nectar-loving little friend, however, does not seem to care much for this kind of robbery. He knows where all the best trees are, and if he is driven from one he gives a sharp squeal and flies away to another.

A SUDDEN SHOWER.

MEANTIME BOBBY'S MAMMA AT HOME IS SAYING TO HERSELF THAT SHE IS SO GLAD THE DEAR CHILD TOOK HIS UMBRELLA ALONG!

LEARNING TO RIDE.

By Charles Barnard.



LONG ago, when our great grandfathers came to this country, they found a land where there were no horses. When they pushed out into the far West, they found wild horses roaming over the prairies. These animals were not natives, but the descendants of horses brought over by the Spanish when they invaded Mexico. Some of these Spanish horses ran away and became the wild horses of the plains, or, as they are called, mustangs.

To-day this is the great horse country of the world. Nowhere else are these animals so cheap and plentiful.

Now American boys are as brave and active as any in the world, and learned travelers tell us they know more than any boys yet discovered in the solar system. Likewise, the American girl is sweet and good and true — as bright as any girl in Europe. For all this, American boys and girls do not, as a rule, ride horseback. It is true, some country boys, east and west, ride fearlessly and well, but the majority of boy and girl riders have climbed, by the aid of a rail-fence, on the back of a farm-horse, and when they were mounted the horse either laughed in his mane or ingloriously tumbled the rider over his head. It is very strange that in such a land of horses so few boys and girls know how to ride. It is a mistake to think that, when Dobbin has been brought to the fence and you have climbed on his back, this is riding. Not even the most uncommonly bright girl or the most learned boy can ride without instruction. One has to learn this art, just as one must learn to play the piano or to mount a bicycle.

Let us consider the horse, see what he is like, and then, perhaps, we may learn what it means to ride. A horse is an animal with a large brain, and, though he seldom speaks, you may be sure he thinks and has a mind of his own. Besides this, he has four legs. These are important things to remember — he stands on four legs and can think for himself. He also has ears, and, though he is not given to conversation, he hears and understands much that is said to him. He also has a temper — good or bad — and may be cross and ill-natured, or sweet-tempered, cheerful, patient, and kind. In approaching such a clever creature, it is clear a boy or girl must be equally patient, kind, cheerful, and good-natured. Unless you are as good as a horse, you have no right to get upon his back.

Of course, there are bad horses, but they are not fit for riding, and are used only to drag horse-cars or do other common work. All riding-horses fit for the society of boys and girls are good horses, not merely for walking or galloping, but morally good — gentle, kind, patient, careful, and obedient. Any boy or girl, over seven years of age, with a brave heart and steady hand, and also sweet-tempered, gentle, kind, and thoughtful, can learn to ride. All others must sit in a box on wheels and be dragged about.

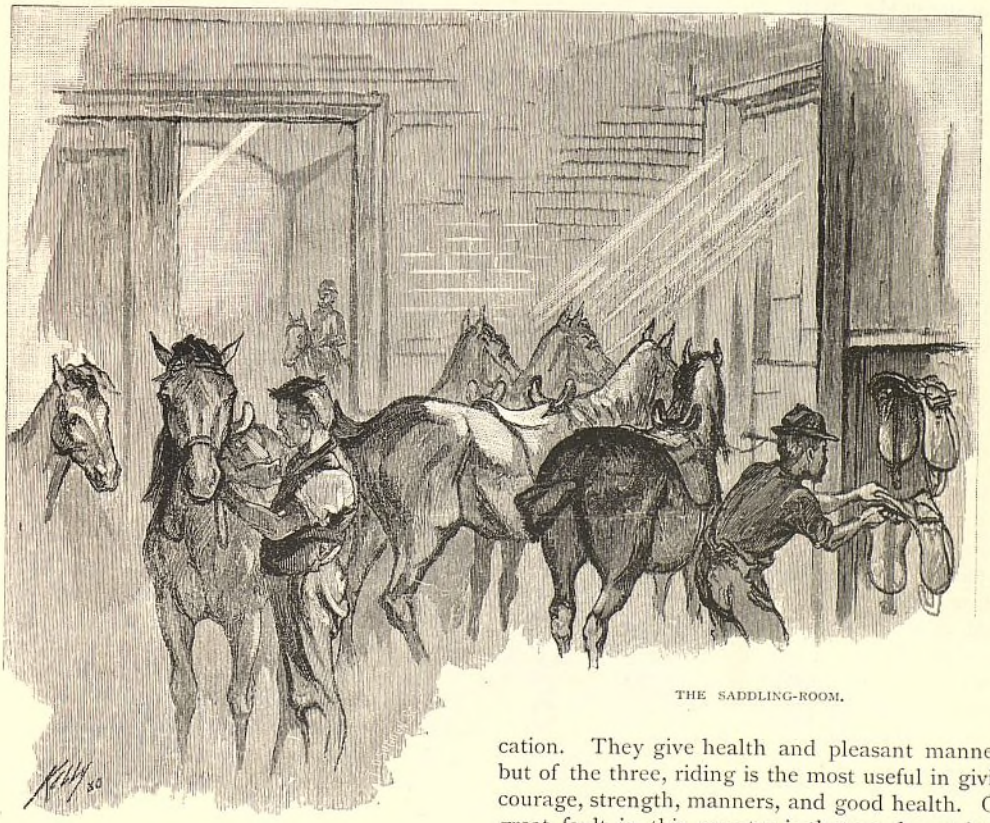
Come, all boys and girls who love fun! Let us go to the Riding-school. Baby can come, too, and sit with Mamma and look on, while the others mount the ponies. The school is a large hall, with a lofty roof and a floor of sand or tan-bark. At the sides are galleries and seats for the spectators. Adjoining the school is the residence of the amiable horses and charming ponies the pupils use in taking their lessons, and it may be truly said they make a large and happy family. There are more than a hundred of them, and each one has been selected for his gentleness and sweet temper. They have nothing to do but to carry the scholars in the school-room or in the park. They certainly live in the best society, and it is not a matter of wonder that they are very polite and of the most agreeable horse-manners.

First of all is the saddling-room, a corner of which is shown on the next page. This is where our horses and ponies are harnessed for us. At the right, the man is just taking the saddles from the elevator on which they come down from the harness-room upstairs. At the back is a view of the school-room. Behind the man are three of our ponies. Another is looking this way. He certainly has a pleasant face. He will do for Nellie, as she is a beginner and rather timid.

Mamma and the baby go upstairs and find seats in the gallery, where they can look down on the school. Nellie and the girls go to their dressing-rooms to put on their habits, and the boys, includ-

ing Master Tommy, go to their quarters to make ready for the mount. When all are ready we meet in the great school-room. Here we find the head master and the assistant teachers. It is a queer school — no books or slates, and the teachers with small whips — for the horses only. Each teacher has four pupils, and Nellie falls to the lot of the head master of the school.

"Now, Miss, there is nothing to fear: See! The old fellow is as gentle as a lamb. There 's no danger whatever." A fall in the riding-school is as rare as citron in a baker's cake. Still, she is afraid, and requires some urging to consent to be lifted and put on the pony's back. "Take one rein in each hand, pass it between the little finger and the next, and over the first finger, with the thumb resting on top. Do not touch the saddle nor pull hard on the reins. You must keep your seat by balancing yourself as the horse moves, but not by the reins."



THE SADDLING-ROOM.

"Hello, Master Tommy! You are over-bold. You look like a mouse on a mountain on that tall horse. Get down and take a pony of your own size." Tommy, by the way, rode the farm-horse to water once last summer, and he thinks he knows all about it, but the teacher seems to have a good deal to say to him about something. The others, with merry talk and laughter, are mounted at last, and the teachers lead the horses and ponies slowly around the ring, showing each pupil how to ride correctly.

This horseback riding is a curious art, and you can not master it in one lesson. Such lessons of an hour each, three times a week, for three months, is the usual course required to make a really good rider. To make the horse perform fancy steps, leap hedges, and that sort of thing, requires from one to two years' study in a good school and much out-of-door practice. Like learning to dance, it consists in the art of holding and carrying the body gracefully and naturally. Very few boys and girls in this country ever learn to walk naturally and gracefully without instruction, and to dance or ride one must go to school. Walking, dancing, and riding are parts of a good education. They give health and pleasant manners, but of the three, riding is the most useful in giving courage, strength, manners, and good health. Our great fault in this country is that we do not know how to be natural.

The body is the house we live in. It is a pretty good house, and should not only be neatly clothed, but be carried in a correct and natural manner. No one thinks of wearing torn clothes or living in

a tumble-down house, and why should we not stand and walk, or sit and ride, in a natural and graceful manner? We are so made that if we do things in the right way we shall always find it the easiest way also, and that it will enable us to be natural and graceful at the same time.

The art of riding teaches all this, and once learned is wonderfully easy, and becomes as much second nature as walking. It consists of two things: a good seat and guiding the horse. By a good seat is meant a secure position on the horse. For a boy it means to put both legs over the horse, with the upper part of the leg bent slightly forward, the lower part hanging down, with the foot in the stirrup and the heel slightly lower than the toes. Sit erect, with the body free to sway in every direction on the hips. For a girl, the right leg is thrown over the horn of the saddle, and the left hangs down like a boy's. Her body is really on a pivot, through the hips, and must freely bend forward or backward, or on either side, without moving in the saddle. With a little practice, even timid girls like Nellie soon learn to sit securely. Now she is safe and comfortable, and it is a pleasure to look at her.

Here is the entire party, with Nellie at the head of the class with the teacher. She is looking at him to see how he holds the reins. She has got over her fright in mounting and looks quite like a young horse-woman. The others follow in pairs, a boy and girl together. Last of all, on the left, is Master Tommy at the foot of the class. With all his haste he goes rather slowly. Take them altogether, they make a very handsome cavalcade.

The horse, as was remarked, has four feet and a brain. Riding consists not only in a good seat, but the art of teaching the horse to give up his will and to do, not what he wishes, but what you wish. So you must come to an understanding with the horse—learn his way of thinking and his language. Left to himself, he might go the wrong way, or stand still and go nowhere in particular. It might be very pleasant for him, but this is not what we want. So in the school you are taught all the words of command: to start, to halt, to trot or gallop, to change step, and to go to the right or left. To tell it all would fill a book, and we can only now observe, in a general way, how a horse is managed. It is done both by voice and by motions of the hand and body. For instance, the word is given to start or stop, but the rider's body must be moved slightly on the hips to help the horse. To turn to the right

"QUITE A CAVALCADE."

or left, the reins are turned very slightly, the body is bent in the opposite direction to that you wish to take, and the horse's side is touched gently with the foot. Boys use either foot, but girls use only the left foot, and touch the horse on the right with a riding-whip. This is the merest hint of what is meant by learning to ride, but it is enough to show what is done in the riding-school. The horse has a mind of his own, and, though he surrenders his will to the rider, he yet watches where he is going and always has his wits about him. He will not willingly fall or stumble. He will not step on you should you fall on the ground, nor can you drive him against a wall or down a steep bank. A steam-engine has no mind, and will run into a ditch or into the river just as readily as on the rails. A horse has a brain and can use it, and so in riding he thinks for himself and the rider, and will not follow what he knows to be wrong or foolish commands.

A LESSON IN LEAPING FENCES.

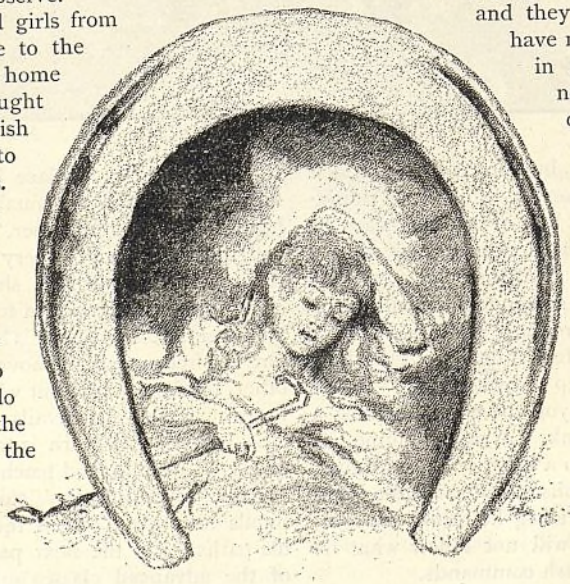
The moment you get on his back you observe that the motion is very different from walking. As he has four legs, and as you sit between the two pair, you are really at a place between four points of support that are continually moving. This you have always to remember, and to ride gracefully you must conform to every motion of your horse. If you wish him to turn sharply to the right and change his step, you lean to the left. This throws your weight on three of his legs and leaves the right fore leg free, and, as it moves more easily than any other, the horse steps out with that foot first. But, to give you all the details would only weary you. The best way to learn is to go to a riding-school, or else to have a good teacher at home.

After several weeks' study in the school the pupils are taken out in the park, along the bridle-paths. On the next page is a picture of one of the advanced classes out for a practice ride.

REFUGE FROM THE RAIN.

They have been caught in a shower, and have run under a bridge to get out of the rain. Two of them have been beaten in the race with the shower, as you will observe.

Sometimes boys and girls from English families come to the school with a note from home saying they must be taught to ride in the English style—that is, learn to leap fences and ditches. So Master Percy Fitzdollymount and his sister, the Honorable Mary Adelaide Fitzdollymount, are given lessons in leaping over a low fence. Why do you suppose they do this? In England, the grand people who own the land go hunting for hares, rabbits, and foxes, and ride roughly right across the country, over fields and hedges, destroying the farmers' crops and doing a great deal of harm, all for the sake of a race after a fox or a rabbit. They never think of paying the farmer for the damage, and they call it fine sport. We have none of this kind of riding in America. There is no need of learning to leap on horseback over a fence here, and if we did so, very likely the farmer would make us pay a fine for trampling on his crops.



Last of all, here is Nellie, just as she fell asleep in her riding habit, after her first lesson. She seems to be dreaming of the great horseshoe that surrounds her head like a glory. Let us hope that she will be a brave horsewoman, and that the shoe will bring her good luck.

A SCHOLAR.

By Sydney Dayre.

"Yes, I am five years old to-day!
Last week I put my dolls away;
For it was time, I 'm sure you 'll say,
For one so old to go
To school, and learn to read and spell;—
And I am doing *very* well;—
Perhaps you 'd like to hear me tell
How many things I know.

"Well, if you 'll only take a look—
Yes, this is it—the last I took,
Here in my 'pretty picture-book,
Just near the purple cover;—
Now listen—Here are one, two, three
Wee little letters, don't you see?—
Their names are D and O and G;
They spell—now guess!—*Old Rover!*"

A STORY OF A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL; OR, MY VISIT TO MARY JANE.

From the Pen of 'Lizbeth Hall.

When Mary Jane Hunt left Tuckertown last summer, she invited me to come to the city and make her a visit.

"If I were sure Mrs. Hunt wanted you, 'Lizbeth, I would like to have you go," said Mother, "for it 's good for young folks to widen their horizon now and then, and you would enjoy seeing the sights."

I did n't care anything about my horizon, but I did want most awfully to see the sights; but, although I teased and teased, Mother would n't let me go.

There was a great church bother in Tuckertown that year, but our folks were n't in it. The trouble began in the choir, who could n't agree about the tunes. On some Sundays the organist would n't play, and on others the singers would n't sing. Once, they all stopped short in the middle of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and it was real exciting at church, for you never knew what might happen before you came out; but folks said it was disgraceful, and I suppose it was. They complained of the minister because he did n't put a stop to it; so at last he took sides with the organist, and dismissed the choir, and declared we would have congregational singing in the future. 'Most everybody thought that would be the end of the trouble; but, mercy! it was hardly the beginning! Things grew worse and worse. To begin with, the congregation would n't sing. You see, they had had a choir so long, people were sort of afraid to let out their voices; and besides, there was Elvira Tucker, who had studied music in Boston, just ready to make fun of them if they did. For she was one of the choir, and they were all as mad as hornets.

In fact, the whole Tucker family were offended. They said folks did n't appreciate Elvira, nor what she had done, since she returned from Boston, to raise the standard in Tuckertown. I don't know, I am sure, what they meant by that, for I never saw Elvira raise any standard; but I do know that they were real mad with the minister, and lots of people took their side and called 'emselves "Tuckerites."

You see, the Tuckers stand very high in Tuckertown, and other people try to be just as like them as they can. They were first settlers, for one thing, and have the most money, for another; and they lay down the law generally. The post-office and the station are at *their* end of the village. *They* decide when the sewing-societies shall meet, and the fairs take place, and the strawberry festivals come off. If there is to be a picnic, *they* decide when we shall go, and where we shall go, and just who shall sit in each wagon. If anybody is sick, Mrs. Tucker visits 'em just as regularly as the doctor, and she brings grapes and jelly, and is very kind, though she always scolds the sick person for not dieting, or for going without her rubbers, or something of that sort. If Mother had a hand in this story, not a word of all this would go down. She says they are very public-spirited people, and that they do a great deal for Tuckertown. I suppose

they do; but I 've heard other people say that they domineer much more than is agreeable.

The people on the minister's side were called "Anti-Tuckerites"; but, as I said, our folks were n't in the quarrel at all. The consequence of being on the fence was, that I could not join in the fun on either side, and I think it was real mean. Every now and then, the Tuckerites would plan some lovely picnic or party, just so as not to invite the Anti-Tuckerites. Then, in turn, *they* would get up an excursion, and not invite any of the Tuckerites. Of course, *I* was n't invited to either, and it was just as provoking as it could be.

One day, when I went to school, I found that Elvira Tucker was going to train a choir of children to take the place of the old choir.

"I went over to call on Elvira last evening," I heard Miss Green tell our school-teacher, "and I found her at the piano playing for little Nell to sing. It was just at dusk, and they did not see me; so I stood and listened, and wondered why we could n't have a choir of children instead of the congregational singing. Elvira said she thought it would be lovely."

Now, I had been to singing-school for two winters, and the singing-master said I had a good voice; so I thought I ought to belong to the choir.

"You can't, 'cause only Tuckerites are going to belong," said 'Melia Stone. "And your folks are just on the fence. They are n't one thing or another."

I could n't stand being left out of all the fun any longer, so I said: "I 'm as much a Tuckerite as anybody, only our folks don't approve of making so much trouble about a small affair."

"I want to know!" said Abby Ann Curtiss. "Well, I 'll ask Miss Elvira if you can belong there."

Mercy me! I had jumped from the fence and found myself a Tuckerite! I was sure Mother would be real mad if she knew what I had said, for I suspected in my heart of hearts that, if *she* had jumped from the fence, she would have landed on the minister's side. I made up my mind that I would not tell her what had passed, for maybe, after all, Miss Elvira would decide that I was no real Tuckerite. But the very next day she sent word to me by Abby Ann that she would like to have me join the choir.

I told Mother that I was wanted in the children's choir because I had a good voice, and I never said a word about being a Tuckerite.

"A children's choir," said she. "That 's a real good idea — a beautiful idea."

She never suspected how I was deceiving her.

Well, we had real fun practicing. That week we learned a chant and two hymns.

One day Miss Green came in.

"How does *she* happen to be here?" I heard her ask Miss Elvira, with a significant look at me.

"Oh, she has a real good voice," answered Miss Elvira, laughing. "Most of the children who can sing are on the Tuckerite side. Besides, from something she said to Abby Ann, I think at heart the Halls sympathize with us."

What would my folks have said to that? I felt half sick of the whole affair, and went home and teased Mother to let me go to the city and visit Mary Jane.

I never shall forget the Sunday I sang in the choir. Miss Elvira played for us on the organ, for when the real organist heard that only the Tuckerite children were to belong to it she refused to play. Everybody seemed surprised to see me in it, and even Dr. Scott looked at me in a mournful sort of way, as if he thought the Halls had gone over to the enemy. What troubled me most, though, was the look Mother gave me when she first realized that the choir was formed only of the Tuckerite children, and that she had not found it out before.

But, in spite of all this, I enjoyed the singing. We sat, a long row of us, in the singers' seats up in the gallery. After the hymn was given out and we stood up, Miss Elvira nodded to me and whispered: "Now, don't be afraid, girls. Sing as loud as you can."

Mercy! how we *did* sing! Twice as loud as the grown-up choir. Luella Howe said, afterward, that we looked as if we were trying to swallow the meeting-house.

But I never sang but just that once in the choir, for next Sunday I spent with Mary Jane, in Boston.

The way it happened was this. That night Mother sent me to bed right after supper, as a punishment for not telling her all about the choir before I joined it; and, as I undressed, she had a great deal to say about the defects in my character. She talked to me a long time about my faults, and she went down-stairs without kissing me good-night. I was thinking what a miserable sinner I must be, and was trying to cry about it, when I heard her go into the sitting-room and say to Father, who was reading his paper there:

"I just put 'Lizbeth to bed; but she is n't half so much to blame as some other folks. If grown people act in such a way, you can't expect much of the children. I declare, I wish I could send her away from Tuckertown till this choir-matter is settled."

"Well," says Father, "why don't you let her go and see Hunt's girl? You know she invited her, and 'Lizbeth wants to go."

"Oh, no," says Mother. "They have so much

sickness there. I 'm afraid she would be in the way," and she ended her sentence by shutting the door with a slam.

I got right up and sat on the stairs for a long time, to see if they would say anything more about my visiting Mary Jane, but they did n't. Father began to talk of the black heifer he had just bought, and then about the Presidential campaign, and several other unimportant things like that. Not a word about me.

"MERCY! HOW WE DID SING!"

But I began early the next morning and teased steadily to go and visit Mary Jane. Finally, Tuesday morning Mother said I might write Mary Jane that, if it were perfectly agreeable to her mother, I would now make them the promised visit, and, if I heard nothing to the contrary from them, would start on Friday in the early train for Boston.

Well, Tuesday passed and Wednesday came, and Thursday came, and at last — at last Friday came, and no letter from Mary Jane. My trunk was all packed. I took my best dress and my second-best dress, and most of the every-day ones, and Mother lent me her hair jewelry. I had my shade hat, and my common one, and my too-good hat. That last is one I 've had for years — ever so many years, — fully two years, I guess, — and it 's always too good to wear anywhere, and that 's why it lasts so long. At the last, Mother declared she was sorry she had ever consented to let me go, for she was afraid Mrs. Hunt did n't like to write that my coming would be inconvenient. She declared that I ought to have written I would go if I heard that it would be agreeable.

I had fifty frights that morning before I was finally put in Deacon Hobart's care in the cars, for he, too, was going to Boston that day.

He promised my mother that, if no one was at the depot for me, he would put me in a carriage, so that I should get safely to Mrs. Hunt's house.

I was real mad to have him tag along — it would have been such fun to travel alone, and I did hope, when he stood so long on the platform talking to Father, the cars would go off without him; but he jumped on just as they were starting. However, when we finally got to Boston, and I found that nobody was waiting for me there, I was glad enough to have him with me.

I must say that, as I rode along in the carriage, I thought it was real queer and rude for no one to come to meet me; but the city was so interesting, I had forgotten about it by the time we had stopped at the Hunts' door. The house had a kind of shut-up look, and I felt queer for a moment, as I thought perhaps they were all away from home; but, just then, Mary Jane flew down the steps, and Dot came squealing behind her.

"Now, you just hush!" said Mary Jane to her, after she had kissed me. "You wake Lucy up,

and see what you 'll get." (She is always awful domineering to Dot, Mary Jane is.)

"Why, what 's the matter with Lucy?" I asked. "Why is she asleep in the day-time?"

"Why, she is sick," said Mary Jane.

"Oh, awful sick!" cried Dot.

"'T is n't catching, though; so come right in, Beth," added Mary Jane, and in we went.

She had the hackman carry my trunk up into her room, and she went up behind him all the way, ordering him to be quiet, and slapping Dot and holding up her finger at me, and making more noise herself than all the rest of us put together.

"You see, I have to take care of everything," she said, when we were up at last. "Mother has to stay with Lucy all the time, and Dot is so thoughtless. But, what have you got in your trunk?"

"Yes, why don't you unpack?" asked Dot.

It took me some time to get to the bottom of my trunk, but I showed them everything that was in it. After that, Mary Jane said she must go and see about tea. When we got down-stairs we found the table set.

"Why! there 's no preserves on it," said Mary Jane to Bridget, who tossed her head, and answered:

"Your ma did n't order any, and I wont open 'em without her telling me."

"Oh, my!" cried Mary Jane; "you are very particular just now, are n't you? You don't mind so much when your aunt's step-mother's cousin comes."

Bridget turned as red as a beet. "Now, jist you take yourselves out of my kitchen!" said she, and, as true as you live, she shut the door right in my face!

"Hateful old thing!" cried Mary Jane. "Well, never mind, I 'm going to the china-closet to get some. But, which do you like best, peach preserves or raspberry jam?"

"Peach preserves, o' course," answered Dot. "Everybody does."

I don't see why Dot had to say that. It was just enough, and I knew it would be, to make Mary Jane take the jam. When we went back to the dining-room, we found Susan (that 's the nurse) had come in with the baby.

"Here, Mary Jane," said she, "your ma said you were to take care of Baby while I 'm up-stairs."

Mary Jane looked as cross as two sticks. "Oh, bother! I can't! I have Dot to take care of, and Beth and the house, and everything. Bridget ought to do that."

But just then Mr. Hunt came down. He looked real worried, but he spoke to me just as kind, and asked after the Tuckertown folks. I tried to tell him about the singing affair, but he did n't seem to take much interest, and soon went up-stairs again.

"He has n't eaten any of his supper," said Dot. "I 'm going to give his jam to Baby."

The baby had been sitting in a high chair up to the table, and had n't had a thing but a piece of graham cracker to eat. I thought he was real good.

"He can't have any jam. Here! give it to me," said Mary Jane. "I 'll eat it."

Of course, at that he banged his cracker on the floor, and began to cry for the jam. But Mary Jane did n't take the slightest notice of him. She went on eating the jam as calmly as if he was asleep in his cradle. Dot had been sent out on an errand, so I tried to amuse him; but he was afraid of me, and screamed louder than before.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Mary Jane. "I 'm going to break him of screaming so much. I always longed to break him of it, and at last I 've got a chance. When he finds no one takes any notice of him, he 'll stop it, I guess."

While he was still screaming, Mrs. Hunt came down. She had on her wrapper, and her hair was just bobbed up, and she looked as if she had n't slept for a month.

"Mary Jane, why don't you amuse him?" she said, after she had shaken hands with me, and had taken Baby in her arms. "You know that the noise disturbs Lucy, and yet you 'll let him cry."

"It 's too bad," said I. "I would amuse him, only he is afraid of me."

"Why, I 'll amuse him, of course," said Mary Jane.

So her mother went upstairs again, and we had that child on our hands till seven o'clock, when Susan came and took him to bed.

The next morning I told Mary Jane that I thought I ought to go home.

"Oh no!" she begged. "You are here, and you might as well stay, and Lucy will be better soon."

"Oh," said Dot, "don't go! You can help us take care of Baby, you know."

"I don't see how I can be in your mother's way, when I hardly ever see her," said I. "Besides, it would be real mean to leave you while you are in trouble." So I decided to stay.

I should have had a splendid time of it, had it not been for the baby; but we never began any interesting play but Susan would come and leave him with us, and then he always had to be amused. I never saw such a child — never quiet a moment. They said it was because he was so bright. If I

ever have a child, I hope it will be one of the stupid kind, that will sit on the floor and suck its thumb all day.

He was particularly in the way when we went to see the sights. We went to the State-house and the Art Museum, and one day Mary Jane showed me a place where they were having a baby show.

"Mercy!" said Mary Jane, "*who* would ever want to go to that?"

"Lots o' people are going in, anyhow," said Dot.

We had started on, but all at once Mary Jane stopped short. "Lizbeth," said she, "I 'll tell you what. Let 's take Baby to the baby show. I mean to exhibit him, and p'raps he 'll take a prize, and we will have the money."

Was n't it a splendid idea? The trouble was, we did n't know how to get in. At last, Mary Jane told the ticket-master what we wanted, and he sent for the manager.

"And so you want to put this little chap in the show," said he. "How old is he?"

Mary Jane told him.

"Well, he *is* a whopper," said the man.

"LITTLE THREE-HUNDRED-AND-TWELVE."

"Is it too late for him to get the prize?" we asked.

"Oh, he wont stand so good a chance as if he had come at first. You see, the babies are all numbered, and each person, when he goes out of the show, gives the number of the baby he thinks is the finest, and the one that has the most votes, so to speak, gets the prize. Those folks that came yesterday, you see, have n't voted for *your* baby, but then you 'll have part of to-day and to-morrow."

"Why, will we have to stay all the time?" asked Mary Jane.

"No, you can take him out when you choose; but the more he is here the more votes he 'll get."

"Well, if there 's a prize for the baby that can cry loudest, he 'll get it," said Dot.

But they did n't give any prize for that.

We gave Baby's name and address to the manager, who then took us in to the show. His number was three hundred and twelve, and a paper telling his age, and number of teeth, and so on, was tacked over the little booth where we sat.

There were lots of people in the room, but when any one came near *our* baby he cried.

"I do believe he wont get a single vote," said Mary Jane, in despair. But somebody gave him some candy, and that pacified him for a while, and ever so many persons said he was the finest child in the show. We were so encouraged, we planned just how we would spend the money, and we stayed till dinner-time, when Mary Jane thought we ought to go home.

Mrs. Hunt was real pleased that we had kept him out so long. It was a pleasant day, she said, and the air would do him good.

"We will take him out again this afternoon," said Mary Jane.

When we went back, Baby was so tired he went to sleep in Dot's lap. They looked awful cunning, and everybody raved over them; but we had to promise Dot everything under the sun to keep her quiet.

Lucy was worse that night, and the next morning Mrs. Hunt sent us right out after breakfast. We stayed at the show all day, but the baby was n't good a bit. He screamed and kicked, and looked, oh, so red and ugly! We had to send Dot for some candy for him, and we felt worried and uncomfortable.

The doctor's carriage was at the door when we went home at last, and Mr. Hunt was walking up and down in the parlor. He called Mary Jane and Dot in, and I went upstairs, for Susan said the postman had left a letter for me. I thought it was from Mother; but it was a printed thing from the Dead-letter Office, saying that a letter for me was detained there for want of postage. It had been sent to Tuckertown, and the postmaster had forwarded it to Boston. I had spent all my money, except just enough to buy my ticket home; but I thought I would take out enough for the stamps, and borrow six cents from Mrs. Hunt. I went out right off and mailed my letter with the stamps, so as to get the other letter that was in the Dead-letter Office. When I came back I found Mary Jane crying in the hall.

