

BIRD  
 INV. ET  
 DEL.

"ON. CHRISTMAS. DAY. IN. THE. MORNING."  
 WITH. THE. COMPLIMENTS. OF. ST. NICHOLAS.

FILMER S.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## A WINTER SONG.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

OH, Summer has the roses  
And the laughing light south wind,  
And the merry meadows lined  
With dewy, dancing posies;  
But Winter has the sprites  
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, Summer has the splendor  
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,  
Where scarlet poppies sleep  
And wary shadows wander;  
But Winter fields are rare  
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, Summer has the wild bees,  
And the ringing, singing note  
In the robin's tuneful throat,  
And the leaf-talk in the trees;  
But Winter has the chime  
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, Summer has the luster  
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,  
And rains that fall at night  
Where reeds and lilies cluster;  
But deep in Winter's snow  
The fires of Christmas glow.

## THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

By M. E. K.

AUNT RUTH sat thinking. It was only a week before Christmas, and, as yet, no gift had been decided upon for her pet niece, who lived in a distant city.

It was hard to know what to give Bessie—she seemed so well supplied with everything a little girl could want for comfort or pleasure. She was such a good child, and so unselfish, that she was a general favorite, and her friends, young and old, were always sending her some pretty trinket, until her own room was a kind of museum of love-tokens; every corner was full, her bureau loaded, the table covered, and the walls adorned; in fact, it had almost become a proverb in the family that "Whatever Bessie wished for always came."

Now she was ten years old, had declared herself tired of Christmas trees, and announced that to hang up a stocking for Santa Claus to fill was too childish—she should like to keep Christmas some new way. This was what Aunt Ruth was puzzling over. At last, with a look of relief, she exclaimed: "I have an idea! I know it will please her."

She immediately went to her writing-desk, wrote a long letter to Bessie's mamma, and folded into it a crisp bank-note.

On Christmas morning Bessie opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay on her pillow. Beside it was a tiny note. She opened it and read:

"DEAR BESSIE: I am one of fifteen silver fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from your Aunt Ruth. Take us all together down to some big store to-morrow, and we will turn into whatever small thing you may wish for."

"Oh, how nice!" said Bessie. "What a funny auntie! always doing something different from other people. I don't quite understand what it all means, but I am glad enough of this bit of spending-money, for I had n't one cent left."

And, wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began pulling on her stockings, when, to her surprise and delight, she found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each. Two of Aunt Ruth's fairies had taken possession of her shoes, another faced her in the wash-bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor, little empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring—but there, right between the red linings, was the biggest fairy that had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! Mamma was called in continually. And how they laughed over every new discovery!

At breakfast, she was served first to a small piece of silver coin; another, just the same size, shone in the bottom of the glass of water Bridget brought her. It was really enchanting—quite like the story of Midas she had just been reading, only whatever he touched turned into gold. She wondered if the chicken, potatoes, and rolls would turn into silver when she tasted them; but, no! Although she looked very suspiciously at everything on the table, not another fairy showed itself.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies, I can not tell. But what fun she had hunting after the other five, upstairs and downstairs, from attic to cellar, under rugs, in work-baskets, and in every conceivable place! Searching was all in vain, however; fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner-time, when it flew out, most unexpectedly, as Bessie was unrolling her napkin, and its silver mate lay temptingly among the nuts when dessert was brought in.

Bessie spent a happy afternoon sitting in the midst of her many presents, and planning how to spend her little fortune. Some of her fairy pieces should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Johnnie Davis; many times it had made her heart ache as she had watched him trying to shovel snow with such red hands. She would carry a basket full of fairy cakes, frosted with pink and white sugar, to old colored Susan (she had overheard her telling the cook that it was many a long day since she had tasted anything nice); she would change her biggest fairy into a pretty doll for that distressed-looking crippled girl who lived around in the alley, and would carry out many other plans of the same sort.

But Mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk, and, rather reluctantly, she turned away from her new treasures to put on her wrappings, and felt in the pocket of her cloak for her gloves. They were missing, but there she found a fairy, and another came sticking out from the bow on her hat, in a most comical fashion.

That night, at supper, a little cake was placed before Bessie's plate, and fairy fourteen came near being eaten, but peeped into sight just in time to be saved from such a fate. How pleasantly and quickly the evening passed! All the new things

had to be looked at and admired over again. There was one more hunt after the fairy that had not made its appearance; it was unsuccessful, however, and bed-time, that dread of children, came at last. It was strange (for Bessie had ransacked her room five minutes before), but there, quietly resting on the snowy pillow, lay the last of Aunt Ruth's fairies!

While she was undressing, Mamma explained all the mysteries of the day by reading her Aunt Ruth's letter, in which full directions had been given. Then she told how Papa had changed the paper money into the newest and brightest coins he could find; how busy she had been hiding them, as Auntie had suggested, and how successfully she had escaped being caught.

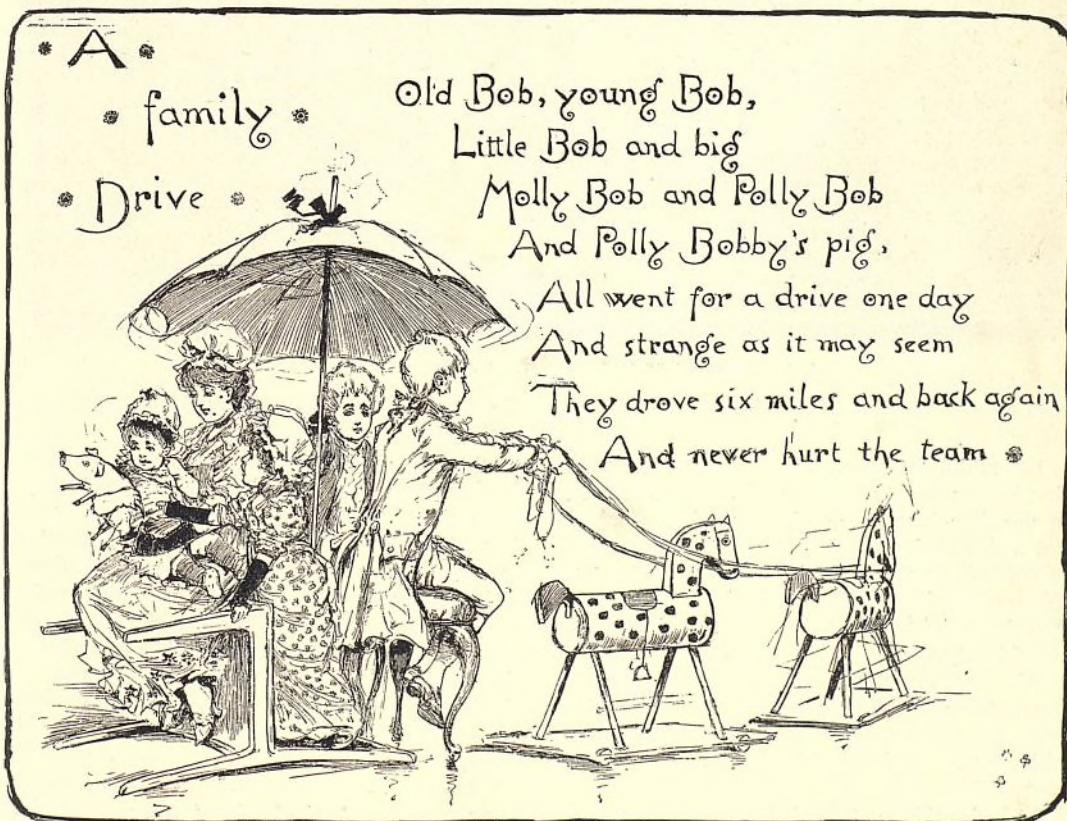
"Well, Mamma, it's the merriest Christmas Day I ever knew! I like all my presents very much, but I think I have enjoyed my fairies the most. I know what I shall do to-morrow. I have

got it all planned. Some other people shall see fairies too."

And thanking her Heavenly Father for all his good gifts, Bessie tucked the crowded purse under her pillow, lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning, with Mamma to help and advise, Bessie started out on her pleasant errands of love; and the silver fairies disappeared rapidly into all kinds of the oddest-shaped parcels, until Bessie's big basket was full, and her arms too. Such fun she had distributing her fairy bundles, and such looks and words of gratitude as she received in return! "Why, it's nicer than *my* Christmas, Mamma," she whispered, as she turned to leave the poor little cripple, whom she had made so happy by giving her the first doll she had ever owned.

So, many sad hearts were made glad that day, and the whole long year, by Aunt Ruth's Christmas fairies.



## THE STORY OF VITEAU.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



LOUIS FINDS ONE OF THE HIGHWAYMEN A GOOD-NATURED FELLOW.

## CHAPTER IV.†

LOUIS did not submit readily to his captors. At first he was angry; then he cried, and when some of the men laughed at him for being a baby he got angry again, and told them they were a band of cowards to set upon him in this way,—a dozen men on one boy,—and that if they wanted to rob him they might do it and go about their business. He did not care; he could walk home.

"No, no, my valiant page," said the leader of the robbers; "we don't want you to walk and we don't want you to go home. We shall take you with us now, and we will see about the robbing afterward."

And with this he turned the little horse around,

and led him, by a path which Louis had passed without noticing it, into the depths of the forest. On the way, the robber asked his young prisoner a great many questions regarding his family, his connections, and his present business in riding thus alone through the forest roads. To these questions Louis was ready enough to give answer, for it was not his nature to conceal anything, unless he thought it absolutely necessary. Indeed, he was quite proud of the opportunity thus afforded him of talking about the rank and importance of his mother, and of dwelling upon the great power and warlike renown of the nobleman under whom he served.

"They will not let me stay here long, you may be sure of that," said Louis. "As soon as they

† This story was begun in the November number.

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hear that you have carried me off, they will take me away from you."

"I hope so, indeed," said the robber, laughing; "and if I had not thought that they would take you from me, I should not have taken the trouble to capture you."

"Oh, I know what you mean," said the boy. "You expect them to ransom me."

"I most certainly do," replied the other.

"But they will not do it," cried Louis. "They will come with soldiers and take me from you!"

"We shall see," returned the robber.

It was almost dark when, by many winding and sometimes almost invisible paths through the forest, the party reached a collection of rude huts, which were evidently the present dwelling-places of these robbers, or *cotereaux*, as they were called. There were several classes of highwaymen, or brigands, in France at this time, and of these the *cotereaux* were, probably, the most numerous.

There were fires built in various places about the open space in which the huts had been erected, and there were a good many men around the fires. A smell of cooking meat made Louis feel sure that supper would soon be ready, and this was a comforting thing to him, for he was very hungry. The supper which was served to him was of plain food, but he had enough, and the bed he slept on, at the back part of the Captain's hut, was nothing but a lot of dry leaves and twigs, with a coarse cloth thrown over it; but Louis was very tired, and it was not long before he was sound asleep.

He was much troubled, of course, at the thought of going to bed in this way, in the midst of a band of robbers, but he was not afraid that they would do him any injury, for he had heard enough about these *cotereaux* to know that they took prisoners almost always for the purpose of making money out of them, and not to do them useless harm. If he had been an older and a deeper thinker, he would, probably, have thought of the harm which might be done to him in case no money could be made by his capture; but this matter did not enter his mind. He went to sleep with the feeling that what he wanted now was a good night's rest, and that, in some way or other, all would be right on the morrow.

Michol, the captain of the band, was very plain-spoken, the next morning, in telling Louis his plans in regard to him. "I know well," he said, "that your mother is able to pay a handsome ransom for you, and, if she is so hard-hearted that she will not do it, I can depend on Barran. He will not let a page from his castle pine away in these woods, for the sake of a handful of gold."

"My mother is not hard-hearted," said Louis, "and I am not going to pine away, no matter how

long you keep me. Do you intend to send to my mother to-day?"

"Not so soon as that," replied Michol. "I shall let her have time to feel what a grievous thing it is to have a son carried away to the heart of the forest, where she can never find him, and where he must stay, month after month and year after year, until she pays his worthy captors what she thinks the boy is worth."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Louis. "If you will give me my horse and my falcon, which your men have taken from me, and will let me have again my dagger, I will go to Viteau, myself, and tell my mother about the ransom; and I promise you that she will send you all the money she can afford to spend for me in that way. And, if there is no one else to bring it,—for our men might be afraid to venture among so many robbers,—I shall bring it myself, on my way back to Barran's castle. I am not afraid to come."

"I am much pleased to hear that, my boy," said Michol, "but I do not like your plan. When I am ready, I shall send a messenger, and no one will be afraid to bring me the money, when everything is settled. But one thing you can do. If you have ever learned to write,—and I have heard that the Countess of Viteau has taught her sons to be scholars,—you may write a letter to your mother, and tell her in what a doleful plight you find yourself, and how necessary it is that she should send all the money that I ask for. Thus she will see that you are really my prisoner, and will not delay to come to your assistance. One of my men, Jasto, will give you a pen and ink, and something to write your letter on. You may go, now, and look for Jasto. You will know him by his torn clothes and his thirst for knowledge."

"Torn clothes!" said Louis, as he walked away. "They all have clothes of that kind. And, as for his thirst for knowledge, I can not see how I am to find out that. I suppose the Captain wanted to give me something to do, so as to keep me from troubling him. I am not going to look for any Jasto. If I could find my horse, and could get a chance, I should jump on him and gallop away from these fellows."

Louis wandered about among the huts, peering here and there for a sight of Agnes's little jennet. But he saw nothing of him, for the animal had been taken away to another part of the forest, to keep company with other stolen horses. And even if he had been able to mount and ride away unobserved, it would have been impossible for Louis to find his way along the devious paths of the forest to the highway. More than this, although he seemed to be wandering about in perfect liberty, some of the men had orders to keep their eyes

upon the boy, and to stop him if he endeavored to penetrate into the forest.

"Ho, there!" said a man, whom Louis suddenly met, as he was walking between two of the huts, "are you looking for anything? What have you lost?"

"I have lost nothing," said Louis, deeming it necessary to reply only to the last question.

"I thought you lost your liberty yesterday," said the other, "and, before that, you must have lost your senses, to be riding alone on a road, walled in for miles and miles by trees, bushes, and brave *cotereaux*. But, of course, I did not suppose that you came here to look for either your liberty or your senses. What is it you want?"

Louis had no intention of telling the man that he was looking for his horse, and so, as he felt obliged to give some answer, he said:

"I was sent to look for Jasto, so that I could write a letter to my mother."

"Jasto!" exclaimed the man. "Well, my young page, if you find everything in the world as easily as you found Jasto, you will do well. I am Jasto. And do you know how you came to find me?"

"I chanced to meet you," said Louis.

"Not so," said the other. "If I had not been looking for you, you never would have found me. Things often happen in that manner. If what we are looking for does not look for us, we never find it. But what is this about your mother and a letter? Sit down here, in this bit of shade, and make these things plain to me."

Louis accepted this invitation, for the sun was beginning to be warm, and he sat down by the man, at the foot of a tree.

"I do not believe you are Jasto," he said, looking at his companion. "Your clothes are not torn. I was told to look for a man with torn clothes."

"Torn clothes!" exclaimed the other. "What are you talking of? Not torn? Why, boy, my clothes are more torn and are worse torn and have staid torn longer than the clothes of any man in all our goodly company. But they have been mended, you see, and that is what makes them observable among so many sadly tattered garments."

Louis looked at the coarse jerkin, breeches, and stockings of the man beside him. They were, certainly, torn and ripped in many places, and the torn places were of many curious shapes, as if the wearer had been making a hurried journey through miles of bramble bushes; but all the torn places were carefully mended with bright-red silk thread, which made them more conspicuous than if they had not been mended at all.

"I see that they have been torn," said Louis, "but they are not torn now."

"A great mistake, my good sir page—a great mistake," said the other; "once torn, always torn. If my clothes are mended, that but gives them another quality. Then they have two qualities. They are torn and they are mended. If one's clothes are torn, the only way to have clothes that are not torn is to have new ones. Think of that, boy, and make no rents in yourself nor in your clothes. Although mending can be done very well," he added, looking complacently at his breeches, "the evil of it is, though, that it always shows."

"I could mend better than that," said Louis.

"That is to be hoped; it is truly to be hoped," said the other, "for you have had better chances than I. This red silk, left in our hands by a fair lady, who was taking it to waste it in embroidery in some friend's castle, was all the thread I had for my mending. Now, you could have all things suitable for your mending, whether of clothes or of mind or of body, if it should so happen that you should have rents in any of these. But tell me, now, about your letter."

"There is nothing to tell," said Louis, "excepting that your Captain wishes me to write a letter to my mother, urging her to send good ransom for me, and that he said you could give me pen and ink and something to write upon."

"Pen and ink are well enough," said the man, who, as Louis now believed, was really Jasto, "for I can make them. But something to write on is a more difficult matter to find. Paper is too scarce, and parchment costs too much; and so there is none of either in this company. But I shall see to it that you have something to write on when you are ready to write. It strikes me that the chief trouble will be to put together the three things—the pen and the ink and the something to write on—in such a manner as to make a letter of them. Did you ever write a letter?"

"Not yet. But I know how to do it," said Louis; and, as he spoke, he remembered how he had promised his brother to write a letter to him. He was now going to send a letter to Viteau, but under what strange circumstances it would be written! If he were at the castle, Agnes would help him. He wished he had thought of asking her, weeks ago, to help him.

"I have written a letter myself," said Jasto, "but before I had written it I trembled to say I could do it. And I was a grown man, and had fought in three battles. But pages are bolder than soldiers. Would you like to hear about my letter?"

"Indeed I should," said Louis, anxious to lis-

ten to anything which might give him a helping hint regarding the duty he had taken upon himself.

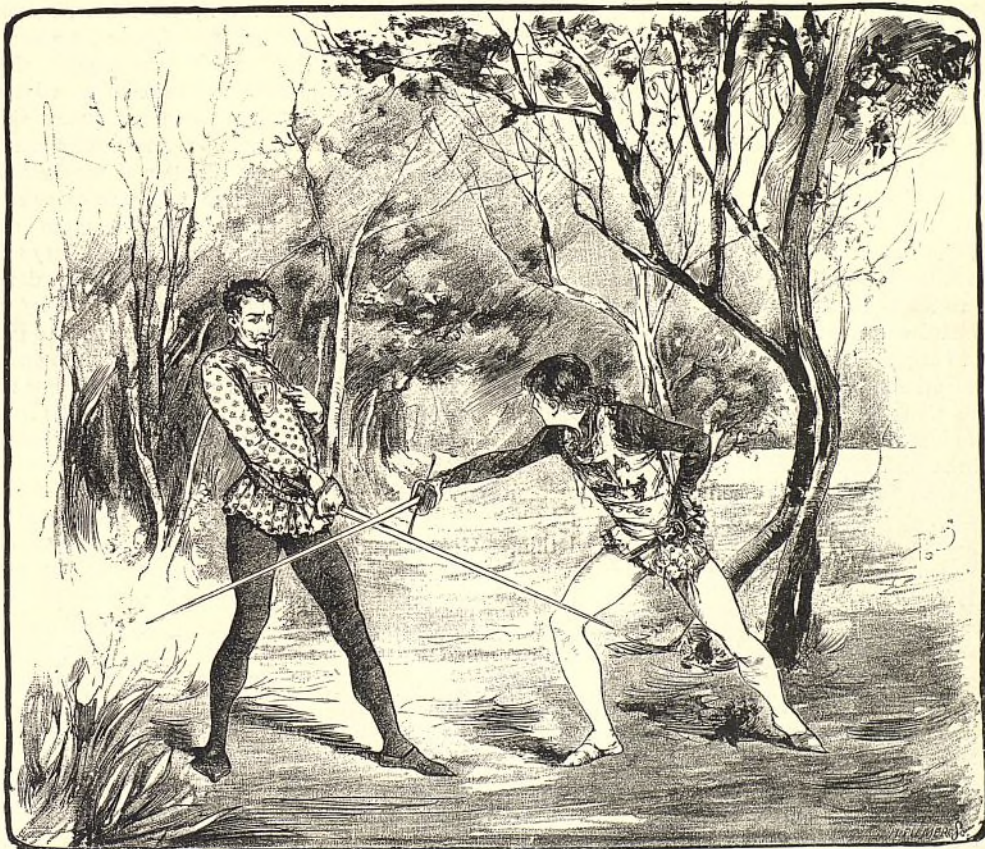
"Well, then," said Jasto, stretching out his legs, "I shall tell you about my letter. It was just before —"

"Jasto!" rang out a voice from the opposite side of the inclosure formed by the huts.

"There!" cried Jasto, jumping to his feet, "that is the Captain. I must go. But you sit still, just where you are, and when I come back, which will be shortly, I shall tell you about my letter."

a good appearance at the house of his cousin, with whom he was to live, Bernard insisted on his employing nearly all his leisure time in out-door exercises and knightly accomplishments. Hawking was postponed for the present, for, after the loss of Raymond's falcon was discovered, Bernard declared that he had not the heart to train another one immediately, even if a good bird could be easily obtained, which was not the case.

Very little was said about the disappearance of the falcon. Raymond, his mother, and the squire



BERNARD TEACHING RAYMOND THE USE OF THE LONG SWORD. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

#### CHAPTER V.

WE must now go back to the Chateau de Viteau, and see what has happened there since the departure of Louis for his new home. Of course, the boy was greatly missed by his mother and brother, but Raymond soon found himself so busy that he had not time enough to grieve very much over the absence of his old playmate. In order to prepare himself for the school at Paris he was obliged to study diligently, and in order that he might make

each had a suspicion that Louis had had something to do with it; but no one of them mentioned it to either of the others. Each hoped the suspicion was unfounded, and therefore said nothing about it.

While Raymond was busy with his studies and his manly exercises, the mind of Bernard, even while giving the boy the benefit of his knowledge of the management of horses and the use of arms, was occupied with a very serious matter.

As has been said before, the Countess of Viteau was one of the very few ladies in France who was

fairly educated, and who took an interest in acquiring knowledge from books. This disposition, so unusual at that time, together with her well-known efforts to have her sons educated, even giving a helping hand herself whenever she found that she was qualified to do so, had attracted attention to her, and many people began to talk about her, as a woman who gave a great deal of time to useless pursuits. Why should a lady of her rank—these people said—wish to read books and study out the meaning of old manuscripts, as if she were of no higher station than a poor monk? If there were anything in the books and parchments which she ought to know, the priests would tell her all about it.

But the Countess thought differently, and she kept on with her reading, which was almost entirely confined to religious works, and in this way she gradually formed some ideas about religious matters which were somewhat different from those taught at that time by the Church of Rome, or, at least, from those taught by the priests about her. She saw no harm in her opinions, and did not hesitate to speak of them to the priests who came to the château from a neighboring monastery, and even to argue in favor of them.

The priests, however, did see harm in the ideas of the Countess, simply because, in those days, people had very narrow and bigoted ways of thinking in regard to religious affairs, and it was generally thought that any person having an opinion differing, even very little, from what was taught by the monks and priests, was doing a wicked thing to persist in such an opinion after he had been told it was wrong.

For this reason, when the priests who had charge of the religious services at Viteau found that their arguments made no impression on the Countess, who was able to answer them back in such a way that they could find nothing more to say on their side of the question, they reported the state of affairs to some of the higher officers of the Church, and, in due time, a man was sent to Viteau to find out exactly what its mistress did think, and why she was so wicked as to think it.

The person who was sent was the Dominican monk, Brother Anselmo, who was met by the two boys and Bernard, on the occasion when we first made their acquaintance. Brother Anselmo was a quiet-spoken man, making no pretensions to authority or to superior knowledge; and the Countess talked with him and answered his questions freely and unsuspectingly. She knew he was a Dominican, and she knew he had come to the neighborhood of Viteau on purpose to talk with her on certain religious subjects; but this did not surprise her, as she supposed all good people were

just as much interested in these subjects as she was; but she had no idea that he was connected with the Inquisition at Toulouse.

Bernard, the squire, however, knew well who he was, and it troubled him greatly to know it.

Some weeks after the Dominican had begun to make his almost daily visits to Viteau, he came, one day, accompanied by another monk, who did not enter the grounds, but who remained outside the little gate, waiting for his companion to return.

Bernard noticed the monk waiting outside, and thinking that this unusual occurrence had something suspicious about it, he followed Brother Anselmo when he left the château, and, as he rejoined his fellow monk, the squire slipped quietly up to the wall and listened to what they said to each other. In this case, Bernard did not consider that he was doing a very improper thing. He feared that danger threatened the household of Viteau, and that these two monks were the persons through whom the evil would come. Therefore, he believed that it was his duty to employ every possible means of averting this danger; and he listened with all his ears.

What he heard was very little. The two monks stood silent a few moments, and then the one who had been waiting said something in a low voice, which Bernard could not hear. To this Brother Anselmo answered: "We have done all we can. I think it is a case for the Holy Inquisition."

And then the two walked off together.

Bernard now knew that his fears were correct. His beloved mistress, on account of some of her religious opinions, was in danger of being carried a prisoner to Toulouse, there to be tried before the officers of the Inquisition. He had no doubt that her opinions, whatever they were, were entirely correct, for he had a great respect for her religious knowledge, and he felt sure she knew more than the monks who came to the château, but he well understood that, if she should be put on trial, and if the doctrines she believed to be true were found to differ, in the least point, from those taught by the priests, she would be considered guilty of heresy, and perhaps be put to death.

The squire went away from the wall a very sad man. He was certain that no one at the château but himself knew of the danger of its mistress, and he felt that it rested on him to take some immediate steps to save her, if that were possible.

As he approached the house, Bernard met Raymond, who was coming to take some lessons from him in the use of the long sword. The good squire never threw so much energy and good-will into his lessons as he did that day.

"If he has to fight for his mother," he said to himself, "I want him to fight well."

(To be continued.)

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE MAMMOTH.

By C. F. HOLDER.



THE MAMMOTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

At the close of the last century, a poor fisherman named Shumarhoff lived near the mouth of the Lena River, which flows through the cold Siberian country and is lost in the icy waters of the Arctic Sea. In the summer, he plied his vocation on the sea-coast, and during the long winter lived far up the river, where it was, perhaps, a little warmer. It is safe to say that Shumarhoff would never have made a great noise in the world—in fact, would

never have been heard of—had it not been for a wonderful discovery he made while coming down the river one spring. The river-banks of this cold country are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from sixty to one hundred feet in height. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which, viewed from the sea or river, look

exactly as if they had been built by man. In the summer, these strange formations are free from snow, and to a depth of ten feet are soft; but below this they are continually frozen, and have been for untold ages. They are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

It was before such a mound that our fisherman stopped, dumb with astonishment, one spring morning, so many years ago. About thirty feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall, he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on closer inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, were taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakoutes, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of Nature perhaps fifty thousand years,\* more or less; but so well was it preserved that, when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

Two years after the animal had fallen from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure the specimen and purchase it for the Emperor. He found the mammoth where it originally fell, but much torn by animals, especially by the white bears and foxes. The massive skeleton, however, was entire, with the exception of one

fore leg, while all the other bones were still held together by the ligaments and flesh, as if the animal had been dead only a few weeks. The neck was still covered by a long mane of reddish wool, and over thirty pounds more of the same colored wool or hair were collected by the scientist from the adjacent sand, into which it had been trodden by bears and other animals of prey. In this condition the mammoth, with the tusks, which were repurchased in Jakutsk, was taken to St. Petersburg and there mounted.

Our illustration depicts this very specimen, representing it as it appeared when alive and moving along with ponderous tread through the scanty woodland of the northern countries. Its length is twenty-six feet, including the curve of the tusks; it stands sixteen feet high, and when alive it probably weighed more than twice as much as the largest living elephant. And, as some tusks have been found over fifteen feet in length, we may reasonably conclude that Shumarhoff's mammoth is only an average specimen, and that many of its companions were considerably larger.

Imagine the spectacle of a large herd of these mighty creatures rushing along over the frozen ground, the reverberation of their tread sounding like thunder. When enraged, their wild, headlong course must have been one of terrible devastation. Large trees were but twigs to these giants of the north, and everything must have given way before them.

Tusks of this animal had been discovered previous to Shumarhoff's find, and have been found since in such great quantities that vessels go out for the sole purpose of collecting them. Eschscholtz Bay, near Behring Strait, is a famous place for them, and numbers have also been found in England. It is stated that the fishermen of Happsburgh have dredged up over two thousand mammoth teeth during the past twelve years—a fact showing that a once favorite resort, or perhaps burying-ground, of these great creatures, is now covered by the ocean. In the cliffs of Northern Alaska remains of the mammoth are often seen, and the New Siberian Islands recently visited by the Arctic explorer, Baron Nordenskjöld, are liberally supplied with these, as well as remains of other and equally interesting extinct and fossil animals. The mammoth was so called from a curious belief among the Siberians that this enormous animal lived in caverns under the ground, much after the fashion of the mole. Many of the tusks and bones were found buried in the frozen earth, and it was the natural conclusion that the animal lived there when alive. They believed it could not bear the light of day; and so dug out with its tusks great tunnels in the earth.

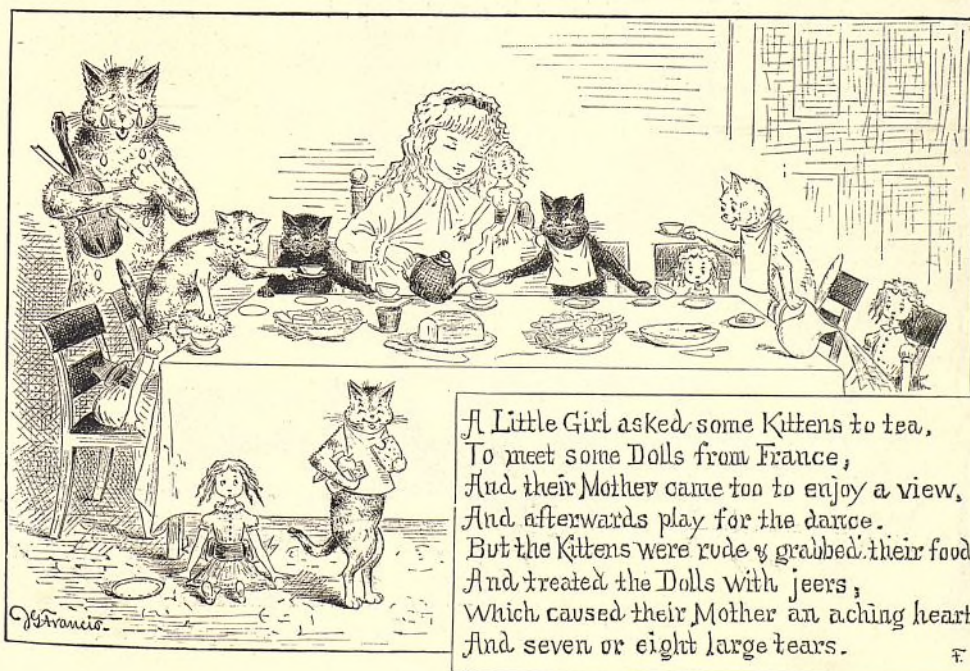
\* According to Sir William Logan, from five hundred thousand to one million years ago.

