



INDIAN SUMMER.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME X.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1882, TO MAY, 1883.

THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Copyright, 1883, by THE CENTURY Co.

PRESS OF THEO. L. DE VINNE & Co.
New-York.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME X.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1882, TO MAY, 1883.



ST. NICHOLAS

Handwritten signature or scribble.

VOLUME X

PART I

SIX MONTHS—November 1882 to May 1883

ACCIDE
ADVEN
AGASSI

ALBATE
"A L
Au

ALL TH
ALONE
ALPHA
"AN A
"AND

AN OB
ANY T
ART' A
APRIL

BALLAD
BANISH
BEAUTI
BEN B

BOB'S
BOY IN
BRAVE
BROKE

BROWN
BROWN
BUTTO

CAT AN
CHANG
CHINES

CHIVAL
CHRIST
CHRIST

CHRIST
COAST
CONFUS

DICK, "
Discov
a p
DORIS



CONTENTS OF PART I., VOLUME X.

	PAGE.
ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE. An Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Eleanor A. Hunter</i> 128
ADVENTURES OF A TAME CROW. Picture, drawn by DeCost Smith.....	412
AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 77
ALBATROSS. The Poem. (Illustrated).....	237, 317, 397, 477
"A LITTLE GIRL ASKED SOME KITTENS TO TEA." Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 279 <i>J. G. Francis</i> 91
ALL THE PLUMS. (Illustrated by W. T. Smedley).....	<i>Sophie Swett</i> 34
ALONE IN ROME. (Illustrated by Walter Fenn).....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 457
ALPHABET OF CHILDREN. An Jingles. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Isabel Frances Bellows</i> 112
"AN ARTIZ IL BE." Jingle. (Illustrated by Boz).....	<i>M. J. S.</i> 135
"AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT." Picture, drawn by M. L. D. Watson.....	384
AN OBJECT OF INTEREST. Picture, drawn by Elise Bohm.....	430
ANY TRAIN.....	<i>Sarah Winter Kellogg</i> 381
ART AND ARTISTS. Stories of (Illustrated).....	<i>Clara Erskine Clement</i> 268
APRIL DAY. An Picture, drawn by Otto Stark.....	456
BALLAD OF BRAVERY. A Verses.....	<i>Malcolm Douglas</i> 229
BANISHED KING. The (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 118
BEAUTIFUL LADY. The Poem.....	<i>Henry Ripley Dorr</i> 423
BEN BRUIN. Verses. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 328
BOB'S WONDERFUL BICYCLE. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>E. J. Wheeler</i> 424
BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE. A (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Noah Brooks</i> 57
BRAVE CHINESE BABY. A (Illustrated by H. Sandham).....	<i>H. H.</i> 406
BROKEN PITCHER. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Mrs. J. W. Davis</i> 323
BROWNIES' FEAST. The Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> 368
BROWNIES' RIDE. The Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> 263
BUTTONS.....	<i>Mary N. Prescott</i> 469
CAT AND THE MOUSE. Pictures, drawn by Palmer Cox.....	56
CHANGING A FACE. (Illustrated).....	<i>A. A. W.</i> 94
CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SANTA BARBARA. (Illustrated by H. Sandham).....	<i>H. H.</i> 201
CHIVALRIE. Poem. (Illustrated by Miss C. A. Northam).....	<i>Wilbur Larremore</i> 256
CHRISTMAS DAY. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Nora Perry</i> 92
CHRISTMAS FAIRIES. The.....	<i>M. E. K.</i> 82
CHRISTMAS MOON. Poem.....	<i>S. H. S.</i> 206
COASTING ON LAKE WINNIPEG. (Illustrated by H. F. Farny).....	<i>Edmund A. Struthers</i> 102
CONFUSION. Verses. (Illustrated by Rose Müller).....	<i>M. M. D.</i> 109
DICK, THE DRAUGHTSMAN. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>L. Hopkins</i> 224
DISCOVERY OF THE MAMMOTH. The (Illustrated by James C. Beard, from a photograph).....	<i>C. F. Holder</i> 89
DORIS LEE'S FEATHER FAN.....	<i>Frank H. Converse</i> 276

	PAGE.
DOROTHY'S SPINNING-WHEEL	Mary L. Bolles Branch..... 349
DOUGHTY DUELIST. A Jingle. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	H. Pelham Curtis..... 23
DROP AND THE CLOUD. The Poem.....	L. D. Brewster..... 447
ELIZABETH BUTLER. (Illustrated)	Alice Meynell..... 185
EMILY. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Mary E. Church..... 362
FAIRY WISHES, NOWADAYS. (Illustrated by A. B. Frost).....	S. A. Shields..... 166
FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS. The Christmas Masque.....	E. S. Brooks..... 65
FAMILY DRIVE. A Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	Stephen Smith..... 83
FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. Story of the (Illustrated by R. B. Birch and others)	E. S. Brooks..... 136 173, 253, 333
FLYING WITHOUT WINGS. (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	C. F. Holder..... 432
GRACE FOR A CHILD. Verse. (Illustrated and engrossed by A. E. Burton).....	Robert Herrick..... 11
GRANDMAMMA'S PEARLS. (Illustrated)	Louisa M. Alcott..... 144
GRETCHEN. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Celia Thaxter..... 343
HAPPY THOUGHT. A.....	Katharine R. McDowell..... 29
HETTY'S LETTER. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	Katharine Kameron..... 180
HIS SEVENTIETH CHRISTMAS. Picture, drawn by G. F. Barnes	144
HOTEL. Poem.....	Laura F. Hinsdale..... 18
HOW THE DOCTOR WAS PAID	Katharine R. McDowell..... 163
"I KNOW I HAVE LOST MY TRAIN." Jingle. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins, after design by Author).....	A. W. Harrington..... 55 De Cost Smith..... 390
INDIAN GAME. A New (Illustrated by the Author).....	Joaquin Miller..... 248
IN THE LAND OF CLOUDS. (Illustrated by J. W. Bolles).....	
"I ONCE SAW THREE FUNNY OLD FELLOWS." Jingle. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins, after design by Author).....	A. W. Harrington..... 303 Bessie Hill..... 364
IRONING SONG. Verses. (Illustrated by M. L. D. Watson).....	194
IS N'T IT ABOUT TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY. Picture, drawn by Walter Bobbett.....	Margaret Johnson..... 172
JANUARY AND JUNE. Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	William Elliot Griffiths..... 109
JAPAN. The Whale Hunters of (Illustrations from Japanese pictures)	William Elliot Griffiths..... 340
JAPANESE FUNNY ARTIST. A (Illustrated).....	Joseph Dawson..... 280
JEREMY BARGE AND TIMOTHY WALL. Jingles. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	Mary Lowe Dickinson..... 275
JERRY. Poem. (Illustrated by Rosina Emmet)	23, 55, 83, 91, 95, 135, 205, 224, 280, 303, 327, 455, 461, 463
JINGLES	
JINGLING RHYME OF THE BOLD ROWER. The Verses. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes)	Emily S. Oakey..... 208 Hollis C. Clark..... 230
KARSING AND THE TIGER. (Illustrated).....	Corinne Oaksmith..... 339
KITTY'S PRAYERS. Verses. (Illustrated by H. P. Share)	Edmund A. Struthers..... 102
LAKE WINNIPEG. Coasting on (Illustrated by H. F. Farny)	Joaquin Miller..... 248
LAND OF CLOUDS. In the (Illustrated by J. W. Bolles).....	J. E. Newkirk..... 327
LEARNED LAWYER. A Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	Malcolm Douglas..... 127
LITTLE BEPPO	Charles H. Crandall..... 296
LITTLE MISSIONARY. The Poem. (Illustrated by Rosina Emmet)	Katharine R. McDowell..... 404
LOUIS'S LITTLE JOKE.....	212
MAMMA'S LITTLE HOUSEMAID. Picture, drawn by D. Clinton Peters	
MAMMOTH. The Discovery of the (Illustrated by James C. Beard, from a photograph).....	C. F. Holder..... 89
MARY AND HER GARDEN. Poem. (Engrossed and illustrated by A. Brennan).....	Eva L. Ogden..... 96
MASSYS. Quintin.....	Clara Erskine Clement..... 271
MISSION OF MABEL'S VALENTINE. The (Illustrated by Rose Müller).....	Anna North..... 293
MRS. PETERKIN FAINTS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.....	Lucretia P. Hale..... 365
MY VALENTINE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	J. M. Anderson..... 252
NEW HAT. The Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author)	E. L. Sylvester..... 94
NEW MOTHER HUBBARD. A Verses. (Illustrated by Rose Müller)	Eleanor A. Hunter..... 448
NEW WINTER SPORT. A (Illustrated by W. Taber)	Hjalmar H. Boyesen..... 304
NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SANTA BARBARA. Chinese (Illustrated by H. Sandham).....	H. H..... 201
NIGHTMARE OF THE BOY WHO TEASED THE ANIMALS. The Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes	380

	PAGE.
OLD MORDECAI'S COCKEREL. (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill).....	<i>Sargent Flint</i> 19
OLD ROMAN LIBRARY. An (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren).....	<i>C. L. G. Scales</i> 30
PAPER BOAT. A (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>De Cost Smith</i> 464
PETERKIN FAINTS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID. Mrs.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 365
PICTURES.....	12, 33, 56, 144, 165, 180, 194, 212, 247, 311, 380, 384, 412
POOR KATIE.....	<i>Mary Wager Fisher</i> 430
PRINCESS WITH THE GLASS HEART. The (Illustrated by Marie Wiegmann.)	
Translated by.....	<i>Anna Eichberg</i> 427
PRISCILLA PRUE'S UMBRELLA.....	<i>George Addorus</i> 266
PUCK'S PRANKS. A Play.....	<i>Mary Cowden Clarke</i> 297
PUPS. Picture. (After a painting by J. G. Brown).....	33
PUSSY WILLOW. Verses. (Illustrated by Wilhelmina Grant).....	<i>Ella Gardner</i> 275
QUEEN'S GIFT. The Poem. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes).....	<i>Rose Hartwick Thorpe</i> 24
QUEEN WHO COULD N'T BAKE GINGERBREAD, AND THE KING WHO COULD N'T PLAY ON THE TROMBONE. The (Illustrated by Marie Wiegmann.)	
Translated by.....	<i>Anna Eichberg</i> 360
QUEER VALENTINE. A.....	<i>Sophie Swett</i> 243
QUERY. A Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Kate B. Sears</i> 455
QUEST. The Poem. (Engrossed and illustrated by A. Brennan).....	<i>Eva L. Odgen</i> 40
RHYME FOR BOY. A Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Lilian Coggeshall</i> 461
RHYME OF THE WEEK. A Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>William Wye Smith</i> 352
ROMAN LIBRARY. An Old (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren).....	<i>C. L. G. Scales</i> 30
ROMAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL. A Picture, from the painting by Elizabeth Thompson.....	311
RUBENS. Peter Paul (Illustrated).....	<i>Clara Erskine Clement</i> 271
SAD DISAPPOINTMENT. A Verses.....	<i>Kate Kellogg</i> 151
SAD LITTLE PRINCE. The (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Edgar Farwett</i> 438
SANTA CLAUS MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE. Picture, drawn by Addie Ledyard.....	165
SHADOW PICTURES AND SILHOUETTES. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 385
SHE DOES N'T SEEM TO KNOW THAT SHE'S ME. Picture, drawn by Mrs. Mary Wyman Wallace.....	12
SILK-CULTURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. (Illustrated).....	<i>L. Capsadell</i> 225
"SING, SING! WHAT SHALL WE SING?" Picture, drawn by J. G. Francis.....	403
SNOW-FLAKE CHINA. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mrs. Julia P. Ballard</i> 206
"SOUL, SOUL, FOR A SOUL-CAKE!" (Illustrated by R. Blum).....	<i>J. L. W.</i> 93
SPHINX. The Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Anna S. Reed</i> 333
STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Clara Erskine Clement</i> 268
STORY OF MRS. POLLY ANN BUNCE'S BEST CAP. The.....	<i>A. G. Plympton</i> 436
STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. The (Illustrated by R. B. Birch and others).....	<i>E. S. Brooks</i> 136
	173, 253, 333
STORY OF VITEAU. The (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 1
	84, 212, 284, 371, 412
SUMMONS. The Poem.....	<i>Avis Grey</i> 403
TALE OF THE SUPPOSING FAMILY. The.....	<i>Elizabeth Cumings</i> 280
THAT SLY OLD WOODCHUCK.....	<i>William O. Stoddard</i> 330
THOMPSON. Elizabeth (Illustrated).....	<i>Alice Meynell</i> 185
TIMES AND SEASONS. Poem.....	<i>W. J. Linton</i> 10
TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL. The (Illustrated by J. H. Cocks).....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 48
	129, 194, 257, 352, 449
TO-DAY MY DOLL IS ONE YEAR OLD. Jingle.....	205
"TORPEDOES—DON'T ANCHOR!" (Illustrated by J. B. Woodward, from in- stantaneous photographs).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 12
TOWN WITH A SAINT. A.....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 338
TWO SIDES OF A LAUGH. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>H. Winthrop Peirce</i> 381
VALENTINE. A Queer.....	<i>Sophie Swett</i> 243
VALENTINE. My Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>J. M. Anderson</i> 252
VALENTINE. The Mission of Mabel's (Illustrated by Rose Müller).....	<i>Anna North</i> 293
VAN EYCK. Hubert.....	<i>Clara Erskine Clement</i> 268

	PAGE.
VAN EYCK. Jan.....	<i>Clara Erskine Clement</i> 270
VITEAU. The Story of (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 1 84, 212, 284, 371, 412
WHALE-HUNTERS OF JAPAN. The (Illustrations from Japanese pictures).....	<i>William Elliot Griffis</i> 109
WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL. Picture, drawn by W. T. Peters.....	247
WHEN SANTA CLAUS WAS YOUNG. Picture, drawn by D. Clinton Peters.....	180
WHERE WAS VILLIERS? (Illustrated by W. H. Overend).....	<i>Archibald Forbes</i> 344
WHITE HOUSE. A Boy in the (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Noah Brooks</i> 57
WHOOPEE! HOW I FRIGHTENED THE BEARS. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>E. W. Kemble</i> 462
WINTER SONG. A Poem.....	<i>Susan Hartley</i> 81
WOODCHUCK. That Sly Old.....	<i>William O. Stoddard</i> 330
WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. (Illustrated).....	225, 304, 385, 390, 464
Silk-Culture for Boys and Girls.....	<i>L. Capsadell</i> 225
A New Winter Sport.....	<i>Hjalmar H. Boyesen</i> 304
Shadow Pictures and Silhouettes.....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 385
A New Indian Game.....	<i>De Cost Smith</i> 390
A Paper Boat.....	<i>De Cost Smith</i> 464
WRONG COAT. The.....	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i> 324

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT (Illustrated).

Introduction—A Young Society—Forced to Move—Diving at the Flash—"For the Inquisitive"—A Talking Canary—Another Answer—Animal-Flowers (illustrated), 74; Introduction—How Times Have Changed!—More About the Durion—Do Answer this Fellow (illustrated)—The Jabberwocky, 154; Introduction—"Down in the Doldrums"—Which was Right (illustrated)?—The Emu at Home, 234; Introduction—Bombast—The Rabbit Identified—Walking Under Water—"Old Wildey"—A Frog Duel (illustrated)—The "Jabberwocky" once more, 314; Introduction—A Self-winding Clock—A Sporting Hare—The Stinging-tree—"Pretty is as Pretty Does"—Another Fellow who Wants to be Answered (illustrated)—Two Youthful Compositions—A March Custom in Wales, 394; Introduction—Moths and Falling Water—Jack's Little Parable—That Cloudy Saturday—A Girl who never saw a Snow-ball—The Deacon's Letter—The Wasp's Gymnastics—A Remarkable Lily (illustrated), 470.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK (Illustrated).

The Story of Rob, 73—The Snow-bird's Christmas Tree, 152—The Sled that Won the Golden Arrow, 232—Yap, Puss, and the Slipper; "Oh, Birds that Fly in the Summer," 312—The Grateful Dog, 391—Mr. Turkey-cock, 472.

PLAYS.

The False Sir Santa Claus.....*E. S. Brooks*..... 65
Puck's Pranks; or, Good for Evil.....*Mary Cowden Clarke*..... 297

OUR MUSIC PAGE.

Christmas Carol. (Rev. Minot J. Savage).....*Howard M. Dow*..... 142

THE LETTER-BOX (Illustrated).....76, 156, 236, 316, 396, 474

THE RIDDLE-BOX (Illustrated).....79, 159, 239, 319, 399, 479

FRONTISPIECES.

"Indian Summer," facing Title-page of Volume—"On Christmas Day in the Morning," 81—"His Lordship's Bed-time," 163—"Margery's Champion," 241—"The Broken Pitcher," 323—"Cinderella," 403.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

NO. 1.

[Copyright, 1882, by THE CENTURY CO.]

THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER I.

By the side of a small stream, which ran through one of the most picturesque portions of the province of Burgundy, in France, there sat, on a beautiful day in early summer, two boys, who were brothers.

They had been bathing in the stream, and now, having dressed, they were talking together on the bank.

Raymond, the elder, was about fourteen years old, and his brother Louis was some eighteen months younger. In form and feature, and in general disposition and character, they were not unlike many of the boys of our day, and yet these two young fellows lived more than six hundred years ago. They were dressed in simple tunics, one green, one brown, and wore short breeches, dark-colored stockings, and rather clumsy shoes.

The two brothers were very busily engaged in conversation, for they had a great deal to say to each other, and not much time to say it in. On the next day Louis was going away from home, to be gone a long, long time.

Raymond and Louis were the sons of the Countess of Viteau, whose chateau stood on a little eminence about half a mile away. Their father, the Count of Viteau, had been one of the most steadfast adherents and supporters of the Duke of Burgundy, in his endeavors to maintain the independence of his dukedom against the claims of the French crown, and had fallen in one of the battles between the Duke's followers and the army

of the Regent, Queen Blanche, who, in those days, ruled France in the name of her son, the young King, Louis IX., afterward known as Louis the Just, or St. Louis.

The Duke's forces had been defeated, Burgundy had been compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the French crown, and peace reigned in the kingdom.

The widowed Countess of Viteau now found herself the sole protector and guardian of her two boys. Fortunately, she had a large estate, but even this added to her cares and responsibilities, and rendered her less able to attend to what she had intended should be the aim and business of her life—the education of her sons.

Education, in those days, did not mean what it does now. The majority of the people, even of the upper classes, were not educated at all, some of the lords and barons being unable to write their names. Printing had not been invented; all books were in manuscript, and were scarce and valuable. Most of the learning, such as it was, had been, for a long time, confined to the monks and priests; but, in the era in which our two boys lived, people had begun to give more attention to general education, and there were schools in some of the large cities which were well attended, and where the students of that day were taught grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, although their studies in most of these branches were not carried very far. The school of Paris was one of the most celebrated of these institutions.

The Countess of Viteau was among the few ladies

of the time who really cared for an education beyond that which included the small number of accomplishments then considered necessary to persons of high position. When quite a young woman, she had learned all that the priests, one or more of whom generally lived in her father's house, could teach her, and afterward, when her sons were old enough, she made it her personal business to attend to their studies. Some things she taught them herself, and, for other branches, she employed such men of knowledge—almost always members of some order of the clergy—as could be obtained.

But now the time had arrived when the customs of the day demanded that one of her sons, at least, should leave her to receive an education of another sort, and her younger boy was to be sent away to the castle of the Count de Barran, an old friend and fellow-soldier of her husband, to be taught, as most of the boys of his station were taught, the arts and usages of knighthood and chivalry. Raymond would also be a knight, but his mother wished him to be more than that. He would succeed to the rank and estate of his father, and she hoped that he would not only be a nobleman and a soldier, but a scholar. When he should leave her to go to the school at Paris,—and it was for this school that she was now endeavoring to prepare him,—he would live with one of his relatives, by whom he would be instructed in the noble duties of chivalry. His mother felt sure that his studies at the school and his knightly exercises would not interfere with each other.

"Only one more day," said Raymond, "and then it will seem so strange here without you, Louis."

"But it will be ever so much stranger for me," said Louis, "for I shall be without everybody. I have never seen a single soul of the castle people, excepting the Count de Barran, and it is so long since he was here that I have almost forgotten him. He was a big, stout man, and that's all I know about him."

"You might as well have never seen him," said Raymond, "for he is not stout, and he is not big. He's a tall, thin man, and, I think, a kind one. But I expect you soon will know everybody."

"Or they will know me," said Louis, "which will be the same thing. I know I shall have lively times. Let me see: For a year and a half I shall be a page. There must be ever so many ways for the pages, especially if there are a good many of us, to have royal fun. And then, when I am fourteen, I shall be a squire. I think I shall not like that so much, excepting for the fighting part."

"Fighting!" exclaimed his brother. "You'll have none of that."

"Oh yes, but I shall have," returned Louis. "Barran has always been fighting, ever since I heard of him; and if he does his duty by me, he is bound to take me with him to the wars."

"But the wars are all over," said Raymond. "You know that as well as I do."

"Oh, there'll be more," said Louis, laughing. "There is sure to be trouble of some kind before I'm fourteen. And, if there are any wars, you must come to them. It won't do to be spending all your time here, with priests and books."

"Priests and books!" exclaimed Raymond. "I don't expect to spend half my time with them. I shall ride and fence, and tilt and hunt quite as much as you will, or even more, I doubt not. But I can do all that, and be a scholar too."

"I'd like well enough to be a scholar," said Louis, "if it were not so much trouble. Just to learn to write, like the monks who make our books, must take years! I tell you, Raymond, it would be time wasted for me."

"No doubt of that," said his brother, laughing. "You would never have the patience to write out all the pages of a book, even if you could do it so well that people could read it. If you can do so much as write me a letter from the castle, to tell me how you find things there, and what happens to you, I shall be glad enough."

"I never did write a letter," said Louis, "but I feel quite sure that I could do it. The trouble would be for you to read it."

"That's true," said Raymond; "but I will do my best to read, if you will do your best to write."

"Did not our mother tell you to ask me this?" said Louis, turning toward his brother with a smile.

"She did," answered Raymond.

"I thought it sounded like her," said Louis. "She greatly wants me to read and write; and, for her sake, and yours, too, Raymond, I'll try a letter. But is not that Bernard, over in the field?"

"Yes, it is," said Raymond. "He is training a young falcon for me."

"For you!" cried Louis, jumping up. "I did not know that. Let us go down to him."

"I did not know it, either," said his brother, rising, "until yesterday. Bernard is going to teach me to fly the bird as soon as it is trained."

"And I am going away to-morrow," cried Louis. "It is too bad!"

The boys now ran down to the field, where a tall, broad-shouldered man, dressed in a short, coarse jacket of brown cloth, with tight breeches of the same stuff, was walking toward them. He bore on his left hand a large falcon, or goshawk, a bird used in that day for hunting game of various kinds.

"Ho, Bernard!" cried Louis, "how is it I never heard that you were training that bird? I should have liked to watch you all the time."

"That is the reason you were not told," said Bernard, who had been the squire of the late Count, and was now a well-trusted member of the household of Viteau.

"If you had known what I was about," he continued, "you would have done nothing but watch me, and therefore it was that your good mother told me to keep the matter from you. It takes a long time and a world of trouble to train a hawk, especially one that was nearly full-grown when caught, as this one was. Those taken from their nests are far easier to manage."

"But he is trained now, is n't he?" said Louis. "Why not try him to-day? Just one flight, good Bernard, for, you know, I shall be gone to-morrow. We can easily find a heron, or a pheasant, or something he can go after."

"No, no, my boy," said the squire; "this bird is not yet ready to cast off for a free flight. Why, it was only last week that I ceased using the long string with which I brought him back when I wanted him; and, ever since, I have been very careful to have a lure which should be so tempting that he would be certain to come down to it, no matter how high he might soar. See, here is the one I used to-day. He has eaten from it the whole breast of a pigeon."

With this he showed the boys his "lure," which was a rude figure of a bird, the body made of cloth, with the head, talons, and wings of a real bird, and to which had been attached a piece of some kind of meat of which the falcon is fond. By being thus accustomed to find something good to tear and eat when called to his master, the bird gradually learned to obey the call whenever he heard it.

Raymond was quite willing to wait until the hawk was thoroughly trained, before testing him in actual sport; but Louis, very naturally, made great complaint. To-day was his last chance. Bernard, however, was firm, and so they walked toward the château, the hooded bird still perched upon the squire's wrist.

Just as the three, now busily talking of Louis' future life at the castle of the Count de Barran, were about entering a little gate in the lower part of the grounds which surrounded the house, there came out of the gate a monk wearing a long, dark, and rather dirty gown, and walking with his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if deeply engaged in thought. He seemed scarcely to perceive the boys or the squire, as he passed them.

"I shall be glad to be free from those long-gowned folk," said Louis, as they entered the

grounds. "No more priests' lessons for me. I shall have knights and soldiers for my teachers."

"All very fine," said Bernard, "but you will have other things to do besides learning how to be a knight and soldier. You will serve your masters and your mistresses at table, clean armor, hold stirrups, and do everything they ask of you."

"Oh yes," said Louis; "but that will be only while I am a page. In a year and a half all that will be over."

"A year and a half seems to me like a long time," said Raymond; "but time always passes quickly with Louis."

This remark was made to Bernard, but the squire did not appear to hear it. He was looking back through the gate at the departing monk.

"If I only knew that *he* was never coming back," he said to himself, "I would not much care what else happened."

And then he followed the boys up to the château.

CHAPTER II.

THE good squire did not make his inhospitable remark in regard to the monk because he had any dislike for monks or priests in general. He had as high an opinion of the members of the clergy as any one, but he had a very strong dislike for this particular prior. To understand his reasons for this feeling, we must know that, not very long before the period at which our story begins, and soon after the Queen Regent had conquered the rebellious provinces, and so consolidated the kingdom, there was established in the city of Toulouse that terrible tribunal of the Romish Church known as the Holy Inquisition. Here persons suspected of holding opinions in opposition to the doctrines taught by the Church were tried, often subjected to tortures in order to induce them to confess the crimes with which they were charged, and punished with great severity if found guilty. This inquisition was under the charge of the Dominican friars, of which order the man who had just passed out of the little gate was a member.

For several weeks the frequent visits of this prior to the Countess of Viteau had given a great deal of uneasiness to Bernard. The man was not one of the regular religious instructors of the family, nor had he anything to do with the education of the boys. There was some particular reason for his visits to the château, and of this the household at large knew nothing; but the fact of his being a Dominican, and therefore connected with the Inquisition, made him an unpleasant visitor to those who saw his comings and goings, but who did not know their object.

Squire Bernard thought that he knew why this Brother Anselmo came so often to the château, but he could not be certain that he was right. So he kept his ideas to himself, and did no more than hope that each visit of the friar might be the last.

When the two brothers entered the château, they went directly to their mother's apartments. They found her in a large room, the floor of which was covered with soft rushes, for there were no carpets in those days. There was an abundance of furniture, but it was stiff and heavy, and on the walls there hung various pieces of tapestry, of silk or wool, most of which the good lady had embroidered herself.

The Countess of Viteau was a woman of about thirty-five years of age, and of a sweet but dignified appearance and demeanor. She was evidently very fond of her children, and they were equally fond of her. She had a book in her hand when the boys entered (it should be remembered that she was one of the very few ladies of that day who read books), but she laid it down, and drew her sons to her, one on each side.

"Mother," said Louis, as she leaned over to kiss the young fellow who was to leave her the next day for such a long, long time,—“Mother, I wish you would write a letter to the Count de Barran, and ask him to have me taught falconry as soon as possible, and also to get me a hawk of my own, and have him trained.”

“What put that into your head?” asked his mother, who could not help smiling at this absurd idea on the part of a boy who was going to begin life as a page, but who expected to enter at once into the sports and diversions of the grown-up nobility.

“It was Raymond's falcon that made me think of it,” said Louis. “I suppose I shall not see that bird fly,—at least, not for ever so long,—and so I want one of my own.”

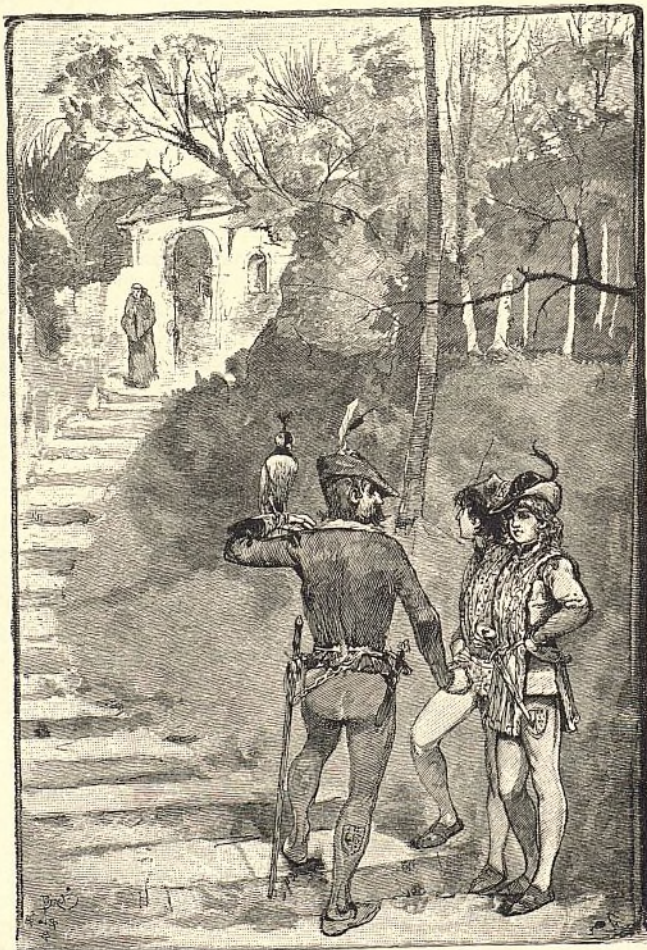
“I did not intend you should know anything about Raymond's falcon,” said his mother, “for I knew it would fill your head so full that there would be no room for anything else. But we will not talk of falcons now. I have a great deal to say to my little boy—”

“Not so very little either,” said Louis, drawing himself up to his full height.

“Who is going away,” continued his mother,

“to learn to be a page, a squire, and a Christian knight.”

We need not know what she said to him, but



BERNARD, RAYMOND, AND LOUIS MEET THE MONK.

the three were together until the room grew dark, and there was no treasure that Louis could take with him which could be so valuable as the motherly advice he received that afternoon.

Louis was to start for Barran's castle in the forenoon of the next day, and was to be accompanied by Bernard and a small body of archers, for, although there were no wars going on at that time, there was always danger from robbers. All over France, and in many other parts of Europe, there were well-organized bands of men, who made a regular business of pillaging travelers on the highways. So it was necessary that Louis should have with him enough men to defend him against an attack by these brigands.

Very early in the morning,—earlier than any

one else in the château, excepting a few servants,—Louis arose and dressed himself. He did this very quietly, so as not to wake his brother. Then he stole softly down to a room in the lower part of the building, where he knew Bernard kept the falcon he was training. The door of this room was shut, but not locked, and Louis slipped in without waking the squire, who slept soundly in a chamber just across the passage-way.

He closed the door, and looking around the room, into which a little light came from a small, high window, he soon perceived the falcon sitting on a wooden perch, in a corner. The bird was unhooded, but was tied by the leg, with a short cord, to the perch. On a small table near by lay the hood. As Louis approached the falcon, it turned its head quickly toward him and slightly raised its wings. This threatening gesture made the boy hesitate; he did not want to be bitten or scratched. Drawing back, and looking about him, he saw a cloth lying upon a bench. Seizing this, he quickly threw it over the bird, untied the cord, and, muffling with the cloth a little bell which was fastened to one of the falcon's legs, Louis snatched up the hood from the table, and, with the bird under his arm, he hurried out of the room, carefully closing the door behind him.

Out-of-doors, he quickly made his way to the little gate at the bottom of the grounds, and, through this, passed out into the road. When he reached a spot where he could not be seen from the château, he sat down, carefully uncovered the head of the falcon, and clapped over it the little hood. Then he threw aside the cloth, and set the bird upon his wrist, where it perched contentedly, although not finding it quite so firm a support as the strong hand of Bernard. While wearing the hood, which completely covered its eyes, it would not attempt to fly.

"Now, then," said he to himself, "I shall try what this fine bird can do; and when I have had an hour's sport, I shall take it back and put it on its perch, and no one will be any the worse for it. If I meet Bernard, as I go back, I shall not care. I shall have had my bit of falconry, and he can have his falcon. There must be herons, or some kind of birds, down in that field by the wood, where we saw Bernard yesterday."

When Louis reached the field, he gazed eagerly into the air and all about him for some flying creature, after which he could send his falcon in chase. But nothing, excepting a few small birds, could he discover, and he was not to be content with such game as they. If he had had dogs with him, or knew how himself to arouse the birds from their covers, he might have had a chance to send his falcon after a long-legged heron, or a pheasant;

but no large bird chose to make its appearance, and poor Louis began to think that he would lose the one chance he had of seeing Raymond's falcon in pursuit of its prey.

Suddenly, from under some bushes near the edge of the wood, a large hare leaped out, and went jumping across an open space toward a little copse a short distance beyond the spot where Louis stood. Our young hunter knew that falcons chased hares, and such small animals, as well as winged game, and he instantly jerked the hood from the head of his bird, and cast it off toward the flying hare.

But, to his amazement, the falcon did not pursue the hare, which, in a few moments, disappeared in the copse. Louis did not know that hawks or falcons were not always trained to chase both hares and birds, and that this one had been accustomed to fly after winged game only.

Instead of swooping upon the hare, which, it is probable, it did not see, the falcon rose into the air, and began to soar around in a great circle.

"Perhaps it will see some game for itself," thought Louis, "and that will do just as well."

But the falcon did not appear to be in pursuit of anything. It only flew around and around, apparently rising higher and higher each moment. Louis now became anxious for it to come down, so that he could try again in some other place to scare up some game, and he began to whistle and call, as he had heard the falconers do when they wished their birds to descend.

But the falcon paid no attention to his calls, and, after rising to a great height, it flew away to the south, and presently was lost to sight.

Poor Louis was overwhelmed with grief. It seemed to him that he could never hear anything so dismal as the last tinkle of the little bell on the falcon's leg, nor see anything so sad as the dark speck which he watched until it appeared to melt away into the distant sky.

For some minutes Louis stood gazing up into the air, and then he hung his head, while a few tears came into his eyes. But he was a sturdy boy in mind and body, and he did not cry much. He slowly turned, and, with the hood of the falcon in his hand, went back to the house.

"If they ask me about it, I shall tell them," he said to himself, "but I hope they will not find it out just as I am starting away."

It was yet quite early when Louis reached his room, where he found his brother still asleep, and there was soon so much hurry and bustle, in the preparation for the departure of the little expedition, that the absence of the falcon did not seem to have been discovered.

After a prolonged leave-taking, and a great

many tears from his mother and brother, and from many of the retainers and servants of the château, Louis set forth for the castle of Barran. He rode his mother's palfrey, a small and gentle horse, and was followed by quite a train of archers and men-at-arms, headed by the trusty Bernard.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the first pain caused by the separation from his dear mother and brother began to subside in Louis' heart,—and it must be admitted that it began to subside pretty soon, the day being so bright and everybody in such good spirits,—he felt quite proud to see himself at the head of such a goodly company, and greatly wished that they would fall in with some enemy, so that he might have a little conquering to tell about when he should reach his future home. But no enemy was met, and, if a fight had taken place, it is not likely that the boy would have been able to boast of his part in it, for Bernard was very careful of his young charge, and as soon as they had left the neighborhood of the Château de Viteau, and had entered the forest through which ran their road for the greater part of the journey, he made Louis ride about the middle of the little procession, while he himself went a short distance in advance, looking carefully about him for the first signs of robbers, or any one else who might be likely to dispute their passage.