Lucy was worse and the doctor had given her up.

"And I have always been so cross to her," sobbed Mary Jane.

"Yes, so you have!" put in Susan, who was coming down stairs with a tray. "I hope you 'll remember now to be kinder to Dot and the baby."

"But they are so healthy," she sniffed. But she seemed to feel real bad, and it 's no wonder, for Lucy is a darling! I could n't help crying myself.

That night, poor little Three Hundred and Twelve was taken sick. Mr. Hunt and the doctor came to our room to ask what we had given him to eat, and when we told them about the candy (we did n't dare say a word about the show) they were angry enough.

I sha'n't forget that night in a hurry. I did n't think it would ever come to an end, and we both lay and cried till the sun shone into our window in the morning, when Susan came to tell us that Lucy was sleeping beautifully, and was going to get well, after all. After breakfast, we went into Mrs. Hunt's room, which was next to the nursery, where Lucy lay, and she took us all in her arms — there was room for me too — and we just cried with joy together.

The baby had got all over his colic, and Mary Jane and I had just concluded we had better tell Mrs. Hunt where we had taken him, when a letter came for Mrs. Hunt.

It was a notice that number three hundred and twelve had taken the third prize at the baby show.

It could not have come at a better time for us, for how could she scold, with Lucy coming back to life, as it were, after those dreadful hours of suspense and suffering? But I know she did scold Mary Jane afterward, for it was n't right to keep the baby in that stuffy place when she thought he was in the fresh air; but that was after I went home, which happened a few days later.

And what do you think! — Just as the carriage came to take me to the depot, the postman left a sealed envelope from the Dead-letter Office. I opened it as the cars started, and while I was traveling home, I read the very letter Mrs. Hunt had written in answer to the one I wrote her to tell her I was about to visit them in Boston. And in that letter she had asked me to postpone my visit till some later date, on account of the illness of little Lucy!

TO THE AUTHOR OF JABBERWOCKY.

BY E. P. MATTHEWS.

OH, sir! I was a beamish child,
  Who gyred and gimbled in the lane,
Until your weird words drove me wild
  A-burbling in my brain.

At brillig, when my mother dear
  Calls me to dine, I really do —
To make it clear, close to her ear
  I loudly cry "Callooh!"

My brother, like a frumious patch,
  Regards me as his manxsome foe,
As if I were a Bandersnatch,
  Or a jubjub bird, you know!

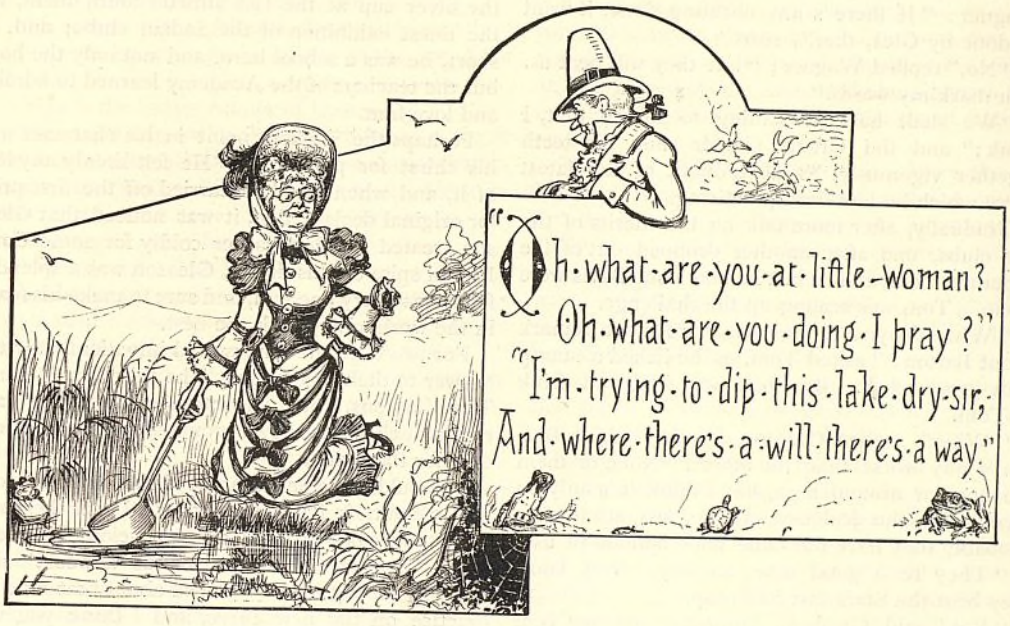
He snicker-snacks his vorpal sword,
  And vows he 'll slay me — what a shock!
If I do quote another word —
  One word — from Jabberwock.

I then galumphing go away,
  Beneath the leafy shade of trees,
Where all the day I cry "Callay!"
  And chortle when I please!

I wish I were a borrowgove,
  To dwell within the tulgey wood,
Where I could say the words I love;
  I 'd whiffle — that I should.

Oh, frabjous poem! pray, sir, tell,
  Compounded was it by what laws?
Why did you write it in a book?
  I know you 'll say — "Because!"

Oh! when you sit in uffish thought
  Beneath the tum-tum tree, and wait,
Write other words, I think you ought,
  To drive these from my pate.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ORIENT BASE-BALL NINE.

By C. M. Sheldon.

The Orient Base-ball Nine, of Orient Academy, hereby challenges the Eagles, of Clayton Academy, to a match game of ball; time and place to be at the choice of the challenged.

Respectfully,

Tom Davis, Secretary of Orient B. B. C.

To Secretary of Eagle B. B. C., of Clayton Academy.

"There!" said Tom, as he wiped his pen on his coat-sleeve; "how 'll that do?"

The Orient Base-ball nine was sitting in solemn council in Captain Gleason's room. The question had long been debated at the Orient School about playing a match game with the Eagles of Clayton, the rival Academy on the same line of railroad, about thirty miles from Orient. Until lately, the teachers of the Academy had withheld their permission for the necessary absence from school; but at last they had yielded to the petitions of the nine, and the Orient Club was now holding a meeting which had resulted in the above challenge.

"Very well put, Tom," answered Gleason, and then an animated conversation took place.

"We must beat those fellows, or they 'll crow over us forever."

"Yes; do you remember, fellows, that Barton who was down here last fall when our nine played the town boys? They say he stole a ball out of Tom's pocket during the game. I hear he 's short-stop this year." This from Johnny Rider, the Orient first-baseman.

"We don't know about that," said Gleason. "Don't be too sure."

"Well," put in Wagner, the popular catcher of the nine, "we *do* know some of them are not to be trusted, and will cheat, if they get a chance. You see if they don't."

"All the more reason why we should play fair, then," retorted Gleason. "Look here, boys, I have n't time to orate, and am not going to make a speech, but let 's understand one another. If we go to Clayton—and I think they will prefer to play on their own grounds—we are going to play a fair game. If we can't beat them without cheating, we wont beat them at all!"

"Three cheers for the captain!" shouted Tom, upsetting the inkstand in his excitement. The

cheers were given; and the pitcher, a short, thick-set fellow, with quick, black eyes, whispered to Wagner: "If there 's any cheating done, it wont be done by Glea, that 's sure."

"No," replied Wagner; "but they will beat us. You mark my words."

"We shall have something to say to that, I think;" and the Orient pitcher shut his teeth together vigorously, as he thought of the latest curve which he had been practicing.

Gradually, after more talk on the merits of the two clubs, one after another dropped out of the captain's room, and at last he and Tom Davis were alone. Tom was sealing up the challenge.

"What do you think, Glea, of Rider's remark about Barton?" asked Tom, as he licked a stamp with great relish. Base-ball was food and drink to Tom.

"Why," replied Gleason, "I don't think Barton 's any worse than the others. None of them are popular around here, but I think it 's only on account of the jealousy of the two academies. Probably they have the same poor opinion of us."

"They 're a good nine, anyway. You know they beat the Stars last Saturday."

"Yes," said Gleason, smiling, "and we beat the Rivals."

"Do you think they 'll cheat, or try to?" asked Tom.

"Well, no; there is n't much chance of cheating nowadays at base-ball. We may have some trouble with the umpire."

"Well, good-night, old fellow!" said Tom, as he rose. "I 'll take this down to post, and then hie me to my downy couch. I suppose you are going to 'dig,' as usual."

"Yes; I have some Virgil to get out."

"I don't envy you. Good-night, my *pius Æneas*."

"Good-night, my *fidus Achates*." And the captain was left alone.

He took down his books, but somehow he could not compose himself to study. The anticipated game with the Claytons filled his mind, and he could think of nothing else; so he shut the books, and took a turn up and down the room.

Young Gleason was a handsome, well-built fellow, with an open, sunny face, the very soul of honor, and a popular fellow with every one. He was all but worshiped by the nine, who adored him as a decided leader, a steady player, and a sure batsman, with a knack of wresting victory out of seeming defeat. His powers of endurance were the wonder and admiration of all the new boys, who were sure to hear of Gleason before they had been in the school two days.

He had whipped Eagen, the bully, in the cotton-mills across the river, for insulting some ladies; he had walked from Centerville to Orient in thirty-six minutes, the fastest time on record; he had won the silver cup at the last athletic tournament, for the finest exhibition of the Indian clubs; and, in short, he was a school hero, and not only the boys but the teachers of the Academy learned to admire and love him.

Perhaps the weakest point in his character was his thirst for popularity. He felt keenly any loss of it, and when Sanders carried off the first prize for original declamation, it was noticed that Gleason treated Sanders rather coldly for some time. But, in spite of this defect, Gleason was a splendid fellow, as every one said, and sure to make his mark in the world along with the best.

For two days the nine waited impatiently for the answer to their challenge. The third day it came. The Claytons, with characteristic coolness, Wagner said, chose their own grounds, and a week from date for the match.

"Should n't wonder at all if they tried to work in some outside fellow for pitcher. I hear their own is a little weak," said the ever-suspicious Wagner.

"I 'm glad they 've given us a week," said Francis, the pitcher. "I need about that time for practice on the new curve, and I think you will need about the same time to learn how to catch it. So stop your grumbling, old boy, and come out on the campus."

The week sped rapidly by, and at last the appointed day arrived — clear, cool, still; just the perfection of weather for ball.

A large delegation went down to the station to see the nine off.

"I say, Glea," shouted a school-mate, "telegraph down the result, and we 'll be here with a carriage to drag you up the hill when you come back."

"Yes," echoed another; "that is, if you beat. We can't turn out of our beds to get up a triumphal march for the vanquished."

"All right, fellows — we 're going to beat them. We 're *sure* to beat them — hey, Captain?" said Tom, looking up at Gleason.

"We 'll do our best, boys," answered Gleason. Then, as the train moved off, he leaned far out of his window and whispered impressively: "You may be here with that carriage."

There was a cheer from the students, another from the nine standing on the platform and leaning out of the windows, and the Orients were whirled rapidly off to Clayton.

They reached their destination in little more than an hour, and found almost as large a delegation as they had left at Orient. The talk and excitement here for the past week over the coming game had been as eager as at Orient. Nothing about the

visitors escaped the notice of the Claytons. Their "points" were discussed as freely as if they were so many prize cattle at a county fair.

"Just look at that fellow's chest and arms!"

"He 'll be a tough customer at the bat, I 'm afraid."

"He 's the fastest runner at Orient."

These and other whispers drew a large share of the attention to Gleason, and, as usual, admiration seemed to stimulate him to do his best. He summoned the nine together before the game was called, to give them final instructions.

"Keep cool. Play steady. Don't run any foolish risks in stealing bases; and, above all, let every man do honest work. Show these fellows that we know what the word *gentleman* means."

After some little delay necessary for selecting an umpire and arranging for choice of position, the game was finally called, the Orients coming first to the bat.

The crowd gathered to witness the game was the largest ever seen on the grounds, and almost every man was in sympathy with the home nine. So, as Gleason had said on the train, the only hope of his men for victory was to play together, and force the sympathy of some of the spectators, at least, by cool and steady work.

The captain himself was the first man at the bat. After two strikes he succeeded in getting a base hit, stole to second on a passed ball, reached third on a base hit by Wagner, and home on a sacrifice hit by Davis, scoring the first run for Orient amid considerable applause. The next two batters struck out in quick succession, leaving Wagner on second.

Then the Claytons came to the bat, and after an exciting inning scored two runs, showing strength as batters and base-runners. In the third inning the Orients made another run, thus tying the score.

So the game went on until the ninth and last inning, when the score stood eight to seven in favor of the Orients.

The excitement by this time was intense. The playing all along had been brilliant and even. Both nines showed the same number of base hits and nearly the same number of errors. Francis, for the Orients, had done splendid work, but Wagner for some reason had not supported him as well as usual. And now, as the Claytons came to the bat for the closing inning, every one bent forward, and silence reigned over the field, broken only by the voice of the umpire.

Gleason had played a perfect game throughout. No one looking at him could imagine how much he had set his heart on the game. His coaching had been wise, his judgment at all times good, and he now, from his position in left field, awaited the issue of the closing inning with a cheerful assurance.

The inning opened with a sharp hit to short-stop. He made a fine stop and threw to first, but poor Johnny Rider, who had played so far without an error, muffed the ball, and the Clayton batsman took his first amid a perfect storm of cries and cheers.

The next batter, after a strike, drove the ball into right field, a good base hit, and the man on first took second. Then, as if to aggravate the Orients and complete their nervousness, Francis allowed the third batsman to take first on called balls; and so the bases were filled. A player on every base and no one out! It was enough to demoralize the coolest players.

But Francis was one of those men who, after the first flurry of excitement, grow cooler. The next two Claytons struck out in turn.

Then Barton came to the bat, and all the Orients held their breath, and the Claytons watched their strongest batsman with hope. One good base hit would tie them with the Orients, and Barton had already made a two-bagger and a base hit during the game. The umpire's voice sounded out over the field:

"One ball. Two balls. One strike. Three balls. Four balls. Five balls. Two strikes." Francis ground his teeth, as he delivered the next ball directly over the plate. But Barton, quick as lightning, struck, and the ball went spinning out above short-stop, between second and third.

It was one of those balls most difficult to catch, nearly on a line, and not far enough up to allow of much time for judgment as to its direction. Gleason was standing well out in the field, expecting a heavy drive of the ball there, where Barton had struck before. But he rushed forward, neck or nothing, in what seemed a useless attempt. With a marvel of dexterity and quickness, he stooped as he ran, and, reaching down his hand, caught the ball just as it touched the ground, by what is known in base-ball language as a "pick-up."

He felt the ball touch the ground, heard it distinctly, and knew that, where it had struck, a tuft of grass had been crushed down and driven into the earth; and he had straightened himself up to throw the ball home, when a perfect roar of applause struck his ears, and the umpire declared "out on the fly."

He was just on the point of rushing forward and telling the truth, but, as usual after a game, the crowd came down from the seats with a rush, the Orients came running up to him, declaring it the best play they ever saw; and before he knew what he was about, the nine had improvised a

chair and carried him off, with cheers and shouts, to the station, for the game had been so long that they could not stay later, as they had planned.

It certainly was a great temptation. Besides, the umpire had declared it a fly. What right had he to dispute the umpire? And no one but himself knew that the ball had touched the ground. The whole action had been so quick, he had run forward so far after feeling the ball between his fingers, that not the least doubt existed in the minds of the Claytons that the catch was a fair one.

But, on the other hand, his conscience kept pricking him. He, the upright, the preacher to the rest of the nine on fair play, the one who had been such a stickler for the right, no matter what the result, he had been the only one to cheat! Yes, it was an ugly word. Cheat! But he could find no other name for it. And after all he had said!

He sat in silence during the ride home. The rest of the nine made noise enough, and as he was generally quiet, even after a victory, no one noticed his silence very much.

As the train ran into the station at Orient a great crowd was in waiting. Tom had telegraphed the news from Clayton, and all Orient was wild with joy. When Gleason appeared, he received a regular ovation, such an ovation as a school-boy alone can give or receive. They rushed him into the carriage, and before the order was given to pull up the hill to the Academy, some one cried out, "Speech, speech!"

It was the most trying moment of Gleason's life. During the ride home he had fought a battle with himself, more fiercely contested than the closest game of ball, and he had won. He trembled as he rose, and those who stood nearest the lights about the station noticed that his face was pale. There was silence at once.

"Fellows, I have something to tell you which you don't expect to hear. We would n't have won the game to-day if I had n't cheated."

"How 's that?"

"Who cheated?"

"What 's the matter?"

There was the greatest consternation among the Orients. When quiet had been partly restored, Gleason went on and related the whole event just as it happened. "And now," he concluded sadly, "I suppose you all despise me. But you can't think worse of me than I do myself." And he leaped out of the carriage, and, setting his face straight before him, walked away up the hill.

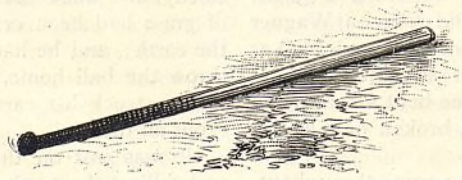
No one offered to stop him. Some hissed. A few laughed. The majority were puzzled.

"What did he want to tell for? No one would ever have known the difference."

But Tom Davis ran after the captain, and caught him about half-way up the hill. School-boy fashion, he said never a word, but walked up the hill to the captain's room, shook hands with him at his door, and went away with something glittering in his eyes.

Next morning, Gleason's conduct was the talk and wonder of the whole school. But the captain himself showed true nobility. He begged the school and the nine to consider the game played with the Claytons as forfeited to them. And, after much talk, Gleason himself wrote, explaining the whole affair, and asking for another game on the Orient grounds.

The Claytons responded, came down, and defeated the Orients in a game even more hotly contested than the first. But Gleason took his defeat very calmly, and smilingly replied to Tom's almost tearful, "Oh, why did n't we beat this time?" with, "Ah! Tom, but I have a clear conscience, and that is worth more than all the ball-games in the world!"



THE QUEEN'S REPARTEE.

By Jay Allison.

He was a king, yet well he knew
The worth of gold for payment;
She was a queen—a woman, too,
And fond of costly raiment.

"This is a dainty cap," he said,
"Fine as a cobweb, truly.
What was the price?" She shook her head:
"You 'll think it cost unduly.

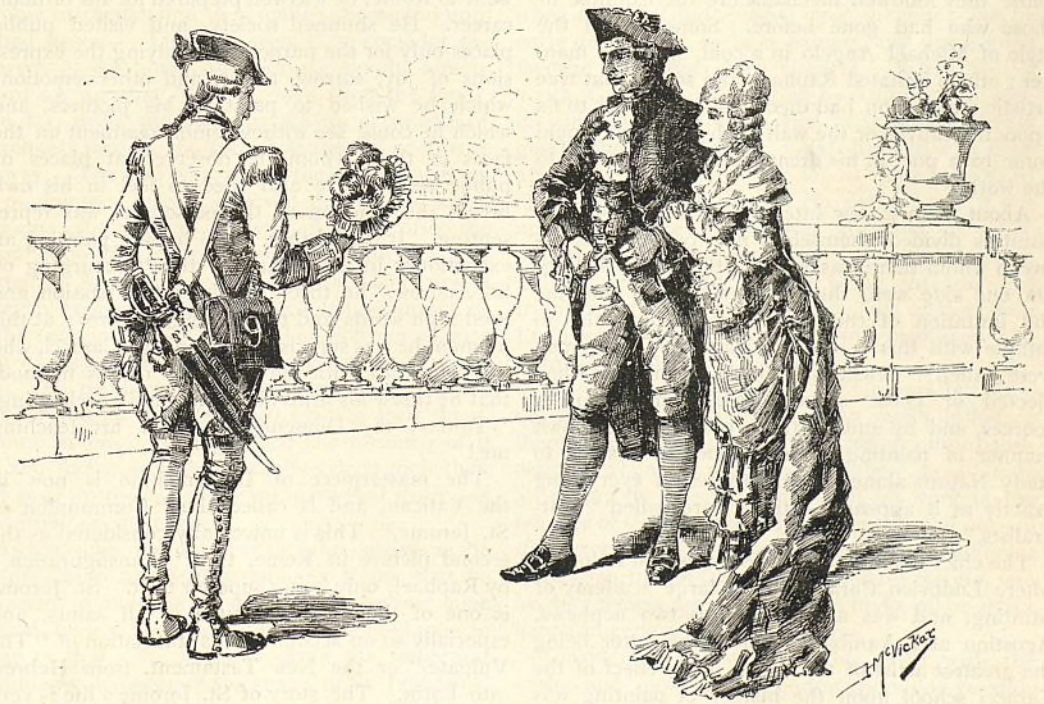
"Men should not ask what women pay
For ribbons, caps, and collars.
But this was a bargain, as you will say,
'T was only just ten thalers."

And beckoned a guardsman, poor and old.
"Here! you are no impostor:
Tell this lady the worth of gold;
What should that lace thing cost her?"

On his clumsy hand he turned the cap.
"I 've but a feeble notion
Of the cost of women's gear. Mayhap,
It cost her many groschen."

"Groschen, man! Such a bit of lace
As that costs ten whole thalers.
This pretty lady with smiling face
Pays dear for caps and collars.

"Ask her to give as much to you—
She can afford it surely."
He held his hand with small ado,
She gave the sum demurely.



"*Only* ten thalers! You can not mean
You paid such a sum of money
For that small thing, my darling queen!"
He looked o'er the landscape sunny,

Then said with a gesture arch and sly:
"This gentleman so stately
Standing here, is richer than I—
His wealth is increasing greatly;

"All that I have he gives to me—
Thankfully I receive it.
Ask *twice* ten thalers, and you 'll see
He can afford to give it."

Laughing, the king bestowed the gold—
Such grace his rank befitted,
And merrily oft the story told
How he had been outwitted.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—TENTH PAPER.

By Clara Erskine Clement.

DOMENICHINO.

In reading of the Italian painters we often find something about "the early masters." This term is applied to the great men like Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and a few others who were themselves illustrious from their own genius, and were imitated by so many other artists that they stand out with great prominence in the history of painting. Titian may be named as the last of the really great masters of the early schools. He died in 1575, near the close of the sixteenth century, just when there was a serious decline in art. The painters of that time are called "Mannerists," because they followed mechanically the example of those who had gone before. Some copied the style of Michael Angelo in a cold, spiritless manner; others imitated Raphael, and so on; but true artistic inspiration had died out—the power to fix upon the canvas or the wall such scenes as would come to a poet in his dreams seemed to be lost to the world.

About 1600 a new interest in art was felt, and painters divided themselves into two parties, between whom there was much bitterness of feeling. On one side were those who wished to continue the imitation of the great masters, but also to mingle with this a study of Nature. These men were called "Eclectics," which means that they elected or chose certain features from various sources, and by uniting them produced their own manner of painting. Their opposers desired to study Nature alone, and to represent everything exactly as it appeared—these were called "Naturalists."

The chief school of the Eclectics was at Bologna, where Ludovico Caracci had a large academy of painting, and was assisted by his two nephews, Agostino and Annibale Caracci, the latter being the greatest artist of the three. The effect of the Caracci school upon the history of painting was so great that it can scarcely be estimated, and Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, was the greatest painter who came out from it.

Domenichino was born at Bologna in 1581, and was early placed under the teaching of Denis Calvart, who forbade his drawing after the works of Annibale Caracci. The boy, however, disobeyed this order; and, being discovered, was treated with such severity that he persuaded his father to remove him from Calvart and place him in the Caracci school.

He was so dull a boy that his companions gave him the name of "the Ox"; but the master, Annibale, said, "Take care: this ox will surpass you all by and by, and will be an honor to his art." Domenichino soon began to win the prizes in the school, and at last, when he left his studies and went to Rome, he was well prepared for his brilliant career. He shunned society, and visited public places only for the purpose of studying the expressions of joy, sorrow, anger, and other emotions which he wished to paint in his pictures, and which he could see without embarrassment on the faces of those whom he observed at places of public resort. He also tried to feel in his own breast the emotion of the person he was representing. It is said that, when he was painting an executioner in his picture of the "Scourging of St. Andrew," he threw himself into a passion and used high words and threatening gestures; at this moment he was surprised by Annibale Caracci, who was so struck with the ingenuity of his method, that he threw his arms about his pupil, exclaiming, "To-day, my Domenichino, thou art teaching me!"

The masterpiece of Domenichino is now in the Vatican, and is called the "Communion of St. Jerome." This is universally considered as the second picture in Rome, the "Transfiguration," by Raphael, only being superior to it. St. Jerome is one of the most venerated of all saints, and especially so on account of his translation of "The Vulgate," or the New Testament, from Hebrew into Latin. The story of St. Jerome's life is very interesting. He was of a rich family, and pursued his studies in Rome, where he led a gay, careless life. He was a brilliant scholar, and became a

celebrated lawyer. When he was thirty years old he was converted to Christianity; he then went to the Holy Land and lived the life of a hermit. He founded a monastery at Bethlehem, and there made his translation of the Scriptures, which entitled him to the consideration of all Christian people.

After ten years' absence from Rome he returned, and made as great a reputation as a preacher as he had before enjoyed as a lawyer. Under his influence many noble Roman ladies became Christians. After three years he returned to his convent in Bethlehem, where he remained until his death. When he knew that he was about to die, he desired to be carried into the chapel of the monastery; there he received the sacrament, and died almost immediately.

It is this final scene in his life that Domenichino has painted. In the foreground is the lion usually seen in all pictures of St. Jerome, and which is one of his symbols, because he was a hermit and passed much time where no living creature existed save the beasts of the desert. There is also a legend told of St. Jerome and a lion, which says that one evening, as the saint was sitting at the gate of the convent, a lion entered, limping, as if wounded. The other monks were all terrified, and fled, but Jerome went to meet him; the lion lifted up his paw and showed a thorn sticking in it, which Jerome extracted, and then tended the wound until it had healed. The lion seemed to consider the convent as his home, and Jerome taught him to guard an ass that brought wood from the forest. One day, while the lion was asleep, a caravan of merchants passed, and they stole the ass and drove it away. The lion returned to the convent with an air of shame. Jerome believed that he had killed and eaten the ass, and condemned him to bring the wood himself; to this the lion patiently submitted. At length, one day, the lion saw a caravan approaching, the camels led by an ass, as is the custom of the Arabs. The lion saw at once that it was the same ass that had been stolen from him, and he drove the camels into the convent, whither the ass was only too glad to lead them. Jerome at once comprehended the meaning of it all, and, as the merchants acknowledged their theft and gave up the ass, the monk pardoned them and sent them on their way.

After a time, the jealousy of other artists made Domenichino so uncomfortable in Rome that he returned to Bologna, and his fame having gone abroad, he was invited by the Viceroy of Naples to come to that city, and was given the important commission to decorate the chapel of St. Januarius. At this time there was an association of painters in Naples who were determined that no strange artist who came there should do any honorable work. They drove away Annibale Caracci, Guido Reni, and others, by means of a petty system of persecution. As soon as Domenichino began his work, he was subjected to all sorts of annoyances; he received letters threatening his life; and though the Viceroy took means to protect him, his colors were spoiled by having ruinous chemicals mixed with them, his sketches were stolen from his studio, and insults and indignities were continually heaped upon him. At length, he was in such despair that he secretly left the city, meaning to go to Rome.

As soon as his flight was discovered, the Viceroy sent for him and brought him back. New measures were taken for his protection, but, just as his work was advancing well, he suddenly sickened and died. It has been said that he was poisoned; be this as it may, there is little doubt that the fear, anxiety, and constant vexation that he had suffered caused his death; and in any case his tormentors must be regarded as his murderers. He died in 1641, when sixty years old.

GUIDO RENI.

GUIDO was the next most important painter of the Caracci school. He was born at Bologna, in 1575. His father was a professor of music, and, when a child, Guido played upon the flute; but he early determined to be a painter, and was a great favorite with the elder Caracci. When still a youth, Guido heard a lecture by Annibale Caracci, in which he laid down the rules which should govern the true painter. Guido listened with fixed attention, and resolved to follow these directions closely in his own work. He did so, and it was not long before his pictures attracted so much attention as to arouse the jealousy of other artists; he was accused of being insolent and trying to establish a new system, and, at last, even Ludovico turned against him and dismissed him from the Academy.

He went to Rome, where his fate was but little better. Caravaggio then had so much influence there that he almost made laws for all other painters, and when the Cardinal Borghese gave Guido an order, he directed him to do his work in the manner of Caravaggio. The young painter obeyed the letter of the command; but quite a different spirit from that of Caravaggio filled his picture, and his success was again such as to make other artists hate and endeavor to injure him.

Considering the work of this artist with the cooler and more critical judgment made possible by the lapse of so many years, the truth seems to be that Guido was not a truly great painter, but he had a lofty conception of beauty, and tried to

reach it in his pictures. He really painted in three different styles. His earliest manner was the strongest, and had a force that he outgrew when he came to his second period, where his only endeavor was to make everything bend to the idea of sweetness and grace. His third style was careless, and came to him when his ambition to be a great artist was gone, and only a desire for money remained.

In his best works there is no full depth of meaning, and a great sameness of expression marks them as the pictures of an artist lacking originality and inventive power. His masterpiece in Rome was the "Aurora," on a ceiling in the Rospigliosi Palace. It is much admired, and is familiar to us from the engravings after it. Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, is represented as floating on the clouds before the chariot of Phœbus, or Apollo, the god of the sun. She scatters flowers upon the earth, which is seen in the distance far below. The sun-god holds the reins over four white and piebald horses; just above them floats Cupid, with his lighted torch. The hours, represented by seven graceful female figures, dance along beside the chariot. A question is sometimes asked as to the reason of their number being seven. The hours, or Horæ, have no fixed number; sometimes they were spoken of by the ancients as two; again three, and even ten, are mentioned. Thus an artist has authority for great license in painting them; however, it has always seemed to me, in regard to this picture, that Guido counted them as ten, for in that case three would naturally be out of sight on the side of the chariot which is not seen in the picture.