To us the mammoth is known as the *Elephas primigenius*, an extinct and northern cousin of the Indian elephant of to-day. It lived above the parallel of forty degrees in Europe, Northern Asia, and North-western North America, during what is known in geology as the Quaternary age. In those days, North America presented an entirely different appearance from the present. What are now the coast States, from Maine to Central America, were then nearly, if not entirely, under water, while Florida existed, if at all, merely as a deep coral-reef. A great arm of the sea or ocean extended up the St. Lawrence nearly to Lake Ontario, covering Lake Champlain and many other Canadian lakes. The site of the present city of Montreal was then five hundred feet under water, and whales swam at will over what is now Lake Champlain—a fact sufficiently proved by the discovery of one sixty feet above the borders of the present lake, and one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Atlantic Ocean.

The animals that lived with the mammoth in that far-off, wonderful age were equally interesting. In 1772, a hairy rhinoceros was found in the ice at Wilni, Siberia, preserved in the same manner as the Shumarhoff mammoth. England, the northern part of Europe and Asia, and probably North

America also, were the roaming-grounds of a huge two-horned rhinoceros, that probably waged war with the mammoth. The streams, rivers, and swamps were then populated with gigantic hippopotamuses, armed with terrible tusks, while on the higher plains were oxen and deer, compared to which our modern cattle are dwarfs and pigmies. Among the tiger tribe was one now called the *Marchaerodus*, with sharp, saber-like teeth eight or nine inches long—one of the most formidable creatures of this age of wonders. It waged deadly warfare against the vast herds of wild horses that roamed the eastern plains in those days. Besides these were savage hyenas of great size, that traversed the country in troops, leaving devastation in their track.

Other great elephants are known to the geologist: as the mastodon, specimens of which have been unearthed at Newburg and Cohoes, N. Y., in Salem County, N. J., and in many other parts of this country. There is also record of a great fossil elephant, with tusks fifteen feet long, that was excavated from the Sewalik Hills of India; but none of these approached the hairy mammoth in size. It is surely a fitting monument of this ancient time, when man—if he existed at all—was but a savage, and the earth seemingly incomplete.



A Little Girl asked some Kittens to tea,  
To meet some Dolls from France,  
And their Mother came too to enjoy a view,  
And afterwards play for the dance.  
But the Kittens were rude & grabbed their food,  
And treated the Dolls with jeers,  
Which caused their Mother an aching heart  
And seven or eight large tears.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

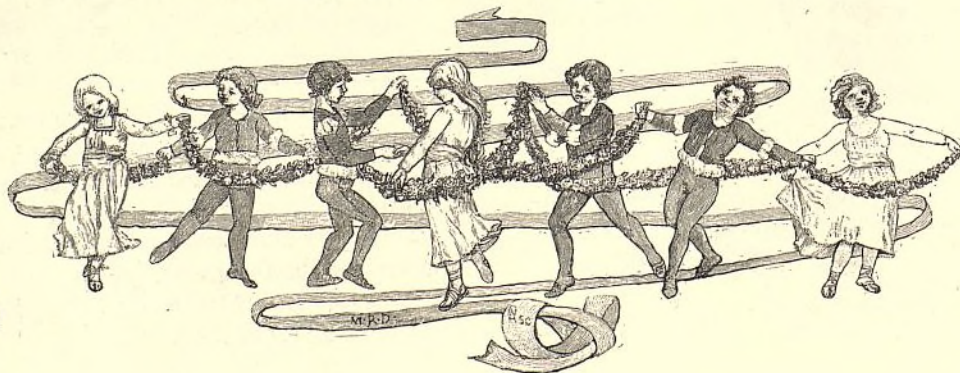
BY NORA PERRY.

WHAT 's this hurry, what 's this flurry,  
 All throughout the house to-day?  
 Everywhere a merry scurry,  
 Everywhere a sound of play.  
 Something, too, 's the matter, matter,  
 Out-of-doors as well as in,  
 For the bell goes clatter, clatter,  
 Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,  
 In a queer, mysterious way;  
 What on earth can they be thinking,  
 What on earth can be to pay?  
 Bobby peeping o'er the stair-way,  
 Bursts into a little shout;  
 Kitty, too, is in a fair way,  
 Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing  
 Every minute more and more,  
 And swift feet go springing, springing,  
 Through the hall-way to the door,  
 Where a glimpse of box and packet,  
 And a little rustle, rustle,  
 Makes such sight and sound and racket,—  
 Such a jolly bustle, bustle,—  
 That the youngsters in their places,  
 Hiding slyly out of sight,  
 All at once show shining faces,  
 All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask *them* what 's the matter,  
 What the fun outside and in—  
 What the meaning of the clatter,  
 What the bustle and the din.  
 Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,  
 All together hear them say,  
 "Why, what have you been about, then,  
 Not to know it 's Christmas day?"



## "SOUL, SOUL, FOR A SOUL-CAKE!"

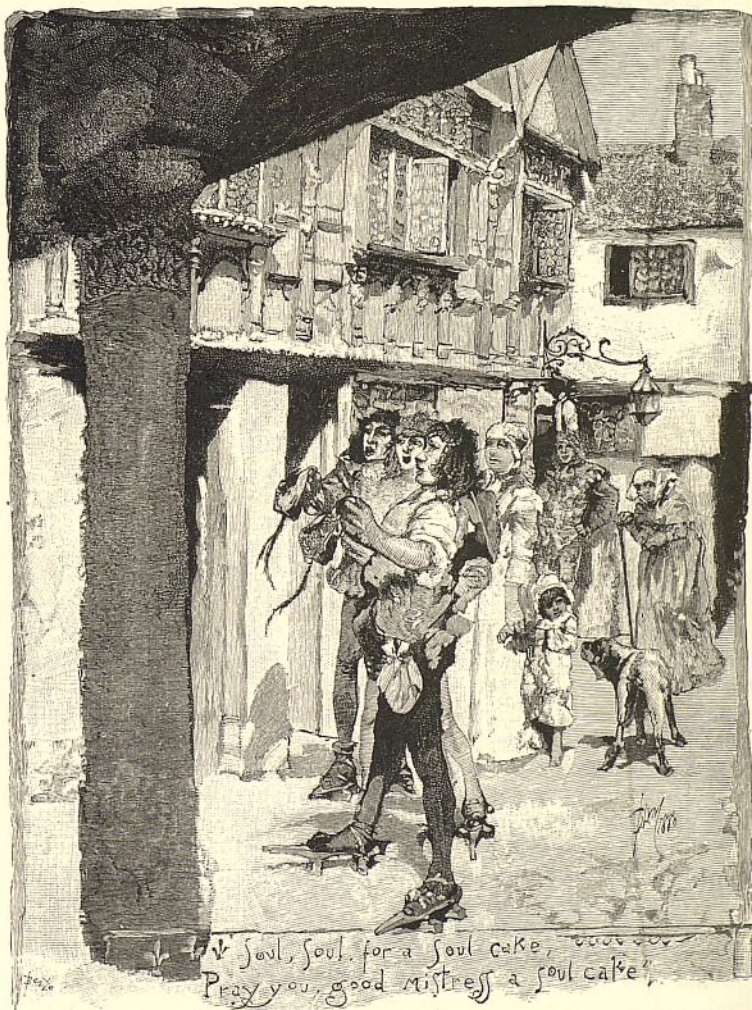
By J. L. W.

THE scene here represented was a familiar spectacle in the streets of English towns some centuries ago. They had many quaint observances in those days, as we all know, and the one here shown resembled much the pretty custom of singing Christmas carols under the windows of the rich, during holiday-week. The "Soul-cake," however, was rather a Halloween celebration than a Christmas-tide usage. The offerings of the first fruits of the year's harvest were called "Soul-cakes," which the rich gave to the poor at the Halloween season, in return for which the recipients prayed for the souls of the givers and their friends. And this custom became so favored in popular esteem that, for a long time, it was a regular observance in the country towns of England for small companies to go about from parish to parish at Halloween, begging soul-cakes by singing under the windows some such verse as this:

"Soul, soul, for a soul-cake;  
Pray you, good mistress, a soul-cake!"

It was not unusual, too, in those days, for the celebration of Christmas to be kept up for weeks before and after the actual date; and in the great houses of the country,—the homes of dukes and earls,—a "lord of misrule," or "abbot of unreason," was appointed before the advent of Halloween, to devise and superintend the pastimes and merry-making of the Christmas festival. His authority lasted from All-Hallow Eve (or Halloween) to Candlemas Day (the 2d of February), and during all that time the castle or manor over which he reigned was given up to feasting, music, and

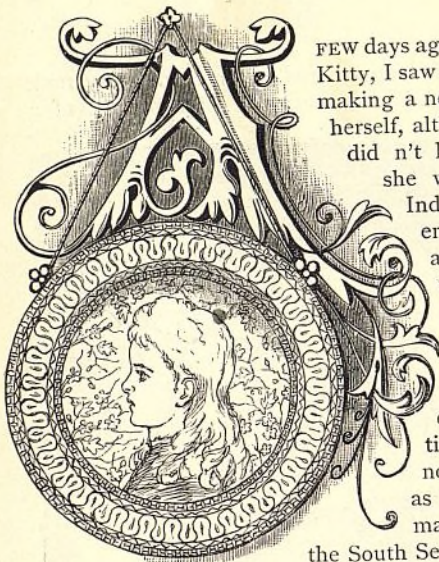
mirth, which was shared by those of every rank and age. The last recorded appointment of a



"Soul, soul, for a soul cake,  
Pray you, good mistress a soul cake."

"lord of misrule" was in 1627, and at that time his title had changed into "The Grand Captaine of Mischieffe." No doubt he must have been the merriest of all the revelers at Halloween, when beginning his frolicsome reign; but perhaps he found it harder to maintain his joy as Candlemas Day drew near, when he would have to lay aside his authority and resume his work-a-day duties and burdens.

## CHANGING A FACE.—AN OPEN LETTER.



FEW days ago, my dear Kitty, I saw a little girl making a new face for herself, although she did n't know what she was doing.

Indeed, I often see boys and girls tracing upon themselves lines that, after a time, become as distinct, though not colored, as the tattoo-markings of the South Sea Islanders.

In fact, you were the little girl who was changing her face; and I have thought that, if I wrote you what the politicians call "an open letter" about it, both you and other little friends of ST. NICHOLAS might thank me in your hearts. You have often heard the saying that "Beauty is only skin deep"; and there is another that may be new to you, that "God makes our faces, but we make our mouths." Now, like most proverbs, these are truths, but they are not complete truths. But I think I can show you how in great measure we do make our own mouths and our own faces.

You know very well that a blacksmith's arm is not only strong, but large, because hard work has developed its muscles. And it is a general truth that all muscles increase by exercise. But you do not see how a blacksmith's arm illustrates anything in a little girl's face? Let us "make haste slowly," as the wise old Romans used to say, and then my meaning may be clearer.

What does our skin, so soft and smooth in childhood, and often so harsh and wrinkled in old age, cover? You say, flesh? Yes. And some other little girl adds, fat? Very well. And the boy who is studying physiology adds, nerves and tendons? True. And then you all know that bones support the human structure—are the frame—just as the beams and timbers of a wooden house, or of a ship, are its frame. But what is flesh? Is it merely so much softer fabric thrown over and fastened to the bones in a thick sheet, like the soft seat on the hard frame of your parlor sofa? Not at all. The

flesh is separated into several hundred divisions, or little bundles, called muscles.

Muscles and flesh are different names for the same thing, just as the bricks and the wall of a house, or the stones and the pavement of a street, are the same. Only the muscles, unlike the bricks and stones, are all changeable as to size within certain limits; for each muscle is attached to the bone beneath it by the tough, inelastic tendon. Now, you know the bones can neither bend nor change their length. But how, for example, does your hand reach your mouth when you eat? Because your arm is jointed, and some large muscles are fastened by one end to its upper part, near the shoulder, and by the other end below the elbow. The muscles contract, which, as your Latin reminds you, means "draw together," and thus grow shorter, and by means of the elbow-joint the lower part of the arm (for the bone can not shorten) is carried around and toward the shoulder or the face, as the case may be. But, becoming shorter, the muscles must become thicker, just as, when a stretched piece of India-rubber contracts, you see it grow thicker and stouter as it grows shorter. By putting your hand upon it, you can feel the muscle of your arm swell as it does its work. But you already know that continuous and forcible exercise causes the arm—that is, its muscles—to grow much more marked and bulky. Let us stop a moment to see exactly what muscle means. Your Latin dictionary will tell you, if you don't already know, that *mus* means mouse, and *musculus* a little mouse. The old anatomists who began to pry into Nature's secrets were impressed with the mouse-like outline of these tissues when contracted, and so called them little mice-muscles. So all our flesh is muscle, and it is these little mice running under the skin that are the tell-tales of what is going on or has been done.

Now your dear, soft face has its many muscles, too, much finer and more delicate than those of the body, by the exercise of which you express the emotions you feel. It would take too long to explain how or why certain of them respond to and illustrate certain feelings, and for the present you must accept it as a fact. Now, the secret of our first proverb lies in the further fact that around the mouth is one of the few muscles in the body that is not attached to bone. It is a muscular ring, to which other muscles are fastened, and moves in whatever direction it may be influenced, retaining the set and fashion into which it may be

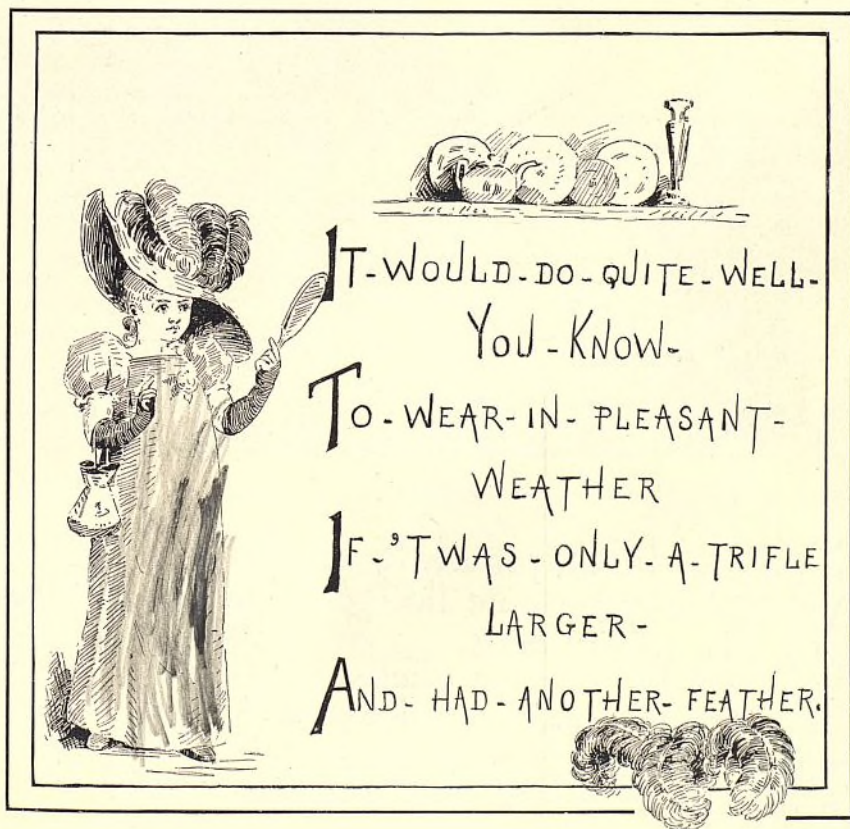


drawn. And as the bony parts of the face, the nose, the forehead, the cheek-bones, the jaws, the whole fixed contour, are what we have inherited, we can not of ourselves make much alteration in them. So, also, we inherit our mouth; but this, as well as a part of the surface of the countenance, we can, and often do, materially alter; and it is to these alterations,—this making of faces,—that we all, old and young, should give heed.

I will not tire you, my darling, by going into those details which belong to a study that is beyond your years, but I want you to remember that those who are peevish and knit their eyebrows and wrinkle their foreheads—cloud their brows, it is called—do so only by the operation of little muscles, that work more easily and grow a very little every time they are so employed. There are a set of snarling muscles that draw up the cor-

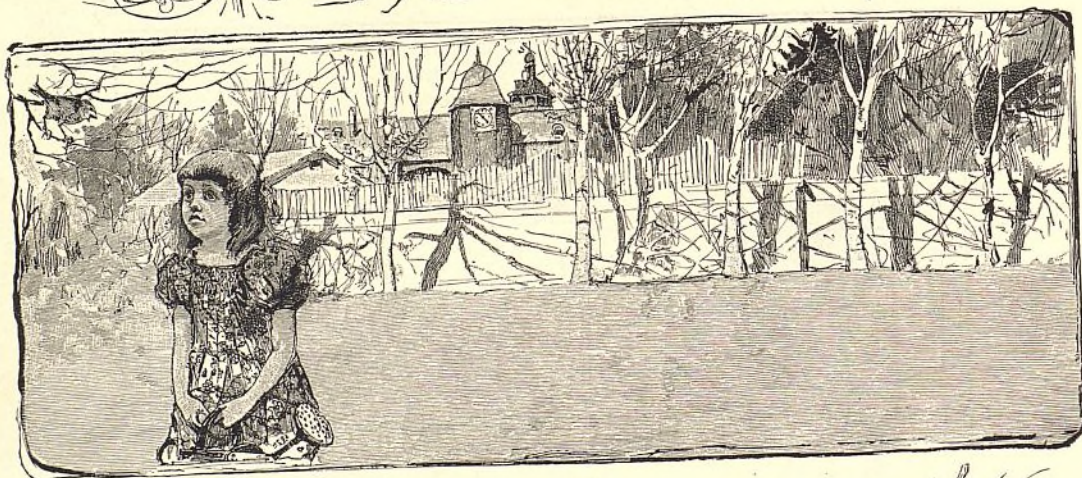
ners of the mouth and expose the canine teeth, which, in the savage flesh-eaters of the forest and jungle, are coarse and strong, and always at work, and which, I am sorry to say, are sometimes too well marked in boys and men. There is a little, but mischievous muscle, called *superbus* (which does not mean “superb,” but “proud”), that, with a human helper, draws down and pouts out the proud and sullen lower lip. But, regardless of names, what I want you to particularly bear in mind is, that as every expression the features can assume becomes easier the oftener it is repeated, so the little mice run away with beauty and goodness of face when these expressions are unkind; and, in like manner, they are fairy messengers, bringing pleasant gifts for both present and future use, when the face becomes the mask of a good and willing heart.

Your affectionate      UNCLE ALFRED.



MARY and her GARDEN. By  
E. J. OGDEN

**W**illful Mary got up one day  
Just as the clock struck ten.  
She washed her face, and she combed her hair,  
And she donned her frock, and then  
She went with her little watering-pot  
To water her garden fair.  
But alas! and alack! there wasn't a sign  
Of her beautiful garden there!



The stately lilies, so white and tall,  
And the elecampane that grew by the wall,  
The silver bells,  
And the cockle-shells,  
And the maidens all a-row,  
Were gone, all gone! and there wasn't a thing  
In the place where they used to grow!

"O little brown bird in the old elm tree,  
 Have you seen my flowers to-day?"  
 "Last night, when the moon was setting red,  
 I saw them go away.  
 Two by two, down the garden walk,  
 Each standing straight on its slender stalk,  
 They went in the dim starlight."



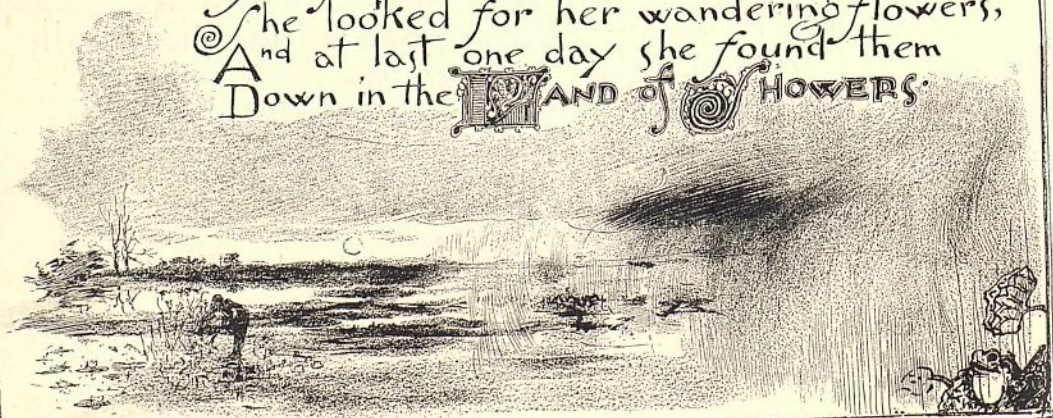
"O MISTRESS MARY — Quite contrary — Good-bye to your garden bed!"

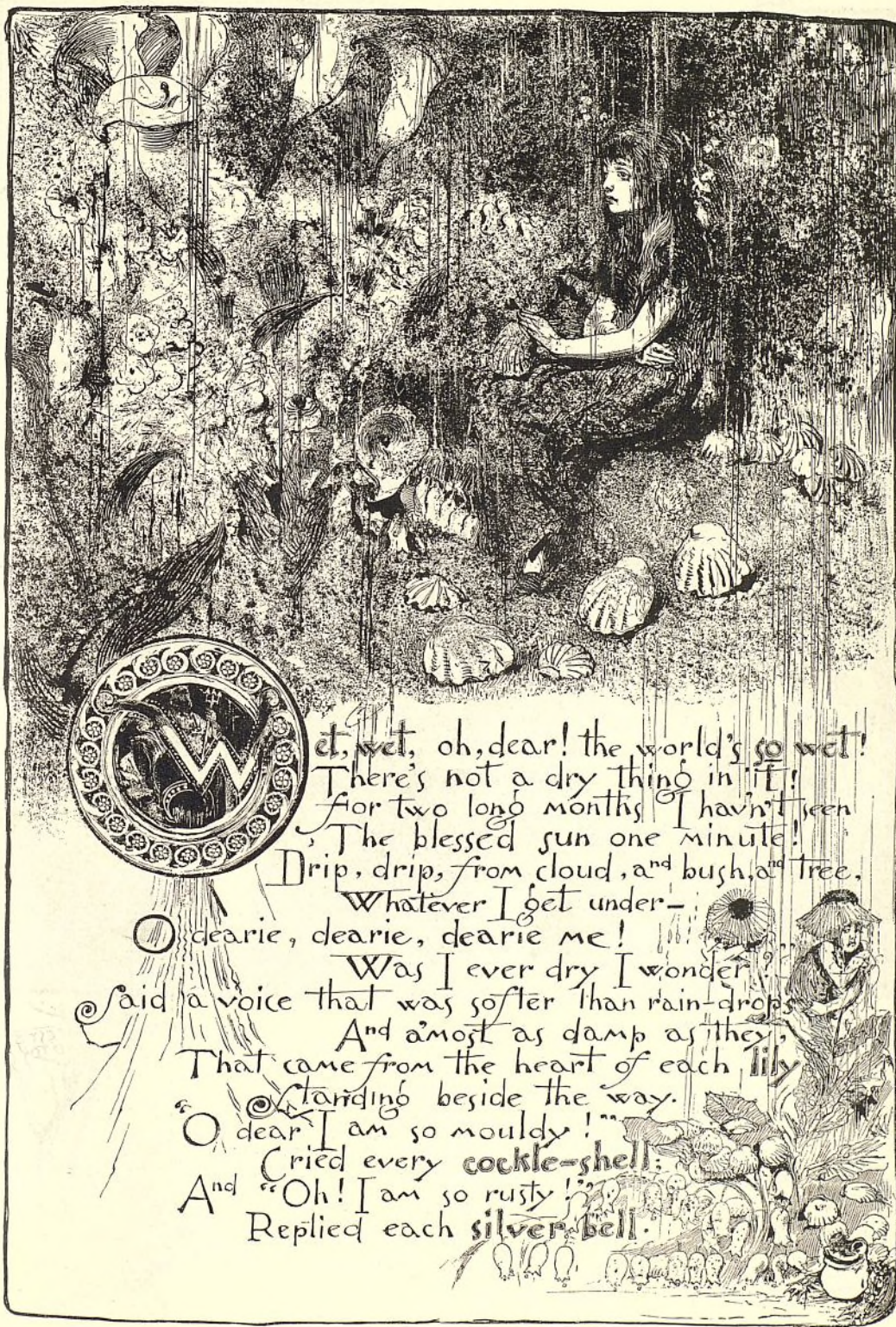
The maidens carried the cockle-shells,  
 There were mufflers around the silver bells  
 And over the lilies white.  
 But the elecampane was laughing,  
 And I heard him when he said:  
 "O MISTRESS MARY,  
 Quite contrary,  
 Good-bye to your garden bed!"

**A** little brown bird in the old elm tree,  
 Can you tell which way they went?  
 Over the river and down the hill,  
 And up by the old red cider-mill,  
 You can follow them by the scent.  
 For when I woke up this morning,  
 Just at the break of day,  
 The trail of the lilies' sweetness still  
 Hung over the dusty way."



**S**he followed them all the morning,  
 And through the bright hot noon,  
 And into the edge of the evening  
 By the light of the pale new moon.  
 For full two months all vainly  
 She looked for her wandering flowers,  
 And at last one day she found them  
 Down in the **W**AND of **F**LOWERS.

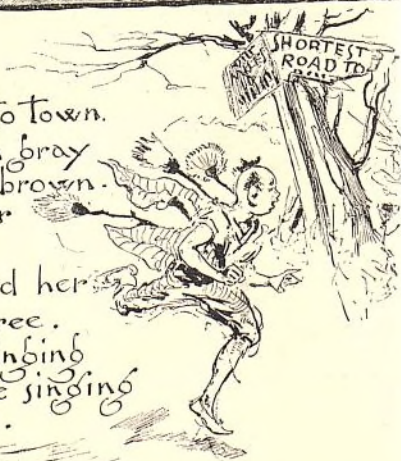


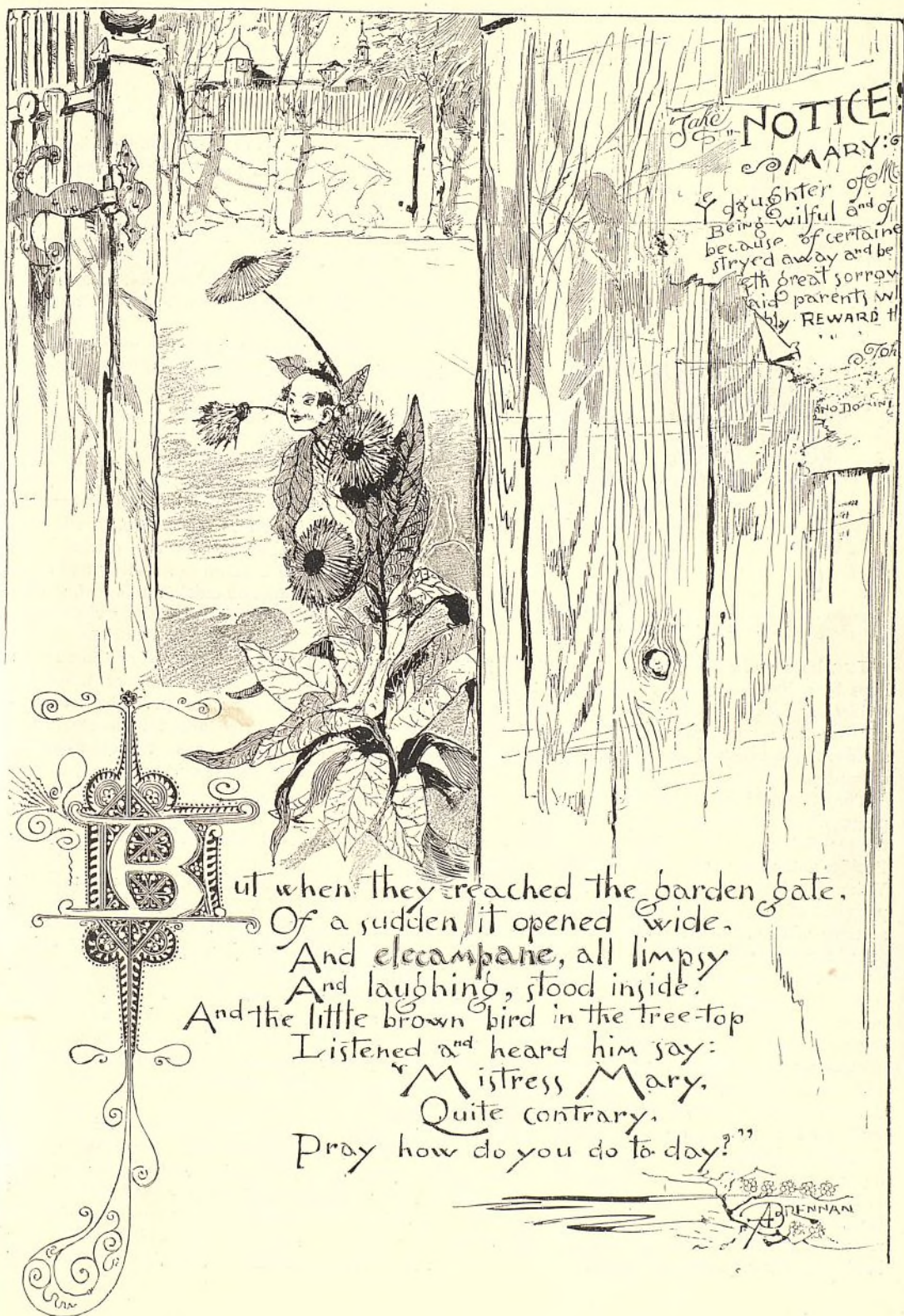


**F**ive months in the hot Sahara  
 She dried her lilies well,  
 And three in the Desert of Loki,  
 She scoured each silver bell;  
 And two on the sea-shore she scraped the mould  
 Off of each cockle-shell.  
 But ~~decompane~~ was so dragged  
 (And so dirty and so rude)  
 That Mistress Mary,  
 Quite contrary,  
 Left him beside the road.



**A** year and a day  
 Had passed away  
 When willful Mary came back to town.  
 Her hair had faded an ashen gray  
 And her eyes were a dusty brown.  
 But the lilies walked beside her  
 Stately and fair to see,  
 And the cockles, close behind her,  
 Came jumping three and three.  
 The silver bells were ringing  
 And the maidens all were singing  
 As they passed the old elm tree.





## COASTING ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

BY EDMUND A. STRUTHERS.



MOUISEAU AND HIS DOG.

THE boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS will perhaps be a little surprised to hear that there are civilized and enlightened people in the far north of our American continent who, during the winter season, make constant use of the dog as a beast of burden.

The officers of the powerful Hudson's Bay Company, whose trading-posts are scattered through the Dominion of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and away north to the banks of the noble Yukon, find it necessary to utilize the dog for purposes of traveling and transportation through sections of country where proper food can not be found for horses and cattle.

The dog is capable, also, of enduring a very low temperature and of thriving under harsh treatment. It is the habit of these hardy creatures, during a respite from drawing their heavily loaded sledges, to lie huddled together in their harness and allow the falling and drifting snow to hide them from sight, save where their black noses protrude for the purpose of obtaining air. With the Canadian Indian the dog takes the place of the horse, drawing the wood in winter, and bringing to the wigwam the spoils of the hunt. And, where farming has been attempted in a rude way by the red man, he uses his train of dogs for plowing the land for his little patch of potatoes.