But no such persons were met, and toward the end of the afternoon Louis and his train rode into the court-yard of the castle.

The moment that he entered the great gates, the quick eye of the boy perceived that he had come to a place very different from his mother's château. He had supposed there would be a difference, but had never imagined it would be so great. There were a good many serving-people, of various ranks and orders, at Viteau. There were ladies in attendance on his mother; and sometimes there were knights and other visitors, whose diversions had made what Raymond and Louis had considered a very gay time; but there never had been anything like the lively scenes which met the eye of our young friend, both in the court-yard and in the halls of the castle itself. Outside there were boy-pages running on various errands, or standing about, watching other people and neglecting their own business; and there were squires, men-at-arms, and archers who were lounging in the shade, or busily at work rubbing up a piece of armor, or putting a point on an arrow-head or on a blunted lance. Here and there was a knight not clad in armor, but in fine silk and

embroidered cloth, looking at horses which were being led about the inclosure by varlets or inferior serving-men, who generally were dressed in clothes of dirty leather. Two barefooted monks, one of them holding the bridle of a donkey, with a bag thrown across its back, were talking together near the gate. Some people were laughing, some were talking, some were calling to others at a distance, and some were hammering; the horses were making a good deal of noise with their feet; a man was blowing a horn, which he had begun to blow as soon as Louis had entered the gates, and which was intended, it appeared, as a general announcement that somebody had arrived who was a friend, and had been admitted freely. All together, there was more noise, and moving about, and standing still, and lying down, than Louis had ever seen, at one time, before.

Inside the castle there was not so much bustle; but knights and ladies, the first generally dressed much more finely and with more show of color and ornament than their female companions, were to be seen here and there. The pages who were not running about or standing still outside seemed to be doing the same inside; there was a clatter of metal and wooden dishes in the dining-hall, where the servants were preparing supper; and, in a room opening into the great hall, a tall knight sat upon a stool, with a little harp on his knee, singing one of the romantic songs which were so much liked in those days, and accompanying his voice with a steady "tum-tum" on the harp-strings. Around him were several knights and ladies, some sitting and some standing, and all listening, with much satisfaction, to his song.

The Count de Barran, a tall, spare man, with an ugly but good-humored face, gave Louis a kindly welcome.

"He is the son of Raymond de Viteau, my old brother-at-arms," he said to a knight with a great brown beard, who stood beside him, "and I shall try to make of him as good a knight as his—as I can."

"You were going to say 'as good a knight as his father,' good sir," said Louis quickly, looking up into Barran's face. "Do you think I can not be that?"

"That will depend upon yourself," said the master of the castle. "Your father was brave and noble above his fellow-knights. If you become his equal, my little fellow, I shall be very proud. And now I shall send you to my sister, the Lady Clemence, who will see that you are taken care of."

"The boy's quickness of wit comes out well, even now," said the brown-bearded knight; "but you may have to wait for the bravery and the honor to show themselves."



"Not long, I hope," replied Barran. "Good blood must soon make some sign, if he has it in him."

The next day Bernard and his train returned to Viteau, with many messages from Louis, and the life of the boy, as the youngest page in the castle, fairly commenced. In a few days he began to understand his duties, and to make friends among the other pages, all of whom were sons of well-born people. These boys had come to the castle to receive the only education they would ever have. Louis did not at first very much like to wait upon the knights and ladies at table, and to find himself expected to serve so many people in so many ways; but he soon became used to these things, especially when he saw other boys, whom he knew to be just as good as he was, doing what he was expected to do.

He had a bright, interesting face, and he soon became a favorite, especially among the ladies, for they liked to be waited upon by a page who was so good-humored and quick. The Count de Barran was not married, and his sister, the Lady Clemence, was at the head of domestic affairs in his castle.

The only very young person among the visitors at the castle was a little girl named Agnes, the motherless daughter of Count Hugo de Lanne, the brown-bearded man who had talked with De Barran about his new page. Between this girl and Louis a friendship soon sprang up. Agnes was a year older than he, and she knew so much of castle-life, and of the duties of a page, that she became one of his best instructors. She was a lively, impulsive girl; and this was the reason, no doubt, why she and Louis got on so well together.

One morning, as Agnes was passing through an upper hall, she saw, standing at a window which overlooked the court-yard, our young friend Louis, with an enormous battle-ax over his shoulder. As she approached, he turned from the window, out of which he had been looking.

"What in the world," she cried, "are you doing with that great ax, and what makes you look so doleful?"

"I am taking the ax down to the armorer's shop, to be sharpened and polished," he said.

"It is too big a thing for you to be carrying about," said Agnes, "and it seems sharp enough now. And as to you, you look as if you were going somewhere to cut your head off with it. What is the matter with you?"

"That is the matter," said Louis, turning again to the window, and pointing to a body of horsemen who were just riding out of the gate. They had dogs with them, and several of them carried each a hooded falcon perched upon his wrist.

"Did you want to go hunting herons? Is that what troubles you?" asked Agnes.

"No, indeed; I don't want to go," said Louis. "I hate to see falcons."

"What did you look at them for, then?" asked Agnes. "But I don't see how you can hate them. I love to see them swooping about, so lordly, in the air. Why do not you like them as well as I do?"

Moved by a strong desire to share his secret with some one, Louis, after a little hesitation, finally put the battle-ax on the floor, and told Agnes the whole story of the loss of his brother's falcon, first making her promise that she would never repeat it to any one. He told it all in a straightforward way, and finished by explaining how the sight of the hunters made him think of his poor brother, who could not go hawking for ever so long. Indeed, he did not know that Bernard would be willing to get another hawk and take all the trouble of training it. He might be very angry.

"I think it's easy enough to make that right," said Agnes. "You ought to give your brother another hawk, already trained."

"I would like much to know where I am to get it," said Louis.

Agnes thought for a moment.

"My father will give you one," she said, "if I ask him. If he questions me as to what you want with it, I can tell him, with truth, that you want to give it to your brother, who has no falcon, and who needs one very much."

"Do you really think he would give me one?" asked Louis, with brightening face.

"I am sure of it," said Agnes. "He has plenty of trained falcons, and he could spare one easily enough. I will ask him, as soon as he comes back to-day."

Accordingly, when Count Hugo returned from his hawking expedition that afternoon, he was met by his little daughter, who asked him for a falcon, a well-trained and good one, which could hunt hares as well as birds, and which would be sure to come back to its master whenever it was called.

Of course such a request as this excited some surprise, and required a good deal of explanation. But when Count Hugo, who was a very indulgent father, and who had also quite a liking for Louis, heard what was to be done with the bird, he consented to give it.

"If he wanted it for himself," he said, "I should not let him have it, for a page has no need of falcons, and a boy of the right spirit ought not to desire gifts; but, as he wants it for his brother, who is in a station to use it, it shows a generous disposition, and he shall have it." And calling to one of his falconers to bring him a hawk, he handed it to

Agnes, and told her that she should herself give it to her young friend.

"He and you can look at it for a quarter of an hour," said the Count, "and then he must bring it back to Orlon, here, who will feed and take care of it until the boy has an opportunity of sending it to his brother. Don't take its hood off, and keep your fingers well clear of its beak."

When Agnes appeared with the falcon unsteadily perched on her two small fists, which she had covered with a scarf, to keep its talons from hurting her, Louis was overwhelmed with delight. He was sure that this was a much finer bird than the one he had lost.

When the falcon had been sufficiently admired, and had been returned to its keeper, and when Louis had run to find Count Hugo, and had thanked him for his kindness, the question arose

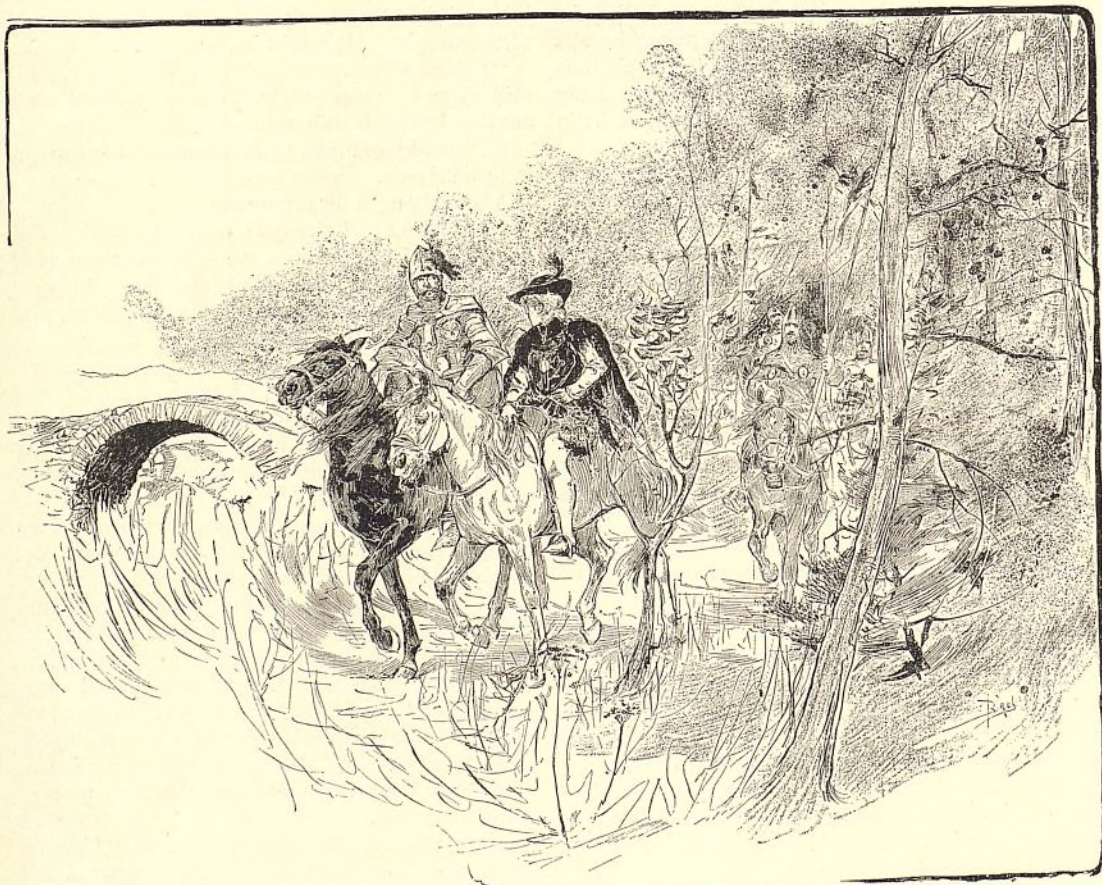
to him myself. I want him to have it just as soon as he can get it," said Louis.

"I can lend you my jennet," said Agnes. "He is small, but can travel far."

"You will lend him!" cried Louis. "And are you not going to use him for two days? It will take at the very least two days to go to Viteau and come back."

"I may not ride him for a week," said Agnes. "But you must not travel to your mother's house alone. You must wait until some company is going that way."

Louis would have been willing to start off by himself, but he knew he would not be allowed to do so; and he had to curb his impatience for three whole days before an opportunity of making his journey offered itself. Then a knight from the south was leaving the castle, with a small train,



LOUIS AND BERNARD ON THEIR WAY TO DE BARRAN'S CASTLE.

between the two young friends: How was he to be carried to Raymond?

"If I had any way of riding there, I'd take it

and as they would pass near Viteau, Louis was allowed to accompany them.

The Count de Barran was not pleased that his

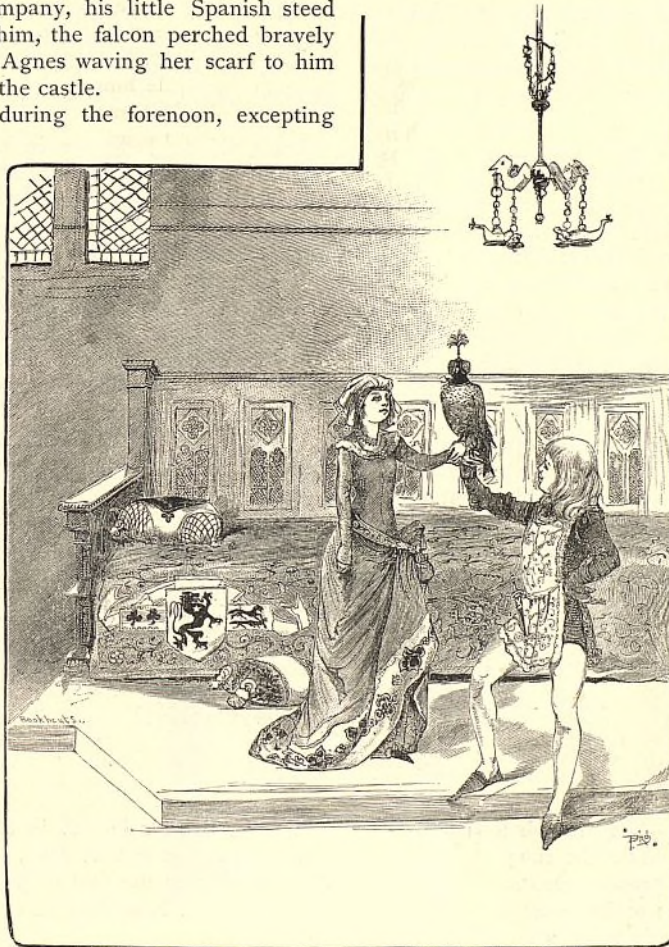
new page should ask for leave of absence so soon ; but, as it was represented that there was good reason for the journey, and as the Lady Clemence urged the boy's request, he was allowed to go.

So, early one morning Louis started away, the gayest of his company, his little Spanish steed frisking beneath him, the falcon perched bravely on his arm, and Agnes waving her scarf to him from a window of the castle.

All went well during the forenoon, excepting

Viteau. It could not be far, and his spirited little horse would soon take him there.

Consequently, when he came to the place where his companions took their way eastward, Louis fell



LOUIS, AGNES, AND THE FALCON.

that the falcon became very heavy, and had to be perched on the saddle-bow ; but, during a short halt which the party made about noon, Louis discovered that it was not the intention of the knight from the south to take the most direct road to Viteau. He meant, a mile or two farther on, to turn to the east, and to spend the night at a château belonging to a friend. Then, the next day, he would pursue his journey and would pass, by a rather circuitous road, near to Viteau.

Louis did not want to stop all night anywhere excepting in his mother's house, and he made up his mind that, when he reached the forking of the road, he would leave the party and gallop on to

behind and, instead of following them, he kept on the road to Viteau, urging his horse forward at the top of its speed. He hoped that his departure had not been noticed, and that he would not be missed until he had gone so far that he could not be overtaken. He expected to be pursued, for he knew the knight and his men would not allow him to go off by himself if it could be prevented.

So he galloped on, his falcon tightly grasping the saddle-bow, and he himself turning around every few minutes, to see if he were followed. But he saw no horsemen riding after him. The knight's men had straggled a good deal after they had turned into the new road, and Louis was not

missed for an hour or two. Then, when his absence was discovered, the knight sent three men after him, with instructions to bring him back, or to escort him to Viteau, in case they found him near that place. It was supposed, of course, that he had slipped away, so as to get home as soon as possible.

The men did not like the job at all, for they feared they would not be able to return until after dark to the château where their party was to spend the night, and they did not fancy traveling at night for the sake of a boy they knew very slightly, and cared very little about. So, after riding five or six miles, they agreed to halt until nearly night, and ride back to their party at the top of their speed, and report that they had overtaken Louis, and had accompanied him to a spot within sight of his mother's château. This story was believed by the knight from the south, who had no very clear idea as to the distance of Viteau from the forks of the road; and no further thought was given to the young page.

As for Louis, he kept madly on his way. His horse was strong and fleet, but it was beginning to flag a little in its pace, when, suddenly, it stopped short. A tall man stood in front of it, and in a moment had seized the panting animal by the bridle. Another man, with a pike in his hand,

appeared on the right, while several others came out from behind some bushes on the left. The tall man wore a cuirass, or body-armor, of steel rings linked closely together, which had probably once been bright and shining, but which was now very rusty and old. He wore no other armor, and his clothes seemed torn and soiled. The whole party, indeed, as Louis, with open mouth and eyes, glanced quickly around him,—too much startled to speak,—seemed to be a very rusty set of fellows.

Louis did not long remain silent. Indeed, he was the first one to speak. He had often seen such persons as these among the serfs and varlets at the castle, and he had been accustomed to respect from them.

"Ho there!" he cried, "move out of my way! Step from the road, do you hear? I am going home to my mother's château, and I am in a hurry."

"Your mother can wait," said the tall man. "We should be pleased to have your company ourselves to-night. So do not be angry. You can not go on."

"I believe," cried Louis, his eyes flashing, although they were full of tears, "that you are a set of robbers."

"That is true," said the other, "and this little man, and this little horse, and this very fine falcon, are our booty."

(To be continued.)

TIMES AND SEASONS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

THERE'S a time—the proverb tells us—

For all things under the sun;
Even so may be proper seasons
For good works to be done,
And for good words to be said.
In the fear lest I or you
May miss the happy occasions,
Let us here note down a few.

When the trees are heavy with leaves,
When the leaves lie underfoot,
When fruit on the board is frequent,
And while there is rind or root;
When the rain comes down from the heavens,
When the sun comes after rain,
When the autumn fields are waving
With the weight of golden grain;

When the hills are purple with heather,
When the fells are black with cold,
When the larches are gay with their tassels red,
When nuts are shrivel'd and old;

Whenever there's growth in the spring-time,
Or June close follows May,
And so long as the first of January
Happens on New-Year's day;

When mushrooms spring in the meadows,
Or toadstools under the trees,
When the gnats gyrate in the sunshine,
When the oak-boughs strain in the breeze;
In the days of the cuckoo and swallow,
When the sea-gulls flee the foam,
When the night-jar croons in the gloaming,
Or the owl goes silently home;

When the lake is a placid mirror,
When the mountains melt in mist,
When the depths of the lake are as pillars of gold
On a floor of amethyst;
When a rainbow spans the morning,
When the thunder rends the night,
When the snow on the hills is rosy red
With the blush of the wakening light;

When the soul is heavy with sadness,
 When the tears fall drop by drop,
 When the heart is glad as the heart of him
 Who climbs to a mountain-top;
 When youth unrolls like a bracken-frond,
 When age is grandly gray
 As the side of a crag that is riven and scarr'd
 With the storms of yesterday:—

Believe that in all of these seasons
 Some good may be done or said,
 And whenever the loving thought and will
 Are loving enough to wed;
 And well is it with the happy heart
 That hath thoroughly understood
 How the "time for all things under the sun"
 Is always the time for good.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

by
 Robert Herrick



"HERE A LITTLE CHILD I STAND.
 HEAVING UP MY EITHER HAND;
 COLD AS PADDOCKS-THOUGH THEY BE,
 HERE I LIFT THEM UP TO THEE,
 FOR A BENISON TO FALL
 ON OUR MEAT AND ON OUR ALL. AMEN".





"SHE DOES N'T SEEM TO KNOW THAT SHE'S ME!"

"TORPEDOES—DON'T ANCHOR!"

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

Boys and girls who travel by the Sound boats, from Fall River or Newport, Stonington or Providence, or any of the ports on Long Island Sound, toward New York, always get up early and go out on deck. They want to see the view as the boat comes in from the broad Sound and enters the East River. It is one of the finest sights in the country, and, if you ever do go that way, be sure and look about you the moment the light begins to shine in-

to your state-room window. First, you will see the beautiful shores of Long Island and Connecticut, with the charming bays stretching far back among the undulating hills. Then there are the pretty cottages, the long, smooth beaches, the curious light-houses, and the great forts.

As the two shores appear to come nearer together, you pass a funny brick light-house on an island, and then come the vast fortifications,

just where the boat seems to enter a river and takes a sudden turn to the west. On the stone walls of one of these forts is a monstrous sign, with letters six feet high:

TORPEDOES—DON'T ANCHOR!

There are ships and schooners passing both ways. You see tug-boats rushing about in search of a job, or toiling along with canal-boats, schooners, or barges in tow. In some of the bays perhaps you may see vessels at anchor, with their sails furled. Here and there you may pass fishermen in boats, anchored near their nets or over the fishing-grounds. Not a ship or sloop, or even a sail-boat, is at anchor here; every one seems to be in a great hurry to get away, as if some strange, mysterious danger lay hidden here. The pilot looks straight ahead, and the steamer plows swiftly along in her course. It would not be wise to drop anchor just now. You may sail on and see all the wonderful sights beyond, but you can not easily forget that strange place, with its warning sign, "Don't anchor." Once upon a time, a schooner, called the "Olive Branch," did come to anchor there, but she never sailed the seas again, and not so much as a stick of her could be found afterward that was fit for anything but to make a bonfire on the beach.

The coast of the United States is several thousand miles long. Scattered along it are hundreds of ports and harbors, opening upon the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, or the Pacific. They extend from the wooded hills of Maine, down past the low, sandy shores of New Jersey, the Carolinas, and Florida, to the shallow river-mouths of Texas, and, again, far along the shores that face the great Pacific. Into these ports come the ships of every nation, while up and down the coast, and far away to all parts of the world, sail our ships and steamers. At some of these places, where ships go in and out, as at Boston, Newport, New York, Charleston, and San Francisco, and at many of the river entrances, are stone forts built to guard the harbors from an enemy's ships. Great guns are mounted in the forts, and there are soldiers always on guard, to see that no one does any harm to our defenses.

But many of these forts were planned or built a long time ago. Some were even used in the Revolution. Since they were built, methods and implements of warfare have undergone great changes. War-ships are now covered with heavy plates of iron that only the largest guns can break, and they carry monster cannon, some of them throwing shells weighing over seven hundred pounds, that

could easily knock one of our old stone forts to pieces.

We don't want to fight. If we have a misunderstanding with any nation, we send some wise and sensible people there, to have a talk about the matter and try to settle things in a peaceful way. But, at the same time, we must be ready to fight, for, if we were not, some little nation might send a couple of war-ships over here, and before we could stop them they might knock our forts to pieces and, perhaps, burn up some of our towns. Thus it happens that, as the majority of our forts are not supplied with formidable artillery, we have tried to find some other way of driving away or destroying an enemy's ships of war in case they should try to enter any one of our ports.

A war-ship may carry heavy iron armor that will resist the shots fired from ordinary cannon, but if a big bomb-shell should go off under her keel she could not help herself, and would instantly tumble to pieces and sink out of sight in the sea. This queer kind of under-water hostilities we could carry on, if necessary, almost anywhere along our coasts, and, conducted by our brave and skillful soldiers, not all the war-ships in the world would be able to capture our forts.

The weapons used for this under-water warfare are called "torpedoes." They are queer things. Some rest on the bottom of the bay, like great frogs. Others float silently in the water, just out of sight, like a lazy trout sunning himself in a pool, and still others are like live sharks, for they can swim and chase a ship under water till at last they put their terrible teeth in her keel and drag her down to destruction.

This place at the end of Long Island Sound, where you can see the strange sign warning vessels not to anchor, is the school where our soldiers are taught to use torpedoes in time of war. Here are used only torpedoes intended for the defense of our harbors. There is also another school at Newport. At these, they study how to use torpedoes on board ships and gun-boats, by way of practice against a time when they may be required to attack the enemy's ships on the open water. The United States Government will not permit us to see how torpedoes are made and used, because it is important that this should be kept a secret, as far as possible. All we can do is to see, in a general way, how they would be used in war, and how they would behave in a battle.

As I have said, there are two kinds of torpedoes: those that are anchored in one place, and those that swim about in the water. Of those that are anchored, there are also two kinds. One kind consists of great iron boxes filled with dynamite and sunk in the water at particular places.

They rest in the mud, or on the sand and stones, till they are ready to be fired, when they blow up or explode with terrible effect; and if a ship happens to be passing over one of them, she is sure to be torn to pieces. The other kind have a float anchored just out of sight under water, while the



A DOUBLE BLAST.*

torpedo rests on the bottom. These, too, when they explode, destroy anything that happens to be near. At Willet's Point, where the warning sign tells the ships not to anchor, the torpedoes are planted at the bottom of the water, and sometimes, as on the Fourth of July, some of them are fired off. Of course all vessels are warned away, for the torpedo sends into the air a tremendous fountain of water, hundreds of feet high, that would destroy any ship it fell upon.

There are two ways of firing these ground torpedoes: In one there is a wire, carefully protected

from the water, leading from the torpedo to the shore. The soldiers in charge of it can send electricity through this wire and set fire to the dynamite, and thus fire the torpedo. The torpedo is lost and destroyed, but the broken wire can be pulled ashore, and used again on another torpedo. The second method is to fasten to the torpedo a wooden float. If one of the enemy's ships passes over such a torpedo and happens to strike and push aside the float that is anchored just over it, this will also fire the torpedo, for the chain or rope that anchors the float is connected with the torpedo, and any strain or pull on the rope discharges it. In this way the ship itself may fire the torpedo, and thus become an agent in its own destruction.

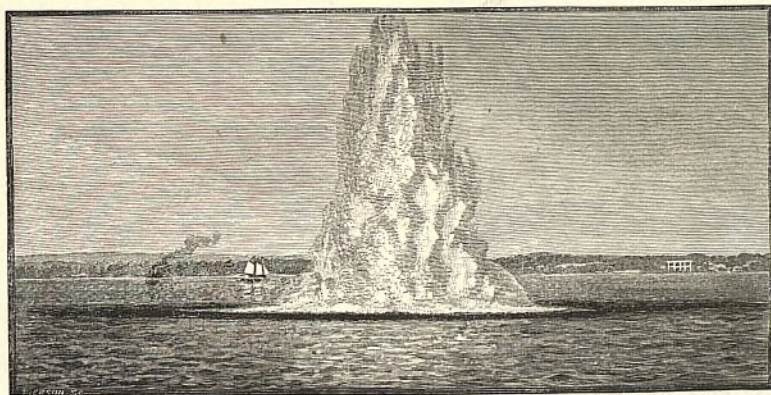
The swimming torpedoes are of two kinds. One of these swims like a fish, and, if it strikes its nose against a ship, explodes, and sinks the vessel by tearing a terrible hole in the bottom. Another kind can also swim, but it carries fastened to its tail a long wire, which it drags through the water wherever it goes. By means of this wire, the soldier who stands at the end, on the shore, or the sailor on board ship, can make the fish turn to the right or left, dive, turn around, go backward, or come home again when it is wanted. Besides this, the fish will blow up if it strikes against the enemy's ship, or whenever the man at the wire wishes to fire it. The Government will not tell us how such a wonderful thing can be done, but you may be sure that these fish-torpedoes are strange fellows. They seem to be able to do everything that a fish can do, and more, for when they get angry they can burst out into a frightful passion and send the water flying into the air for hundreds of feet, and woe to the sailors who are near! Torpedo, ship, and men go to the bottom in a volcano of fire and water. Besides these anchored and swimming torpedoes, there is another kind called spar-torpedoes, so named because they are placed on the ends of spars or booms that run out under water from the bows of small boats. The boats rush up to the side of the big ship, in the dark, and explode the torpedo underneath, thus sinking the vessel.

Sometimes, on the Fourth of July, or when the President or some other distinguished visitor is at Newport or Willet's Point, some of the ground torpedoes are fired as a salute. And a grand salute it is. A time is chosen when no vessels are passing, and all small boats that may be near are warned away. The officer on the shore starts the steam-engine attached to the dynamo machine that gives the electricity, or he arranges his battery for the purpose. When all is ready, he presses his finger lightly on a knob. Instantly there appears out on the sea a terrible rush of solid

* The illustrations to this article are copied from instantaneous photographs (by Von Sothen) of actual torpedo explosions.

water, dark green and blazing white. It mounts into the air higher and higher, breaking into foam and spray. While this mass is white and feathery, the sea all around seems to sink into a vast whirlpool or crater. The water turns black, and

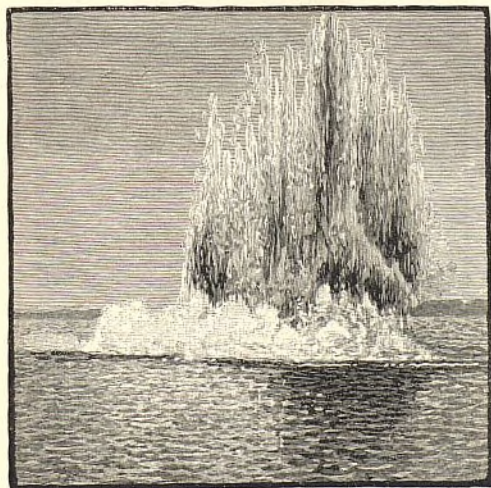
the explosion, and float all about on the water. The boys knew what to expect, and are picking up the dead fish as fast as they can. On one occasion, three porpoises were swimming near where a torpedo was fired. For a week afterward the sol-



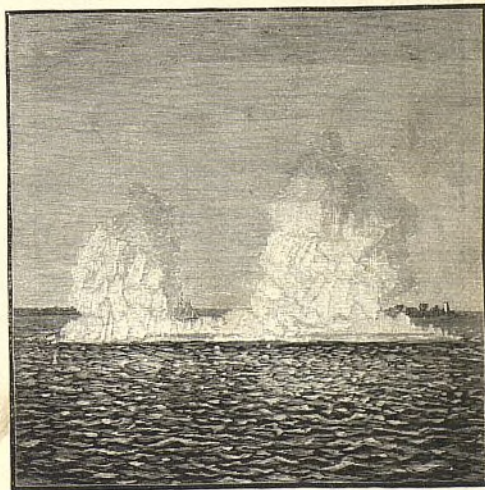
THE BEGINNING OF A BLAST—SHOWING THE BLACK RING OF WATER.

then the waves rush in from every side and fill the hole whence the fountain sprang. An instant later there is what seems to be a second, though less violent, explosion, and another fountain rushes up. Then, with a roar and splash, down falls the tall column of water, and the sea is covered with seething foam, and a ring of waves spreads out wider and wider in every direction. Grand water fire-works these, as you see by the pictures.

diers had porpoise-steaks for breakfast. At another time, a fisherman, who was out in his boat when a torpedo went off, found six wild ducks dead in the water. Poor birds! They never knew what was the cause of the terrible concussion that killed them. If they were conscious of anything, it must have seemed to them that an earthquake had taken place, or that some great water-spout had leaped out of the sea to crush them.



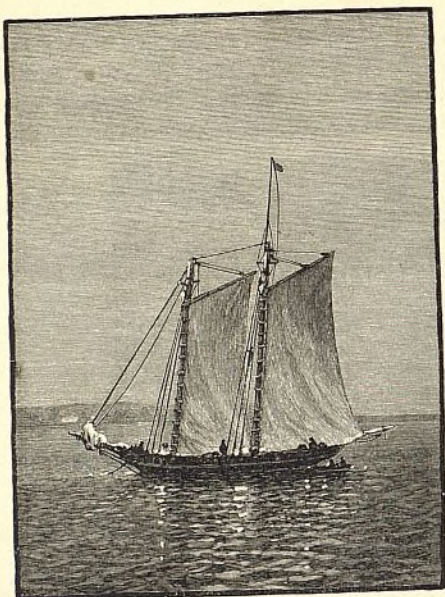
A GRAND SALUTE—GOING UP.



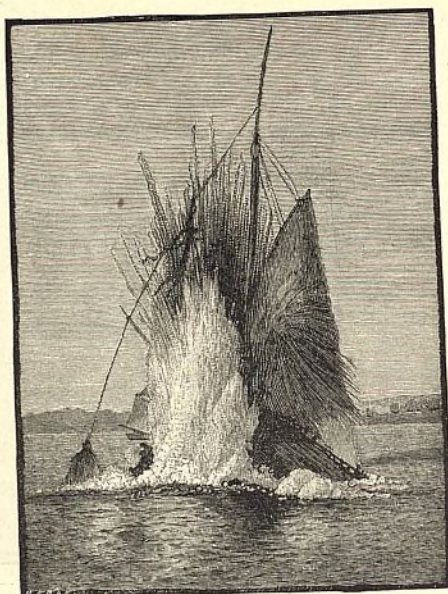
A GRAND SALUTE—COMING DOWN.

When the water is quiet again, all the men and boys who are waiting near in their boats row out to the place where the torpedo was fired. What are those white things floating on the water? They are fish. Thousands of them have been killed by

Should we ever have a war with any foreign power, these soldiers at the Willet's Point torpedo school would be sent to all our forts, and hundreds upon hundreds of torpedoes would be planted near the entrances of all our ports. Then, if one of the



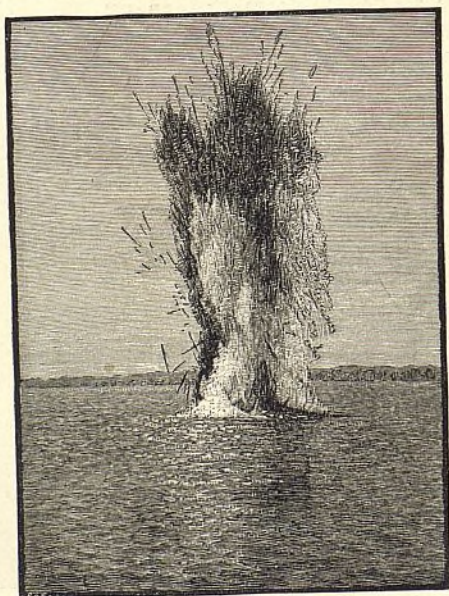
NO. 1.—BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



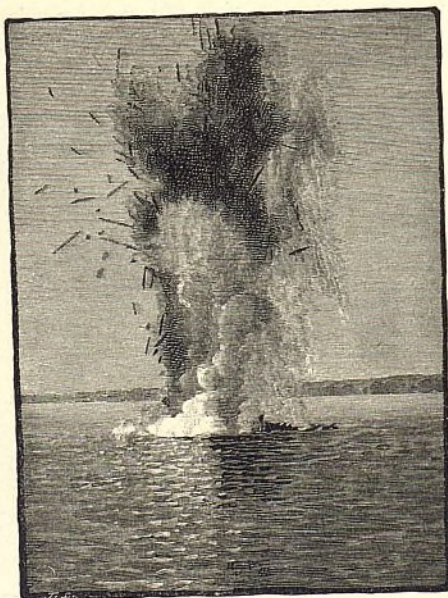
NO. 2.—THE MOMENT OF EXPLOSION.

enemy's ships tried to batter down a fort which guarded one of our harbors, two soldiers hiding on the shore would watch the ship as she sailed in. Each man would have a small telescope

the electricity would fly along the wire under the sea, and Mr. Enemy would suddenly stop. The poor ship would feel a terrible shock. Her iron sides would be torn apart, her engines would sink



NO. 3.—THE MOMENT AFTER.



NO. 4.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

pointed in a particular direction, and when the ship came in sight of either, he would speak to the other man through a telephone. When they both could see the ship at once, she would be over a torpedo, and one or both would touch the knob,

down through the bottom and fall out, the boilers would explode with a great concussion, the masts leap into the air, and, in an instant, in a cloud of smoke and spray, the mighty ship would break in two and sink, in a seething whirlpool, into the

raging water. It would be indeed terrible, but the fort and adjacent city would be saved.

I told you that once a schooner called the "Olive Branch" did anchor off the fort. She was an old boat, and they put her there to see what would become of her if torpedoes were fired near her. You know that nowadays photographers are so skillful

shows it was a pretty close shot. Then they fired a torpedo directly under the schooner, and took three pictures one after the other. Picture No. 1 shows the "Olive Branch" just before the explosion. The men seen on board were only dummies or scare-crows put there for fun. In No. 2 the torpedo has burst and the schooner is torn in two.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—EXPLODING TORPEDOES SIMULTANEOUSLY AT THE TWO ENDS OF A BOAT.

that they can take a picture in an instant of time. When the torpedoes were to be fired, the photographer set up his camera upon the shore, and arranged it in such a way that the pictures would be taken at the same time that the torpedoes exploded.