A second very famous picture by Guido, painted during his best period, is the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which is in the gallery of the Barberini Palace at Rome. There are few pictures in the world about which there is so sad an interest. The beautiful young girl whom it represents was the daughter of Francisco Cenci, a wealthy Roman nobleman. The mother of Beatrice died, and her father made a second marriage, after which he treated the children of his first wife in a brutal manner; it is even reported that he hired desperate men to murder two of his sons, who were returning from a journey to Spain. It is said that his cruelty to Beatrice was such that she murdered him, with the aid of her brother and her step-mother. Other authorities say that these three had no hand in the father's murder, but were made to appear as the murderers through the plot of some robbers who were really guilty of the crime. But, guilty or innocent, all three were condemned to death, and were executed in 1599. Clement VII. was the Pope at that time, and would not pardon Beatrice and her companions in their dreadful extremity, though all the crimes and cruelty of the father were told to him, and mercy was implored for this beautiful girl. It has been stated that the Pope desired to confiscate the Cenci estates, as he had a right to do if the members of the family suffered the penalty of death. The sad face of the girl, as painted by Guido, is so familiar to us, from the many reproductions that have been made from it, that sometimes when we see it suddenly it startles us almost as though it were the face of some one whom we had known.

After a time, Guido left Rome for Bologna. From there he sent his picture of St. Michael to the Cappucini in Rome, and wrote as follows concerning it: "I wish I had the wings of an angel to have ascended into Paradise, and there to have beholden the forms of those beatified spirits from which I might have copied my archangel; but not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search for his resemblance here below; so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination." It is said that this was always his method — to try to represent some ideal beauty rather than to reproduce the actual loveliness of any living model. He would pose his color-grinder, or any person at his command, in the attitude he desired, and, after drawing the outline from them, he would supply the beauty and the expression from his own imagination. This accounts for the sameness in his heads: his women and children are pretty, his men lack dignity; and we feel this especially in his representations of Christ.

It is said that on one occasion a nobleman, who was very fond of the painter Guercino, went to Guido, at the request of his favorite artist, to ask if he would not tell what beautiful woman was the model from which he painted all the graces which appeared in his works. In reply, Guido called his color-grinder, who was a dirty, ugly-looking fellow; he made him sit down and turn his head to look up at the sky. He then sketched a Magdalen in the same attitude, and with the same light and shadow as fell on the ugly model; but the picture had the beauty and expression which might suit an angelic being. The nobleman thought this was done by some trick, but Guido said: "No, my dear count; but tell your painter that the beautiful and pure idea must be in the head, and then it is no matter what the model is."

Toward the end of his life, Guido's love for gaming led him into great distresses, and he multiplied his pictures for the sake of the money of which he stood in great need; and for this reason there are many works said to have been painted

BEATRICE CENCI. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY GUIDO RENI.)

by him which are not worthy of his name. He died at Bologna in 1642, when he was sixty-seven years old; and though he had always received the most generous prices from his patrons, he passed his last days in miserable poverty, and left many unpaid debts as a blot upon his memory.

ELISABETTA SIRANI.

AMONG the followers of Guido Reni, this young woman, who died when but twenty-five years old, is conspicuous for her talents and interesting on account of the story of her life. She was the daughter of a reputable artist, and was born at Bologna about 1640. She was certainly very industrious, since one of her biographers names one hundred and fifty pictures and etchings made by her, and all these must have been done within a period of about ten years.

"AURORA," BY GUIDO RENI.

She was a good imitator of the sweet, attractive manner of Guido Reni, and the heads of her Madonnas and Magdalens have a charm of expression which leaves nothing to be desired in that respect; and, indeed, all that she did proves the innate grace and refinement of her own nature. Much has been said of the ease and rapidity with which she worked, and one anecdote relates that on an occasion when it happened that the Duchess of Brunswick, the Duchess of Mirandola, and Duke Cosimo de' Medici, with other persons, all met at her studio, she astonished and delighted them by the ease and skill with which she sketched and shaded drawings of the subjects which one after another named to her.

When twenty years old, she had completed a large picture of the "Baptism of Christ." Her picture of "St. Anthony adoring the Virgin and Child," in the Pinacotheca of Bologna, is very much admired, and is probably her masterpiece.

The story of her life, aside from her art, gives an undying interest to her name, and insures her remembrance for all time. In person she was beautiful, and the sweetness of her character and manner won for her the love of all those who were associated with her. She was also a charming singer, and was ever ready to give pleasure to her friends. Her admiring biographers also commend her taste in dress, which was very simple; and they even go so far as to praise her for her moderation in eating! She was well skilled in all domestic matters, and would rise at daybreak to perform her lowly household duties, never allowing her art to displace the homely occupations which properly, as she thought, made a part of her life.

Elisabetta Sirani's name has come down through two hundred and seventeen years as one whose "devoted filial affection, feminine grace, and artless benignity of manner added a luster to her great talents, and completed a personality which her friends regarded as an ideal of perfection."

The sudden death of this artist has added a tragic element to her story. The cause of it has never been known, but the theory that she died from poison has been very generally accepted. Several reasons for this crime have been given: one is that she was sacrificed to the jealousy of other artists, as Domenichino had been; another belief was that a princely lover, whom she had treated with scorn, had taken her life because she had dared to place herself, in her lowly station, above his rank and power.

A servant-girl named Lucia Tolomelli, who had been long in the service of the Sirani family, was suspected and tried for this crime. She was sentenced to banishment; but, after a time, Elisabetta's father requested that Lucia should be allowed to return, as he had no reason for believing her guilty. And so the mystery of the cause of her death has never been solved; but its effect upon the whole city of Bologna, where it occurred, is a matter of history.

The entire people felt a personal loss in her death, and the day of her burial was one of general mourning. The ceremonies of her funeral were attended with great pomp, and she was buried beside her master, Guido Reni, in the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, in the magnificent Church of the Dominicans. Poets and orators vied with one another in sounding her praises, and a book published soon after her death, called "Il Pennello Lagrimato," is a collection of orations, sonnets, odes, anagrams, and epitaphs in both Latin and Italian, all telling of the love for her which filled the city, and describing the charms and virtues of this gifted artist. Her portrait, representing her when painting that of her father, is in the Ercolani Gallery at Bologna. According to this picture she was very pretty, with a tall and elegant figure.

The two sisters of Elisabetta, called Barbara and Anna Maria, were also artists, but the fame of the first was so great as to overshadow theirs.

THE NATURALISTS.

THE character and life of Michael Angelo Amerighi, called Caravaggio, who was the head of the school of Naturalists at Naples, were not such as to make him an attractive study. His manner of painting and his choice of subjects together produced what has been called "the poetry of the repulsive." Caravaggio was wild in his nature and his life. If he painted scenes of a religious character they were coarse, though his vivid color and his manner of arranging his figures were striking in effect. His "Cheating Gamesters" is a famous picture, and represents two men playing cards, while a third looks over the shoulder of one, and is apparently advising him how to play.

Next to Caravaggio came Ribera, called Il Spagnoletto because of his Spanish origin. It is said that, when very young, he had made his way to Rome, where he was living in miserable poverty, and industriously copying the frescoes which he saw all about the public places of the city. He attracted the attention of a cardinal, who took the boy to his home and made him comfortable. But soon Ribera ran away and returned to the vagrant life of the streets; the cardinal searched for him, and when at last the boy was brought before him he called him an "ungrateful little Spaniard," and offered to receive him into his house once more. Ribera replied that he could not accept, and declared that as soon as he was made comfortable and well fed he lost all his ambition and his desire to work; adding that he needed the spur of poverty to make him a good artist.

The cardinal admired his courage and resolution, and, the story being repeated, the attention of other artists was attracted to him; and from this time he was known as Il Spagnoletto. He made rapid advances in his style of painting, and later, in Naples, he joined with Belisario Corenzio and Gianbattista Caracciolo in the plan, to which we have referred, of keeping all other artists from being employed there. On Ribera rests much of the responsibility of the many crimes which were committed in Naples, even if he did not actually do the deeds himself; and when one sees his works, and the horrible, brutal subjects which he studied and represented, it is easy to understand how all kindliness of feeling might have been crushed out of a man whose thoughts were given to such things. He became very rich, and his numerous works are in the famous galleries of the world, from Madrid to St. Petersburg.

LITTLE GUIDO'S COMPLAINT.

(Bologna, A. D. 1585.)

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"OH, how shall I bear it? They 've taken away
My brushes, and paper, and pencil, and say
I must thrum on the harpsichord till I can play.

"My father is fretted, because he foresees
I have not his marvelous genius to please
The lute-loving, musical-mad Bolognese.

"My mother — dear heart! there is pain in her look
Whenever she finds me hid safe in some nook,
Bent over my drawing, instead of my book.

"And so, as it daily is coming to pass,
She twits me with idleness, chiding: 'Alas!
They tell me my Guido is dunce of the class.'

"And Friar Tomaso (the stupid old fool!),
Because on my grammar, instead of the rule,
I had scribbled his likeness, has whipped me in school.

"The boys, leaning over, with shoutings began:
'Oh, ho! Little Guido Reni is the man
To step after Raphael, if any one can!'

"I drew on the door of my chamber, in faint,
Yet delicate outlines, the head of a saint:
My mother has blotted it over with paint.

"I sketched with a coal, on the vestibule wall,
Great Cæsar, returning triumphant from Gaul:
They came with their whitewash and covered it all;

"And yesterday, after the set of the sun
(I had practiced my lute, and my lessons were done),
I went to the garden; and choosing me one

"Of the plots yet unplanted, I leveled it fair,
And traced, with a stick, the Horatian pair
Of brothers. To-day, there 's no trace of it there.

"If only Caracci one moment could see
My drawings, and know how I 'm thwarted — why, he
Is a painter — and so would be sorry for me.

"Ah, the pictures, the pictures that crowd to my eye!
If they never will let me have brushes to try
And paint them — Madonna! *I think I will die!*"

AN OLD CROSS-PATCH.

THE SISTERS THREE AND THE KILMAREE.

By Frank R. Stockton.

THERE were once three sisters, who were nearly grown up. They were of high birth, but had lost their parents, and were now under the charge of a fairy godmother, who had put them on an island in the sea, where they were to live until they were entirely grown up. They lived in a beautiful little palace on this island, and had everything they wanted. One of these sisters was pretty, one was good, and the other had a fine mind. When the Fairy Godmother had settled everything to her satisfaction, she told the sisters to stay on the island and be happy until they were grown up, and then she sailed away in a kilmaree.

A kilmaree is a boat used exclusively by fairies, and is shaped a good deal like a ram's horn, with little windows and doors in various parts of it. The waters between the main-land and the island of the sisters were full of strange, entangled currents, and could be navigated only by a boat like a kilmaree, which could twist about as much as any current or stream of water could possibly twist or turn. Of course these boats are very hard to manage, for the passengers sometimes have to get into one door, and sometimes into another; and the water sometimes comes in at a front window and goes out at a back one, while at other times it comes in at a back window and goes out at a front one; sometimes the boat twists around and around like a screw, while at other times it goes over and over like a wheel, so that it is easy to see that any one not accustomed to managing such boats would have a hard time if he undertook to make a trip in one.

It was not long after the three sisters had been taken to their island that there came riding, on a road that ran along the shore of the main-land, a lonely prince. This young man had met with many troubles, and made rather a specialty of grief. He was traveling about by himself, seeking to soothe his sorrows by foreign sights. It was now near evening, and he began to look for a suitable spot to rest and weep. He had been greatly given to tears, but his physicians had told him that he must weep only three times a day, before meals. He now began to feel hungry, and he therefore knew it was weeping-time. He dismounted and seated himself under a tree, but he had scarcely shed half a dozen tears before his attention was attracted by the dome of a palace on an island in the sea before him. The island was a long way off, and he would not have noticed the palace-dome had it not been gilded by the rays of the setting sun. The Prince immediately called to a passer-by, and told him to summon the Principal Inhabitant of the adjacent village.

When the Principal Inhabitant arrived, the Prince asked him who lived in that distant palace, the dome of which was gilded by the rays of the setting sun.

"That palace," replied the other, "is the home of three sisters. One is pretty, one is good, and the other has a fine mind. They are put there to stay until they are grown up."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Prince. "I feel interested in them already. Is there a ferry to the island?"

"A ferry!" cried the Principal Inhabitant. "I should think not! Nobody ever goes there, or comes from there, except the Fairy Godmother, and she sails in a kilmaree."

"Can you furnish me with a boat of that kind?" asked the Prince.

"No, indeed!" said the Principal Inhabitant. "I have n't the least idea where in the world you could find a kilmaree."

"Very well, then, sir," said the Prince, "you may go. I am much obliged to you for coming to me."

"You are very welcome," said the Principal Inhabitant, and he walked away. The Prince then mounted his horse, rode to the village, ate his supper, and went to bed.

The next morning the Prince shed barely three tears before breakfast, in such a hurry was he to ride away and find the kilmaree in which he might sail to the distant isle and the sisters three. Before he started, he went to the place whence he had first seen the dome of the palace gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and there he whittled a large peg, on which he cut his initials. This peg he drove down on the very spot where he had seated himself to cry, that he might know where to start from in order to reach the island. If he began his voyage from any other place, and the evening sun did not happen to be shining, he thought he might miss his destination. He then rode away as fast as he could go, but he met nobody until he came to the outskirts of a little village. Here, in a small workshop by the side of the road, was a young man busily engaged in making wooden piggins.

This person was an expectant heir. Among the things he expected to inherit were a large fortune

from an uncle, a flourishing business from his brother-in-law, a house and grounds from his maternal grandfather, a very valuable machine for peeling currants, from a connection by marriage, and a string of camels from an aged relative. If he inherited any one of these things, he could either live in affluence or start himself in a good business. In the meantime, however, he earned a little money by making piggins. The Prince dismounted, and approached this young man.

THE PRINCE CATCHES SIGHT OF THE ISLAND OF THE SISTERS THREE.

"Can you tell me," he said, "if any one in these parts has a kilmaree?"

"I don't so much as know," said the Expectant Heir, sitting down on his work-bench, "what a kilmaree is."

The Prince then told him all he had heard about the kilmaree, and why it was necessary for him to have one to reach the distant isle.

"I expect," said the other, "to inherit a house and grounds. Among the valuable things there I shall find, no doubt, a kilmaree, which I shall be very glad to lend to you; but, perhaps, you will not be willing to wait so long, for the person from whom I am to inherit the house is not yet dead."

"No," said the Prince, "I can not wait at all. I want a kilmaree immediately. Could you not make me one? You seem to work very well in wood."

"I have no doubt I could make one," said the Expectant Heir, "if I only had a model. From what you say, a kilmaree must be of a very peculiar shape, and I would not know how to set about making one. But I know a person who probably understands all about kilmarees. His name is Terzan, and he lives at the other end of this village. Shall we go to him?"

The Prince agreed, and the two then proceeded to the house of Terzan. This individual was a poor young man who lived in a cottage with his mother and five sisters. He had always been considered very smart, and now, though quite young, was the head of the family. He had been educated at a large school near by, in which he was the only scholar. There were a great many masters and professors, and there used to be a great many scholars, but these had all finished their education and had gone away. For a long time there had been no children in that part of the country to take their places. But the masters and teachers hoped their former pupils would marry and settle, and that they would then send their boys and girls to the school. For this reason the school was kept up, for it would be a great pity if there should be no school when the scholars should begin to come in. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that the teachers and masters took Terzan, when a mere boy, into their school. They were afraid they would forget how to teach if they did not have some one to practice on.

Every day Terzan was passed from professor to professor, from teacher to teacher, each one trying to keep him as long as possible, and to teach him as much as he could. When they were not teaching Terzan, the teachers and professors had nothing to do, and time hung heavy on their hands. It is easy to see, therefore, that Terzan was taught most persistently, and, as he was a smart boy, it is probable that he must have learned a good deal. In course of time he was graduated, and although the professors wished him to begin all over again, so as to make himself absolutely perfect in his studies, his family thought it would be much better for him to come home and work for his living. Terzan accordingly went home, and worked in the garden, in order to help support his mother and sisters. These good women, and indeed nearly everybody in the village, thought Terzan was the smartest boy in the world, and that he knew nearly everything that could be learned. After a time, Terzan

himself believed that this was partly true, but as he was a boy of sense he never became very vain. He was very fond, however, of having his own way, and if people differed with him he was apt to think that they were ignorant or crack-brained.

The Expectant Heir knew what a clever fellow Terzan was considered to be, and he therefore supposed he knew all about the kilmaree.

But Terzan had never seen such a boat. He knew, however, what a kilmaree was. "It is a vessel that belongs to a fairy," said he, "and it is a curly-kew sort of a thing, which will go through the most twisted currents. If I could see a kilmaree, I could easily make a model of it; and I know where there is one."

"Where? oh, where?" cried the Prince.

"It belongs to a fairy godmother, who lives in a mountain not far from here. It is in a little pond, with a high wall around it. When the moon rises to-night we can go and look at it, and then, when I have carefully considered it, I can make a model of it."

"You need not take that trouble," said the Prince. "You and this young man can just lift the boat out of the pond, and then I can take it and sail away to the distant isle."

"No, indeed!" cried Terzan. "That would be stealing, and we will do nothing of that sort."

"We might borrow it," said the Expectant Heir, "and bring it back again. There could be nothing wrong in that. I have often borrowed things."

But Terzan would listen to neither of these plans; so that night, when the moon rose, they all went to the Fairy's pond, that they might see the kilmaree, and that Terzan might have the opportunity of carefully considering it, so that he could make a model of it. Terzan had a good idea about such things, and he studied and examined the kilmaree until he was perfectly satisfied that he could make one like it. Then they went home, and the next morning work was commenced upon the vessel. The Expectant Heir was used to working in wood, having been a piggin-maker for several years, and he, therefore, was expected to do the actual work on the kilmaree, while Terzan planned it out and directed its construction. The Prince was in a great hurry to have the vessel finished, and said that he hoped that they would work at it night and day until it was done.

"And what are you going to do?" said Terzan.

"I shall wait as patiently as I can until it is finished," said the Prince. "I dare say I can find some way of amusing myself."

"But you expect to sail in it when it is finished?" asked Terzan.

"Of course I do," replied the Prince, proudly. "What do you mean by such a question?"

"Then, if you expect to sail in this kilmaree," said Terzan, "you must just go to work and help build her. If you don't do that, you shall not travel one inch in her. And, as you do not appear to know anything about ship-building, you may carry the boards and boil the pitch."

The Prince did not like this plan at all; but, as he saw very plainly that there was no other chance of his sailing in a kilmaree, he carried the boards and he boiled the pitch. The three worked away very hard for several days, until at last their boat began to look something like a kilmaree.

It must not be supposed that the Fairy was ignorant of what was going on. She had sat and watched the three companions while Terzan examined and studied her kilmaree, and she knew exactly what they intended to do, and why they wished to do it. She knew very well they could never build a vessel of the proper kind, but she let them work on until they had nearly finished their kilmaree. She could see, as well as anybody could see anything, that, if that vessel were ever launched upon the water, it would immediately screw itself, with everybody on board, down to the bottom of the ocean. It was not her intention that anything of this kind should happen, and so, at night, after the three workers had gone to bed, she removed their vessel, and had her own kilmaree put in its place in the work-shop of the Expectant Heir.

In the morning, when the three companions came to put the finishing touches to their work, Terzan began to compliment the Expectant Heir upon the excellent manner in which he had built the vessel.

"You really have made a splendid kilmaree," said he. "I don't believe there is anything more to be done to it."

"It does seem to be all right," said the other, "but I never should have built it so well had you not told me exactly how to do it."

The Prince expected one or the other would say something about the admirable manner in which he had carried the boards and boiled the pitch; but, as neither of them said anything of the kind, he merely remarked that it was a very good kilmaree, and the sooner it was launched the better. To this the others agreed, and the same day the vessel was carried down to the shore and placed in the water.

"Now, then," said the Prince, when this had been done, "I shall sail along the coast until I reach the spot where I drove my peg, and then I shall go directly across to the distant isle. I am very much obliged to both of you for what you have done, and when I come back I will pay you something for your trouble."

"Then," asked Terzan, "you expect to sail alone in this kilmaree?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Prince. "I know the direction in which to steer it, and there is no necessity for any one coming with me."

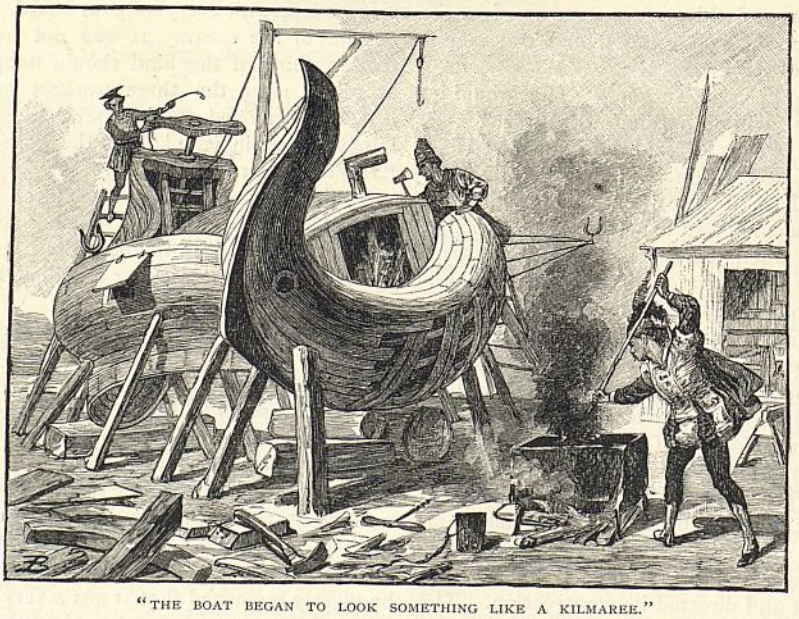
"Indeed!" cried Terzan. "Do you suppose we built this boat just for you to sail to the distant isle? I never heard such nonsense. We, too, are going to sail in this kilmaree, and, as you were good enough to carry the boards and boil the pitch, we will take you with us, if you behave yourself. So, if you want to go, just jump aboard, and clap your hand over the forward spout-hole. It will be your duty to keep that shut, except when I tell you to leave it open. And you," said he to the Expectant Heir, "may sit in the middle, and open and shut the little door on the right where the water runs in, and open and shut the little door on the left where it runs out. I 'll steer. All aboard!"

There was nothing else for the Prince to do, and so he jumped on the kilmaree, and clapped his hand over the forward spout-hole. The Expectant Heir went to his duties in the middle of the vessel. And Terzan sat in the stern to steer. But he did not steer at all. The Fairy was there, although he did not see her, and she made the kilmaree go just where she pleased.

Off they started, and very soon the three companions found that sailing in a kilmaree was no great fun. Just to amuse herself, the Fairy made it twist and turn and bob up and down in the water in the most astonishing manner. Several times, when the boat rolled over, the Prince tumbled overboard, and then the kilmaree dipped down and scooped him up, making the others just as wet as he was. The Expectant Heir, at his post in the middle of the vessel, found the waters sometimes rush in so fast at one little door, and rush out so fast at the other, that he thought it would wash all the color out of him. Sometimes the kilmaree would stand up on one end and then bore itself far down into the water, rubbing against sharks and great, fat turtles, and darting about as if it were chasing the smaller fish; then, just as Terzan and his companions feared they were going to be drowned, it would come to the surface and begin to squirm along on top of the water. The others thought that Terzan did not know how to steer, and he admitted that perhaps he did not guide the kilmaree in exactly the proper way, but he hoped that after some practice he would become more skillful.

It began to be dark; but, as there was no stopping the kilmaree, which sailed by some inward power of its own, they were obliged to keep on. Terzan thought he could steer by the stars, and so they all tried to be as well satisfied as possible. But the Fairy knew very well how to steer, and as soon as it became dark she steered right away from the distant isle of the sisters three, and sailed toward a large island far out in the ocean. About midnight they arrived there, and the three companions immediately jumped on shore.

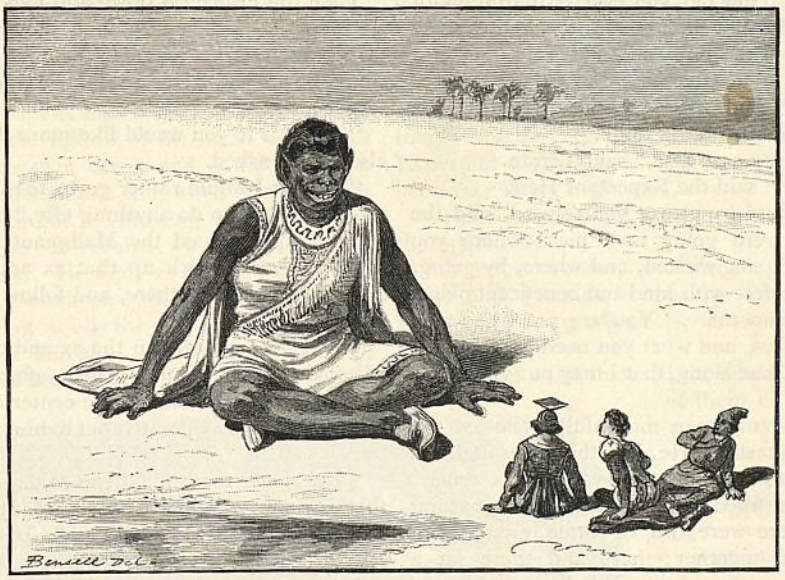
"I am glad to be out of that horrible kilma-



"THE BOAT BEGAN TO LOOK SOMETHING LIKE A KILMAREE."

ree!" said the Prince, "but how in the world am I to find the palace and the sisters three? It is as dark as pitch."

"You will have to wait till morning," said Terzan, "when we will go and help you look for it."



"THEY SAW THE GREAT, BLACK AFRITE SITTING ON THE SAND BEFORE THEM."

"You need not go at all," said the Prince. "I can easily find it when it is light."

"We shall certainly go with you," said Terzan, "for we want to find the palace as much as you do. Don't we?" said he, addressing the Expectant Heir.

"Indeed, we do," replied that individual.

"The palace I am looking for," said the Prince, "is occupied by three sisters of very high degree, and why a poor young gardener and a pigginist should wish to call upon such ladies, I can't, for the life of me, imagine."

"We will show you that when we get there," said Terzan; and he laid himself down on the sand and went to sleep. The two others soon followed his example.

As for the Fairy Godmother, she left the three young men, and went to a castle near by, which was inhabited by an Afrite. This terrible creature had command of the island, which belonged to the Fairy Godmother, and was tenanted by many strange beings. "I have brought you," said she to the Afrite, "three very foolish persons: one of them is a poor young gardener, who thinks he is a great deal better off than he is; one of them is an expectant heir, who expects to be much better off than he ever will be; and the other is a Prince, who does not know how well off he is. What I want you to do with these three persons, who are all very young men, is to take the nonsense out of them."

"I 'll undertake the task with pleasure," said the Afrite, with what was intended to be a bland and re-assuring smile.

"Very well," said the Fairy, "and when the nonsense is entirely out of them, you can hoist a copper-colored flag on the topmost pinnacle of your castle, and I will come over and take charge of them."

And then she left the castle, and sailed away in her kilmaree.

The next morning, when the three young men awoke, they saw the great black Afrite sitting on the sand before them. Frightened and astonished, they sprang to their feet. The Prince first found courage to speak.

"Is this the island of the sisters three?" he asked.

"No," replied the Afrite, with an unpleasant grin; "it is my island. There are plenty of sisters here, and brothers, too; but we don't divide them up into threes."

"Then we have made a mistake," said Terzan. "Let us go back. Where is our kilmaree?"

"Your kilmaree is not here," said the Afrite, sternly, rising to his feet; "you have n't any, and you never had one. The thing you made would not work, and the Fairy Godmother brought you here in her own kilmaree."

The three companions looked at each other in astonishment.

"Yes," continued the Afrite, "she sat in her little cranny in the stern, and steered you to this island. She has told me all about you. You are three young men who don't know how to take care of yourselves. How did you ever dare to think of going to the island of the sisters three, and of stealing the model of the Fairy's kilmaree?"

"I wanted to see the beautiful palace and the three sisters," said the Prince. "It seemed a novel and a pleasant thing to do."

"That was my case also," said Terzan.

"And mine," said the Expectant Heir.

"And so, just to please yourselves," said the Afrite, "you were going to a place where you knew you were not wanted, and where, by going, you would interfere with kind and beneficent plans. You need say no more. You are not fit to take care of yourselves, and what you need is a guardian apiece. Come along, that I may put you under their care."

The three young men mournfully followed the Afrite to his castle. He led them through its gloomy halls to a great court-yard in its center. This yard was filled with all sorts of unnatural creatures. Here were two or three great, grim giants chained together; here and there sat a sulky-looking genie surrounded by mischievous elves and fairies, while, scattered about, were gnomes, and dwarfs, and imps, and many other creatures which our friends had never seen nor heard of. The island seemed a sort of penal colony for such beings, every one of whom looked as if he or she had been sent there for some offense.

"Now, then," said the Afrite to the young men, "I will give you the privilege of choosing your own guardians. Go into that yard, and each pick out the one you would like to have take care of you."

The young men did not want to have anything to do with these strange beings, but there was no disobeying the Afrite. So they went into the court-yard and looked about them. In a short time each had selected a guardian. The Prince chose a malignant fay. The Afrite told him what she was, but the Prince said she was such a little thing, and had such a pleasing aspect, that he would prefer her to any of the others. So the Afrite let him take her. The Expectant Heir selected a spook, and Terzan chose a dryad.

"Now, then," said the Afrite, "begone! And I hope it will not be long before I have a good report of you."

The Malignant Fay led the Prince to the seashore. As he walked along he remembered that for several days he had forgotten to weep before meals. The sisters three and the kilmaree had entirely filled his mind. So he wept copiously to make up for lost time.

"Now, then," said the Fay, with a smile, "sit down on the sand and tell me all about yourself. How do you live when you are at home?"

Then the Prince sat down and told her all about the beautiful palace, the fine kingdom, and the loving subjects he had left in order to find something novel and pleasant that would make him forget his grief.

"What is it you would like more than anything else?" she asked.

"I think I would rather go to the isle of the sisters three than to do anything else," he said.

"All right!" said the Malignant Fay. "You shall go there. Pick up that ax and that bag of nails you see lying there, and follow me into the forest."

The Prince picked up the ax and the nails, and followed his guardian. When, after a long and toilsome walk, he reached the center of the forest, the Malignant Fay pointed out to him an enormous tree.

"Cut down that tree," she said. "And when that is done you shall split it up into boards and planks, and then you shall build a boat in which to sail to the distant isle of the sisters three. While you are working, I will curl myself up in the heart of this lily and take a nap."

The poor Prince had never used an ax in his life, but he felt that he must obey his guardian. And so he began to chop the tree. But he soon became very tired, and sat down to rest. Instantly the Fay sprang from her lily, and pricked him in the face with a sharp bodkin. Howling with pain, the Prince seized his ax, and began to work again.