As you boys have your toy steam-boats and cars, and while playing with them think that, when you are men, you will own real cars and boats, so the little Indian boy has his toy flat-sled, and no doubt thinks with longing of the days when he, a full-grown brave, will come striding back from the moose-hunt on his snow-shoes, followed by the panting train, drawing the carcass of the antlered king of the forest.

The manner of harnessing and driving dogs is interesting. The harness is usually made of moose-skin or buffalo leather, and is often lavishly decorated. The collar, which is not unlike our common horse-collar, is perfectly round, and is slipped over the dog's head, fitting snugly at the shoulders; the traces are attached to this collar, and, passing through loops in the bead-worked saddle-cloth, are fastened to the sledge. Four dogs usually comprise a train, and are driven "tandem." Great care is taken in selecting and training a leader; he must be quick, intelligent, strong, and ready to answer and obey the "chaw" and "yeā" ("right" and "left") of his driver.

The sledges for winter travel are of three kinds: the plain, flat sled (which is for freight), and the carrieole and Berlin, for passengers. The flat sled is constructed of two or three long, thin boards, turned up at the front exactly as were the old-fashioned skates of our fathers, and bound together with rawhide thongs. The carrieole, which might be termed the palace-car of the dog-train, is framed over and covered with dressed skins. The Berlin is a pleasure-sleigh, with rawhide sides.

Having given you an outline of the make-up and appearance of a dog-train, let me now ask that one of the boys (a brave boy he must be) accompany me on a journey of a few hundred miles through the wilderness, our only conveyance being flat sleighs and carrieoles drawn by bushy-tailed and sharp-eared dogs. We will imagine ourselves, in the dead of winter, at Norway House, an important post or fort of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company, which is situated north of the head of that inland sea, Lake Winnipeg, and nearly four hundred miles from civilization; also that we are (as we most likely should be, in such a situation) very homesick, and wishing ourselves again by the shores of the grand old Atlantic. You say, my dear boy, you do not care to be dragged four hundred miles by dogs over a frozen lake, with no shelter at night, and the companionship

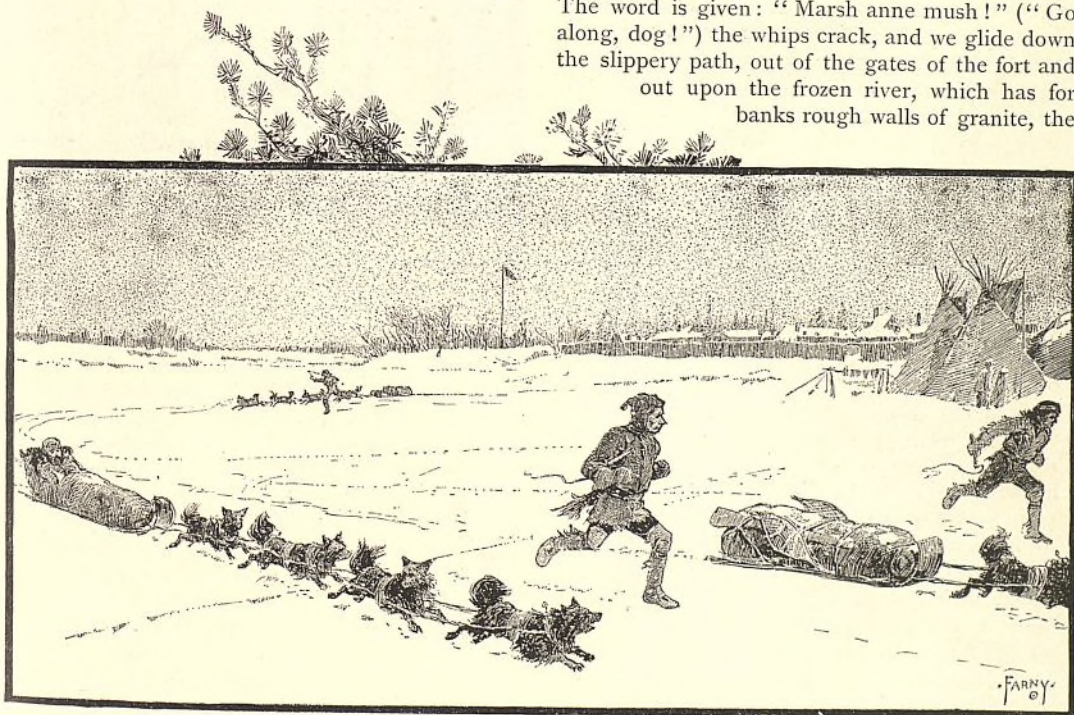
only of the bears and wolves near the coast. But, never fear—it is our only way of exit from this land of ice and snow. So come with me to the dog-yard, while Mouiseau, our French half-breed guide, selects the animals which are to form our trains. We find a large inclosure with high, wooden walls, which are, at the base and for some distance upward, plated with sheet-iron to prevent the restless animals from gnawing their way out of prison. This yard, or prison-house, is filled with a great variety of dogs, from the stately fellow who plainly shows the blood of the Scotch greyhound, to the miserable little Indian dog, who has been allowed lodgings inside the stockade, while his red master is bartering furs inside the fort.

Mouiseau at last selects his dogs—not the largest in the yard, but from the medium-sized animals, on account of their greater powers of endurance. We are to have twelve dogs, making three trains of four dogs each. The selection is again carefully examined, collars are fitted, and the

to the food-supply, and places on the baggage-sledge a bag of pemmican (pounded buffalo-meat), a bag of “bannocks” (wheat-cakes made by Hector, the Scotch cook, who hails from the island of Lewis), several large pieces of fat pork, and a little box containing compressed potatoes.

Mouiseau calls us to look at our sleighs, packed as only an old traveler can pack, with snow-shoes, rifles, and cooking utensils lashed on the outside. All is now ready, and at break of day we shall be off amid the cheers and shouts of the employés, to whom the arrival and departure of guests is a matter of no small moment. Were it an arrival, the ensign of the corporation, with its “elk rampant” and curious motto “Pro pelle cutem” (“skin for skin”), would be at the top of the tall staff outside the walls of the fort.

Morning comes, and after numerous hand-shakings we sit in our carriages, and are carefully wrapped by our attentive drivers, while the dogs are whining and barking in impatience to be off. The word is given: “Marsh anne mush!” (“Go along, dog!”) the whips crack, and we glide down the slippery path, out of the gates of the fort and out upon the frozen river, which has for banks rough walls of granite, the



LEAVING NORWAY HOUSE.

dogs are placed in another yard near by, ready for to-morrow, the day of our departure. We must look now to our personal outfit, bearing in mind that our baggage must be light; two pairs of wool blankets each, two buffalo robes, an oil-skin blanket, and two pillows complete our outfit. Mouiseau, with his two Indian drivers, attends

tops of which are dotted with clumps of small jack-pine and spruce. We fly swiftly along, passing a few houses with mud chimneys and parchment



THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE AURORA.

windows, and suddenly at a bend in the river enter the woods. Our guide tells us this is a favorite portage,\* which saves us several miles of travel. We at last come out on a beautiful lake, dotted with islands of evergreen, and looking an enchanted place in the clear winter air. This is Playgreen Lake, a grand widening of the outlet of Lake Winnipeg. After an hour's travel we make another portage, which, we are told, is for the purpose of avoiding the open water at the immediate outlet of the lake. We are now twenty-five miles from Norway House, and have been four hours on the road. Truly, our little dogs do bravely. We stop for a few minutes, while one of our Indians builds a fire and prepares a cup of tea; and then, our lunch over, the drivers take their places at the back of the sleighs, steadying and steering them through the narrow wood track by the use of a rope called a sail-line. We suddenly speed down a steep bank, and there before us is Lake Winnipeg, that immense receiving basin, which takes to itself on the south the mighty, rushing Winnipeg and the steady-flowing and silent stream which comes dashing through the rich prairielands of Dakota, Minnesota, and Manitoba, in its search for the sea, and known to us as the Red River of the North; while in the northwest the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, after a swift journey through the valley of the Saskatchewan, find a few hours' rest and then go tumbling down the Nelson to Hudson's Bay. On

the right is the site of an old fort, where many years ago a bloody battle was fought† between two powerful trading companies. Before us is Montreal Point, for which place we now take a direct course, our guide running before, in a steady, swinging trot peculiar to Indian runners, while our dogs follow in good form. At intervals we drop into a light slumber, to be suddenly awakened by the loud crack of a loaded whip and the responsive cry of a lazy dog. As the sun is setting in the west, going down into the apparently boundless lake, we halt on the edge of a huge drift, near the shore, which is at this point dotted with thickets of spruce and balsam, and get out of our carriages stiffly enough after our long journey. The sleds are drawn into the timber, and our little party go at the work of clearing with snowshoes a place for the camp. This accomplished, the fire is built, green boughs are laid for our beds, blankets and robes are brought forth; and while

\*The term portage signifies a crossing or carrying place between two bodies of water. For instance: On a certain route where canoes are used, there are a series of lakes separated from one another by narrow strips of land. We pass through lake No. 1, in the direction of lake No. 2, searching for the narrowest strip separating them; a road is cut through the forest, over which the sturdy Indians carry the canoes and baggage, and launching their craft push on for No. 3. On much-frequented canoe routes these carrying-places have fine, wide roads, and bear suggestive titles, as "Turtle Portage," "Mossy Portage," etc. In winter these roads are used by travelers in order to pass from one frozen lake to another.

†This battle appears to have taken place near the close of a terrific strife for the control of the rich fur trade of the North-west, which raged between the North-west Trading Company, with head-quarters at Montreal, and the Hudson's Bay Company, of London, England, the termination being the joining of the rivals under the title of the latter company.

we stretch ourselves lazily before the bright fire of tamarack, our guide prepares supper, and his assistants unharness the dogs and prepare their meal of fresh white-fish. As we recline in perfect comfort, a shrike or butcher-bird, the first life we have seen in the woods to-day, hops from the bough above us, and helps itself from the pemmican-bag; then flies saucily over our heads toward his *cache*, to return in a few moments for more. The shrike is truly a camp-bird, and on discovering the smoke from some newly built camp-fire, as it curls upward through the trees, does not rest till it has reached the camp and sampled the cookery. The Indian seldom molests this arch thief, but laughs quietly at its saucy chatter, having a belief that, in days past, Wah-sê-i-ka-chak, as he calls it, has been in some way of service to his people. After a hearty supper of pemmican, potato, and bannock, we sit and listen to the monotonous tones of the Indians, who are recounting journeys to different parts of the far-north country, while they smoke their tiny stone pipes, filled with a mixture of willow bark and tobacco. Our twelve dogs are grouped on the solid drift, near the shore. The largest dog occupies the most elevated part of the bank, the place of honor, while the others sit solidly on their haunches and gaze steadily at their leader, who is now the picture of profundity, with a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes which his fellows are making a vain attempt to imitate. The moon is coming up now, and as it softly rises, causing the frost-covered trees to glisten in its light, the leader utters a plaintive wail, which is taken up by his companions, softly at first; then the leader gives forth a louder cry, another, and soon the whole pack there in the weird light are howling in fearful discord. Suddenly the leader ceases, and gradually the others become quiet, and curl themselves about the fire. The Indians soon are snoring in heavy sleep, the fire burns low, the trees crackle with frost, we hear a commingling of sounds, and, at last, sleep too.

We rest comfortably, with nothing above our heads save the beautiful dome of heaven, with its twinkling stars, which are dimmed at times by the magnificent and ever-changing aurora, which here reaches its greatest brilliancy. The Indians call this electric phenomenon Wah-wah-tao, and fancy it to be the spirits of the departed dancing on the borders of the Land of the Hereafter. While it is yet dark our drivers arise, with sundry grunts and remarks in Indian language relative to the probable weather and winds of the coming day; and soon a large fire, crackling and sending sparks over our heads without regard to consequences, is the alarm which brings us quickly from our snug beds. We now assist in packing our baggage

preparatory to a continuation of our journey. A light breakfast dispatched, our dogs are placed in harness, we take seats in the carriages, and are



THE GIANT OF LAKE WINNIPEG.

away with speed through the gray light of dawn. After an hour's run, the sun comes up—a golden ball seen through the stunted and storm-beaten



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

pinetrees that find footing on the lichen-covered rocks of the shore. We sit up in our sleighs to enjoy the fresh, clear air, and, looking to the right, we discover land where, a few moments before, there was none to be seen. Our look of surprise is answered by one of the Indians, who, running alongside the sleigh, shouts: "Statim Minis!" (The Horse Islands!) It is a grand mirage, for the Statim Minis are islands at least seventy miles away.

We fly along, our guides shouting alternately at the dogs and each other, apparently in the best of humor, now and again favoring us with snatches of Canadian boat-songs, no doubt caught up from the hardy voyageurs who go west in charge of bateaux from the banks of the rushing tributaries of the lower St. Lawrence.

At sunset we arrive at a large Indian village, the entire population turning out to welcome us. This is a village of the Poplar River band, the wildest of the Lake Winnipeg Indians. During our halt of a few minutes, the old chief with his council appear, and have a few words with our men, while we must show our good and friendly feeling by presents of tobacco, clay pipes, etc. As we move away, our good-byes are answered by shouts of "Marchon, How marchon!" ("Good speed!")

At dusk of evening we camp a few miles south

of Poplar River, going through the same procedure as on the evening of the first camp. At two o'clock in the morning of the next day, while the clear moon is slowly going down in the west, we are slipping along a hard-beaten hunters' track which runs across the bay. During the day we skirt a rough, rocky shore which lies to the left, and get glimpses of numerous islands on our right. In the early evening we arrive at Behrin's River Fort, a post of the trading company, where we are hospitably received by the officer in charge. We find in use at this place the St. Bernard dogs, very large and strong. Old travelers, however, will tell you that for long journeys, such as ours, the smaller dogs are preferable. It is not late, so let us accept the kind invitation of our host, and visit the trading-rooms of the fort. We follow him through a narrow passage, on one side of which is a short counter and at the end a heavy door, so built as to guard against surprise from hostile Indians, which, being swung back, admits us to the stores of Indian supplies—blankets, shirts, belts, and much-beaded moccasins; while hanging from smoke-stained beams are flint-lock guns of the "Queen Anne" pattern, axes, knives, and copper kettles. There is no money used in the trade of this far-away country; the beaver skin is recognized as the standard, and represents about five shillings ster-

ling. We are somewhat amused, on asking the price of a pair of blankets, to get the reply, "Eight skins." Our guide leads us up a narrow stair to the fur-room, which has large beams and cross-timbers, hanging closely on which are all the varieties of northern furs—bear, wolf, beaver, fox, and marten, with lynx, fisher, and ermine. In the month of June these furs are packed, and begin their journey to London by the way of the Norway House to York Factory on Hudson's Bay, where a steamer calls, in August or September, and takes the valuable bales on board for delivery in London.

But we can not always stay in this land of bear and beaver, and when morning comes, after thanking Mr. Flett, our kind host, for his care and attention, we again move out on the lake, and, jogging along steadily, arrive at the narrows of Lake Winnipeg, called by the Indians "Anne Mustukwon," or "Dog's Head." The lake at this point is but one and one-half miles in width, the shores of the east side being of hard, dark granite, while those of the westerly side are formed of high cliffs of lime and sandstone.

A story is told of a party such as ours being lost in a severe snow-storm near this point. The guides not being able to decide on which shore of the lake they had strayed, one of the gentlemen of the



THE CAMP AT NIGHT.



INDIANS FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

party bethought himself of this difference in the formation of the rock, and, digging through the drift, at once solved the question. Our camp is made here, and in the morning we are off at full speed, passing during the forenoon Indian people fishing through holes in the ice, and bringing to the surface in their heavy nets beautiful white-fish. We pass Bull's Head, run through the Loon Straits, leave Grindstone Point on our right, and at night camp at the southern end of Red Deer Island. The camp to-night is in the enchanted country, and lying to the south-east is an island in which during summer, at break of dawn (according to our guide Mouiseau), the high wall of sandstone rock opens, and a giant, dragging after him a huge stone canoe, strides to the water's edge, launches his stony craft and pushes out into the broad lake, to return unseen for his voyage of the following morning. In passing this island it is customary to leave fragments of tobacco, and tea-leaves, as a peace-offering to the Phantom Giant of the Cliff.

We are now but seventy miles from the track of the iron horse, and with extra exertion may on the morrow finish our journey. We are called

very early, to find a bright fire and breakfast ready. It is apparent that our men mean to distinguish themselves as runners to-day. Great care is taken in the lacing of moccasins and fixing belts and leggings; the harness is carefully examined, and, all being in readiness, we dash down the steep bank and out upon the lake, over which we glide along, unable at times to distinguish land on either side.

As the sun is low in the west, we run through a narrow, ice-bound channel, bordered on either side with tall, yellow reeds and rushes. Shortly after getting into this channel our half-breed guide, who is running swiftly before, turns and shouts, "Rivière Rouge" (Red River).

And here our journey is virtually at an end, as in a few hours we arrive at a station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where we secure passage, and, after bidding farewell to our brave companions, who, strange to say, have become dear to us after a week's companionship, we roll away eastward, and passing through the cities of Winnipeg in Manitoba, St. Paul, Minnesota, and ever-busy Chicago, in the short space of three days we arrive at our homes on the Atlantic sea-board.



### CONFUSION.

By M. M. D.

HEIGHO! I've left my B O, bo,  
And A B, ab—oh, long ago!  
And gone to letters three.  
(Dear me! What *does* that last word spell—  
The last I learned? I knew it well—  
It's W and E and B.)

You see, I've so much work to do—  
Scrubbing and sweeping, dusting too—  
I can't remember half I know.  
And oh! the spiders drive me wild,  
Till Mother says: "What ails the child?  
What makes her fidget so?"  
(Now, sakes alive! What can it be—  
That W and E and B?)

Right after school is out, I run  
To do my work. It's never done,  
But soon as any lesson's said  
It goes and pops right out my head—  
All on account of dust and dirt.  
No matter how my hands may hurt,  
I sweep and toil the livelong day,  
And try to brush the things away.  
(It's all the spiders—don't you see?)  
And yet I'm glad I've learned to spell.  
(What *is* that word? I knew it well—  
That W and E and B!)



### THE WHALE-HUNTERS OF JAPAN.

By WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

WHO ever heard of catching whales with a net, or of eating whale's meat? Yet both are done by Japanese sailors.

The whale-fishery of Japan is carried on as a regular business on both coasts of the country; but more men are employed, and the catch of whales is larger, off the eastern coast, especially off Kii province. A line drawn southward from Kioto, Lake Biwa, or Ozaka, will cut the Kii whaling-waters, and help one to find it on the map.

The great Gulf Stream of the Pacific, which the Japanese call the Kuro Shiwo, or Dark Current, on account of its deep blue color, rushes up from the south, and scours the Kii promontory like a mill-slucice. It is so sharply distinguishable from common sea-water that from the prow of a ship one can discern the line that divides the two colors. The starboard may be in the pale-green or sky-blue, while the larboard lies in the indigo or inky part. A bucket of water taken up from one side

will be twelve or fourteen degrees colder than one dipped simultaneously from over the opposite gun-wale. The Kuro Shiwo is really a river flowing in the ocean. It lies upon, but does not mix with, the sea. Rising in the tropics, below Formosa, whalemén are divided into scullers, netters, and harpooners, or grappling-iron men. Japanese never row, but scull with curiously bent long sweeps, which swing on a half-round knob set into a pivot, the handle end being usually strapped at



ATTACKING THE WHALE.

and flowing up and across the Pacific, it bends around Alaska to California, and then crosses to the Sandwich Islands. A plank set floating off Formosa will travel in a few weeks to Honolulu, if not picked up.

The whales seem to enjoy the dark current as a promenade or ocean avenue; but at certain promontories, like that of Kii, they come quite near the shore, or swim around into the eddies, for recreation or for food.

The fishermen of the little town of Koza have a lookout-tower perched upon the rocks, far up on the hill-side. A sentinel is kept constantly watching for the spouting *kujiri* ("number-one fish"), as the natives call the whale. Long boats, holding from four to ten men, are kept ready launched. These hardy fellows row with tremendous energy, as if in a prize race. If the whales are numerous, the men wait in their boats, with sculls on their pins and straps ready to slip on at a moment's notice, all in order to put out to sea. A gay flag with a curious device floats at each stern. The

proper height. The device on each flag is different, and spears, nets, and grappling-irons are marked, so that the most skillful get proper credit for their courage, sure aim, and celerity.

The boatmen are lightly clad in short, sleeveless cotton jackets, with leggings, like greaves, reaching from knee to ankle. Around their waists are kilts made of coarse rice-straw. The nets, which are about twenty feet square, with meshes three feet wide, are made of tough sea-grass rope, two inches thick.

Twenty or thirty of these nets are provided, and then lightly tied together, so as to make one huge net, from four hundred to six hundred feet long. As soon as the signal from the tower is given, the boats put out, two by two, each pair of the larger boats having the net tackle, and all armed with darts and spears. Rowing in front of the whale, the net is dropped in his path. If skillfully done, the huge fish runs his nose or jaw into a mesh. He at once dives, and tries to shake off the net. This he can not do, for the square in which he is en-

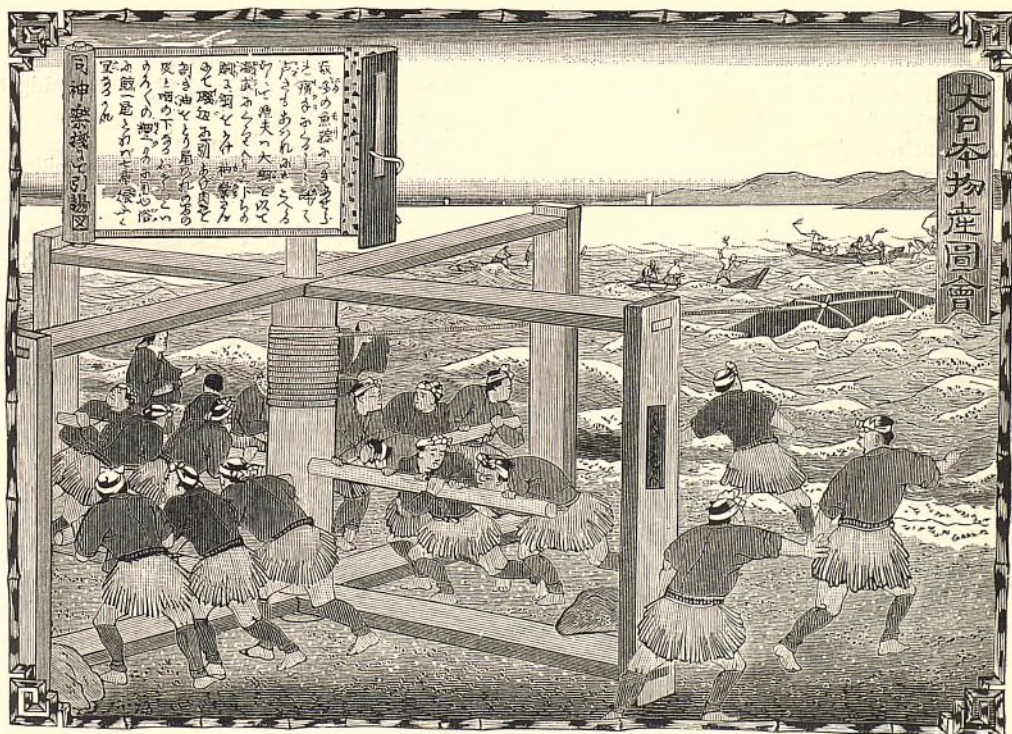
tangled immediately breaks off from the rest, which is hauled on board, ready for another drop. Should this also be successful, the game is soon up with the whale. Usually, the more he flounders, the more tightly his terrible collars hold him, entangling his fins and quickly exhausting his strength. No sooner does he rise for breath than the rowers dash close to him, giving the harpooners an opportunity to hurl their darts at his big body, until he looks like an exaggerated pin-cushion. As his struggles become weaker, the grappling-irons are thrown on and the boats tow the carcass near shore.

The whalemens carefully avoid the enraged animal's tail, and it is only occasionally that one of them is killed. In a good season, fifty whales will be taken. This method of whale-hunting was first practiced about the year 1680. When nets are not used, as in some places, the number of boats must be increased, and they must be smaller, so as to admit of rapid movements, and a good supply of harpoons must be on hand.

is the jolliest part of the work, as the casting of the net is the most exciting.

The whale is now cut up into chunks. Its tidbits go on the fisherman's gridiron, or are pickled, boiled, roasted, or fried. Japanese whales are caught more for food than for oil, and are leaner than their brethren of the Arctic seas. Some oil is, however, tried out from the blubber. Even the bones, when fresh and tender, are eaten. Of the others they make ropes, springs, and steel-yards for weighing gold and silver. Nothing seems to be thrown away, except the shoulder-bone.

The ordinary dry-goods measure of Japan is called a "whale-foot," and is two inches longer than the "metal-foot" with which wood and stone are measured. The origin of this difference, according to legend, is as follows: Long ago, a great white whale, the king of the northern seas, having heard of the fame and great size of the bronze image of Buddha at Kamakura, went in high dudgeon and compared his length with that of Dai Butsu, the statue. Greatly to his relief, the image was found



DRAWING THE WHALE ASHORE BY THE WINDLASS.

To land their prize, the successful hunters lash about it stout straw ropes, and attach to them a cable, winding the other end around a windlass set up on the beach. Then, with gay and lively songs, they haul the enormous mass ashore. This

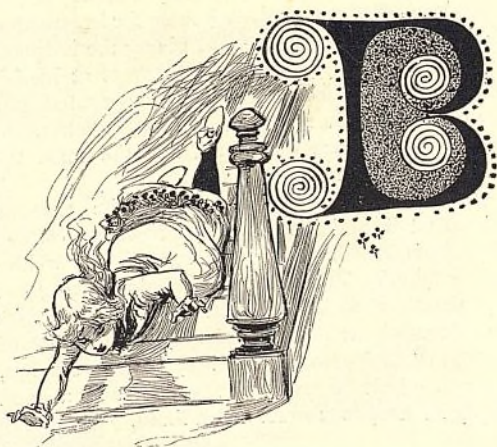
to be two inches shorter than his spouting majesty, who thereupon whisked his tail in triumph and returned home. Hence the "whale-foot" is two inches longer than the "metal-foot," as every Japanese boy knows.

## AN ALPHABET OF CHILDREN.

BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWES.



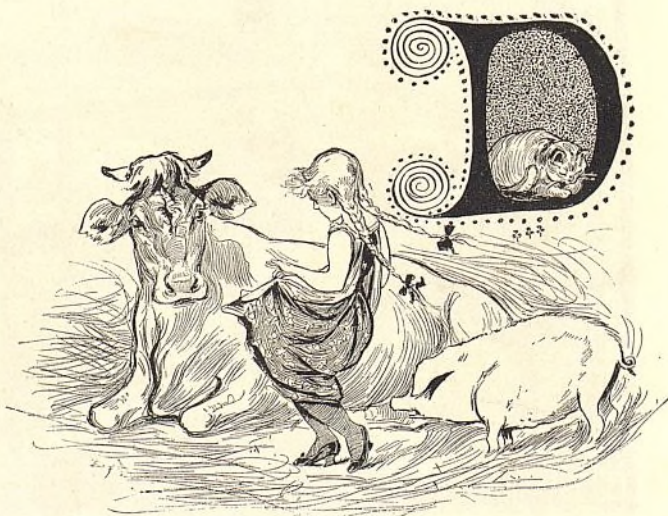
A is for Apt little Annie,  
Who lives down in Maine with her grannie.  
Such pies she can make!  
And such doughnuts and cake!  
Oh, we like to make visits to Grannie!



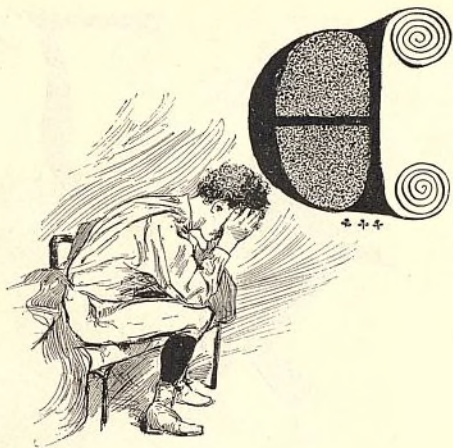
B is for Bad little Bridget,  
Who is morn, noon, and night in a fidget.  
Her dresses she tears,  
And she tumbles down-stairs,  
And her mother's most worn to a midget.



C is for Curious Charlie,  
Who lives on rice, oatmeal, and barley.  
He once wrote a sonnet  
On his mother's best bonnet;  
And he lets his hair grow long and snarley.



D is for Dear little Dinah,  
Whose manners grow finer and finer.  
She smiles and she bows  
To the pigs and the cows,  
And she calls the old cat Angelina.



E is for Erring young Edward,  
Who never can bear to go bedward.  
Every evening at eight  
He bewails his hard fate,  
And they're all quite discouraged with  
Edward.



F is for Foolish Miss Florence,  
Who of spiders has such an abhorrence  
That she shivers with dread  
When she looks overhead,  
For she lives where they're plenty—at  
Lawrence.



G is for Glad little Gustave,  
Who says that a monkey he *must* have;  
But his mother thinks not,  
And says that they've got  
All the monkey they care for in Gustave.  
VOL. X.—8.



H is for Horrid young Hannah,  
Who has the most shocking bad manner.  
Once she went out to dine  
With a party of nine,  
And she ate every single banana.



I is for Ignorant Ida,  
Who does n't know rhubarb from cider.  
Once she drank up a quart,  
Which was more than she ought,  
And it gave her queer feelings inside her.



J is for Jovial young Jack,  
Who goes to the balls in a hack.  
He thinks he can dance,  
And he'll caper and prance  
Till his joints are half ready to crack.



K is for Kind little Katy,  
Who weighs 'most a hundred and eighty;  
But she eats every day,  
And the doctors all say  
That 's the reason she 's growing so weighty.



L is for Lazy young Leicester,  
Who works for a grocer in Chester;  
But he says he needs rest,  
And he finds it is best  
To take every day a siesta.



M is for Mournful Miss Molly,  
Who likes to be thought melancholy.  
She's as limp as a rag  
When her sisters play tag,  
For it's vulgar, she says, to be jolly.



N is for Naughty young Nat,  
Who sat on his father's best hat.  
When they asked if he thought  
He had done as he ought,  
He said he supposed 't was the cat!



O's Operatic Olivia,  
Who visits her aunt in Bolivia.  
She can sing to high C—  
But, between you and me,  
They don't care for that in Bolivia.



P is for Poor little Paul,  
Who does n't like study at all.  
But he's learning to speak  
In Hebrew and Greek,  
And is going to take Sanskrit next fall.



Q is for Queer little Queen,  
Who's grown so excessively lean  
That she fell in a crack,  
And hurt her poor back,  
And they say she can hardly be seen.