First they tried to see how near they could come to the schooner and not hit it. The large picture

The mainmast has jumped right out of the hull, and the hull has broken into two pieces. The bowsprit is bent down into the water, and the stern has dived the other way. In No. 3 everything is torn to a million pieces, and there is only a huge fountain of sticks, ropes, and muddy water. In No. 4 the terrible wreck is falling back in ruins into the sea.

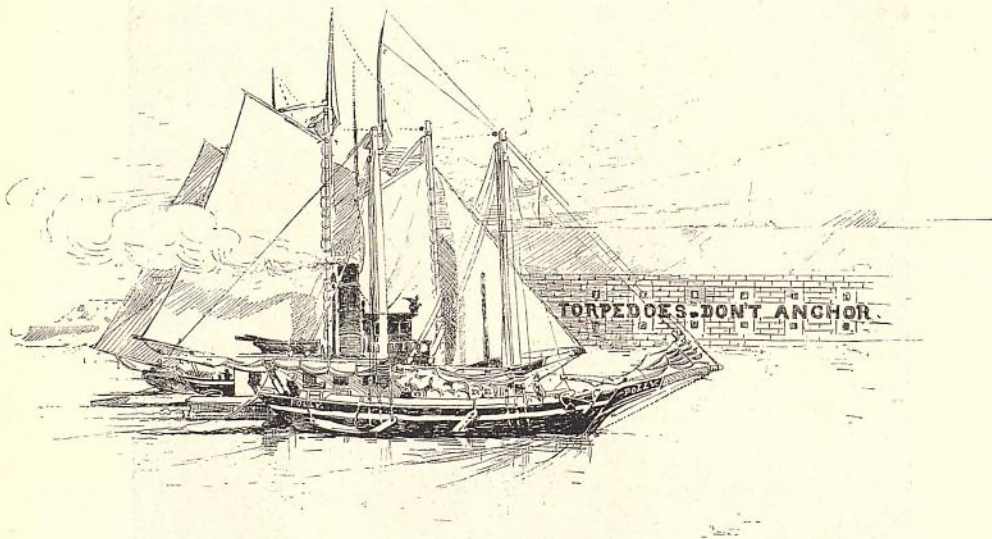
VOL. X.—2.

All this took only a few seconds, but the photographer caught the strange scenes just as they passed.

The other pictures show different views of explosions of torpedoes, the name on each explaining what it is.

We shall never go to war if we can avoid it, and we shall try very hard to prevent it, for war is a cruel and costly way to settle disputes. Perhaps for a hundred years torpedoes will never be

fired except for salutes on the Fourth of July, and there will be no torpedoes planted anywhere except at the schools at Newport and Willet's Point. But these torpedo schools show that we are ready to fight, and that is one very good way to keep out of a fight. Torpedoes are terrible things in war, and we all trust they may never be used, except as a wonderful kind of fire-works to salute the flag or the ships of other nations when they come to make us a friendly visit.



HOTEÏ.

BY LAURA F. HINSDALE.

Of all the gods to legend given,
The wisest dwells beyond the sea;
One of a brotherhood of seven,
His funny name is Hoteï.*

His brother, Daikokom, has wealth,
His sacks of rice are tied with gold;
But he has neither youth nor health,
And looks forlorn and cross and old.

The God of Glory bears a lance,
And wears a cuirass and a star;
You see, with but a moment's glance,
He's only bent on making war.

The God of Love, with arrows bent,
A very naughty god is he!
And many a gentle heart has rent,
As all the wide world will agree.

But Hoteï's a jolly lad,
Who lives in far-away Japan;
In simple sackcloth he is clad,
He owns a wallet and a fan.

He fans away the webs of care,
And, when his purse is empty quite,
Tosses it gayly in the air,
And laughs to see it is so light.

The children love him, high and low,
For where he goes 't is always May;
And joy-birds sing, and flowers grow,
And all the world is blithe and gay.

When he awakes, he laughs with glee,
Because the world was plainly meant
For just such happy souls. You see,
His name, in English, is *Content*.

* Pronounced "Ho-tā-ě."

OLD MORDECAI'S COCKEREL.

BY SARGENT FLINT.

"GRAND old trees," said Mamma, "a fine view from the piazza, and pleasant inside."

"I see no fault," said Papa.

"Except that hideous little house at the foot of the garden," said Aunt Amy.

"And that horrible old man, sitting all day close up to our fence," said Bob.

"Both his legs is shorter than the other," said little Lucy.

"He sits on his own land," said Papa.

"And he minds his own business," said Mamma.

"Nevertheless, he is a very Mordecai at our back gate," said Aunt Amy.

But the summer went, and, despite the hideous little house at the foot of the garden, and the old man smoking his pipe so near the fence, everybody had seemed quite merry. The grand old trees were bare now, and a great, melancholy pile of leaves in the garden was all that was left of their glory. Aunt Amy wished the pile had been a little higher, that it might have hidden old Mordecai's house.

"I like Old Mortify," said Lucy; "he hands me my kitten when she runs away." She had grown used to seeing the old man walking from side to side, on his poor old rheumatic legs, and felt kindly toward him. She had smiled first at his little grand-daughter, and then asked her if she were Mortify's little girl.

"What you mean?" said the child.

"Are you his little girl?" asked Lucy.

"He is my grandpa; I am Sadie."

Lucy handed some white roses through the fence, and Sadie handed back a plum. To be sure, the plum was very hard, and Lucy could not eat it; but she believed it was the best her little neighbor had, and always spoke to her afterward.

Now, the weather had become so cold that Mordecai no longer sat by the fence, or walked in his little garden; and Lucy had not seen Sadie for a long time.

In a week it would be Thanksgiving. The sky was gray and cold, and the tall trees waved their bare branches to keep warm until the snow should come to cover them.

"Everything looks awfully homesick," said Bob, standing at the window. "This is the meanest place I ever saw."

At that moment a loud, defiant crow fell upon his ears.

"That's Old Mordecai's cockerel," he said angrily.

"Yes," said Lucy. "I can see him down at the pile of leaves."

"I told him never to crow on our side of the fence," said Bob.

Lucy laughed.

"You may laugh, but you just see if he crows on our side again, Lucy Jackson."

Once again the cockerel crowed, loudly and triumphantly. Once more Lucy laughed. Bob went out, and Lucy saw the cockerel scratching the leaves. Then she saw Bob creeping toward him with a bow and arrow. She laughed again, for she considered Bob a very poor shot. Aunt Amy had often said that, if no one but Bob cared for archery, a target would last forever.

Mordecai's cockerel seemed to be of the same opinion, for he stopped a moment to turn his eye toward the young archer, then began to scratch again more diligently than before.

Lucy did not see the arrow fly from the bow, but she saw Bob flying to the stable with the cockerel in his arms. She was so much excited that she ran out at once, bare-headed, to find Bob just drawing out the arrow from the poor fowl's breast.

"Oh, Bob!" she whispered, "that will hurt him dreadfully."

"Do you 'spose he likes it that way?" said Bob, sarcastically.

"Oh, Bob!" she continued, "I did n't believe you could ever hit anything."

"Nor I, either."

She turned away her head while he drew out the arrow. The cockerel flapped his wings a little, then closed his eyes and lay quite still.

"He 's going to die," whispered Lucy.

"That 's just like a girl! Why don't you help a fellow out?"

"I will do anything you want me to, Bob."

"A girl ought to know more about such things than a boy."

"I know it," sighed Lucy. "I 'm trying to think, but all I can remember is arsenicum and Jamaica ginger. He has n't sneezed, so I don't believe it 's arsenicum he needs. Shall I go for some ginger?"

"Do you think it would do any good?"

"He opened one eye; maybe, if he had some ginger, he could open both."

"Well, go get it; we can try it." And Lucy went for the ginger.

"Hope you staid long enough," said Bob, when

she appeared at the stable-door with a cup in her hand.

"That mean cook would n't give me the sugar, and I hurried so I spilled the ginger in the closet. How is he?"

"He keeps on breathing, but he does n't notice much."

Bob took the cup, and gave the cockerel a spoonful of the ginger. The bird staggered to his feet and flapped his wings. Lucy thought surely he meant to crow again on their side of the fence, but the next instant he lay motionless before them.

"He's gone!" said Bob, solemnly.

"I wish we had tried the arsenicum," said Lucy, sadly. "What will Old Mortify say?"

And mind you, it's my place to tell of it, and not yours."

"But you are going to tell, Bob?"

"You run in, and wait and see."

She went in and stood by the window, and saw him come carelessly out of the stable and walk about the garden, then return with the dead cock and cover him hastily with leaves.

When he came in, he said: "Don't stand staring at that pile of leaves. It's done, and can't be helped. Nothing but an old rooster, anyway! No business crowing on our side of the fence. I gave him fair warning."

"But he did n't understand, Bob."

"Well, he does now," said Bob.



"BOB GAVE THE COCKEREL A SPOONFUL OF THE GINGER."

"I guess I shall be Old Mortify, if Papa finds it out. How strong this ginger smells!—how much did you put in?"

"Five spoonfuls. I thought he was so awful sick he ought to have a lot."

"Five spoonfuls! Then *you* killed him."

"Oh, Bob, don't say that!" she cried. "What would Sadie say to me?" and she lifted the bird's head tenderly, but it fell back again upon the stable-floor. Old Mordecai's cockerel would never crow again on either side of the fence. Little Lucy stood shivering, with tears in her eyes.

"Run in the house," said Bob.

"What shall you do?"

"I am going to hide him under the leaves.

That night, after the children had gone to bed, the old man came up to inquire if any one had seen his cockerel.

Aunt Amy went up to ask Bob.

"Yes," said that young gentleman; "tell him I saw him on the wrong side of the fence about four o'clock."

As the days went by, little Lucy felt more and more uneasy, as she thought of what lay under the leaves. She had seen Sadie out, and had heard her call and call for the poor cockerel that never came. Still she had kept quiet, waiting for Bob to speak.

The day before Thanksgiving she sat alone in the library. Her mother and Aunt Amy had gone

to the city to meet her grandmother, and Lucy felt a little lonely. Bob saw her as he passed the door, and stepped in, saying:

"What is the matter with you, Lucy? Why can't you brighten up? You've had the doleful dumps for a week."

"Oh, Bob!" she answered, "why don't you tell about that cockerel? It worries me awfully."

He glanced around at all the doors, then came savagely up to his sister and took her roughly by the arm. "I suppose," he whispered almost fiercely, "you mean that old rooster under the leaves. Now, never say another word to me about it. You have twitted me enough."

She looked very much astonished, as she had never referred to it in any way before. A mightier voice than little Lucy's had been calling to him ever since he hid the bird under the leaves.

She saw that his conscience troubled him, and gained courage. "If you would only tell Mamma, she would tell you what to do. Oh, Bob! I can't walk on that side of the garden for fear I shall see Sadie. She came out yesterday, and looked over our fence, and I heard her call the cockerel several times."

Bob looked down into Lucy's face and wished he had not taken hold of her quite so roughly. He went back to the kitchen and got a large bunch of raisins and gave them to her, with a pat on the head, which she understood very well. "Too bad," he declared, "that you can't go out to-day."

After he had gone, she took up the raisins, when, happening to look out of the window, she saw Sadie looking over the fence. "I will give her my raisins," thought Lucy.

The cook rapped sharply as she passed the kitchen window, for she knew Lucy ought not to go out.

"Don't give me all," said Sadie, as Lucy passed the great bunch through the fence.

"To-morrow we shall have a whole box-full," said Lucy.

"We can't find our rooster," said Sadie. "Grandpa sold all but him; we kept him for Thanksgiving. I don't see how he got out of the coop. We can't have any Thanksgiving now."

"Too bad!" said little Lucy, very faintly.

"Grandpa's looked everywhere for him, till he tired himself out, and got rheumatism dreadfully. He thinks some of the neighbors have killed him."

Lucy turned a little pale, and said she had a very bad cold and must go in.

Sadie would have been surprised had she looked out a few minutes later, for she would have seen Lucy running toward the provision store.

"Anything wrong, Miss Lucy?" said the red-cheeked boy who drove the wagon.

She went in timidly, and when she stood close by his side, she whispered, "How much do you ask for roosters?"

"A hen would n't do?" he asked, laughing.

"No," she said, with a sigh, as she compared in her mind the proud strut of Mordecai's cockerel with the walk of any hen she had ever met. "No, I want a rooster."

"What's it for?" he said, confidentially.

"For Thanksgiving."

"I just took two fine gobblers up."

"It's for—for somebody else's Thanksgiving."

"Oho! Why not get a small turkey? Just the thing."

Why had she not thought of it before! Perhaps that would help Mordecai to forgive them. (She had begun to blame herself with Bob, for had she not prepared the fatal ginger?)

The red-cheeked boy held up a plump little turkey.

"Is that a dollar?" she asked.

"That's heavier than I thought," he said, after he had thrown it into the scales. "That will cost, all told,—let me see,—one dollar thirty-eight."

She began feeling about her neck, as if she kept her money concealed somewhere about her jugular veins, and the tears came to her eyes.

The red-cheeked boy became again confidential. "Come, now," he said, in a low tone, "how much do we want to pay? What is just the little sum we were thinking of, when we came in?"

"I have only one dollar," answered Lucy, with her hand still guarding a jugular.

"A dollar is quite enough to pay for a small, nice, plump little turkey, if the right person comes for it."

Lucy hoped she was the right person. "If you please," she said, as he showed her another turkey, the smallest one she had ever seen, "are you sure it's a turkey? I don't want a rooster, now."

"My word for it, Miss Lucy, yesterday afternoon that fowl said 'Gobble.' Shall I send it to your house?"

"If you would do him up so he would look like a dress, I would be very much obliged to you."

While he was gone, she again put her hand to her neck and took off a small gold chain; attached to this was a gold dollar. She had worn it since she was a baby; her fingers seemed unwilling to take it off. Her little head said, "Take it off!" and her little heart said, "Oh, no!"

When the boy came back with the turkey, looking as much like a dress as a provision man could make it, the small coin still remained firmly attached to the chain.

"If you please, will you undo this?" said Lucy.

He looked at it a moment, without taking it in

his hands, and said, "Why don't you charge it, Miss Lucy?"

"Oh, no, no," she said, hastily; "Papa is not to pay for this. I must pay for it myself."

"I understand; you don't want your good works talked about either, Miss Lucy. But I don't want to take this."

"Come, come," said his employer from the other side of the store; "fly around there!"

The boy hurriedly unfastened the dollar, and said: "You may have it back any time, Miss Lucy."

She took the turkey in her arms and went out. When she had walked a few steps she stopped suddenly and turned and went back. The boy was just getting into the wagon. She pulled his coat, and, as he turned, said timidly: "You are so kind, will you tell me how to spell 'Mordecai?' Not Mortify, but Mordecai."

"It's a joke," he said, grinning.

"Oh, no!" groaned poor Lucy.

"Mordecai," he said, pausing, with one foot on the wheel: "M-o-r—Mor—d-y—Mordy—k-i—Mordyki."

She thanked him and hurried home.

When Bob came in, she pulled him into a corner and whispered: "I have bought a little turkey, the littlest one you ever saw, but a sure turkey, for Mordecai! Run out, before you take off your coat, for it's in the stable, in the oat-box; and will you take it to Mordecai's house? Go quick, before it gets dark."

He turned toward her with an angry gesture.

"Oh, Bob! Sadie can't have any Thanksgiving, because we killed the rooster, and I knew you would be so sorry."

He made no reply, but ran with great haste to the stable. He soon found the bundle and brought it to the little window, when he saw there was a little letter, pinned with several pins, on the outside. The afternoon light was fast fading, and it was with some difficulty he read the note, of which this is a copy:

"DEAR MISTER MORDYKI BOB AND ME KILED
YOUR RUSTER PLEASE TAKE THIS LUCY."

"The good, generous little thing!" muttered Bob, gazing solemnly at the brown bundle, which was supposed to resemble dry goods. "I wonder where in time she got the money! And to say *she* killed it, or had anything to do with killing it! Oh, I hope she wont grow up and be one of those good kind of folks that never have any fun and give all their money away. Where in the world *did* she get the money?" He folded the note care-

fully and put it in his pocket. "I never felt meaner," he thought, as he seized the turkey, with no gentle hand, and ran to Mordecai's house.

The old man sat at the front window, and Bob thought he looked a little sour as the gate opened; but he came to the door as fast as he could hobble, for fear Mrs. Mordecai might get there first. Bob held out the turkey and said: "I shot your rooster, sir. My little sister thought you were saving him for Thanksgiving, and she sent you this turkey."

"So *you* killed my cockerel, did ye?" said the old man; "a mighty fine cockerel he was!" He punched with his thumb the turkey that he could not see, as if he wondered if it could possibly be as fine as the cockerel.

"I had no idea I should hit him," said Bob. "I am a most awful shot, sir. Would you rather have a live rooster?"

"N-no," said old Mordecai. "Though my wife misses his crowing in the morning—overslept every morning since he went."

"We should have killed him for Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Mordecai, a tired-looking little woman, who looked as if she could oversleep, in spite of all the warnings that might be sounded. "A turkey, Father, is better than a cockerel; and so we have lost nothing."

"You don't like to feel that yer neighbors is standin' round armed, ready to destroy yer property,—do you, eh?"

"No, but I like to know that, if they do happen to destroy it, they stand ready to pay more than it's worth."

"Yer allays did like young folks," said Mordecai, dryly, and hobbled back to the front window.

"You are a good boy," said his wife. "Don't mind him; he'll speak better of you behind your back."

"T was Lucy sent it; I only killed the cockerel," said Bob, turning away.

"I have carried the turkey down," he said to Lucy on his return. "Now, tell me where you got the money."

"I had to take my gold dollar." Lucy could not keep the tears from filling her eyes.

"Whew!" he said, "the one on your chain?"

She nodded.

"Born with it on, were n't you?"

"I don't 'member when I got it," said she, a little more cheerfully. "Don't go out again, Bob," as he started suddenly toward the door, and she saw him run across the garden with his skate-bag under his arm.

"Hang the old rooster!" he said, as he passed the little house and saw old Mordecai sitting at the window. "It's going to cost me a pretty sum. I wont do it!—It's good enough for her, to go

spend that dollar — Just like a girl — I hope he wont take them. Hang Mordecai!" Still he walked on rapidly until he came to Johnny Bang's house. "Hope he's gone away," he said, as he pulled the bell, which was answered by young John himself, whose eyes brightened as he saw the skate-bag; but he waited for Bob to speak.

"You said last night you would give me two and a half; say three and they're yours," said Bob.

"Do you suppose I made a half a dollar in my sleep?" said Johnny, with a grin.

"Can you give me three?"

"No, I can't."

"Jerry will; I came to you first, because you made the first offer. I must have three or nothing."

"You come in and sit down, and I'll see if I can work Mother up to it."

Johnny's mother proved a person easily "worked up," for in a few minutes he returned with three crisp bills in his hand.

"I told her they cost five dollars, and you had had them only two weeks; was that straight?"

"Yes," said Bob, "that's straight."

"She asked me if you had a right to sell them

without asking your father, and I told her you bought them yourself with your own money that you had saved; was that straight?"

"Yes," said Bob, his mouth twitching a little, "that's straight."

He took the skates from the bag and handed them to his friend.

"Wont throw in the bag?" said Johnny.

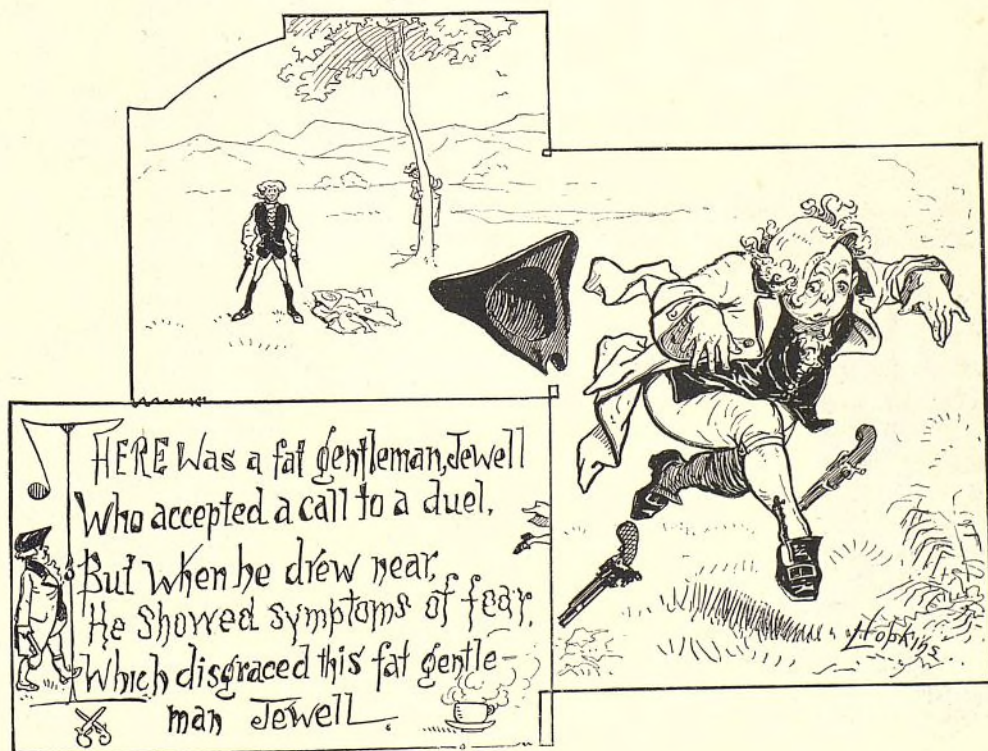
"Oh, I'll throw in the whole family," said Bob, sarcastically, as he left the house.

The first call he made was on the red-cheeked boy at the provision store; then he went to the city.

After supper, when little Lucy was sitting with her father, talking about Thanksgiving, he came in, looking rather tired, and gave her a tiny box. She opened it and found first a note, which said to her:

"DEAR LUCY: You did the square thing by me and I wont forget it. Hang these on your chain in remembrance of Old Mordecai's rooster. Bob."

And under some pink cotton lay her own little dollar, and beside it a small gold cockerel, as proud-looking as Old Mordecai's before Bob's unlucky shot.

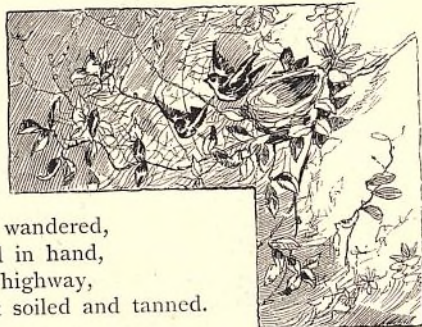


THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

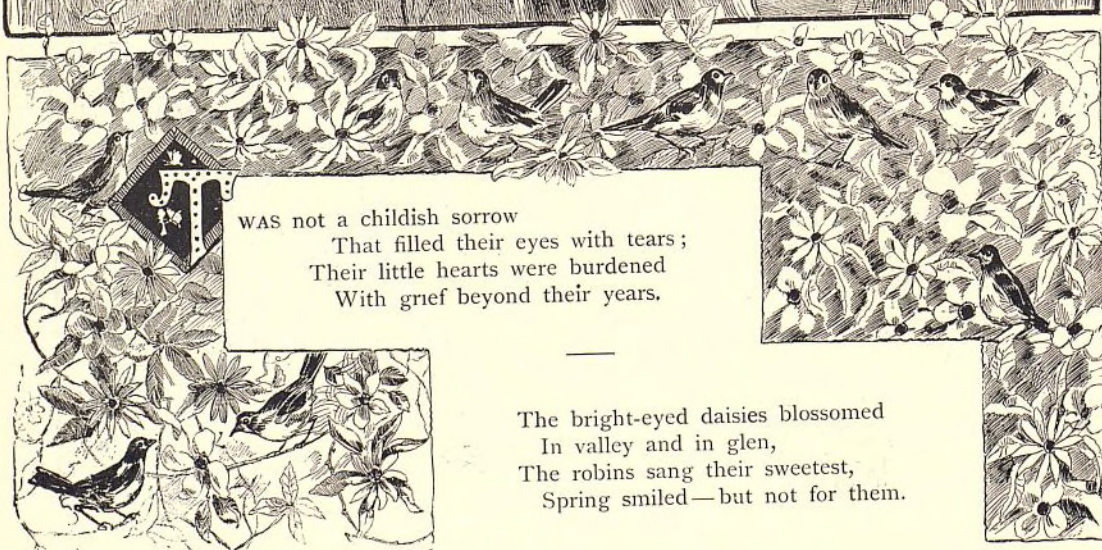
BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.



HERE English daisies blossom,
And English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of Spring,



Two little sisters wandered,
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway,
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.



WAS not a childish sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen,
The robins sang their sweetest,
Spring smiled—but not for them.

BENEATH the trees of Whitehall,
 Within their shadow brown,
 From out the royal palace
 The Queen came walking down.

She saw the children standing,
 Together, side by side,
 And, gazing down with pity,
 She asked them why they cried.



DEAR lady," said the eldest,
 "My little sister Bess
 And I have come together
 A hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty,
 And sometimes they were green;
 We 're very tired and hungry—
 We want to see the Queen.

"For Mother's sick, dear Lady,
 She cries 'most all the day;
 We hear her telling Jesus,
 When she thinks we 're at play.





HE tells Him all about it,
How when King James was King,
We were so rich and happy
And had 'most everything.

"We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But Father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different—
I can not tell you how.
We have n't any father,
Nor any nice things now.



LAST night, our mother told us
They 'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she could n't pay.

"So then we came together,
Right through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;



BECAUSE Mamma once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James's little girl,
And, Lady, if 't was so,

—
“I know she 'll let us keep it,—
Our home beside the Thames,—
For we have come to ask her,
And Father loved King James.”
—

AND if we had to leave it,
I 'm sure Mamma would die,
For there 's no place to go to,—
No place but in the sky.”

—
Her simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear-drops in her eyes.



ND when the English robins
Had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never
Had passed that way before,
Set down two little children
Beside the widow's door.



HEY brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen.
Her royal seal was on it,
And, folded in between,

A slip of paper, saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to these little children
Their home beside the Thames."

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

BY KATHARINE R. MCDOWELL.

"WHAT a looking room!" exclaimed Olive Kendall, as she came in from school and added to the confusion of the sitting-room by throwing her satchel on the lounge. "Why does n't somebody fix it up?" But no one answered. Only Leila and Nora were there to answer, and both their heads were bent over a geographical puzzle.

Olive threw herself into an easy-chair and looked out of the large bay-window. It was pleasanter to turn her head that way than to look around the disordered room. She only wished she could turn her thoughts away from the room as easily, but she could not so long as that voice kept saying:

"You know that Bridget is out with the twins, and that Kate is busy getting dinner, and that there is no one but yourself to put the room in order—you and your little sisters. Why not go to work and have a surprise for Mamma when she comes in?"

"Leila and Nora, we really ought to fix up the room," said Olive, with a half-yawn. "The twins have scattered their things. Wont you help?"

"In a minute," answered Nora. "We only want a little crooked piece to go right in there."

"Yes," responded Leila, "it's Finland. I remember the very piece—colored yellow, and with a bit of sea-coast," as she turned to look for it.

"Are n't you coming?" asked Olive, as she listlessly folded an afghan. Again the answer was: "Just as soon as we find Finland."

Olive looked about the room in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. "With Leila and Nora both in Finland," she thought, "I may as well give up expecting their help. If it were only a game——"

She stood a moment in thought. Her face suddenly brightened. She went to Mamma's desk and cut six slips of paper, then wrote a word on each.

"Are you getting some strips ready for Consequences?" asked Leila, a new interest in her face, as she looked up from the pieces of map.

"No," replied Olive, at which the search for Finland was renewed.

"Are we going to play Anagrams?" ventured Nora, to whom Leila had just whispered something as she motioned toward Olive.

"No, but you've guessed pretty well," admitted Olive, "for it's a game—a new one."

"A game! A new one!" echoed the little sisters, not only losing interest in Finland, but letting the whole of Europe fall apart. "Let's play it! I'm tired of this map-puzzle."

"Yes, Olive, tell us how," pleaded Leila, "and then we'll help with the room. We truly will."

"I don't know that you'll like the game," said Olive, "but I'm sure that Mamma will."

"Then we shall, of course," said Nora, very decidedly. "Let's begin it now."

So Olive laid the slips on the table—the written side downward. Then she said: "Now we are to draw in turn, the youngest first. Come, Nora!"

Nora looked at the different pieces of paper, put her finger on the last, and then suddenly changed her mind and took the one nearest her.

"Don't look at it yet, Nora," said Olive.

"Oh, I shall certainly look, if Leila does n't hurry," said Nora, excitedly, shutting her eyes very tight, but soon opening them to ask: "Is there a prize, Olive?" and jumping up and down as Olive nodded.

After Leila had settled upon one of the slips, she and Nora made Olive shut her eyes while they changed all about the papers that were left, for fear that Olive, having made them, might choose a better one than they. At last they all had slips.

"Now read!" signaled Olive.

"Table," said Nora, consulting her paper.

"Chairs," read Leila, from hers.

"Carpet," announced Olive.

"Now what?" asked Nora. "Do I pass mine on to Leila?" But Olive was on her knees, picking up a lot of playthings.

"Mine was *carpet*," she said, as she hastily put a handful of toys into a little cart belonging to the twins, "so I'm to take everything off the carpet that does n't belong there. You are to put in order whatever your paper tells you, and the game is to do it as well and as quickly as you can."

Nora flew to the table. She ran into the hall with Teddy's hat, and into the nursery with Freddy's whip. Then she got a brush and prepared to sweep off the table-cover. To do this she piled some books on one of the chairs.

"My paper says *chairs*," cried Leila, "and there are eight of them! If you put those books there, I'll never get through."

"The other table is yours also, Nora," said Olive, as she straightened the rug in front of the fire. "Look on your paper."

Sure enough, there was an *s* that Nora had overlooked! So the books found a place on the little stand while the big table was being brushed, and were then piled nicely up, and the magazines and

papers laid together, after which Nora stood off and viewed the effect with such satisfaction as almost to forget the smaller table.

She was reminded of it, however, by Leila, who was flourishing a duster about as she went from one chair to another, fastening a tidy here and shaking up a cushion there, until she was ready to say: "The whole eight are done."

"I've finished, too," said Olive, as she brushed the hearth and hung the little broom at one side of the open fire-place. "Now, we all draw again."

Nora chose quickly this time, and went right at her work when she saw the word "*Mantel*," hardly hearing Leila say "*Desk*," and Olive "*Lounge*."

"Well, what do you think of the game?" asked Olive, a while after, as, having left the room to put away her school-satchel, she returned and found Leila and Nora putting the finishing touches to their tasks, and rejoicing over the finding of Finland in Mamma's desk.

"Why, we think it a great success — don't we, Nora? And we see now why you did n't know the name," added Leila, laughingly.

"Here comes Mamma up the walk," announced Nora from the bay-window.

"Well, don't say anything, and see if she notices the room," suggested Leila.

Mamma came to the sitting-room door, and looked in. No wonder she smiled at the picture. The room a model of neatness, the winter's sun streaming in at the window, the fire crackling on the hearth, and three faces upturned for a kiss.

"So Bridget is home," said Mamma, in a tone

of relief, as she glanced about the room. "I left her getting rubbers for the twins, and feared she would n't return till dinner-time."

"She *is n't* home, Mamma," said Olive, while Nora and Leila exchanged happy glances, and Nora could n't keep from saying (though she said afterward she tried hard not to tell):

"We fixed it, Mamma. It's Olive's game!"

Then, of course, Mamma had to hear all about it, and Papa, too, when he came to dinner. Otherwise he might not have brought up those slips of red card-board that he did that evening, nor have seated himself in the midst of them all, and said: "Now, I propose we make a set of cards in fine style," as he proceeded to write on each the word that Olive or Leila or Nora would tell him.

"And now, what shall we call the game?" asked Papa, with pen ready to put the name on the other side of the six bright cards.

"How would the 'Game of Usefulness' do?" suggested Olive.

"Or 'Daily Duty'?" put in Leila; "for we've promised to play it every day."

"Would n't 'Helping Hands' sound well?" asked Mamma. And they probably agreed upon that, for, when Nora went up to bed, one of her plump hands held the new cards, and the name that Mamma had proposed was written on each.

"I wonder what the prize was?" she asked Leila the last thing that night.

"I guess it must have been Mamma's smile when she looked in," said Leila.

And was not that a prize worth trying for?

AN OLD ROMAN LIBRARY.

BY C. L. G. SCALES.

THE boys and girls of the nineteenth century probably seldom think of the marvelous changes that have been wrought in our modern civilization by the invention of printing; but, if some mischievous fairy should suddenly whisk out of sight all the books, pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines in the land, and leave not a trace of a printed page behind, then doubtless we should all begin to realize something of what the printing-press has done for us, and perhaps take to wondering how people got on in the days when it was not known. Books of some sort, however, the people of that time must have had, for the complaint that "of making many books there is no end" comes echoing down to us even from the far-

off era of King Solomon. But, how could they have been made, and what kind of books were they? Very unlike our own, as we shall presently see. The old authors of Greece and Rome, over whose works your big brothers—and sisters, too—are still poring in high school and college, would never recognize their own writings in the new dress the printers have given them; and, if ushered into a modern library, they would stare with astonishment at the strange scenes before them. But a glimpse of their book-shelves would be no less of a surprise to some of us.

It so happens that some of those old-time authors have been so kind as to leave their library-doors ajar behind them, and, by taking the trouble

to clear away from the pathway the rubbish and the dust of ages, we may enter and survey at our leisure the quaint appointments and the rare treasures within.

Come with me, then, and let us see what an old Roman library is like—the library of a man who never dreamed of a printed page.

The library itself is a comparatively small room. Entering the door, we first note the windows, few in number, and so high up in the wall that there is plainly little danger of their tempting the student or reader to gaze abroad; then the floor of plain, smooth marble, or laid in mosaics with marbles of

little cells, are the *books*, many of them classics, which have been reprinted in our modern text, and are read and admired by the scholars and wise men of to-day.

Let us look at this one in a gay, yellow dress, which beams out at us with its one round black eye like a cheerful little Cyclops, and see what kind of a book it is. We take up the roll, which is, perhaps, ten inches in width, and begin to unfold it. But it seems to have no end, and at last unrolls before our astonished gaze one continuous sheet of thick, tough paper, some ten feet in length, the inner end of which is fastened to the rod with the



IN AN OLD ROMAN LIBRARY.—A CHAT ABOUT THE LAST NEW BOOK.

various sorts; the walls covered with arabesques and traceries from the Greek mythology, and presenting at intervals busts of famous old Greek and Roman authors. Next our wondering glances fall upon a row of presses or cupboards, some six feet in height, ranged around the sides of the room. Each is filled with shelves divided off into little compartments or pigeon-holes, and in these snugly repose curious purple, yellow, and grayish rolls of different sizes, from the centers of which project slender rods, terminating in polished knobs. From each of these rods dangles a small label, covered with hieroglyphics in light red ink.

But these queer rolls, so snugly reposing in their

projecting knobs. A second glance shows us that the whole of one side is closely covered with text written in parallel columns from left to right, up and down the sheet, the spaces between being defined by light red lines which curiously intersect the whole expanse. The letters of the text, outlined almost in relief by the thick, black ink with which they are written, look out at us with an unrecognizing stare, wholly ignoring the fact that, in their modern dress, some of us have had a hard struggle with them in order to maintain our rank in the Latin class at school. But the words, as we see them here on this old scroll, seem an unknown tongue to us, till the title of the book, written at

the end next the staff, as well as at the beginning, explains the mystery. The volume we hold is, it seems, the *Annales* of Q. Ennius, the "Father Ennius" mentioned by Horace and other Latin poets. And, satisfied with this, we replace the book in its pigeon-hole, and pass on to the more familiar names of Horace and Martial, that greet us on the pendent labels of two rolls that the *librarius* (one of the slaves whose task is the care of the library and the copying of books) has just brought in and placed in a hitherto vacant niche of the library. But a short examination of these volumes soon convinces us that, for practical purposes, our well-thumbed "Anthon," "Harkness," or "Chase and Stewart's," are more desirable. Fancy, for instance, a luckless school-boy rising to recite in Horace or Virgil, with one of these cumbersome rolls to be held up and uncoiled while gazing wildly up and down this wilderness of words, which at first glance seems to be chiefly composed of v's, owing to the queer practice of the old Romans in making their u's like v's! And a second glance, moreover, shows that we have before us indeed a pathless wilderness of words, for not a single punctuation-mark (save here and there a lonesome-looking period) holds out its friendly signal to mark the boundary lines of the author's thought.