"There must be no stopping and resting," cried his guardian. "You must work all day, or the boat will never be built."

And so the Prince worked all day, and for many, many days. At nightfall, his guardian allowed him to stop and pick some berries for his supper. And then he slept upon the ground. He now not only wept before each meal, but he shed a tear before each berry that he ate.

As the Expectant Heir and his guardian left the castle, the Afrite beckoned the Spook to one side, and said:

"Do you think you can manage him?"

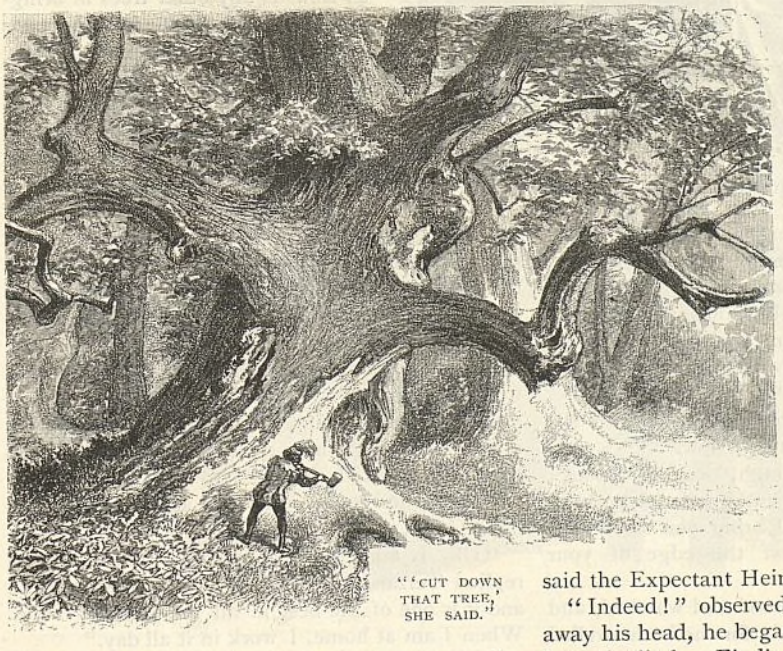
The Spook made no answer, but opening his eyes until they were as wide as tea-cups, he made them revolve with great rapidity. He then grinned until his mouth stretched all around his head, and his lips met behind his ears. Then he lifted his right leg, and wound it several times around his

neck; after which he winked with his left ear. This is a thing which no one but a spook can do.

The Afrite smiled. "You 'll do it," said he.

"Now, then," said the Spook to the expectant heir, after they had gone some distance from the castle, "I am famishing for exercise. Will you hold this stick out at arm's length?"

The Expectant Heir took a stick about a yard long, which the Spook handed him, and he held it out horizontally at arm's length. The Spook then stood on tiptoe, and stuck the other end of the stick into the middle of his back. He was a smoky, vapory sort of being, and it did not seem to make any difference to him whether a stick was stuck into him or not. Throwing out his legs and arms, he began to revolve with great rapidity around the stick. He went so fast he looked like an enormous pin-wheel, and, as his weight was scarcely anything at all, the Expectant Heir held him out without difficulty. Soon he began to go so fast that, one after another, his arms, legs, and



"'CUT DOWN THAT TREE,' SHE SAID."

head flew off, and fell to the ground at some distance. Then the body stopped whirling.

"Hello!" said the head. "Will you please pick me up, and put me together?"

So the Expectant Heir gathered up the arms, legs, and head. "I hope," said he, "that I shall be able to stick you together properly."

"Oh, it does n't matter much," said the Spook, whose head was now on his body. "Sometimes I have a leg where an arm ought to be, and sometimes an arm in a leg's place. I don't really need arms and legs. I wear them only because it is the fashion. Come along!"

They then proceeded up a steep and stony hill, and paused under a tall tree with a few branches near the top. The Spook languidly clambered up the trunk of this tree, and hitched his right foot to the end of one of the limbs. Then, hanging head downward, he slowly descended, his legs stretching out as he gradually approached the ground. When his head was opposite that of the Expectant Heir, he turned up his face and gazed steadily at him, revolving his eyes as he did so. Had the Expectant Heir been a little boy, he would have been very much frightened.

"What do you want most in this world?" asked the Spook.

"A large fortune, a flourishing business, a house and grounds, a machine for peeling currants, and a string of camels," answered the expectant heir.

"Do you want them all, or would two or three of them do?" asked the other.

"Two or three would do very well, but I would not object to have them all."

"Would you like to have them now?" asked the Spook, "or are you disposed to postpone the fulfillment of your wishes until some indefinite period, when you may actually come into possession of what you desire?"

"Wait till I get them, you mean?" said the Expectant Heir.

"Precisely," answered the other.

"I have been doing that for a long time," said the Expectant Heir, rather pensively.

"Indeed!" observed the Spook; and turning away his head, he began to try to unhitch his foot from the limb. Finding he could not do this, he climbed up his leg, hand over hand, and unfastened his foot. Then he dropped to the ground, and, drawing his leg in to its ordinary size, he started off again up the hill, the Expectant Heir closely following. When they reached the top of the hill, the Spook stopped before five small trees which grew close together in a row.

"I want you to stay here and watch these trees," said the Spook to the Expectant Heir. "One of them bears plums, another peaches, another dates,

another pomegranates, and the last one bears watermelons."

"Watermelons don't grow on trees!" cried the Expectant Heir.

"There is no knowing where they will grow," said the Spook. "You can't be sure that they will never grow on trees until you see they don't. You must watch these trees until they have each borne ripe fruit. There are no buds yet, but they will soon come; then the blossoms will appear; and then the green fruit; and after a while, in the course of time, the fruit will ripen. Then you will have something to eat."

"THE HERMIT'S LIBRARY WAS ALWAYS OPEN TO THE DRYAD AND HER WARD."

"Oh, I can't wait so long as that!" cried the Expectant Heir. "I am hungry now."

"You can wait easily enough," said the Spook; "you are used to it. Now, stand under these trees and do as I tell you. I will bring you something now and then to take off the edge of your appetite."

So the Expectant Heir stood and watched, and watched. It was weary work, for the buds swelled very slowly, and he did not know when the blossoms would come out.

One day, the Spook came to him and asked: "Do you like pickled lemons?"

"They must be dreadfully sour," said the Expectant Heir, screwing up his face at the thought.

"That is all I have got for you to-day," said the Spook, "therefore you 'll have to eat them or go hungry."

So he had to eat the pickled lemons, for he was very hungry.

Another day, the Spook said: "Would you like some peppered peppers?"

"Peppered peppers!" exclaimed the Expectant Heir in horror.

"They are red peppers stuffed with black pepper," said the Spook. "I expect they are hot, but you 'll have to eat them, for they are all I have got."

So the Expectant Heir had to eat the peppered peppers, for the fruit-trees had barely begun to blossom.

"Would you like some ice-cream?" the Spook said, another time. "I 've only the kind which is flavored with mustard and onion-juice, but you 'll have to eat it, for it is all I have got."

Day after day the Spook brought such disagreeable food to the Expectant Heir, who was obliged to eat it, for these fruit-trees were just as slow as any other trees in bringing forth their fruit, and the poor young man could not starve to death.

The Afrite told the Dryad to take Terzan and be a guardian to him. "You can take him about all day," he said, "but at night you must go to your tree and be shut up."

As they went out of the castle, the Dryad explained to Terzan that she had been sent to that island as a punishment for abandoning the tree she should have inhabited. "I now spend the days in this castle," she said, "and the nights in a tree over there in the forest. I am glad to get out. Come along, and I will show you something worth seeing."

As they went along, they passed a little garden in which some gnomes were working, and Terzan stopped to look at them.

"What do you see there?" asked the Dryad, impatiently.

"Oh, I take great interest in such things," replied Terzan. "I have a little garden myself, and it is one of the best in all the country round. When I am at home, I work in it all day."

"I thought you had a good education," said the Dryad, "and could do better things than to dig and hoe all day."

"I have a good education," said Terzan, "and, what is more, no man can dig potatoes or hoe turnips better than I can."

"Humph!" sneered the Dryad. "A fellow could do those things who had no education at all. I 'd as soon be shut up in a tree as to spend my life digging and hoeing, when I knew so much about better things. Come along."

Day after day the Dryad led Terzan to lofty mountain-tops, whence he could see beautiful landscapes, with lakes and rivers lying red and golden under the setting sun, and whence he could, sometimes, have glimpses across the waters of distant cities, with their domes and minarets sparkling in the light.

"Do you not think those landscapes are lovely?" said the Dryad. "And there are lovelier views on earth than these. And, if you ever visit those cities, you will find so many wonderful things that it will take all your life to see and understand them."

On other days she took him to the cell of a hermit. The good man was generally absent looking for water-cresses, but his extensive library was always open to the Dryad and her ward. There they sat for hours and hours, reading books which told of the grand and wonderful things that are found in the various parts of the earth.

"Is n't this better than being shut up in a tree, or a little garden?" said the Dryad.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER INTRODUCES THE YOUNG MEN TO THE SISTERS THREE. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"Perhaps it is," said Terzan, "but my garden was a very good one, and it helped to support my mother and sisters."

"He 'll have to see a good many more things," said the Dryad to herself.

All this time the three sisters on the distant isle had no idea that three young men had ever thought of visiting them in a kilmaree. They lived tranquilly, pursuing their studies, and enjoying the recreations and healthful exercises for which the Fairy Godmother had made the most admirable arrangements. Their palace was furnished with everything they needed, and three happier sisters could nowhere be found.

In the course of time the Afrite went to look into the condition of the young men who had been intrusted to him. He first visited the Prince, and found him still chopping away at his tree.

"How do you feel by this time?" said the Afrite.

"I feel," said the Prince, leaning wearily upon his ax, for he was not afraid of the Malignant Fay now that the Afrite was by, "that I wish I had never left my kingdom to seek to soothe my sorrows by foreign sights. My troubles there were nothing to what I endure here. In fact, from what I have seen since I left my home, I think they were matters of slight importance, and I am very sure I did not know how well off I was."

"Ha! ha!" said the Afrite, and he walked away.

He next went to the hill-top where the Expectant Heir was watching the fruit-trees. "How do you feel now?" said the Afrite to the young man.

"I am sick of expecting things," said he. "If I ever get back to my old home, I am never going to expect any good thing to happen to me unless I can make it happen."

"Then you don't like waiting for this fruit to ripen?" said the Afrite.

"I think it is the most tiresome and disagreeable thing in the world," said the Expectant Heir.

"I thought you were used to expecting things," said the Afrite.

"Oh, I was a fool!" said the other. "I had no right to expect to be as well off as I thought I would be."

Just then the Spook came up with a gruel of brine-water thickened with salt.

"You need not give him that," said the Afrite.

When the Afrite came to the hermit's cell, where he found Terzan and the Dryad, he asked the young man how he felt now.

"I feel," said Terzan, looking up from his book, "as if I had wasted a great deal of valuable time. There are so many wonderful things to be seen and to be done in this world, and I, with a good education, have been content to dig potatoes and hoe turnips in my little garden! It amazes me to think that I should have been satisfied with such a life! I see now that I thought myself a great deal better off than I was."

"Oh, ho!" said the Afrite, and he walked away to his castle, and hoisted a copper-colored flag upon the topmost pinnacle.

The Fairy immediately came over in her kilmaree. "Is the nonsense all out of them?" she said, when she met the Afrite.

"Entirely," he replied.

"All right, then!" she cried. "Dismiss the guardians, and send for the boys."

The three young men were brought to the castle, where they were furnished with a good meal and new clothes. Then they went outside to have a talk with the Fairy.

"I think you are now three pretty sensible fellows," said she. "You, Terzan, have not been punished like the other two, because, although you wasted your time and talents, you worked hard to help support your mother and sisters. But you two never did anything for any one but yourselves, and I am not sorry that you have had a pretty hard time of it on this island. But that is all over, and, now that the nonsense is entirely out of you all, how would you like to sail in my kilmaree, and visit the isle of the sisters three?"

"We should like it very much, indeed!" they answered all together.

"Then come along!" she said. And they went on board of the kilmaree.

This time the Fairy steered the vessel swiftly and smoothly to the distant isle. The kilmaree turned and screwed about among the twisted currents; but the motion was now so pleasant that the passengers quite liked it. The three young men were taken into a beautiful room in the palace, and there the Fairy made them a little speech.

"I like you very much," she said, "now that the nonsense is out of you; if you don't object, I intend you to marry the sisters three."

"We don't object at all!" they replied.

"Very well," said the Fairy. "And Terzan, I will give you the first choice. Will you take the pretty one? the good one? or the one with a fine mind?"

Terzan really wanted the pretty one, but he thought it was proper to take the one with a fine mind; so he chose her. The Expectant Heir also thought he would like the pretty sister, but, under the circumstances, he thought it would be better for him to take the good one, so he chose her. The pretty one was left for the Prince, who was well satisfied, believing that a lady who would some day be a queen ought to be handsome.

When the sisters came in, and were introduced to their visitors, the three young men were very much astonished. Each of the sisters was pretty, all were good, and each of them had a fine mind.

"That comes of their all living together in this way," said the Fairy. "I knew it would be so, for good associations are just as powerful as bad ones, and no one of these sisters was either ugly or bad or stupid to begin with." And then she left them to talk together and get acquainted.

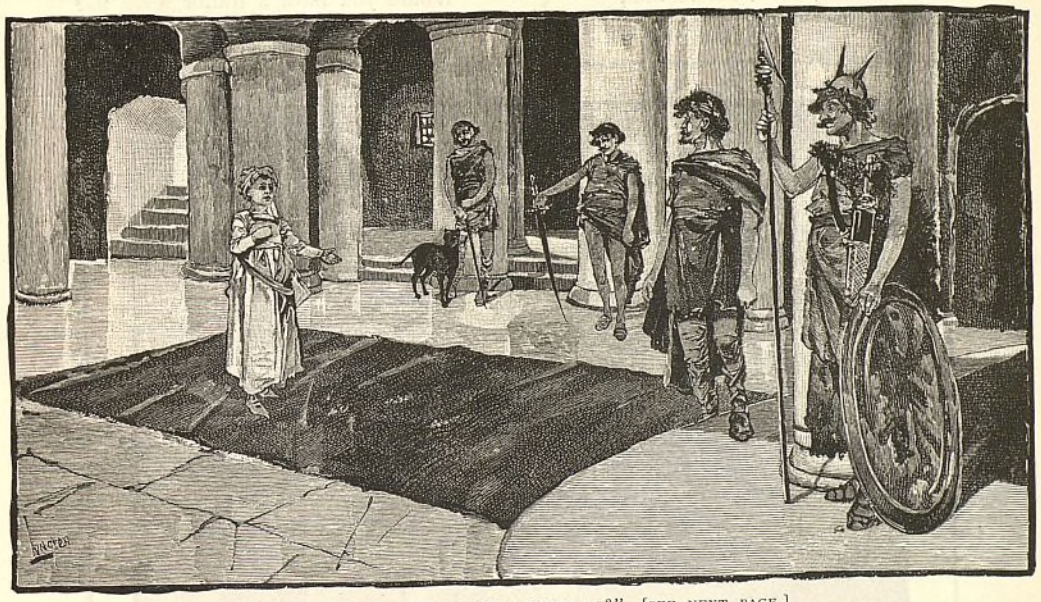
In about an hour the Fairy sent for a priest and had the three couples married. After the weddings they all sailed away in the kilmaree, which would accommodate any number of people that the Fairy chose to put into it. The Prince took his bride to his kingdom, where his people received the young couple with great joy. The Expectant Heir took his wife to his native place, where he went into a good business, and soon found himself in comfortable circumstances. Before long his connection by marriage died, and left him the valuable machine for peeling currants, after which he became quite rich and happy.

Terzan and his wife went to a great city, where he studied all sorts of things, wrote books, and delivered lectures. He did a great deal of good, and made much money. He built a comfortable home for his mother and sisters, and lived in a fine mansion with his wife. When his children were old enough, he sent them to the school where he had been educated.

Every year the three friends took a vacation of a month. They all went, with their wives, to the spot on the shore where the Prince had driven down his peg; then the Fairy took them over to the distant isle in her kilmaree. There they spent their vacation in pleasure and delight, and there were never any six persons in the world who had so little nonsense in them.

THE RIDDLE.

By M. P. D.



"WOULD YOU HAVE A TRAITOR SERVE US?" [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FIERCE and bitter was the struggle,
But the strife at length was o'er,
And the joyful news went ringing,
Ended is the cruel war.
Proudly homeward rode his lordship,
Bold Sir Guy of Atheldare;
Flashed his eyes with pride and triumph
As his praises filled the air.

Every heart was full of gladness.
Said I, every heart? Ah, no!
Here, amidst this joyful people,
One heart ached with speechless woe:
'T was the little captive stranger,
Claude, the vanquished Norman's son—
Taken prisoner, brought a trophy
Of the victory they had won.

Bravely fought he for his freedom,
And, when taken, smiled disdain
As his captors stood around him,
Bound his arms with gyve and chain;
Smiled defiance when they told him
That Sir Guy his life would spare,
Should he serve and swear allegiance
To the house of Atheldare,—
Spurned their offer, while his dark eyes
Spoke the scorn he could not tell,
As he followed, without murmur,
To his dreary prison-cell.
Then they left him, and his young heart
Bowed beneath its weight of pain
For a moment. But he rose up,
Calm and cold and proud again.

From without the grated window,
In the pleasant court below,
He could see the little princess,
As she wandered to and fro.
Long and eagerly he watched her;
Like a cloud the golden hair
Glanced and rippled in the sunlight,
Framing in her face so fair.

And the little Highland princess,
As if by a magic spell,
Seemed to feel her eyes drawn upward
To the dreary prison-cell;
And the sad, pale face she saw there
Caused the ready tears to start,
While a woman's gentlest pity
Filled the tender, childish heart.

Then a firm resolve rose in her—
Lit the troubled little face.
Not a moment to be wasted;
Breathless, hurrying from the place
On an errand fraught with mercy,
Straight she to her father sped;
Humbly kneeling down before him,
Lowly bowed the dainty head,

"But we pardon this, and tell you
Of our wise and just decree:
If this captive swear to serve us,
We will spare and set him free."
Then up rose the little maiden
Dauntlessly, without a fear.
"Would you have a traitor serve us?"
Rang her voice out, sweet and clear.

"HE FOLLOWED, WITHOUT A MURMUR, TO HIS DREARY PRISON-CELL."

While the sweet lips, red and quivering,
Faltered out her anxious plea,
Told her pity for the captive,
Begged Sir Guy to set him free.
But he answered, sternly gazing
On the downcast face so fair:
"Can our daughter doubt the justice
Of the house of Atheldare?

And Sir Guy paused for a moment,
All his anger from him fled,
As he watched her, flushed and eager,
While her cause she bravely plead.
Gravely smiled he as she ended,
Drew her gently on his knee:
"You have conquered, little pleader—
You have gained the victory.

"But your prince must earn his freedom:
Not with bow or spear in hand—
We are weary of the bloodshed
Spread so long throughout the land.
Let him ask our court a riddle:
Six days' grace to him we give,
And the court three days to guess it;
If it fail, he then may live."

Once more in the pleasant court-yard
Danced the little maid in glee;
Surely he could find a riddle
That would save and set him free.
But five long days and five nights passed,
And the prince no riddle gave:
To his brain, all dazed with sorrow,
Came no thought his life to save.

And the little blue-eyed princess
Pondered sadly what to do,
Till at last she sought the counsel
Of her old nurse, tried and true.
"Go," her nurse said, as she finished,
"Go, and search the green fields over,
Never stopping for an instant
Till you find a four-leaf clover.

"Take and put it in a nosegay,
In the center, full in sight,
Throw it to the little captive;
All I promise will come right."
Out into the merry sunshine,
While her feet scarce touched the ground,
Went the princess, never stopping
Till the treasure she had found.

Threw it, with the pretty nosegay,
In the window, barred and grated.
Then, and only then, she paused—
Paused, and hoped, and feared, and waited.
Through the window, barred and grated,
In the dreary prison-cell,
Like a ray of happy sunshine
At his feet the nosegay fell.

As he raised and held it gently,
While the burning tears brimmed over,
Through the mist he caught a glimpse
Of the little four-leaf clover.
Thoughts went dashing through his brain,
And, before the evening dew
Kissed the flowers of the land,
All the court this riddle knew:

Fourteen letters am I made of.
Over countries fair and bright,
Under many different heavens,
Raise we flags, both red and white.
Living with my many brothers,
Ever in the long, sweet grass,
As we play, the happy zephyrs
Fan us gently as they pass.
Chanced you e'er to find me out,
Luck I 'd surely bring to you.
Often of me have you heard,
Very often seen me, too;
Ere you turn away from me,
Read me well—my name you 'll see.

Three days passed, unguessed the riddle,
And the sun rose joyfully,
Turned the prison bars all golden,
Told the captive he was free.
Life had never looked so radiant,
Earth had never seemed so fair;
Sang the birds and played the fountain,
Sweetest fragrance filled the air.

But the day wore slowly on,
Sank the sun from out the sky
Ere the waited summons came,
And he stood before Sir Guy.
In the stately council there
Knelt he down, with peerless grace;
Not a tinge of doubt or fear
In the proud patrician face.

To him, then, began Sir Guy:
"You have earned your freedom well,
And, we pray you, speak the answer
That our court has failed to tell."
Then up rose the little captive,
While his eyes with fun danced over:
"If you read its letters downward,
You will find a four-leaf clover."

And Sir Guy laughed long and loud,
As he read the riddle through,
That the court had failed to guess
With the answer in full view.
So the little prince was saved,
And ere many days were o'er,
Happily he sailed away
Toward his longed-for home once more.

But he carried back a memory
Of a court-yard fresh and fair,
Where there walked a little princess
Radiant with her golden hair.
So my story 's almost finished,
And the end I need not tell,—
For of course 't is in the ringing
Of a joyful wedding-bell.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

(A Drama for Children.)

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

CHARACTERS:

ESTHER, a girl of fifteen.	MAUD.
GEORGE, her younger brother.	LIZZIE.
DELIA, his younger sister.	OTIS.
CLARENCE, their cousin.	FREDDIE.
TOM, his older brother.	BRIDGET, a servant.

TIME: Evening. SCENE: A sitting-room.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DRESS.

ESTHER.— Red and blue skirt; white waist, with yellow stars; liberty cap or helmet; carries small flag; wears a number of very small flags.

GEORGE.— Gilt crown, cut in points; hair and whiskers of yarn ravelings or curled hair; dressing-gown edged with ermine (ermine made of cotton flannel spotted with black paint or cloth); vest covered partly or wholly with red; long stockings (over trousers); buckled shoes (buckles made of tinsel or silver paper); carries scepter.

MAUD.— Plaid skirt (short); white waist; bright or plaid scarf over right shoulder; stockings criss-crossed with two colors; plaid Scotch cap, edged with dark binding or with fur.

OTIS.— Dark jacket; plaid skirt, ending above the knees, and belted over the jacket with black belt; criss-crossed stockings; plaid scarf with long ends, clasped together on left shoulder; Scotch cap, edged with plaid, with cock's feather in front; carries bow and arrows; dagger in belt.

LIZZIE.— High comb, with hair of jute or yarn, done high; a narrowish cape, made long on the shoulders; dress, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, or an old-fashioned small shawl may cover waist and sleeves; carries work-bag.

FREDDIE.— Felt hat, turned up, with a large feather; a skirt; a large cape, opening at the right shoulder; wide ruffle, edged with points or lace; long stockings, with bows at the knees.

DELIA.— Light dress, with garlands of flowers; hat trimmed with flowers; basket of flowers on arm; carries bouquet.

CLARENCE.— Red flannel jacket or shirt; dark trousers; belt; long boots; cap, with large visor and a cape at the back of it; carries slender cane.

BLIND MAN.—Very shabby clothes; hair of gray curled hair or ravelings.

If these articles of dress are not easy to procure, different ones may be used; also, if desirable, other characters may be substituted for those here designated. Feathers are easily made of tissue-paper and wire.

[Enter GEORGE, dressed as a King. Walks pompously about the room.

[Enter ESTHER, as America; courtesies to GEORGE.

ESTHER. The Goddess of America, at your Majesty's service.

GEORGE *(extending his hands)*. You have our royal blessing.

E. *(earnestly)*. It took me so long to find these little flags that I was afraid Clarence would arrive before I could get them arranged.

G. I think the cars are not in yet. Is Delia ready?

E. Yes; she makes a darling flower-girl; and Otis and Maud have come in their Highland costumes. I 'll go for them — Oh! here they are, with Delia.

[Enter MAUD and OTIS, followed by DELIA.

G. *(advancing)*. Welcome, my Highland subjects!

MAUD *(clapping her hands)*. Oh, splendid! Why, George, you make a splendid king! Wont it be larks! Wont it be larks! I wonder if the cars are in?

OTIS. Is it a sure thing that he will be here to-night?

DELIA. Our mother wrote so.

M. Does Lizzie know all about it?

E. Not yet; I had time only to scribble a note and ask her to come this evening in that old-fashioned dress, you know, and bring her little brother as page, and to be sure and get here before seven, for something *very* particular. She may not come at all. *(A knock at the door.)* I do believe she has come! *(Steps quickly to open door. Enter* LIZZIE *and* FREDDIE.*)* Oh, I am so glad to see you!

THE OTHERS *(coming forward and speaking nearly at the same time)*. And so am I.

M. *(looking at* LIZZIE'S *dress)*. Now, *is n't* that dress too funny for anything? And Freddie's is just capital! Oh, what larks! what larks!

LIZZIE *(breathing hard)*. Oh, we did have to hurry so! I thought surely we 'd be late!

FREDDIE *(looking at his feet)*. And I almost jumped into a mud-puddle.

G. *(taking out watch)*. It is time for the cars.

O. Lizzie should be told before he gets here.

G. Let 's all sit down. *(They seat themselves.)* In the first place *(turning to* LIZZIE*)*, our Cousin Clarence is coming to-night.

D. And we have n't seen him for three years!

O. Is he a boy, or a young fellow?

E. When he was here three years ago, with his brother Tom, he was about a year older than I.

M. I dare say he is more than that much older now.

E. Yes, living in the city, and being a boy *(to* LIZZIE *and* FREDDIE*)*. You know our father and mother went to Aunt Margaret's, and left us three to keep house. Well, this morning I got a letter from my mother, written yesterday — stop! I 'll read that part of the letter. *(Takes long letter from pocket, and reads hurriedly.)* "If your dress needs ——" Oh, that 's not it! *(Looks farther on.)* "If that stove gets red-hot ——" Pshaw! *(Turns the sheet.)* Oh, here it is! "If a tramp comes to the house to-morrow evening, do not be afraid to let him in. Your Cousin Clarence is home on his vacation. He thinks you will be having fine times there by yourselves, and wants to come down, if only for a day; and I tell his mother he ought to, it is so long since you have seen him. There is one thing I think I must tell you. Perhaps George and Delia need not be told of it, but if Clarence does as he is planning to do, I think one of you should have a hint of it, for fear you might be really frightened. Clarence has been with Tom to masquerade parties and surprise parties lately, and his head is full of costumes and odd pranks, and he has spoken of taking some old clothes along and coming to

the door as a tramp and surprising you. I thought that if he should, and should insist on entering the house, you or Delia might be alone, and might be badly frightened, and that one of you ought to be told of it. Clarence will bring his violin, and you can have family concerts. Give him the best the house affords, for he is remarkably fond of goodies. When you go——" Oh, that 's something else.

M. So, instead of being surprised yourselves, you are going to surprise him?

E. I thought of it almost as soon as I read the letter.

O. A bright thought, Esther; I 'm glad it occurred to you.

D. And she has told Bridget, and asked her to send him in here.

G. And we are going to ask him questions, to hear what he will say.

F. *(speaking quickly)*. What questions shall we ask?

[Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET. There 's an ould man at the door, Miss, an' he says he 's an ould blind man, Miss, an' he axes a morsel o' food.

E. *(excitedly)*. That 's the one! Send him in, Bridget.

[Exit BRIDGET.

[GIRLS and BOYS look at each other; clap hands softly; rise; sit down; rise again; go toward the door; listen; tiptoe back to seats.

MAUD *(raising forefinger)*. Hush! hush! Let 's keep sober faces.

O. So he 's coming in a blind way!

L. When we ask questions, we must not let him suspect we know who he is.

F. *(more loudly than before)*. What questions shall we ask?

G. Oh — ask him how he lost his eyesight.

D. *(motioning to others with her hand)*. Hark! I hear him!

[All look toward the door. BRIDGET shows in an old blind beggar with bundle and a cane, with which he feels his way. He wears a green blinder.

BLIND MAN *(pulling at the rim of his hat)*. Good evening. Pretty cold weather we 're having. Bless ye all, and may ye never lack for a friend in need!

G. *(placing chair near him)*. Wont you sit down? There are seven of us here, all young people.

[GEORGE remains standing.

O. And all dressed in costume — if you could only see us!

E. Would you like something to eat?

B. M. Yes, Miss; and thank ye kindly.

E. I will fetch you something immediately.

[Exit ESTHER.

L. *(pitifully)*. Do you feel very, very, *very* tired?

B. M. *(with heavy sigh)*. I 'm ready to drop, Miss.

D. Have you come far to-day?

B. M. A long, long way, Miss.

G. Have you much farther to go?

B. M. *(sighs)*. I hope to beg a night's lodging somewhere hereabout *(mournfully)* — if anybody will take me in.

M. Poor old man! Are these the best shoes you 've got?

B. M. I 've a pair a trifle better, given to me to-day, Miss.

L. *(pitifully)*. Sometimes I suppose you can hardly get *any* food at all?

B. M. *(sadly)*. I often go hungry, Miss.

F. *(speaking up loudly)*. How did you lose your eyesight?

B. M. Ah, little boy, little boy! *(Shakes head sadly.)* Do you want to hear my story?

[Enter ESTHER with tray, on which is bread and water.

E. Here is something for you to eat. *(Smiling at the others.)* I suppose you are used to living on bread and water?

[ESTHER remains standing.

B. M. An' may I always be able to get that, is my humble prayer.

[Eats bread.

M. *(to* L., *aside)*. How well he acts his part! *(To* B. M.*)* Good stranger, have n't you a fiddle outside?

L. That you could play us a tune on, by and by?

D. If we want to dance?

G. I 'll fetch my flute, and we 'll play a duet.

B. M. Ah, children, I 've only my bits o' duds tied up here in my bundle to put on when these drop off o' me.

[Continues eating and drinking.