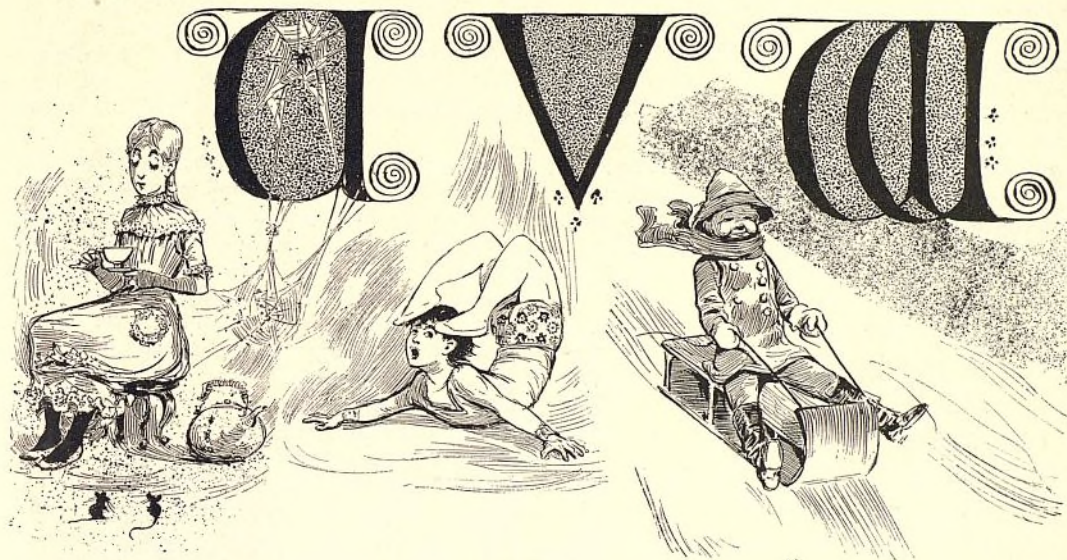
R is for Rude Master Ruby,  
Who once called his sister a booby!  
But a boy who stood by  
Heard her piteous cry,  
And came and chastised Master Ruby.



S is for Stylish young Sadie,  
Whose hat is so big and so shady  
That she thought it was night  
When the sun was out bright,  
And mistook an old cow for a lady.



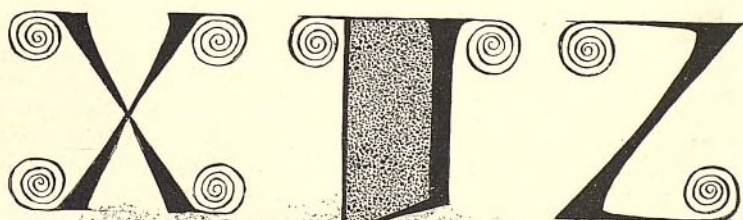
T is for Turbulent Teddy,  
Who never can learn to be steady.  
He'll skip and he'll hop,  
And turn 'round like a top,  
And he's broken his leg twice already.



U is Unhappy Ulrica,  
Who takes her tea weaker and  
weaker;  
She sits in the dust  
And eats nothing but crust,  
And Moses, they say, was n't  
meeker.

V is for Valiant young Vivian,  
Who practiced awhile in obli-  
vion;  
Till he saw, without doubt,  
He could turn inside out,  
And now they 're all boasting  
of Vivian.

W is Wise little Willie,  
Who lives where the weather  
is chilly;  
But he skates and he slides,  
And takes lots of sleigh-rides,  
And he coasts on his sled where  
it 's hilly.



X, Y, Z—each is a baby  
Who is going to be wonderful,  
maybe;

For their mothers all say  
To themselves every day,  
That there never was quite such a baby.



## THE BANISHED KING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once a kingdom in which everything seemed to go wrong. Everybody knew this, and everybody talked about it, especially the King. The bad state of affairs troubled him more than it did any one else, but he could think of no way to make them better.

"I can not bear to see things going on so badly," he said to the Queen and his chief councilors. "I wish I knew how other kingdoms were governed."

One of his councilors offered to go to some other countries, and see how they were governed, and come back and tell him all about it, but this did not suit his majesty.

"You would simply come back," he said, "and give me your ideas about things. I want my own ideas."

The Queen then suggested that he should take a vacation, and visit other kingdoms, and see for himself how things were managed in them.

This did not suit the King. "A vacation would not answer," he said. "I should not be gone a week before something would happen here which would make it necessary to come back."

The Queen then suggested that he be banished for a certain time, say a year. In that case he could not come back, and would be at full liberty to visit foreign kingdoms, and find out how they were governed.

This idea pleased the King. "If it were made impossible for me to come back," he said, "of course I could not do it. The plan is a good one. Let me be banished." And he gave orders that his council should pass a law banishing him for one year.

Preparations were immediately begun to carry out this plan, and in a day or two the King took leave of the Queen, and left his kingdom, a banished man. He went away on foot, entirely untended. But, as he did not wish to cut off all communication between himself and his kingdom, he devised a plan which he thought a very good one. At easy shouting distance behind him walked one of the officers of the court, and at shouting distance behind him walked another, and so on at distances of about a hundred yards from each other. In this way there would always be a line of men extending from the King to his palace. Whenever the King had walked a hundred yards the line moved on after him, and another officer was put in the gap between the last man and the

palace door. Thus, as the King walked on, his line of followers lengthened, and was never broken. Whenever he had any message to send to the Queen, or any other person in the palace, he shouted it to the officer next him, who shouted it to the one next to him, and it was so passed on until it reached the palace. If he needed food, clothes, or any other necessary thing, the order for it was shouted along the line, and the article was passed to him from man to man, each one carrying it forward to his neighbor, and then retiring to his proper place.

In this way the King walked on day by day until he had passed entirely out of his own kingdom. At night he stopped at some convenient house on the road, and if any of his followers did not find himself near a house or cottage when the King shouted back the order to halt, he just laid himself down to sleep wherever he might be. By this time the increasing line of followers had used up all the officers of the court, and it became necessary to draw upon some of the under-government officers in order to keep the line perfect.

The King had not gone very far outside the limits of his dominions when he met a Sphinx. He had often heard of these creatures, although he had never seen one before. But when he saw the winged body of a lion with a woman's head, he knew instantly what it was. He knew, also, that the chief business of a Sphinx was supposed to be that of asking people questions, and then getting them into trouble if the right answers were not given. He therefore determined that he would not be caught by any such tricks as these, and that he would be on his guard if the Sphinx spoke to him. The creature was lying down when the King first saw it, but when he approached nearer it rose to its feet. There was nothing savage about its look, and the King was not at all afraid.

"Where are you going?" said the Sphinx to him, in a pleasant voice.

"Give it up," replied the King.

"What do you mean by that?" said the other, looking surprised.

"I give that up, too," said the King.

The Sphinx then looked at him quite astonished.

"I don't mind telling you," said the King, "of my own free-will, and not in answer to any questions, that I do not know where I am going. I am a king, as you may have noticed, and I

have been banished from my kingdom for a year. I am now going to look into the government of other countries in order that I may find out what it is that is wrong in my own kingdom. Everything goes badly, and there is something wrong at

The King consented, and they walked down the hill toward the city.

"How did the King get his sentiments mingled?" asked the King.

"I really don't know how it began," said the Sphinx, "but the King, when a young man, had so many sentiments of different kinds, and he mingled them up so much, that no one could ever tell exactly what he thought on any particular subject. Of course, his people gradually got into the same frame of mind, and you never can know in this kingdom exactly what people think or what they are going to do. You will find all sorts of people here: giants, dwarfs, fairies, gnomes, and personages of that kind, who have been drawn here by the mingled sentiments of the people. I, myself, came into these parts because the people every now and then take a great fancy to puzzles and riddles."

On entering the city,

the King was cordially welcomed by his brother sovereign, to whom he told his story; and he was lodged in a room in the palace. Such of his followers as came within the limits of the city were entertained by the persons near to whose houses they found themselves when the line halted.

Every day the Sphinx went with him to see the sights of this strange city. They took long walks through the streets, and sometimes into the surrounding country—always going one way and returning another, the Sphinx being very careful never to bring the King back by the same road or street by which they went. In this way the King's line of followers, which, of course, lengthened out every time he took a walk, came to be arranged in long loops through many parts of the city and suburbs.

Many of the things the King saw showed plainly the mingled sentiments of the people. For instance, he would one day visit a great smith's-shop, where heavy masses of iron were being forged, the whole place resounding with tremendous blows from heavy hammers, and the clank and din of iron on the anvils; while the next day he would find the place transformed into a studio,



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" SAID THE SPHINX, IN A PLEASANT VOICE."

the bottom of it all. What this is I want to discover."

"I am much interested in puzzles and matters of that kind," said the Sphinx, "and if you like I will go with you and help to find out what is wrong in your kingdom."

"All right," said the King. "I shall be glad of your company."

"What is the meaning of this long line of people following you at regular distances?" asked the Sphinx.

"Give it up," said the King.

The Sphinx laughed.

"I don't mind telling you," said the King, "of my own free-will, and not in answer to any question, that these men form a line of communication between me and my kingdom, where things, I fear, must be going on worse than ever, in my absence."

The two now traveled on together until they came to a high hill, from which they could see, not very far away, a large city.

"That city," said the Sphinx, "is the capital of an extensive country. It is governed by a king of mingled sentiments. Suppose we go there. I think you will find a government that is rather peculiar."



THE ATTENDANT SPRITE ADOPTS A NEW PAIR OF PARENTS.

where the former blacksmith was painting dainty little pictures on the delicate surface of egg-shells. The King of the country, in his treatment of his visitor, showed his peculiar nature very plainly. Sometimes he would receive him with enthusiastic delight, while at others he would upbraid him with having left his dominions to go wandering around the earth this way.

One day, our King was sitting rather disconsolately in the garden of the palace. His host had invited him to attend a royal dinner that day, but, when he went to the grand dining-hall, pleased with anticipations of a splendid feast, he found that the sentiments of his majesty had become mingled, and that he had determined, instead of having a dinner, to conduct the funeral services of one of his servants who had died the day before. All the guests had been obliged by politeness to remain during the ceremonies, which our King, not having been acquainted with the deceased servant, had not found at all interesting. Another thing troubled him: his long walks had nearly worn out his shoes, and, although he had sent through his line of communication an order for a fresh pair, he had already waited for them a greater time than he had ever waited for anything before. It took a long time for an order to go through all the immense loops in which his followers were now arranged in the city, and then to the comparatively straight line between this city and his kingdom.

While sitting thus, he perceived a Genie walking meditatively down one of the paths. Perceiving him, the Genie stopped and asked what was the matter with him. The King did not say anything about the lost dinner and the funeral, because he thought the Genie might possibly belong to the court, but he told him how troubled he was about his boots.

"You need not annoy yourself about a matter of that kind," said the Genie, smiling. "What size do you wear?"

"Eights," said the King.

The Genie clapped his mighty hands, and in a moment an Attendant Sprite appeared.

"A pair of number eight boots," said the Genie—"best leather and purple tops."

Instantly the Attendant Sprite disappeared, and the Genie, without waiting for the thanks of the King, pursued his meditative walk. In a short time, the Attendant Sprite returned, bearing on a silver salver a beautiful pair of new boots. The King tried them on, and they fitted admirably.

"I am very glad you brought me the boots," he said to the Attendant Sprite. "I was very much afraid that on the way your sentiments would become mingled, and that you might bring me a bee-hive."

"No," said the little fellow, "I am not one of the regular inhabitants of this city, and I don't mingle my sentiments much, although if I were

to do so a little, just now, it would not surprise me, for I am greatly worried in my mind."

"What troubles you?" asked the King.

"Well," replied the Attendant Sprite, putting his silver salver upon the ground, and seating himself in it, "I am afraid I'm an orphan, and that is enough to trouble me, I am sure."

"You are not certain of it, then?" asked the King.

"Yes," said the other, "I really may be certain of it. You see that we attendant sprites have no parents when we make our appearance in this world, and if we want to be taken care of, we are obliged to adopt a pair of parents as soon as possible. For a long time I had very good parents. They did not know each other, but sometimes one cared for me, and sometimes the other. But now they have become acquainted, and have actually gone off to get married. Of course, they will care no more for me. My parents are lost to me. It is especially hard for me to be an orphan, for the

world who needs as much as I do some parents to take care of him and make him comfortable on the rare occasions when he gets a chance to take a little rest."

"Poor fellow!" said the King. "What do you intend to do?"

"I must look for another pair," replied the other, "as soon as I can get the time."

"How would I do?" asked the King. "Should you like me for one of your parents?"

"You would do splendidly," cried the Attendant Sprite, springing up. "I will take you, if you say so."

"Very well," answered the King. "I will be one of them."

"I am very much obliged," said the Attendant Sprite; "and now I will look up the other one." And away he ran.

The next day the King was in the garden again, talking with the Sphinx, when the Attendant Sprite re-appeared.



"'YES,' SAID THE LITTLE FELLOW, 'I REFUSE, POINT-BLANK.'" [SEE PAGE 123.]

Genie, my master, gives me a great deal of work to do, and some of his errands are very long and difficult. There isn't an attendant sprite in the

"I have got the other one," he said, "or, at least, I had her." And he began feeling in his pockets. "Oh, here she is!" he cried directly.

And he pulled out a little Pigwidgeon Fairy, about six inches high.

This small creature looked rather old for her size, and was dressed in a short-gown and petticoat, and wore a speckled sun-bonnet.

"Now I am all right," he cried. "There's a father!" he said, pointing to the King; "and here," holding up the Pigwidgeon, "is a mother! Now, then, I shall have a chance to be happy and comfortable."

Just then he stopped, and looked as if he had been struck by a chill. "Oh, dear!" he cried, "the Genie has summoned me." And he was off in an instant.

"Poor dear! poor dear!" cried the Pigwidgeon, wringing her little hands. "This sort of thing will kill him before long. He tells me he hardly ever has a minute to rest. His constitution won't stand it."

"But what is to be done?" said the King. "I suppose he has to go when the Genie summons him."

"But he ought n't to have to go!" cried the Pigwidgeon. "Is n't there some way to get rid of going?"

"I have heard," said the Sphinx, "that there is only one way of not doing what a Genie tells you to do when he is your master. You must reverse his summons."

"How do you do that?" asked the King.

"I really can not tell you," replied the Sphinx, "because I have never heard. To find out that, we shall have to consult a Sage."

For this purpose they set out immediately, the King carrying the Pigwidgeon in his pocket. They walked a long, long way before they came to the home of the Sage. In fact, they made a great circuit in going to this place, and the officer of the court who followed next to him remarked to himself that if the Sphinx did not take the King by such roundabout ways there would not be half as much walking for them all to do.

The Sage was at home, and their business was soon explained. The learned man took down some old books from a high shelf, and turned to a chapter which treated of the summonses of Genii. After considerable study and thought, he announced to his visitors that the way to reverse the summons of a Genie was to mingle his sentiments.

"There is nothing particularly learned about that," exclaimed the King. "In this city that sort of thing is done all the time."

"Nevertheless," said the Sage, closing the book, "that is the way to do it. Five drachmas of silver, if you please."

The King paid the fee, and left the house very angry. "That is a regular imposition," he said

to the Sphinx. "Anybody in this place would have told us exactly the same thing."

"Perhaps so," said the Sphinx, with a mystic smile, "but I think we had better try it."

"Indeed we must!" cried the little Pigwidgeon, putting her head out of the King's pocket. "We must do everything we can to save our poor dear from killing himself with errand-running for this Genie."

"But how is it to be done?" asked the King.

"We must think that over," answered the Sphinx.

When they reached the palace garden they found the Attendant Sprite waiting for them. He was very tired, and was lying on his back on the grass. By this time the Sphinx had thought thoroughly over the matter, and he now proposed a plan.

"The next time the Attendant Sprite is summoned," said the Sphinx, "he must go to the Genie, of course, but let him refuse to obey his commands. If that does not mingle his sentiments I shall be very much surprised. Then we shall see what will happen."

"I don't believe anything will happen, except, perhaps, that he will be punished," said the King; "but, as there is nothing else to be done, we will try it."

"Oh, yes," replied the Pigwidgeon, "we will try it. We'll try anything to save our poor dear from his dreadful life."

"It will be pretty hard on me," said the Attendant Sprite, stretching his arms and legs out on the grass; "but I suppose I'll have to try it."

It was not long before the little fellow sprang to his feet. He felt a summons from the Genie, and was off in an instant. Impelled by some invisible power he found himself in a very short time in one of the rooms belonging to the ladies of the palace. On a divan sat a beautiful and richly dressed Princess, and beside her stood the Genie.

"Go, minion," said the Genie, "to the top of yonder high mountain. There you will find a lovely garden surrounded by a crystal wall. In the center of that garden stands a rose-bush more beautiful than any bush that grows. On the bush is a single damask rose, with a great pearl lying like a drop of dew on its crimson bosom. Go and pluck that rose, and bring it instantly to this fair Princess."

"I can't do it," said the Attendant Sprite. "It's dreadfully tiresome going up high mountains, and I always cut my legs when I climb over crystal walls."

"What!" cried the Genie, turning black with rage. "Do you refuse?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, looking up at the

Genie, with his legs outspread and his hands behind his back. "I refuse, point-blank."

The Genie was so moved by rage that he turned and twisted like the smoke from the chimney of a forge. "Go back!" he cried, his form trembling until the house shook, "to whatever wretched spot you came from, and nevermore be slave of mine!"

The Attendant Sprite turned, and was gone in an instant. Reaching the palace garden he threw himself upon the grass. "It is all right," he said to his parents and the Sphinx. "I mingled his sentiments, and the summons is reversed."

"A united family!" exclaimed the Pigwidgeon, taking off her sun-bonnet, and smoothing her hair.

"Now, then," said the King, "I am in favor of moving on. I am tired of this place, where every sentiment is so mingled with others that you can never tell what anybody really thinks or feels. I don't believe any one in this country was ever truly glad or sorry. They mix one sentiment so quickly with another that they never have, so far as I can see, anything but a sort of mushy feeling which amounts to nothing at all."

"When the King first began to mingle his sentiments," said the Sphinx, "it was because he always wished to think and feel exactly right. He did not wish his feelings to run too much one way or the other."

"And so he is never either right or wrong," said the King. "I don't like that, at all. I want to be either one thing or the other."

"I want to be one thing," said the Attendant Sprite, as he lay upon the grass, "and that is comfortable. Anybody who likes can be the other."

"I have wasted a good deal of time at this place," said the King, as they walked on, "and I have seen and heard nothing which I wish to teach my people. And yet I desire very much to do something which will prevent everything from going wrong as it does now. I have tried plan after plan, and sometimes two or three together, and have kept this up year after year, and yet nothing seems to do my kingdom any good."

"Have you heard how things are going on there now?" asked the Sphinx.

"Give it up," said the King.

This very much surprised the Pigwidgeon, who was always glad to get news of any kind, and had put her head out of the King's pocket, the better to hear how his kingdom was coming on. "What do you mean by that?" she asked quickly.

"I never answer a question put to me by a Sphinx," said the King. "There is no knowing what trouble it might lead to. But I don't mind saying of my own accord, and not as answer to any question, that I have sent a good many communi-

cations to my Queen, but have never received any from her. So I do not know how things are going on in my kingdom."

"I dare say she thinks you would meddle if she tells you what she is doing. I think she must be a very wise Queen," said the Pigwidgeon. "And now I want to say that I believe that is all stuff about answering the Sphinx's questions. I am not to be frightened by anything of that sort. Wont you ask me a question?" she said, turning to the Sphinx.

"How do you do?" gravely asked the Sphinx.

"Very well, indeed," answered the Pigwidgeon.

"There!" she said, looking around triumphantly before she cuddled herself down for another nap in the King's pocket.

The party now went on for an hour or more, the King and the Sphinx walking side by side; the Attendant Sprite skipping in front of them; the little Pigwidgeon sleeping quietly in the King's pocket; and the long line of followers coming after, keeping their relative positions a hundred yards apart, and passing over all the ground the King had traversed in his circuitous walks about the city. Thus the line crept along like an enormous snake in straight lines, loops, and coils; and every time the King walked a hundred yards a fresh man from his capital city was obliged to take his place at the tail of the procession.

"There is one thing we have found out," said the Attendant Sprite, after a while, as he came down from a tree where he had been gathering plums, "and that is that resistance to tyranny is the root of joy."

"There is no tyranny in my dominions," said the King, "so there is no need of learning anything about that."

"Oh, of course not!" said the little Pigwidgeon, popping out her head, and looking back at the long line of followers who had been obliged to leave their homes and families to trudge after the King in his wanderings. Nothing was said in answer to this, and after a time the Pigwidgeon made another remark. "If you want to see a kingdom where there really is something to learn, you ought to go to the country of the Pigwidgeons," she said.

"All right," said the King. "Let's go there."

And so, under the direction of the little creature, they started to walk to her country. She wanted to go there herself, she said, and would be very glad to show them the way. In the course of the afternoon they reached the edge of a high bluff. "On the level ground, beneath this precipice," she said, "is the country of the Pigwidgeons. You can sit on the edge of the bluff and look down upon it."

The King, the Sphinx, and the Attendant Sprite then sat down, and looked out from the edge over the country of the little people. The officer of the court who had formed the head of the line wished very much to see what they were looking at, but, when the line halted, he was not near enough.

"There now, you see," said the Pigwidgeon, "is the land of my people. You will notice that the little houses and huts are gathered together in clusters, and each one of these clusters is under a separate king."

"Why don't they all live under one ruler?" asked the King. "That is the proper way."

"No, it is n't," said the Pigwidgeon quickly, "not if you want everything to go on right. You

them and govern them well, they will gradually drop off from him and go to other clusters, and he will be left without any people or any kingdom."

"That is a very queer way of ruling," said the King. "I think the people ought to try to please their sovereign."

"He is only one, and they are a great many," said the Pigwidgeon. "Consequently they are much more important. We know how to do things here, and everything goes on all right. No subject is ever allowed to look down upon a king, just because he helps to feed and clothe him, and send his children to school. If any one were to do a thing of this kind, he would be banished until he learned better. I was banished for this very thing."



THE BANISHED KING PROCEEDS TO THE COUNTRY OF THE PIGWIDGEONS.

might as well have one father for all the families in your city, and I am sure nobody would like that. In each of these clusters live the Pigwidgeons who are best suited to each other; and, if any Pigwidgeon finds he can not get along in one cluster, he goes to another. The kings are chosen from among the very best of us, and each one is always very anxious to please his subjects. He knows that everything that he, and his queen, and his children eat, or drink, or wear, or have must be given to him by his subjects, and if it were not for them he would not be anything at all. And so he does everything that he can to make them happy and contented, for he knows if he does not please

I went to see our queen one day, and I suppose I was a little airy when I saw her wearing the clothes and eating the food I had helped to give her. And so I was banished."

"For how long?" asked the Attendant Sprite.

"I was ordered to stay away," she said, "as long as my sun-bonnet was clean and my clothes were not torn. Now, I want you all to look at me," she continued, turning herself around as she stood before them, "and tell me if I am really fit to be seen. My sun-bonnet is all crumpled up from sleeping in it, and there are several holes in my short-gown and petticoat."

Everybody agreed that her clothes were certainly

soiled and worn-out enough to entitle her to return to her home.

"All right," she said; "I am going down to my people. There is a little winding path here, by which I can walk down easily. If everything is all right, I will call for the Attendant Sprite, and he shall bring you something to eat. Are you not hungry?"

The King was obliged to admit that he was. Food had been regularly passed to him from his palace, but the line of communication had now become so long that it took a great while to reach him, and was often very stale and cold before he got it. Sometimes it was spoiled on the way, and then it was not passed on any further. So the King, who had now been waiting a long time for his dinner, which probably had been started to him two or three days before, was very glad to get something to eat, although he did not think his appetite would be satisfied by the little mites of food the Pigwidgeons must live upon. But when, in a short time, the Pigwidgeon parent, in a clean speckled sun-bonnet, and new short-gown and petticoat, appeared at the bottom of the cliff and called the Attendant Sprite to come down, he did not have to wait long for a very good dinner. When the Attendant Sprite returned, clambering up the face of the cliff almost as quickly as he had gone down, he bore with him a barn-full of fresh loaves of bread, and a quantity of fruit. The loaves of bread were no larger than very little biscuits, and the fruit was like currants or elder-berries, but they were both sweet and delicious, and there was enough to give the three companions a good meal. The first man in the line of followers looked very much as if he would have liked to have had some of these good things, but he was too far away to expect any to be offered him.

Before long the little Pigwidgeon came toiling up the winding path, and rejoined her former companions. "It's all right with me down there," she said, "and my time of banishment is over. I wish you could go down to see what a happy condition our country is in. The people are so good, and so kind to their kings, and the kings are so grateful for all that their subjects are doing for them, and so anxious to preserve their good opinion, that everything is going on beautifully."

"That may be very well for Pigwidgeons," said the King, "but I can learn nothing from a government like that, where everything seems to be working in an opposite direction from what everybody knows is right and proper. A king anxious to deserve the good opinion of his subjects! What nonsense! It ought to be just the other way."

"It ought n't to be the other way, at all!" cried the Pigwidgeon, sharply, "and you could learn a

great deal from our government, if you chose! But you don't seem able to learn anything at all here, and so you had better go on, and try to find some other government that is better than ours. You'll have a long walk of it, I can tell you! I am going home to my people." And so saying, she ran down the little path.

The King now again took up the line of march, turning away from the country of the Pigwidgeons. But he had not gone more than two or three hundred yards before he received a message from the Queen. It came to him very rapidly, every man in the line seeming anxious to shout it to the man ahead of him as quickly as possible. The message was to the effect that he must either stop where he was or come home: his constantly lengthening line of communication had used up all the chief officers of the government, all the clerks in the departments, and all the officials of every grade, excepting the few who were actually necessary to carry on the government, and if any more men went into the line it would be necessary to call upon the laborers and other persons who could not be spared.

"I think," said the Sphinx, "that you have made your line long enough."

"And I think," said the King, "that you made it a great deal longer than it need have been, by taking me about in such twisty-ma-curl ways."

"It may be so," said the Sphinx, with his mystic smile.

"Well, I am not going to stop here," said the King, "and so I might as well go back as soon as I can." And he shouted to the head man of the line to pass on the order that his edict of banishment be revoked.

In a very short time the news came that the edict was revoked. The King then commanded that the procession return home, tail end foremost. The march was immediately begun, each man, as soon as he reached the city, going immediately to his home and family.

The King and the greater part of the line had a long and weary journey, as they followed each other through the country and over the devious ways in which the Sphinx had led them in the City of Mingled Sentiments. The King was obliged to pursue all these devious turns, or be separated from his officers, and so break up his communication with his palace. The Sphinx and Attendant Sprite accompanied him.

When, at last, he reached his palace, his line of former followers having apparently melted entirely away, he hurried upstairs to the Queen, leaving the Attendant Sprite and the Sphinx in the courtyard.

The King found, when he had time to look into

the affairs of his dominions, that everything was in the most admirable condition. The Queen had selected a few of those officials who were best qualified to carry on the government, and had ordered the rest to fall, one by one, into the line of communication. The King set himself to work to think about the matter. It was not long before he came to the conclusion that the main thing which had been wrong in his kingdom was himself. He was so greatly impressed with this idea that he went down to the court-yard to speak to the Sphinx about it.

"I dare say you are right," said the Sphinx, "and I don't wonder that what you learned when you were away, and what you have seen since you came back, have made you feel certain that you were the cause of everything going wrong in this kingdom. And now, what are you going to do about your government?"

"Give it up," promptly replied the King.

"That is exactly what I should do," said the Sphinx; and the Attendant Sprite remarked that he thought under the circumstances he would do it too.

The King did give up his kingdom. He was convinced that being a king was exactly the thing he was not suited for, and that he would get on much better in some other business or profession.

He determined to be a traveler and explorer, and to go abroad into other countries to find out things that might be useful to his own nation. His Queen had shown that she could govern the country in the very best manner, and it was not at all necessary for him to stay at home. She had ordered all the men who had made up his line to follow the King's example and to go into some good business; and, not being bothered with so many officers, she would be able to get along quite easily.

The King was very successful in his new pursuit, and although he did not this time have a line of followers connecting him with the palace, he frequently sent home messages which were of use and value to his nation.

"And now," said the Attendant Sprite to the Sphinx, "I'd like to know what I am to do for parents. Both the Pigwidgeon and the King have deserted me, and again I am left an orphan. I wish I could find a pair of permanent parents."

"I feel very sorry for you," said the Sphinx, "and I would help you if I could. If you choose, I will be one of your parents."

"Well," said the Attendant Sprite, "when I come to think of it, I don't believe I will bother myself to make any changes at present. Good-bye." And he quickly skipped out of sight.



THE RETURN HOME.

## LITTLE BEPPO.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A DULL, leaden sky. All day the snow-flakes have steadily fallen, and now, as night approaches, not a vestige of the frozen earth remains. Beppo walks wearily along, his beloved guitar held closely under his arm. He sees the lights lit in happy homes; he sees the children, with their faces pressed against the panes, watching with delight the fall of the flakes, for to-morrow will be Christmas and the snow will aid Kriss Kringle in his visit; and a sad smile lights up his dark face, for the snow that brings happiness to them brings him deepest sorrow.

As the little wanderer strolls on, he thinks of that land of mellow sunshine far over the sea, and of the happy home *he* had before his parents died; and, in contrast to this, he thinks of the home he has now, and of the wicked *padrone* who took him from his cherished country.

These last thoughts arouse him to a sense of business, and, clinking the few pennies in his pockets, he takes up his position at the entrance of a theater which is ablaze with light. Then, blowing his breath upon his stiff, cold fingers, he plays a few wild, sweet notes upon his instrument—a prelude to “Home, Sweet Home.” He watches the gayly attired people pass into the warm building, but none seem to notice the little figure shrinking in the shadow. None save the gruff, burly policeman who roughly grasps his shoulder and says: “Come, young un, move along now!”

And Beppo, utterly disheartened, moves on. It has been a poor day for business; he does not dare to go home with the few pennies he has earned; and now the stern mandate of the officer has cut off his last chance of getting more.

He pauses under a gas-lamp, and, by its flickering rays, he counts his pennies over. Just ten—enough for coffee and rolls; and he crosses over to a little restaurant, and is soon indulging in a bit of extravagance. Supper over, he plans where he shall sleep.

He remembers a box filled with straw which he has seen in his wanderings. He wends his way toward it, and, when ten strikes from the tall church-tower near by, Beppo is calmly asleep, his guitar pressed tenderly upon his breast.

Twelve o'clock. As the last stroke reels out upon the frosty air, Beppo awakes from a troubled dream.

His sharp ear catches the sound of voices, and he remains almost breathless.

“How are you going to work the job?” says some one in a hoarse whisper.

“It’s as easy as rolling off a log,” replies his companion. “The girl leaves the kitchen-window unlatched, and we’re in the house as nice as you please. Have you brought all the tools?”

“All in this bag,” rejoins the first, and Beppo, wide awake now, hears something jingle.

“Then, ho for old Howland’s silver!” chuckles the second, and the two move off.

Beppo hears their footsteps die away. He comprehends it all,—that there is to be a robbery,—and wonders how he can prevent it. The name Howland he has heard before, and he knows that he may be the means of saving much.

He arises from his cramped position, and, stretching himself, reaches for his guitar. Then, shivering as the piercing winds strike through his tattered clothing, he glides swiftly down the street—on until the bright light of a police-station greets his vision.

In broken sentences, he tells his story to the sergeant in charge, and the latter at once sends two officers out to investigate the matter.