But now, through the half-open door by which the *librarius* has just entered, we catch a glimpse of an adjoining room, where his fellow-slaves are busily at work copying manuscripts and performing the various other operations connected with the art of Roman book-making. At our request the *librarius* allows us to enter this room, and accompanies us himself to explain the new and strange process we are about to witness. Seated near the door is a slave, who is busily engaged in gluing together, into one long sheet, strips of paper, made, we are told, of a reed that grows on the banks of the Nile and is called *papyrus*. When this sheet is long enough, he passes it to the next slave, who stains its back with saffron and then hands it to another, receiving from him in return a similar sheet, covered, on one side only, with the same parallel columns of closely written text with which we have already become familiar. This is now handed to another slave, whose task it is to fasten it by the end which bears the *corona* or *flourish*—a mark denoting that the transcriber's and the reader's task is done—to a cylindrical stick of polished ivory terminating in glistening knobs of the same material. Glancing over his shoulder, we see another slave with a pile of these cylindrical sticks, some of ivory, some of woods of various sorts. These latter he rubs vigorously with pumice-stone preparatory to staining them with the purple, yellow, and black dyes at his side.

But let us see what further befalls the sheet just attached to the ivory staff. We find that it has been coiled deftly around its center-piece, its ends have been polished and colored, and it is now ready for its cover of parchment, which has also made the acquaintance of the brittle pumice and brilliant dyes, its margins being adorned with scarlet lines which gleam out vividly along the less glowing purple of its surface. Cedar-oil, too, has been rubbed into it to check the depredations of insects, and now the long sheet is rolled up tight and tied with the "red thongs." The label, with the name of the work and its author, is attached, and a new volume is ready for the Roman reading-public.

With books like these, however, we can well understand why it is that in every Roman library the door faced to the east, in order to give the scrolls the benefit of the morning sun, and prevent the formation of mold upon the cherished volumes.

Realizing after all this the immense labor and pains involved in the production of such works as these, we turn to the obliging *librarius* and ask him what price they bring in the market. Judge of our surprise when he assures us that, though a volume so carefully prepared as the one we have just seen may sell for somewhat more, yet twenty cents of our money is an ordinary price, and that many books, by even so popular an author as Martial, are sold for a still smaller sum.

Indeed, a new "book" that does not happen to suit the popular taste, he tells us, often finds its way directly to the fish-markets and groceries, to be used by the clerks for casting up accounts, or for wrapping up goods for delivery to their customers. Greatly astonished at this revelation as to the abundant supply and slight value of books in "ye olden time," we continue our questioning, and, bethinking ourselves that they have no newspapers here, we ask how the literary world becomes aware of the publication of a new work. To this he replies that the book-sellers announce its appearance on the posts of their shop-doors, and that it is also customary for an author to send early copies to his rich and powerful friends and patrons, some of whom will not fail to give it notoriety by repeating passages from it at the next dinner-party which they attend. But one question only suggests another, and we find ourselves quite in danger of turning into animated interrogation-points, when, fortunately, the gathering shadows warn us that we must take our departure and journey back to the modern world with its myriad book-shelves, which the printing-press has filled with volumes so unlike the rare, quaint treasures of this old Roman library.



"PUPS."

[After a painting by J. G. Brown.]

VOL. X.—3.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ALL THE PLUMS.

(A Thanksgiving Story.)

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

It did seem as if Thanksgiving never would come.

The November page of the Farmers' Almanac that hung under the clock bore innumerable prints of small thumbs that had laboriously traveled across it, counting the number of days that must be lived through before that happy day arrived which, according to the Governor's proclamation, was to be "a day of thanksgiving and praise."

Little Darius and Lucy Ann thought praise meant plum-pudding, and even Jonah, who was getting to be an old boy, and could do problems in cube root, owned that it was not very long ago that he thought so too.

There was a continual weighing and measuring of goodies, and odors of spice and sweetness floated out of the great kitchen all over the house. The children seeded raisins, and sliced citron, and cracked walnuts, and chopped apples for the mince-pies, but Lucy Ann and little Darius were getting discouraged, for it seemed every day as if the next *must* be Thanksgiving, and yet when they awoke in the morning it was n't.

This was not going to be only an ordinary Thanksgiving day, with almost everything nice that could be thought of for dinner, and a great many aunts and uncles and cousins, all grown up, and all wanting to sit down and talk (instead of having a good time), for visitors. This year, their little city cousin, whom they had never seen, was coming to spend Thanksgiving with them.

Her name was Mabel Hortense, and the children were very proud of having a cousin who lived in the city and was named Mabel Hortense. At Damsonfield Four Corners, where they lived, all the little girls were named Mary Jane or Sarah Ann or Lucy Maria, or, at the best, Hattie and Carrie; they had scarcely even heard of so fine a name as Mabel Hortense. But a little girl who lived in a great city, where there was scarcely a bit of anything so common as grass, and the "great big houses were all hitched on to each other," as Roxy Jane, the hired girl, said, and hand-organs and monkeys were as thick as huckleberries in August, and there was a candy store at every corner, could not be expected to have a common name.

They had a photograph of Mabel Hortense, with her hair banged and a doll almost as large as a real live baby in her arms. She had a neck-

lace around her neck and bracelets on her arms and ear-rings in her ears. Becky borrowed Hannah Olive Judson's blue-glass beads to wear during Mabel Hortense's visit, and made Lucy Ann a necklace of red alder-berries, and then, as they all had on their Sunday clothes, she felt ready for Mabel Hortense's arrival.

It was the very night before Thanksgiving Day, and all the aunts and uncles and cousins had arrived, except Mabel Hortense and her mother, and Peter Trott, the hired man, had driven over to the station to bring them.

Even little Darius, who had begun to think that Thanksgiving Day had been postponed until next year, was now convinced that it was coming tomorrow. There was a blazing log-fire in the great fireplace in the sitting-room, and Priscilla sat on the rug in front of it, herself and her three kittens in that condition of holiday freshness which becomes New England cats on the eve of Thanksgiving Day. The canary birds were singing so loud that they had to be muffled in Grandpa's bandana handkerchief, that the aunts and uncles and cousins might hear each other relate all the happenings of the past year.

Little Darius was continually running to the door, with his cage of white mice under one arm and his tame squirrel under the other, so that he might show them to Mabel Hortense the very first thing.

"I would n't be such a silly," said Lucy Ann, who had her black Dinah, with raveled yarn for wool, and two great white buttons for eyes, in her arms, and wanted Mabel Hortense to see *her* the very first thing. "Why in the city, where she lives, the mice are all white, and so tame that they come out and dance when people play on the piano. Peter Trott says so. And they keep squirrels in the stores, all with white aprons and caps on, to crack nuts for customers. Peter Trott says so."

"They aint so nice as my mice and my squirrel, anyway, and Grandpa says not to b'lieve Peter Trott, 'cause he tells wicked, wrong stories!" cried little Darius, almost moved to tears at the possibility that any mice or any squirrels were more attractive than his. "I should n't think you 'd want to show any city girl your old Dinah. She was homely enough before Grandpa sat on her and flattened her all out; she's *orfle* now!"

Lucy Ann might have resented this, for she was very fond of Dinah, and thought her a beauty in spite of the accident that had befallen her,—which was a very cruel one, for Grandpa weighed over two hundred pounds,—but just then the carriage drove up, and a little girl was lifted out by Peter Trott, and set down inside the door.

There was Mabel Hortense, bangs and doll and all, just as she looked in the photograph, only that both she and the doll had on traveling costumes, so there was not so much jewelry to be seen.

She did not look in the least like a Damsonfield little girl, nor the doll like a Damsonfield doll. The doll wore a suit trimmed with fur, just like her mamma's, and it fitted her just as nicely. (Becky could only make a doll's dress like a sacque, with slits for the arms, and Aunt Eunice did n't think it was worth the while to make dolls' dresses at all.) And she had on the daintiest gloves and boots imaginable, without a wrinkle in them. Gloves and boots were entirely unknown in doll society in Damsonfield.

For one moment Lucy Ann felt ashamed of Dinah, but she gave her an extra hug the next moment to make up for it.

Becky was glad that she had on Hannah Olive Judson's blue beads, and that Lucy Ann had on brand-new shoes, for Lucy Ann's toes were almost always threatening to stick out through her shoes, and she did hope that Solomon would n't tell that the beads were borrowed; that would be just like Solomon, and she wished she had thought to warn him about it when Aunt Eunice was cautioning him not to tell that they had borrowed the sugar-tongs of Aunt Jemima, and that they did n't always have two kinds of preserves for supper.

The first thing that Mabel Hortense seemed to notice was Dinah.

"Oh, what a perfectly beautiful doll!" she exclaimed. "She is truly colored, is n't she?"

"She was born so," said Lucy Ann, proudly displaying the raveled-yarn wool, which was Dinah's strong point in the way of looks.

"I don't think I ever saw a colored doll before! You will give her to me, wont you?"

Lucy Ann was very much surprised, and did n't know what to say. Becky gave her a little poke with her elbow. Aunt Eunice had said they must do everything that their city cousin asked them to do, and Becky thought Lucy Ann ought to give Dinah to her; but Dinah was n't Becky's, and she did n't know how it felt to part with her.

"To keep?" said Lucy Ann, falteringly, after Becky had given her a second poke.

"Oh, of course! I shall carry her home," said Mabel Hortense.

"Will you give me yours for her?" said Lucy.

"Oh, no; I want them both!" said Mabel Hortense, decidedly.

And taking Dinah out of Lucy Ann's arms—by her wool—she thrust her under one arm and her own doll under the other, and followed her mother into the sitting-room. Lucy Ann's tears began to flow, but Becky whispered:

"I suppose that's the way city people do. You must n't cry."

Mabel Hortense seated herself on a stool before the fire, and immediately picked up the three kittens, dropping a doll on each side of her.

"I like kittens. I shall take these home with me," she said.

Lucy Ann received a warning look from Becky, but she felt that, when it came to carrying off kittens, the ways of city people could not be endured, and she said, firmly: "The Maltese one, with the very peaked tail, is Becky's, and the black one with a spot on his nose is Solomon's, and the little, white, fuzziest one is mine, and Priscilla herself belongs to Jonah."

Little Darius at this moment thrust his cage of white mice and his squirrel before Mabel Hortense's eyes, and she dropped the kittens.

"Oh, what funny little things! And the squirrel, with his tail the most of him, is too sweet! I shall carry them all home with me."

Even Becky began to doubt whether she should like city ways. Lucy Ann's eyes and mouth grew into round O's with astonishment, and little Darius set up such a howl that Aunt Eunice forthwith shut him up in the china-closet.

"I am afraid these children are not very obliging," remarked Mabel's mother. "Mabel Hortense has always been accustomed to have everything she wants."

Lucy Ann drew Becky into the hall, and shut the door. "We must n't let her see the play-house, nor my tea-set, nor Solomon's soldiers, nor little Darius's elephant, nor anything. I think we'd better carry them all up to the attic closet and lock the door!" she exclaimed.

Becky thought so, too, and they hurriedly collected all their playthings, and hustled them into the attic closet, and locked the door securely. Becky even took off Hannah Olive Judson's blue beads and left them there. It would be so dreadful if Mabel Hortense should decide to carry those home with her!

But Becky's conscience troubled her a little as she went back to the sitting-room, for Aunt Eunice had said they must be hospitable, and do everything they could to make Mabel Hortense have a good time. Becky resolved that she would not refuse to do anything that Mabel Hortense wanted her to do.

As she reëntered the sitting-room, Solomon was entertaining Mabel Hortense.

"I have my old clothes on, because I'm a boy and don't care, but you ought to see how the others have been fixing up, all in their Sunday things, and Becky borrowed Hannah Olive Judson's beads. Say, are the sidewalks all made of gingerbread in the city? Peter Trott says so."

"No," said Mabel Hortense, slowly and reflectively. "They are made of pound-cakes."

"True as you live?" said Solomon. "I thought it was only one of Peter Trott's yarns. And are the houses made of molasses candy?"

"Oh, no, only some of the poor people's houses; ours is made of ice-cream."

"I should think it would melt!" exclaimed Solomon.

"It does n't, but sometimes we eat it up, and build ourselves another," said Mabel Hortense.

Becky looked at her. It was a feeble imitation of the way in which Aunt Eunice looked at Lucy Ann and her when they misbehaved in church.

"I am afraid you tell very wrong stories," she said, severely. "People could n't possibly live in houses made of ice-cream."

Mabel Hortense blushed very red, and cast down her eyes. But then she answered, snappishly:

"Well, who ever s'posed he would believe it! Such a big boy! I never saw one so silly!"

It was not the first time that Solomon had been told he was silly, but coming from a girl who lived in the city it was especially cutting.

Solomon made a resolve then and there that he would "get even" with Mabel Hortense.

"Do you like Thanksgiving Day?" asked Becky, politely. She was afraid she had spoken rather severely to Mabel Hortense, and was trying to make amends for it.

"Not so very much," said Mabel Hortense. "I like to see the stained glass in church make the people's noses look red and yellow, and then there's the dinner, but that's disappointing, because one can't have all the plums."

Becky and Solomon and Lucy Ann looked astonished and inquiring.

"In the pudding, you know. I don't care anything about the dinner, except the pudding, and I don't care anything about the pudding, except the plums. Mamma gives me hers, and Grandpa gives me his, but other people are so selfish. They eat their own plums. Could n't you manage, tomorrow, so that I could have all the plums?"

Solomon and Lucy Ann looked at each other in silent astonishment. Lucy Ann was very fond of plums, but it never had occurred to her that she could, by any possibility, have more than her share. Solomon was particularly fond of plums,

and had been known to imitate on the sly the example of little Jacky Horner, but he had never wanted to eat all the plums out of a Thanksgiving plum-pudding. Mabel Hortense seemed to him almost as wonderful as the hen that Mother Goose was acquainted with, that

"Ate a cow and ate a calf,
Ate a butcher and a half,
Ate a church and ate a steeple,
Ate the priest and all the people!"

"I will ask Aunt Eunice to give you a very plummy piece, but I don't see how you could have all the plums," said Becky, seriously.

Solomon was thinking. An idea had suddenly popped into his mind that here was a chance for mischief. Solomon loved mischief. And there might be also a chance to "pay up" Mabel Hortense, who had laughed at him and called him silly.

"Oh, I think we could manage it," said he. "Roxy Jane always bakes the pudding the day before Thanksgiving, because on Thanksgiving Day the oven is filled with the turkey and chickens and things, and then she warms it up or serves it with a hot sauce. The pudding is in the pantry this very minute; I've seen it."

"Well, what if it is?" asked Becky.

"We might slip into the pantry when nobody was looking, and carry it off and hide it somewhere,—out in the barn, on the hay-mow, would be a good place,—and to-morrow we could eat it and have all the plums!"

"Why, of course! That is just as easy! And you're a very nice boy to think of it. I'll never call you silly again. Of course, you'll give me all the plums," said Mabel Hortense.

"It would be very wrong! What would Aunt Eunice say? Why, Solomon, when last Sunday was your birthday, and you said you were surely going to be good a week!"

"I did n't know then that I was going to have company from the city," said Solomon. "And it is n't any harm, anyway. There'll be plenty for dinner, without the pudding—maybe't would make some of them sick to eat it; and Aunt Eunice will never find out what became of it."

"I don't think it's nice of you to say it would be wrong, when I'm your company. People ought to do everything that company wants."

"Aunt Eunice said we must do everything that Mabel Hortense wants us to," urged Solomon.

"Yes, so she did," said Becky, rather faintly, "but —"

"It does n't make any difference whether you help or not, we're going to do it," said Solomon. "And now, too, for they're all talking and wont notice where we go, and Roxy Jane is setting the table, and can't see us go to the pantry."

Lucy Ann skipped along with Solomon and Mabel Hortense, not minding in the least that Becky looked reprovably at her.

After a little hesitation, Becky arose and followed them. She might as well see what they were going to do, she thought.

There was the Thanksgiving plum-pudding, in a great, yellow earthen baking-dish, on the pantry shelf, rich and toothsome and sweet-smelling.

"I was going to take the pudding-bag to put it in, but it is n't big enough for such a whacker of a pudding, and the clothes-pin bag is n't clean enough. Becky, you go to the clothes-press and get a clean pillow-case! We can slip it into the wash-tub Monday morning, and nobody will notice."

Becky went. Since they were going to do it, anyway, she might as well join them, she said to herself. Perhaps it was n't polite to refuse company. And it was going to be great fun!

Solomon slipped a knife around the edge of the pudding, to separate it from the dish, as he had seen Roxy Jane do, and put it into the pillow-case. Then they all stole softly out through the long wood-shed to the barn, Solomon, with the pudding slung over his shoulder, leading the way.

Solomon looked cautiously around, to be sure that Peter Trott was not in the barn. Peter was not a tell-tale, but he had a sweet tooth, and it was just as well to be on the safe side.

There was not a sound to be heard as they entered the barn, and both Solomon and Becky soon forgot everything except that they were having great fun.

They deposited the pudding in its pillow-case bag in a bed of hay, covering it carefully so that scarcely a glimpse of the white cloth was to be seen. It was hardly done when Roxy Jane rang the supper-bell vigorously.

"Now we shall all have to go to church in the morning," said Solomon, as they hurried into the house, "but the very first thing after we come home we'll go up on to the hay-mow and eat the pudding."

One who was watching Solomon closely might have seen a twinkle in his eye, when he said that, which meant mischief deeper than any of his companions in the pudding enterprise suspected.

For it would n't be paying up Mabel Hortense to let her eat all the plums. Oh, no, indeed!

At five o'clock the next morning, Solomon arose from his bed softly, that he might not awake Jonah, who was sleeping beside him, dressed himself in great haste, and stole down-stairs. He had meant to be up at four o'clock, but, unfortunately, had failed to awake. It was quite important for the accomplishment of his purpose that he should get

to the barn before Peter Trott did, and Peter Trott was a very early bird.

The large lantern which Peter used was not hanging in its accustomed place, but that was not a sure sign that Peter had gone to the barn, because he was not very orderly and might have left it somewhere else.

Solomon lighted the small lantern, and tiptoed softly, listening intently, all the way through the wood-shed, which had never seemed so long nor so dark. There was no sign of Peter Trott's lantern, and Solomon came to the conclusion that Peter's alarm-clock had not yet gone off.

An industrious hen, who had been laying an egg at this unseasonable hour, flew off her nest with loud cackling, and startled Solomon so that he almost dropped his lantern into the hay. Perhaps she meant to lay more than one egg that day, because it was Thanksgiving Day, but Solomon thought she might have waited until daylight.

Her nest seemed to be very near the place where they had hidden the pudding. Solomon hoped that she had n't been having a peck at the plums. He meant to have all those plums for his own private refreshment. He would never have thought of it if Mabel Hortense had not suggested it, and he did not want to eat them all at once, but he thought it would be a very good plan to hide the pudding where nobody but himself could find it, and have a private nibble whenever he liked.

But the best of it was that he should be more than even with Mabel Hortense. Instead of having all the plums, she would n't have any of them. And would n't the girls all be surprised when they came, after church, to the place where the pudding had been hidden and found it gone? And should n't he have to pretend to be surprised? Solomon chuckled to himself, thinking of it.

By this time he had come to the place where he had put the pudding. He put his hand down to pull up the bag, but, lo and behold! there was only a deep hole where the pudding had lain.

The pudding had vanished, bag and all!

Solomon's first thought was that it must be magic—some fairy had spirited it away, to punish him for his misdeeds. But when his knees had stopped shaking, he thought of Peter Trott.

Peter wore soft shoes, and was always near when one did not suspect it, and he was very fond of goodies. He might like all the plums as well as Mabel Hortense. Just at that moment he heard the noise of the hay-cutter at the farther end of the barn, and a ray of light from Peter Trott's lantern was cast upon the barn-floor.

"Peter, Peter, what have you done with the plum-pudding?" cried Solomon, angrily.

"Sakes alive! Is that you up on the hay-mow?

"Do you want to scare a fellow to death?" said Peter, in a shaking voice. "What are you doin' up there at this time in the morning?"

"I'm not so early but what you've been before me, and carried off my plum-pudding, or else eaten it up!" said Solomon, almost in tears.

"Plum-puddin'! Plum-puddin'! You aint dreamin' or walkin' in your sleep, are you? It's Thanksgivin' Day, sure enough, and it's likely there'll be a plum-puddin' along about dinner time, good and spicy, and chock full of plums, but it's too early in the morning to talk about it now. I'm a master hand for plum-puddin', myself, but I should n't consider it wholesome before breakfast!"

"I hid the plum-pudding, in a pillow-case, up on this hay-mow, and it's gone!" said Solomon, "and nobody has been here but you."

"Hid a plum-puddin' up in the hay? That's cur'us!" exclaimed Peter Trott, in a tone of great astonishment. "And it's gone?—that's cur'us still! But, now I think of it, that yaller-speckled hen was makin' a great fuss up there, and she's a master hand for victuals, that hen is, and she's got a terrible big swallow. Why, I see her swallow a pumpkin the other day and make no more of it than she would of a pea!"

"I sha' n't believe any more of your stories, Peter Trott!" cried Solomon. "I got called silly by doing it, and Grandpa says not to."

Peter looked very sad.

"Well, I s'pose I have got kind of an unfort'nit habit of stretchin' the truth a little. It kind of seems to come nateral. But I'm a-breakin' myself of it fast. Now I come to think of it, it wa' n't a pumpkin but a squash, and not more'n a middlin' sized one, that I see that hen swallow. And it a'nt likely that she swallowed the puddin', on account of the bag; that would have stuck in her throat, certain sure."

"You have done something with that pudding," insisted Solomon, hotly.

"Well, now, I did toss some hay off that mow into Dandy Jim's stall. You don't s'pose the puddin' could have caught on the pitchfork, do you? Dandy Jim would n't have eaten the bag, anyhow, bein' dretful pertikler about his victuals, so it's easy enough to find out."

And Peter Trott, in a very eager and interested manner, went into Dandy Jim's stall, and searched about. Solomon followed him, with his lantern, and looked carefully all over the stall. But no traces of either pudding or bag were to be found, and Dandy Jim, after the closest inspection, did not seem to be suffering from indigestion, as Solomon thought he certainly would be if he had eaten the pudding-bag.

Peter Trott certainly looked very innocent, but Solomon had by no means lost his suspicions that he knew more about the disappearance of the pudding than he chose to tell. But to show anger toward him would never bring Peter to confession. So Solomon began to plead with him:

"Peter, please don't tease me. P-l-eas-e tell me all about it."

Peter thrust both hands into his trousers pockets, and looked very benevolent.

"Well, now, I have been jokin' a little, that's a fact, but I don't want to hurt your feelin's. But as for that puddin', all I can say is that I saw a tramp eatin' somethin' out in the barn-yard last night, an' it may 'a' been that puddin'. I can't say certain that it was the puddin', but he was a-eatin' ez if he enjoyed it mighty well. He was sittin' kind of doubled up in that bushel-basket, with his legs kind of danglin', and he had a cloth tucked under his chin for a napkin. Of course, I did n't know how he come by it. I did n't once think that it might be our Thanksgivin' puddin'. I did think about orderin' him off, but he had such a queer look in his eye that I felt like givin' him a wide berth, and I let him alone. Judgin' from what you tell me, I'm afraid your puddin' 's gone for good. But I can't say for certain."

Solomon felt satisfied that Peter was telling the truth, now. Tramps were plenty in the neighborhood, and, only the day before, he himself had seen just such an one as Peter described, resting under a tree. And Peter was always careless about the barn door.

Now that the pudding was gone, Solomon began to think anxiously of the probability of being found out. While there was a great deal of fun to be expected with the pudding, that probability had kept in the background of his mind, but now it loomed out fearfully. Aunt Eunice would be sure to make a strict investigation as soon as she knew that the pudding was gone, and Aunt Eunice could always find out things. Sometimes her finding out seemed really marvelous, and she said that a little bird told her. Jonah said she was only joking, and Becky did n't really believe it, but Solomon was inclined to think it was true. Solomon thought, now that he came to consider the matter, that anybody who had stolen the Thanksgiving plum-pudding would n't be "let off very easy." He deliberated whether he should throw the blame upon Mabel Hortense or not. It seemed rather mean to tell of a girl, but, "anyway, he should n't have thought of it, if it had n't been for her."

The Thanksgiving sermon had always seemed endless to Solomon, but on this day it was actually too short; anything was better than having dinner-time come.

As soon as they reached home, Mabel Hortense and Lucy Ann came to him and whispered:

"Now we will go to the barn and have the pudding, wont we?"

Becky stood in the background, looking pale and sad. The truth was, Becky's conscience had been making her very unhappy.

"The pudding's gone," said Solomon, gloomily.

"Gone! Where?" exclaimed Mabel Hortense, Becky, and Lucy Ann, in a breath.

"Eaten up!" said Solomon.

"What! plums and all?" exclaimed Mabel Hortense, the corners of her mouth beginning to droop. "Who did such a cruel, wicked thing?"

"A tramp. He ate the pudding—plums and all."

"Oh, what a greedy thing, to eat all the plums! I wanted them myself," said Mabel Hortense.

"We have n't had a bit of fun. And what will Aunt Eunice say?" said Becky.

"Girls are always getting a fellow into trouble!" said Solomon, savagely.

The children showed a surprising lack of eagerness in obeying the summons to dinner, all except little Darius, who did not feel guilty, and still expected plum-pudding.

Solomon had a very small appetite for turkey, and Becky could scarcely force down a mouthful.

Solomon felt, when they were waiting for dessert to be brought in, that it was one of the most awful moments of his life, and Becky watched the door with a frightened and fascinated gaze.

But what did their eyes behold! Roxy Jane, with beaming face, bearing aloft a huge platter, on which reposed a great, rich-brown, plummy-looking pudding! It looked exactly like the pudding they had stolen, and Roxy Jane said, in answer to a compliment upon the looks of her pudding, that "it got a splendid bake. She never knew one to slip out of the dish so easily."

It was placed on Solomon's end of the table, and he bent over and examined it critically. A tiny wisp of hay was clinging to its side. Solomon picked it off slyly and showed it to Becky.

"Grandpa, don't ever send Peter Trott away, for he's a good fellow!" said Solomon, eagerly.

And all the grown people wondered why the plum-pudding made him think of that.

"I want all the plums!" said Mabel Hortense.

But nobody paid any attention to her, and she had only her share.



"ROXY JANE BEARING ALOFT A GREAT, PLUMMY-LOOKING PUDDING!"

THE QUEST.

By E. L. Ogden

It isn't that so much," they said.
 If every one of us were dead
 And in his little grave,
 We wouldn't say one word
 But that she should see us come
 A-limping sadly home,
 And not a tail among us all,
 Is too utterly absurd.

Here are ten of us, alas! alack!
 And nine are white and one is black,
 And not a tail—or black or white—
 Among the lot. Oh, my!
 And can it be that—well-a-day!
 Our poor dear tails are gone for aye,
 And we shall never find them,
 No matter how we try?"



It was the very top of the morning,
 The cream of the beautiful day,
 And each one took up a parasol
 And hastily started away.
 Under the great old yellow Pines
 And across the dam went they
 To the little spring
 Where the Jessamines cling
 To the boughs of
 An old Red Bay.



Oh, Jessamine bell!

The secret tell.

Give us a hint, we pray.

In what far place

Must we seek for a trace

Of our poor lost tails

To-day?

The Jessamine swung

The bells that hung

From that gnarled ^{and} ancient tree,

Sweet odors fell

From each golden bell,

A soundless minstrelsy.

Up out of the little hollow

Along the sandy way,

And on through the scrub-oak barrens

They ran with the brightening day.

The ten and a sunbeam together

Entered the live-oak grove,

And the hanging-moss

That the light winds toss

Swept their fleece with a touch of love.

Oh, soft gray Moss,

That the light winds toss!

Tell us the secret, we pray.

In what far place

Must we look for a trace

Of our poor lost tails to-day?"

Then the moss that clung

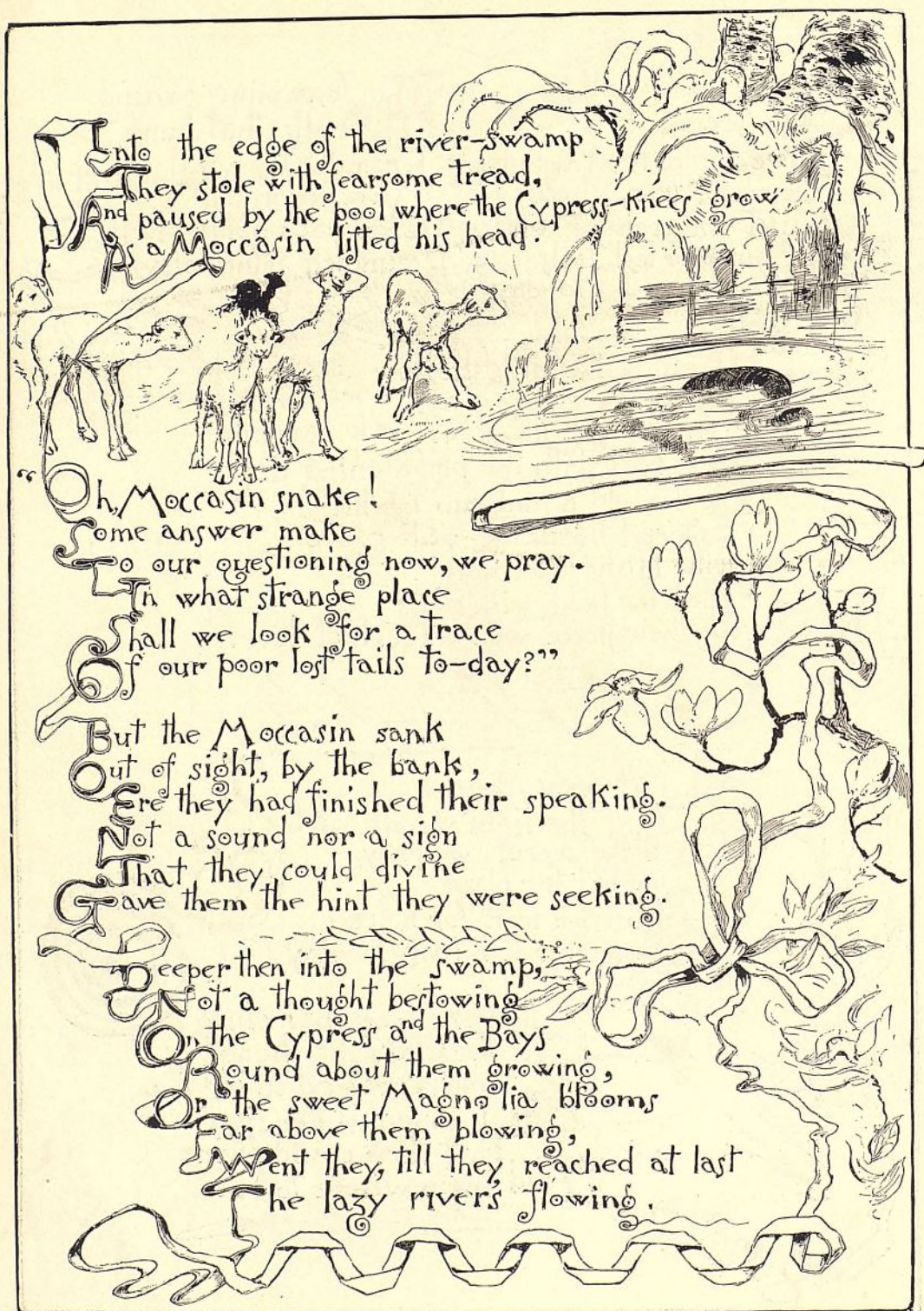
To the Oaks and hung

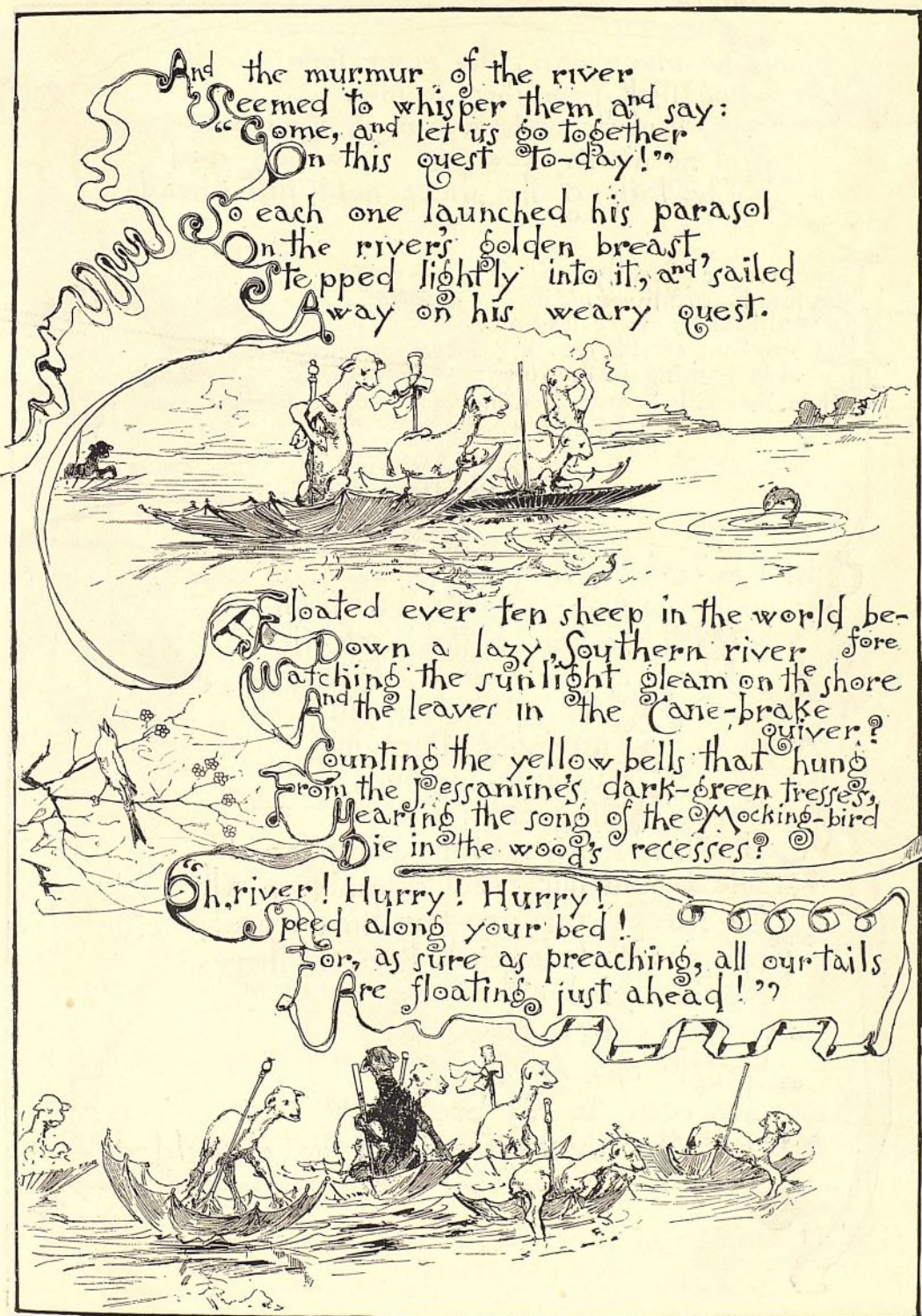
Like a mist, swayed to and fro.