M. *(to* E., *aside)*. It is too bad to make him eat that dry bread! Let 's tell him we know him.

E. Would you?

M. and O. *(aside)*. Yes, yes!

E. *(coming toward* B. M.*)*. Come, Mr. Blind Man, you may as well give up; we know who you are.

D. *(rising)*. Mother gave us a hint, for fear we 'd be frightened.

G. Yes, Clarence, take off your duds and your blinder, and get your fiddle, and we 'll play a tune, and then have some supper.

B. M. Children, don't make a jest of me! Don't!

F. He seems exactly like a blind man.

O. So he does. Things are not what they seem.

L. *(to* M., *aside)*. He seems to mean to keep up the joke.

G. Come now, Clarence, don't keep it up any longer; we want to have some fun, you know. I 'll agree to restore your sight in ten seconds, and not charge a cent.

B. M. *(shakes head sadly)*. It may be a joke to you, but, ah! if you knew the reality! *(Sighs.)* If you only knew!

M. *(to* L., *aside)*. He knows how to disguise his voice, does n't he?

[Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET. There 's a fireman come to the house, Miss. He says he was sent by the Fire Brigade to expect the chimbleys.

[Enter CLARENCE, as Fireman. Exit BRIDGET.

CLARENCE. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the Fire Brigade think there may be danger that this house will take fire.

[All look at CLARENCE in astonishment.

G. Our house? Why, it never did!

C. Very likely; but that is no reason why it never will.

E. *(anxiously)*. What do they think is the danger?

C. They think one of the stoves stands too near the chimney-piece.

M. *(to* E., *anxiously)*. Do you really suppose there is any danger?

L. *(to* E., *in alarm)*. Is there very much fire in it now?

O. *(hastily)*. We boys will take hold and pull it forward.

G. Then the pipe would be too short.

E. We should have to put out the fire.

D. Why, Mother wrote about that stove, in her letter.

C. Yes, she 's one of the Fire Brigade which sent me; your father is the other one. *(Takes off cap, false hair, and whiskers; bows to* G. *and* E.*)* I have the honor to be your Cousin Clarence, supposed by this cruel maiden to be regaling himself on bread and water. *(Briskly, and shaking hands.)* How do you do, Cousin Esther? How do you do, Cousin George? How do *you* do, my little flowery maiden, with bright flowers laden? *(Shakes hands with* DELIA.*)* And are all these my cousins, too?

E. *(laughing)*. Oh, no; this is my friend, Miss Maud Somers, and this is my friend, Miss Lizzie Bond.

[MAUD and LIZZIE rise.

G. *(quickly, and laughing)*. And this is *my* friend, Mr. Otis Somers, and this is *my* friend, Mr. Freddie Bond.

[OTIS and FREDDIE rise. All shake hands, with much merriment.

OTIS *(suddenly)*. But who is this? *(Points to Blind Man.)*

G. Yes! Who? If it is not—— *(Looks at Clarence.)*

C. *(briskly)*. No, it is not I. "I 've a little dog at home, and he knows me." Clarence Cahoon, at your service *(bows)*, Fireman and Letter-carrier. This is from your mother. *(Gives* E. *a letter.)*

E. So we were cheated, after all!

M. How strange that this real blind man should happen in here to-night!

C. Pardon me, Miss Maud, he did not happen in; he was sent in.

M. *(with a roguish smile)*. By the Fire Brigade?

C. Oh, no; by the Fireman.

D. You mean you, Cousin Clarence?

F. *(speaking up loud)*. We thought that blind man was you.

G. Do tell us all about it, Clarence.

E. We may as well be seated. [They take seats.

L. *(to* M.*)*. Did you ever know anything so funny?

M. Truly, I never did.

C. My first idea was to come to the door as a tramp, but I suspected, from questioning your mother, that she had given you a hint of this, and decided to come in my fireman's costume. I really was requested to see about the stove. Your father and mother both seem to think that some calamity will befall the family while they are away.

E. But where did you find this poor, unfortunate man?

C. At the station. I knew that you were expecting something of the kind, and thought I might play a trick upon you, and get him a good supper at the same time.

[Blind Man coughs, putting handkerchief to his mouth.

G. Perhaps he 'll play for his supper; blind men usually can handle a fiddle. Of course you brought yours, Clarence?

E. *(starting up)*. And we 'll have a dance! *(Counting.)* One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight; just enough!

B. M. *(starting up, to* CLARENCE*)*. And *I* thought *I* might play a little trick upon *you!*

[Pulls off hat, wig, beard, and blinder, showing brown hair and mustache. The others start and stare.

CLARENCE, GEORGE, ESTHER. } My brother Tom! Cousin Tom!

[GEORGE goes toward him.

CLARENCE *(clutching his own hair)*. Beaten! cheated! done for! fooled! bamboozled! humbugged! *(Clasps hands theatrically.)* I 'm a dunce! an idiot! a goose! an owl! a bat!

TOM. Neither of the last two, or you 'd have seen better in the dark.

C. *(sitting down)*. I 'll go to the school for feeble-minded youth! *(Rising.)* But, say, Tom, how did you ever think of anything so bright?

TOM. Oh, I never like to be left out of a good time, you know; and I thought it would be fun to appear here in disguise and cheat the cheater. My plan was to come to the house *after* you. Your help in bringing me here was unexpected; *so* unexpected that when you stepped up and spoke to me I very nearly betrayed myself. Luckily the cotton in my mouth kept you from recognizing my voice. But, how do you do, cousins? *(Shaking hands with* G., E., *and* D.*)* Please, ladies and gentlemen *(bowing to the others)*, I am my brother's brother. My brother's brother is not so stout as he seems; it is *clothes* which make the man.

E. *(comically)*. Shall I take your hat and coat?

TOM. No, thanks; I prefer being in costume, like the rest. *(Puts on hat, wig, etc.)*

G. But can you see through that green silk?

TOM. Oh, yes; it is thin silk, just stretched over a wire. Now, I 'll get the fiddle, and play for you.

[Steps briskly out, followed by GEORGE and CLARENCE.

E. So we were all cheated.

O. And a jolly cheat it was!

M. The whole thing is perfectly splendid!

L. Oh, I am so glad I came!

D. I 'm glad I 've learned the grand right and left. Freddie, can you dance?

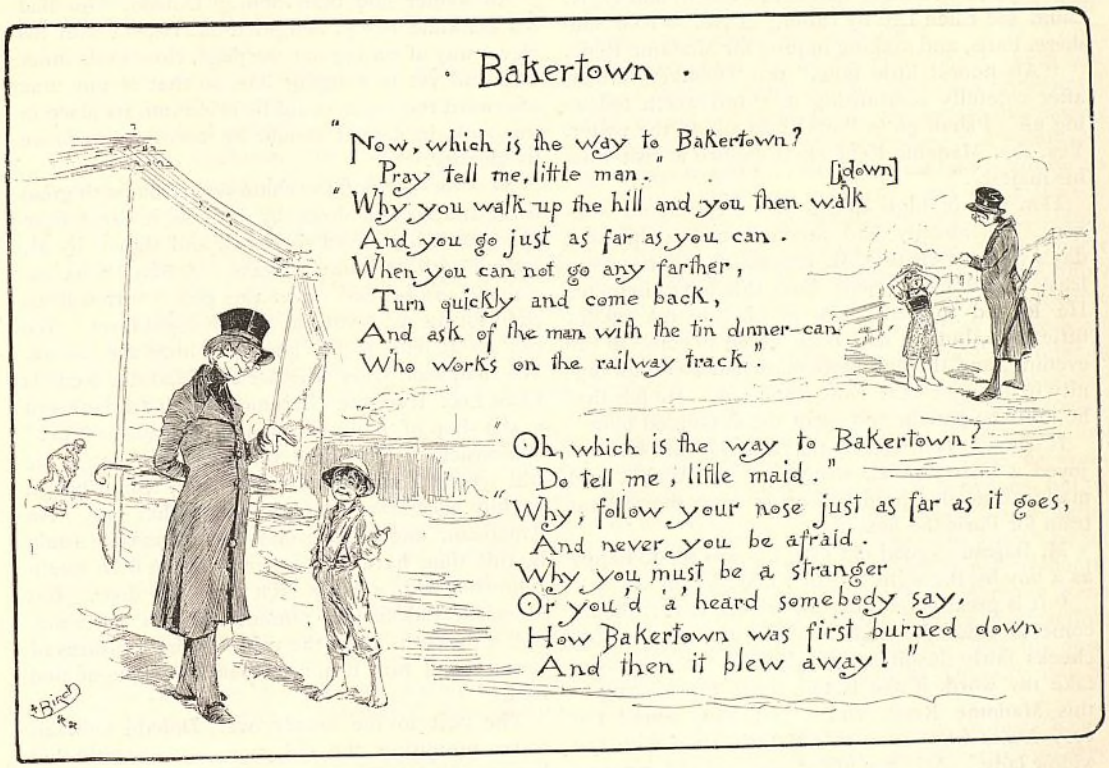
F. I can *sash-ay*, and all promenade, and cross over, and do some of the other things.

L. He 'll need a little help from his partner—just a little.

[Enter TOM, GEORGE, and CLARENCE, with fiddle.

G. We 'll have one dance before supper.

[TOM tries the bow on the strings, tightens keys, and then starts off into a lively tune. CLARENCE takes ESTHER, GEORGE takes MAUD, OTIS takes LIZZIE, FRED takes DELIA. They go through several changes, CLARENCE calling. (Curtain falls.) Or they can form into a march (if there is no curtain), and march out. An accordion, or even a jew's-harp, can take the place of a fiddle.



DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

Chapter XXXIII.

An Important Interview.

Donald, going to his room, laid the three Ellen Lee letters upon the table before him and surveyed the situation. That only one of them could be from the right Ellen Lee was evident; but which one? That was the question.

"This can not be it," thought Donald, as he took up a badly written and much-blotted sheet. "It is English-French, and evidently is in the handwriting of a man. Well, this brilliant person requests me to send one hundred francs to pay *her* expenses to Aix-la-Chapelle, and *she* will then prove *her* identity and receive the grateful reward. Thank you, my good man!—not if the court knows itself. We'll lay you aside for the present."

The next was from a woman—a *bonne*—who stated that by good nursing she had saved so many babies' lives in her day that she could not be sure which two babies this very kind "D. R." alluded to, but her name was Madame L. N. Lit. A wise friend had told her of this advertisement, and explained that as L. N. Lit in French and Ellen Lee in English had exactly the same sound, the inquirer probably was a native of Great Britain, and had made a very natural mistake in writing her name Ellen Lee. Therefore she had much pleasure in informing the kind advertiser that at present her address was No. — Rue St. Armand, Rouen, where she was well known, and that she would be truly happy to hear of something to her advantage. Donald shook his head very doubtfully, as he laid this letter aside. But the next he read twice, and even then he did not lay it down until he had read it again. It was a neatly written

little note, and simply stated, in French, that D. R. could see Ellen Lee by calling at No. — Rue Soudière, Paris, and making inquiry for Madame René.

"An honest little note," was Donald's verdict, after carefully scrutinizing it, "and worth following up. I shall go to Paris and look up the writer. Yes, this Madame René shall receive a visit from his majesty."

Don was in high spirits, you see, and no wonder. He already had accomplished a splendid day's work in visiting M. Bajeau, and here was at least a promising result from this advertisement. He longed to rush back at once to the quaint little shop, but he had been asked to come in the evening, and the old gentleman had a certain dignity of manner that Don respected. He felt that he must be patient and await the appointed hour.

It came at last, and by that time Donald had enjoyed a hearty meal, written to Mr. Wogg, and made all needed preparations to take the earliest train for Paris the next day.

M. Bajeau — good old man! — was made happy as a boy by the sight of Ellen Lee's letter.

"It is great good luck, my friend, that it should come to you," he said, in rapid French, his old cheeks fairly flushing with pleasure. "Now, you take my word, if she is tall, dark, fine-looking — this Madame René, eh? — you have found the very *bonne* who came to my little shop with the widow lady. Ask her about me — if she remember, eh? how I engraved the two letters with my own hand, while she stood by, holding the pink-faced baby — ha! ha!" (Here Monsieur rubbed his hands.) "She will remember! She will prove what I say, without doubt. She will know about the key to the necklace — yes, and the lock that has the air of a clasp. Let me see it again. You have it with you?"

Donald displayed the treasure promptly.

"Stay," said Monsieur. "I will, with your permission, try and open the little lock for you. I shall be very careful."

"No, no — thank you!" said Donald, quickly, as M. Bajeau took up a delicate tool. "I would rather wait till I have tried to find the key, and until my uncle and — and sister have seen it again just as it is. My uncle, I am positive, never suspected that the top of the clasp could be slid around in this way. The key itself may come to light yet — who knows? Now, Monsieur, will you do me a great favor?"

"Name it," replied the old man, eying him not unkindly.

"Will you allow me to cut that page out of your order-book?"

"Certainly, my boy; certainly, and with pleasure," said M. Bajeau.

No sooner said than done. Donald, who had his penknife ready, delighted M. Bajeau with his clever way of cutting out the page, close to its inner side and yet in a zigzag line, so that at any time afterward the paper could be fitted into its place in the book, in case it should be necessary to prove its identity.

Next the story of the chain was retold with great care, and written down by Don as it came from Monsieur's lips, word for word, and signed by M. Bajeau with trembling nicety. "Stay!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the pen. "It will be right for me to certify to this in legal form. We can go at once to my good neighbor the notary. We shall soon know whether this Madame René is Ellen Lee. If so, she will remember that hour spent in the shop of the watch-mender Bajeau, ha! ha!"

Monsieur could afford to laugh, for, though he still repaired watches, he had risen somewhat in worldly success and dignity since that day. An American, under the same circumstances, would by this time have had a showy bric-à-brac establishment, with a large sign over the door. But Monsieur Bajeau was content with his old shop, well satisfied to know the value of the treasures of jewelry and rare furniture which he bought and sold.

The visit to the notary over, Donald took his leave, promising the old man to come and bid him good-by before sailing for America, and, if possible, to bring Ellen Lee with him.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, after a dusty seven-hours' ride in a railway coach, he found himself in Paris, on the way to the Rue Soudière, in search of Madame René.

It was something beside the effort of mounting five flights of stairs that caused his heart to beat violently when, after inquiring at every landing-place on his way up, he finally knocked at a small door on the very top story.

A short, middle-aged woman, with pale blue eyes and scanty gray hair, opened the door.

"Is this Madame René?" asked Donald, devoutly hoping that she would say "No."

The woman nodded, at the same time regarding him with suspicion, and not opening the door wide enough for him to enter.

"You replied to an advertisement, I believe?" began Donald again, bowing politely; but noting the woman's blank reception of his English, he repeated the inquiry in French. The door opened wide; the woman smiled a smile that might have been agreeable but for the lonely effect of her solitary front tooth, and then courteously invited her visitor to enter and be seated.

Poor Donald, wishing that he were many miles away, and convinced that nothing could come of

an interview with this short, stout, pale-eyed "Ellen Lee," took a chair and waited resignedly for Madame to speak.

"I have advertised," she said in French, "and am ready to begin work."

Donald looked at her inquiringly.

"Perhaps Madame, the young gentleman's mother," she suggested, "wishes a fine pastry-cook at once?"

"A pastry-cook!" exclaimed Donald, in despair. "I came to see Ellen Lee, or rather to inquire for Madame René. Is your name René?"

"I am Madame René," answered a woman, in good English, stepping forward from a dark corner of the room, where she had been sitting, unobserved by Donald. "Who is it wishes to see Ellen Lee?"

"The boy whose life you saved!" said Donald, rising to his feet and holding out his hand, unable in his excitement to be as guarded as he had intended to be. A glance had convinced him that this was Ellen Lee, indeed. The woman, tall, dark-eyed, stately, very genteel in spite of evident poverty, was about thirty-five years of age. There was no mistaking the sudden joy in her care-worn face. She seized his hand without a word; then, as if recollecting herself, and feeling that she must be more cautious, she eyed him sharply, saying:

"And the other? the brother? There were two. Is he living?"

For a second Donald's heart sank; but he quickly recovered himself. Perhaps she was trying tricks upon him; if so, he must defend himself as well as he could. So he answered, carelessly, but heartily, "Oh! he 's alive and well, thank you, and thanks to you."

This time they looked into each other's eyes—she, with a sudden expression of disappointment, for would-be shrewd people are apt to give little credit to others for equal shrewdness.

"Did you never have a sister?" she asked, with some hesitation.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "but I must ask you now to tell me something of Ellen Lee, and how she saved us. I can assure you of one thing—I am alive and grateful. Pray tell me your story with perfect frankness. In the first place: Are you and Ellen Lee the same?"

"Yes."

"And do you know *my* name?" he pursued.

"Indeed I do," she said, a slow smile coming into her face. "I will be frank with you. If you are the person I believe you to be, your name is Donald Reed."

"Good!" he exclaimed, joyfully; "and the other—what was——"

"*His* name?" she interrupted, again smiling. "*His* name was Dorothy Reed, sir! They were twins—a beautiful boy and girl."

To the latest day of his life Donald never will forget that moment, and he never will understand why he did not jump to his feet, grasp her hand, ask her dozens of questions at once, and finally implore her to tell him what he could do to prove his gratitude. He had, in fancy, acted out just such a scene while on his hopeful way to Paris. But, no. In reality, he just drew his chair a little nearer hers,—feeling, as he afterward told his uncle, thoroughly comfortable,—and in the quietest possible way assured her that she was right as to the boy's name, but, to his mind, it would be very difficult for her to say which little girl she had saved—whether it was the baby-sister or the baby-cousin.

This was a piece of diplomacy on his part that would have delighted Mr. Wogg. True, he would prefer to be entirely frank on all occasions, but, in this instance, he felt that Mr. Wogg would highly disapprove of his "giving the case away" by letting the woman know that he hoped to identify Dorothy as his sister. What if Madame René, in the hope of more surely "hearing of something greatly to her advantage," were to favor his desire that the rescued baby should be Dorothy and not Delia?

"What do you mean?" asked Madame René.

"I mean, that possibly the little girl you saved was my cousin and not my sister," he replied, boldly.

Ellen Lee shrank from him a moment, and then almost angrily said:

"Why not your sister? Ah, I understand!—you would then be sole heir. But I must tell the truth, young gentleman; so much has been on my conscience all these years that I wish to have nothing left to reproach me. There was a time when, to get a reward, I might, perhaps, have been willing to say that the other rescued baby was your cousin, but now my heart is better. Truth is truth. If I saved any little girl, it was Dorothy—and Dorothy was Donald Reed's twin sister."

Donald was about to utter an exclamation of delight, but he checked himself as he glanced toward the short, light-haired Madame, whose peculiar appearance had threatened to blight his expectations. She was now seated by the small window, industriously mending a coarse woolen stocking, and evidently caring very little for the visitor, as he was not in search of a pastry-cook.

"We need not mind her," Madame René explained. "Marie Dubois is a good, dull-witted soul, who stays here with me when she is out of a situation. She can not understand a word of English. We have decided to separate soon, and to leave

these lodgings. I can not make enough money with my needle to live here; and so we must both go out and work—I as a sewing-woman, and she as a cook. Ah me! In the years gone by, I hoped to go to America and live with that lovely lady, your poor mother."

"Do you remember her well?" asked Donald, hesitating as to which one of a crowd of questions he should ask first.

"Perfectly, sir. She was very handsome. Ah me! and so good, so grand! The other lady—her husband's sister, I think—was very pretty, very sweet and gentle; but *my* lady was like a queen. I can see a trace of her features—just a little—in yours, Mr.—Mr. Reed. I did not at first; but the likeness grows on one."

"And this?" asked Donald, taking a photograph from his pocket. "Is this like my mother?"

She held it up to the light and looked at it long and wistfully.

"Poor lady!" she said at last.

"Poor lady?" echoed Donald, rather amused at hearing his bright little Dorry spoken of in that way; "she is barely sixteen."

"Ah, no! It is the mother I am thinking of. How proud and happy she would be now with this beautiful daughter! For this *is* your sister's likeness, sir?"

Ellen Lee looked up quickly, but, re-assured by Donald's prompt "Yes, indeed," she again studied the picture.

It was one that he had carried about with him ever since he left home—tacking it upon the wall, or the bureau of his room, wherever he happened to lodge; and it showed Dorothy just as she looked the day before he sailed. He had gone with her to the photographer's to have it taken, and for his sake she had tried to forget that they were so suddenly to say "good-by."

"Ah, what a bright, happy face! A blessed day indeed it would be to me if I could see you two, grown to a beautiful young lady and gentleman, standing together——"

"That you *shall* see," responded Donald, heartily, not because he accepted the title of beautiful young gentleman, but because his heart was full of joy to think of the happy days to come, when the shadow of doubt and mystery would be forever lifted from the home at Lakewood.

"Is she coming? Is she here?" cried Madame René, who, misinterpreting Donald's words, had risen to her feet, half expecting to see the young girl enter the room.

"No. But, depend upon it, you will go there," said Don. "You must carry out the dream of your youth, and begin life in America. My uncle surely will send for you. You know, I promised that you should hear of something greatly to your advantage."

"But the ocean," she began, with a show of dread, in spite of the pleasure that shone in her eyes. "I could never venture upon the great, black ocean again!"

"It will not be the black ocean this time. It will be the blue ocean, full of light and promise," said Donald growing poetic; "and it will bear you to comfort and prosperity. Dorothy and I will see to that——"

"Dorothy!" cried Ellen Lee. "Yes, I feel as if I could cross two oceans to see you both together, alive and well, so I would."

At this point Madame Dubois, rousing herself, said, rather querulously, in her native tongue: "Elise, are you to talk all night? Have you forgotten that you are to take me to see the lady on the Rue St. Honoré at six?"

"Ah, I did forget," was the reply. "I will go at once, if the young gentleman will excuse me."

"Certainly," said Donald, rising; "and I shall call again to-morrow, as I have many things yet to ask you. I 'll go now and cable home."

Ellen Lee looked puzzled.

"Can I be forgetting my own language?" she thought to herself. But she had resolved to be frank with Donald—had not he and Dorothy already opened a new life to her? "Cable home?" she repeated. "I do not understand."

"Why, send a cable message, you know—a message by the ocean telegraph."

"Oh, yes. Bless me! It will be on the other side, too, before one can wink. It is wonderful; and Mr. Donald, if I may call you so, while you're writing it, would you please, if you would n't mind it, send my love to Miss Dorothy?"

"Good!" cried Donald. "I 'll do exactly that. Nothing could be better. It will tell the story perfectly."

Donald, going down the steep flights of stairs soon afterward, intending to return later, longed to send a fine supper to Ellen Lee and her companion, also beautiful new gowns, furniture, pictures, and flowers. He felt like a fairy prince, ready to shower benefits upon her, but he knew that he must be judicious in his kindness and considerate of Ellen Lee's feelings. Poor as she evidently was, she had a proud spirit, and must not be carelessly rewarded.

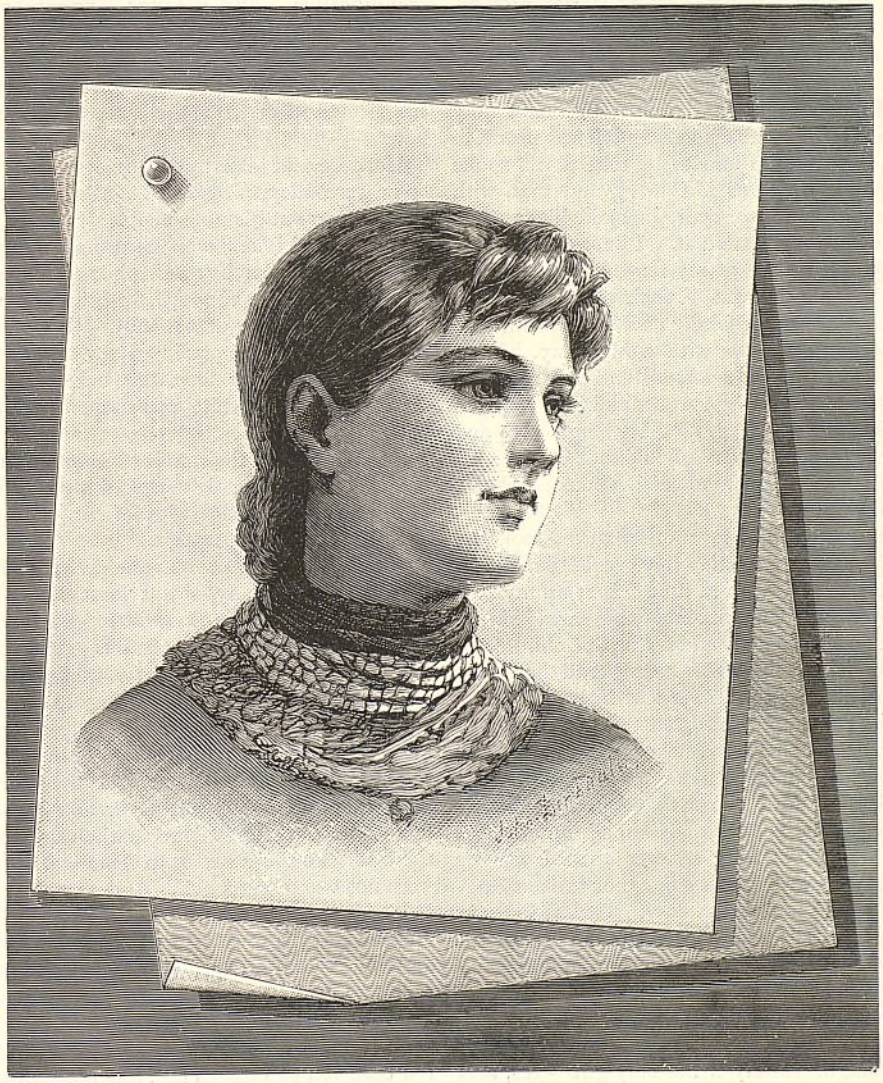
Before another night had passed, Uncle George and the anxious-hearted girl at Lakewood received this message:

Ellen Lee Sends Love to Dorothy.

Chapter XXXIV.

MADAME RENÉ TELLS HER STORY.

On the following day, when Donald again climbed the many flights of stairs and knocked at her door, he found Madame René alone. The pastry-cook advertisement had succeeded: Marie was gone to exercise her talents in behalf of a little hotel on the Seine, where, as she had assured her new employer, she would soon distinguish herself by her industry and sobriety. The almost empty apartment was perfectly neat. Madame René herself had brushed her threadbare gown with care, and, by the aid of spotless white collar and cuffs, given herself quite a holiday appearance. Very soon she and Donald, seated by the shining little window, were talking together in English and like old friends, as indeed they were. The reader shall hear her story in her own words, though not with all the interruptions of conversation under which it was given.



DOROTHY AT SIXTEEN.

"It 's no wonder you thought me a French-woman, Mr. Donald. Many have thought the same of me from the day I grew up. But, though

I look so like one, and speak the language readily, I was born in England. I studied French at school, and liked it best of all my lessons. In fact, I studied little else, and even spoke it to myself, for there was no one, excepting the French teacher, who could talk it with me. I never liked him. He was always pulling my ears and treating me like a child when I fancied myself almost a woman. Then I took to reading French stories and romances, and they turned my head. My poor home grew stupid to me, and I took it into my heart to run away and see if I could not get to be a great lady. About that time a French family moved into our neighborhood, and I was proud to talk with the children and to be told that I spoke 'like a native' (just as if I did!), and that, with my black hair and gray eyes, I looked like a Normandy girl. This settled it. I knew my parents never would consent to my leaving home, but I resolved to 'play' I was French and get a situation in some English family as a French nurse—a real Normandy *bonne* with a high cap. I was seventeen then. The *bonne* in the latest romance I had read became a governess and then married a marquis, the eldest son of her employer, and kept her carriage. Why should not some such wonderful thing happen to me? You see what a silly, wicked girl I was.

"Well, I ran away to another town, took the name of Eloise Louvain (my real name was Elizabeth Luff), and for a time I kept up my part and enjoyed it. The parents who engaged me could not speak French, and as for the children—dear, what a shame it was!—they got all they knew of it from me. Then I went to live with a real Parisian. The lady mistrusted my accent when I spoke French to her, and asked me where I was born; but she seemed to like me for all that, and I staid with her until she was taken ill and was ordered to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle for cure. I had the name of being quieter than I was by nature, for I always spoke French or broken English, and it was not always easy. At last I saw in the newspaper that a lady in Aix wanted a French maid to go with her to America. Here was my chance. Why, Mr. Donald, if you 'll believe me, I was n't sure but that if I went I 'd in time be the bride of the President of America himself! You need n't laugh. Many 's the silly girl—yes, and boy, too, for that matter—who gets ridiculous notions from reading romantic books. My French lady was sorry to lose me, but she let me go, and then, sir, I became your mother's maid. By this time my French was so good that she need n't have found me out; but she was so lovely, so sweet and sharp withal, that I one day told her the whole truth, and it ended in my writing a letter home by her advice, sending my parents fifty francs, asking their forgiveness, begging them to consent to my going to America with my new lady, and telling them that I would send presents home to them whenever I could. When the answer came, with love from my mother, and signed, 'Your affectionate and forgiving father, John Luff,' I laughed and cried with joy, and forgot that I was a Normandy *bonne*. And a *bonne* I was in earnest, for my lady had the prettiest pair of twins any one could imagine, if I do say it to your face, and such lovely embroidered dresses, more than a yard long, the sleeves tied with the sweetest little ribbon-bows——"

Here Donald interrupted the narrative: "What color were they, please?" he asked, at the same time taking out his note-book.

"Pink and blue," was the prompt reply. "Always blue on the boy and pink on the girl—my lady's orders were very strict on that point."

"Did—did the other baby—little Delia, you know—wear pink bows?"

"Not she, never anything but white, for her mamma insisted white was the only thing for a baby."