Beppo knows that he has done his duty—he can do no more. Unnoticed, he steals out into the dark street. Two or three blocks passed, a strange feeling comes over him. The snow falls so fast that he can scarcely see before him. Sick and dizzy, he gropes his way up the steps of a private residence and falls fainting in the door-way.

The *Herald*, two days after, contained among its advertisements the following:

IF THE LAD WHO GAVE THE VALUABLE INFORMATION that led to the frustration of designs upon a Fifth Avenue house, will send his address to A—H—, Herald office, he will hear of something to his advantage.

And the following in its local department:

## FROZEN TO DEATH.

Yesterday morning, while Mr. John Smith, of Blank street, was searching for his paper in the door-way, his attention was drawn to a little figure half-covered by the snow. A guitar was tightly clasped in his hands. A doctor was immediately summoned and stimulants were given, but to no avail. The poor little fellow was quite dead. He was subsequently identified as Beppo, who, with his instrument, was quite well known among people of the lower district.

## AN ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.



THE MAN IN THE **M**OON WHO SAILS IN THE SKIES  
IS A MOST COURAGEOUS SKIPPER;  
BUT HE MADE A MISTAKE  
WHEN HE TRIED TO TAKE  
A DRINK OF MILK FROM THE **D**IPPER.

HE DIPPED IT INTO THE MILKY WAY,  
AND SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY FILLED IT,  
BUT THE LITTLE BEAR GROWLED,  
AND THE GREAT BEAR HOWLED,  
AND FRIGHTENED HIM SO HE SPILLED IT.

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE NEW HOME.

THE Dushees moved into a smaller house on the Dempford side of the river, and on the first of April the Tinkhams took possession of their new home.

Rush drove his mother and Letty over from the Tammoset station in Mr. Dushee's buggy, which the boys had about decided to purchase, together with the horse, harnesses, and a good business wagon—these being among the many things the owner would now have no use for, and which, he said, ought to go with the mill.

"A pretty fair sort of a horse," Rush remarked, as he drove out of the village. "Get up!"—with a flourish of the whip. "Not a two-forty nag, exactly—go 'long, will you!—not very stunning in the way o' beauty, but he 'll do till we can afford a better."

"He looks well enough, I 'm sure," replied his mother. "And why should boys always wish to travel so fast? I never expected we should be able to keep a horse at all; and such a one as this, even, seems too much—too great a blessing!"

"Oh, he 's beautiful, if he is only ours!" said Letty. "To think of keeping our own horse and carriage! It 's like a dream."

"I hope it wont all turn out to be a big April fool," said the mother, with a smile in which quivered a deep and tender emotion. "That 's what I am afraid of."

The weather was fine; nearly all the first birds had come; there was a sweet scent of spring in the air. Letty, full of girlish hopes and gay spirits, was delighted with everything; and it was easy to see that, under all her doubts and misgivings as to this important change in their lives, the widow felt a tranquil joy.

Until that day, Rush had not seen the place since his first visit, and the others had not seen it at all. It now appeared to him even more attractive than before, and he experienced the anxious pleasure of watching their first impressions as they saw the lake, the river, the mill-roof appearing among the willows above the bank, and the old-fashioned house which was to be their future home.

Letty was almost wild with enthusiasm, while in the mother's eyes glistened that happiness which is akin to tears.

VOL. X.—9.

"Did n't I tell you it was nice?" Rush said, exultingly.

"Oh, yes!" said Letty; "but I could n't believe it was half so nice as it is."

"It is very charming, indeed," said the mother. "What a pretty little plateau the house stands on! I did n't think I should live to enjoy a home surrounded only by the air and sunshine, with no near neighbors but the trees and birds."

"There 's Lute coming out to meet us," said Letty.

The boys had arrived with the loads of goods earlier in the day, and had been busy putting things to rights and preparing for their mother, whom they wished to spare the trials of moving.

Lute ran out, hatless, in his shirt-sleeves, his honest face beaming behind the spectacles which gave it an almost comically wise look, and stammered his joyful greeting.

"Well, M-m-mother, this is j-j-jolly! We did n't want you to come a minute before; but now we 're about r-r-ready for you."

He reached to lift her from the wagon, as tenderly as if she had been a child, at the same time ordering Rush to "t-t-tumble out." But Rush said:

"I want to drive her around the place first, and show her the mill and the river."

"All right," said Lute. "That will give us a l-l-little more time."

He ran in to give some finishing touches to his mother's room, which was the first part of the house the boys had meant to have comfortable, in order to make her arrival as pleasant a surprise as possible.

Rush drove around by the little barn, along the track toward the mill; while Letty, who had leaped from the buggy, ran on before, light and happy as one of the newly arrived birds.

Hens were squawking with lazy content in the warm sun beside the barn. A pullet was cackling excitedly within,—over a new-laid egg, Rush said,—and a fine red rooster, stepping aside from the track as they passed, crowed a shrill welcome—sounds full of pleasant rural suggestion to ears and hearts long shut up in city walls.

Then came shouts of boyish laughter, as the two youngest, Rupert and Rodman, ran out of the upper story of the mill, along the level shed-roof, to meet the buggy bringing their mother.

Rush turned out on the turf near the edge of the

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bank, and stopped where they could look down on the mill and the river, while Letty skipped along the foot-plank to the seats in the branches of the great willow.

"Oh, Mother, you must come here!" she cried. "You never saw so lovely a spot!"

"Yes, yes, I see; it is all too lovely!" Mrs. Tinkham exclaimed, with a tremulous smile.

"Here's Mart," said Rush. "He and I can take you up and carry you right over there without the least trouble."

"So you shall, some time," his mother replied. "I foresee that I am to spend many happy hours in that grand old tree over the stream. But not now; I must go into the house, and see how things are getting on."

"Yes, Mother," said Mart, coming to the side of the buggy, and looking up at her with an expression which beautified his rather lank face and homely mouth. "I want you to come and look at your little nest. Drive around, Rocket!"

At the side door he took her in his arms, and, in spite of her protestations,—for, with the help of her crutches, or an arm to lean on, she could walk,—carried her through the kitchen and sitting-room (where things were still in a chaotic state) into a room beyond, where he set her down gently in her own easy-chair.

She looked wonderingly about her. It was her own carpet on the floor, her own bed set up and freshly made, with the pictures on the walls and the vases on the mantel to which her eyes had long been accustomed.

"There!" said Mart. "We want you to stay here, and try to make yourself contented, while we straighten out things in the other parts of the house. We are getting along finely with the woman we have hired, and we don't mean that you shall take a step."

"Oh, this is too much!" said Mrs. Tinkham, seeing how hard the boys had tried to make her new home home-like to her at the start. "I think there never were such children as mine."

She had to cry a little, but soon dried her eyes in her quick, resolute way, and observed:

"The poor old carpet was n't quite large enough, was it?"

"All the better," said Lute, who peered in through his spectacles to enjoy her surprise. "For if it was, the r-r-room would be smaller."

"I am so glad you are to have a good large room now, Mother!" Letty exclaimed. "We used to crowd you so in the other house!"

It was a happy thought to the widow that her daughter and five sons had always found her room so attractive; and she now looked around with pleasant anticipations of the comfort they would

all take together there on future evenings and Sunday afternoons.

"I never had the sun in my windows so before," she said. "I am afraid, boys, you've given me the best room in the house."

"We mean to make it the best, as soon as we can afford it," said Mart. "We knew you would n't like this wall-paper very well; but I hope we can have the whole house repapered and painted in a year or two."

"The figures are rather old-fashioned," said his mother; "but old fashions are coming around to be new fashions now."

"And it's awfully 'tony,'" said Rush, "to have your carpet too small for your room, leaving a space a foot or so wide around by the wall!"

"And see," Letty laughed, gayly, "what small window-panes! The Lummells, in their new Queen Anne cottage, have some just such little scrimped-up panes, and think they are elegant."

"Children, we are in style, and it seems to me this place is going to be a little paradise! I like it—I like it extremely! Did you bring in my crutches, Rocket?"

In spite of all opposition, she was presently on her feet,—or rather on her one good foot and a crutch,—stepping about the house, giving instructions, and setting things in order with her own hands.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FISH-OFFICER.

THE boys worked hard, delighted with the change, and inspired by youthful hope and joy.

They had taken the contract to supply rocket-sticks, pin-wheels, and other wooden fixtures, for Cole & Company's fire-works, and orders for toys and dolls' carriages had been secured.

The mill met their most sanguine expectations. Much of the old machinery proved to be good, and their ingenious heads and skillful hands found little difficulty in adjusting to it their own special improvements in tools and apparatus. The future seemed bright with the promise of abundant, happy, and prosperous employment.

The simple water-power was a joy to their hearts. The tide set back twice a day, and ebbing again gave, as Mr. Dushee had said, about eight hours of good running power out of every twelve. The occurrence of this period varied day after day; but they could easily accommodate their work to it, for there would always be plenty of mere hand labor to do in the intervals of flood tide and still water.

Two or three days after taking possession, while they were experimenting with the machinery, they

received a call from Mr. Dushee. He came to inquire whether they had concluded to buy the horse and wagons; and the vast landscape of his countenance brightened when Mart said they would try to have the money ready for him the next day.

"I see you are making improvements," he remarked encouragingly, as he was about to go.

to start up the wheel; but what's the use even of that? I think Lute is right."

"I've already got a plan of a gate that will take c-c-care of itself," said Lute. "To be hung by the top, so the tide running up will open it, and shut it r-r-running back."

"I had thought of something like that myself," said the former owner. "But," he added, with

the air of one giving disinterested advice, "I think you'll find it for your advantage to stick to the flash-boards. Anyway, you'd better wait awhile and see."

The boys laughed at what they called his "old foggy notions" after he was gone; and Lute declared that, as soon as he could get around to it, he would certainly have his g-g-gate.

It was not long, however, before they learned that Mr. Dushee's counsel was good.

That afternoon, a stranger in a narrow-seated buggy drove up to the mill. Rush came out of the upper story to meet him.

"I hear this property has lately changed hands," said the stranger, with an air of official authority.

"Yes, sir," replied Rush.

"Who are the present owners?"

"Well, it belongs to our family—the Tinkham family."

"Where is the Tinkham family? I mean,

the head. I suppose there is a head somewhere." The man spoke rather insolently, Rush thought, so that he was tempted to make a laughing reply.

"Yes, there are several heads; pretty good ones, too, some of us think. The property stands in my mother's name," he added, more soberly. "But my brothers have charge of the mill and the business."

"I want to see your brothers," said the man in the buggy. "Tell 'em I am a fish-officer. I



RUSH DROVE, WHILE LETTY WENT ON BEFORE.

"A few changes seem necessary," Mart replied. "One thing I am bound to have d-d-done," said Lute. "In place of these flash-boards, we are going to have a p-p-permanent gate."

A cloud of slight embarrassment passed over the desert of a face.

"I would n't be in a hurry about that; I advise ye to wait and see how the flash-boards work."

"It is n't much trouble, I know," said Mart, "to go and put in the flash-boards when we want

come with authority from the fish commissioners, to give due notice of the law and its penalties regarding obstructions in the way of migratory fish."

Rush did not feel like making a merry reply to that. His heart sank a little, as he said:

"That is something I don't think they know anything about." He thought of the dam. "They are in the shop. Will you come in and see about the obstructions?"

The man got out of his buggy, followed Rush into the mill, and there delivered his errand to the oldest son.

Mart received it quietly, but Rush could see that he was taken by surprise.

"Is this a new thing?" he asked.

"Not at all; we have to attend to it every year," replied the officer. "The alewives will be running up the river in great numbers soon after the middle of the month, and they must have free passage-way."

Mart was silent a moment, only a reddish suffusion of his eyes betraying to Rush that the deputy's words had struck deep.

"Come out here and see my brother," he said.

It was high water, the ebb was just setting in, and Lute was on the platform over the dam, studying the probable working of his proposed tide-gate in some preliminary experiments with the flash-boards.

He was interrupted by the approach of his brothers with the stranger.

"I guess we'll give up the idea of a gate for the present," said Mart, with his usual drawl. "This man has an argument against it. Fire it off for my brother's benefit, will you, Mr. Fish-officer?"

The deputy complied with cheerful glibness. Lute listened intently, having set the flash-boards to keep back the water. Then, having glanced at Mart's serious face, he turned his gleaming spectacles up at the officer.

"If this had happened three days ago," he remarked, "I should have said it was an April-f-f-fool!"

"Well, it is no April-fool," replied the deputy. "So now what do you say?"

"I say Mr. Dushee is a f-f-fraud!"

"He never said a word to one of us about a fish-way," Rush spoke up in great excitement.

"But he knows the need of it well enough, often as he has been warned," said the deputy.

"What has he done to keep within the law?" Mart inquired.

"There was only one thing to do. He has pulled out his flash-boards and let the fish run."

"But that destroys the water-power!"

"Exactly."

"How l-l-long?" stammered Lute.

"The law requires that streams shall be free for fish to run from the middle of April to the middle of June. The alewives go up into the pond to spawn. After that they descend the river again, and return to the sea."

Mart had by this time recovered from the consternation into which he had at first been thrown, and his ingenious mind was already seeing its way out of the difficulty.

"I should greatly enjoy cracking the Dushee cocoa-nut," he drawled, alluding in that irreverent way to the former owner's head-piece, "for not telling us about this fish business. But it is n't such a terrible matter, Lute. The fish go up with the tide, I believe?"

"The great mass of them," replied the deputy. "But a good many stragglers get caught by the ebb, and have to work their way against it."

"These flash-boards float with the flood-tide," said Mart, "and of course they'll let the alewives run up with it. I guess they won't be seriously hindered, any of 'em. And by the time they have spawned, and are all ready to run down again, we'll —"

"We'll have a f-f-fish-way constructed!" broke in Lute, with a rapid stammer. "I've got it already p-p-planned."

"That will be the best way," remarked the deputy. "In case of an impassable dam, the law requires the owner to build such a fish-way as the commissioners approve; or it requires them to build it, and charge the cost to him. Dushee thought it unnecessary, and preferred to keep his flash-boards open."

He added that he did not wish to be unduly strict with any man who was willing to comply with the law; having thus performed his duty, he parted on very civil terms with the Tinkham boys, and rode away.

"We can get over this well enough," said Mart. "But, I tell ye, I was in a pouring sweat for about a minute. I believe I lost about a pound of flesh."

"I wonder if there is anything else Dushee has kept back," said Rush, still excited. "I'm afraid we don't yet know all his reasons for being so anxious to sell."

"I remember, Father used to say, 'A man always has two motives for every action, his real motive and his pretended motive,'" drawled Mart. "I'm afraid Dushee is the kind of man he meant. What I'm still more afraid of is, that we shan't be glad when we find all his reasons out."

"Anyhow," said Lute, "I'm going to have my tide-gate all the same, soon as we've b-b-built the fish-way."

As the dam was only two feet high, the fish-way—consisting of open water-boxes placed one

above the other, so connected that the alewives could easily work their way up or down through them—seemed to be a simple and inexpensive affair.

So did the tide-gate. But there was a stronger argument against that than any the boys dreamed of yet.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ODD-LOOKING SUMMER-HOUSE.

RUSH had been too busy to go off the place since the day of the moving. But, after supper that evening, he and Letty and the two younger boys took a walk.

They strolled up the river as far as the bridge, where they chanced to meet the elder Dushee returning home from Tammuset.

Rush was inwardly boiling with indignation at the man's extraordinary economy of the truth regarding the alewife business, in all his talks with the purchasers of the mill. But he controlled himself, and said quietly, in reply to Dushee's observation that 't was a pooty evenin' to be takin' a ramble:

"You never mentioned to any of us that there might be some trouble about the alewives passing the dam."

"Trouble? trouble?" said Mr. Dushee, blandly. "Why, no! for I never believed there 'd be any trouble."

"You did n't know the fish commissioners would be after us, I suppose?"

Rush spoke with biting sarcasm. But the large, bland countenance remained undisturbed.

"Oh! there 's been an officer around, has they? I knew 't was about time. Comes every year. It 's his business. But that 's all 't amounts to."

"You have paid no attention to his warning?" said Rush.

"Skurcely," Dushee replied in a confidential way. "I'd set my youngsters to watch for a few days when the fish was runnin' the thickest, and if they see the fish-officer a-comin', I'd jest pull up my flash-boards, and mabby leave 'em up till they see him go 'long back down the river. That is, if I happened to be runnin' the wheel. But gener'ly I could git along without it for a part of the time; then I'd let the fish run. The dam never was no hendrance to the alewives, and the officer knew it," the former owner added, seeing a wrathful light in the boy's eyes. "There never was no trouble, and there never need to be none."

"It seems to me, you might at least have told us of anything of the kind that might turn up," Rush replied, in a rather choked voice; for it was

all he could do to keep his anger from breaking forth.

"I s'pose I might," Dushee replied, cheerfully. "But I did n't think it necessary. There 's a good many little things about the mill you'll have to find out for yourselves. If I can be of service to ye, le' me know."

Then, as Rush was walking silently away, the large-featured man repeated, with friendly persistence, "It's a re'l pooty kind of an evenin' to be takin' a ramble," and went smiling home.

The snow had vanished from the hill-sides, and the ice from the lake. It was a still evening, and the glassy water reflected the shores, the distant orchards and groves, and the rosy hues of the western sky.

The boys ran on toward the outlet, while Letty sauntered slowly, waiting for Rush.

"Oh, can't we have a boat-ride?" she called to him, looking across the river, and seeing a skiff hauled up on the opposite bank.

"That 's the first boat I've seen; I did n't know there was one on the river," said Rush. "Wait here, and I'll try to get it."

He hurried back to the bridge, crossed over to a farm-house on the other shore, and was soon seen running down to the water's edge with a pair of oars.

"Go on up farther," he shouted, "and I'll come over and take you all aboard."

The current was running out, and he had to keep close by the bank and pull hard until he had succeeded in rowing the skiff up into still water. Then, making a broad circuit above the outlet, leaving behind him lovely ripples which spread far away over the pink-tinted pond, he crossed to a pebbly beach, where Letty was waiting with the boys.

Eager for adventure, they scrambled aboard, and Rush pushed off again.

"This is better than the boat-rides we used to have around the edge of the dirty old harbor," said Rupert.

"Oh, it is heavenly!" said Letty, who sometimes indulged in an almost too enthusiastic way of expressing herself. "Why is n't the water covered with boats? I should think it would be."

"I suppose it is too early in the season for them yet," replied Rush. "Mr. Rumney said he had only just got his into the water. That accounts for its leaking so. Look out for your feet, boys!"

"Let us row awhile, Rush," said Rupert, as they glided out toward the center of the lake, which appeared like a vast gulf of infinite depth illumined by soft and delicate hues, until broken by prow and oars.

Rush indulged them; they took each an oar,

while he assumed the place in the stern and steered, with a shingle for a rudder. Letty leaned over the bow, enjoying the lovely views.

"We'll take Mother out here, when the weather gets a little warmer," said Rush. "I promised myself that, the first day I saw the lake. Wont she enjoy it!"

"I wish she was with us now!" exclaimed Letty. "It is too much for us alone!"

"We can row back and get her," said Rodman. "Can't we, Rupe?"

"Oh, yes—it will be fine!" said Rupe.

It was not because the young Tinkhams were so much better bred or kinder-hearted than many children, nor yet because their mother's crippled condition had called out their gentlest feelings toward her, but rather, I suppose, because she made herself so sympathetic and delightful a companion to them, that they constantly thought of her in this way.

But now all at once Rush had something else to attract his attention.

"Hello! there's that odd-looking—summer-house, Dick Dushee called it."

"What! that building on the shore?" said Letty. "Nobody would ever think of making such a summer-house as that!"

"And only an idiot or a knave would call it one!" Rush exclaimed, flushing very red in the evening light. "Hold your oar, Rod! We'll run over and look at it."

Steering with his shingle, he headed the skiff toward the Tammoset shore and Dick Dushee's astonishing summer-house.

"It's built on piles over the water," said Rupert. "And what's that before it?"

"A float," said Rush. "It's easy enough to see what the building is, and the rogue must have known!"

He was not long in surmising a reason for Dick's seemingly uncalled-for prevarication. What he had learned that afternoon made him suspicious of the Dushees.

"That's Dick Dushee there, with another boy, on the float," said Rupe.

"Pull away! I want to catch him before he gets off," said Rush, lowering his voice.

"What is the building—if you know?" Letty asked, with excited curiosity.

"Nothing anybody need to lie about," Rush muttered, still with his angry flush on. "I'll tell you by and by. Dick!" he called, "see here a moment."

Dick was stepping up from the float into a large open door-way in the barn-like end of the building, when, hearing the summons, he reluctantly faced about.

"This is your *summer-house*, is it?" said Rush, sharply.

"I knew 't was some sort of a house to have fun in—in summer," said Dick, with an ignoble grin, visible in the twilight. "I've found out what it is, now."

"So have I, without any help from you," said Rush. "And, I'm sorry to say, we're finding out other things that don't reflect much credit on those who left us to discover them for ourselves."

"I don't know what you mean," said Dick.

Rush was flaming up for a fierce reply, when Letty stopped him.

"Don't have any words with him, Rocket!"

"Well, then, I wont. Not now. Hold on here a minute, boys!"

To satisfy himself with regard to the character and use of the ugly structure, he leaped to the float, mounted the steps, and entered the great door-way. In a little while he came out again, with a troubled but resolute look.

"How long has this been building?" he asked of Dick's companion on the float.

"Ever since last winter," was the reply. "They drove the piles through holes in the ice."

"Did you know then what it was for?"

"I guess so! Everybody knew. Anyhow, it had been talked of enough."

Rush gave Dick Dushee an annihilating look, but said nothing as he stepped back into the boat.

"Why, what is it troubles you so?" Letty asked, as they pushed off. "That boy told us what the house was for, when you were inside; but Rupert had already guessed."

"I should think anybody could guess!" said Rupert.

Rush declined to talk upon the subject, as they returned along the shore to the river. After landing on Mr. Rumney's bank, he told Letty and the boys to walk along to the bridge, while he returned the oars.

Having thanked the farmer for them, he said:

"Are there many boats owned here on the river?"

The farmer, standing in his open shed, filling his pipe, answered, good-naturedly:

"Wall, consider'ble many; more 'n the use' to be, 'nuff sight."

"And on the lake?" queried Rush.

"Wall, a consider'ble many on the lake. There's been a kin' of a boom in the boatin' interest lately."

"How so?"

"Wall," replied Mr. Rumney, striking a match on his trousers, "for years there was no boatin' here, to speak on. But the notion on 't has broke out in a crop o' boys growin' up—a perfect epidemic."

"Specially sense the Argue-not Club was started last summer, though why they call it the *Argue-not* beats me, for I never seen anything else there was so much arguin' about."

The smile that broadened the good-natured face betrayed some consciousness of a joke, Rush, however, took the matter with intense seriousness.

"This new building over here, on the shore of the pond, is the Argonaut Club's boat-house?"

Mr. Rumney nodded as he puffed at his pipe.

Rush then said, trying to suppress a tremor in his voice:

"Has there been much trouble—about—boats passing—Mr. Dushee's dam?"

"Wall," said the farmer, smiling again, "since you ask me a candid question, I s'pose I must make a candid reply. There's been some trouble. I may say perty consider'ble trouble. They say the dam has got to go. Your folks 'll have to know it, and ye may as well know it fust as last."

Rush constrained himself to say calmly:

"Seems to me we ought to have known it a little sooner."

"'T would have been for your interest, no doubt," the farmer replied; adding, with a smile of the broadest humor: "If a man 's going to put on a stockin', and there 's a hornet's nest in it,

he'd nat'rally ruther like to know it 'forehand—leastways, 'fore he puts his foot in too fur!"

"Naturally," said Rush. "It was the hornet's nest, as you call it, that made Dushee so anxious to sell?"

"Should n't wonder!" Mr. Rumney gave a chuckle, which had a disagreeable sound to the boy's ears. "Anyhow, he never said nothin' about sellin' 'till the Argue-nots argued him into it."

"My brothers came and talked with you before buying," said Rush. "Why did n't *you* tell them?"

"Wall, 't wan't my business. Dushee he come with 'em. Neighbors so, I did n' like to interfere and spile his trade."

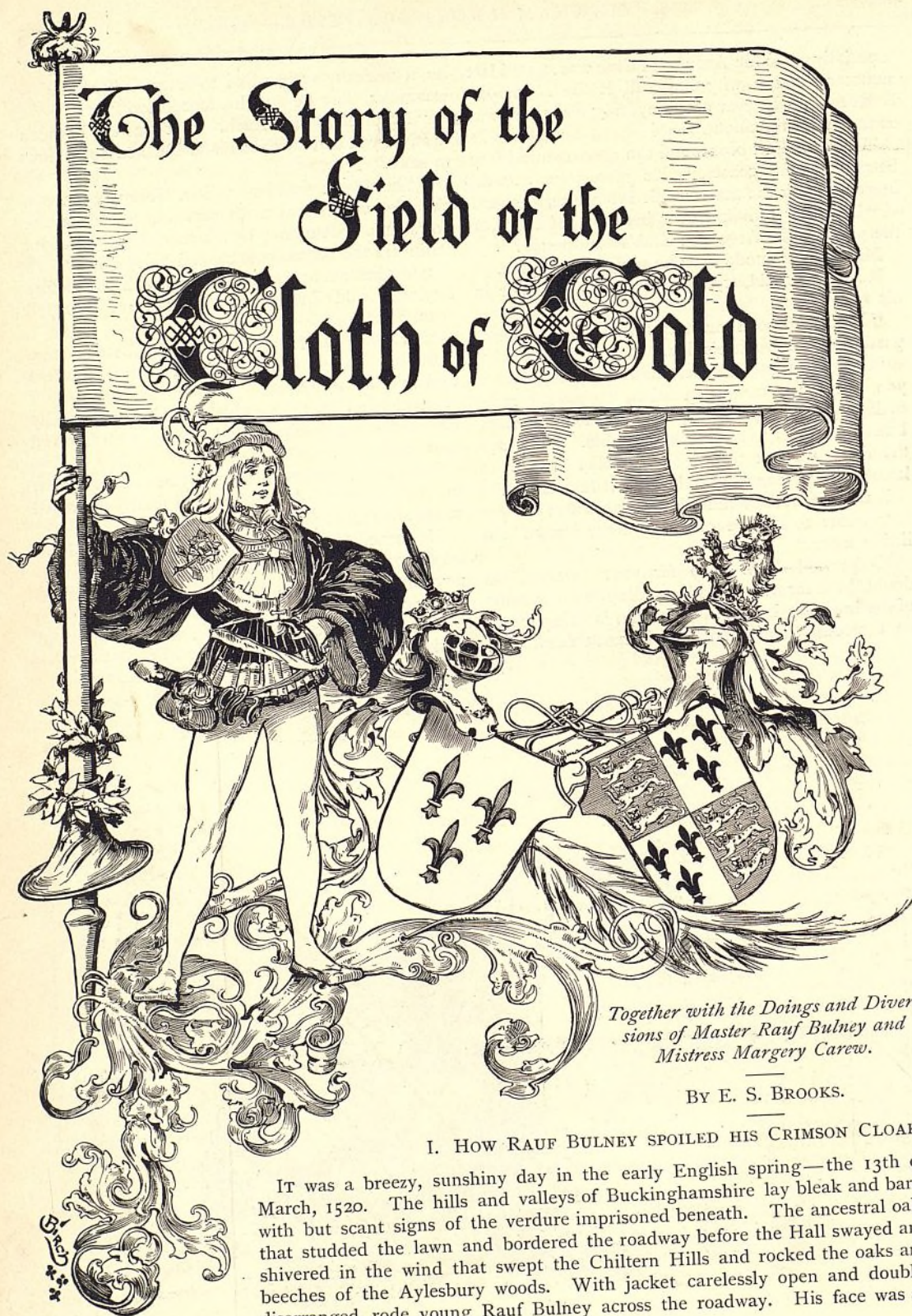
In saying this, the worthy man appeared wholly unconscious of having acted in any but a fair and honorable way.

Something swelled alarmingly in Rush's throat, but he swallowed hard at it, and finally managed to say, "Thank you, Mr. Rumney."

He turned to go, paused, turned back, and hesitated a moment, as if struggling against a tumultuous inward pressure, an impulse to free his mind of some volcanic stuff. But he merely added:

"Much obliged to you for the boat," and walked stiffly away.





*Together with the Doings and Diversions of Master Rauf Bulney and Mistress Margery Carew.*

BY E. S. BROOKS.

#### I. HOW RAUF BULNEY SPOILED HIS CRIMSON CLOAK.

IT was a breezy, sunshiny day in the early English spring—the 13th of March, 1520. The hills and valleys of Buckinghamshire lay bleak and bare, with but scant signs of the verdure imprisoned beneath. The ancestral oaks that studded the lawn and bordered the roadway before the Hall swayed and shivered in the wind that swept the Chiltern Hills and rocked the oaks and beeches of the Aylesbury woods. With jacket carelessly open and doublet disarranged, rode young Rauf Bulney across the roadway. His face was all

aglow from the exercise that had followed his endeavors to teach his fractious hobby, Roland, to leap the bars, while a reckless enjoyment of the March breezes made him careless alike of a possible throat-distemper and of his customary trim appearance.

Roland had shown so determined a disposition to shirk his duty and refuse the leap, and had arched his shapely neck so repeatedly in protest before the bars, that Rauf had satisfied himself with two or three successes, and now, holding on his wrist the cleanly made little "lanard," or falcon, that his uncle had recently given him, was on his way to test its merits. Just as he dashed across the roadway a rider, booted and spurred, passed him at full speed, his black horse flecked with foam, while on breast and back shone out in crimson and gold the well-known badge of his Grace the Cardinal.

A courier from Hampton Court, though no infrequent visitor at Verney Hall, was still ever an object of interest; and Rauf, weighing in his mind the opposing attractions of courier and falcon, decided for the courier and turned his steps toward the Hall. At the foot of the terrace stood Dick Ricroft, the groom of the stables, holding the courier's impatient steed.

Rauf wavered—the horse for the moment eclipsed the courier.

"You beauty!" he said, admiringly. "Let me try a turn with him, Dick?"

"The saints forbid!" interposed the horrified Dick. "Ride one of the lord legate's horses, Master Rauf! 'T would be as much as all our heads are worth, and I've no mind to lose mine yet. Besides," he added, "the courserman rides on to Sir John Hampden's on the hill, as soon as he has delivered his message to Sir Rauf."

"What! Hampden Manor, too? Why,

this must be some special mission. What's afoot, Dick?" questioned the boy.

"Ah, you must needs find that out for yourself," replied the cautious Dick. "'T is something touching the King's Grace and a journey to France."

"To France? Oh, glory!" and the impetuous youth, aflame with a new excitement, bounded up the terrace and dashed into the great wainscoted hall, where, at the middle table, sat the Cardinal's courserman—a barley loaf and a dish of "wardens," or baked pears, before him, his face half-buried in the great pot of ale with which he was washing down his hasty lunch.

"Well, how now, how now, young hot-head?" came the deep voice of the boy's uncle, and, checking his impatience, Rauf walked slowly up to where, near the dais, stood his uncle, Sir Rauf Verney, papers in hand and a perplexed expression on his face.

"What's astir, sir?" asked young Rauf, with the privilege of a favorite, as he leaned against the dais and glanced into his uncle's face.