But no sound nor sign

That they could divine

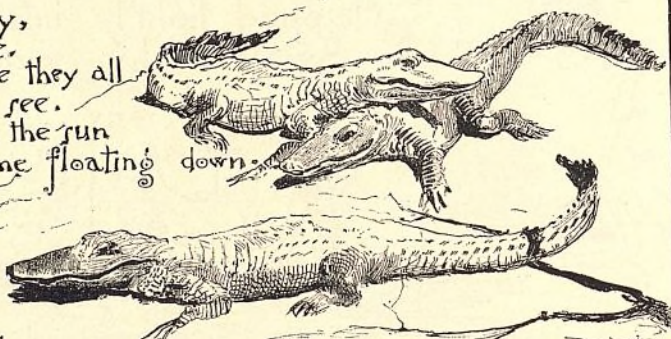
Told them where to go.





The river ran, the river tore
 And swung itself from shore to shore,
 As it never had done in its life before.
 But no matter how fast its waters sped
 The tails of the sheep kept just ahead.

There was a family,
 A family of three,
 And alligators were they all
 As any one could see.
 They were basking in the sun
 When the tails came floating down.



Oh! then and there such a race began
 As never was seen by the eye of man!

With the tails a-floating lazily
 Along on their way to the far-off sea,

And the gators hurrying,

Kurrying, flurrying,

Bustling, hustling,

Hitting and jostling

Each other in hopes of the dainty fare!

While behind this great commotion all

The sheep, each erect in his parasol,

Tipping and balancing here and there,

With a bob and a bow

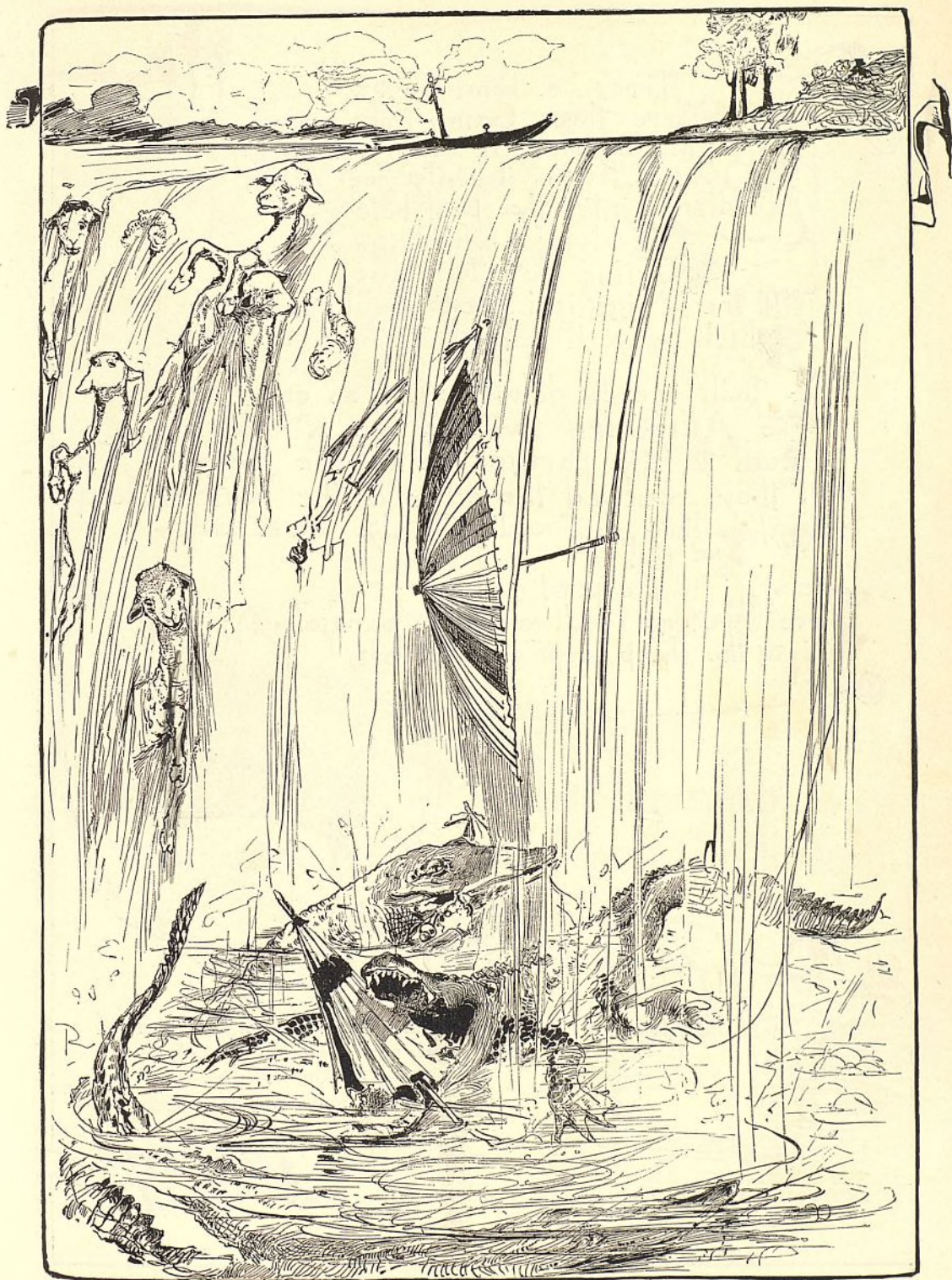
To this shore, now,

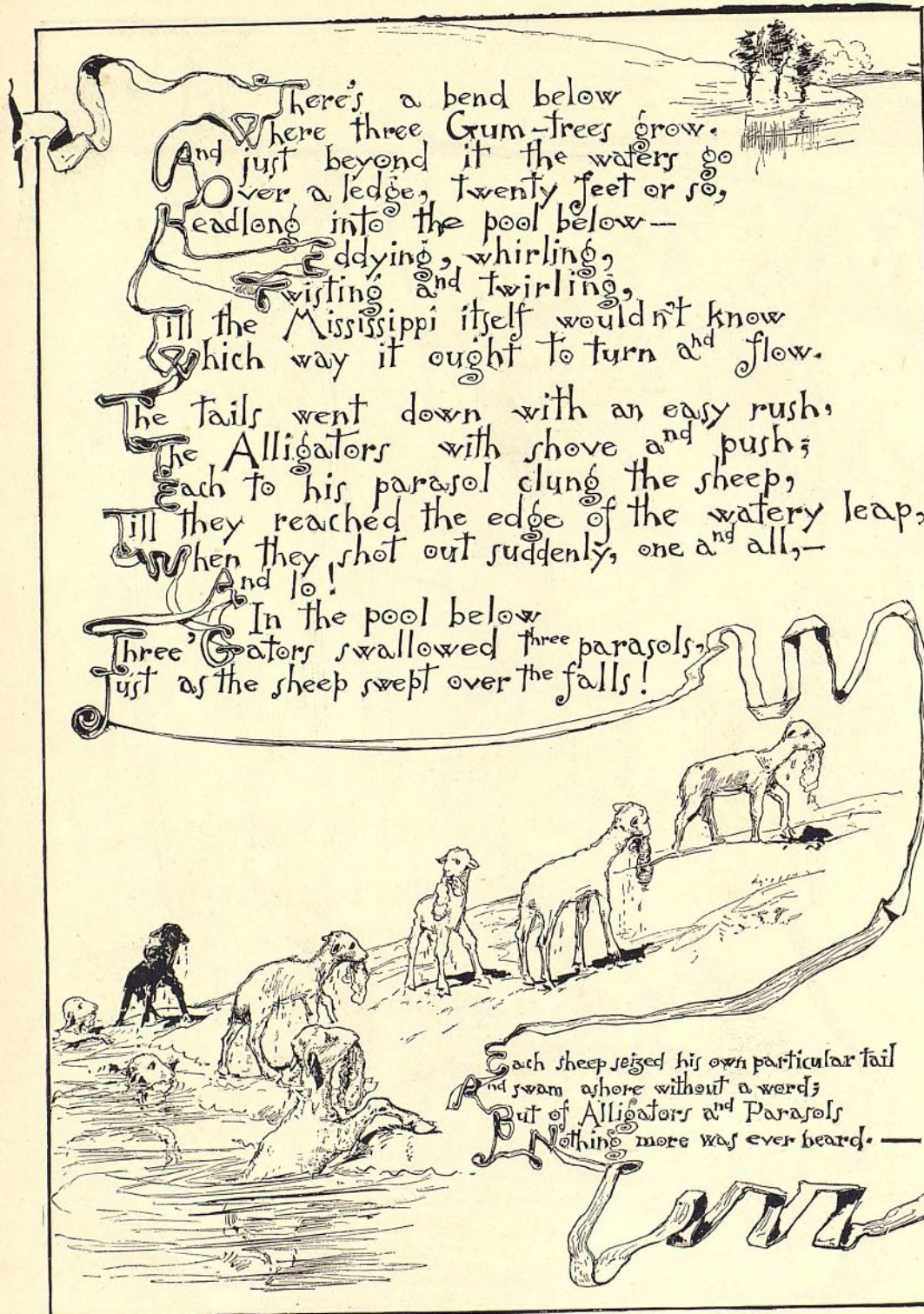
And then to the other,

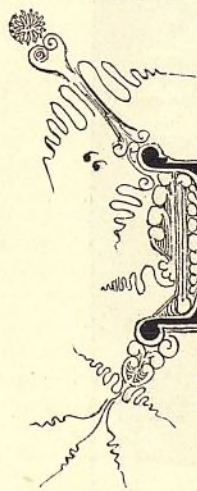
Then each to his brother;

While the river—'twas all that it could do—

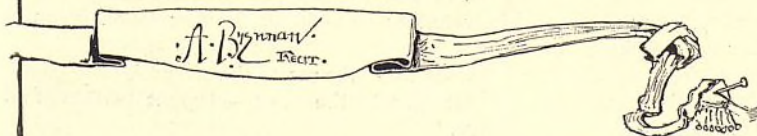
Swept them on right toward the hungry
 crew.





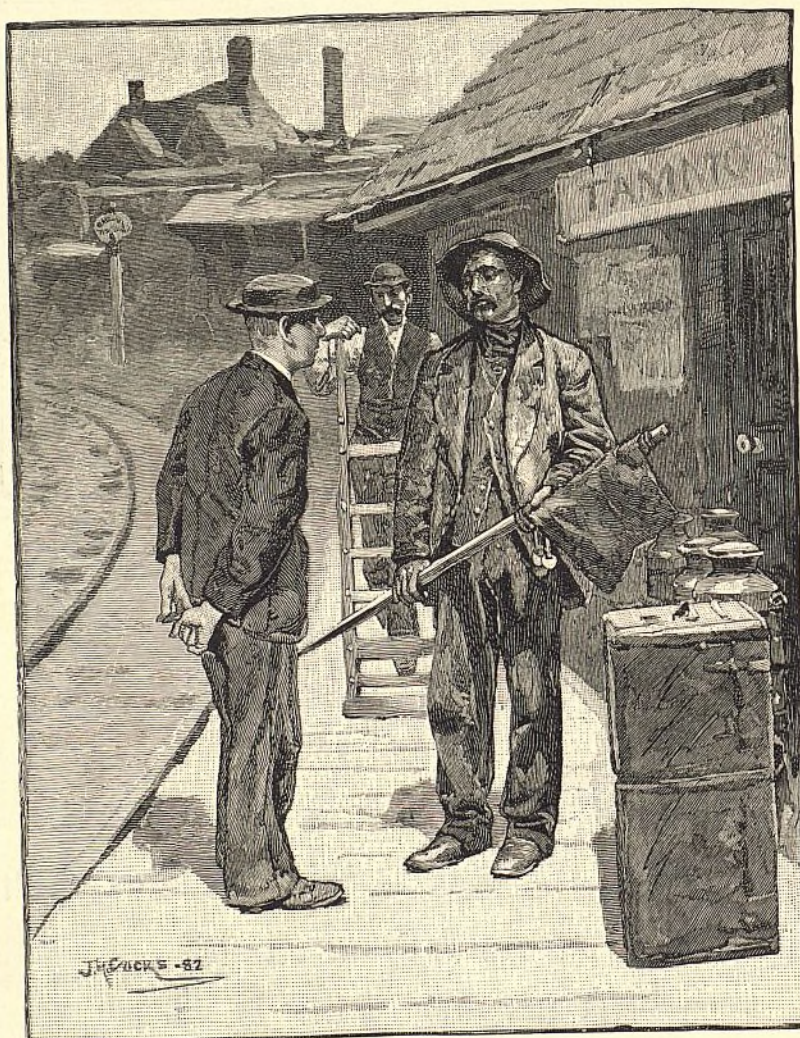


Little Bo-Peep
 Has lost her sheep,
 And don't know where to find them.
 O, leave them alone
 And they'll come home,
 Bringing their tails behind
 them."



THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"CAN YOU SHOW ME DEMPFORD STREET?"

CHAPTER I.

ON THE TAMMOSET RIVER.

A YOUNG fellow, about seventeen years old,—a mere boy, in fact, with a rather solid-looking but fresh and pleasant face,—stepped from a train at the Tammoset station, one March afternoon, and looked about him with the air of a stranger.

After a brief survey of the plashy village streets, bordered with gutters half full of snow and slug-

gish water, he addressed a flagman who was coming along the platform.

"Can you show me Dempford street?"

"First street to the left," was the ready answer, illustrated by a motion of the flag rolled up on its stick.

"Does that take me to the river?"

"Straight to the river—straight to Dempford bridge."

"And Mr. Dushee's place?"

"Oh, Dushee's!" said the flagman. "That's a

* Copyright, 1882, by J. T. Trowbridge. All rights reserved.

little off the main track. Turn to your right, just before you get to the bridge, and keep down the river a few rods, till you see an old mill."

"That's just what I want to see," the boy replied, with a look of satisfaction. "Much obliged."

Picking his way along the muddy sidewalks, he passed beyond the village, and in a few minutes came to the brow of a hill, where he paused.

Below was the river, sweeping, full-banked and strong, across the foreground of a brown landscape, mottled with dingy patches of snow-drifts. On the left, not very far away, was a large pond or lake, still ice-bound, except near the mouth, out of which the dark current flowed. There were orchards and groves, and pleasant residences here and there, on the far-winding shores.

"That must be fine in summer," he said to himself, with a smile. "We'll keep a boat and go a-fishing, and have some jolly sails—if the chickens I'm counting will only hatch. Wont it be nice to take Mother out, and row with her along by those woods, just after sunset?—if she will only agree to my plans. And Letty, wont she like it! But I know it can't be; it's all too good to come true."

And yet there was a look on his face which said that it *should* come true, if the determined will and good wit of a boy of his size could accomplish it.

The river flowed beneath the bridge at the foot of the slope, and, making a curve to the right, soon disappeared under the hill, which terminated there in a low bluff. On the summit of that was an old-fashioned house, and just beyond, through the bare boughs of a large willow-tree, appeared a brown roof.

"That must be the mill," he exclaimed, starting to walk toward it.

Descending the bluff, he took a foot-path along the river's brink, amidst a scene picturesque enough even at that season of the year.

On his right was the bluff, or high bank, to the steep side of which heavy snow-drifts still clung. On his left, the whirling stream rushed on toward a low dam, over which it broke with a sound that was music to his ears. The mossy turf of the path he trod was supported by the roots of willow-trees that overleaned the water, in the largest of which—an immense pollard, with stout branches—seats were framed, with a little foot-bridge of plank leading to them from the top of the bank.

"What a place for Mother to sit and sew, in pleasant weather!" he said to himself, with ever-kindling enthusiasm. "We'll put a little railing along by the plank, and we can help her over safely. It beats all the bay-windows in the world! Right over the water, and up among the birds!"

VOL. X.—4.

A pair of those early comers, the blue-birds, were there already, flitting in the boughs, their beautiful plumage and richly warbled notes hinting of the delights of the season of leaves and flowers now so near at hand.

But, while taking in with keen interest so many things, the eye of the boy did not neglect the principal object of his visit.

That rose before him, at the end of the path, close by the great willow—a little, old, brown two-story building, built partly over the water, at the end of the dam, and partly against the high bank.

A door at the end of the path opened into a shed-like wing, where his eye was delighted with the sight of a forge, with its great bellows.

"This is what the boys will like!" he said, with a nod and a smile. "And there is the water-wheel! I wonder why it is n't going. I believe the place is deserted."

He peeped through an open door-way, leading from the shed into the lower story of the mill, and saw on one side a long work-bench, with lathes, a circular saw beyond, wheels and boards overhead, and all sorts of odd litter scattered about the room.

Nothing very attractive, you would have said; and yet the sight filled the boyish visitor with mild rapture.

"Everything is lovely, so far! But I must n't appear too well pleased. There's somebody."

The roof of the shed formed a walk from the upper story of the mill to the top of the bank. Footsteps were heard on the boards overhead, and presently a chubby-faced boy appeared beyond, descending a path through the slushy snow.

"I've come to look at your mill," said Boy Number One, carelessly.

"Wall, ye can look—don't cost nothin'," said Boy Number Two, with a grin.

"It's a dilapidated old shell," remarked Number One.

"Wall, kind o'," said Number Two, "though she aint so old as she looks. She never had no coat of paint; that's what's the matter."

"I should think so," said Number One. "Is the water-power good for anything?"

"Good for anything!" echoed Number Two, as he went and stood by Number One, and watched the current rushing by the undershot wheel. "There's power enough."

"Why is n't somebody using it, then?"

"Well, we might; tide is going out strong now."

"You are dependent on the tide, are you?"

"Of course," said Number Two. "Don't you know? It's a tide-mill."

"I'm not much acquainted with tide-mills," Number One replied. "Explain it to me."

"This is the Tammoset River," said Number Two, "though some folks call it the Dempford River. It runs between two towns. This is Tammoset on this side, and that is Dempford over there."

"And what's the name of the lake?"

"That's got more names than a poor man has shirts," grinned Boy Number Two. "Some folks call it Tammoset Lake, and some Dempford Lake; but 'most generally they say jest the lake, or the pond."

"Do you mean to say that the tide flows all the way up here, from the harbor?"

"Course I do! Why not? It's only about seven miles, and there's scarce any fall to the water."

"Is the water of the lake salt or fresh?" asked the strange boy.

"Fresh, of course," the Tammoset boy replied. "No salt water ever gits up as fur as here, without 't is in a very dry time. They do say the water in the bottom of the pond is a leetle mite brackish; though I don't know how anybody knows."

"I see," remarked the visitor, who was not quite so ignorant as he had been willing to appear. "When the tide comes in, it forces back the flow of fresh water; but it turns again before it gets up as far as here. Salt water being heavier than fresh, any that gets into the lake would stay at the bottom."

While they were talking, there came a sudden rush of water under the wheel, which began to move, slowly at first, then with a brisk rush of the revolving paddles.

"There she goes!" said the Tammoset boy. "I told you 't was about time for her to begin to hum. Do you want to see Father?"

"Is Mr. Dushee your father?"

"Yes, and he owns the mill; and he wants to sell it. Do you know of anybody who wants to buy?"

The Tammoset boy spoke so eagerly that the boy who really wanted to buy thought it best to appear more indifferent than ever.

"I'd like to see him by and by. Why does he want to sell?"

"Oh, I d'n' know! Tired on 't, I s'pose. Wants to git into some other kind o' business, where he wont have to work so hard."

"That's natural," said the visitor. "Show me how you take advantage of the tide."

The boy who belonged to the place led the way to a platform over the end of the dam, and pointed out a broad opening in it, stopped by movable boards, over which the water poured.

"Them's the *flash-boards*," he explained. "When the tide runs up they float, and let it go up into the pond. Those ropes keep 'em from floatin' away. After the tide turns, and we want the

power, all we've got to do is to put down the flash-boards. Soon's the water has fell away a leetle from the lower side, we've got about as smart a water-power, till tide comes up again, as ever ye need to have, for a small, perty business, ye know. Two tides a day, understand."

"Only, one of them's apt to be in the night," replied the visitor, with a laugh. "Do you own any land on the other side?"

"No need of that," said the mill-boy. "Father jest bought the right of the owner to build his dam and keep it there ninety-nine years. I don't know why they did n't say a hundred, while they was about it."

"Ninety-nine seems long enough for all practical purposes," said the visitor, hardly able to conceal his delight at the general aspect of things. "What's the price of the old trap, anyway?"

"I don't know what the price is; but Father says he means to sell for what he can git," said young Dushee, innocently.

"Oh, does he?" thought the visitor, with secret glee—not that he was at all anxious to obtain the property for less than it was worth, but that, having already set his heart on it, he earnestly hoped that the price would come within the means at his command.

CHAPTER II.

THE OWNER OF THE MILL.

A LARGE-FACED, sandy-complexioned man was at work before a lathe when the two boys entered the shop. He was turning what promised to be a croquet-ball, making the fine chips fly, and the round, ragged-looking block hum.

As the mill-boy had just such another flabby-cheeked, sandy countenance, laid out on a smaller scale, the visitor did not need to be told that he was in the presence of the elder Dushee.

He watched the operation of turning with lively interest, while the son spoke to his father, and tried to attract his attention. But the elder Dushee, having noticed by a glance that it was only another boy who had come in with his boy, kept steadily at his work, with no more expression in the extensive features than if they had been composed of the sand they so much resembled.

After a while he paused in his cutting to apply the curved arms of a measure to his revolving ball. Then the son tried again.

"Here's somebody to look at the mill. Guess he wants to buy!"

Instantly a gleam of sunshine lighted up the Sahara-like countenance—a smile, in other words—which was turned hospitably on the youthful stranger.

"Come to look at the mill, have ye?" Scanning him closely, and seeing what a mere boy he was, the man added: "But I don't s'pose *you* want to buy?"

"No, I don't," said the visitor.

The sunshine faded from the desert.

"But I know parties who may wish to purchase," he continued, "and I have come to examine and report."

"Oh! all right." The sandy waste lighted up again. "I'll show you what we've got here."

"Don't leave your work," said the visitor.

"That can wait. I happened to get hold of some good apple-tree wood, and I thought I would turn a few croquet sets," Mr. Dushee explained. "Who are the parties you speak of?"

"Well, my brothers and myself. There are five of us altogether. I am the third. Our name is Tinkham."

"The Tinkham boys! I have heard of the Tinkham boys!" Mr. Dushee exclaimed. "And, by George! I owe 'em a grudge, too!"

"I am sorry for that," replied young Tinkham, modestly.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dushee, good-naturedly, notwithstanding his grudge. "I was making a very nice doll's carriage for Mellen & Company; they sold all I could turn out. But all to once they said: 'Mr. Dushee, we can't take any more of them carriages at that price.' 'What's up?' says I. Says they, 'We have to retail your carriage at three dollars; but here's some, jest about as good,—better, too, in some respects,—that we can sell for two.' 'Whose carriages be them?' says I, and I'll own that they was mighty cute little things! By two or three ingenious tricks, the inventors had managed to make a cheaper article than mine, while it was quite as perty,—mebbey pertier,—and nigh-about as strong."

The visitor smiled quietly, while Mr. Dushee went on.

"'Whose make be them?' says I. 'The Tinkham boys,' says they. 'Who's the Tinkham boys?' says I. 'The Widder Tinkham's,' says they. 'That's about all we know of 'em—only that they've got long heads on their shoulders, and can make dolls' carriages cheaper 'n you can.' 'Very well,' says I; 'let 'em make 'em!' But I tell ye I was mad!"

"That little carriage was my brother Luther's notion," said the Tinkham boy present. "He's only nineteen, but he's full of ideas, and can do almost anything he sets out to. He did n't set out to undersell you, Mr. Dushee, or to injure your business; but he saw there might be improvements made in dolls' carriages, and it appears that he succeeded in making them."

"Oh, that's all right!" Mr. Dushee said. "Where's your shop?"

"We have n't any shop of our own," the Tinkham boy answered, frankly, "and we are looking about for one. That is, I saw your advertisement, and thought perhaps your tide-mill would suit our purpose."

"Should n't wonder if it would!" said the proprietor, gleefully; "should n't wonder a mite! Where have you done your work?"

"At home, and in our Uncle Dave Darrill's saw-mill. My older brothers, Luther and Martin, began to make things for their own amusement while they were going to school. Then, when Father died, and they had to go to work, they thought they would put some of their toys and knickknacks on the market. A few sold pretty well, and that encouraged them to invent more. They have made a good many of their own tools, and contrived the machinery they have put up in Uncle's mill. I am not much of an inventor, myself," the Tinkham boy went on, "but I am a tolerably good workman, and I believe I've a head for business."

"I should think you had!" said Mr. Dushee, with increasing good humor.

"I don't want to be separated from my brothers; I want to keep the family together," the representative of the Tinkhams went on, with a swell of emotion in his tones. "I have two younger brothers, still at school, and one sister. My mother fell and broke her knee on a bad place in the sidewalk, just after Father died, and she is a cripple. We want to keep her with us."

"A good idee! a good idee!" Mr. Dushee exclaimed, the sunshine of his smile expanding until it seemed to spread all over the continent of his person, and put him into a universal glow.

"The time has come when the boys ought to have a shop of their own, with a little elbow-room and water-power. I want to keep with them, and learn to be the business man of the concern. Then our younger brothers can work into it. That's my plan, and that's why I have come——"

Suddenly, seeming to recollect himself, the visitor hesitated. He had set out to be very diplomatic, and here he was telling the honest truth and exposing his secret motives without any caution whatever. Indeed, it was not in Rush Tinkham's frank and impulsive nature to use much reserve and *finesse*, however needful he might think them in advancing his personal interests; but he instinctively broke through them, and stood on the solid and enduring ground of sincerity.

"You've come to jest the right place," Mr. Dushee made haste to assure him. "This is jest the mill you want!" showing his visitor about the

little factory. "Everything in perfect repair, shabby as things look. Good water-power, good machinery, plenty of room. Come upstairs."

Rush Tinkham felt sure that his brothers would be delighted with what he saw. But he said discreetly:

"I should n't wonder if it would suit us. Now, about the price. Put your figures right down to the lowest point; then, if we can reach up to them, I'll try to have my brothers come out and see the property."

"You ought to buy the whole place," said the owner; "good house, an acre of land, garden, and stable."

"I should like that, if we can afford it," said Rush; thinking, "We'll keep a horse, and give Mother such nice rides!"

Mr. Dushee then showed him the house and grounds, the boy's keen eyes taking in everything, while he often said to himself: "Mother will like this; won't Mother take comfort in that!" for, though simple and plain, everything was spacious and comfortable, compared with the narrow quarters which the family occupied in the city.

"Nice place, aint it?" said the proprietor, with his most expansive smile, as they returned to the mill.

"I like it," Rush replied, frankly; "and I am surprised that you should want to part with it."

"I don't want to," said Mr. Dushee. "But, if I sell the mill, I don't care to keep the house. And I want to sell the mill because the Tinkham boys cut under me, and make dolls' carriages cheaper 'n I can."

He laughed. Rush laughed too, and said:

"There's no other reason?"

"That's the principal reason. My ways are rather old-fashioned, and I can't get out of the ruts; I can't compete with younger men with their modern improvements."

"Your water-power is all right?" Rush inquired.

The owner grinned. Young Dushee also grinned, with a curious expression, as he stood and listened to the conversation and watched his father's face.

"It ought to be; I've used it nigh on to fifteen year. I've never seen the time," the elder Dushee added, "when I could n't depend on eight hours, in every twelve, of good running power. Each tide is about two hours coming up. In about two hours more it will be running down fast enough for the wheel. Then we have eight hours, as I say, before the water sets back again. In the driest time, when fresh water fails and a good many mills have to stop, the tide keeps up the supply here."

"You've a right to dam the stream?" said Rush, looking out on the river from a window.

"A perfect right," the elder Dushee declared, rather earnestly, while the younger watched his face with the same curious grin which Rush would have done well to observe. "It don't injure nobody. It keeps the level of the lake stidder 'n it would be without it, and that's rather an advantage to land-owners than otherwise."

"I should think it might be in the way of boats," Rush suggested.

There was a sort of sunset flush on the sandy desert of a face, as the proprietor answered stoutly:

"Whether 't is or not, it has been there, as I said, nigh on to fifteen year; and it has a perfect right to be there, for this aint a navigable stream."

They then talked of terms; and Mr. Dushee, after much hesitation, named a price for the whole place, and also a separate price for the mill.

"If everything is as you say, and as it looks to be," said Rush, "I'll have my brothers, and perhaps my uncle, come and talk with you."

"It's jest as I say, and jest as it looks," Mr. Dushee assured him. Then, as Rush started to go, he said: "Wait till we tackle up, and my boy shall carry you over to the depot. Dick, run and be backing out the buggy."

Rush Tinkham took a last survey of the mill, the river, and the pleasant grounds, while father and son were "tackling up," and the father gave the son this parting counsel:

"Watch the clock on the steeple, and keep driving till jest a minute or two afore train-time, so he won't have no chance to talk with anybody else about the mill. And be sure you don't let on anything about——"

Here he lowered his voice, for the horse was harnessed, and Rush was coming to get into the buggy.

Returning along the hill-side toward the lake, Rush, from the high buggy-seat, observed an object which had hardly attracted his attention when he passed within sight of it on foot. It was an odd-looking, half-finished structure, partly hidden by trees on the shore.

"What are they building over there?" he asked of Dick Dushee.

Now, as this was a dangerously near approach to the subject which he had been warned by his father not to "let on anything about," Dick Dushee, I regret to say, prevaricated.

"Oh, I d'n' know," he replied. "Some sort of a summer-house, I believe."

"An odd-looking summer-house," was Rush Tinkham's comment, "and an ugly object to be set there, on the lake-shore!"

Dick Dushee looked straight before his nose at the horse's tail, and made no reply.

They rode on, and, with his mind full of other



things, Rush thought no more of the odd-looking "summer-house," destined though it was to be the source of unnumbered woes to the future owners of the tide-mill.

CHAPTER III.

THE TINKHAM FAMILY.

RUSH TINKHAM went home that evening full of enthusiasm for the purchase of the Dushee property.

"It seems as though the place had been made on purpose for us," he said, drawing his chair up to the table, where the family were already at supper. "We must have it! We will have it!"

"Even if we have to steal it," suggested Martin, the oldest son, whose habit it was to grow cool as the juniors grew warm on any subject.

He had a dry way with him, and a serious drawl, which, together with a trick of drawing down one side of his homely mouth, gave a droll effect to his little sarcasms.

"You would say steal it, or anything, to have it, if you should pay it a visit," said Rush. "Oh! the nice water-power, the iron lathe and the wood lathe, the steam-box, the forge, the jig-saws, and things—it would do your heart good, Mart, to see 'em!"

"I rather think it would make my heart ache to see what I could n't have," Mart replied.

"Rush has got tide-mill on the brain," remarked Luther, the second son, a near-sighted youth in glasses, which gave a singularly old look to his face of nineteen. He stammered a little. "F-funny! Rush can't invent anything, and yet he's the one who is so anxious for us to have a f-f-factory of our own."

"You are just as anxious as he is," spoke up Letty, the sister, a bright girl in her sixteenth year; "but you are not half so enterprising."

"Come, children," said the mild mother, in her cripple's chair, which had been drawn up to the table, "postpone your disputes, and hear what Rocket has to say."

"Rocket" was the playful family name for Rush; though I am not sure that any one could have told how he ever came by it. Perhaps it was on account of an eager, impetuous way he had of starting up and darting off on new enterprises—a trait which had been more noticeable in him two or three years before than now.

Or it may have been suggested by his real name. Since a rocket goes with a rush, why should not "Rush" give rise to "Rocket"?

Each of the children had some such nickname, and it was a beautiful trait of the mother that,

despite her years, her widowhood, and her crippled limb, she entered into all innocent sportiveness of this sort with as much spirit as any of them.

"The tide-mill is my idea, and, for that reason, Mart and Lute oppose it," said Rush. "But they 'll come 'round. It's just the place for you, Mother; and for you, Letty! Such a great willow-tree as there is, with seats in it, almost over the water, and a foot-plank running to them from the bank! A pair of blue-birds came while I was there, and told me how pleasant it was in summer."

"Oh!" exclaimed Letty, sharing his enthusiasm. "You make me want to fly to get there! I'm longing for trees and water!"

"And, of course, we shall keep a boat and a horse; and, Mother, you shall have the loveliest rides on the lake and the fine Tammoset roads!" Rush rattled on. "And a garden for flowers and vegetables—think of that! And pigs and chickens, boys!" addressing the two youngest, at the end of the table.

"I go in for the pigs and chickens!" cried Rupert, aged fourteen.

"Let's move to-morrow!" exclaimed Rodman, aged twelve.

"But you have n't told us the price of all these fine things," said the mother, with a smile.

"Yes, Rocket," added Martin, who was far more interested than he appeared. "Now for the cold water."

"The asking price is four thousand dollars. But I've no doubt we can buy it for three, for Dushee is awfully anxious to sell. That includes everything; and there is an acre of land. By the way, boys, there's a good joke!"

And, to explain Dushee's motive for selling, Rush told the story of the dolls' carriages which Luther's had driven out of the market.

That pleased Luther, and brought him over to Rush's side.

"Now, I've something to tell you," he said. "Mart to-day received a p-p-proposal to make all the wood-work of Cole & Company's fire-works. To do that, we shall need our own shop."

"Oh, now! if everything is n't made a-purpose!" said Rush. "Dushee said he must have half down in cash, say fifteen hundred. You've got twelve hundred, Mother; and I'm sure we can raise the rest somehow, with enough to move and start with."

The widow smiled, but with something like a look of pain.

"My poor little twelve hundred dollars!" she said; "all I have in the world!"

"Except your children, Mother," said Letty, with a high, proud look. "See those five stalwart boys!"

"And my dear, darling daughter!" said the mother, with starting tears. "I know better than anybody else what you all are to me. I am rich in your love and help. But I must look out carefully for my twelve hundred dollars, just the same. I can't—I can't risk that!"

"Where's the risk?" Rush asked. "I tell you this is a big thing that has been kept waiting for us. We're bound to succeed, and build up a business, and make such a home for you, Mother, as you never could have unless we launched out a little."

"Well, well! we'll see," said Mrs. Tinkham, quickly brushing away a tear, and smiling resolutely. "We shall do nothing rashly."

"Of course," replied Rush. "I want Lute and Mart and Uncle Dave to go and see the place, examine it thoroughly, and make sure that everything about it is all right; and then buy it only if they think it's best."

There was much more talk on the exciting topic, the result of which was that the two oldest boys and their uncle visited the Dushee place two days later, and got the refusal of it for thirty-six hun-

dred dollars—sixteen hundred to be paid in cash, the remainder to be secured by mortgage.

The uncle advised the purchase, and Mart and Lute were now as eager as Rush himself to get possession of the old tide-mill and the river-side home. They had not noticed the odd-looking "summer-house" on the lake-shore.

The boys had two hundred dollars of their own, and their uncle, who knew them well and believed in them, offered to lend them five hundred more. After that the mother could no longer withhold her consent.

To make every step secure, a lawyer examined the title to the property, and, that being found satisfactory, the bargain was finally closed, to the great joy of Rush and his brothers, and equally to the satisfaction of Mr. Dushee.

"They're young and plucky; they can fight it better 'n I can," he remarked, with a big sigh of relief, when he told Dick that he had at last got the "plaguy thing" off his hands. "Now let 'em find out!"

Thus, the tide-mill became the property of the Tinkham boys, and began its exciting adventures.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE KATE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

LITTLE Kate Andrews had long wished to keep a diary. Her elegant Cousin Maud, from the city, who wore trails and frizzes, and carried a wonderful painted fan and a white parasol trimmed with lace, kept a diary. She used to sit at her table and write, after everybody else was in bed. Sometimes Kate slept with her, and she would wake up after her first long nap, and watch Maud as she wrote. Kate thought she looked very interesting in her long white wrapper, her black hair hanging over her shoulders, and her head supported upon her hand. To sit up in that way and write in a diary was the little girl's highest ambition.