"What about their hair?" Donald asked, still holding his note-book and looking at this item: "*Girl's hair, yellow, soft, and curly. Boy's hair, pale brown, very scanty.*"

"Their hair? Let me see. Why, as I remember, you had n't any, sir, at least, none to speak of—neither had the poor little cousin; but my little girl—Miss Dorothy, that is—had the most I ever saw on so young a child; it was golden-yellow, and so curly that it would cling to your fingers when you touched it. I always hated to put a cap on her, but Mrs. Reed had them both in caps from the first. I must hurry on with the story. You know the other baby was never at Aix. We met it and its parents at Havre, when my lady went there to take the steamer to America. You twins were not two months old. And a sad day that was indeed! For the good gentleman, your father—Heaven rest his soul!—died of a fever before you and Miss Dorothy had been in the world a fortnight. Oh, how my lady and the other lady cried about it when they came together! I used to feel so sorry when I saw them grieving, that, to forget it, I 'd take you two babies out, one on each arm, and walk the street up and down in front of the hotel. I had become acquainted with a young Frenchman, a traveling photographer, and he, happening to be at Havre, saw me one morning as I was walking with the babies, and he invited me to go to his place, hard by, and have my picture taken, for nothing. It was a willful thing to do with those two infants, after I had been allowed only to walk

a short distance by the hotel; but it was a temptation, and I went. I would n't put down the babies, though, so he had to take my picture sitting on a rock, with one twin on each arm. If you 'll believe it, the babies came out beautifully in the picture, and I was almost as black as a coal. It was like a judgment on me, for I knew my lady would think it shocking in me to carry the two helpless twins to a photographer's."

"But the picture," said Donald, anxiously, "where is it? Have you it yet?"

"I 'll tell you about that soon," Madame René answered, hurriedly, as if unwilling to break the thread of her story. "The dear lady was so kind that I often had a mind to own up and show her the picture, but the thought of that ugly black thing, sitting up so stiff and holding the little innocents, kept me back. It 's well it did, too — though it 's rare any good thing comes out of a wrong — for if I had, the picture would have gone down with the ship. Well, we sailed a few days after that, and at first the voyage was pleasant enough, though I had to walk the cabin with the babies, while my lady lay ill in her berth. The sea almost always affects the gentry, you know. The other lady was hardier, though sometimes ailing, and she and her husband tended their baby night and day, never letting it out of their arms when it was awake. Poor little thing, gone these fifteen years!"

"Are you sure the little cousin was lost?" asked Donald, wondering how she knew.

"Why, Mr. Donald, I drew it from your not saying more about the child. Was she ever found? And her mother, the pretty lady, Mrs. Robbins — no, Robertson — and my lady, your mother? I heard people saying that all were lost, except those of us who were in our boat. And I never knew to the contrary until now. Were they saved, sir?"

Donald shook his head sadly.

"Not one of them saved!" she exclaimed. "Ah me! how terrible! I had a sight of Mr. Robertson with their baby in his arms — just one glimpse in the dreadful tumult. It all came on so suddenly — every one screaming at once, and not a minute to spare. I could not find *my* lady, yet I fancied once I heard her screaming for her children; but I ran with them to the first deck, and tried to tie them to something — to a chair, I think, so they might float — I was frantic; but I had no rope — only my gown."

"Yes, yes," said Donald, longing to produce the pieces of black cloth which he had brought with him, but fearing to interrupt the narrative then. "Please go on."

"I tore long strips from my gown, but I could not do anything with them; there was not time. The men were filling the boats, and I rushed to the side of the sinking vessel. No one could help me. I prayed to Heaven, and, screaming to the men in a boat below to catch them, I threw the babies out over the water. Whether they went into the boat or the water I could not tell; it seemed to me that some one shouted back. The next I knew, I was taken hold of by strong arms and lifted down into one of the boats. My lady was not there, nor the babies, nor any one of our party — all were strangers to me. For days we drifted, meeting no trace of any other boat from the ship, and living as best we could on a few loaves of bread and a jug of water that one of the sailors had managed to lower into our boat. We were picked up after a time and carried to Liverpool. But I was frightened at the thought of what I had done — perhaps the twins would have been saved with me if I had not thrown them down. I was afraid that some of their relatives in America would rise up and accuse me, you see, sir, and put me in disgrace. I had acted for the best, but would any one believe me? So when they asked my name, I gave the first I could think of, and said it was 'Ellen Lee,' and when they wondered at such a strange name for a French girl, as I appeared to be, I told them one of my parents was English, which was true enough. Not having been able to save a bit of my luggage, I was fain to take a little help from the ship's people. As I had been entered on the passenger-list only as Mrs. Wolcott Reed's maid, they were satisfied when I said I was Ellen Lee. After getting safe ashore I kept my own counsel and hid myself. To this day I never have breathed a word about the shipwreck or my throwing out the babies — no, not to a living soul, save yourself, sir. Well, a woman gave me another gown, which was a help, and I soon found a place with a family in the country, fifteen miles from Liverpool, to sew for the family and 'tend the children. Of course I dropped the name of Ellen Lee the moment I left Liverpool, and I hoped to settle down to a peaceful life and faithful service. But I grew sadder all the time; nothing could cheer me up. Night and day, day and night, I was haunted by the thought of that awful hour."

"Yes, awful indeed," said Donald. "I have often thought of it and tried to picture the scene. But we will not speak of it now. You must comfort yourself with knowing that, instead of losing the babies, you saved them. Only don't forget a single thing about the twins and their mother. Tell me all you can remember about them. Have n't you some little thing that belonged to them or to any of the party? A lock of hair or a piece of a dress — *anything* that was theirs? Oh, I hope you have — it is so very important!"

"Ah, yes, sir! I was just coming to that.

There 's a few things that belonged to the babies and the poor mother — and, to tell you the truth, they 've pressed heavy enough on my conscience all these years."

Donald, with difficulty, controlled his impatience to see the articles, but he felt it would be wisest to let Madame have her way.

"You see how it was: a young man — the same young man who had taken the picture — came to the ship to bid me good-by, and stood talking apart with me a minute, while the ladies were looking into their state-rooms and so on; and somehow he caught hold of my little satchel and was swinging it on his finger when Mrs. Reed sent for me. And before I could get back to him, the ship was ready to start; all who were not passengers were put ashore; somebody shouted an order, and we began to move. When at last I saw him, we were some distance from shore and he was standing on the dock looking after me, with my satchel in his hand! We both had forgotten it — and there was nothing for me to do but to sail on to America without it."

"Were the things in that satchel?" cried Don. "Where is the man? Is he living?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "No, I shall never see him again in this world," she said.

Her grief was so evident that Donald, whose disappointment struggled with his sympathy, felt it would be cruel to press her further. But when she dried her eyes and looked as if she were about to go on with the story, he could not forbear saying, in a tone which was more imploring than he knew: "Can't you tell me what was in the satchel? Try to think."

"Yes, indeed, I can," she said, plaintively. "There was the picture of the babies and me; the baby Dorothy's dress-ribbon; my purse and the key——"

"A key!" cried Donald. "What sort of a key?"

"Oh, a little bit of a key, and gloves, and my best pocket-handkerchief, and — most of all, Mrs. Reed's letter——"

"Mrs. Reed's letter!" echoed Don. "Oh, if I only could have had that and the picture! But do go on."

"You make me so nervous, Mr. Donald — indeed you do, begging your pardon — that I hardly know what I 'm saying; but I must tell you first how each of the things had got into my hands. First, the picture was my own property, and I prized it very much, though I had not the courage to show it to Mrs. Reed; then the pink ribbon was for baby Dorothy. My lady had handed it to me at the hotel when we were dressing the twins, and in the hurry, after cutting off the right lengths to tie up the dear little sleeves, I crammed the rest into my satchel."

"And the key?"

"Oh, you see, baby Dorothy had worn a chain from the time she was a week old. It fastened with a key. Mr. Reed himself had put it on her little neck and locked it the very day before he was taken down, and in the hurry of dressing the babies, as I was telling you, Mrs. Reed let fall the speck of a key; it was hung upon a bit of pink ribbon, and I picked it up and clapped it into the satchel, knowing I could give it to her on the vessel. But the letter — ah, that troubles me most of all."

She paused a moment and looked at Donald, before beginning again, as if fearing that he would be angry.

"It was a letter to a Mr. George Reed, somewhere in America — your uncle, is n't he? — and your mother had handed it to me a week before to put in the post. It would then have gone there in the steamer before ours, but — ah, how can I tell you? I had dropped it into my little satchel (it was one that I often carried with me), and forgotten all about it. And, indeed, I never thought of it again till we had been two days out, and then I remembered it was in the satchel. I don't wonder you feel badly, sir, indeed I don't, for it should have gone to America, as she intended, the poor, poor lady!"

"Heaven only knows what trouble it might have spared my uncle, and now he can never know," said Donald in a broken voice.

"Never know? Please don't say that, Master Donald, for you 'll be going back alive and well, and giving the letter to him with your own hands, you know."

Donald could only gasp out, "With my own hands? What! How?"

"Because it 's in the satchel to this day. Many a time, after I was safe on shore again, I thought to post it, but I was foolish and cowardly, and feared it might get me into trouble in some way, I did n't know how, but I had never the courage to open it when the poor lady who wrote it was dead and gone. May be you 'll think best to open it yourself now, sir——"

So saying, Madame René stepped across the room, kneeled by an old trunk, and opening it, she soon drew forth a small leather hand-bag.

Handing it to the electrified Donald, she gave a long sigh of relief.

"There it is, sir, and it 's a blessed day that sees it safe in your own hands!"

Yes, there they were — the ribbon, the picture, the tiny golden key, and the letter. Donald, looking a little wild (as Madame René thought), examined them one after the other, and all together,

with varying expressions of emotion and delight. He was bewildered as to what to do first: whether to take out the necklace, that he now always carried about with him, and fit the key to its very small lock; or to compare the group with the babies' photographs which his uncle had intrusted to him, and which he had intended to show to Madame René during the present interview; or to open and read his mother's letter, which the nature of his errand to Europe gave him the right to do.

The necklace was soon in the hands of Madame René, who regarded it with deep interest, and begged him to try the key, which, she insisted, would open it at once. Donald, eager to comply, made ready to push aside the top of the clasp, and then he resolved to do no such thing. Uncle George or Dorry should be the first to put the key into that long silent lock.

Next came the pictures. Don looked at the four little faces in a startled way, for the resemblance of the babies in the group to those in the two photographs was evident. The group, which was an ambrotype picture of Ellen Lee and the twins, was somewhat faded, and it had been taken at least three weeks before the New York photographs were. But, even allowing for the fact that three weeks make considerable change in very young infants, there were unmistakable points of similarity. In the first place, though all the four heads were in baby caps, two chubby little faces displayed delicate light locks straying over the forehead from under the caps, while, on the other hand, two longish little faces rose baldly to the very edge of the cap-border. Another point which Ellen Lee discovered was that the bald baby in each picture wore a sacque with the fronts rounded at the corners, and the "curly baby," as Donald called her, displayed in both instances a sacque with square fronts. Donald, on consulting his uncle's notes, found a mention of this difference in the sacques; and when Madame René, without seeing the notes, told him that both were made of flannel, and that the boy's must have been blue and the girl's pink,—which points Mr. Reed also had set down,—Don felt quite sure that the shape of the actual sacques would prove, on examination, to agree with their respective pictures. Up to that moment our investigator had, in common with most observers of the masculine gender, held the easy opinion that "all babies look alike," but circumstances now made him a connoisseur. He even fancied he could see a boyish look in both likenesses of his baby self; but Madame René unconsciously subdued his rising pride by remarking innocently that the boy had rather a cross look in the two pictures, but that was "owing to his being the weakest of the twins at the outset."

Then came the pink ribbon—and here Donald was helpless; but Madame René came to the rescue by explaining that if any ribbons were found upon baby Dorothy they must match these, for their dear mother had bought new pink ribbon on purpose for her little girl to wear on shipboard, and this was all they had with them, excepting that which was cut off to tie up the sleeves when the baby was dressed to be carried on board the ship. And now Madame recalled the fact that after the first day the twins wore only their pretty little white night-gowns, and that, when it was too warm for their sacques, she used to tie up baby Dorothy's sleeves loosely with the bits of pink ribbon, to show the pretty baby arm.

Next came the letter. Donald's first impulse was to take it to Uncle George without breaking the seal; but, on second thoughts, it seemed probable that for some yet unknown reason he ought to know the contents while he was still in Europe. It might enable him to follow some important clew, and his uncle might regret that he had let the opportunity escape him. But—to open a sealed letter addressed to another!

Yet, all things considered, he would do so in this instance. His uncle had given him permission to do whatever, in his own judgment, was necessary to be done; therefore, despite his just scruples, he decided that this was a necessary act.

Madame René anxiously watched his face as he read.

"Oh, if you had only posted this, even at any time during the past ten years!" he exclaimed, when half through the pages. Then, softening, as he saw her frightened countenance, he added: "But it is all right now, and God bless you! It is a wonderful letter," said Donald, in a tone of deep feeling, as he reached the last line, "and one that Dorothy and I will treasure all our lives. Every word seems to confirm Dorry's identity, and it would complete the evidence if any more were needed. How thankful Uncle George will be when he gets it! But how did you ever get all these treasures again, Ellen Lee?"

Madame René started slightly at hearing her old name from Donald's lips, but replied promptly:

"It was by neither more nor less than a miracle. The satchel was given back to me not very long after I found myself in Europe again."

"Not by that same young man!" exclaimed Donald, remembering Madame René's tears.

"Yes, Mr. Donald, by that same young man who took it on the vessel—the photographer."

"Oh!" said Donald.

"I may as well tell you," said Madame René, blushing, and yet looking ready to cry again, "that I had his address, and, some months after

the shipwreck, I sent him a line so that he might find me if he happened to pass my way. Well, you may believe I was glad to get the purse and some of the other things, Mr. Donald, but the picture and the key were a worriment to me. The picture did not seem to belong to me any longer. Sometimes I thought I would try to send them to the ship's company, to be forwarded to the right persons, and so rid my mind of them; but I had that foolish, wicked fear that I 'd be traced out and punished. Why should I, their *bonne*, be saved and they lost? some might say. Often I was tempted to destroy these things out of my sight, but each time something whispered to me to wait, for some day one who had a right to claim them would be helped to find me. I little thought that one of the very babies I threw down over the waves would be that person——"

"That 's so," said Donald, cheerily.

Hearing a doleful sound from the alley far below them, he opened the window wider and leaned out.

A beggar in rags stood there, singing his sad story in rhyme.

Verse after verse came out in mournful measure, but changed to a livelier strain when Don threw down a piece of money, which hit the ragged shoulder.

"Well," said Donald, by way of relief, and again turning to Madame René, "that 's a sorry-looking chap. You have all kinds of people here in Paris. But, by the way, you spoke of tearing strips from your gown on the night of the shipwreck. Do you happen to have that same gown, still?"

"No, Master Donald—not the gown. I made it into a skirt and wore it, year after year, as I had to, and then it went for linings and what not; yonder cape there on the chair is faced with it, and that 's ready to be thrown to the beggars."

"Let *this* beggar see it, please," said Donald, blithely; and in a moment he was by the window, comparing his samples with the cape-lining as knowingly as a dry-goods buyer.

"Exactly alike!" he exclaimed. "Hold! let 's try the flavor."

This test was unsatisfactory. But, after explanations, the fact remained to the satisfaction of both, that the "goods" were exactly the same, but that Madame René's lining had been washed many a time and so divested of its salt.

Here was another discovery. Donald began to feel himself a rival of the great Wogg himself. Strange to say, in further corroboration of the story of the buxom matron at Liverpool, Madame René actually gave Donald a fragment of the gown that had been given to her so long ago; and it was identical, in color and pattern, with the piece Mr. Wogg had lately sent him.

"How in the world did you ever get these pieces, Master Donald?" asked Madame René.

Whereupon Donald told her all about his Liverpool friend and her rag-bag—much to Madame's delight, for she was thankful to know that the good woman who had helped her long ago was still alive and happy.

"And now," said Donald, pleasantly, "let me hear more of your own history, for it interests me greatly. Where have you lived all these years?"

"Well, Master Donald, I went on keeping my own counsel, as I told you, and never saying a word about the wreck or the two dear babies, and living with Mr. Percival's family as seamstress and nursery governess, under my old French name of Eloise Louvain. I was there till, one day, we said we 'd just get married and seek our fortunes together."

"We!" repeated Donald, astonished and rather shocked; "not you and Mr. Percival?"

"Oh, no, indeed!—I and Edouard René," she said, in a tone that gave Don to understand that Edouard René was the only man that any girl in her senses ever could have chosen for a husband.

"What! The photographer?"

"Yes, Mr. Donald, the photographer. Well, we married, and how many nice things they gave me—and they were not rich folk, either!"

"They? Who, Madame René?"

"Why, Mrs. Percival and the children—gowns and aprons and pretty things that any young wife might be proud to have. She had married a fine gentleman, but she had been a poor girl. Her little boy was named after his grandfather, and it made such a funny mixture,—James Wogg Percival, but we always called him Jamie."

"Wogg!" exclaimed Don. "I know a James Wogg—a London detective——"

"Oh, that 's the son, sir, Mrs. Percival's brother; he 's a detective, and a pretty sharp one, but not sharp enough for me."

She said this with such a confident little toss of her head that Don, much interested, asked what she meant.

"Why, you see, Mr. Wogg often came to see his sister, Mrs. Percival, as I think, to borrow money of her, and he was always telling of the wonderful things he did, and how nothing could escape him, and how stupidly other detectives did their work. And one day, when I was in the room, he actually told how some people were looking for one Ellen Lee, a nursemaid who had been saved from shipwreck, and how one of the survivors was moving heaven and earth to find her, but had n't succeeded; and how, if the case had

been given to him he would have done thus and so — for she never could have escaped him. And there I was, almost under his very nose! — yes, then and many a time after!"

"It 's the funniest thing I ever heard!" cried Donald, enjoying the joke immensely, and convulsed to think of Mr. Wogg's disgust when he should learn these simple facts.

"Poor old Wogg!" he said. "It will almost kill him."

"I tell you, Mr. Donald," continued Madame René, earnestly, though she had laughed with him, "I listened then for every word that man might say. I longed to ask questions, but I did not dare. I heard enough, though, to know they were looking for me, and it frightened me dreadfully.

"Well, as soon as we were married, — Edouard and I, — we went to my old home, and I made my peace with my poor old parents, Heaven be praised! and comforted their last days. Then we went about through French, Swiss, and German towns, taking pictures. I helped Edouard with the work, and my English and French served us in many ways. But we found it hard getting a living, and at last my poor man sickened. I felt nothing would help him but the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle. He felt the same. We managed to work our way there, and, once safe at Aix, I found employment as a *doucheuse* in the baths.

"What is that, please?" asked Don.

"The *doucheuse* is the bath-woman who gives the douche to ladies. My earnings enabled my poor husband to stay and take the waters, and when he grew better, as he did, he got a situation with a photographer in the town. But it was only for a while. He sickened again — Heaven rest and bless his precious soul! — and soon passed away like a little child. I could n't bear Aix then, and so I went with a family to Paris, and finally became a visiting dress-maker. My poor husband always called me Elise, and so Madame Elise René could go where she pleased without any fear of the detectives finding her. At last, only the other day, I picked up a French newspaper, and there I chanced to see your notice about Ellen Lee, and I answered it."

"Bless you for that!" said Donald, heartily. "But had you never seen any other? We advertised often for Ellen Lee in the London and Liverpool papers."

"No, I never saw one, sir; and, to tell the truth, I hated to remember that I had ever been called Ellen Lee, for it brought back the thought of that awful night — and the poor little babes that I thought I had killed. If the notice in the paper had not said that I saved their lives, you never would have heard from me, Mr. Donald. That made me happier than I ever had been in all my life — mostly for the babies' sake, though it seemed to lift a load of trouble off my mind."

Several times, during the long interview with Elise René, Donald found himself wondering how he could manage, without hurting her pride in any way, to give her the money which she evidently needed. For she was no pauper, and her bright, dark eyes showed that time and trouble had not by any means quenched her spirit. The idea of receiving charity would shock her, he knew; but an inspiration came to him. He would not reward her himself; but he would act for Dorothy.

"Madame René," he said, with some hesitation, "if my sister had known I was coming here to talk face to face with the friend who had saved her life, I know what she would have done: she would have sent you her grateful love and — and something to remember her by; something, as she would say, 'perfectly lovely.' I know she would."

Madame had already begun to frown, on principle, but the thought of Dorry softened her, as Donald went on: "I know she would, but I don't know what to do about it. I 'd buy exactly the wrong article, if I were trying to select. The fact is, you 'll have to buy it yourself."

With these words, Donald handed Elise René a roll of bank-notes.

"Oh, Mr. Donald!" she exclaimed, flushing, "I can't take this — indeed, I can not!"

"Oh, Madame René, but indeed you can," he retorted, laughing. "And now," he added hastily (to prevent her from protesting any longer), "I am not going to inflict myself upon you for the entire day. You must be very tired, and, besides, after you are rested, we must decide upon the next thing to be done. I have cabled to my uncle, and there is no doubt but he will send word for you to come at once to America. Now, can't you go? Say yes. I 'll wait a week or two for you."

Elise hesitated.

"It would be a great joy," she said, "to go to America and to see little Dorothy. She is a great deal more to me — and you, too, Mr. Donald — than one would think; for, though you were both too young to be very interesting when I was your *bonne*, I have thought and dreamed so often of you in all these long years, and of what you both might have lived to be if I had not thrown you away from me that night, that I ——" her eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, indeed; I know you take an interest in us both," was his cordial reply. "And it makes me wish that you were safe with us in America, where you would never see trouble or suffer hardship any more. Say you will go."

"Could I work?" she said, eagerly. "Could I sew, make dresses, do anything to be useful to Miss Dorothy? My ambition of late has been to go back to England and set up for a dress-maker, and some day have a large place, with girls to help; but that would be impossible — life is so hard for poor folk, here in Europe. I feel as if I would do anything to see Miss Dorothy."

"But you can have America, and Miss Dorothy, and the dress-making establishment, or whatever you please," Don pursued with enthusiasm; "only be ready to sail by an early steamer. And, since you go for our sakes and to satisfy my uncle, you must let us pay all the cost and ever so much more. Think what joy you give us all in proving, without a doubt, that Dorothy is — Dorothy."

"I will go," she said.

That same day Donald, who had found a letter waiting for him on his return to the hotel at which he had that morning secured a room, flew up the long flights of stairs again, to ask if he might call in the evening and bring a friend.

"A friend?" Madame René looked troubled. Donald, to her, was her own boy almost; but a stranger!—that would be quite different. She glanced anxiously around, first at the shabby apartment and then at her own well-worn gown — but Mr. Donald, she thought, would know what was best to do. So, with a little Frenchy shrug of her shoulders, and a gesture of resignation, she said, Oh, certainly; she would be much pleased.

The evening visit was a success in every way, excepting one. The *bonne* of former days did not at first recognize the "friend," M. Bajeau, though at the first sight he was certain that this tall, comely woman was the veritable person who had come with Mrs. Reed and the pink-faced twins into his little shop. But she remembered the visit perfectly, and nearly all that happened on that day. She recalled, too, that Mrs. Reed had intended to have the baby's full name, Dorothy, engraved upon the clasp, and that, on account of the smallness of the space, the initials D. R. were decided upon. Still it was annoying to M. Bajeau, and, consequently, rather embarrassing to Donald, that the woman did not promptly recognize him as the same jeweler.

The simple-hearted and somewhat vain old gentleman, who felt that this would be a very important link in the chain of evidence, had recognized Madame René; and why could she not return the compliment?

Donald, by way of relieving the awkwardness, remarked, during a rather stiff moment, that it was unusually warm, and begged leave to open the door. At this, Monsieur, hinting delicately that a draught would in time kill an angel, produced a skull-cap, which he deftly placed upon his head; and no sooner was this change effected than Madame René grew radiant, clasped her hands in honest rapture, and declared that she would now recognize M. Bajeau among a million as the very gentleman who engraved that blessed baby's dear little initials upon the clasp.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DAY OF JOY.

WHILE the great ship that bears Donald and Madame René to America still is plowing its way across the ocean, we who are on dry land may look into the home at Lakewood.

Uncle George and the two girls have just come in from a twilight walk, the glow of exercise is on their faces, and they are merry, not because anything funny has been seen or said, but because their hearts are full of joy. Donald is coming home.

Down-stairs, in the cozy sitting-room, are a pair of old friends, and if you could open the door without being seen you would hear two familiar voices.

"Where 's the use," Mr. Jack is saying confidentially, "in Master Donald's bein' away so long? The place aint natteral, nothing 's natteral, without that boy. And there 's Miss Dorothy, the trimmest little craft that ever was, here she 's been tossin' about and draggin' anchor, so to speak, all because he haint here alongside. He 's gone to find out for certain! Is he? Where 's the use in findin' out? One clipper 's as good as another, if both are sound in the hull and full-rigged. To my mind, the capt'n 'd better took what the Lord 's giv him, and be thankful accordin'. You can make any sea rough by continyelly takin' soundin's. I tell you, messmate—"

He stops short as Lydia raises a warning finger:

"You 're forgetting again, Mr. Jack!" she pleads, "and after all the grammar me and Miss Dorry have taught you. Besides, you might be just as elegant in talking to me as to the family."

"Eleganter, Mistress Blum — eleganter," is the emphatic rejoinder, "but not when a chap 's troubled — 't aint in the order o' things. A cove can't pray grammatic and expect to be heard, can he? But, as I was sayin', there 's been stormy times off the coast for the past three days. That boy ought t' have been kept at home. Gone to find out. Humph! Where 's the use? S'pose, when them two mites was throwed out from the sinkin' ship, I 'd 'a' waited to find out which babies they

were; no, I ketched 'em fur what they was. Where 's the use findin' out? There *aint* no use. I 'm an old sailor, but somehow I 'm skeery as a girl to-night. I 've kind o' lost my moorin's."

"Lost what, Mr. Jack?" said Liddy, with a start.

"My moorin's. It seems to me somehow 's that lad 'll never come to land."

"Mercy on us, Jack!" cried Lydia, in dismay. "What on earth makes you say a thing like that?"

"'Cos I 'm lonesome. I 'm upsot," said Jack, rising gloomily, "an' that 's all there is about it; an' there 's that wall-eyed McSwiver——"

"Mr. Jack," exclaimed Lydia, suddenly, "you 're not talking plain and honest with me. There 's something else on your mind."

"An' so there is, Mistress Lydia, an' I may as well out with it. Ken you pictur' to yourself a craft tossed about on the sea, with no steerin' gear nor nothin', and the towin'-rope draggin' helpless alongside—not a floatin' thing to take hold of it. Well, I 'm that craft. I want some one to tow me into smooth waters, and then sail alongside allers—somebody kind and sensible and good. Now, do you take the idee?"

Lydia thought she did, but she was not quite sure; and as we can not wait to hear the rest of the conversation that followed, we will steal upstairs again and see Mr. George lock up the house, bid Dorothy and Josie good-night, and climb the softly carpeted stair-way, followed by a pretty procession of two.

Later, while the girls are whispering together in their room, the long letter is written to Eben Slade, which tells him at the close that he may now come on with "legal actions" and his threats of exposure; that Mr. George is ready to meet him in any court of law, and that his proofs are ready. Then at the last follows a magnanimous offer of help, which the baffled man will be glad to accept as he sneaks away to his Western home—there to lead, let us hope, a less unworthy life than of old.

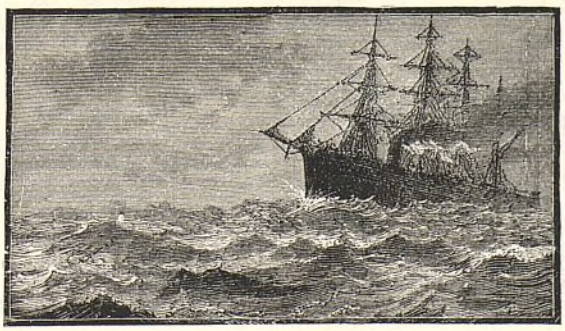
The letter is sealed. Now the lights are out. Mr. Jack, tranquil and happy, has tiptoed his way to his bachelor-room above the stable, and Watch settles himself upon the wide piazza to spend the pleasant midsummer night out-of-doors.

Sleep well, good old Watch! To-morrow will be a busy day for you. A trim young man will come with a letter from the telegraph office, and you will have to bark and howl as he approaches, and slowly subside when Dorothy, after calling from the window, "Be quiet, Watch!" will rush down to receive the telegram. Then affairs at the stable will occupy you. Jack, getting out the carriage in a hurry, and harnessing the horses with trembling hands, never heeding your growls and caresses, will drive to the house, and (while you are wildly threading your way between wheels and the horses' legs) Uncle George, Josie, and Dorothy, radiant with expectation, will enter the vehicle, Jack will mount to the box, and off they will start for the station!

Lydia, happy soul! will scream for you to come back, and then you may amuse yourself with the flies that try to settle on your nose, while she makes the house fairly shine for the welcoming that is soon to be, and rejoices that, after their wedding, she and Jack are to continue living on the old place just the same, only that they are to have a little cottage of their own. Yes, you may doze away your holiday until the sunset-hour when Lydia, Jack, and all the Danbys stand waving handkerchiefs and hats, as two carriages from the station come rolling up the shady avenue.

Hurrah! Bark your loudest now, old Watch! Ed. Tyler, his father, and Josie Manning jump out of one carriage; Uncle George, leaping like a boy from the other, helps a tall, bright-eyed woman, dressed in black, to alight, and then, amid a chorus of cheers and barking, and joyous cries of welcome, happiest of the happy, follow the brother and sister—Donald and Dorothy!

THE END.