"Bide a bit, Sir Malapert," said his uncle beneath his voice, adding, as the courier rose from the long table and wiped the ale from his heavy mustache: "Art refreshed, good Master Yeoman?"

"Fully, thanks to your worship," was the reply.

"I must now hasten on to Hampden Manor."

"Say to your master, the Lord Cardinal," said Sir Rauf, "that the commands of the King's Highness shall have my proper obedience;" and, court-



THE COURIER OF THE CARDINAL.



WATCHING TO SEE  
KING CHARLES  
GO BY.

A WINDOW  
AT DOVER  
IN 1520.

cously conducted to the door and down the terrace, the courserman sprang to his saddle, doffed his bonnet in adieu, and the black horse sped down the roadway like an arrow.

"Well, Anne?" was all that Sir Rauf said, as he came back and looked to his wife for counsel.

"'T is the King's command and the Cardinal's wish. I suppose it must be done," said Lady Anne Verney, smoothing the folds of her satin kirtle.

"'T will cost a pretty peck of angels," said Sir Rauf, somewhat ruefully, as he stroked his long brown beard.

"But the honor of England and the Verneys, Sir Rauf!" interposed the Lady Anne.

"Yes, yes, I know," said her husband; "needs must when the King wills. But as to my following," he added, musingly; "'ten persons well and conveniently appareled and horsed'"—then, suddenly, "Rauf, would'st like to go to France?"

Respectful silence in the presence of one's elders was enforced by something more than words in those early days, and Rauf, though inwardly chafing at being so long kept in the dark, dared not ask for information. So, when his uncle's quick question came, the boy as quickly answered: "To France? Oh, Uncle! When?"

"That means yes, I suppose. Here, my boy, make test of Master Bolton's teaching on this paper," and he handed Rauf a billet on which ran the address: "*To our trusty and well-beloved Sir Rauf Verney, Knight.*"

Thanks to the careful tuition of Master Bolton, the chaplain at the Hall and a well-furnished scholar from the Oxford schools, Rauf could at least spell out enough of the billet to understand that it was a summons from the Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Chancellor of England, through the hand of

Thomas Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, and Secretary of State, commanding "*Sir*

*Rauf Verney to await upon the King's Highness with*

*a following of ten able and seemly persons, well and conveniently appareled and horsed; the same Sir Rauf Verney to appear, as to his degree and honor belongeth, at the camp in the marches of Calais, between Guisnes and Arde, in the month of May, and at the time of meeting between the King's Grace and the French King.*"

All the boyish curiosity, the love of excitement, and the delights of anticipation that lived in the heart of our young English Rauf of three and a half centuries ago, even as in the equally impetuous natures of our English and American boys of to-day, were stirred to their depths as he took in the meaning of the royal summons, and he turned a joyously expectant face to his uncle.

"Yes, yes," responded Sir Rauf Verney, with a smile, to his nephew's unasked question. "'T is a royal command and admits of no refusal. And you, Rauf Bulney, page, shall go 'well and conveniently appareled' as squire to the body in the following of Sir Rauf Verney, Knight."

"But just where are Guisnes and Arde, Uncle?" queried the boy.

"Tut, tut, lad; shall we jog your truant memory or Master Bolton's lagging work?" said the knight. "They lie, both, in the marches of Calais, in the valleys between our English town of Calais and the glorious field of Agincourt. This Guisnes is a town and castle in English territory, and Arde is a town and castle in French territory. They stand scarce two leagues removed from each

other. Though how these castles will serve for convenient and proper lodgings for the Kings' Highnesses passes my fathoming. I mind me that on my last return from Flanders, now nigh two years since, I went with my Lord Fitzwater over the castle of Guisnes, and found it wretched enough—its moat dry and weedy, its battlements dismantled, its keep ruinous and crumbling. And as for the French castle, they made equal poor report—the town long since in ruins, the castle desolate and impaired, its fosse choked and useless, its donjon untopped, its walls torn with breaches."

"A sorry place for a royal interview," said Lady Anne; "but will not due care be taken to make them presentable?"

"Trust the Lord Cardinal for that," replied Sir Rauf. "Where so lavish a hand commands, small doubt is there as to great results. His Grace's courserman tells me that nigh twelve hundred workmen have been dispatched to Sir John Petchie, deputy of Calais, under orders to Lord Worcester, the commissioners, and the chief artificer."

"But what is it all for, Uncle—this interview between our King's Highness and the King of France?" asked young Rauf, who with ready ears had drunk in all his uncle's words. Ignoring Sir Rauf Verney's long explanation, half-politics, half-rumor, and all glorification of his liege and King such as he, born courtier, gallant soldier, and true Englishman, could not help giving, we may condense Rauf's acquired information into a few words.

Three young men, Henry Tudor, of England, aged twenty-eight, Francis d'Angoulême, of France, aged twenty-five, and Charles von Hapsburg, of Spain, aged nineteen, at that day swayed the destinies of the Christian world as monarchs of their respective countries. The imperial throne of Germany, then known as "the holy Roman Empire," becoming vacant in 1519, by the death of the Emperor Maximilian, these three young kings, each with distinct but varying claims, asserted their right of election to the vacant throne. On the 18th of June, 1519, the electors of Germany rendered their final decision, and the younger of the three competitors, himself scarcely more than a boy in years, ascended the imperial throne as the Emperor Charles the Fifth—the mightiest monarch in Christendom. Henry of England, aware of the hopelessness of his claim, had already withdrawn from the contest; but his neighbor, Francis of France, brilliant, chivalric, handsome, and brave, but royally self-willed and impetuous, chafed under his defeat, and sought to weaken the power of his successful rival by an alliance between those two inveterate enemies, France and England. Thomas Wolsey, the son of the honest butcher of Ipswich, was now Cardinal Archbishop of York,

legate of the Pope and Lord Chancellor of England, mighty in influence with his master the King, feared and flattered by all the courts of Europe. He received with approval the propositions of Francis looking to an interview between the kings of France and England, and, gaining the consent of Henry, sought to make this interview such an occasion of splendor and ceremonial as should delight their majesties and gratify his own love of display. By it, too, he hoped to increase his power over both courts and thus advance himself toward the prize he coveted—the throne of the Pope, then the highest attainable dignity in the Church and the world.

To make this royal interview, then, imposing in its ceremonial and splendid in the magnificence of its display, all England and all France labored and lavished, struggled and spent, managed and mortgaged until, as one of the old chroniclers expresses it, "many lords bore to the meeting their mills, their forests, and their meadows on their backs."

So much for the political history. To young Rauf Bulney, however, as he watched the preparations that for two months kept the household at Verney Hall in continued bustle and action, the desires of kings and the ambition of cardinals went for but little. For him two realms were excited, two nations disturbed, in order that a fresh and healthy young English boy of fifteen years, Rauf Bulney by name, might go to France in grand style and feast his eyes on glorious sights and royal profusion.

At last the eventful time arrived, and in the early morning hours of Wednesday, the 16th of May, 1520, Sir Rauf Verney, with Master Rauf Bulney, his squire, Master Bolton, his chaplain, with color-man, archers, and bill-men, all picked from the very flower of the Verney tenantry, resplendent in new liveries and displaying the Verney arms, bade good-bye to Lady Anne and the Hall, and, while roadways and forest were sweet with the breath of an English spring, the Verney following passed over the Chiltern Hills and through pleasant English meadows, to London first, and thence on to Dover. Not the least happy in that train was our friend Rauf, with a pardonable pride in the possession of three rich suits, and a happy consciousness that he looked quite as nicely as he felt.

At Dover, the straggling, stuffy little town of three hundred years ago, they found a great crowd of nobles and gentlemen, with their attendant trains; while the valley of the Dour and the slopes of the chalk hills were white with tents and gay with streamers. Here, by the orders of the Lord Chief Marshal, the Earl of Essex, Sir Rauf Verney's following was joined to that of the Earl

of Dorset. Sir Rauf himself was ordered to attend the Cardinal at the immediate reception of "the elect King of the Romans," otherwise the Emperor Charles the Fifth. For that enterprising young monarch, knowing full well the excessive courtesy and winning manners of the French King, sought to gain an advantage over his rival by a prior meeting with Henry of England. And so, hurrying from Barcelona with "only sixty ship and the Queen of Arragon," he met the English King at Dover before he had crossed to France.

"Is our King's Grace, then, so wondrous great that this mighty Emperor fain must sue to him?" Rauf asked his uncle when he heard the summons; even his boyish enthusiasm for his King being unable to grasp this wonder of the "Monarch of Christendom" doffing his bonnet to an island prince.

"Ah, my lad," replied his thoughtful uncle, "the King of the Romans sees far and shrewdly. An alliance between our King's Highness and him of France would threaten a mighty breach in King Charles's great dominions. Besides, our noble King of England, so my Lord Bishop of Worcester writes from Rome, 'is in great reputation in Christendom,' and none know this better than the King Catholic. See now, my boy, what kingship does for a man. This young King Charles is scarce four years your elder; but, ah! it's an old, old head on green shoulders."

So reasoned the cautious courtier, and so young Rauf accepted it; and, next morning, stood for hours at the door of his lodging to see this boy Emperor ride by with the English King on the way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury—"the more to solempne the feast of Pentecost," says the old chronicle. What Rauf really saw was a spare young man of medium height, with pale face and heavy under-jaw, with hooked nose and small, irregular teeth, plainly dressed, as compared to the magnificence of England's kingly King, by whose side he rode. But what Rauf could not see in that quiet face was the deeper purpose that, even then, told of great possibilities, as fitted the man who, for forty years thereafter, held an imperial scepter in an imperious grasp.

Four days passed, and then, the Emperor's visit over, on the 31st of May the King of England, with his Queen and court,—above five thousand persons and nearly three thousand horses,—crossed from Dover to Calais. Standing in the bow of the stanch little "Maglory," one of Miles Gerard's stoutest hoys,—a small sloop-rigged vessel used for coasting work,—Rauf watched with interest the embarkation. The white chalk cliffs of Dover shone in the morning sun, the foam-capped waters of the Straits glistened and sparkled, while a host

of small craft, bright with pennons and colors, scudded before the wind out from the shadow of Dover Castle, dipping and bobbing over the choppy waves toward the opposite port of Calais. In the midst of the fleet, gay with the fluttering decorations of St. George's cross, the Tudor dragon, and the Tudor rose, sailed the royal transport, the "Katherine Pleasance."

Just as the "Maglory" rounded in behind the "Katherine," a sudden puff of wind and a choppy sea drove her hard against the stern of the royal vessel. There was a bump and a loud crash, and Rauf saw a young girl, whom he had already noticed as one of a merry group of ladies, topple over with the shock, and fall from the deck of the "Katherine" into the waters beneath. A shriek from the ladies on the King's vessel, a sudden wearing off on the part of the "Maglory," and then, impetuous as ever, as heedless of the consequences as of his satin doublet and his crimson cloak, his gold-embroidered hose, and his boots of Spanish leather, off from the bow of the "Maglory" jumped Master Rauf in aid of the drowning girl. A strong stroke and a ready eye, which much practice in his home streams had given him, stood him well in need; stout ropes and sturdy arms trailed over the lee of the "Katherine," and the girl and her rescuer were soon on deck, the one limp and faint from her peril, the other well enough in body but sorely damaged as to his gala dress.

"A trim young gallant and a brave! Whom have we here as the savior of our fair but unsteady maiden?" asked a deep, rich voice, and looking up, Rauf found himself in the midst of a gayly dressed group of lords and ladies, the foremost of whom was a man of tall and commanding appearance, well built, and stout almost to heaviness, with pleasant face, a fresh and ruddy countenance, and a short, golden beard and kindly smile, the very picture of health, imperiousness, and royal grace—Henry the Eighth, King of England.

The courtier blood of the Verneys lent grace and homage to the obeisance with which Rauf accompanied his answer to the King's question.

"I am Rauf Bulney, may it please your Grace; nephew and squire of the body to Sir Rauf Verney, Knight, in my Lord of Dorset's train."

"Ha! of our old friend Verney's stock," said the King. "And do you thus incontinently dive with equal speed to rescue the perishing, even be they not so fair to see as is our sweet maiden, Mistress Margery—eh, young sir?"

Again bending low, Rauf replied to the royal banter:

"My sponsors have taught me, my liege, that the true knight showeth due courtesy to all alike."

"A right knightly answer, is it not, my lords?"

said Henry, highly pleased. "And who, pray, after your good uncle and the Lady Anne, may your guiders be, my boy?"

"Master Bolton, an Oxford scholar, is our chaplain, your Grace."

"Ha? himself a pupil of our worthy Dean Colet—rest his soul! One of the new learning, too. We have high hopes of the youth of this present England, whose sponsors and preceptors are such as yours. But, body of me!" said the King, hastily, as his eye caught the little rills that coursed down Rauf's shivering but respectful legs, in crimson and violet tides; "here stand we chattering, and there stand you a-chattering, as well. Good Master Cary, take this young springald to our yeoman of the robes and see him suitably appareled. Thereafter will we request the Lord Cardinal, with due regard to my Lord of Dorset, and Sir Rauf, his uncle, to add him to the file of our special pages. He is a right-mannered and well-favored lad."

Rauf was shrewd courtier enough to make no reply to this promise of advancement beyond the customary low bow, and he therefore kept quiet as to his extra suits of gay clothing. "He who would rise must know when to hold his tongue," his uncle had taught him; and here seemed the opportunity to put this precept to the test.

On deck once more, dressed in a rich suit of crimson and violet blazoned with the Tudor rose, Rauf received with boyish sheepishness, not unmixed with his native courtesy, the well-spoken thanks of Mistress Margery Carew—a trim and sprightly little lass of near his own age, whose blue velvet gown, with its lining of crimson tinsel, well set off her fair Saxon face. She was the little daughter

of Sir Richard Carew, a knight of Surrey, placed by her father among Queen Katherine's gentlewomen under the protection of Lady Gray.

"And let me tell you, Master Page," said Lady

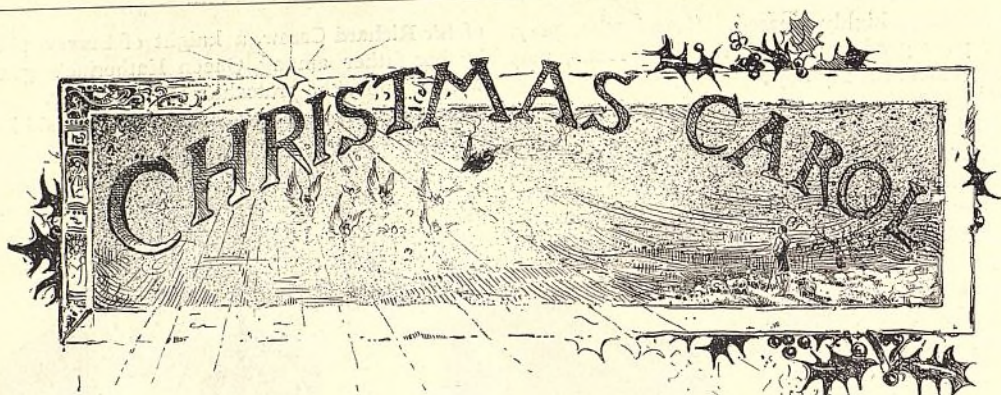


YOUNG RAUF RECEIVES THE THANKS OF MARGERY CAREW.

Gray, as she warmly thanked Rauf for his aid, "a sorry loss of a sprightly lass would have fallen upon us had you not so quickly taken to the water."

So, in exchange of pleasant words and compliments, of questions and explanations, the crossing to the French shore was quickly made, and all too soon, as it seemed to Rauf, the ramparts and towers of Calais lay abeam.

(To be continued.)



WORDS BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

MUSIC BY HOWARD M. DOW.

*Allegretto.*

SOLO.

1. In the old time, runs the sto - ry, There was once a won-drous night, When from out the un - seen  
2. Since that day the chil-dren's voi-ces Have caught up the glad re - frain; And to-night the heart re -

glo - ry Burst a song of glad de - light; It was when... the stars were gleam-ing, Shepherds  
joic - es That the hour comes round a - gain; And the chil - dren are our an - gels, With one

watched their flocks, and then In their wak-ing, or their dreaming, An - gels sang, "Good-will to men!"  
loud.... ac-claim they cry, Answ'ring back the glad e - van - gel's "Glo-ry be to God on high!"

## CHORUS.

SOPRANO. *f*

Mer - ry Christ - mas! Mer - ry Christ - mas! Let us make the heav - ens ring! Ech - o

CONTRALTO.

TENOR. *f*

Mer - ry Christ - mas! Mer - ry Christ - mas! Let us make the heav - ens ring! Ech - o

BASS.

*f*

back the an - gels' mes - sage, With the songs the chil - dren sing!....

back the an - gels' mes - sage, With the songs the chil - dren sing!....





HIS SEVENTIETH CHRISTMAS.

## GRANDMAMMA'S PEARLS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"MY DEAR GRANDDAUGHTERS: Before you go to meet the little trials and temptations of the coming week, I want to make a proposition. I am old-fashioned, and I do not like to see young girls in so public a place as the *café* of a great fair. Your mothers differ with me, and I have no right to dissuade you. But I have asked leave to try and keep the young heads from being quite turned, and the young hearts from forgetting the sweet old virtues—modesty, obedience, and self-denial. So I write to say that I intend to give the set of pearls you all so much admire to the one who be-

haves best during the week. Like the fairy god-mother in the story, I shall know what happens, and which of you deserves the reward. Laugh, if you will, but keep our little secret, and try to please  
GRANDMAMMA."

This was the letter read aloud by one of three young girls, who sat together in the pretty, old-time dresses they were to wear while serving as attendants in the refreshment saloon at the fair. A very select and fashionable fair, you may be sure, or Kitty, Kate, and Catherine St. John would not be

allowed to play waiter-girls in these dainty costumes of muslin, silk, and lace.

"That is just one of Grandma's queer ideas. I don't mind trying, but I know I shan't get the pearls, because I'm always doing something dreadful," said Kitty, the merry member of the Kit Kat Club, as the three cousins were called.

"I'd do anything to get them, for they are perfectly lovely, and just what I want," cried Kate, dropping the letter to give the kitten in her lap a joyful squeeze.

"I suppose she will find out how we spend the gold ten-dollar pieces she gave us, if she is going to know everything we do; so we must mind what we buy," added Catherine, with a frown, for she dearly loved to buy nice little things and enjoy them all by herself.

"Let us see—'modesty, obedience, and self-denial.' I think it won't be very hard to behave like angels for one week," said Kate, the oldest and prettiest of the three, looking again at the letter she had read aloud.

"Obedience is always hard to me, and I never expect to be an angel," laughed Kitty, while her black eyes twinkled with mirth and mischief, as she threw down her knitting.

"Self-denial sounds very nice, but I do hate to give up things I want, and that is just what it means," sighed Cathy, who seldom had a chance to try this wholesome virtue in her luxurious home.

"People call me vain sometimes, because I don't pretend to think I'm a fright, when I know I'm not; so perhaps Grandma meant the 'modesty' for me," said Kate, glancing at the long mirror before her, which reflected a charming figure, all blue silk, lace ruffles, and coquettish knots of ribbon here and there.

"Of course, you can't help knowing you are a beauty, with your blue eyes, yellow hair, and sweet complexion. I should be as vain as a peacock if I were half as pretty," answered Cathy, who mourned over her auburn locks and the five freckles on her rosy cheeks. But she had never looked better than now, in her pale green-and-white costume, with fan and mitts, and the objectionable hair hidden under a big cap, that added several years to her age—a thing one does not object to at sixteen.

"Now, I don't worry about looks, and, as long as I have a good time, it does n't matter if I am as brown as a berry and have a turned-up nose," said brunette Kitty, settling the cherry bows on her flounced apron, and surveying with great satisfaction her red silk hose and buckled shoes.

"Wont it be delicious to own a set of real

pearls,—necklace, earrings, and cross,—all on black velvet in a red case, with a great gold C on the outside! So glad our fathers were brothers and named us all for Grandma; now the letter suits each of us. Young girls can wear pearls, you know. Wont the necklace look well on me?" asked Kate, glancing again at the mirror, as if she already saw the new ornament on her white throat.

"Lovely!" cried both the others, who heartily admired bonny Kate, and let her rule over them because she was a little older. "Don't tell any one about this trial of ours, nor what we do at the fair, and see if Grandma really does know," said Kitty, whose pranks always were found out in some mysterious manner.

"She will—I know she will! Grandma is a very wise old lady, and I do feel sometimes as if she really was a fairy godmother—she knows so well what we want, and do, and think about, without a word being said," added Cathy, in such an awe-stricken tone that the others laughed, and agreed that they must look well to their ways if they wanted the promised reward.

The fair began next day, and a splendid opening it was, for neither time, taste, nor money had been spared to make the great hall an inviting place. The flower-table in the middle was a lovely bower of green, with singing-birds, little fountains, and the attendant young ladies dressed as roses of different sorts. At the art-table, maidens in mediæval costumes made graceful pictures of themselves, and in the *café* old-fashioned Priscillas and neat-handed Phyllises tripped to and fro, with all the delicacies of the season on their silver salvers. Round the walls were the usual booths, full of gay trifles, and behind them sat the stately matrons who managed the affair, with their corps of smiling assistants, to beguile the money out of the full pockets of the visitors. The admission fee was so high that none but the well-to-do could enter, so no common folk mingled with the elegant crowd that soon filled the hall and went circling around the gay stalls with a soft rustle of silks, much nodding of plumed bonnets, and a lively rattling of coin, as people bought their last Christmas gifts at double the price asked for them in any shop.

"Is n't it splendid?" whispered the Kit Kat Club, as they stood with their trays waiting for the first customers to appear.

"I'm sure I don't see what harm Grandma could find in this," said Kate, shaking out her skirts and smoothing the golden curls shining on her temples.

"Nor I," cried Kitty, prancing a little to enjoy the glitter of the buckles in her smart shoes.

"Nor I yet," echoed Cathy, as she looked from her cousins to the nine other girls who made up the twelve, and saw in the excited faces of all something which dimly suggested to her more thoughtful mind what Grandma meant.

Just then a party came under the flag-festooned arch, and all the young waiters flew to serve their guests, for now the fun began.

Nothing remarkable happened that first day, and our three were too busy learning their duties and trying to do them well, for any thought of pearls or promises. But at night they confided to one another that they never were so tired in all their lives, for their feet ached, their heads were a jumble of orders, and sundry mistakes and breakages much disturbed their peace of mind.

Kitty walked in her sleep that night, and waked her mother by rattling the candlestick, evidently under the impression that it was her tray.

Kate kept calling out: "Two vanilla ices! Cup of coffee! Chicken salad for three!" And Cathy got up with a headache, which inclined her to think, for a time at least, that Grandma might be right about young girls at fairs.

But the pleasant bustle soon set spirits dancing again, and praises from various quarters reconciled them to the work, which was not half so much like play as they had supposed; so the cousins strolled about arm in arm, enjoying themselves very much, till the hour for opening the *café* arrived.

They all three made a discovery this day, and each in a different way learned the special temptation and trial which this scene of novelty and excitement had for them.

Kate saw many eyes follow her as she came and went, and soon forgot to blush when people turned to look, or whispered, "Is n't that a pretty one?" so audibly that she could not help hearing. She was a little shy at first, but soon learned to like it, to feel disappointed if no notice was taken of her, and often made errands about the hall, when off duty, that she might be seen.

Kitty found it very hard to be at the beck and call of other people, for she loved her liberty and hated to be "ordered round," even by those she was bound to obey. Just now it was particularly hard, for, though the presiding ladies tried to be angelic, the unavoidable delays, disorders, and mishaps at such times worried them, and some were both dictatorial and impatient, forgetting that the little maids were not common Biddies, but young ladies, who resented the least disrespect.

Cathy's trial was a constant desire to eat the good things she carried, for in a dainty way she was something of a glutton, and loved to feast on sweets, though frequent headaches was the penalty she paid. Such tempting bits of cake, half-eaten

jellies, and untouched ices as she had to yield up to the colored women who washed the dishes and ate "de leavin's" with aggravating relish before her eyes! These lost tidbits haunted her even when she took her own lunch, and to atone for the disappointment she ate so much that her companions no longer wondered that she was as plump as a partridge.

On the third day the novelty had worn off, and they all felt that they would like to sit down and rest. Kate was tired of tossing her curls and trying to look unconscious; Kitty hated the sound of the little bells, and scowled every time she had to answer one; Cathy had a fit of dyspepsia, which spoilt all her pleasure, and each secretly wished the week was over.

"Three more days of it! Do you think we shall hold out?" asked Kate, as they were preparing to go home after a very hard day, for the fair was a great success, and had been thronged from opening to close.

"I won't give in as long as I have a foot to stand on, and Mrs. Somerset may glare at me as much as she likes when I smash the dishes," said Kitty, exulting in her naughty little soul over one grand avalanche by which she had distinguished herself that evening.

"I shall if I can, but I don't want to see ice-cream nor smell coffee again for a year. How people can stuff as they do is a wonder to me," sighed Cathy, holding her hot head in her cold hands.

"Do you suppose Grandma knows all we have been doing?" said Kitty, thinking of an impertinent reply she had made to the much-enduring Mrs. Somerset that day.

"I hope not!" ejaculated Cathy, remembering the salad she had gobbled behind a screen, and the macaroons now hidden in her pocket.

"She is n't here, but perhaps some one is watching us for her. Would n't that be dreadful?" suggested Kate, devoutly hoping no one in the secret had seen her when she stood so long at the art-table, where the sun shone on her pretty hair, and Miss Wilde's ugly terra cotta costume set off her own delicate dress so well.

"We'd better be careful and not do anything very bad, for we don't seem to have a chance to do anything particularly good," said Kitty, resolving to smile when called, and to try and keep six orders in her head at once.

"I don't believe we shall any of us get the pearls, and I dare say Grandma knew it. Fairs are stupid, and I never mean to tease to help with another," said Cathy, dismally, for dyspepsia dimmed even the prospect of unlimited dainties on the morrow, and did Grandmamma a good turn, as I dare say she expected it would.

"I shall keep on trying, for I do want them very much, and I know what I can do to earn them, but I won't tell," and Kate tucked away her curls as if done with vanity forever, for the dread of losing the pearls set her to thinking soberly.

Next morning she appeared with only a glimpse of yellow ripples under the lace of her cap, kept in the *café*, and attended to her work like a well-trained waiter. The others observed it and laughed together, but secretly followed her good example in different ways—Kitty by being very docile, and Cathy by heroically lunching on bread and butter.

to rest here awhile, and let Alice take your place, my dear?" asked Miss Dutton as she sipped her tea, while Kate affably chatted with a bright little girl, who looked decidedly out of place behind the piles of knit shirts and Shaker socks.

"Yes, indeed, if she likes. Take my cap and apron; your dress is blue, so they match nicely. Our busy time is over, so you will get along without any trouble. I shall be glad to rest."

As she spoke, Kate stepped behind the table, and, when Alice was gone, sat contentedly down under a row of piece-bags, dusters, and bibs, well pleased to



READING GRANDMAMMA'S LETTER.

Kate felt better for the little effort, and when she was sent to carry a cup of tea to Miss Dutton, after the hurry was over, she skipped around the back way, and never looked to see if any one's eyes followed her admiringly.

Miss Dutton was a little old maid, whose booth was near the *café*, in a quiet corner, because her useful articles did not make much show, though many were glad to buy them after wasting money on fancy things.

"Here is a young friend of mine who is longing to stir about. You look very tired; don't you want

be obliging in such a convenient manner. Miss Dutton chatted about the fair in her pleasant way, till she was called off, when she left her money-box and booth in the girl's care till her return.

An old lady came and bought many things, glad to find useful articles, and praised the pretty shopwoman for making change so well, saying to her companion as she went away:

"A nice, well-bred girl, keeping modestly in her place. I do dislike to see young girls flaunting about in public."

Kate smiled to herself, and was glad to be where

she was just then. But a few minutes later she longed to "flaunt about," for there was a sudden stir; some one said eagerly, "The English swells have come," and everybody turned to look at a party of ladies and gentlemen who were going the rounds, escorted by the managers of the fair.

Kate stood up in a chair to watch the fine people, but without thinking of deserting her post till she saw them going into the *café*.

"There! I forgot that they were coming to-day, and now I shall not have the fun of waiting on them. It is too bad! Alice has my place, and does n't know how to wait, and is n't half so —" She did not finish the sentence aloud, for she was going to say, "pretty as I." "She ought to come back and let me go; I can't leave till she does. I depended on it. How provoking everything is!" and in her vexation Kate pulled down a shower of little flannel petticoats upon her head.

This had a soothing effect, for when she turned to put them up she saw a square hole cut in the cambric which parted this stall from the *café*, and, peeping in, she could see the British lions feed, while a well-dressed crowd looked on with the want of manners for which America is famous.

"Well, this is some comfort," thought Kate, staring with all her eyes at the jolly, red-faced gentleman, who was ordering all sorts of odd things, and the stout lady in the plain dress, who ate with an appetite which did honor to the English aristocracy.

"That is Lord and Lady Clanrobert, and the fine folks only the people in waiting, I suppose. Now, just see Kitty laugh! I wonder what he said to her. And there is Alice, never doing a thing at her table, when it ought to be cleared at once. Cathy takes good care of my lady; *she* knows where the nice things are, and how to set them out. If only I were there, how I would sail about, and show them one pretty girl, at least."

Kate was too much excited to be ashamed of that last speech, though made only to herself, for at that moment she saw Miss Dutton coming back, and hastened to hang up the little petticoats and resume her seat, trying to look as if nothing had happened.

"Now, run if you like, my dear. I'm sorry to have kept you so long, for I suppose you want to see the grandees. Go, and tell Alice to come back, if you are rested," said the old lady, bustling in, with a sharp glance over her glasses.

Kate never knew what put the idea into her head, but she followed a sudden impulse, and turned a selfish disappointment into a little penance for her besetting sin.

"No, thank you; I will stay till she comes, and

not spoil her fun. I've had my share, and it wont hurt me to keep quiet a little longer," she said, quickly, and began to sort red mittens, to hide the color that suddenly came into her cheeks, as if all the forgotten blushes were returning at once.

"Very well, dear; I am glad to keep such a clever helper," and Miss Dutton began to scribble in a little book, as if putting down her receipts.

Presently the crowd came streaming out again, and, after making a few purchases, the English party left and peace was restored. Then Alice came flying up in great excitement.

"Oh, it was such fun! The fine folks came to our tables and were so nice. My lady said, 'Me dear,' to us, and the lord said he had never been so well served in his life, and he must fee the waiters; and after they went out, one of the young men came back and gave us each one of these delicious bonbon boxes. Was n't it sweet of them?"

Kate bit her lips as she looked at the charming little casket, all blue satin, lace, looking-glass, and gold filigree on the outside, and full of the most delicate French confectionery; for it was just one of the things young girls delight in, and she found it hard not to say, "I ought to have it, for you took my place."

But Alice looked so proud and pleased, and it was such a trifle, after all, she was ashamed to complain; so she called up a smile, and said good-naturedly:

"Yes, it is lovely, and will be just the thing to keep trinkets in when the candy is gone. These elegant boxes are what grown-up young ladies get at Christmas; so you will feel quite grand when you show yours."