So, when Maud asked Kate what she should buy for her after she went back to the city, the child answered: "A diary, please; one just like yours."

The diary came all right, wrapped in buff paper, and directed to "Miss Kate Andrews, care of James Andrews, Esq."

Kate was delighted. She meant to sit up late that very night. Mamma was going to a party, and it would be easy to sit up till nine o'clock at least.

But, for fear something would happen, she thought she would make one entry in her new book in the afternoon. So she went to Papa's desk, got pen, ink, and blotter, and sat down in the desk-chair with her left hand supporting her head, in imitation of Cousin Maud.

But what should she write? Her little mind was perfectly blank the moment she got the pen in her hand. Brother Ned sat at the open window, studying his grammar lesson.

"Ned, will you please tell me what folks put in diaries mostly?" she said.

"Events and feelings," said Ned, grandly.

Kate wrote across the upper part of the first page, "Evenz and Fealings," when she came to another stop.

"But, Ned, what is events?" she asked, after a minute.

"Eating your dinner is an event," said Ned. "And sometimes they put good resolutions into their diaries. And they write down the bad things they have done."

Kate became very quiet.

"If eating dinner is an event," she thought, "it is n't interesting enough to put in a diary. I think Cousin Maud wrote about the friends who came to see her, and the books she read. But I should n't 'spose folks would want to write it down when they don't do as they ought to. I want my diary to be nice reading."

So, under June 1, 1881, she wrote:

"There is no evenz worth writing down. When I get time, I shall make up some. About my fealings, I have n't much of any."

In the evening, after Mamma went to the party, Kate carried the pen and ink to the nursery. Nurse, thinking she had gone to bed, sat in the kitchen gossiping with the cook. The little girl established herself at the table and began to write:

"To-day, a man came and pade me the rent. It was a million dollars. I gave some to a minister to build a meeting-hous and make a chine of bells. I bought a white saton dress, with an awful long tran. A member of Congress carried my tran. The President gave me a bokay of roses.

My fealings were happy, 'speshly when I gave my white saton dress to a poor woman with 10 children, and bought me a pink one with pink roses embrodered onto it."

Under another date, she wrote:

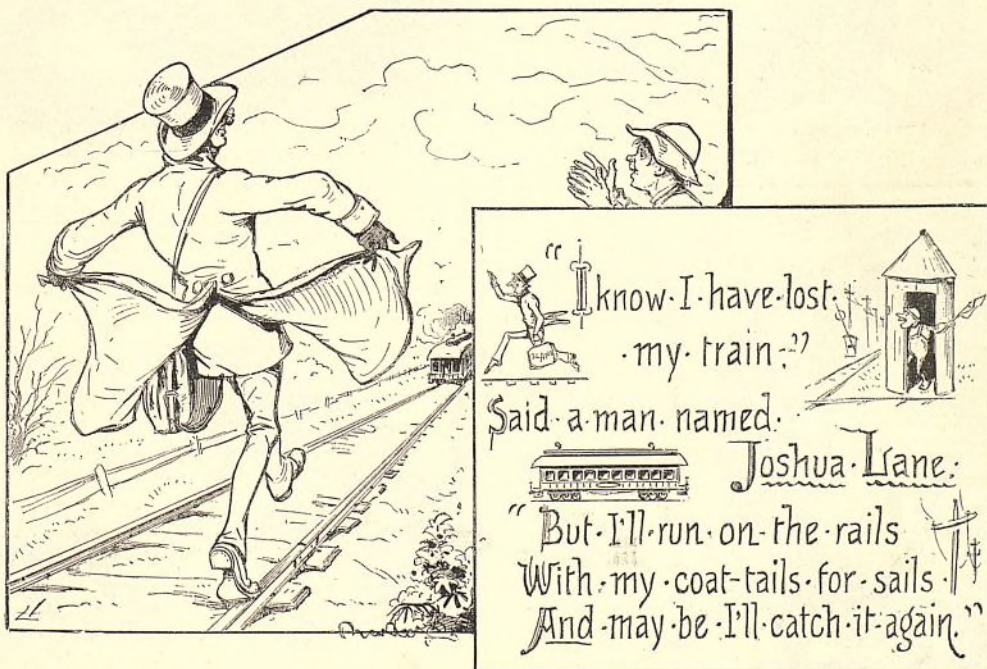
"I wore a reeth of white roses to-day, maid of purls. A beggir child came, and I took a rose out of the reeth and gave it to her. The Prince smiled at me, and called me an angil.

"I sat under a tree and read a thick book in an hour. Reading is nice."

It took Kate a long time to write all this. When she had finished, she said: "There, that's what I call events!"

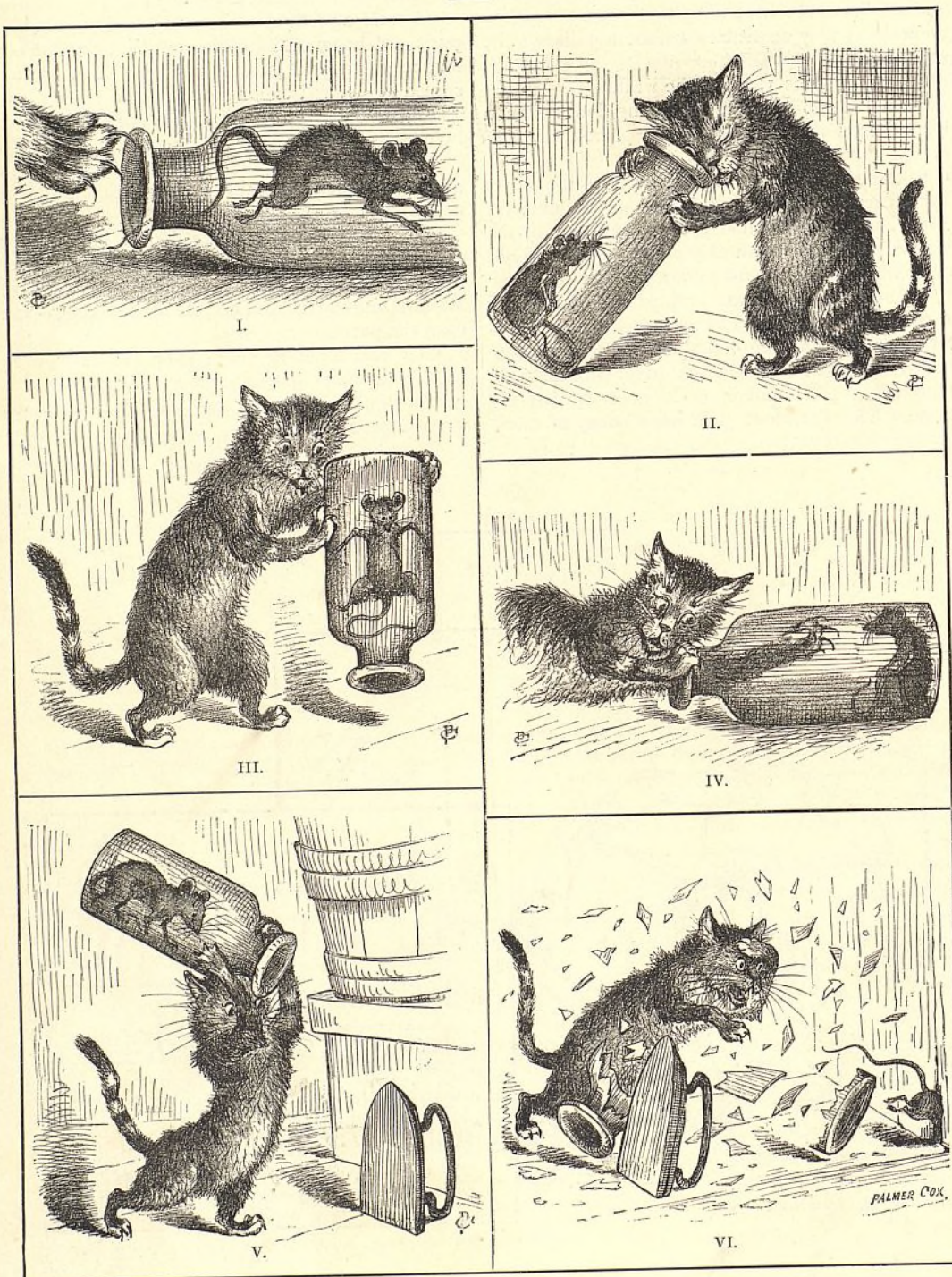
While she was trying to read over her "Evenz and Fealings," she fell fast asleep, dropping her pen and making a big blot on the page. There Mamma and Papa found her, when they came home from the party.

They had a hearty laugh over the poor little book, and after that, whenever they spoke of a stilted, unnatural person, they said: "He reminds me of Kate's diary."



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

BY PALMER COX.



A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

BEFORE the time of President Abraham Lincoln, there had been very few children living in the White House. Mr. Buchanan, who immediately preceded Lincoln, was unmarried. Mr. Pierce, who came next before Buchanan, was childless, his only son having been killed by a sorrowful accident just before the newly elected President moved into the house where he had anticipated taking his much-beloved boy. And so, for many years, no President had brought into the White House the mirth and laughter of childhood. People who visited the home of the President, in Washington, used often to remark on the absence of children; and I dare say that many a mother, as she wandered through the stately apartments of that celebrated house, thought to herself that she would not like to live in the midst of its grandeur if she had to give up the companionship of her dear boys and girls. Perhaps it was because of this absence of children that everybody used to say that the White House did not seem like a home, but rather a place to "stay" at for a time.

This was all changed when Lincoln and his family came to Washington, in March, 1861. At that time three boys were the only children of the good Lincoln. Robert, the eldest, now Secretary of War for the United States, was then not quite eighteen years old. Willie, the next eldest, was a little more than ten years of age; and Thomas, better known as "Tad," was eight years old, having been born April 4, 1853. His next birthday was probably the first boy's birthday ever celebrated in the White House.

When these three boys, of eighteen, ten, and eight years respectively, came to the White House, it may be imagined that they speedily changed the aspect of things in the quiet and dignified old mansion. They were happy, hearty boys, brought up to spend much of their time in out-door sports and boyish exercise. Visitors to the White House soon noticed a change from the dull, uniform quiet that had prevailed during the administration of Mr. Buchanan, whose stately and old-bachelor ways were very different from those of the home-loving family that had succeeded the solitary old man. Bats, tops, kites, and other playthings were oftentimes to be seen scattered about in the grand halls of the mansion. The shouts and clatter of two youngsters were heard resounding through the fine old corridors, and visitors who well knew the place would smile and nudge each other when they

picked up, as they sometimes did, a trifle which indicated that a very-much-alive boy had been scurrying through the state apartments, on a short cut across the house.

Robert, however, did not long remain in the White House. He had entered Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., in July, 1859, and had been admitted to Harvard during the following year. Going home in February, 1861, for the first time since his original departure, he accompanied his father to Washington, and so was present at the inauguration. But he soon rejoined his class, and Tad and Willie were the two boys of the White House. As a pleasant souvenir of those days, I give the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a copy of a portrait of Robert, taken soon after the arrival of the family in Washington. In February, 1862, the shadow of a great grief came down upon the cheery family in the White House. Willie, the studious and lovable boy, the joy and comfort of his mother and father, died suddenly, after a short illness. By this time, the War of the Rebellion had waxed fierce and deadly. In almost every house there was mourning and lamentation for the dead, alarm and anxiety for the absent. The good President was sorely distressed with many cares and troubles. He was continually thinking, with a heavy heart, of the sorrows of others, whose beloved sons, brothers, and friends had fallen on the field of battle. Yet he knew that more must fall before the war could be ended and peace return. And, in the midst of these heavy griefs that weighed down the heart of the noble Lincoln, came the death of his bright-eyed and affectionate little son. It was less than a year after the three boys had come to the White House that Willie's pale form was laid, with many tears, in the house appointed for all mankind.

We shall never know how deep was the sorrow of Lincoln, the tender-hearted father, when this new and unlooked-for blow fell upon him. He was not a man to talk much of what was deepest in his mind. Although he was pleasant and bright in his conversation with friends, he kept locked up in his heart many of the thoughts which men of a different nature would have put into words. But some of us know that, in the long nights when Lincoln sat alone in his chamber, oppressed with unspeakable anxieties for the whole country, and waiting to hear news from the struggling army of the Union, the darkness of his own personal grief came over him to deepen his loneliness and gloom.

Once, while Lincoln was passing several days at Fortress Monroe, waiting for certain military movements, he employed his leisure in reading Shakespeare. While thus engaged one day, looking through into an adjoining apartment, where was seated Colonel Cannon, of General Wool's staff, he called to him, as if longing for fellowship in his thoughts, and asked him to listen while he read from the book. He then recited a few passages from "Hamlet" and from "Macbeth." Then, turning to "King John," he read the passage in which *Constance* bewails the loss of her boy. Closing the book and recalling the words, Lincoln asked Colonel Cannon if he had ever dreamed of being with one whom he had lost in death, only to wake and find the vision fled.

"Just so," he said, "I dream of my boy Willie."

The loving father bowed his head and wept as he recalled the words of *Constance*:

"And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again."

It was this bereavement, I think, that made Mr. Lincoln and his wife very tender and indulgent toward their youngest boy. It seemed almost impossible for father or mother to be stern to this boisterous and irrepressible youngster. Besides this, he had many qualities that endeared him to those who knew him, and there were circumstances that made almost everybody very kindly disposed toward him. If there was ever a boy in danger of being "spoiled," this youngest son of the President was that lad. Much of the time it was impossible that he should not be left to run at large. He was foolishly caressed and petted by people who wanted favors of his father, and who took this way of making a friend in the family, as they thought; and he was living in the midst of a most exciting epoch in the country's history, when a boy in the White House was in a strange and somewhat unnatural atmosphere. But I am bound to say that Tad, although he doubtless had his wits sharpened by being in such strange surroundings, was never anything else, while I knew him, but a boisterous, rollicking, and absolutely real boy. He was not "old for his years," as we sometimes say of precocious children, nor was he burdened with care before his time. He was a big-hearted and fresh-faced youngster, and when he went away from the White House, after his father's tragic end, he carried with him, from the midst of sorrows and associations that are now historic, the same boyish frankness and simplicity that he took into it.

The boy was named Thomas after his grandfather, the father of the great President. An unfortunate difficulty in his speech prevented him

from speaking plainly, and strangers could hardly understand what he said. The nearest he could come to saying his own name, when quite a little fellow, was "Tad," and the name clung to him for many a year. In the family he was usually known as "Taddie," but even this nickname was shortened, and those who were fortunate enough to be near the President during his term of government will never forget "Tad," the tricky sprite of the White House.

In those days, it was the custom of people who objected to the prosecution of the war to speak of Lincoln as "a tyrant." This seems silly enough now, when all the commotion and bitterness of the war have passed away; but even then, to those who knew the mild-mannered and tender-hearted President, the word had no meaning. One day, going to the White House, I met a very eminent public man, who, with a queer look, said, "I have just had an interview with the tyrant of the White House." Then, noticing my surprise, he added—"Tad," and went away laughing at his little joke. If there was any tyrant in that house during Lincoln's administration, his name was Tad. The boy certainly did rule everybody who came within his power. Without being domineering or unpleasant with his imperiousness, he had a fashion of issuing orders that brooked no delay, no refusal. He overran the White House and the grounds. It was seldom that he had playmates; but, to hear the noise that Tad contrived to make, one would suppose that there were at least six boys wherever he happened to be. The day was passed in a series of enterprises, panics, and commotions. Tad invaded every part of the great establishment, and he was an uncommonly knowing person who could tell where the agile lad was likely next to appear, at any hour of the day. Now his whoop would be heard as he galloped his pony to the stable-door, and anon he would be expostulating with his dog-team, as he trained them on the lawn by the side of the house next the Potomac. A party of ladies (said to be from Boston) were one day almost frozen with horror as they were reverentially stalking about the famous East Room. There was an outburst and a clatter at the most distant end of the corridor leading to the family apartments, a cry of "Get out of the way, there!" and Tad, driving a tandem team of goats harnessed to a chair, careered into the state apartment, once around, and then out to the front of the house.

One of his admiring friends gave him a box of tools. This was, for a few days, a mine of pleasure to Tad. There was nothing within his reach that was not sawed, bored, chiseled, or hacked with some one of the tools of that collection. At first, he proposed setting up a cabinet-shop for the man-

ufacture of furniture for the hospitals. Then the repairing of a wagon engaged his attention; but when he began to try experiments with the old-fashioned mahogany chairs in the East Room, the box of tools mysteriously disappeared.

Of course, Tad knew no law, no restraint, that should bar any part of the house against him. So it sometimes happened that, while the President and his Cabinet were anxiously discussing affairs of state, and were in the midst of questions of great moment, Tad would burst into the room, bubbling with excitement, and insist that his complaint or request should be attended to at once. Sometimes it was the woes of some ill-clad petitioner, repulsed by the ushers, that aroused his childish wrath. At other times he would insist on being allowed to drag before the President of the United States a particularly youthful suitor, whose tale he had heard for himself, and who appeared in the presence with an air of mingled terror and amusement. There was a certain Cabinet officer whom he did not like, and when he had burst into his father's privacy, one morning, to find the objectionable functionary there, Tad, unabashed, cried out, "What are you here so early for? What do *you* want?" It may be added that office-seekers generally he regarded with undisguised contempt.

While Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, was at work on his picture of Lincoln and his Cabinet, it was found necessary to make some photographic studies of the room in which the President and his council were to be represented as assembled. In his book, "Six Months at the White House," Mr. Carpenter tells a characteristic story of Tad's opposition to all attempts to infringe upon what he considered to be his rights. While the photographers were at work, Mr. Carpenter took them to a room which could be darkened for their purposes, but of which Tad had lately taken possession and had fitted up as a miniature theater, with drop-curtain, seats, orchestra, and benches.

Everything was going on well, when suddenly there was an uproar.

Tad took great offense at the occupancy of his room without his consent, and, turning everybody out, locked the door. In his anger, the little fellow put all the blame on Mr. Carpenter, and absolutely refused to allow the photographers even to go into the room for their apparatus and chemicals, there locked up. He pocketed the key, and went to his father in high dudgeon.

Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his chair, one photograph having been already taken. He mildly told Tad to go and open the door.

Tad went off to his mother's room, muttering and refusing to obey, Mr. Carpenter following and vainly entreating him to open the door.

Presently Lincoln said, when Mr. Carpenter returned, "Has not the boy opened the door?"

On being told that he had not, the patient father, compressing his lips, strode off to the family apartments, and soon returned with the key to the theater, which he unlocked himself, saying:

"There, go ahead; it's all right now."

The President went back to his office, and, resuming his seat, said, as if in apology for Tad:

"Tad is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I went to him. I said, 'Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?' He burst into tears, and instantly gave me the key."

A friend of the Lincoln family once sent a fine live turkey to the White House, with the request that it should be served on the President's Christmas table. But Christmas was then several weeks off, and in the interim Tad won the confidence and esteem of the turkey, as he did the affection of every living thing with which he came in contact. "Jack," as the fowl had been named, was an object of great interest to Tad, who fed him, petted him, and began to teach him to follow his young master. One day, just before Christmas, 1863, while the President was engaged with one of his Cabinet ministers on an affair of great moment, Tad burst into the room like a bomb-shell, sobbing and crying with rage and indignation. The turkey was about to be killed. Tad had procured from the executioner a stay of proceedings while he flew to lay the case before the President. Jack must not be killed; it was wicked.

"But," said the President, "Jack was sent here to be killed and eaten for this very Christmas."

"I can't help it," roared Tad, between his sobs. "He's a good turkey, and I don't want him killed."

The President of the United States, pausing in the midst of his business, took a card and wrote on it an order of reprieve. The turkey's life was spared, and Tad, seizing the precious bit of paper, fled to set him at liberty. In course of time Jack became very tame, and roamed at will about the premises. He was a prime favorite with the soldiers—a company of Pennsylvania "Bucktails"—who were on guard at the house. The tents of these soldiers were at the bottom of the south lawn, on the Potomac side of the house. In the summer of 1864, the election for President being then pending, a commission was sent on from Pennsylvania to take the votes of the Pennsylvania soldiers in Washington. While the "Bucktails" were voting, Tad rushed into his father's room, the windows of which looked out on the lawn, crying, "Oh, the soldiers are voting for Lincoln for President!" He dragged his father to the window and insisted that he should see this remarkable thing.

The turkey, now grown tall and free-mannered, stalked about among the soldiers, regarding the proceedings with much interest.

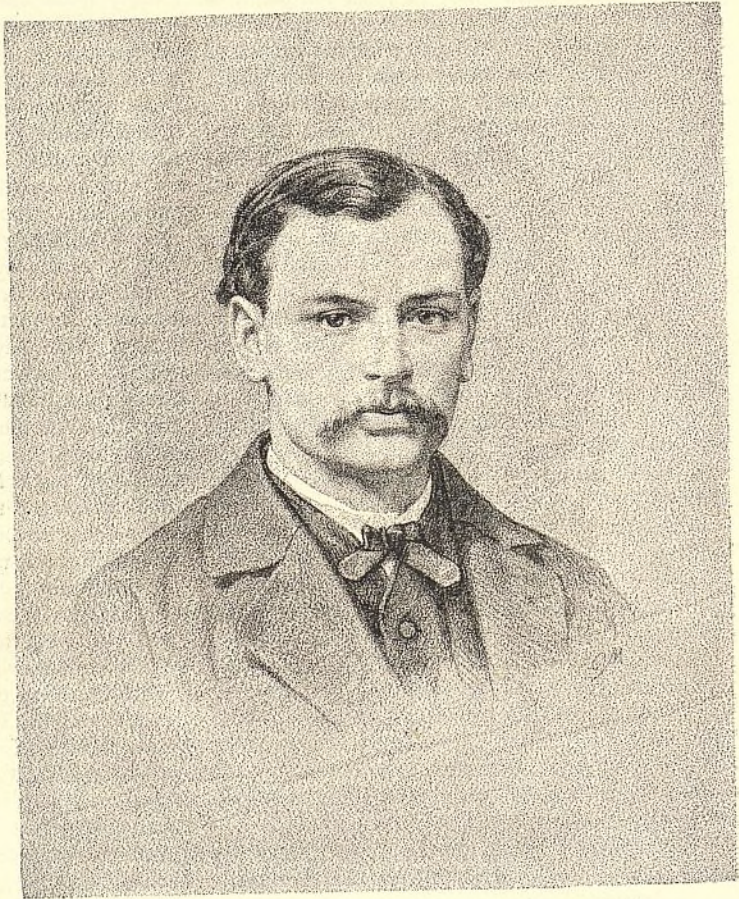
"Does Jack vote?" asked Lincoln, with a roguish twinkle of his eye.

Tad paused for a moment, nonplussed at the unexpected question; then rallying, he replied, "Why, no, of course not. He is n't of age yet."

Great was Tad's curiosity, in 1864, to know what was meant by the President's proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer. His inquiries were not satisfactorily answered, but from the servants he learned, to his great dismay, that there would be nothing eaten in the White House from sunrise to sunset on Fast Day. The boy, who was blessed with a vigorous appetite, took measures to escape from the rigors of the day. It happened that, just before Fast Day came, the family carriage was brought out of its house to be cleaned and put in order. Tad stood by, with feelings of alarm, while a general overhauling of the vehicle went on, the coachman dusting, rubbing, and pulling things about, quite unconscious of Tad's anxious watch on the proceedings. Pretty soon, drawing out a queer-looking bundle from one of the boxes under the seat, the man brought to light a part of a loaf of bread, some bits of cold meat, and various other fragments of food from the larder. Tad, now ready to burst with anger and disappointment, cried, "Oh! oh! give that up, I say! That's my Fast Day picnic!" The poor lad, from dread of going hungry, had cautiously hidden, from day to day, a portion of food against the day of fasting, and had stood by while his hoard was in danger hoping that it might escape the eyes of the servants. He was consoled by a promise from his mother, to whom he ran with his tale of woe, that he should not suffer hunger on Fast Day, even though his father, the President, had proclaimed a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer for all the people.

Mingled with his boyish simplicity, Tad had a

great deal of native shrewdness. The White House was infested with a numerous horde of office-seekers. From day to day these men crowded the corridors leading to the President's office. Sometimes they were so numerous as to line the halls all the way down the stairs. It was not long before Tad found out what this assemblage meant, and it then became one of his greatest diversions, when other resources failed, to go around among the office-seekers and sympathetically inquire what they wanted, how long they had waited, and how



PORTRAIT OF SECRETARY LINCOLN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

much longer they proposed to wait. To some he gave good advice, telling them to go home and chop wood for a living. Others he tried to dismiss by volunteering to speak to his father in their behalf, if they would promise not to come again. Many of these people were at the White House for weeks and even months, never missing a day, unless they learned that the President was out of town, or otherwise absent from the house.

Tad levied tribute on the men whose faces he

had learned to know. Once he mounted guard at the foot of the staircase and compelled every passenger to pay an admission fee of five cents,—“for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund,” as he explained. Most of the visitors took it in good part, and some of the fawning creatures, glad of an opportunity to earn the good-will of the little fellow, paid their way with a “stamp” of some considerable value. This venture was so successful that Tad resolved on having one of the Sanitary Commission fairs then so much in vogue all over the country. He placed a table in the grand corridor, or entrance hall, of the White House, stocked it with a few broken toys, some purchases of fruit, sundry articles of food begged from the family pantry, and a lot of miscellaneous odds and ends contributed by admiring friends. Before night, the sanitary fair of the White House was closed out. No man who looked as if he had money in his pocket was permitted to pass into the House that day without first buying something of Master Lincoln’s stock in trade.

His success in this venture emboldened him soon afterward to branch out in a larger speculation. Having saved up quite a sum of pocket-money, he bought out the entire stock of an old woman who sold apples and gingerbread near the Treasury building. A pair of trestles and a board, extorted from the carpenters employed on the building, gave the young merchant his counter, and he set up his shop in the grand, historic portico of the White House, much to the horror of some of the eminently respectable people who passed by and beheld this most undignified proceeding. Before noon, almost every office-seeker who entered had bought a luncheon, under compulsion, from the alert young shop-keeper, who drove a brisk trade as long as his goods lasted. When Tad had sold out all he had to sell, a goodly lot of the fractional currency of those times was stuffed into his pockets, his hat, and his little fist. He was “the President’s son,” and that was enough for the flatterers, who were glad to buy of him. But Tad was too generous and open-handed to be long a gainer by any such operations. Before night, capital and profits had been squandered, and the little speculator went penniless to bed.

Everything that Tad did was done with a certain rush and rude strength which were peculiar to him. I was once sitting with the President in the library, when Tad tore into the room in search of something, and, having found it, he threw himself on his father like a small thunderbolt, gave him one wild, fierce hug, and, without a word, fled from the room before his father could put out his hand to detain him. With all his boyish roughness, Tad had a warm heart and a tender conscience. He

abhorred falsehood as he did books and study. Tutors came and went, like changes of the moon. None staid long enough to learn much about the boy; but he knew them before they had been one day in the house. “Let him run,” his father would say; “there ’s time enough yet for him to learn his letters and get poky. Bob was just such a little rascal, and now he is a very decent boy.”

It was curious, however, to see how Tad comprehended many practical realities that are far beyond the grasp of most boys. Even when he could scarcely read, he knew much about the cost of things, the details of trade, the principles of mechanics, and the habits of animals, all of which showed the activity of his mind and the odd turn of his thoughts. His father took great interest in everything that concerned Tad, and, when the long day’s work was done, and the little chap had related to the President all that had moved him or had taken up his attention during the daylight hours, and had finally fallen asleep under a drowsy cross-examination, the weary father would turn once more to his desk, and work on into the night, for his cares never ended. Then, shouldering the sleeping child, the man for whom millions of good men and women nightly prayed took his way through silent corridors and passages to his boy’s bed-chamber.

One day, Tad, in search of amusement, loitered into the office of the Secretary of War, and Mr. Stanton, for the fun of the thing, commissioned him a lieutenant of United States Volunteers. This elated the boy so much that he went off immediately and ordered a quantity of muskets sent to the White House, and then he organized and drilled the house-servants and gardeners, and, without attracting anybody’s attention, he actually discharged the regular sentries about the premises and ordered his unwilling recruits on duty as guards.

Robert Lincoln soon discovered what had been done, and as he thought it a great hardship that men who had been at work all day should be obliged to keep watch during the night to gratify a boyish freak, he remonstrated. But Tad would listen to nothing from his elder brother, and Robert appealed to his father, who only laughed at the matter as a good joke. Tad soon tired, however, of his self-imposed duties and went to bed. The drafted men were quietly relieved from duty, and there was no guard at the President’s mansion that night, much to Mr. Lincoln’s relief. He never approved of the precaution of mounting guard at the White House. While Tad sported his commission as lieutenant, he cut quite a military figure. From some source he procured a uniform suitable to his supposed rank, and thus

proudly attired, he had himself photographed, as seen in the illustration on page 64.

It had been intended to celebrate Tad's tenth birthday, April 4, 1863, by a visit to the Army of the Potomac, then encamped on the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. The President, at the suggestion of Mrs. Lincoln, had thought that it would cheer the soldiers to see the familiar face of the chief magistrate among them before their anticipated departure for the front. But other business had intervened, and it was not until the boy's birthday had actually arrived, and with it a present of a fine pony, that we got away from Washington. Our party consisted of Tad, his father and mother, Mr. Edward Bates, the Attorney-General of the United States, and two friends of the family. Toward evening a violent and unseasonable snow-storm came up, and the little steamer that was taking us from Washington to Aquia Creek (the landing-place of the army) was compelled to cast anchor for the night under the lee of a headland of the Potomac. By that time Tad had examined every nook and corner of the steamer, and as the President's party were the only passengers on board, he had full swing during the trip. After we had anchored, Tad, resolved to employ advantageously every moment of the time, rigged up a fishing-line and went valiantly to work, in the midst of the snow-storm, to catch fish for supper. He promptly reported every bite to his father or mother, and when he finally rushed into their presence with a single very small and very bony fish, a proud and happy boy was he. But we actually did have a smoking platter of fish for supper, much to the delight of Tad, who had marked the three fish of his own catching by cutting off their tails.

During the five days of our stay in the Army of the Potomac, Tad was a most restless little chap. At General Hooker's head-quarters there was a bakery, a printing-office, a telegraph station, and sundry other small establishments, all in shanties or tents. We were quartered in large "hospital tents," as they were called. By the end of the first day, Tad had exhausted everything in sight, and was ready to go home to his beloved pony. But there were reviews and parades to come, and for these the President must stay. Each day, beginning with the second of our stay, was taken up with a review. While these lasted Tad was happy. A handsome young soldier was detailed to act as escort to the boy, and a little gray horse consoled him, for the time, for the absence of his own pony.

That long series of reviews in the Army of the Potomac, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, will never be forgotten by the participants. Over hill and dale dashed the brilliant cavalcade of the

general-in-chief, surrounded by a company of officers in gay attire and sparkling with gold lace, the party being escorted by the Philadelphia Lancers, a showy troop of soldiers. In the midst, or at the head, rose and fell, as the horses galloped afar, the form of Lincoln, conspicuous by his height and his tall black hat. And ever on the flanks of the hurrying column flew, like a flag or banneret, Tad's little gray riding-cloak. His short legs stuck straight out from his saddle, and sometimes there was danger that his steed, by a sudden turn in the rough road, would throw him off like a bolt from a catapult. But faithful Michael was always ready to steady the lad, and, much to the amazement of everybody, the hard-riding and reckless youngster turned up at head-quarters every night, flushed with the excitement of the day, but safe and sound.

The soldiers soon learned of Tad's presence in the army, and wherever he went on horseback he easily divided the honors with his father. I can not begin to tell you how the men cheered and shouted and waved their hats when they saw the dear face and tall figure of the good President, then the best-beloved man in the world; but to these men of war, far away from home and children, the sight of that fresh-faced and laughing boy seemed an inspiration. They cheered like mad. When told that he ought to doff his cap to the soldiers who saluted him, Tad sturdily replied: "Why, that 's the way General Hooker and Father do; but I'm only a boy."

When night came on, and there was nothing for Tad to do but to hang around his father and mother, he grew weary of the army, and longed for that pony at home. Then he would begin to ask why he could not go back. But it was in vain he reminded his father that the soldiers did not like visitors, and in vain he told his mother that women were not wanted in the army. Finally, his father, to be rid of the boy's importunities, said: "Tad, I'll make a bargain with you. If you will agree not to say anything about going home until we are ready to go, I will give you that dollar that you want so badly." For Tad had needed, as he thought, a whole dollar in cash. Being a truthful story-teller, I must say that Tad did sometimes, later during our stay, murmur at the long sojourn in the army; but, while we were waiting for the ambulances to take us to the station on our way back to the steam-boat landing, Lincoln took out a dollar note, saying, "Now, Taddie, my son, do you think you have earned this?"

Tad hung his head and answered never a word; but the President handed him the note, saying: "Well, my son, although I don't think you have kept your part of the bargain, I will keep mine,

and you can not reproach *me* with breaking faith, anyway."

On the way from head-quarters to the station there was an immense amount of cheering from the soldiers, who, as usual, seemed wild with delight at seeing the President. Occasionally we heard them cry, "Three cheers for Mrs. Lincoln!" and they were given with a will. Then, again, the men would cry, "Three cheers for the boy!" This salute Tad acknowledged, under instructions from his mother, and entirely unabashed by so much noise and attention. One soldier, after the line through which we were passing had given three cheers "for the next fight," cried, "And send along the greenbacks!" This arrested the attention of Tad, who inquired its meaning, and, when told that the army had not been paid for some time, on account of the scarcity of greenbacks, he said, with the true spirit of an inflationist, "Why does n't Governor Chase print 'em some, then?"

In the October number of *The Century Magazine* another incident in which Tad took part is narrated in a letter from Mr. Alexander Starbuck, of Waltham, Mass., as follows:

"About the last of February, 1865, Mr. H. F. Warren, a photographer of Waltham, Mass., left home, intending, if practicable, to visit the army in front of Richmond and Petersburg. Arriving in Washington on the morning of the 4th of March, and finding it necessary to procure passes to carry out the end he had in view, he concluded to remain there until the inauguration ceremonies were over, and, having carried with him all the apparatus necessary for taking negatives, he decided to try to secure a sitting from the President. At that time rumors of plots and dangers had caused the friends of President Lincoln to urge upon him the necessity of a guard, and, as he had finally permitted the presence of such a body, an audience with him was somewhat difficult. On the afternoon of the 6th of March, Mr. Warren sought a presentation to Mr. Lincoln, but found, after consulting with the guard, that an interview could be had on that day in only a somewhat irregular manner. After some conversation with the officer in charge, who became convinced of his loyalty, Mr. Warren was admitted within the lines, and, at the same time, was given to understand that the surest way to obtain an audience with the President was through the intercession of his little son 'Tad.' The latter was a great pet with the soldiers, and was constantly at their barracks, and soon made his appearance, mounted upon his pony. He and the pony were soon placed in position and photographed, after which Mr. Warren asked 'Tad' to tell his father that a man had come all the way from Boston, and was particularly anxious to see

him and obtain a sitting from him. 'Tad' went to see his father, and word was soon returned that Mr. Lincoln would comply. In the meantime Mr. Warren had improvised a kind of studio upon the south balcony of the White House. Mr. Lincoln soon came out, and, saying but a very few words, took his seat as indicated. After a single negative was taken, he inquired: 'Is that all, sir?' Unwilling to detain him longer than was absolutely necessary, Mr. Warren replied: 'Yes, sir,' and the President immediately withdrew. At the time he appeared upon the balcony the wind was blowing freshly, as his disarranged hair indicates, and, as sunset was rapidly approaching, it was difficult to obtain a sharp picture. Six weeks later President Lincoln was dead, and it is doubtless true that this is the last photograph ever made of him."