WHAT CAN BE MADE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

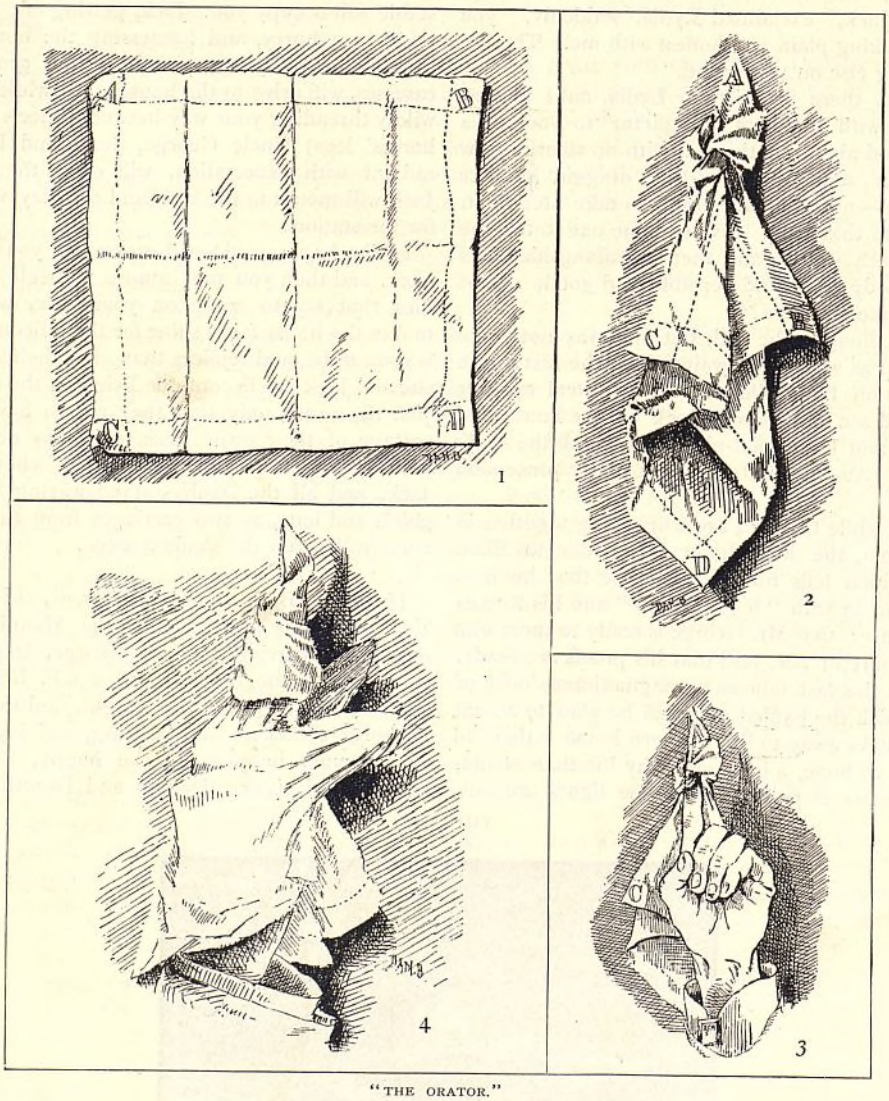
BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

If a folder of handkerchiefs folds as he 's told,
Rolling and folding the folds he has rolled,
The folder unfolds, from folds he has rolled,
Amusing amusement both for young and for old.

A PLAIN white handkerchief would hardly appear a very promising object from which to derive any great amount of amusement, but, as the complicated and intricate steam-engine was evolved from the boiling tea-pot, you need not be astonished when you see what curious and interesting things we can make from an ordinary pocket-handkerchief. As the conjurer says, after surprising you with some marvelous trick, "It 's quite easy when you know how."

"The Orator" (Fig. 4) is one of the most simple, and, in the hands of a clever exhibitor, one of the most amusing, of all the handkerchief figures.

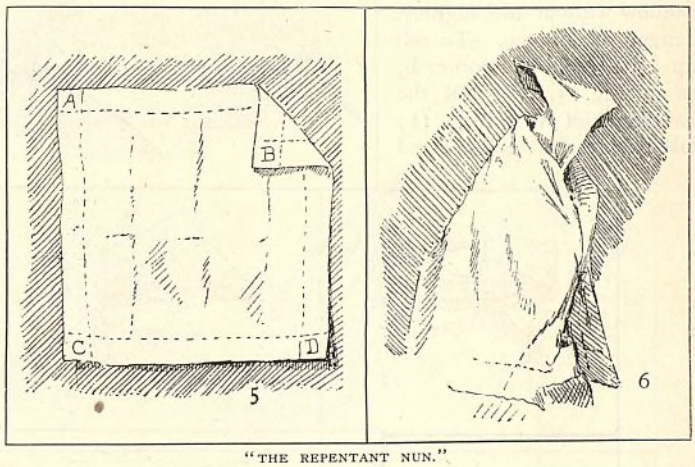
To "make up" the Orator, tie a common knot in the corner A (Fig. 1). (See Fig. 2.) Fit the knot on the forefinger of the left hand, as in Fig.



"THE ORATOR."

3, draw the sides B and C over the thumb and middle finger to form the arms, and our orator stands forth (Fig. 4) ready to entertain his audience. If, now, the speech of Othello, beginning "Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors," be repeated, accompanied with appropriate gestures of its arms and solemn nods of its head, the ludicrous effect will cause great fun and many a merry laugh.

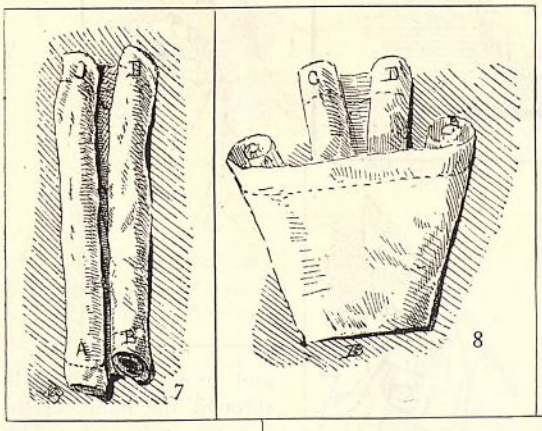
"The Father Confessor and the Repentant Nun" properly come next, as the Orator will serve for the Priest. To form the Nun, another handkerchief is required. As you know, the dress of a nun is very simple. You have but to turn the corner B (Fig. 5) and place it over the forefinger of the right hand with the fold uppermost, so as to form the cap; then draw the handkerchief over the hand, using the thumb and middle finger as arms, as in the Orator, and the Nun is complete (Fig. 6). With the left hand dressed as the Priest, and the right as the Nun, any dialogue that suggests itself may be repeated.



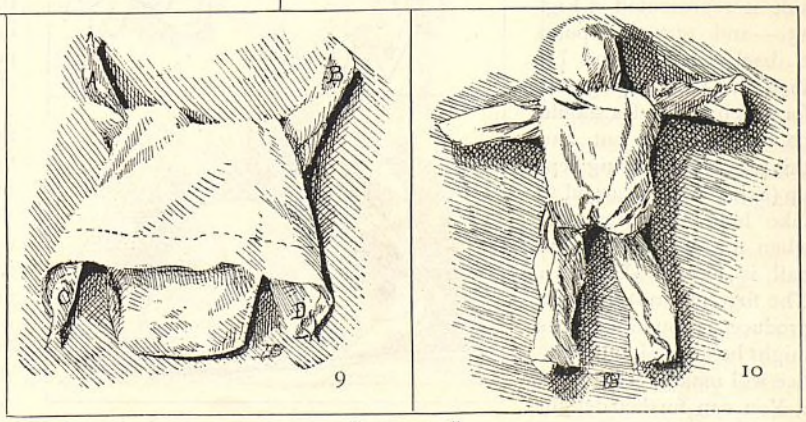
"THE REPENTANT NUN."

If the proper gestures, nods, and bows be introduced, this will prove very laughable to those who have never seen it before.

Now, let us see if the handkerchief cannot produce something more especially appropriate for the little folks. The first thing which suggests itself as a toy for a child is almost invariably a doll. Almost all children have a natural curiosity to discover the mechanism of their playthings, otherwise toys would last much longer than they do; so, to stand and watch the manufacture of the doll will prove a new source of pleasure to our little ones. "The Doll-baby" is a little more complicated than the preceding figures, but, after one or two trials, is not difficult to make. First, roll the two sides of the handkerchief until they meet in the middle; next, fold the two ends, A and B (Fig. 7), as shown in Fig. 8; then fold the upper ends, C and D, over and down, as in Fig. 9. The rolled ends, C and D, are then brought around the middle of the handkerchief and tied, the ends of the knot forming the arms; then, with a little pulling and arranging, you have a pretty fair doll (Fig. 10).

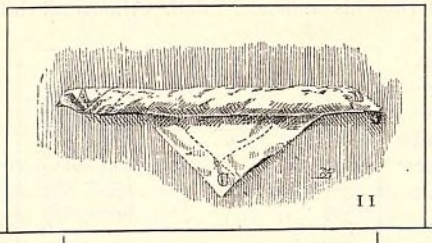


We know that some little boys will disdain to play with dolls, as belonging exclusively to



"THE DOLL."

the girls. Such little fellows can be pacified at once by the production of a very creditable ball, and one that can be thrown against a looking-glass or window without the slightest danger of damage. To roll up a ball, fold the corner B, as in Fig. 5, and roll the handkerchief as in Fig. 11; fold back the two ends, A and D (Fig. 12),—the reverse side is represented in Fig. 13,—and turn the point C back over A and D; then the pocket (Fig. 14) formed by the sides should be turned inside out, and this process of turning kept up (being always careful to take hold at the corners when turning) until a firm ball is formed (Fig. 15). The first attempt may not produce as round a ball as might be desired, but practice will make perfect.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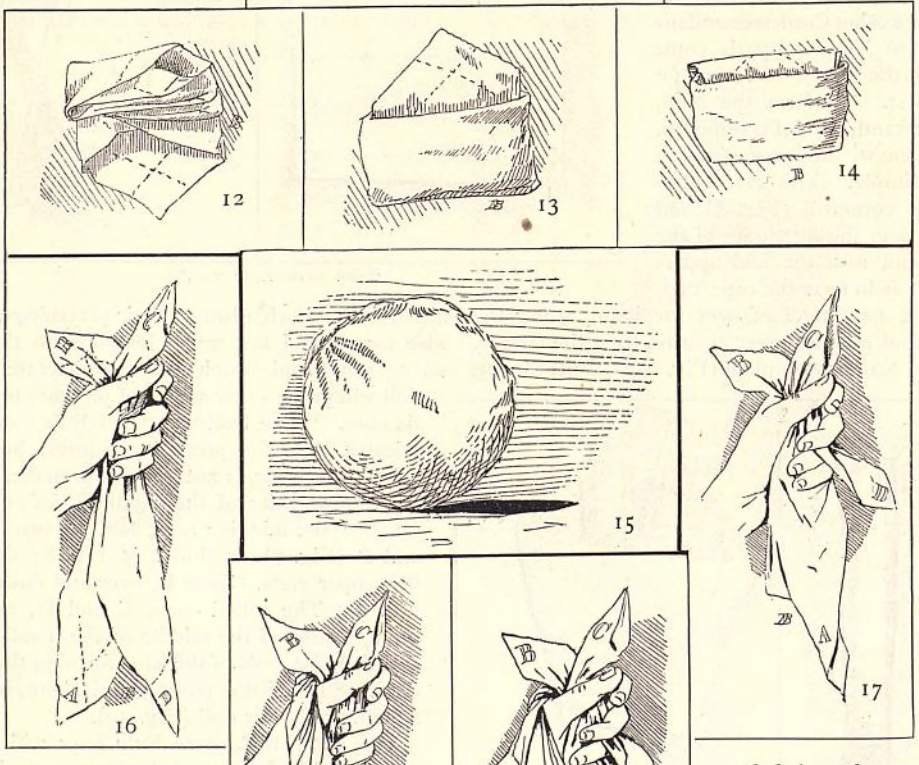
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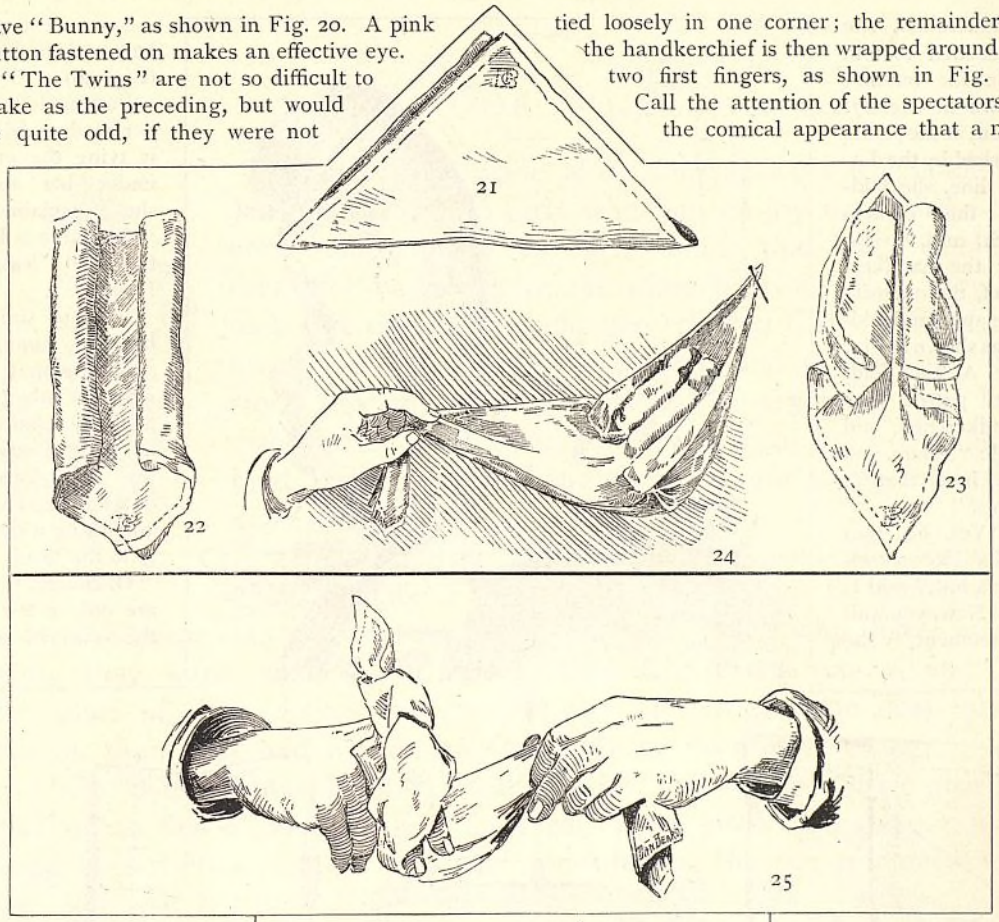
"THE BALL."—"THE RABBIT."

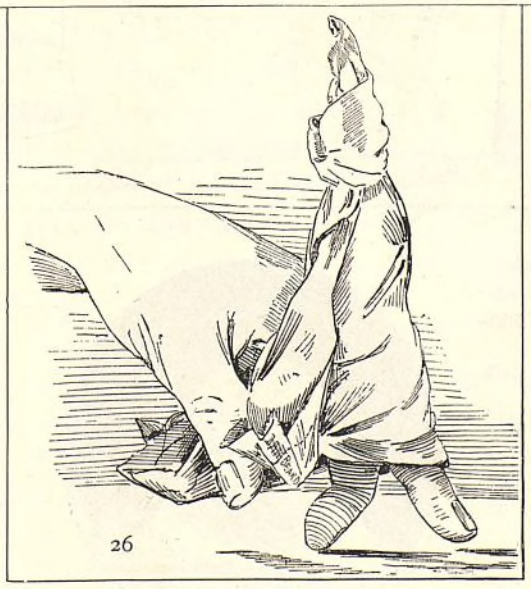
You can further delight the children with "Bunny," the white rabbit. Take the two corners B and C (Fig. 1), holding them as shown in Fig. 16, while you bring the end D over the back of the hand, and hold it down with the second finger (Fig. 17). Draw the end A over the front of the hand, and hold it down as seen in Fig. 18. Still holding these tightly, fold the end A, and bring the corner D through the hand, clasping it as in Fig. 19. The portion of the handkerchief covering the back of the hand must then be turned over that in front, taking heed, however, to prevent the ends B, C, and D (which are to form the ears and the tail respectively) from being wrapped in with the body; keep turning (after the manner in making the ball) until the body is firm; then spread out the ears and arrange the tail, and you

have "Bunny," as shown in Fig. 20. A pink button fastened on makes an effective eye.

"The Twins" are not so difficult to make as the preceding, but would be quite odd, if they were not even. Fold the handkerchief as in Fig. 21; roll up the two folded ends as in Fig. 22; then take the handkerchief by the two lower corners and gently pull them in opposite directions. (See Fig. 23.) A doll's head may then be placed in each of the rolls, or a string tied around them a little below the upper ends, which will give the appearance of heads. The hammock, with the twins in it, will then appear, as in Fig. 24.



The Bather is simple in construction, consisting of a handkerchief with an ordinary knot tied loosely in one corner; the remainder of the handkerchief is then wrapped around the two first fingers, as shown in Fig. 25. Call the attention of the spectators to the comical appearance that a man cuts in a bathing-dress, and then run the handkerchief figure (Fig. 26) rapidly toward the company. He is sure to create a laugh, if made properly.



"THE TWINS."—"THE BATHER."

"Oh, you have left out Little Red Riding Hood!" exclaimed a young friend of mine, after she had carefully examined the foregoing sketches.

"And, pray, how is Little Red Riding Hood made?" I asked.

She answered by running into the next room, and, returning with a bright red silk pocket-

handkerchief, she proceeded to fold it in the manner shown in Fig. 27. Then, at the places marked by the dotted line, she folded the corners back, and, reversing the handkerchief, the opposite side appeared folded as shown in Fig. 28. At each fold, she patted the handkerchief, and said: "There, you see how that 's done?"

"Yes, but that looks like a soldier's hat," said I.

"Now, you wait a moment," she answered, and, as she spoke, she folded the bottom margin, C D, over, until it had the form of Fig. 29.

"Now, what do you call that?" I asked.

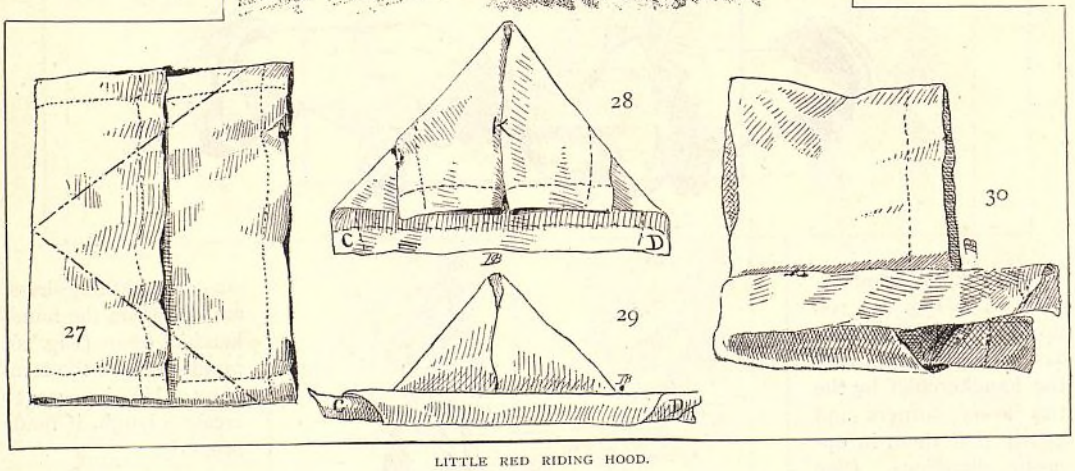
"Why, that" (here she picked it up by the corners C and D and bent the corners back, making a fold at K) "is the hood!"

Sure enough, here was the hood (Fig. 30).

Putting it upon her head, and deftly tying the ends under her chin, she exclaimed: "And here is Little Red Riding Hood!"

A more simple but very cunning little cap may be made for baby (see final illustration), by tying knots in the four corners of a handkerchief, and fitting it closely to the head.

Of course, these are only a few of the curious and interesting things that can be manufactured from a handkerchief. And now that the girls and boys have seen how easily these have been made, they can exercise their own ingenuity in devising other methods of using their handkerchiefs for the amusement of their friends in the coming winter evenings.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

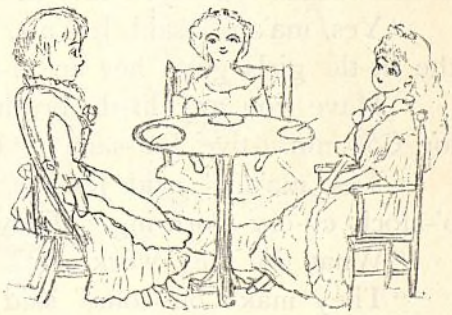
THE POOR DOL-LY.

THE POOR DOL-LY.

It was a good while af-ter Christ-mas, when Su-sie and Jen-nie, two lit-tle girls who had en-joyed the hol-i-days ver-y much, made up their minds that they would let their doll-ba-bies have the same pleas-ure that they had had, and that they would give them a Christ-mas of their own. So they set up a lit-tle tree, and got out the dolls' stock-ings to hang up, and did ev-ery-thing that lit-tle girls do for dolls when they give them hol-i-days of this kind. But Su-sie thought they ought to do some-thing more than this.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said she to Jennie. "We 'll have a poor dol-ly. She shall be hun-gry and cold and wear rag-ged clothes, and then our dolls, who have ev-ery-thing they want, shall in-vite her to their Christ-mas par-ty, and give her some of their clothes and good things, and hang some pres-ents for her on their tree, and nev-er say one word to hurt her feel-ings."

"Oh, that will be splen-did!" said Jen-nie, and the two lit-tle girls hur-ried off to find a poor dol-ly. They had three good dolls, whose names were Hen-ri-et-ta, Lau-ra, and Car-min-a-tive. The oth-er name of this last doll was Bal-sam. They had read the whole name on a bot-tle, and they thought it ver-y pret-ty. They once had an-oth-er doll, who lost her arms, and so she had been put a-way in a clos-et. They thought she would make a good poor dol-ly, and so they brought her out and called her Ann. They tore her clothes, which were pret-ty old, any-way, and made her look ver-y rag-ged and cold.



HEN-RI-ET-TA, LAU-RA, AND CAR-MIN-A-TIVE.

Ann was in-vit-ed to the Christ-mas par-ty, and she came. The tree was all read-y, the dolls' ta-ble was spread with their best chi-na, and there was can-dy, cake, and jel-ly, be-sides al-monds and rai-sins.

"Now then," said Su-sie, "I will speak for our dolls, and you must speak for Ann."

Jen-nie a-greed, and then Su-sie said, speak-ing for Hen-ri-et-ta:

"How do you do, lit-tle girl? Are you ver-y cold? Come up close

to the fire, and eat some of this jel-ly. It will warm you." And then Su-sie took a small spoon-ful of the jel-ly, and af-ter put-ting it to Ann's mouth, she of course ate it her-self.

"Thank you ver-y much," said Jen-nie, speak-ing for Ann. "I think

I will take some of this can-dy as well as the jel-ly." And Jen-nie put a piece of can-dy to Ann's mouth and then in-to her own.

"Are you ver-y poor?" said Su-sie, speak-ing for Lau-ra. "Is your fa-ther dead? Do you like al-monds?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jen-nie, speak-ing for the poor dol-ly, and each of the lit-tle girls gave her an al-mond, and then ate them themselves.

"Have you any lit-tle broth-ers and sis-ters?" said Su-sie, speak-ing for Car-min-a-tive Bal-sam. "Do they have to go out and work?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jen-nie, for Ann. "They go out to work at five o'-clock ev-ery morn-ing. They are ver-y young."

"What do they work at?" asked Su-sie, speak-ing for Hen-ri-et-ta.

"They make but-tons," said Jen-nie, af-ter think-ing a-while.

Then all the dolls were set up at the ta-ble, and Su-sie and Jen-nie ate for all of them, giv-ing the poor dol-ly just as much as the rest. Af-ter sup-per the pres-ents were tak-en down from the tree, and Ann had a lit-tle sil-ver thim-ble which had once be-longed to Jen-nie.

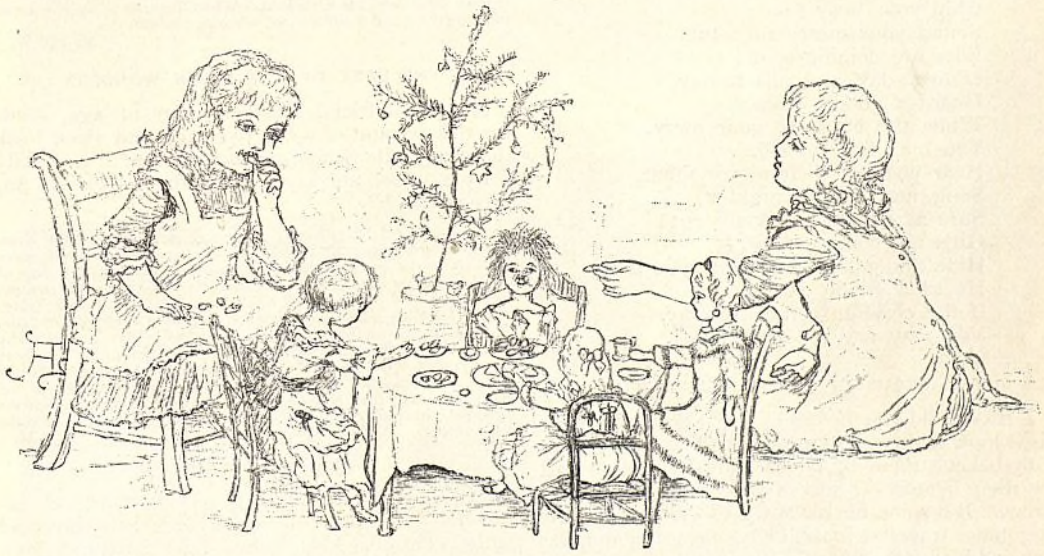
It was now time to hang up the stock-ings, and Su-sie said that Ann must hang up her stock-ing just the same as the rest.

Then all the dolls were laid on their fac-es on the floor, so that they should not see, while Su-sie and Jen-nie played they were San-ta Claus

and his wife, and filled the four stock-ings with small bits of can-dy and pieces of ap-ple cut quite small. As Ann was so poor, a rai-sin was al-so crammed in-to her stock-ing. When the dolls were tak-en up and seat-ed in a row, and af-ter they had looked at the stock-ings long e-nough to won-der what was in them, each one's stock-ing was placed in her lap.

It was now quite time for Ann to go home, but be-fore she went a-way Hen-ri-et-ta gave her a frock; Lau-ra gave her a lit-tle straw hat, while Car-min-a-tive gave her a red shawl, which was much bet-ter for her than a cloak, as she had no arms. Some cake, and some of the jel-ly that was left, was wrapped up in a piece of pa-per for her to car-ry home to her moth-er and her lit-tle broth-ers and sis-ters, and then, be-ing made just as hap-py as it was pos-si-ble for a poor dol-ly to be, she was tak-en back to the clos-et, which was now sup-posed to be her moth-er's home, up a lit-tle al-ley.

"Those chil-dren of ours," said Su-sie, in a thought-ful tone, "ought to be much hap-pi-er for hav-ing been kind to that poor dol-ly."



"I think they look hap-pi-er al-read-y," said lit-tle Jen-nie, who looked hap-py her-self for e-ven hav-ing played at kind-ness.

When the old-er sis-ter of these two lit-tle girls has time to make arms for poor Ann, Susie and Jen-nie in-tend to a-dopt her in-to their fam-i-ly, and be moth-ers to her, as they are to the oth-er dolls.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

LITTLE squirrels, crack your nuts;
Chip your busy tune;
Sound your merry rut-a-tuts—
Boys are coming soon!
Hide to-day, and pile to-day,
Hoard a goodly store;
When the boys are gone away,
You may find no more.
Hear you not their merry shout,
Song, and happy laughter?
Sure as leaping, boys are out!
Girls are coming after.
Hide and pile, then, while you may,
Hoard a goodly store;
If the children come this way,
You may find no more.

THE TROUBLES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

I HAVE told you before of the way in which my birds look at the telegraph wires. The little rascals truly believe them to be hanging in mid-air just for their benefit—a sort of perching ground, you know. But some birds are wiser—either because they have traveled more, or because they number traveled birds among their intimate acquaintances. What stories, now, some of those gay foreign songsters and talkers might tell of far-away telegraph lines; and who knows what the sea-gulls may hear of the trials of the ocean cable! Think of the fish that gnaw its covering; the heavy shell-animals that cling to it and weigh it down; the whales that bump against it! And as for overland wires, it would astonish you to hear the birds tell secrets about that telegraph in Sumatra, which, you know, is one of the East India Islands. Think of it there, helpless and alone among the jungles! The dear Little School-ma'am says that at first, within three years, there were over fifty serious interruptions on this Sumatra telegraph, on account of elephants. They actually pulled down the wires, in some instances, and hid them away in the cane-brakes! Probably they mistook them for a sort of trapping apparatus. Imagine a suspicious elephant (with a young family growing up about him) wrenching up poles and dragging down wires, by way of precaution! Think, too, of the tigers and bears that gently rub their sides against the poles, and the monkeys that delight in finding such grand tight-ropes all ready for their performances! Ah, the telegraph in that region has a hard time of it, and the men who have to go and repair it are certainly not to be envied. How would you like to be in that service, my hearers?

Very much? Well, well! Go and tell your mothers at once, then, and we 'll see what can be done about it.

THE SQUIRREL AND HER CHILDREN.

DEAR JACK: Here is another letter about squirrels. A lady that we know tamed a squirrel, and it became so tame that it would sit in her lap and eat out of her hand. One day, after it had been with her about two months, it disappeared, and the lady was much troubled to know what had become of it. One day, after it had been missing about a month, she was out on the piazza; she saw the squirrel running toward her with five little squirrels, the body of each being about as long as a boy's finger. The mother brought them forward, one at a time, as if to introduce them. They were very timid at first, but they soon got bolder, for their mother was ashamed of them for being so much afraid. When they ran away, she would run after them and scold at them.—Yours, sincerely,

M. AND W.

THE LAST OF THE SEVEN WONDERS.

A YOUNG friend, fourteen years of age, sends me this account of a big pyramid, and when I ask the dear Little School-ma'am whether it is exactly correct or not, she says: "Ask the children." So, why not?

DEAR JACK: I have been reading a good deal about the Great Pyramid of Cheops. It is the only one remaining of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It stands on a bluff on the edge of the desert across the Nile from Cairo. It is 460 feet high and 793 feet square—all built of large blocks of stone. I have some pieces of it. They are yellowish-white, and somewhat harder than chalk. There is no rain or frost in Egypt. It is said there are as many solid feet of rock in the pyramid as it is miles to the sun. If this pyramid was converted into paving stones two feet wide and one and a half inches thick, it would make a pavement around the earth twice, and then leave enough to pave from New York to the principal cities of the Union. You or your "chicks" can make the estimate.

J. M.

A TRICYCLE JOURNEY.