She tried to look as usual, but Alice saw that something was amiss, and, suddenly thinking what it might be, exclaimed eagerly: "I truly did n't know they were coming when I took your place, and in the flurry I forgot to run to ask if you wanted to go back. Please take the box; you would have had it but for me. Do—I shall feel so much better if you will, and forgive my carelessness."

Kate was naturally generous, and this apology made it all right, so her smile was genuine as she put the pretty toy away, saying heartily this time:

"No, indeed; you did the work, and shall keep the fee. I don't mind now, though I did want to see the fun, and felt cross for a minute. I don't wonder you forgot."

"If you wont take the box, you must the candy. I don't care for it, and you *shall* go halves. There, please do, you dear, good-natured thing," cried Alice, emptying the bonbons into a

pretty basket she had lately bought, and giving it to Kate with a kiss.

This peace-offering was accepted with a good grace, and, when she had resumed her cap and apron, Kate departed, carrying with her something sweeter than the bonbons in her basket, for two pair of eyes followed her with an expression far more flattering than mere admiration, and she felt happier than if she had waited on a dozen lords and ladies. She said nothing to her cousins, and when they condoled with her on the loss she had sustained, she only smiled, and took a sugar-plum from her store, as if determined that no foolish regret should embitter her small sacrifice.

Next day Cathy, in a most unexpected manner, found an opportunity for self-denial, and did not let it slip. She had lightened many a weary moment by planning what she should buy with her ten dollars. Among various desirable things at the fair was a certain green-and-white afghan, beautifully embroidered with rose-buds. It was just ten dollars, and after much hesitation she had decided to buy it, feeling sure Grandma would consider it a useful purchase. Cathy loved cozy warmth like a cat, and pleased herself by imagining the delightful naps she would take under the pretty blanket, which so nicely matched the roses on her carpet and the chintz on the couch in her charming room at home.

"I'll have it, for green suits my complexion, as the milkmaid said, and I shall lie and read and rest for a week after all this trotting, so it will be nice to cover my tired feet. I'll go and get it the minute I am off duty," she thought, as she sat waiting for customers during the dull part of the afternoon. Her chair was near the door of the temporary kitchen, and she could hear the colored women talk as they washed dishes at the table nearest her.

"I told Jinny to come 'fore dark, and git a good warmin' when she fetched the clean towels. Them pore childern is most perished these cold nights, and I aint been able to git no blankets yet. Rent had to be paid, or out we goes, and work is hard to find these times; so I most give up when the childern fell sick," said an anxious-looking woman, glancing from the bright scene before her to the wintry night coming on without.

"Pears to me things aint give round even-like. Some of these ladies has heaps of blankets, I aint a doubt, laying idle, and it don't occur to 'em we might like a few. I would n't ask for red-and-blue ones, with 'mazin' fine flowers and things worked on 'em; I'd be mighty thankful for a pair of common ones for three or four dollars, or even a cheap comfortable. My old mammy is with me now, and suffers cruel with her bones, poor creeter,

and I can't bear to take my cloak off her bed, so I'm gittin' my death with this old dud of a shawl."

The other woman coughed as she gave a pull to the poor covering over her thin shoulders, and cast an envious look at the fur cloaks hanging in the ladies' room.

"I hope she wont steal any of them," thought Cathy, adding pitifully to herself, as she heard the cough and saw the tired faces, "I wonder they don't, poor things! It must be dreadful to be cold all night. I'll ask Mamma to give them some blankets, for I know I shall think about the sick children and the old woman, in my own nice bed, if I don't do something."

Here a Topsy-looking girl entered the kitchen, and went straight to the fire, putting up a pair of ragged boots to dry, and shivering till her teeth chattered, as she warmed her hands and rolled her big eyes about what must have seemed to her a paradise of good things.

"Poor child! I don't suppose she ever saw so much cake in her life. She shall have some. The sick ones can eat oranges, I know, and I can buy them all without leaving my work. I'll surprise her and make her laugh, if I can."

Up got Cathy, and, going to the great refreshment-table, bought six fine oranges and a plateful of good, solid cakes. Armed with these letters of introduction, she appeared before the astonished Jinny, who stared at her as if she were a new sort of angel in cap and apron, instead of wings and crown.

"Will you have these, my dear? I heard your mother say the babies were sick, and I think you would like some of our goodies as well as they," she said, smiling, as she piled her gifts in Jinny's outstretched arms.

"Bless your kind heart, miss, she aint no words to thank you," cried the mother, beaming with gratitude, while Jinny could only show every white tooth, as she laughed and bit into the first thing that came handy. "It's like manny from the skies to her, pore lamb; she don't git good vittles often, and them babies will jest scream when they sees them splendid oranges."

As Mrs. Johnson gave thanks, the other woman smiled also, and looked so glad at her neighbor's pleasure, that Cathy, having tasted the sweets of charity, felt a desire to do more, and, turning to Mrs. Smith, asked in a friendly tone:

"What can I send to your old mother? It is Christmas time, and she ought not to be forgotten when there is such a plenty here."

"A little mess of tea would be mighty welcome, honey. My old mammy lived in one of the fust families down South, and is used to genteel ways;

so it comes hard on her now, for I can't give her no luxuries, and she's ninety year old the twenty-fust of next Jenniuary," promptly responded Mrs. Smith, seeing that her hearer had a tender heart and a generous hand.

"She shall have some tea, and anything else you think she would like. I'll have a little basket made up for her, and tell her I wish her a merry Christmas."

Then, hearing several bells ring impatiently, Cathy hurried away, leaving behind her three grateful hearts, and Jinny speechless still with joy and cake. As she went to and fro, Cathy saw the dark faces always smiling at her, and every order she gave was attended to instantly by the willing hands of the two women, so that her work seemed lightened wonderfully, and the distasteful task grew pleasant.

When the next pause came she found that she wanted to do more, for a little food was not much, and the cloak on old Mammy's bed haunted her. The rosy afghan lost its charm, for it was an unnecessary luxury, and four blankets might be got for less than that one small one cost.

"I wonder what they would do if I should give them each five dollars. Grandma would like it, and I feel as if I should sleep warmer if I covered up those poor old bones and the sick babies," thought Cathy, whose love of creature comforts taught her to sympathize with the want of them. A sudden glow at her heart made her eyes fill, her hand go straight to her pocket, and her feet to the desk where the checks were handed in.

"Please change this for two fives. Gold, if you have it—money looks more in pretty, bright pieces," she said, as the lady obeyed, wondering what the extravagant little girl was going to buy now.

"Shall I?" asked Cathy, as she walked away with two shining coins in her hand. Her eye went to the kitchen-door, out of which Jinny was just going, with a great basket of soiled towels in one hand and the precious bundle in the other, while her mother was saying, as she pulled the old cape closer:

"Run along, chile, and don't forget to lay the pieces of carpet on the bed, when you tucks up the babies. It's awful cold, and I can't be home till twelve to see to 'em."

That settled the question in Cathy's mind at once, and, wishing the fives were tens, she went to the door, held out a hand to either woman, saying sweetly: "This is for blankets. It is my own; please take it," and vanished before the astonished creatures could do more than take the welcome money and begin to pour out their thanks.

Half an hour afterward she saw the little afghan going off on the arm of Miss Dutton, and smiled as

she thought how deliciously warm her old down coverlet would feel when she remembered her investment in blankets that day.

Kitty's trial came on the last night of the fair, and seemed a very hard one at the time, though afterward she was ashamed to have felt it such an affliction. About nine o'clock her mother came to her, saying anxiously:

"The carriage is here, and I want you to go right home. Freddy's cold is so bad I'm afraid of croup. Nurse is away, and Mary Ann knows nothing about it. You do, and I can trust you to watch and send for me if he grows worse. I can not leave yet, for all the valuable things on my table must first be taken care of. Now go, like a good girl, and then I shall feel easy."

"Oh, Mamma, how can I? We are to have a supper at eleven, and I know something nice is to happen—bouquets from the managers, because we have held out so well. Mary Ann will take care of Freddy, and we shall be home by twelve," cried Kitty, in dismay at losing all the fun.

"Now, Kitty, don't be disobedient. I've no time to argue, and you know that dear little boy's life is of more importance than hundreds of suppers. Before midnight is the time to watch, and keep him warm, and give him his pellets regularly, so that he may not have another attack. I will make it up to you, dear, but I shall not have a moment's peace unless you go; Mary Ann is so careless, and Freddy minds you so well. Here are your things. Help me through to-night, and I don't think I will ever undertake another fair, for I am tired to death."

Kitty took off her little cap and put on her hood without a word, let her mother wrap her cloak around her and walk with her to the door of the hall, giving last directions about draughts, spongia, wet bandages, and hot bottles, till she was shut out in the cold with thanks and a kiss of maternal relief. She was so angry that she had not dared to speak, and nothing but her love for her little brother made it possible for her to yield without open rebellion. All the way home she fretted inwardly, and felt much ill-used; but when Freddy held out his arms to her, begging her to "tuddle me, cause my torp is so bad," she put away her anger, and sang the restless child to sleep as patiently as if no disappointment made her choke a bit now and then.

When all was quiet and Mary Ann on guard, Kitty had time to think of her own trials, and kept herself awake imagining the pretty supper, the vote of thanks, and the merry breaking up in which she had no part. A clock striking ten reminded her to see if Freddy had taken his medicine, and, stealing into the nursery, she saw

why her mother sent her home. Careless Mary Ann was sound asleep in the easy-chair, a door had swung open, and a draught blew over the bed where the child lay, with all the clothes kicked off in his restless sleep, and the pellets standing untaken on the table.

"I don't wonder Mamma felt anxious, and it's lucky I know what to do. Mary Ann, go to bed; you are of no use. I have had experience in nursing, and I will take care of Master Freddy."

Kitty vented her vexation in a good shake of the girl's stout shoulders, and sent her off with an air of importance funny to see. Then she threw herself into her task with all her heart, and made the baby so comfortable that he slept quietly, in spite of the cough, with his chubby hand in hers. Something in the touch of the clinging fingers quieted all impatience, the sight of the peaceful face made her love her labor, and the thought that any carelessness might bring pain or danger to the household darling filled her heart with tender fears and a glad willingness to give up any pleasure for his sake. Sitting so, Kitty remembered Grandma's letter, and owned that she was right, for many things in the past week proved it, and Mamma herself felt that she should be at home.

"I shall not get the pearls, for I have n't done anything good, unless I count this," said Kitty, kissing the little hand she held. "Grandma won't know it, and I did n't keep account of the silly things I have left undone. I wonder if Miss Dutton could have been watching us. She was everywhere with her raffle-book, and smiled and nodded at us like a dear old mandarin every time we met."

Kitty's mind would have been set at rest on that point if she could have seen Miss Dutton at that moment, for, after a chat with Mamma, the old lady had trotted off to her own table, and was making the following singular entry in her raffle-book:

"C. No. 3. Ordered home; went without complaint; great disappointment; much improved in docility; evidently tried hard all the week to obey. Good record."

No one else saw that book but Grandmamma, and she read in it three neatly kept records of that week's success, for Miss Dutton had quick eyes, ears, feet, and wits, and did her work well, thanks to her peep-hole, and the careless tongues and artless faces of girls who tell secrets without knowing it.

On Christmas morning, each of the cousins looked anxiously among her many gifts for the red case with the golden C on it. None of them found it, but Kate discovered the necklace in a bonbon box far finer than the one she lost; Cathy found the pretty afghan pinned together with the cross; and on a fresher nosegay than any the managers gave their little maids, Kitty saw the earrings shining like drops of frozen dew. A note went with each gift, all alike, and all read with much contentment by the happy girls, as they owned the justice of the divided reward:

"MY DEAR: The trial has succeeded better than I thought, for each has done well; each deserves a little prize, and each will, I think, take both pride and pleasure in her share of Grandmamma's love and Grandmamma's pearls."

## A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY KATE KELLOGG.

ACROSS the blue sky together  
Raced three little clouds one day;  
The Sun they had passed at noon-time,  
The west was a league away.  
"Oh, he is so slow," they whispered,  
"So slow, and so far behind,  
We three can be first at sunset  
If only we have a mind."

They laughed to themselves in triumph,  
They took hold of hands and flew;  
But oh, what a sad disappointment  
They afterward found and knew!  
For this they had quite forgotten,  
As they hurried along through the air:  
There never can be a sunset  
Till the sun himself is there!

## THE SNOW-BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY MABEL JONES.

Yes, the snow-birds had a Christ-mas-tree at our house last year — a real tree, just big e-nough for the dear lit-tle things. I'll tell you about it.

We were as hap-py as we could be a-round our own beau-ti-ful tree, when all at once Roy gave a shout, and point-ed to the win-dow. (Roy is my lit-tlest broth-er. He has love-ly brown hair, and it's banged in front and hangs way down be-hind. Mam-ma says he is the pet of the house, or that Lulu and he are the pets of the house. For Lulu looks ver-y much like Roy, and has the same kind of love-ly hair, and it's banged in front and long be-hind, just like Roy's. Only Lulu is old-er than Roy.)

Well, when Roy point-ed to the win-dow that morn-ing, he called out: "See! See! they want a Kis-mas-tee, too!" And we all looked a-round, and — what do you think? There on the win-dow-sill were four love-ly lit-tle snow-birds, look-ing in at our tree! And they would peck, peck, at the pane, as if they want-ed us to open the win-dow.

"Let 'em in! Let 'em in!" shout-ed Lulu, and she ran to raise the win-dow. But the lit-tle birds were a-fraid of her, and flew a-way.

But they did not fly ver-y far a-way — on-ly to a tree out in the yard. And we o-pened the win-dow and called, "Bird-ie! Bird-ie!" a-gain and a-gain, and tried ev-ery way we knew to get them to come in. But just then it be-gan to snow real hard, and the lit-tle birds flew down to a lit-tle, low ev-er-green, and a-way in-to the cen-ter of it, where the snow could n't fall on them.

But the best thing is to come yet. Lulu thought of it. Just when we said the poor lit-tle birds would have a real dull Christ-mas-day, Lulu shout-ed out: "Oh, I know! We'll make them a Christ-mas-tree of their own, and take it out and give it to them there in the ev-er-green."

And then Lulu got Mam-ma to cut off a lit-tle bough from our Christ-mas-tree, and she stood it up in a paper box, and packed the box all a-round with pret-ty blue pa-per, so that the bough would stand up straight all by itself. And then she hung the lit-tle tree all o-ver with bread-crumbs, and, the first thing we knew, there it was, a per-fect lit-tle Snow-birds' Christ-mas-tree!

Then Lulu and Roy put on their pret-ty, new red caps, and their warm coats, and they took that lit-tle Christ-mas-tree out in-to the yard, and up to the ev-er-green where the birds were, and they pushed the limbs a-way,

and set the lit-tle box and the lit-tle tree in a cor-ner of the ev-er-green, where it stood up straight. And—if you 'll be-lieve it—those birds nev-er flew a-way at all, but looked just as if they ex-pect-ed it all a-long! And Lulu and Roy went a few steps a-way, and turned a-round, and stood per-min-ute all four

fect-ly still, and in a  
of those lit-tle



birds flew down, and helped  
them-selves from their pret-ty lit-tle Christ-  
mas-tree, and were just as hap-py o-ver it as we were o-ver ours. Lulu  
and Roy stood out there in the snow and watched them ev-er so long.  
And we could see them from the win-dow, too.

We hope the same lit-tle birds will come back this year, and if they do,  
we 're go-ing to give them an-oth-er Christ-mas-tree. Would n't you?



## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Ott, tell me, children who have seen  
The Christmas-tree in bloom,  
What is the very brightest thing  
That sparkles in the room?

The candles? No. The tinsel? No.  
The skates and shining toys?  
Not so, indeed; nor yet the eyes  
Of happy girls and boys.

It's Christmas day itself, my dears!  
It's Christmas day alone—  
The brightest gift, the gladdest gift  
The world has ever known.

It's coming, my ruddy crowd—it's coming!  
It's sparkling in the air already and stirring in  
every heart. The dear Little School-ma'am is knit-  
ting the loveliest pair of striped mittens for the  
Deacon, and all the children of the Red School-  
house are playing and whispering and working  
like things possessed. There'll be crumbs scat-  
tered on the snow for my birds soon, depend on  
it—and maybe Christmas plums and goodies.  
Oh! that reminds me of something.

## HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

"CHANGED!" exclaimed Deacon Green to the  
dear Little School-ma'am, a year ago come Christ-  
mas, "I should think they had changed. Why,  
many's the time I've heard my dear old father  
tell how, years ago, when he and Aunt Mary were  
children living on their father's farm in old Eng-  
land, the least little present used to delight them.

"They were well-to-do people, too, the Greens  
were; but to find one book or a ball or a  
shepherd's pipe in his Christmas stocking would  
make Father perfectly happy when he was a boy;  
and his sister thought a box of sugar-plums, or a  
new doll, or any one pretty gimcrack, was a joy

indeed. Changed!—well, I'd like to know! Why,  
I'm told that a boy of this day, a real boy of the  
period, would consider himself a much-abused  
fellow if he did n't find on his Christmas-tree  
a ball, a six-bladed knife, a scientific top, a box  
of carpenter's tools, a printing-press, a jig-saw,  
a sled, a bicycle, ice-skates, roller-skates, a Punch-  
and-Judy show, a telephone, a steam-engine, a  
microscope, a steam-boat, a working train of cars,  
a box of parlor magic, a pistol, a performing  
acrobat, a real watch, a gold scarf-pin, gold  
cuff-buttons, a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS,  
and twenty or thirty other books, more or less,  
besides a pocket-book with gold money in it,  
and a pair of kid gloves.

"I may have forgotten something," added the  
Deacon, wiping his brow, "but, so far as I can  
make out, that's the proper thing for an average  
boy's Christmas, nowadays.

"As for the girls," the good man went on,  
raising his voice, "as for the girls—as for —"

How she did it, I do not know; but that wonder-  
ful Little School-ma'am actually stopped the pro-



ceedings then and there. So, to this day your  
Jack does n't know what an average girl of the  
present day does, might, could, would, or should  
find on a Christmas-tree.

## MORE ABOUT THE DURION.\*

HERE are two of the most interesting letters that  
have come in answer to your Jack's question  
about the durion. The returned Burmese mission-  
ary and little Paul (who is only eleven years old)  
differ just enough to show that their accounts are  
drawn from actual knowledge—and they agree  
more than enough to make us all long for a taste

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for September, page 900.

of the queer thing that is so pleasant in itself, and yet, as I'm told, takes its name from "thorn," which in Malayan is called *dury*.

#### AN EATER OF THE DURIUM.

DEAR JACK: I can tell you about the durion, or, as it is sometimes called, the dorean, for I have eaten many of them, and oh, how I wish I could get one now! I was a missionary for six years in Burmah, where two of your readers, Edith and Agnes, were born.

Well, about the durion. It is a fruit of oval shape, from ten to twelve inches in length, and from six to eight inches in diameter. It is of a light green color, and, when fully grown, the outer shell is covered with spines or thorns half an inch in length. These thorns are very tough and strong.

If any of your little readers will look at the seed-pod of the "Jamestown weed," or, as the boys call it, the "jimson-weed," they will have a good representation, in miniature, of the durion.

The interior is divided into five sections or compartments, in which lie rows of seeds about an inch long, surrounded by the delicious pulp, which is what we eat. Oh, the luxury of this pulp! Its delicate yet pungent flavor is almost indescribable.

The nearest approach to an imitation which I can imagine would be to take the sweetest bananas, the richest pine-apples, the most juicy of oranges, some peaches and cream, flavor the mixture with some rare spice, and you would have something which might resemble a very poor durion. It is twelve years since I bought my last durion in the bazar in Rangoon, Burmah, but its remembrance makes my mouth water as I write. How I wish I could get another!

I asked the natives why the outer shell was so thorny. They said that it was to keep the monkeys from eating the fruit. Poor monkeys! how I pity them. The only durions they can eat are the overripe ones, which fall from the trees and burst open.

One strange thing about the durion is its odor. This, to many, is offensive in the last degree; yet, strange to say, others can not detect in it anything disagreeable. As for me, I could never smell anything but a pine-apple flavor, very strong, but very appetizing; yet a dear brother-missionary declared that a durion smelled exactly like "a very dead rat, and a musk-rat at that."

It is needless to say that this brother did not like durions. I have often tried to detect the disagreeable odor, but in vain; yet I once saw a party of new residents put to flight from the dinner-table by the solemn entry of a native servant, bearing what the host regarded as the chief feature of the dessert—a magnificent durion. You say "the durion is a native of Borneo." This is true, but it grows to perfection in Southern Burmah and the Malay peninsula.

The King of Burmah sends every year special steamers to Maulmain, Burmah, to procure the most royal specimens of this right royal fruit.

The tree is a hardy one, and I think the only difficulty in raising it under glass would be to get a large enough house, as it grows about sixty feet in height.

There is, as the children say, "ever so much more" about the durion, which I will leave unsaid; but, how I wish I could get one!

R. M. LUTHER, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### A BOY'S STORY OF THE DURIUM.

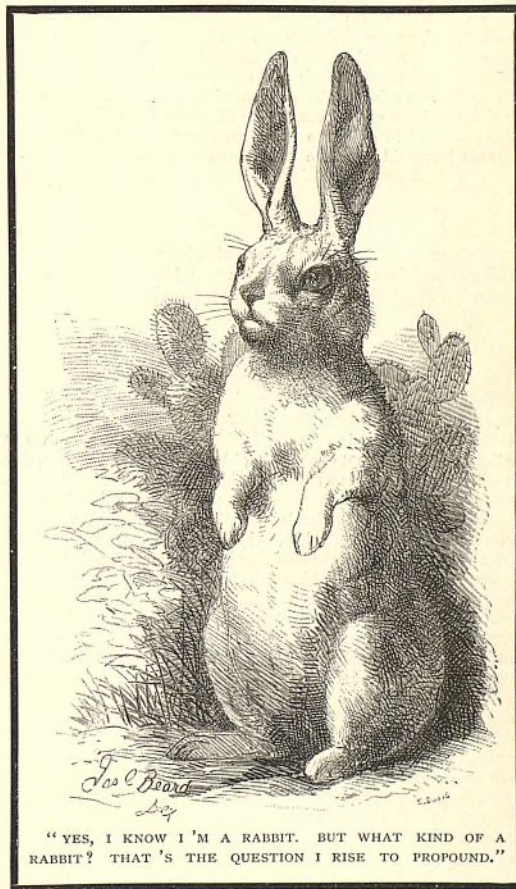
BROOKLINE, MASS., Sept. 5, 1882.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in the September ST. NICHOLAS that you wanted to know about an East Indian fruit called the durion. My father, who has lived out in the East Indies, told me about it, and I am writing what he told me.

He says he has seen the durion in British Burmah, and he believes it is found throughout the Malay peninsula. The Burmese are wonderfully fond of it. As the season approaches, the natives in Rangoon and Maulmain talk about the durion so much that foreigners who hear of it for the first time think the natives have gone crazy over the fruit. The love for the durion is not confined to the natives alone, for Europeans living in Burmah become mastered by the appetite, and are as eager as the natives for the first durion. The durion, as seen in Burmah, is from nine to fifteen inches long, and from seven to nine inches in diameter, and has an oval shape. It is very heavy, and is covered outside with long, sharp thorns, about as close together as those on a horse-chestnut. There are not very many durions in Burmah, and they are wanted so much that two or three rupees (\$1.00 or \$1.50) are often paid for one. Durions are usually sold before they are ripe, and the buyer carries the fruit home with a delight that one who has not seen it can not understand. Then it is hung up to ripen, generally on the veranda, out of reach of the children, who are wild for it. Now comes one of the strangest things about the fruit: as it becomes nearly ripe, it emits a horrible odor, which is so nauseating that, when my father was there, passengers on steamers in those waters were absolutely forbidden to bring a durion aboard. In a few days the fruit is ready to eat, and the outer husk comes off in regular sections, lengthwise

of the fruit. When the hull, which is about half an inch thick, is taken off, the eatable parts of the fruit are seen inclosed in a sort of pocket, formed by thin, white partitions that run the length of the fruit. The eatable part is a rich, golden yellow. It completely fills the compartment, but is itself divided into sections about two inches long, each section containing a smooth, hard stone. The fruit is eaten by taking out a section with the fingers. The taste, as my father describes it, is like the very richest custard, flavored with coffee and garlic, and smelling with the traces of the smell that it had when ripening. It is reported that some years ago the King of Burmah sent a steamer from Ava to Maulmain for a load of durions, and on her return so many had spoiled that those that were left cost him about a thousand dollars apiece. But the King and the court were satisfied to gratify their longing for durions, even at that price. — Your constant reader,  
PAUL C. WEST.

#### DO ANSWER THIS FELLOW!



"YES, I KNOW I'M A RABBIT. BUT WHAT KIND OF A RABBIT? THAT'S THE QUESTION I RISE TO PROFOUND."

#### THE JABBERWOcky.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2, 1882.

DEAR JACK: Please tell me if "Jabberwocky," mentioned in that poem in the ST. NICHOLAS, is a book, and who wrote it, and what it means, and if English-speaking children can understand it?

I will look in your pages for your answer. I know other children all over the country will be glad to know, unless they are better informed than  
ROSE BARROWS.

Well, well! Jack thought everybody knew about the Jabberwocky! Now, my dear little snarks—I mean chicks—who'll tell Alice—I mean Rose—about the Looking-Gl—I mean Jabberwocky?

## THE LETTER-BOX.

"OH, THAT COMPOSITION!"—ST. NICHOLAS SUBJECTS.

If, at first, we had any doubts that teachers and school-boys and school-girls all over the land would welcome our plan of suggesting to our readers four subjects for school compositions each month, we certainly have none now. From all parts of the country the response of the young folk and their instructors has been so hearty that we feel ourselves fairly enlisted in a common cause. A great many compositions have been received at the ST. NICHOLAS editorial rooms, some of them admirable, and almost all showing painstaking and a careful study of the picture offered as a theme.

Next month we shall print the composition that seems to us to be the best, and, on the whole, the most likely to interest the majority of our readers. Meantime, we thank the young writers heartily, and our readers. We do congratulate them upon their zeal and voluntary industry. We do not propose to criticise these scores of compositions. If our suggestion has been carried out, nearly all of them, by this time, have been presented in school to the respective teachers of the writers, who are better able than we to note the excellences, point out the

defects, and give needed advice and instruction. In future, we do not ask even to see the manuscripts, excepting when we offer a picture in connection with a subject. Then we shall be glad to see the compositions, with the view of selecting one for publication. And we should like very much if, in writing compositions, all who choose the ST. NICHOLAS subjects will let us know of the fact. It will be a pleasure to know that hundreds of boys and girls in this wide country and elsewhere are taking new interest in what is often a trying part of their school labors, from the fact that they are writing in concert, and "wrestling" with similar points and difficulties.

This month, the subjects offered to you, with the compliments of ST. NICHOLAS, are:

IF I HAD \$1,000, WHAT WOULD I DO WITH IT?

COASTING.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

MY FAVORITE BOOK.

THE report of the Agassiz Association is unavoidably crowded out of "The Letter-box" this month, but a partial report will be found upon page 12 of the advertising department, just before the frontispiece. We are very sorry to have to omit some of the most interesting letters, but they will be included in the report printed in the January number.

## TO THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA.

THE Longfellow Memorial Association has been organized in Cambridge, Mass., to provide a suitable memorial to the poet near his old home. There is a piece of land opposite the house in which he lived, which was kept open during Mr. Longfellow's life-time, that he might have a free view of the Charles River and the hills beyond. It was in a room looking out upon this favorite scene that he wrote "Excelsior," "The Children's Hour," "Maidenhood," and other poems which have made his name dear to the young, and the Association aims to buy the land, lay it out as a garden, build there a memorial to the poet, and keep the place, so endeared by association, forever open to the public.

The contribution of one dollar or more makes one an honorary member of the Association; but, in order to give the children throughout America a share in this memorial, the Association invites contributions of ten cents. In order that it may be made easier to collect and forward these gifts, teachers and superintendents are requested to act as agents. For every ten such subscriptions a package of ten memorial cards will be mailed to the address of the sender, to be distributed to the several contributors. The card contains an excellent portrait of Mr. Longfellow, a view of the house in which he lived, and one of his poems in a fac-simile of his handwriting. It is also thought that a package of these cards may sometimes be found an acceptable and appropriate present from teachers to scholars.

Contributions should be sent to John Bartlett, Treasurer, P. O. Box 1590, Boston, Mass. Single cards will not be sent.

## NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if the picture of Dorothy Reed in the October number was taken from a photograph. If it was, does she live in New York? All the boys that I know, who have seen the engraving, have fallen dead in love with her, including myself, and all the girls think she looks "just too awfully sweet." I think that it is the loveliest portrait of a girl I have ever seen anywhere.—Yours truly,

E. F. P.

E. F. P.—Dorothy's picture came to us all the way from England. It is an excellent likeness, however, and the original is living in ———. But no; eighty thousand boys would be too many admirers, and if they all should try to call on New Year's Day, what would poor Dorothy do! Besides, E. T. might object to our giving the lady's address to so many boys.

## ABOUT A GOSSAMER-LIKE VEIL.

BEAVER FALLS, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing an article in the September "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" about wove wind reminds me of an article I read about a fabric of the same kind which was made in Greece. A lady once had a wedding-veil of such length that it would trail upon the ground for several yards. Yet a case representing an English walnut would contain it; but it would not unless folded in the same manner as the workman had folded it.

A. H.

WE printed in "The Letter-box" of last month a copy of a page from the new edition of ST. NICHOLAS in Arabic, and a brief item telling how the translation came to be made. But the Rev. H. H. Jessup, in a letter written since the issue of the November number, gives so many interesting facts in connection with the Arabic edition that we must present to our readers the following extracts from his letter:

\* \* \* "Concerning the Arabic ST. NICHOLAS, we have published several illustrated books in Arabic during the past ten years, but none of exactly this style, and no illustrated book has ever been printed in Arabic equal to this in the character of its cuts, its superior paper, and execution. It was designed, as was the 'Baby Days' in English, for the Arab babies. The learned among the Arabs look with horror upon the attempt to bring down the stately Arabic to the comprehension of children, but we believe in Syria that it can be done; and Moallim Hourani, one of the best Arabic scholars of our time, thinks that the Arabic can be correctly written and yet be made simple enough for the youngest readers.

"The printing of this, as well as the binding, was done at the American Mission Press, in Beirut. The paper came from the establishment of Messrs. Smith & Meynier, at Fiume, on the Adriatic. The type is all cast at our Beirut American Type Foundry, by native Arab workmen.

"I took the liberty to add to the original articles translated from ST. NICHOLAS several of the Mother Goose rhymes, such as 'Old Mother Hubbard,' 'The House that Jack Built,' and others, besides introducing several of the ancient original Arab nursery rhymes, which are not inferior in beauty to anything in the English language.

"The edition was printed just before I left Beirut, and the copy sent to you was the first one bound. I showed a copy to the American missionaries in Egypt on board the steamer in the harbor of Alexandria, June 19th, and they expressed their approbation of this juvenile literary undertaking. There are now about 15,000 boys and girls in Christian schools in Syria and Palestine; and now that the Egyptian war has ceased, and order is being restored, I doubt not that there will be an increasing demand for a children's literature in the Arabic language."