Later, Tad figured with his father in one more historic scene. It was on the night of April 11, 1865, when the President made his last long speech. The news of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond, and the flight of Lee and Davis had come to Washington. On that night the White House was illuminated, and there was great joy throughout the land, for we had begun to feel that the war was nearly over. Outside of the house was a vast crowd, cheering and shouting with a roar like that of the sea. A small battery from the Navy Yard occasionally rent the air with a salute, and the clamor of brass bands and the hissing of fire-works added to the confusion and racket in front of the mansion. Lincoln and a few friends lingered at the dinner-table until it was time for him to begin his speech. As the little party mounted the stairs to the upper part of the house, there was a tremendous din outside, as if roars of laughter were mingling with the music and the cheers. Inside of the house, at one of the front windows on the right of the staircase, was old Edward, the conservative and dignified butler of the White House, struggling with Tad and trying to drag him back from the window, from which he was waving a Confederate flag, captured in some fight and given to the boy. The crowd recognized Tad, who frantically waved the flag as he fought with Edward, while the people roared with delight. "The likes of it, Mister Tad," said the scandalized butler—"the likes of a rebel flag out of the windows of the White House! Oh, did I ever!"

Edward conquered, and, followed by a parting cheer from the throng below, Tad rushed to his father with his complaints. But the President, just then approaching the center window overlooking the portico, stood with a beaming face before the vast assembly beneath, and the mighty cheer that arose drowned all other sounds. The speech began with the words, "We meet this evening, not in sor-

row, but in gladness of heart." As Lincoln spoke, the multitude was as silent as if the court-yard had been deserted. Then, as his speech was written on loose sheets, and the candles placed for him were too low, he took a light in his hand and went on with his reading. Soon coming to the end of a page, he found some difficulty in handling the manuscript and holding the candlestick. A friend who stood behind the drapery of the window reached out and took the candle, and held it until the end of the speech, and the President let the loose pages fall on the floor, one by one, as fast as he was through with them. Presently, Tad, having refreshed himself at the dinner-table, came back in search of amusement. He gathered up the scattered sheets of the President's speech, and then amused himself by chasing the leaves as they fluttered from Lincoln's hand. Anon, growing impatient at his delay to drop another page, he whispered, "Come, give me another!" The President made a queer motion with his foot toward Tad, but otherwise showed no sign that he had other thoughts than those on reconstruction which he was dropping to the listeners beneath.

Without was a vast sea of upturned faces, each eye fixed on the form of the President. Around the tall white pillars of the portico flowed an undulating surface of human beings, stirred by emotion



TAD LINCOLN IN HIS UNIFORM OF A LIEUTENANT.

and lighted with the fantastic colors of fire-works. At the window, his face irradiated with patriotic joy, was the much-beloved Lincoln, reading the speech that was to be his last to the people. Behind crept back and forth, on his hands and knees, the boy of the White House, gathering up his father's

carefully written pages, and occasionally lifting up his eager face, waiting for more. It was before and behind the scenes. Sometimes I wonder, when I recall that night, how much of a father's love and thought of his boy might have been mingled in Lincoln's last speech to the eager multitude.

The dark and dreadful end was drawing nigh apace. Within a few days after that memorable night, the beloved Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin. Amid the lamentations of a stricken nation, his form was carried back to Illinois to be buried near the spot where little Willie had been laid to rest. Soon afterward, the stricken family left the gloomy White House, and the sound of Tad's merry voice was heard no more in the mansion of the people.

After his father's death, Robert took charge of his brother's education until the lad went to Europe with his mother, in 1869. Sobered and steadied by the great tragedy through which he had passed, Tad applied himself diligently to study, and made such progress that his friends cherished for him the brightest hopes. He was a self-reliant boy, firm

in his friendships, cordial, modest, and as true as the needle to the pole whenever principle and justice were called in question. Under the tuition of a careful instructor in Germany, he quite overcame the difficulty in his speech which had burdened him from childhood. He was disciplined by an English-speaking German teacher, who required him to read aloud, slowly and distinctly, as a daily exercise. By this simple means he finally learned to speak plainly, but with a slight German accent which came from his practice in reading.

Returning home with his mother in 1871, he was taken with a severe illness, and after enduring with manly fortitude months of great pain, he passed away July 15, 1871, being then only a little more than eighteen years old. It was well said of him that he gave to the sad and solemn White House the only comic relief it knew. And, in justice to the memory of the boy whose life was but a brief and swiftly passing vision of a cheery spirit, it should be added that his gayety and affection were the only illumination of the dark hours of the best and greatest American who ever lived.

THE FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS.

(A Christmas Masque for Young and Old.)

By E. S. BROOKS,

Author of the "Land of Nod" and "Comedies for Children."

MUSIC BY ANTHONY RIEFF.

[THIS Masque is designed to precede the Christmas tree at a Christmas party. Its action may call for the help of the entire company to assist at the choruses. All the children in the room may, if desired, be massed on the stage, and the chorus of parents may be given by the audience from the seats they occupy, provided they are led by a few ready voices near the piano. No special decoration is needed for the stage. The action should take place near the Christmas tree, which should, if possible, stand behind a curtain, or be screened by the folding-doors, until the end of the Masque, when it should be suddenly disclosed with all its blaze and glitter. The "properties" are simple and none of the costumes need be elaborate, but the setting can be as greatly diversified and elaborated as the inclination and facilities of the managers permit. Let the choruses and speaking parts be rendered with spirit. *Much of the text can be sung to familiar airs, which will readily suggest themselves to the musical directors.*]

CHARACTERS.

MR. MONEYBAGS (afterward the False Sir Santa Claus).—Hard as his dollars, and "down on children."
SANTA CLAUS.—Positively the Only Original article. No connection whatever with the spurious imitation above.
JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE.—Firm friends of the "only original."
JACK O'LANTERN.—The pugnacious young page of the False Sir Santa Claus.
THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.—All glitter and spangles.

VOL. X.—5.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF, } The False Four. The base and
THE BIG BUGABOO, } hireling policemen of the False
THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN, } Sir Santa Claus.
THE WANDERING JEW, }

DICK, }
ETHEL, } Who do the talking for the rest of the children.
CURLY-LOCKS, }

THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN—THE INDULGENT PARENTS.

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES.

MR. MONEYBAGS may be a "grown man," or a big boy. May be dressed in street costume at first. When he appears as the FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS he should wear a full-dress suit, of fashionable cut, with opera hat, white kids, big watch-chain, trim white wig, white mustache and side-whiskers—as great a contrast as possible to the conventional Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS should be made up, as customary, "in fur from his head to his foot, a bundle of toys flung on his back," etc. Another "grown man" or big boy should be selected for this part.

JACK FROST.—Boy of fifteen. } Pretty ice-and-snow suits of white
HIS WIFE.—Girl of thirteen. } Canton flannel and swan's-down
trimming, sprinkled with silver powder, and silver wands.

JACK O'LANTERN.—Agile boy of twelve, in tight-fitting fancy or Jester's suit.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.—Girl of sixteen; fancy white dress, wings, and spangles, silver wand.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF.—Boy of sixteen, in fur robe or coat, with wolf's-head mask, and movable jaws, if possible.

THE BIG BUGABOO.—Tall youth of sixteen or eighteen, with demon's mask or some ugly face. Dressed in close-fitting red suit.

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN.—Boy of sixteen, doubled and bent, with basket and crook, whitened face, and light clothes.

THE WANDERING JEW.—Big boy in old black suit, shocking bad hat, and bag full of "old clo'es."

DICK.—A bright boy of fourteen.

ETHEL.—A bright girl of twelve.

CURLY-LOCKS.—A pretty little girl of six or eight.

THE FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS.

[As the curtain rises, the children rush in pell-mell, singing:

Moderato.

Ho! for us;

Hey! for us; Please clear the way for us,

Please clear the way for us, las - sie and lad.

Here are no wea-ry ones, Here are no dreary ones,

Christmas has come, and we chil-dren are glad;

Christ-mas has come, and we chil - dren are glad.

Christ-mas has come, and we chil - dren are glad.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS (*in audience*).
Shout it out! Sing it out! Clear voices ring it out!
Ring out your glee, every lassie and lad.
Under the holly, now, sing and be jolly, now;
Christmas has come and the children are glad!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.
Hurry all! Scurry all! We're in a flurry all!
We're in a flurry, with happiness mad.
Gayly we sing to you; welcomes we bring to you;
Christmas has come and we children are glad!

[Enter MR. MONEYBAGS, account-book in hand. He shakes his fist at children, and says, sharply:

MONEYBAGS. What a rumpus! What a clatter!
Why, whatever is the matter?

All this rout and shout and riot is distracting to my brain.

You've disturbed my computations
With your singing and gyrations,
And you've mixed my figures up so, I must add 'em all again.

ETHEL. Oh, stupid Mr. Moneybags, where are your senses, pray, sir?

DICK. Why, don't you know—of course you do—that this is Christmas Day, sir?

CURLY-LOCKS. 'Tis Christmas, sir—the children's day!
ETHEL, DICK, AND CURLY-LOCKS (*shaking their fingers*).
And please to understand—

ALL THE CHILDREN. We're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.
Don't scold them, Mr. Moneybags, for, please to understand,
They're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

MONEYBAGS (*much disgusted*).
For what? For who? For Santa Claus?
'Tis past my comprehension
That, in this nineteenth century,
Such foolishness finds mention!
For Santa Claus? No bigger fraud
Has ever yet been planned!
There is n't any Santa Claus,
Nor any Somewhere-land!

[Consternation among the children.

ETHEL (*indignantly*).

Oh, wicked Mr. Moneybags, how can you be so cruel!
DICK (*pathetically*). Why, Christmas without Santa
Claus is weak as watered gruel!

ETHEL AND CURLY-LOCKS (*sorrowfully*).

We can't believe you!

DICK (*vehemently*). And we won't!

ETHEL, DICK, CURLY-LOCKS (*with warning finger*).

So, please to understand—

ALL THE CHILDREN (*vociferously*). We're waiting
here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

They can't believe you, and they won't, for, please to
understand,

They're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from
Somewhere-land.

MONEYBAGS (*aside*).

It seems to me it would be wise

To stop this superstition;

To open these young eyes to fact

Would be a useful mission.

So I'll devise a little scheme,

And try it, if I'm able,

To bring these folks to common sense,

And burst this foolish fable.

[Aloud. Well, good-bye, youngsters; now I'm off!

I really can not stand

This trash you talk of Santa Claus

Who comes from Somewhere-land. [Exit.

DICK (*turning to children, with uplifted hands*).

No Santa Claus?

THE CHILDREN (*lifting hands in dismay*). No Santa
Claus!

CURLY-LOCKS (*tearfully*). I never did—did you?

ETHEL (*to children, hands lifted*). No Santa Claus!

THE CHILDREN (*lifting hands solemnly*). No Santa
Claus!

ALL (*in audible tears*). Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

ETHEL (*spitefully*). I just believe he's telling fibs.

DICK (*surlily*). Of course!

ETHEL (*dejectedly*). It seems to me,

This horrid Mr. Moneybags

Is mean as mean can be!

DICK (*decidedly*). Of course he's fibbing.

CURLY-LOCKS (*indignantly*). 'Course he is.

ETHEL. He does it just to tease us.

DICK. He's down on children; so, you see,

He never wants to please us.

CURLY-LOCKS (*anxiously*). Oh, dear! why does n't
Santa come?

DICK. Let's wish him here.

THE CHILDREN (*incredulously*). That's—quirky!

DICK (*stoutly*). 'Taint! Ethel saved a wish-bone up,
From last Thanksgiving's turkey.

CHILDREN. All right! Who'll pull it?

ETHEL (*producing the wish-bone*). Dick and I.

DICK (*examining it*). It's dry enough. Say "when,"

boys. Catch hold here, Ethel—wish!

THE CHILDREN. Now, pull!

[Dick and Ethel snap the wish-bone.

ETHEL. Dick's got the lucky end, boys!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN. (*Try, for air, "Nelly Bly."*)

Come to us, come to us, here as we sing;

Come to us, come to us, Christmas bells ring.

Come to us quickly—nor loiter, nor pause;

Come to us, come to us, old Santa Claus!

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! Jolly old Saint;

Hark to them! Hear to them! List to their plaint.

Broken the wish-bone! All wistful they stand,—

Come to them, Santa Claus, from Somewhere-land!

[A loud clang and clash outside. Enter, with double somersault or
long jump, JACK O'LANTERN. The children start, amazed.

JACK O'LANTERN (*with comic posture*). Who calls for

Santa Claus, I'd like to know?

ETHEL (*surveying him curiously*). We, Mr.—India-
rubber!

JACK O'LANTERN (*laughing derisively*). Ho, ho, ho!

[Turns a double somersault, or some other nimble contortion, and,
striking a comical attitude, says:

With a clash and a clang, and a rattle-te-bang,

And a bumpity-jump rather risky,

With a jounce and a bounce, Santa Claus I announce!

I'm his page, Jack O'Lantern so frisky.

See where he comes; stand all here close at hand,

Enter! Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

[Enter MONEYBAGS as the FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS, dressed in full-
dress suit, as indicated in costume directions. The children
start back, surprised at seeing a person so different from their
idea of Santa Claus in dress and appearance. MONEYBAGS
surveys them through his eye-glass, sourly.

MONEYBAGS (*gruffly*). Heigho, there, you youngsters!

Well, how do you do? H'm—what did you say?

ETHEL (*timidly*). Oh, we only said—Oo-oo-oo!

MONEYBAGS.

Well, why this surprise? Why this staring and stir?

CURLY-LOCKS (*showing him her toy book*).

We looked for that kind of a Santa Claus, sir.

MONEYBAGS (*taking book and examining it critically
through eye-glass*).

Hey? what kind? Oh, that! Ah! permit me to look;

Why, Santa Claus, child, does n't live in a book!

[Reading quickly.

H'm—"little old driver"—Pshaw!—"sleigh full of
toys"—

"Down the chimney"—that's nonsense, you know,
girls and boys.

[Reading again.

"He was dressed all in furs, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face—"

Oh, that's nonsense, I say:

I have n't looked that way for many a day!

I dress in the fashion; I'm solemn in speech,

And detest all the folly that fable would teach.

I hate to be bothered with children and toys,
And I'm "down" on this Christmas Day worry and noise.

ETHEL (*anxiously*). And your sleigh?—

DICK (*dubiously*). And your reindeer?—

MONEYBAGS. All sold—long ago.
They were quite out of date—too old-fashioned and slow.

What with steam-ships and railways and telegraph wires,
And stores overcrowded with sellers and buyers,
And modern improvements in every land,
There's no use for Santa Claus, now;—understand?

[Sings. (*Try "The Campbells are Coming."*)]

I'm a thrifty old merchant, who lives at the Pole;
A sleep-loving, ease-loving, saving old soul;
I'm healthy and wealthy and wise, now, because—
I've done with the nonsense of old Santa Claus!

CHILDREN (*singing, poutingly*).

He's a selfish old merchant, who lives at the Pole;
A skinflint old miser, as mean as a mole;
But he'll never succeed, if he tries to pick flaws
In the joys of the children—this old Santa Claus!

INDIGNANT PARENTS (*singing, snappishly*).

He's a heartless old merchant, who lives at the Pole;
For his comfort and ease, he would barter his soul.
Come away from him, children; don't trust him,
because—

He's a fraud and a miser—this old Santa Claus!

MONEYBAGS (*bowing low, in mock humility*).

Thanks for your compliments, kind friends, indeed;

I'll not forget your praises;

'Tis pleasure rare to hear and heed
Such kind and courtly phrases.

But this I know—you'll soon, with speed,
Give up these Christmas crazes.

DICK (*emphatically*). Well, is n't this dreadful?

ETHEL (*tearfully*). Oh, dear, I could cry!

MONEYBAGS (*threateningly*).

You'd better leave that for the "sweet by and by."
If there's one thing I hate, in this bedlam appalling,
It is to hear children a-screaming and squalling.
So, if you attempt it, I know what to do!—

CURLY-LOCKS (*anxiously*). Oh, what does he mean?

ETHEL. I don't know.

ALL THE CHILDREN (*vociferously*). Boo-hoo-hoo!

MONEYBAGS (*wrathfully*).

What ho, there! Hallo, there! My trusty police;
These children are cranky—this nonsense must cease.
Come in here, my beauties, these children to tell
Sir Santa Claus knows how to manage them well.

[Enter the FALSE FOUR, one by one. Consternation on the part of the children. MONEYBAGS checks them off as they enter.

Here's Red Riding-hood's Wolf!

Here's the Big Bugaboo!

Here's the Whooping-cough Man!

Here's the Wandering Jew!

Are n't they sweet? What's the matter? You
quiver and quake so;

One would think you were frightened, to see you all
shake so.

DICK. What horrid, ugly people!

ETHEL. Did you ever, ever see

Such dreadful folks invited to a lovely Christmas Tree?

MONEYBAGS. Speak up, my gentle serving-men, and
tell these children, now,

What parts you play on Christmas Day—and when
and where and how.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF (*snappishly*).

I've great big Ears, and I've great big Eyes,

And I've great big Teeth, because—

Oh, yes, you've heard the story before—

Just look at these beautiful jaws!

[Opening mouth very wide.

THE BIG BUGABOO (*solemnly*).

I'm the Big Bugaboo! And I live in the dark,
With my grin and my club. And I wish to remark,
I know all the bad boys, and I'm looking at you!
So, don't you forget I'm the Big Bugaboo!

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN (*asthmatically*).

I'm the Whooping-cough Man, yes, I am—I am—

I'm the Whooping-cough Man so breezy;

And the bad boys I fill, yes, I will—I will—

With my choke and my strangle so sneezy.

And the little girls, too, yes, I do—I do—

If I find them at all uneasy,

Why—I take their breath off

With the cough—the cough.

I'm the Whooping-cough Man so wheezy.

THE WANDERING JEW (*seductively*).

"Old clo'es! Old clo'es! Cash paid for old clo'es!"

I sing through the streets of the city,

And the people they bring every ragged old thing
When they hear the sweet strains of my ditty.

[Impressively.

But the bad girls and boys, if they make too much noise,

Or if words with their betters they bandy,

Why, I ups with their heels,

And I smothers their squeals

In my bag of "old clo'es," so handy!

[More consternation among the children.

MONEYBAGS (*alluringly*).

They sometimes give Boxes at Christmas, you know,
Instead of the Stockings and Trees.

A nice Christmas Box would be jolly to show—

You each shall have one, if you please.

Come, gather around me, and I will explain.

[The children draw near in anticipation.

My meaning I'll make very clear:

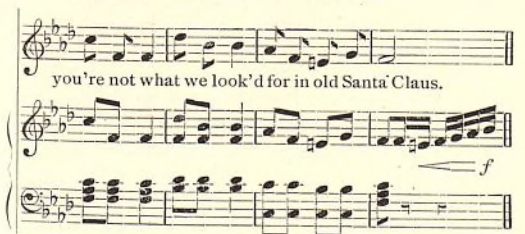
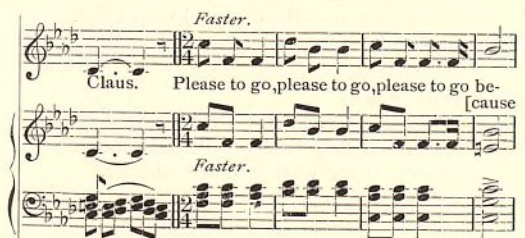
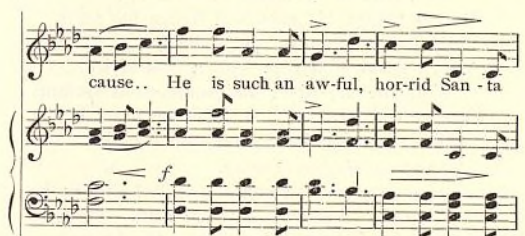
[Ominously.

If children are cranky, I don't speak again,

But give them—a Box on the ear!

[Tries one on Dick, with bewildering effect. The children retreat in dismay, and sing dolefully:





CHORUS OF DISTRESSED PARENTS.

Worried, flurried parents, worried parents, we!
Pleasure's sun is clouded, gloomy is our glee.
Christmas ends in crying, hopes are dashed, because—
He is such a horrid, hateful Santa Claus!

Please to go, please to go, please to go, because—
You're not what they looked for in old Santa Claus!
MONEYBAGS.

What! Go? Ah, no—the children want me badly,
The darling, snarling, doleful little dears;
If I should leave, I know they'd miss me sadly;
I know they love me, so I'll spare their tears.
What! Go? Ah, no—not while I've strength to stand;

Why, I'm Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!
THE FALSE FOUR (*in derisive chorus*).
What! Go? Ah, no—not while we've strength to stand;

Why, he's Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!
JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE (*singing behind scenes*).
Out from the kingdom of ice and of snow,
Rollicking, frolicking, frisking we go;
Rollicking, frolicking, singing in glee;
Oh, who so merry and cheery as we?
Clear rings our song, all the day long,
All the glad Christmas Day, Christmas Day long.
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

[MONEYBAGS and the FALSE FOUR start in surprise at the sound of this singing, and look at each other anxiously.]

MONEYBAGS.

Say, who be these that sing so blithe and free?
Quick, Jack O'Lantern, find this out for me!

JACK O'LANTERN (*reluctantly*).

Excuse me, I beg; I'm suspicious of dangers,
And it ruffles my nerves, sir, to interview strangers.

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE (*singing nearer*).

Racing and chasing, from sunset to light,
Painting the windows with traceries bright;
Dancing with sunbeams, all sparkle and life,
Oh, who so gay as Jack Frost and his Wife?
Oh, who so gay, all the glad day,
All the glad Christmas, the glad Christmas Day?
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

[JACK O'LANTERN clutches MONEYBAGS by the arm and drags him to the front, saying, hurriedly and emphatically:]

Jack Frost and his Wife, sir,
Oh, run for your life, sir!
They'll stir up a strife, sir,
And interview you.
They're Santa Claus folks, sir,
Have done with your jokes, sir!
You'll be pinched and poked, sir—
And frost-bitten, too!

MONEYBAGS (*defiantly*). Pshaw! Who's afraid? Here on my rights I'll stand!

I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

[Enter JACK FROST and his WIFE, briskly.]

JACK FROST.

How are you, youngsters? Full of fun and life?

I am Jack Frost—

HIS WIFE.

And I'm his loving wife.

JACK FROST (*looking at the children anxiously*).

What's the matter? where are your shouts of glee?
Where's Santa Claus? And where's your Christmas tree?

DICK (*ruefully*). There 'll be no tree —

ETHEL (*dolefully*). And Christmas glee is o'er.

CURLY-LOCKS (*with a great sigh*).

Oh, Mr. Jack! Christmas will come no more.

JACK FROST. Why, who says that, you curly little elf?

CURLY-LOCKS.

Oh, don't you know? Old Santa Claus himself!

JACK FROST (*looking all around*).

Old Santa here? Where? Not among *that* band!

DICK (*pointing to MONEYBAGS*). There!

MONEYBAGS (*pompously*).

I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

JACK FROST.

You? Well, I guess not! You, sir? Oh, no, no!

That's a good joke! You Santa? Ho, ho, ho!

MONEYBAGS.

There, that will do! Be off, now! Scatter! Pack!

JACK'S WIFE.

We get away? I guess not! Will we, Jack?

JACK FROST (*dancing derisively before MONEYBAGS*).

No, not for such a fat old fraud as you!

[Then to children.

This False Sir Santa Claus is fooling you!

MONEYBAGS.

Quick, now, my good policemen, clear them out!

I will not have such vagabonds about.

THE FALSE FOUR (*closing around JACK and his WIFE*).

Move on, now! Come—move on! You're in the way here!

JACK FROST (*with hand to ear, sarcastically*).

I'm just a little deaf. What's that you say, here?

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN (*grasping JACK FROST'S arm roughly*). Move on, I say!

[JACK FROST touches him with his wand.] Ah!

JACK FROST (*slyly*). Well, now, what's the matter?

DICK (*touching the WHOOPING-COUGH MAN, who is motionless as a statue*). He's frozen stiff!

[JACK FROST suddenly touches the BIG BUGABOO with his wand.

THE BIG BUGABOO. Oh, how my teeth do chatter!

[He also stands motionless and stiff.

ETHEL. Oh, see there, Dick! Feel him!

DICK. He's frozen, too.

JACK FROST.

Jack's magic wand froze the Big Bugaboo!

JACK'S WIFE.

They both are frozen up. Too stiff to wink;

They'll let us stay here now awhile, I think!

ETHEL (*pointing to MONEYBAGS*).

But is n't he Santa Claus?

JACK FROST. He? Bless you, no!

MONEYBAGS. H'm! how will you prove it?

JACK FROST. That's easy to show.

MONEYBAGS. Well, show it!

JACK FROST. I will, sir! I will—don't you fret!

JACK'S WIFE.

Oh, False Sir Santa Claus, we'll beat you yet!

MONEYBAGS (*snapping his fingers contemptuously*).

What can you do?

JACK FROST. Oh, quite enough, I think;

We'll do enough, I know, to make you shrink.

I'll summon up each fairy, gnome, and elf,

I'll call—I'll call old Santa Claus, himself!

I'll tell him—no—for first, I'll stop this strife,
Or *we* will (wont we, dear?) Jack Frost and Wife!

[They rush with their magic wands to RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF and the WANDERING JEW, who are at once frozen to statues and stand stiff and rigid. JACK O' LANTERN runs off.

DICK. Hey! The Wandering Jew's frozen stiff as a stake!

ETHEL. So's Red Riding-hood's Wolf! What nice statues they make!

ALL THE CHILDREN (*exultantly*).

And now, hip, hurrah! Let Jack go, if he can,
For this horrible, terrible Santa Claus man!

[JACK FROST and his WIFE, dancing around MONEYBAGS, pinch and poke him, while he winces and dodges and shivers and the children jump for joy.

JACK FROST and his WIFE. (*Try, for air, "Grandfather's Clock."*)

We'll nip his nose and tweak his toes,
With cold he'll shake and shiver;
We'll twinge his ears and freeze his tears,
Until he'll quake and quiver.
We'll cover him nice with a coat of ice,
While he'll shiver and sneeze and stumblie;
No Santa Claus he! A fraud he must be:
He's nothing but glitter and grumble.

MONEYBAGS (*aching with cold*).

Br-r-r! Oo-oo-oo! I'm cold! Oh, hold there, hold!
Do save me from this ice man.

Ah, boo—I freeze! My nose! My knees!
Do stop it—there's a nice man!

[Enter JACK O' LANTERN hastily, with a stick, painted to look like a red-hot iron bar.

JACK O' LANTERN.

Here's a red-hot bar I've brought, sir;
Heat will thaw you—so it ought, sir;
Now I'll try what heat will do, sir.

[Pokes MONEYBAGS with the bar. That's for you!

[Lays it on JACK FROST'S back. And that's for you, sir!

MONEYBAGS (*jumping with pain, but relieved*).

Ouch! that's better—what a pelting!

JACK FROST (*growing limp and drooping, as the hot iron thaws him out*).

Wifey, quick! I'm limp and melting!
Come, with magic wand revolving;
Here's your Jacky fast dissolving!

JACK'S WIFE.

Courage, Jacky, here I come, dear;
My! you're getting thin and numb, dear.
There! I'll stop this in a trice, sir:

[Touching JACK O' LANTERN with her wand.

Jack O' Lantern, turn to ice, sir!

[JACK O' LANTERN becomes a frozen statue. Noise of sleigh-bells heard, and then SANTA CLAUS is heard shouting, behind scenes.

SANTA CLAUS (*outside*).

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"

[The children listen, amazed and delighted.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

(Try the "Galop" from "Gustavus.")

Hark! we hear the jangle, jingle;
Hark! we hear the tangle, tingle;
Hear the jingle and the tingle of the sleigh-bells sweet
and strong.
Welcome, welcome, rings our greeting;
Joyful, joyful, is the meeting;
Sweet the greeting and the meeting, sing the welcome
loud and long.

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle,
Christmas joy shall know no pause.
Tangle, tingle, jangle, jingle,
Welcome to you, Santa Claus!

CHORUS OF HAPPY PARENTS.

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle, etc.

SANTA CLAUS (*entering with a rush, shaking snow off*).

Hello! Merry Christmas! I hope I'm on time!
With the rivers I cross and the mountains I climb,
With the roofs that I scale and the chimneys I drop
down,

By the day *after* Christmas I'm ready to flop down.
But what if I do get so tired with trotting?

Your joy gives new strength for my planning and
plotting.

My reindeer are fleet, and—Hello! What's the
matter?

Something's wrong here—or else I'm as mad as a
hatter!

Why is Mr. Jack Frost, there, so slimsy and droopy?
Who are these funny statues so cold and so croupy?
Why are not all these little folks happy and hearty?
And—well—bless my stars! Who's *that* pompous
old party?

MONEYBAGS (*advancing*).

I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

SANTA CLAUS (*quizzing him*).

Ho! are you? Well, old fellow, here's my hand!

So you're Sir Santa Claus? Well—by the by—

If you are he—why, bless me! Who am I?

MONEYBAGS (*loftily*).

I have no doubt, sir, you're some low impostor.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, come, that's friendly! I'll look
up the roster.

But, still,—I *think*,—as far as I am able,

I've been old Santa Claus since the days of fable.

How is it, little folks? We'll leave to you

To say which is the False one—which the True?

DICK (*decidedly*). Oh, you're the true one!

CURLY-LOCKS.

Certain sure!

SANTA CLAUS (*inquiringly*).

Because?—

ETHEL. We know that *he's* the False Sir Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS.

Well, well; that's logic! Then, by your decree,

What shall the sentence of this culprit be?

DICK (*vindictively*). Let's tar and feather him!

ETHEL.

And freeze him, too!

SANTA CLAUS.

Well, little Curly-locks, and what say you?

CURLY-LOCKS (*reflecting*).

He's been so dreadful naughty, I should say
It's best to make him good again to-day.

If *we* are good to him, why, don't you see,

He'll have a chance to try and gooder be?

SANTA CLAUS.

Why, bless you for a rosy little saint!

You've found the cure that's best for his complaint.

What, Mr. Moneybags, shall your answer be,

Now that you've heard this little maid's decree?

Do you appreciate the magnanimity

Extended you by this small judge in dimity?

MONEYBAGS (*dropping humbly on one knee before*
CURLY-LOCKS).

I'm conquered completely, as you may see,

And I bow to your gentle sentence;

And I humbly beg, on my bended knee,

Your pardon—with true repentance.

I have been *such* a horrible, cross old bear,

With never a soul above dollars;

But I promise you now, if my life you spare,

To be one of your happiest scholars.

Hereafter my days shall have more of glee;

With the children I'll frolic and roam, ma'am,

And I'll give one-half of my fortune, free,

To the Destitute Children's Home, ma'am.

SANTA CLAUS (*clapping him on the back*).

Bravo! Now joy-bells ring out clear and free;

Come with me, children! To the Christmas Tree!

[Enter the FAIRY BOUNTIFUL, with a burst of music. All stand
surprised.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.

One moment tarry, ere, with wonders sweet,

The tree shall make your Christmas joys complete.

One thing remains: List, while I tell to you

What Fairy Bountiful would have you do.

In the old days, when Valor, Truth, and Right

Would fight the Wrong and conquer wicked Might,

The champion brave his sure reward would see,

And, by his king or queen, would knighted be;

And, as his shoulders felt the royal blade

Give the glad stroke they called the "Accolade,"

These welcome words came, as his guerdon due:

"Rise up, Sir so-and-so, good knight and true!"

Without old Santa Claus, the children's fun

At Christmas-tide could never be begun.

In their glad hearts the champion he'll stand—

Their good old friend, who comes from Somewhere-land.

Let, then, the title that this False one bore

Come to the True, with love in goodly store.

Kneel down, old Santa Claus, while with ready blade

Sweet Curly-locks shall give the "Accolade!"

[SANTA CLAUS kneels before CURLY-LOCKS, who touches him lightly
on the shoulder with the FAIRY's wand.

CURLY-LOCKS.

Good Knight and True! Dear to the girls and boys,

Friend of their fun and helper in their joys,

Receive this honor from the children's hand.

"Rise up, Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!"

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*).

Thanks, thanks to you, Curly-locks gentle and true;

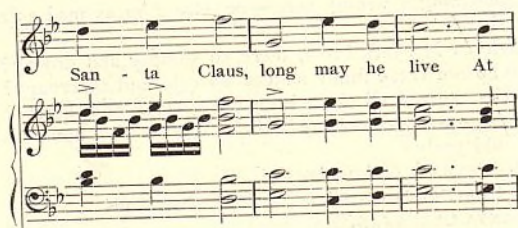
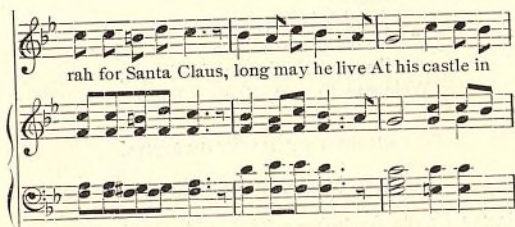
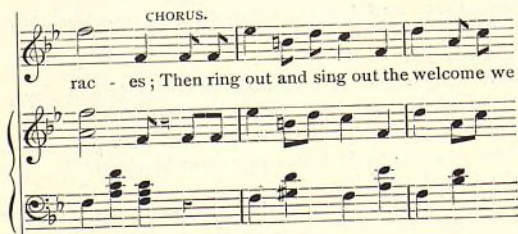
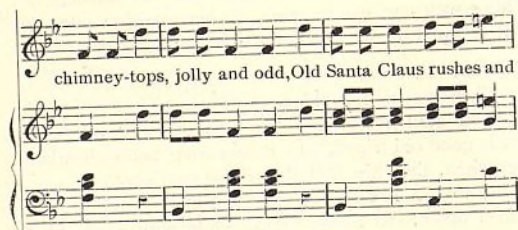
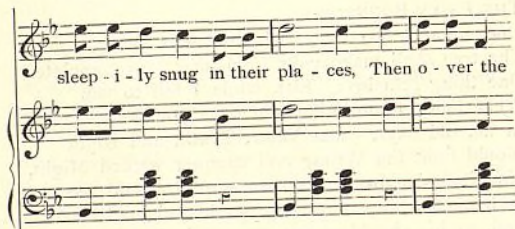
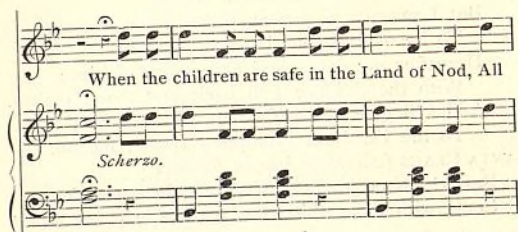
Thanks all, girls and boys, for this honor from you.

I'll be loyal and leal to your joyous young cause.
Health and wealth to you all! says your friend Santa Claus.

Now, rally all, rally all, rally with me,
Round the wonders and sights of the bright Christmas Tree,

Give a cheer and a shout and a chorus, because —
We have routed and conquered the False Santa Claus!

(During the chorus that follows, in which the parents should join, the curtain or doors should slowly open and disclose the Christmas Tree, around which the children, with SANTA CLAUS at their head, should march as they sing:



While Christmas-tide comes with its laughter and glee,
Our hearts shall keep green as the holly,
If there in the circle with smiles we may see
Old Santa Claus merry and jolly.

CHORUS: Then ring out, etc.

Then 'round the glad Christmas-tree rally with joy;
Let Love's happy sun shine in gladness;
Sing it out, every girl, sing it out, every boy,
Old Santa Claus banishes sadness.

CHORUS: Then ring out, etc.

DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS AND GENERAL JOLLITY.

THE STORY OF ROB.—TOLD BY HIS LITTLE MAMMA.

ROB is my boy doll. No-bod-y knows what he says but me. Rob ran a-way one day—when he was young-er than he is now—and he was gone a long time. I was a-fraid he would nev-er come back; and Pa-pa went out one day and brought home Nee-na. Nee-na is a ba-by-doll,



with-out an-y hair; but she has blue eyes like Rob's, and is just too sweet for an-y-thing. One day it was my birth-day, and I had a birth-day par-ty, and we had real dish-es, and I poured the tea, same as Mam-ma does; and the door-bell rang, and who do you think was there?