WHAT think you, young bicyclers, of a three-wheeled, no-horse journey of over two thousand miles? The dear Little School-ma'am has just given me the particulars of precisely such an exploit. M. Somebody, Vice-President of a French Bicycling Club, and his wife, started from Lyons lately on a two-seated machine. They went on into Italy, through Nice, Genoa, and Rome, to Naples. On their way back to France, they took in Florence and Turin, making, in fact, a total journey of 2300 miles, and at an average rate of fifty to sixty miles a day.

Exactly. And your Jack has an idea that the worthy but enterprising couple have been resting at the rate of fifty to sixty days a mile ever since.

But then, what can a poor Jack-in-the-Pulpit know of the charms of bicycle travel?

A SHARP TRICK IN SELF-DEFENSE.

THE Deacon is fond of an old adage which hits off the way some persons have of punishing themselves pretty badly in their efforts to punish somebody else. These people, he says, are apt to "cut off their nose to spite their face." But, did ever you hear of an animal that cut off its own tail to help itself?

No? Well, it appears that on the European side of the ocean is a plucky little fellow, known as the blind-worm or slow-worm. It is a little mite of an animal, a snake-like lizard, that when frightened has a way of suddenly contracting its muscles so as to snap its tail off at a considerable distance from the end. Then what does this fragment of tail do but dance about in a lively way, so as to attract the notice of the enemy, while the lizard himself slinks off unobserved. Then, after awhile, he grows a fresh tail, and is ready to resort to the same trick whenever an enemy puts him to his self-defense.

A FABLE WITH A MORAL.

ONE of my old owls lately put this question in arithmetic to his children: If one swallow does not make a summer, how many swallows will it not take to make an autumn?

The poor little things very naturally replied that, so far as they could see, it was the square of the difference. Whereupon the swallows declared that, if they were going to be talked about in that manner, they would leave.

Moral: *Do not leave that thing done to-morrow which you can undo to-day.* Neglect of this principle, dear little children, has caused much trouble in this careless world.

"OH, THAT COMPOSITION!"

AN OFFER TO YOUNG WRITERS.

THE most acceptable one-or-two-page story embodying this picture, written and composed entirely by a girl or boy under sixteen years of age, and received at this office before November 1st, shall be printed in ST. NICHOLAS, and paid for at the rate of five dollars a page. The stories sent in possibly may be useful to their respective writers as school compositions. Should this suggestion meet with the approbation of teachers and pupils, similar offers shall be made by this magazine from time to time, and FOUR ST. NICHOLAS SUBJECTS for composition shall be given out each month, so that school-boys and school-girls all over the land may, if they choose, work in concert —thus giving new interest to a duty which to many young folk is often a dreary task.

THE LETTER-BOX.

"WHEN WE WERE BOYS."—The two old gentlemen standing there in the orchard, and talking over their young days, have changed so very much since they were boys—their hair has grown so much whiter, and their eyes so much dimmer, and their shoulders so much more bent—and, altogether, so much has happened to them, that you 'd think they must have forgotten that they ever *were* boys. But no, indeed! They may have been sobered by all they have passed through in those long years—the trouble and sorrow they have had to face and the difficulties they have had to conquer in becoming the dignified land-owners that you see them now. But that does not mean that they have put away their boyhood forever; and the truth is that, while they have changed so greatly in outward appearance and estate, yet the boy-hearts within them have n't changed so much by any means. And we cannot help suspecting, from the queer smiles they wear, that among the incidents they are recalling with so much zest, there must have been one or two that had a spice of mischief in them. How would they feel, we wonder, if they knew that our artist had caught them slyly enjoying, out in the solitude of the orchard, the memory of one of their boyish frolics, and had suddenly brought them, smiles and all, before the multitude of boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS?

Ah well, good readers, they would find gentle judges in you, we are sure. For you now are in the full enjoyment of scenes very like those that they are remembering with pleasure. And then, besides,

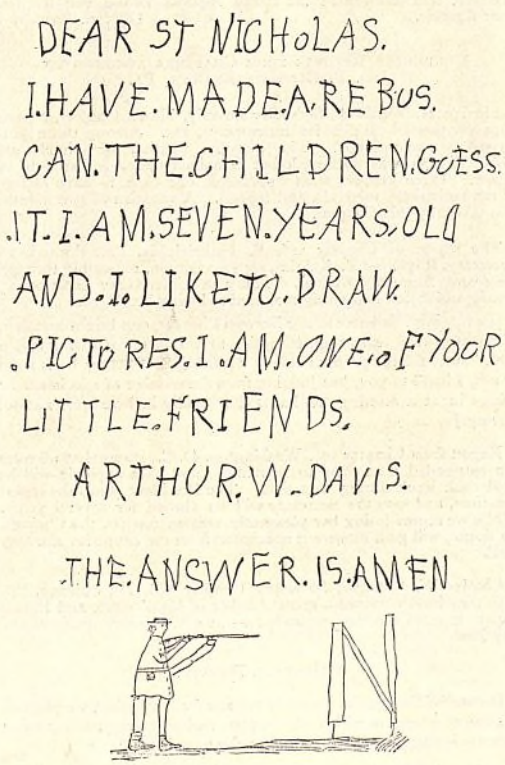
who knows but you, too, may yet smile through your spectacles at gray-haired Master Tommy or Miss Sue, your present chum, when (in the year nineteen hundred and something) you call to mind that picnic near the melon-patch last month, or yesterday's fine trick upon Cousin Jack?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read the article in the November number about some curious birds'-nests, and thought I would tell you of one which I saw near Muscatine, Iowa.

The Cedar River, though quite wide at Muscatine, is very shallow, and each ferry-boat is run across by means of a wire rope stretched from one bank to the other. A block and pulley slips along the wire, and from each end of the boat comes a rope, which is fastened to the block; by means of these ropes the boat is inclined to the current in such a manner that the force of the stream drives the boat across without the use of oars, paddles, or screw-propeller.

On this traveling block, a pair of birds built their nest, and successfully reared a brood of young. The boat crossed at all times of the day and night, and every time the block, with the nest on it, would go rattling across on the iron cable, above the water. The nest was well guarded by the ferry-man, and was the marvel of all who passed by.—Yours, I. M.

THE following bright little puzzle is from a seven-year old reader of ST. NICHOLAS:



THE following are the most important existing works of the artists mentioned in this month's "Art and Artists" paper:

DOMENICHINO: Communion of St. Jerome, Vatican, Rome; Martyrdom of St. Agnes, Pinacotheca, Bologna; St. Mary Magdalen, Pitti Gallery, Florence; Portrait of a Cardinal, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; the Cumæan Sibyl, Borghese Palace, Rome; Six Pictures in the Louvre, Paris; Tobias and the Angel, National Gallery, London; St. Jerome and the Angel, National Gallery, London; many frescoes in the Churches of Rome, Fano, and Naples.

GUIDO RENI: Aurora, Rospigliosi Palace, Rome; Portrait of Beatrice Cenci, Barberini Palace, Rome; Madonna della Pietà, and seven other pictures, Pinacotheca, Bologna; Sts. Paul and Anthony, Berlin Museum; Cleopatra, Pitti Gallery, Florence; Virgin and Child, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; Sts. Paul and Peter, Brera, Milan; Fortune, Academy of St. Luke, Rome; Bacchus and Ariadne, Academy of St. Luke, Rome; and many others in European galleries and churches.

ELISABETTA SIRANI: St. Anthony Adoring the Virgin and Child, Pinacotheca, Bologna; Charity, Sciarra Palace, Rome; Martha and Mary, Belvedere, Vienna; Cupids, Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna; Infant Christ, Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

CARAVAGGIO: Beheading of St. John, Cathedral, Malta; Entombment of Christ, Vatican, Rome; Holy Family, Borghese Gallery, Rome; Cheating Gamester, Sciarra Palace, Rome; Geometry, Spada Palace, Rome; Fortune-teller, Capitol Gallery, Rome; Earthly Love, Berlin Museum; Portrait of Vignacourt, Louvre, Paris.

IL SPAGNOLETTO: Flaying of St. Bartholomew, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Ixion on the Wheel, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Jacob's Dream, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Jacob Watering the Flock, Escurial, Spain; Adoration of the Shepherds, Cathedral of Valencia; Cato of Utica, Louvre, Paris.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION — NINETEENTH REPORT.

DURING the summer months many, if not most, of our Chapters have been scattered. But the objects of the society have not been forgotten. Indeed, freed from city limits and roaming by the seashore and among the mountains, we have all enjoyed the best opportunities for collecting and observing. And now the tide has turned, and the town-bound trains have been the full ones, and our dispersed naturalists have gathered together again, and are busily comparing the fruits of their various expeditions. Your President lately had the pleasure of visiting Chapter 283, of Greenfield, Mass., and was greatly surprised and delighted. There are now thirty members, and all are wide-awake and enthusiastic. Every day, during vacation, excursions were made for flowers, eggs, or insects, or time was spent in classifying and arranging the specimens. They have built three elegant cases, and have in one of them over one thousand insects, many of which are accurately labeled. We hope that the Secretary will be willing to write for us a complete description of their entomological and botanical cases, for they are the best adapted to the wants of the A. A. of any we have seen. They have eggs to exchange. Other requests for exchanges follow.

EXCHANGES.

Oregon and Washington Ter. Plants, for eggs, minerals, fossils, and shells.— H. W. Cardwell, White Salmon, Klikital Co., Washington Ter.

Sandwich Islands. Shells, for insects or living chrysalids.— Miss Isabel P. Cooke, Concord, Mass.

Petrified wood, for sea-beans, buck-eyes, ores, or Florida moss; also desired, a foreign correspondent.— Jacob Gaddis, Fairfield, Iowa.

Insects and birds' eggs. Please write before sending specimens. — Fred. W. Hatch, Box 338, Nashua, N. H.

Copper ore, for fossils.— Ezra Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Eggs, for eggs and sea-mosses.— C. W. Sprague, Hodges' Block, Twenty-second St., Chicago, Ill.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
312.	New York, N. Y. (G)	4	Geo. Wildey, 249 W. 26th St.
313.	Chicago, Ill. (H)	13	O. J. Stein, 51 S. Sheldon St.
314.	Lancaster, Pa. (A)	6	E. R. Heitshu, 322 W. James St.
315.	Syracuse, N. Y. (A)	6	E. J. Carpenter, 222 Montgomery St.
316.	Palmyra, N. Y. (A)	8	Jarvis Merick.
317.	Buffalo, N. Y. (E)	10	W. L. Koester, 523 Main St.
318.	Sweetland, Cal. (A)	7	Miss K. M. Fowler.

CHAPTER REPORTS.

JEFFERSON, OHIO.

We have an aquarium almost finished. On a piece of fresh cocoanut I saw what I took to be a mold, but it was very strange. All over it were tiny crimson sacs. Will some one tell me what it was? I have analyzed twenty-four flowers.

We have heard essays on chalk, the echinus, reindeer, etc. The boys are going to make a cabinet.

CLARA L. NORTHWAY, Sec.

One of our members found a petrified mushroom. We think it a wonderful specimen. DAVID K. ORR, Allegheny City, Pa.

H. U. Williams, of Buffalo (B), writes: We know Number 14. We try to have the subject of every paper something which has fallen under the writer's personal observation. I think it will please you to know that the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences allows us to meet at its rooms. We also have the benefit of its library and museum.

SYCAMORE, ILL.

The cat-birds have held a grand concert in our cherry-trees this morning. Is n't it a pity that, when they are such fine songsters, they condescend to squall as they usually do? I have a little garden with twelve varieties of wild flowers. It is ever so much better than an herbarium, for I can watch the flowers grow. I love the A. A. work more and more. PANSY SMITH.

[It will be new to many that the cat-bird is a "fine songster," but he is little inferior to the mocking-bird. How many have heard him do his best?]

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

This city is on an island of the same name, in the Gulf of Mexico. It is low and flat, not being more than six feet above the gulf in the highest part. It is formed of sand from South American rivers, brought over by the gulf current. It was settled in 1836, after the battle of San Jacinto, which secured the independence of Texas. Before this it was covered with tall grass, and the only trees upon it were three small groups of stunted oaks. The nearest rocks are three hundred feet below the surface of the island, and therefore there is no way of collecting them. I have sea-shells and "sand-dollars" to exchange for ores. PHILIP J. TUCKER.

MALDEN, MASS.

Our Chapter was organized early in June, with six members. We now have nine. Being in a region rather unfavorable to research in natural history, it is more difficult for us than for some of the more favored Chapters. Nevertheless, the difficulty of acquiring knowledge and obtaining specimens will make us value more highly the results of our exertions. CHAS. C. BEALE.

[Nothing is more true. If a large collection were *given* to any Chapter, it would be nearly worthless.]

ST. CLAIR, PA.

Allow me to offer a suggestion as to the possible formation of geodes. Water, we know, sinks into the ground until it comes to some thick rock, and then stands, and is reached by artesian wells. The water, standing thus in pools, may have had a hard crust formed around it, and afterward the water may have dried, leaving a crystallized surface. Large caves are formed by the action of water on limestone, and my thought is that geodes are only miniature caves, and formed in the same way. GEO. POWELL.

LEVERETT, MASS.

One day I saw this: At the base of the stalk of an herb was a web extending entirely around the stalk, and within it a mass of life which, on examination, proved to be small green spiders. I think I am not exaggerating when I say there were not less than ten thousand of them. Are spiders ever gregarious, laying their eggs so that the young form vast communities? One morning I noticed that our fly-trap, which had been full of flies the evening previous, was nearly empty. Soon I saw, to my astonishment, a line of black ants enter the trap, where each one seized a fly, whirled it rapidly around a few times, and then tugged it off to its nest. I calculated that several hundred flies had been carried off during the night.
EDITH S. FIELD.

INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS.

We have eighteen members, and we are trying to improve our minds in natural history. The prairies are covered with wild flowers, and we are learning to analyze them. We have a large room, with a picture of Prof. Agassiz hung up in it. We have had essays read on different subjects. The next will be on serpents. We gave an entertainment recently, and took in enough money to buy a good microscope (magnifies 1000 times), and had some left besides. We are trying to be one of the Banner Chapters.
WILLIE H. PLANK, Sec.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

I have prepared a number of microscopic objects in Canada balsam, between glass slips, such as blood-corpuscles, bees'-wings, sulphur (which looks very beautiful under the condensing lens at night), scales of butterflies, etc. I have three dainty humming-birds' nests, and a humming-bird and egg from Southern California. The bird (*Chrysolampis moschitus*) is three and a quarter inches long, including the bill. The back is brilliant green, and the throat a bright ruby, that sparkles in the sunlight like gems. The nests are about the size of small walnuts. They are made of sage-leaves, cotton, wool, seeds of grasses, down, feathers, and cobwebs. One has pale green lace-moss woven in and streaming out. The egg is like a small white bean. I have also an oriole's nest from California, made of straw and lined with hair and wool. The straw is woven in and out of eucalyptus leaves, and looks as if it had been sewed. The egg is white, with scrawls on it, which look as if made with a pen.
JOHN L. HANNA, 219 Madison Street.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

Chapter 189 has been analyzing minerals. We have been given the use of a small room. It has been freshly papered and we are now painting it. We are to have a press in the club-room, and each is to bring her flowers and press them there.
EDITH LAMSON, Sec.

LANSING, MICH.

The interest increases, and we have added four new members. Our work has been mainly on the questions from ST. NICHOLAS. We have quite a number of specimens for our cabinet.
MRS. N. B. JONES.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

We like the following method of preparing a paper on any subject: First, think of all the questions you can on the subject; write them down and number them; then read up on each of these, and write the answers from memory. ELLISTON J. PEROT.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

Peekskill Chapter has made a fort on a small rocky island in the Hudson, and christened the island Agassiz Island, and the fort Fort Agassiz. GEO. E. BRIGGS.

CONDENSED REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS ASSIGNED TO JNO. F. GLOSSER, BERWYN, PA.

Linville H. Wardwell, Secretary Beverly, Mass., Chapter, reports appropriation of $14.00 for instruments, etc. Among those purchased is a microscope. The question whether all animals are useful to man was discussed, but remained undecided at date of report. Three keepers were appointed, one each to have charge of the herbarium, minerals, and insects. A vacation of two months was taken by this Chapter.

The report of Chapter 126, E. Philadelphia, Pa., through its Secretary, Raymond P. Kaighn, says a vacation, extending through July and August, is taken. Many specimens are contributed, among which are two nicely mounted red-wing blackbirds.

[In reading this letter to our Berwyn Chapter, one bright member, of about twelve years, took exception to the name "red-wing blackbird," and said the proper name is "starling." Whether he is right or not, I leave to you, but judging from the number of specimens he brings in at a meeting he has fallen madly in love with natural history.]

Report from Chapter 109, Washington, D. C., states that all rules are suspended from June to September, and that a picnic will be held each week during that time. The President sends the report this time, and says the Secretary will be abroad for several years. While we regret losing her pleasantly written reports, the Chapter, no doubt, will gain numerous specimens from the countries she may visit.

Charles W. Sprague, Secretary Chapter 108 (D), Chicago, Ill., says they have obtained a great number of birds' eggs, and have a variety in good condition to trade for rare and valuable specimens of any kind.

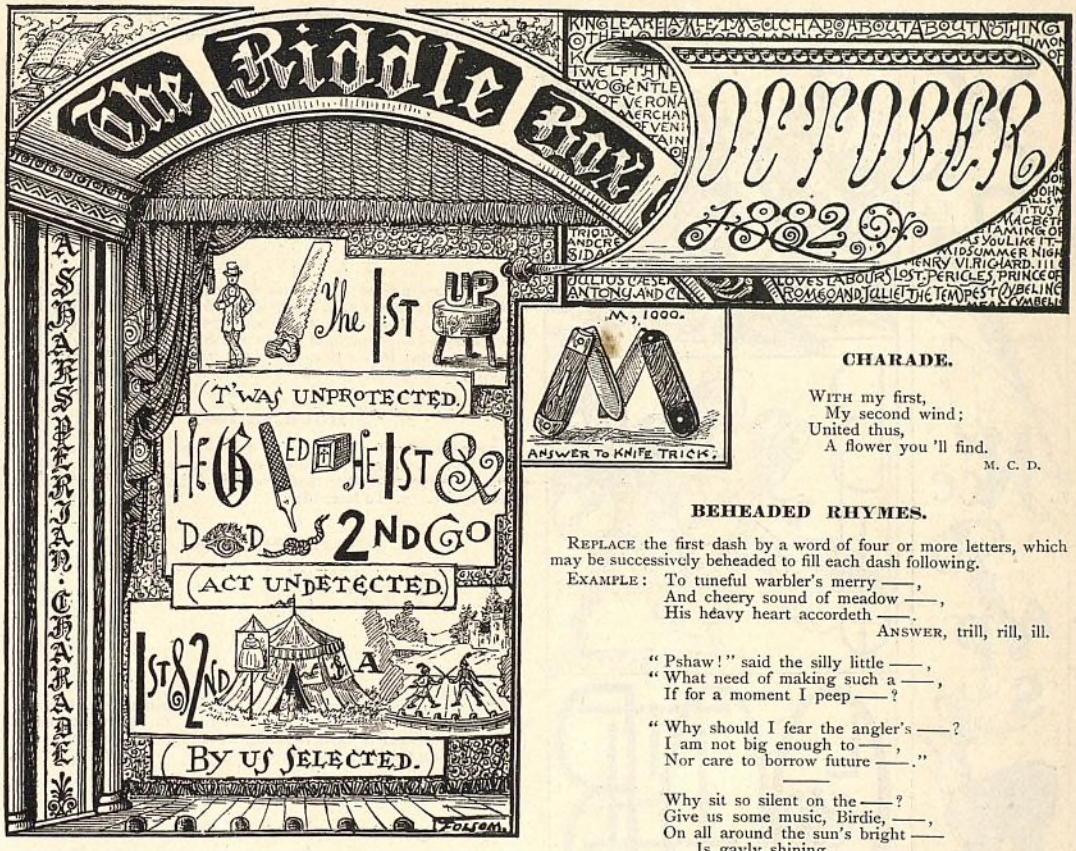
A GENERAL DEBATE.

Instead of the regular monthly reports for November, we propose a general debate, in which all Chapters and all corresponding members are invited to participate. Let the question be:

Resolved, That geodes are formed without the intervention of animal or vegetable life.

We hope that the President of each Chapter will interest himself to appoint some one who can worthily represent his Chapter (the person might be determined by competitive papers in the Chapter), or that he will cause the Chapter, as a whole, to prepare a paper on this subject. The best arguments on both sides shall be printed. All papers must reach us by the first of January, 1883. The usual reports will be resumed again in December. Let us get all the information possible on this subject. Consult books, papers, and friends. Examine specimens and localities, if possible; reason out your own conclusions, and let us see whether we can not settle the question.

Address all communications to HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



A SHAKESPEARIAN CHARADE.

THE above should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a charade consisting of six lines, of which the second, fourth, and sixth are in parentheses. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The answer will be the name of a Shakespearian play.

PATCHWORK.

IN each of the following sentences find the letters necessary to spell the implied word:

EXAMPLE: Generous, bountiful, enlarged. ANSWER: Liberal. "Benevolent" would not answer the requirements, as the letter v is not in the three words given.

1. To give leave. 2. Learning, knowledge. 3. Things useless and cumbrous. 4. Lump, assemblage. 5. A strong leather thong. 6. To cause to slide into water, to dispatch. 7. To slip away imperceptibly. 8. To work and mix with the hands. 9. A transparent case for a light. AUNT SUE.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.

IN each of these examples, the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. Htaaccnnonii.—Loud laughter.
2. Ronnamiideett.—Resolution.
3. Cajoifusiintt.—Vindication.
4. Utooepnnass.—Voluntary.
5. Laeerttsirr.—Pertaining to the earth.
6. Taacenniipom.—Deliverance. ETHEL.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals form the name of a famous musician, now living, who was born the twenty-second of October.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A festive celebration. 2. A Jewish title of respect. 3. A collection of maps. 4. A city in Mississippi. 5. An enthusiast. J. F. M.

CHARADE.

WITH my first,
My second wind;
United thus,
A flower you 'll find.

M. C. D.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

REPLACE the first dash by a word of four or more letters, which may be successively beheaded to fill each dash following.

EXAMPLE: To tuneful warbler's merry ——,
And cheery sound of meadow ——,
His heavy heart accordeth ——.
ANSWER, trill, rill, ill.

"Pshaw!" said the silly little ——,
"What need of making such a ——,
If for a moment I peep ——?

"Why should I fear the angler's ——?
I am not big enough to ——,
Nor care to borrow future ——."

Why sit so silent on the ——?
Give us some music, Birdie, ——,
On all around the sun's bright ——
Is gayly shining.
The gloomy shades of darkness ——,
Earth, with a flood of sunshine ——,
Finds many a voice to welcome ——;
Why, then, still pining? A. B. C.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials, placed in the order here given, spell a city which once belonged to the French, but now belongs to the English.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Tranquillity. 2. Customary. 3. A church-officer. 4. Tied together. 5. Ashes. 6. A beverage.
WILLIE H. B.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first in evergreen, not in ash;
My second in money, but not in cash;
My third is in elder, but not in box;
My fourth is in rosebud, but not in phlox;
My fifth is in snow-drop, but not in rue;
My sixth is in orchid, but not in yew;
My seventh in nosegay, sweet to me,
And a poet's name in my whole you will see.
EVERELD SIMPSON.

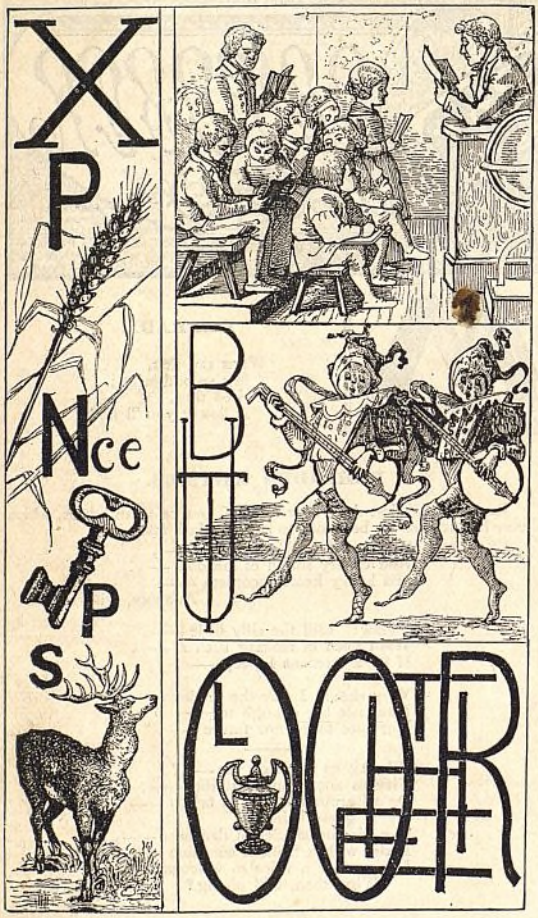
METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphosis may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: Change LAMP to FIRE, in four moves. ANSWER, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change FAIR to FOUL, in three moves. 2. Change JUTE to SILK, in five moves. 3. Change FLOUR to BREAD, in six moves. 4. Change WET to DRY, in five moves. 5. Change CARDS to WHIST, in ten moves. 6. Change HAIR to WIGS, in eight moves. ESOR.

PROVERB REBUS.



THE answer to the accompanying rebus is a proverb describing the fate which will overtake the headstrong.

CUBE.

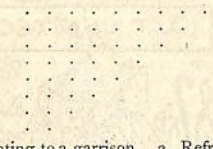
FROM 1 to 2, a flood; from 2 to 6, to make more beloved; from 5 to 6, a racer; from 1 to 5, a physician; from 3 to 4, a church festival; from 4 to 8, to release from captivity; from 7 to 8, any church music adapted to passages of Scripture; from 3 to 7, a puzzle; from 1 to 3, a cupola; from 2 to 4, a pitcher; from 5 to 7, a South American bird, similar to the ostrich; from 6 to 8, an apartment. M.

HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS (reading downward): One of the United States.

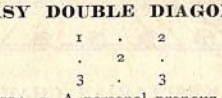
ACROSS: 1. Boastful or threatening behavior. 2. An article of food. 3. Anger. 4. One thousand. 5. A bulky piece of timber. 6. A caprice. 7. To forebode. CLARA J. C.

HALF-SQUARE.



ACROSS: 1. Relating to a garrison. 2. Refreshing. 3. Eluding. 4. Goes sidewise. 5. Overgrown with ivy. 6. Stuns with noise. 7. Three-fourths of a word meaning monarch. 8. Two-fifths of a word meaning nimble. 9. A letter. "ALCIBIADES."

EASY DOUBLE DIAGONAL.



READING ACROSS: 1. A personal pronoun. 2. An animal. 3. A measure. Diagonals, from left to right, and from right to left, give the initials of two illustrious poets who died recently.

HELEN R. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

GERMAN COUSINS. 1. Ei; I. 2. Feind; find. 3. Lohn; lone. 4. Noth; note. 5. Bild; build. 6. Lied; lead. 7. Mehl; mail. 8. Bauer; bower. 9. Ruhm; room. 10. Breit; bright.

PI.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The wind shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.
—"*September*," by George Arnold.

TWO WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Which. 2. Hydra. 3. Idler. 4. Creep. 5. Harpy. II. 1. Royal. 2. Omega. 3. Yearn. 4. Agree. 5. Lanes. —— CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Flag.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1 E. 2. Sap. 3. Eagle. 4. Ply. 5. E. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. E. 2. Arm. 3. Error. 4. Mow. 5. R. Central Diamond: 1 E. 2. Yam. 3. Eager. 4. Met. 5. R. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. E. 2. Aim. 3. Eider. 4. Men. 5. R. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. R. 2. Top. 3. Roman. 4. Pan. 5. N.

BEHEADINGS AND FINAL ADDITIONS. 1. Hare, area, rear, earn, Arno. II. Spar, pare, area, ream, eame.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Reading across. 1. Adria. 2. Inane. 3. Niger. 4. Sleep. 5. Easel.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Lalla; finals, Rookh. Cross-words: 1. LucifeR. 2. AllegrO. 3. LimbO. 4. LarK. 5. ArcH.

ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE. Centrals, Archery. Cross-words: 1. ParAsol. 2. BiRds. 3. ICe. 4. H. 5. WEb. 6. DaRts. 7. BicYcle.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish man despiseth his mother.—Proverbs, chap. xv., verse 20.

DIAMOND. 1. L. 2. Cup. 3. Cocoa. 4. Lucerne. 5. Porgy. 6. Any. 7. E. —— PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA. Operated.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE. Monogram Rebus. September. S-uccess E-xcites P-erseverance. T-he E-nergetic M-ay B-ecome E-xcellent R-ebus-solvers. Knife Trick. See head-piece for this month.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Silas. 2. Sails. 3. Prate. 4. Steam. 5. Emmet (Robert).

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Guy Faucit — John Pyne — Two Subscribers — John C. and William Moses — J. G. K. — Effie Banta.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Maude J. Lawrence, 10 — Elizabeth, 6 — Fred L. Rhodes, 3 — Mamma and I, 3 — "Pewee," 5 — Anna J. Davison, 2 — Mabel Thompson, 5 — "The D.'s," 6 — Ruth and Sam Camp, 2 — Albert L. Taylor, 6 — Scrap, 11 — Frederica and Andrew Davis, 12 — "Jinks and Pops," 9 — Mary C. Burnam, 4 — Vera, 8 — Theodore H. Piser, 1 — J. S. Tennant, 12 — "Ed. U. Cation," 8 — "We Four," 5 — Effie K. Talboys, 10 — R. W. and L. F., 3 — Fannie L. Tunis, 1 — Helen W. Merriam, 3 — Laura Woodward and Maude Alston, 5 — Aulino, 6 — Nellie Caldwell, 5 — Professor and Co., 11 Florence G. Lane, 2 — Minnie B. Murray, 12 — Patience, 7 — "Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig," 7 — "Brookhouse Farm," 11 — Hallie Ondley, 9 — Helen's Mamma, 10 — Louise Gilman, 6 — Clara and her Aunts. 10 — Three Robins, 7 — Emma D. Andrews and Helen S. Woodworth, 4 — Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 8 — Amy Elliott, Edith and R. Townsend McKeever, 8 — Sara, Eliza, and Anne Blake, 11 — Bessie C. Rogers, 5 — Clara J. Child, 11 — Daisy W. Bisland, 1 — Vin and Henry, 8 — Sadie L. Rhodes, 2.