It was Rob, come home! And he had on a Scotch cap and an Ul-ster coat. Yes, and he had a car-pet bag, too, and there he stood in the hall, look-ing up at me, and hold-ing out his arms. He had come to my birth-day par-ty, just as Pa-pa said he would. Oh, how splen-did he looked, and how glad I was to see him! And when he saw Nee-na he was glad, and I knew he

would nev-er run a-way an-y more. And now he stays home ev-er-y day and helps nurse his sis-ter, and he is a good boy. Not a speck of naugh-ty in him. This is a true sto-ry, and here is Rob tak-ing care of Nee-na.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ONE of my birds overheard a queer conversation between the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am the other day. They evidently were overjoyed about something, he says, for they constantly enlivened each other with interruptions, and neither seemed to care one bit.

"Like it?" exclaimed the Deacon, "like it? Of course they'll like it! They'll be wild over it! Who ever saw a sensible boy or girl that would n't like such a colored front —"

But just here the Little School-ma'am broke in excitedly: "Yes, and then that tide-mill that Mr. Trowb —"

But the Deacon, who barely allowed her to finish a single sentence, immediately asserted: "Yes, yes! Splendid! And then there's the Veto story —"

"Yes! And oh, the Cloth-of-Gold, you know!" exclaimed the dear little woman, "and —"

And so they went on in a way that would have made me think my poor bird's head was turned by some unhappy accident, if I had not happened to overhear one or two such conversations myself, in previous years, between the two good folk he told me of. And I always found, too, that every such talk predicted some happy event for you and me in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS; and that's the reason I tell you in advance about this one. I have n't the slightest idea why a boy or girl should like a colored front, nor who Mr. Trowb is, nor how he is going to grind a tide, nor what a veto story is, but I do know that whenever the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am have a jubilant talk in the style described by my bird-reporter, it's a sign of the fairest kind of weather in the ST. NICHOLAS sky. So be on the look-out, my hearers, and send me word promptly of any new developments. For it's my opinion that there's a good time coming.

A YOUNG SOCIETY.

THE dear Little School-ma'am, who is much interested in the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association, tells me that it is growing very fast, and that many new Chapters or branch associations are forming in various parts of the country. This is good news. Natural history is what the Deacon calls a natural study, and I like to hear that thousands of boys and girls enjoy it so much that they have enrolled themselves under the banner of the ST. N. A. A. ST. NICHOLAS tells you about the Association in the Letter-box every month, and all that your Jack wishes to speak of here is the new Chapter that lately has been organized in Jackson, in the State of Michigan, by a nine-year-old boy, one Master Gridley. There is not a big boy in the Chapter, for the youngest member is eight years old and the oldest eleven, but neither are there any babies. Not they. They mean business. Already every little man of them has his badge of blue satin, and has accepted the excellent by-laws as drafted by themselves. Here are the by-laws:

- 1st. Resolved, That we come here for instruction, and to learn everything that we can.
- 2d. Resolved, That any person behaving badly shall be expelled from the Association.
- 3d. Resolved, That any person who does not bring an answer to his question shall be expelled.
- 4th. Resolved, That every person must pay the sum of five cents to become a member of the Association.
- 5th. Resolved, That any person who wants to enter must receive a three-fourths vote.

FORCED TO MOVE.

DEAR JACK: I read in the newspaper yesterday an account of a wren and his little wife, who were forced, by a disagreeable odor, to move their nest, and it interested me so much that I want you to tell it to the other boys and girls.

This wren lives in Virginia, and he and his wife had just finished a perfect little nest high in an eastern corner of the long portico of a farm-house. They seemed quite delighted with the result of their labors, when the farmer's wife happened to buy some asafetida, which you know is one of the worst smelling things in the world. To keep it out of the way, she leaned out of a window and stuck the package up under the eaves, close to the wrens' new abode, when — what do you think? — that knowing little pair of birds at once decided that they must move. For some days they were observed to be in a state of confusion, and at last some one, noticing their movements, discovered that they had carried their nest, twig by twig, away to the farther end of the portico, and in a more sheltered part, where the disagreeable odor could not reach them.

Was not that wonderful? — Your young friend,

MARIAN D. R.

DIVING AT THE FLASH.

"YES, he dived at the flash," insisted the Deacon, "and that is the way he dodged me, or rather dodged my shot. It was in Mr. Justus Hoyt's mill-pond in New Canaan, Conn., when I was a boy about thirteen years old. As I was passing the pond, with my gun in my hand, I saw a bird as large as a small duck sitting on the water, close to a bunch of thick bushes which grew on the bank. Here was a chance for a shot! I thought I could get him to a certainty, for I saw that the bushes would hide me so as to allow me to creep up very close. I worked my way along carefully, and when I peeped through the leaves there he sat, not over ten yards from me, not having seen me at all. I put my gun quietly through, and took a

steady aim. My shot struck the water in a circle of foam, exactly at the right place, but *the bird was not there*. Now, do you ask where he had gone? That is it exactly; he had 'dived at the flash.' He went under so quickly that even the shot had not time enough to strike him. The thing is very wonderful, and I can not explain it, but I have seen it many times since I made that first shot when I was a boy, and I have watched the birds often when others have fired at them, and I have seen them escape, and they did it so rapidly that I could never tell how it was done. Because of this remarkable power they are commonly called water-witches. In books of ornithology their name is grebe: as horned grebe, crested grebe, etc."

"FOR THE INQUISITIVE."

HERE is a charming bit of a letter (which the Little School-ma'am has picked out from many good ones) in answer to my questions "for the inquisitive," in the May number:

BALTIMORE.

DEAR JACK I saw in the May number your questions for the inquisitive one was "how can a cat get down a tree" pussy has very sharp Claws which she sticks in the bark. her claws are also very strong: a little kitten can not get down a tree very well as its Claws are not very strong I put a little kitten up a tree and she came down backward a little way and then jumped.

A dog can not come down a tree or go up because his nail are not shaped like that of a cat. My cousin had a little dog and he jumped up a tree about two yards high and landed in the crotch I remain your constant reader
MANIE H.

A TALKING CANARY.

YOUR Jack has just heard of a canary that had been trained to pronounce a number of sentences, closely imitating the voice of the lady who had been its instructor. Invariably after such a performance, as though overjoyed at having accomplished something difficult, the little creature would rush off into a perfect ecstasy of canary song, "tweeting" and trilling as though, after all, that was the only proper language for birds. An English writer, I am told, thinks it is the want of "imitative impulse rather than any lack of the necessary mechanical apparatus which now limits the power of speech to parrots, ravens, jackdaws, and a few other birds." Other writers hold a different opinion. Meantime, my dears, while the learned people are discussing this matter, and call-

ing the various parts of little birds' throats by the most astonishing Latin names that can be manufactured, we should be thankful that more birds are not "imitative," for if they were we might lose a great many of the songs we love, and, in return, gain only a great deal of empty chatter.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

THANKS, young friends, for your clear and satisfactory answers to my question in the September number concerning the queer things with the slits in their backs. After this, nobody need try to tell your Jack anything more than he has learned from your letters concerning the locust and its strange habit of crawling out of its former self.

ANIMAL FLOWERS.

DEAR JACK: I send you with this a picture of two animals that look like flowers. Their home is the bottom of the sea. The two tallest "blossoms" in the center of the picture represent the creature



TWO ANIMAL-FLOWERS.

called by naturalists *Rhinocrinus loffotensis*, and are copied from a specimen brought up by a dredge from a depth of 530 fathoms, or more than 3000 feet. The large lily-looking object at the right and the lower flower to the left of the drawing show another animal called *Pentacrinus asteria*. They live attached to the bottom of the sea. The "blossom" is the head, stomach, and body of the animal. When the little marine creatures on which they feed come within reach of the arms that compose the lily, these arms close upon their prey, holding them imprisoned until they are devoured, when this queer "flower" again unfolds and moves its delicate stem, swayed by the gentle currents, just as an ordinary flower is swayed by the summer wind.
Yours truly,
D. C. B.

THE LETTER-BOX.

الصبيان ما أحلى الفُعود مع جدة مثل جدة ربي فذهب الأبوا إلى المحطات لتسأل وإلامات
ركضت إلى السوق لتخبر أمه والأولاد طافت في البلد بأعلانات
تصرخ ولد ضائع ولد ضائع



فلما بلغ أم رب الخبر المشوم ركضت إلى البيت أبكل سرعة
فنادت وهي تجول في البيت لنفوق وتحت ياربي ياربي فلم يكن من
محيب فاصفرت حينئذ وقالت لها الجدة لا يغني عليك فانه ولد
طيب وإذا الأم المسكينة صفقت بأيديها وقالت فانه قد مات فلو
كان حياً كان يسمعي انه مات ثم طرق فكرها ربما يأكل المرء
فأسرعت إلى السرداب حيث كانت كل الأشياء الطيبة ودبت الجدة وراها متعبة جداً ثم



تبعا البوليس والمنادي والطباخ وهناك في السرداب جالس ربي في غاية البسط والانشراح
يأكل المرء

فهكذا كان بسطة عظيماً حتى انه لم يدر ان جدته فاقته من غفوتها وجدته هكذا كان
فرحها عظيماً حتى انها صعدت وغفت احسن غفوة غفوتها في كل عمرها

ST. NICHOLAS IN ARABIC.

REV. HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, the missionary, when in this country a few years ago, suggested that many of the poems and rhymes in ST. NICHOLAS could be translated into the Arabic language, and still retain much of their melody and rhythm. The publishers at once offered to supply any illustrations that would be needed for a book of such translations, and the result is a volume in Arabic with text and illustrations from ST. NICHOLAS. It was printed in Beirut, Syria, and is perhaps the first illustrated book ever printed in that country, or in that language. The first copy was bound in Beirut, on the 14th of last June, and we here present to our readers a reduced fac-simile of one of its pages.

We are sure that all our readers will welcome and admire the beautiful colored frontispiece, prepared expressly for this number of ST. NICHOLAS, and we are glad to announce that Mr. Birch has made a companion picture, which is even finer, and which will appear as the frontispiece of our next number. That number will contain also several other exceptional features, as it is to be the Christmas issue, and the finest single number of ST. NICHOLAS ever published.

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am always glad to get ideas for presents, I thought perhaps some of your other readers might like to know how I made a very pretty "school-bag" for my little sister. I first cut out a piece of "Ada" canvas, eight by twenty inches, and worked a border around it, then lined it with farmer satin, olive-green it was, as the stitch was worked in that color (though almost any color would be pretty). I then braided some carpet thread of a color to match the canvas, and fastened it on for handles. Then I sewed the edges of the bag together. This is rather small, but it is easy to make larger. Initials, or a fancy pattern worked in the middle of one side, is a great improvement. I put initials. I have been out of school for two months now, as I'm not well, and watch for ST. NICHOLAS very eagerly. I have taken you for five years, and shall keep on as long as I can. Every Christmas my grandma gives me the three dollars to take you, and mamma has you bound. But I must not say any more, as this is a long letter for the first time. I must close now, as your very loving reader, CLARA M. CONE, Thirteen and a half years.

P. S. Please ask the other readers to send a description of some pretty piece of work.

OUR thanks are due to Von Sothen for his courtesy in allowing us to reproduce in this number of ST. NICHOLAS his wonderful instantaneous photographs of torpedo explosions.

DETROIT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have taken you for a long time, and think you are splendid. I think it would be so nice for the subscribers who know how to make any pretty Christmas presents to write to ST. NICHOLAS about them. I am sure if everybody has as much trouble to find something pretty to make as we have in this house, they would be very acceptable.

Something very pretty, for a person who has plenty of time, is a random quilt. First, you want a large collection of silks, satins, velvets, etc. The blocks are about one foot square. To make the block, you embroider (with feather-stitch, etc.) the pieces of silk together; they may be of any size or shape or color. If a piece of silk is very large and plain, the effect is good to have a flower embroidered or hand-painted on it. The blocks are fastened together by embroidery, and the whole quilt is lined with some bright-colored silk. It is very pretty for an afghan on a sofa.

Your interested reader,

MAY.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you a funny thing about our little Mabel. When her father was having his house repaired, she had seen the men climbing high ladders, and when she asked where they were going, was answered, "To the roof." Not long after, Mamma's mamma took her to see Jumbo. She watched in silence, as one little pair of feet after another mounted the ladder to reach the huge creature's back, then, suddenly clapping her hands, she exclaimed: "Oh, Mamma! See! see! They are sitting on Jumbo's roof!" C. A. G.

JANE B. HAINES sends to the "Letter-box" the following riddle:

Day by day, I stand quite still;
But when a person, thirsting,
Comes up and kindly shakes my hand,
Out comes the water bursting.
What am I?

Answer: A pump.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTIETH REPORT.

THIS month begins the third year of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association. The latest number on our register is 3816, which shows that our membership has doubled during the year. We have now 336 Chapters on our list. We can not here afford space to explain again the history and purpose of the Society, but must refer all who are interested to back numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS, which is our organ of communication, and to the "Hand-book of the A. A.," which we have prepared specially to acquaint all with the full scope, plan, and history of our work. This book costs half a dollar, and all orders for it, as well as all communications for this department, and all letters of inquiry, should be sent to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass. The interest taken in nature by our boys and girls, from Maine to Texas, has been as gratifying as it has been surprising, and the assistance of their elders has been of great value. Since our latest report, the following new Chapters have been enrolled:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
319.	Pelham, N. Y. (A)	4.	Newbold Morris.
320.	Peoria, Ill. (C)	6.	J. A. Smith.
321.	San Francisco, Cal. (E)	8.	Wm. Breeze, 1330 Sutter St.
322.	Madison, Wis. (A)	11.	Andrews Allen, Box 141.
323.	Bryan, Ohio (A)	8.	Miss Ethel Gillis.
324.	Georgetown, D. C. (B)	7.	C. L. Dunlop.
325.	Torrington, Ct. (A)	—	J. F. Alldis, Box 165.
326.	Freeland, Pa. (A)	11.	Samuel Caskey.
327.	Muscatine, Iowa (A)	—	Glenn A. Gordon.
328.	Buchanan, Mich. (A)	4.	William Talbot.
329.	Mt. Vernon, N. Y. (A)	7.	Miss Clara E. Bernstein.
330.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa (B)	4.	C. R. Eastman.
331.	New Orleans, La. (A)	4.	Percy S. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles St.
332.	Augusta, Me. (A)	—	Chapter, please send address.
333.	San Francisco, Cal. (F)	11.	Mrs. Helen Moore, 1336 Sacramento St.
334.	Chappaqua, N. Y. (A)	4.	M. Wright Barnum.
335.	San José, Cal. (A)	8.	F. R. Garnier, Box 181.
336.	Auburn, N. Y. (B)	8.	E. L. Hickok, 13 Aurelius Av.

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Franklinite, for carboniferous fossils, or the ores of tin or copper.—Miss Mary R. Ridgway, W. New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y. Magnetic iron, shells from Scotland, and French buhr-stone.—Maude M. Lord, 75 Lamberton St., New Haven, Conn. Organ-pipe coral, and Tenney's "Geology," for a large and perfect trilobite.—Bruce Richards, 1726 N. 18th st., Phila., Pa. Rare insects, for milberti, arthemis, semidea, nephele, portlandis, and *J. Album* butterflies.—C. C. Beale, Faulkner, Mass., Sec. Chapter 297. Insects of all kinds, for lepidoptera.—Fred. A. Brown, Malden, Mass., Pres. Chapter 297.

NOTES FROM MEMBERS.

In response to our question about the *Proteus*, Denver (B) writes:

It is generally found in dark, subterranean lakes. It bears some resemblance to the young of newts, having branchial tufts on each side of the neck. The animal is of a light flesh-color, which deepens on exposure to the air.

[The *proteus* is one of the salamanders, closely related to the liredons. They are especially interesting because, even in their adult state, they resemble one of the transient forms of higher batrachians.]

Can any one name a caterpillar which lives on evergreen trees? It carries its cocoon on its back. The cocoons have evergreen needles hanging down the sides.

We now number five; we have also one honorary member. We have separate collections instead of a general cabinet; we have a microscope and books; we all live near Agassiz's Museum, and have made one excursion to it. We have decided to take note of all things we see concerning natural history.

F. T. HAMMOND, Sec. Chap. 224.

I caught a fly and killed it. Then I took my microscope and saw on its back, by the wings, a little red speck, and when I looked at it with my microscope carefully, I saw it had legs and was alive. Will some one please tell me what it was, and how it came there?

D. M. PERINE, 26 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.

We are now fitting up and trimming our room, making cases, and hunting up cabinets. We have added several varieties of rare butterflies and moths. SEC. Chap. 223.

I have examined several kinds of pollen. I find it hard to determine the exact shape of the grains. Several kinds appear oval, with a mark across which looks as if it were a sort of rut.

While examining pollen from a cardinal flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*), it occurred to me to float some of the grains in water. The result was such a change of shape, which, beside, lasted only while the grains were wet, that I gave up cardinal flowers in despair. A FRIEND OF THE A. A.

MAYPORT, FLORIDA.

Pilot-boat "Maggie B." picked up a stone in seventy-two feet of water, some three miles off the bar. The stone weighed about eighty pounds. It was covered with moss, sea-weeds, and varieties of living shell-fish. On one corner of the top was a branch of coral about a foot long, with several branches. I never before saw coral growing on such a stone. F. C. SAWYER.

COPENHAGEN, N. Y.

Last spring I sent specimens of prepared woods to nearly one hundred persons. I have a few more, which I would like to exchange. I will send one, to show method of preparation, on receipt of ten cents. I also offer for exchange a case large enough to hold twenty specimens of the woods. The early winter is the best time to cut woods, as the bark then adheres tightly. L. L. LEWIS, Box 174.

ST. CLAIR, PA.

Some of us took an excursion to-day after "water creatures." We got some crabs, water-bugs, tadpoles, and two unknown species of water-insects, all in some tomato-cans. When we got home, we emptied them all into a little tub. One of the "unknown" began to show murderous proclivities by tearing up the tadpole. When this was taken from him, he attacked the water-bugs, so we removed him to a separate apartment. We wish to know the pirate's name. The other insects we did not know were long and narrow, with two bead-like eyes protruding far from the head. They had six long legs, the first pair of which pointed straight ahead, and were used to seize food. This food consisted only of flies, so far as we could observe. Our interesting collection is prospering finely. GEO. POWELL, Sec. Chap. 266.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

We have a fine collection of insects. We have seven members, and meet every week. E. G. RICE, Sec. Chap. 307.

ROME, N. Y., Aug. 20.

The other day a curious nest was found fastened to the outside of a window. It was made of mud, and shaped much like a hornet's nest. On the outside, many small red spiders might be seen running up and down. The inside of the cell was divided into round cells, each of which contained a large yellowish-white grub, which was covered with thin skin, closely resembling, in color and texture, the inside shell of a peanut. We desire information regarding this curious nest. CITY AND COUNTRY.

[The nest is the home of some species of wasp, probably *Pelopæus flavipes*, or *spirifer*. I abridge from the *Zoologist* for 1864, p. 532: "About this time" (Aug. 18th, see date above), "the other species of pelopæus began to be busy fabricating their nests. When a little more in length is finished than suffices for a single cell, an egg is laid and spiders are brought in." These spiders are for food for the grubs of the wasps when they shall appear. They are stung so as to be helpless, but not dead. Compare this with the way the "digger wasp" treats caterpillars. The peanut-like skin was the pupal envelope, with regard to which Mr. Gosse made a curious discovery. The abdomen of the "dauber wasp" is supported on a very long and slender peduncle or foot-stalk. "Mr. Gosse," says Wood, "was naturally anxious to discover how the insect could draw the abdomen out of the pupal skin. He discovered that the pupal envelope did not sit closely to the body, but that it was as wide in the middle as at either end." "City and Country" could have learned all this by watching the insects. For extended details, see Wood's "Homes without Hands," p. 374.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29, 1882.

I have seen and eaten "squid," and know a little bit about them. The squid belongs to the cuttle-fish family. Some of them have eight arms, and some ten. One with eight arms is called an octopus. It is dangerous for a man to go alone to catch them, as they sometimes draw him under water. Some squids have an ink-bag, and when the contents are dried, sepia, used by artists, is obtained. BERTHA L. ROWELL, Sec. Chap. 296.

[Answered also by Bruce Richards.]

STOCKPORT, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1882.

On Friday, the 26th of last May, our teacher made a proposition of starting a branch of the "A. A." in our school. The attendance

at the first informal meeting was seventeen, of whom fifteen joined. Three members have since been admitted. We hold our meetings in the school-house. We have a large number of specimens, but no cabinet. WILLARD J. FISHER, Sec. Chap. 286.

[The School Committee of Stockport will undoubtedly furnish you a cabinet, if they understand what you are doing.]

SYCAMORE, ILL., Sept. 9, 1882.

I have a little beetle that must be first cousin to *Stenocorus cinctus* (of which I have a fine specimen). It is about an inch long, with a barrel-shaped thorax that has a little spine on each side and two little black dots above. Its "flashing dark eyes" are grooved for the admission of the antennæ, which are long and many-jointed. It is distinguished by two white spots on each wing-cover. These are raised and shining, and divided through the middle. I can not find an account of it in Harris. PANSY SMITH.

[Who will name this curious beetle?]

PITTSBURGH, PA., "D."

Our chapter is progressing finely and increasing in membership every meeting. Please change the Secretary's address to GEORGE R. WEST, 100 Diamond St., Sec. Chap. 298.

HOTEL DU SIGNAL, SWITZERLAND.

I thought you would like a specimen of the Edelweiss. It grows in large quantities under the snow. The people here gather it and make blankets of it. HARRY JOHNSTON.

MUSIC IN THE A. A.

FLUSHING, L. I.

I want to tell you how much we enjoy our meetings. The subject of the latest meeting was Mistletoe, and here is what was said about it. Mamma said, "The botanical name of the mistletoe is *Viscum album*. In olden times it was thought to be poisonous, for Shakespeare speaks of the 'baleful Mistletoe.' The Druids used it in religious rites. It is a parasite, growing chiefly on apple-trees, in religious rites. It is a parasite, growing chiefly on apple-trees. She painted me a lovely picture of mistletoe and holly. In the evenings when Papa is at home, we have music, and, if possible, pieces bearing on our subject; for instance, this evening we had a song entitled 'The Mistletoe Bough,' and an instrumental piece, the 'Mistletoe Polka.' Mamma plays on the violin, and I on the organ or piano. From your friend, F. M. H.

DETROIT, MICH.

I read in a number of the *Canadian Entomologist* an interesting paper on "Nature-painted Butterflies." It was something like this. Cut off the wings close to the body of the butterfly. Next fold a piece of white paper in the middle. Cover the inside of the paper with a thin, clear solution of gum-arabic. Lay the wings carefully on one-half of the paper, in their natural position, then fold the other half down upon them. Press it with your hand, and leave it to dry under a heavy weight, for some hours. When dry, draw a pencil line around the edges of the wings, then with a camel's-hair brush wet with water the paper outside the lines, being very careful not to wet it elsewhere. Lastly, pull the two ends of the paper apart, and the scales will adhere to the paper, leaving a transparent membrane, which will fall out. Connect the wings by drawing a body, and then cut out the butterfly. CH. A. WILEY, Sec. Detroit (A).

THE OAKS, TIoga CENTER, N. Y.

I am nine, and my sister is five. We have examined a geranium-bug, and it is beautiful. Its body is green, and it has six legs that are clear like crystal. The antennæ are longer than the insect, and are sometimes thrown backward. It has a long beak. The body has two horns at the end. The eyes are reddish brown, with tiny white dots. ANGIE LATIMER, Sec.

BIRCHAM, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

I live on the sea-shore and near woods. Last summer I caught a very large specimen of *Lophius piscatorius*, and my father made a skeleton of it. It was caught in the rock-weeds, and when we put an oar at it, it caught it with its teeth. HELEN W. MORROW.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

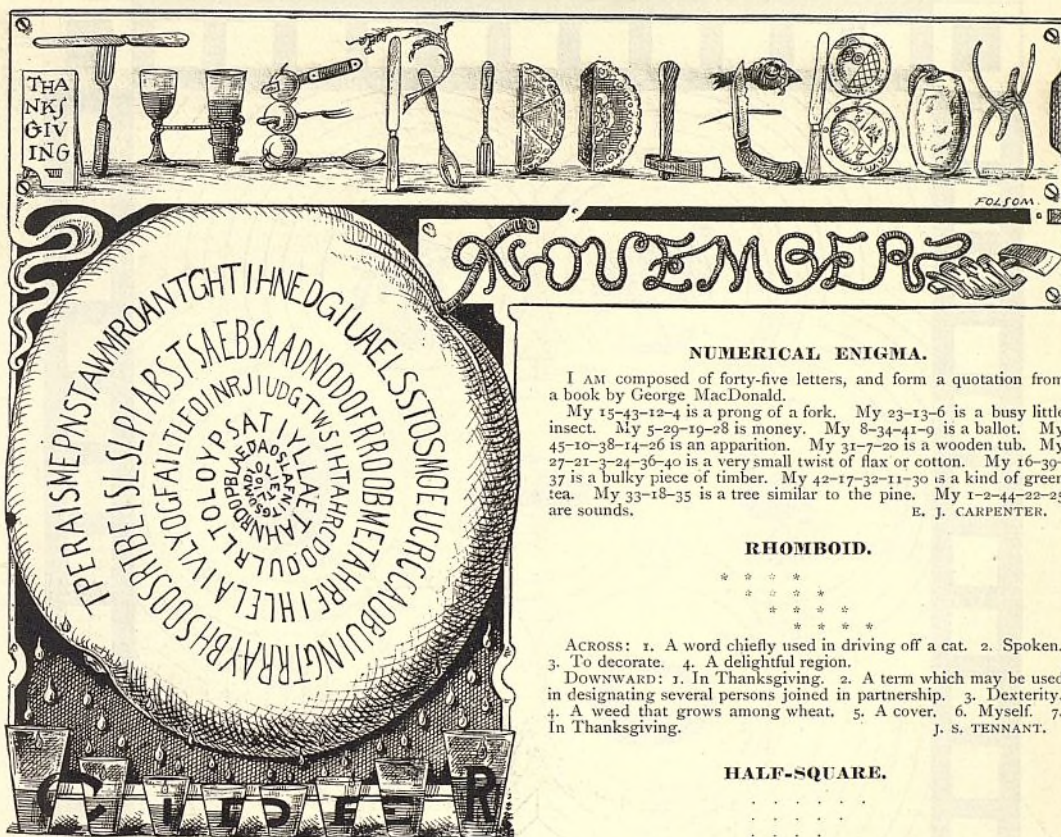
On the outside of our school-house is a gong a foot in diameter. In this a pair of sparrows (*Passer domesticus*) built their nest and raised a brood this year. The gong has been rung about two dozen times a day. Have other members noticed a more curious place for a nest than this? H. E. SAWYER, Sec. Chap. 112.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 9, 1882.

DEAR MR. BALLARD: We had a few caterpillars, but they all took off their hair, and lay down in it and died. FRANK RAMALEV.

[Don't bury them, Frank. Watch for their resurrection. They have probably not died, but only changed into chrysalids.]

Philip C. Tucker, Jr., of Galveston, Texas, sends a long and interesting report on the squid, and requests us to correct an error, which occurred in the July report, in the spelling of his name. He also sends the following answer to F. R. Gilbert's first question: The Kuda Ayer, or Malayan tapir, is of a deep, sooty black color. It is larger than the American tapir, and inhabits deep woods by river-banks. It is extremely shy.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

SPIRAL PUZZLE. The answer to this puzzle is a five-line verse, appropriate to the November holiday. The last line of the stanza is "Drops cider in the glasses"; and the four remaining lines (consisting of nineteen words) are concealed in the spiral. These words may be found by taking every second letter in the spiral, after the one to begin with has been rightly guessed.

G. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in thought, but not in mind;
My second in rough, but not in kind;
My third is in laugh, but not in cry;
My fourth is in corn, but not in rye;
My fifth is in sack, but not in coat;
My sixth is in sheep, but not in goat;
My seventh in gig, but not in dray;
My eighth is in fight, but not in fray;
My ninth is in grove, but not in wood;
My tenth is in mile, but not in road;
My eleventh in sturgeon, but not in shad;
My twelfth is in gay, but not in sad;
My whole is a time to be grateful and glad.

ARABELLA WARD.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in November; my second is in February; my third is in May; my fourth is in August; my fifth is in June; my sixth is in September.

My whole is the name of a well-known poet, who was born on November 3d.

LEATHER STOCKING.

DIAMOND.

1. In Thanksgiving. 2. To place. 3. A tendon. 4. A military officer. 5. Conditions. 6. Has been. 7. In festival.

EDITH H. E. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-five letters, and form a quotation from a book by George MacDonald.

My 15-43-12-4 is a prong of a fork. My 23-13-6 is a busy little insect. My 5-29-19-28 is money. My 8-34-41-9 is a ballot. My 45-10-38-14-26 is an apparition. My 31-7-20 is a wooden tub. My 27-21-3-24-36-40 is a very small twist of flax or cotton. My 16-39-37 is a bulky piece of timber. My 42-17-32-11-30 is a kind of green tea. My 33-18-35 is a tree similar to the pine. My 1-2-44-22-25 are sounds.

E. J. CARPENTER.

RHOMBOID.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

ACROSS: 1. A word chiefly used in driving off a cat. 2. Spoken. 3. To decorate. 4. A delightful region.

DOWNWARD: 1. In Thanksgiving. 2. A term which may be used in designating several persons joined in partnership. 3. Dexterity. 4. A weed that grows among wheat. 5. A cover. 6. Myself. 7. In Thanksgiving.

J. S. TENNANT.

HALF-SQUARE.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

ACROSS: 1. A cape with a hood. 2. Disclosures. 3. To repair. 4. An abbreviation for one of the United States. 5. An abbreviation for a British Province. 6. A vowel.

H. AND B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

A SHAKESPEARIAN CHARADE. Hamlet.

He saw the *first* upon a chopping block ('t was unprotected).

He grasped the *first* and did not *second* go (act undetected).

First and second show a play (by us selected).

PATCHWORK. 1. Let. 2. Lore. 3. Lumber. 4. Mass. 5. Leash. 6. Launch. 7. Lapse. 8. Knead. 9. Lantern.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON. 1. Cachinnation. 2. Determination. 3. Justification. 4. Spontaneous. 5. Terrestrial. 6. Emancipation. — CHARADE. Withwind.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Franz; finals, Liszt. Cross-words:

1. Festival. 2. Rabbi. 3. Atlas. 4. Natchez. 5. Zealot.

BEHEADED RHYMES. Trout, rout, out. Skill, kill, ill. Spray, pray, ray. Flit, lit, it.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Quebec. Cross-words: 1. Quiet. 2. Usual. 3. Elder. 4. Bound. 5. Ember. 6. Cider.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Vermont. Cross-words: 1. Bravado. 2. Bread. 3. Ire. 4. M. 5. Log. 6. FaNcy. 7. Portend.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Presidial. 2. Reviving. 3. Evading. 4. Sides. 5. Ived. 6. Dins. 7. (k)Ing. 8. Ag(ile). 9. L.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Cross-words: 1. Her. 2. Ewe. 3. Ell. METAMORPHOSES. 1. Fail, foil, foul. 2. Mute, mule, mile, milk,

silk. 3. Floor, flood, blood, brood, broad, bread. 4. Wen, wan, way, wry, dry. 5. Cords, corps, coops, crops, cross, cress, crest,

wrest, wrist, whist. 6. Heir, hear, pear, peas, pens, pins, wins, wigs. — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Emerson.

PROVERB REBUS. Experience keeps a dear school, but fools learn in no other.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, deluge; 2 to 6, endear; 5 to 6, runner; 1 to 5, doctor; 3 to 4, Easter; 4 to 8, ransom; 7 to 8, anthem; 3 to 7, enigma; 1 to 3, dome; 2 to 4, ewer; 5 to 7, rhea; 6 to 8, room.



TRACE a way through this maze, beginning at the circle containing the egg, and then through the others successively, reaching at last the middle circle.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from "Professor and Co."—R. H. F.—Bessie R.—Emma Honig and Kate Howard—John Pyne—Marna and Bae—O. C. Turner—Scrap—"S. Long Beach. S."—"Jumbo"—Fred H. Meeder—Annie E. Hixon—John C. and William V. Moses—Marie Faucompré—John W. Reynolds—"Two Subscribers"—Prometheus—"College Point"—"Ailsa"—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace—David E. Ansbacher—Florence Leslie Kyte—Génie J. Callmeyer—Harry L. Reed—Clara J. Child.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Anna G. Baker, 14—Elaine, 2—Frank P. Nugent, 4—Edith and Carrie Thompson, 1—Charles N. Cogswell, 6—Sidney Van Keuren, 1—Blanche Haywood, 14—Rosa Lottie Witte, 1—Gracie D. Smith, 7—Sadie L. Rhodes, 3—Florence E. Thompson, 6—"Southampton Trio," 11—Charles Walton, 3—"Two Aesthetic Maidens," 9—Helen and Hattie, 1—A. T. Losee, 13—Haedus, 3—Paul Gorham, 11—Joe B. Sheffield, 2—A. Louise Weightman and Julie P. Miller, 7—George W. Barnes, 4—Susie Dessaleit, 3—Fred E. Walton, 3—Nellie E. Miner, 4—Claude Duval, 1—"Cinderella," 2—Maude K., 3—Philip De Normandie, 2—Edith Buffington Dalton, 5—Emile L. V. Cheron, 1—John P. Conduit, 4—Nellie Caldwell, 10—Mabel Thompson, 7—Weston Stickney, 1—"Capt. Jinks," 11—Maud E. Benson, 4—J. H. Ingersoll, 3—Daisy, 2—Mary C. Burnam, 6—Ehrick Rossiter Jones, 2—D. S. Crosby, Jr., 12—Effie K. Talboys, 13—Louise Kelly, 10—"Jinks and Dad," 9—H. Revell, 1—"Pewee," 5—Grace Murray, 2—Allie Close, 6—Mary E. Baker, 5—Helen R. and May D. Dexter, 14—Ruby Frazer, 2—Alice W. C., 14—Paul England and Co., 11—Vera, 13—Roast and Pierce, 14—"Alcibiades," 12—"Patience," 9—Willie H. Bawden, 14—Arabella Ward, 3—M. W. T., 3—Donna Ruth and Samuel H. Camp, 7—Frank G. Newland, 10—Dolly Varden, 6—Helen W. Merriam, 11—Francis L. Bosqui, 3—Bertie and Maud, 8—Arthur Herbert Cuming, 2—Æon, 11—"Jumbo," 5—Gertie E. Webb, 2—Addie White, 14—Gertrude and Florence, 11—Marion and Daisy, 5—Clara and her Aunt, 14—Frank P. Midlam, 1—Clarence H. Young, 14—Minnie B. Murray, 12—Shumway, 14—Algernon Tassin, 9—"Flat Rock Campers," 11—C. L. Slattery, 13—Vin and Henry, 11—Harry Johnston, 8—Bolivar, 13—Daisy, Violet, and Clover, 3—T. W. T., 7—Myrtle, 4—Helen Ansbacher, 7—Trask, 14—Nellie Mott, 1—Freddy Thwaits, 14—James H. Strong, 10—V. P. J. S. M. S., 9—Warren, 5—Rosette et Félicité, 12—Madge Tolderlund, 4—J. S. Tennant, 13—P. Embury, Jr., 5—Appleton H., 14—Pernie, 12—"Three Old Maids," 7—Jessie Mühlhäuser, 4—A. Gardner, 11—Mary Black and Mae B. Creighton, 10—Standish McCleary, 4—Margarite, 2—Lottie A. Foggan, 3.

at
pe
" "
wo
ce
—
osa
—
ise
l, r
t, 4
isy,
and
4—
9—
olly
" 5
P.
L.
elen
ette
s, " 7
n, 3.