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: ST. NICHOLAS will be as happy as any of you this Christmas. In fact, every day in the year is a small Christmas to him, since every day brings a score or more of your eager, affectionate letters. If you could see them all, you would own that only a very solemn and preoccupied saint could help being made happy by them. And we can not resist the temptation to print a few of these letters here, though it is almost like trying to show you the sea in a water-pail. However, the pail of water would represent the sea, and so, if you'll just remember that each of these charming letters counts for a hundred more very like it, you'll understand what a great big flock of little joys it is that comes flying in to ST. NICHOLAS from the post-boxes day after day.

We are only sorry that we can not print all the letters, but that would require a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS. And we must see that the young friends who write from far away are not slighted in the few here given. So, we'll begin with two letters from the other side of the world:

ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE,  
26 RUE DE PONTOISE,  
June 9, 1882.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Christmas Papa subscribed for your magazine, and I think it is so interesting that I hope he will get it for me next year. In December I crossed the ocean, and came over here. I have been traveling, and have visited the Littoral of France, Northern Italy, and Madrid. And when I was fatigued I would read ST. NICHOLAS.

My sister Minnie will soon commence to read it, too, I hope. I always wait with great impatience for the next number. I was so happy this morning, when I received the June number! I have already read half of it to-day.

From your constant reader, NETTIE M. T.

VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you that we got a copy of the ST. NICHOLAS in London, and, although it has a different cover, inside it is the same old friend that we have known so many years in America and hope soon to see again.

Your friend, NETTIE F. LITTLE.

And here is a letter which comes from a place almost as far away, but in the opposite direction. It was written at Fort Apache, Arizona.

FORT APACHE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is an army officer. We see lots of Indians every day. At first we were a little frightened to have the squaws come in the houses, but we are used to it now. There was an Indian battle here last year. I guess you read about it in the papers. General Carr was in command. My papa was wounded; he is well now. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and watch for it every month. We have no schools out here. I think "Donald and Dorothy" is an elegant story. This fort is up in the mountains, with still higher ranges above it. It often rains down here and snows up in the mountains. I must stop now.

Your constant reader, MAE G.



"I DON'T GET VERY LONESOME."

Next, from the "piny woods" of Florida, comes this lovely message of C. D. R's.:

FORT MASON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter and tell you that I think all the pieces in ST. NICHOLAS are just splendid.

ST. NICHOLAS could not be any better, I don't believe. It is the best magazine for young people I have ever seen, I think.

ST. NICHOLAS is sent to me as a Christmas present from a very kind auntie of mine. I don't know what I should do without it. I live in the piny woods of Florida. The nearest little girl that I have to play with lives nearly two miles away, but I don't get very lonesome. I look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the day that brings ST. NICHOLAS to me.—Yours truly, C. D. R.



"THERE IS N'T A DRY PAGE IN IT."

And here is another letter from the sunny South, this time from a mother:

RIFON, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little girl nine years old who is, as are all the "brothers and sisters" (and her "cousins and her aunts"), a devoted friend and admirer of ST. NICHOLAS. The magazine has been a valued member of the household for eight years. I wonder sometimes if he fills as important a position in any other. Here he is physician as well as instructor and playfellow; for, when Elsie's earache gets very bad she begs, "Please, Mamma, get ST. NICHOLAS and read a story, then I won't mind the pain"; and last summer, when Nannine, another daughter, had to lie for weeks in a darkened room, with bandaged eyes, her chief comfort was to have me ask her the hard questions in the Riddle-box, or read over and over Miss Alcott's charming stories. Even black Frank, our boy-of-all-work, thinks he can polish the shoes better if I let him bring his box and brush to the parlor door (you know the Southern custom of sitting with open doors) while I read aloud from ST. NICHOLAS. And I, myself, am most grateful to this children's friend for its help in the nursery.

P. V. B.

Blanche B. knows some other grown people who like to read ST. NICHOLAS:

BALTIMORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for six years, and can hardly tell you how much we have enjoyed it.

When Papa brings it home we all make a rush for it, to see which can get it first, and its contents are enjoyed both by the grown people and the little folks.

I think it only justice to say that the ST. NICHOLAS is the most perfect magazine in existence.

With many kind wishes for the future prosperity of the ST. NICHOLAS, I remain, yours sincerely, BLANCHE B.

From the host of letters from Illinois we can give only this one:

ENGLEWOOD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your dear magazine from the very first number; and really now, it does n't seem as if we could possibly get along without you.

There are four of us—two boys and two girls. I am the oldest and my little brother Allie is the youngest. We have enjoyed the stories

all the time, especially those by Miss Alcott, "Under the Lilacs," and "Eight Cousins." We have had all our numbers for each year bound, and they make quite a library.

There are very many of the stories that we read again and again. There was a picture published in the Letter-box, in one of the numbers a year or two ago, of a little negro boy with a brick lying at his feet. This legend was at the foot of the picture:

"This figure is a nigure  
Made sick by a brick."

Little Allie used to get the book with that in it, and hunt till he found that picture. Almost before he could talk plain, he would sit on the floor and point first to the "nigure," and then to the "brick," until he actually soiled the picture, and you could see the print of a finger on the brick, and on the little darkey boy's face.

Each number seems as good as can be, and yet, the *next* is sure to be better. In the Letter-box for June, 1881, there were two letters telling how two people succeeded in the magic dance, spoken of in the March number of the same year. We tried it and made it a success. It was quite amusing. We had to try two or three times before we got the glass the right distance from the table; but when we *did* the figures danced merrily.

About the time we expect the ST. NICHOLAS, the first thing that Papa hears when he comes from up-town is, "Has n't the ST. NICHOLAS come yet?" And when it does come, we are all eager for the first look at it.

Your constant and affectionate reader, JENNIE.



"JOLLY YARN, THAT!"

May K.'s letter comes from Pennsylvania, and is too good to lose:

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much, and so does my teacher—at least I think she does, because she lets us use it to read in school instead of a Reader, which is ever so nice. I attend a lovely little school which is held up in the tower of a house. We four little girls in the tower call it "Bellevue Tower," because there is a beautiful view from it. But there are some things around Scranton that spoil the scenery very much, I think: they are black mountains. Perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have never seen them. They are made of immense piles of culm, that look very impudent as if trying to make themselves seem as high as mountains.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it was started. My sister, who is now a young lady, was the first one in the family who took it; and now, it has been handed down to us younger members. Did you ever hear of the little girl in England who, when her mother told her that American children were whipped when they were naughty, replied: "I am sorry for them if they have to be whipped, but then I don't think they can have so bad a time, after all, because they have the ST. NICHOLAS there."

Three cheers for the ST. NICHOLAS! Your little friend, MAY K.

An enterprising boy of Western New York has this to say:

ELLINGTON, CHAUTAUQUA CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I was six years old, and the longer I take you the better I like you. I take several magazines and papers, but ST. NICHOLAS is the best of all. Of all the continued stories that ever appeared in ST. NICHOLAS, I like "Jack and Jill" the best. I can sympathize with Jack in his passion for stamp collecting, but I like to collect coins and minerals better than that. Minerals and fossils are very numerous about here, and I have a good collection. We have a Chapter of the A. A., of which I am the secretary.

Your faithful reader,

WILLIE H. VAN A.

New York City sends us a multitude of letters, and we are very sorry that room can not be made for more than one. But that one is from a girl of nineteen years, who, we are glad to see, belongs to the host of older readers who say they will never get too old to read ST. NICHOLAS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been meaning to write you for a long time, to say how much I have always enjoyed you. The talks with the dear Little School-ma'am and Jack-in-the-Pulpit are especially interesting to me; please be sure and give them my love. Though I am nineteen years old, still I don't feel a bit "grown-up," and I love the stories as much as ever. I wish Miss Alcott would write another story. I like hers so much. All her characters are so natural. A favorite amusement of mine is looking for people from the "book world" when I am out, and often I meet Jo, Laurie, and Amy from "Little Women" (one of the loveliest books in the world), and Rose, Mac, and Uncle Alec from "Eight Cousins." I have taken you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, since the commencement, and I think if you could see all my bound copies in the book-case, you would know, by the mutilated covers, they had been read and re-read by us all. I have written a long letter now, so will say good-bye, you dear old ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving and constant reader,

JULIE B.

And next—But no! We have hardly dipped into the mass of welcome and cheering missives, and should like to follow with scores in addition to those given above. But already our allotted space is filled. "Jennie," "Julie B.," and all the hundreds of boys and girls who have spoken of Miss Alcott's stories will be glad to see that a short story from her pen appears in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, and to know that she will contribute others during the year.

For your hearty and encouraging messages, dear young friends, we can only thank you warmly, one and all, far and near, while we rejoice in every fresh delight, inspiration, and aid that you find in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

We must make room, even in an overcrowded "Letter-box," for these clever verses from a friendly correspondent in New York:

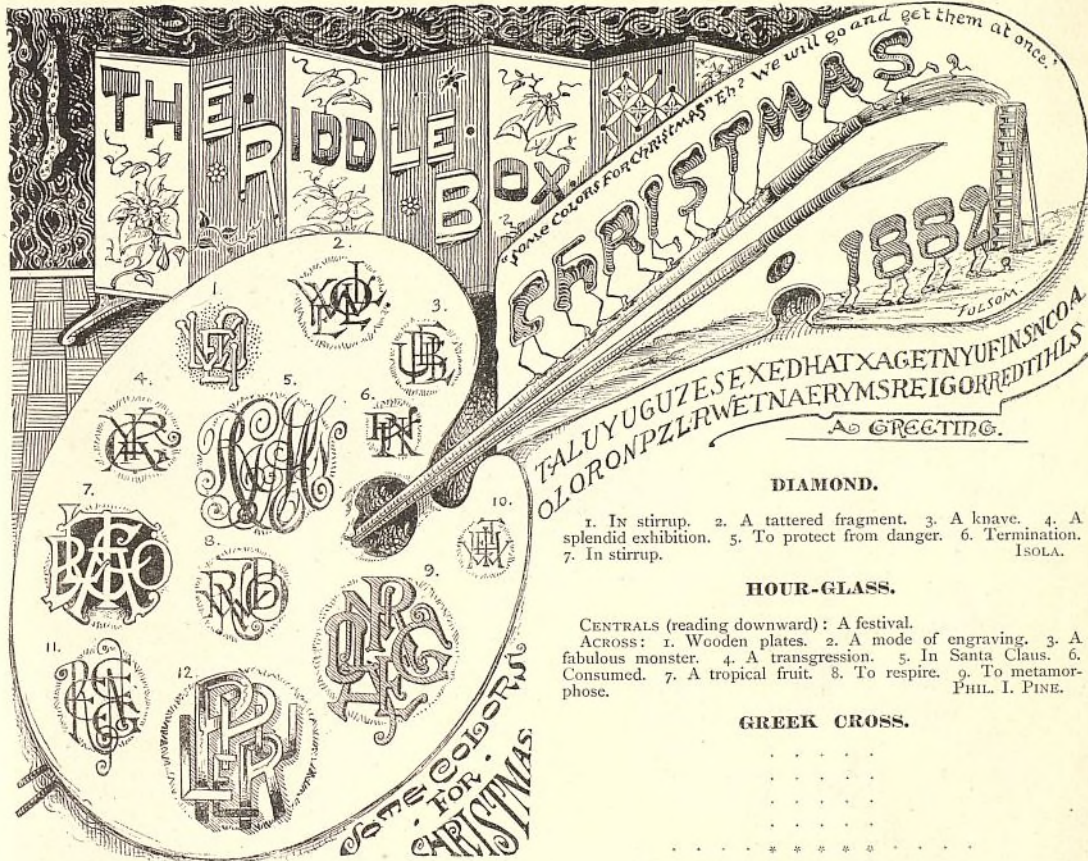
ARE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN RESPONSIBLE?

Once I loved a little maiden,  
Frolicsome and gay was she;  
Said I, "Prithee, pretty maiden,  
Will you, will you marry me?"  
All her laughter then she silenced,  
And with looks and tones polite  
Said, "My stock of 'Patience,' kind sir,  
You have now exhausted quite."

Then I tried her heart to soften.  
Said I, sighing deep and long,  
"You'll responsible be ever,  
For a noble man gone wrong."  
But she answered, gayly laughing,  
Giving me a wicked glance,  
"Much I fear your woes are due, sir,  
To the 'Pirates of Penzance.'"

Then I tried the cool and lofty,  
Said I'd leave her then and there,  
Said I'd *never* so been treated  
By a maiden, howe'er fair.  
But I heard in tones derisive,  
As I turned me from the door,  
"Hardly ever 'you should say, sir,  
If you quote from 'Pinafore'!"

I. B. C.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

**SOME COLORS FOR CHRISTMAS.** In each of the twelve monograms here given, find the letters necessary to spell a color.

A GREETING. These letters contain a greeting, and the puzzle consists in combining the letters of the two lines in such a way as to form the desired sentence.

G. F.

**TWO WORD-SQUARES.**

I. 1. THE name of a general in a very recent war. 2. Estimates.  
3. A coral island. 4. A courted beauty. 5. A small island.  
II. 1. A Turkish governor. 2. A book of maps. 3. To come  
in collision. 4. Hurry. 5. Pallid.  
The first words of the two squares, when read in connection, name  
a well-known military commander. FANCY.

**DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

EACH of the words described contains six letters; when these words are placed one below another, in the order here given, the fourth line of letters will name a personage who is very important at the season named by the third line of letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An alarm-bell. 2. To draw into the lungs. 3. To mock. 4. An old-fashioned musical instrument, resembling a piano. 5. A heavy quality of broadcloth. 6. A plant somewhat like mint. 7. Neglectful. 8. Marked out. 9. Vessels in which food is served. 10. Staffs used by conductors of musical performances. 11. Wound in circles. 12. To call for in a peremptory manner. 13. Decorations worn on helmets. G. F.

### PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



52-9-47-10. III. 49-17-6-26. IV. 25-1-33-28-13-20. V. 50-39-22-0-50-42.  
VI. 11-59-12-34-27-60. VII. 10-7-41-56-20-8-58-45. VIII. 3-26-4-32-36. IX.  
18-5-48-55-43. X. 53-35-14-24-31-36. XI. 16-44-21-36-29. DUDLEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

SPIRAL.—Among the guests our country hostess passes,  
And from the heavy gallon jug  
With courtly style and pleasant smile  
Drops cider in the glasses.

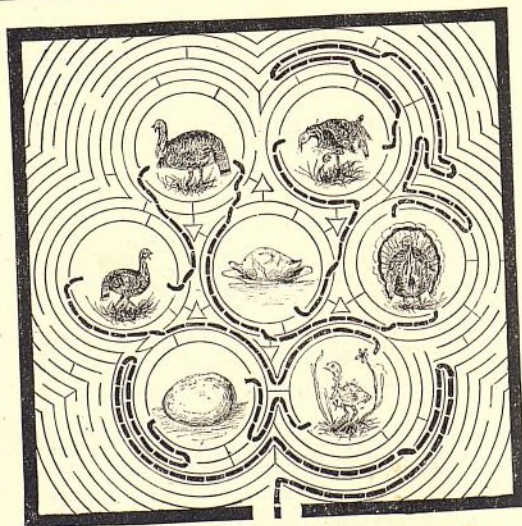
Drops cider in the glasses.

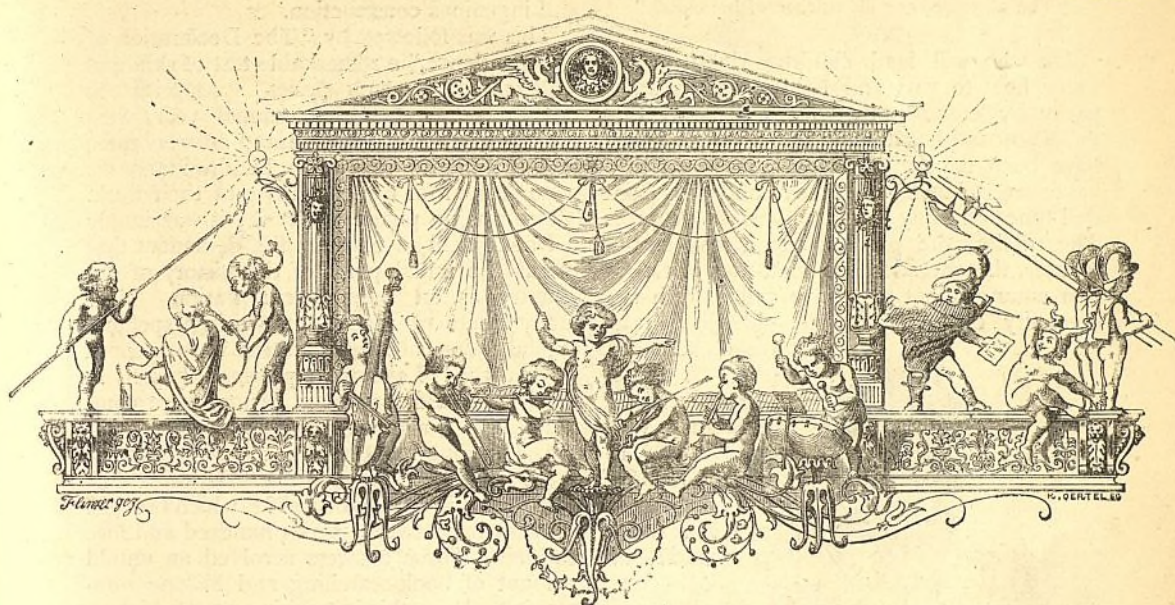
DIAMOND: 1. G. 2. Set. 3. Sinew. 4. General. 5. Terms.  
6. Was. 7. L. — NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Bryant.  
NUMERICAL ENIGMA: To receive honestly is the best thanks for a  
good thing. — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Thanksgiving.  
RHOMBUS. ACROSS: 1. Scat. 2. Oral. 3. Trim. 4. Eden.  
HALF-SQUARE: 1. Domino. 2. Opens. 3. Mend. 4. Ind. 5.  
N. S. 6. O.  
THANKSGIVING MAZE: See accompanying illustration.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Minnie B. Murray—F. L. Athush—Marna and Bae.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the November number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 5 — Potrero, 12.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Melissa and Theodore, 1—J. W. Parker, 3—Ehrick R. and Florence P. Jones, 1—Sara M. and Edith Gallaudet, 6—Philip Embury, Jr., 5—John Burnet Nash, 1—Gallaudet, 6—*“Two Aesthetic Maidens,”* 5—B. C. R., 13—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Professor and Co., 12—Theo. Richards, 1—*“Alcibiades,”* 11—Nellie J. Parker, 3—Clara J. Child, 13—A. G. and E. W., 7—D. S. Crosby, Jr., and H. W. Chandler, 8—Maggie Tolderlund, 1—*“Two Subscribers,”* 12—*“Thick and Thin,”* 13—S. and E., 2—*“Shutaway,”* 9—Phil. I. Pine, 2—Lavinia d’Amaulis, 13—Etta M. Taylor, 1—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 8—Génie J. Callmeyer, 8—Warren, 5—Snip and Snap, 7—Katie L. Robertson, 9—Clara and her Aunt, 10—Vin and Henry, 8—C. L. Slattery, 12—Florence P. Jones, 1—Appleton H., 12—Florence Leslie Kyte, 9—Johnston and Co., 6—Alice Robinson, 3—David H. Dodge, 1.





### THE TRUE STORY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THE old St. Nicholas slyly tossed bags of gold into poor widows' houses, and then ran away. His modern namesake has been trying these seven or eight years to send by the postman, to all children within his reach, that which ought to give more lasting happiness and benefit than the money-bags which the older saint dropped in at the window.

THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is a fine flower of the nineteenth century. For childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery. The world had neither books, pictures, toys, nor other implements of happiness suited to child-nature until our own time. What a step from the rude horn-books and incomprehensible catechisms to the pictures and stories of this day, in which the best literary ability, the highest artistic skill, the ablest and most experienced editing, the largest publishing enterprise, and the finest mechanical appliances are all enlisted and combined to rejoice and enlighten children! Surely the generations growing in such sunlight ought to make a new earth after a while—a more cheerful, beautiful, humane world than we have seen.

#### THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE MAGAZINE.

MEN and women are just as truly the result of the atmosphere in which they have passed their childhood, as the trees and herb-

age of a country are the result of soil and climate. It is by the subtle something which we call *atmosphere*, rather than by direct teaching, that the home molds a child. The chief business of a mother is to surround a child with beautiful influences. The great school-masters, such as Arnold of Rugby, Gunn of the "Gunnery," and many others, have achieved worthy results by the moral and intellectual climate they were able to produce, rather than by methods of teaching. So the benefit of a good story does not come from the moral that it teaches, but is in the air which one breathes in reading it; while the most malarial books are often those which attempt to teach a direct moral, but which subject the reader to evil influences. The supreme quality of ST. NICHOLAS is its bright, healthful, and invigorating atmosphere. The young reader is not bored with unreadable prosing on moral subjects; there are few "Didactic Pieces," as Lindley Murray's old English reader used to call them; but the reader is here introduced to good company, and filled with pure thoughts and high aspirations by the influence exhaling from its pages.

#### RECREATIONS.

"THE first work of a child is play," said the great teacher, Frederick Froebel. One may apply to ST. NICHOLAS that line of the

poet Campbell, in which the old man, teaching little Gertrude, is said to have been

"The playmate ere the teacher of her mind."

He who will lead children rightly must know how to win and hold a child's sympathy by entering into his play, and this ST. NICHOLAS has done in many ways. There have been papers on home amusement that have saved hundreds of boys and girls from dull times on rainy days and winter evenings. The riddles, the puzzles, the acrostics, the rebuses, the charades, the what-nots of elaborate entanglement that have called forth the ingenuity of puzzle-makers, old as well as

young, have diffused an aggregate amount of pleasure very gratifying to think of. Some of these puzzles have made an



THE LITTLE KINDERGARTEN GIRL.  
[FROM "ST. NICHOLAS," VOL. VIII.]

immense *furor*, becoming a matter of national enthusiasm among the children. These were generally puzzles of the class that have a deep-laid snare for instruction hidden below, and the solving of them has tended directly to the improvement of the reader. The "Race of the Pilots" in the centennial year, divided the attention of the boys and girls with the Philadelphia exhibition, and thousands searched the cyclopedias and histories to make out the fifteen distinguished men who were represented by fifteen pilot-boats. Over two thousand answers to this difficult puzzle were received, in which the knowledge, industry, penmanship and spelling of the young contestants were tested to the utmost—and many thousands, no doubt, who sent no answer, were yet set to seeking after the names and the history of the men. More than one thousand answers were correct, and the names of children who sent these were printed. The lad whose an-

swer was best in all respects received a beautiful sailing-yacht, the "St. Nicholas," about four feet long, of the most perfect proportions and ingenious construction.

This was followed by "The Declaration of Independence," a remarkable test of skill and painstaking. Twenty prizes, appropriate to the subject and the centennial year, were offered, and about ten thousand answers came in—the names of eleven hundred answers were printed for the excellence of their work. There was no puzzle about it; it was simply a test of skill in copying the document that marks the initial point of the history of our country as an independent nation. How many hours of practice in writing, spelling, capitalization, and punctuation were secured in this way! Lessons in patience, lessons in patriotism, and lessons in history were communicated "without pain," as the dentists say. Omitting mention of many other puzzles, there was the ingenious "Historic Pi," announced in December, 1881, which brought answers from twenty-seven hundred and fifty children. These answers involved an untold amount of book-searching and historic rummaging. Now, this is teaching on the highest principles known to educators. "Never tell a child what you can make him find out for himself," says a great master-teacher; and the "historic pi" set thousands of children at the most healthful educative work of discovering, tried with their own faculties. "Educate the hand, teach a child to do," said Pestalozzi, the great educator. And the writing out of elaborate answers to these puzzles, together with the "Letter-Box," and the little directions for making and doing things in every number, are training many thousand flexible young hands to dexterity, and are training thousands of brains through the hand to attention and thought.

On the side of playful sympathy with the spirit and pursuits of young people, there are the descriptions of home amusements of various kinds, that have brought many happy hours to the family circle; there are papers on open-air pursuits, and the never-to-be-forgotten jingles. It took centuries to produce the classic Mother Goose Melodies. No one knows from how far back in antiquity the cow that jumped over the moon and the little dog that laughed have come down to us. They may have had their rude starting-point in the tents of our most great-great-grandfather in the Aryan highlands, wherever those highlands may be. The old woman at Banbury Cross is a heritage of the ages, and it seemed before ST. NICHOLAS came into the field that there were to be few additions to nursery poetry; for America had been able to make

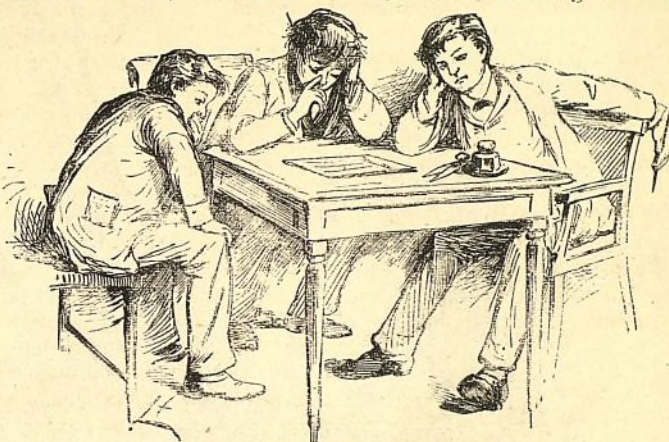
but one or two well-authenticated nursery rhymes in two centuries and a half. The "Rock-a-bye baby in the tree-top" is clearly suggested by the Indian way of boarding out their babies. There was no other American Mother Goose melody, unless we count Mary's Poor Little Lamb. But now, the "Three Wise Old Women" of St. NICHOLAS are as well established in popular favor as the old woman in Mother Goose that went to sleep in the king's highway; while Mrs. Dodge's rhymes and poems for little folk have become household words in England and America.

What shall we say of the out-door papers? There are accounts of how to camp out, how to build toy sail-boats, admirable articles on swimming, on lawn tennis, on the bicycle, and many more on subjects of prime importance to boys and girls.

## TIMELY ARTICLES.

WHATEVER subject comes up, St. NICHOLAS tries to give its young readers a good understanding of it while it is fresh in people's minds. Life-saving on the coast, the work of coast-wreckers in saving and securing ships and cargoes that have gone ashore, the use of light-houses and light-ships, cable-tele-

Central Park, the "Horse Hotel" in Third avenue, the telephone, the audiphone, the minting of money, the foretelling of the



STARTING AN AMATEUR PAPER.—"What shall we call it?" [FROM "ST. NICHOLAS," VOL. IX.]

weather, the electric light, the subject of pottery, the siege of Paris, the young Prince Imperial, the "Noble Life" of James A. Garfield, the method of towing by rail in San Francisco, the elevated railroads, the obelisk, ostrich farming, the transit of Venus, men and animal shows, and the baby elephant, are examples of many papers that have been printed on subjects of immediate interest at the time. The reader will see how much of valuable information of a scientific and practical character has been conveyed in articles about which the children's curiosity has been temporarily excited.

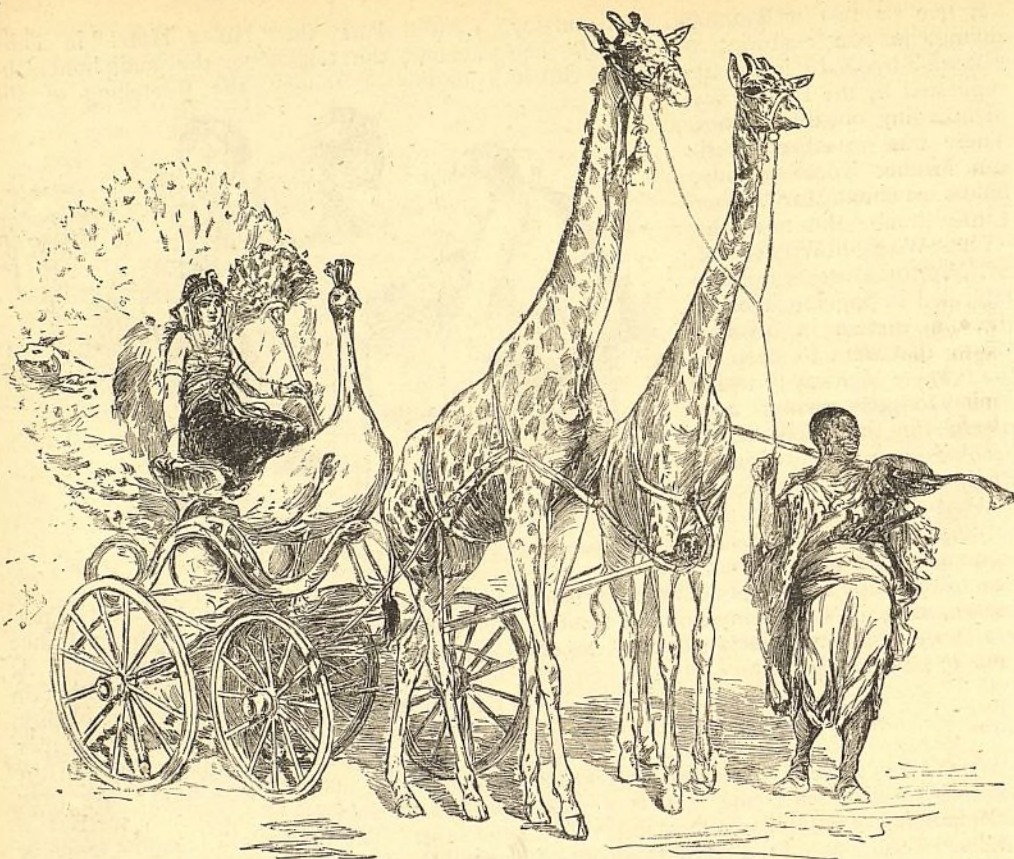


THE "MAN-FRIDAY" CATAMARAN. [FROM ST. NICHOLAS, VOL. VIII.]

graphy, the method of stopping cars by a vacuum-brake, the management of the city fire department, the use of turret ships and torpedoes in war, the Centennial Exhibition when it was as fresh as it is now stale, the

## ARTICLES ABOUT CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are interested in children. St. NICHOLAS avails itself of this principle to amuse them and to attract their attention to



A CIRCUS-WAGON IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS, BEFORE THE SHOW. [FROM "ST. NICHOLAS," VOL. IX.]

many important subjects. There, for example, is the article away back in Volume III., on The Poor Boy's Astor House, and the one in Volume V., on Parisian children, and the later one on the English factory children or "half-timers"; the article on that curious institution at the Wilson Mission House, called "The Kitchen Garden"; the one entitled "The Practical Fairy," in which the life of stage-children is portrayed; the account of the swift-running district telegraph boys of the great cities; the description of the summer-home for poor children at Bath, Long Island, and of the benevolent work of Mr. Parsons and the country people in giving, every year, two weeks of country rest to a large number of sick children; and other papers of the same kind. Then there have been some very wholesome articles on matters of great consequence to children. For a single example, take the handling of the subject of school-luncheons, in which the character of the food carried to school by children was first drawn out by the inquiries of the magazine, which brought replies describing the cake, candy, pickles, and knickknacks that children carry to school.

The whole matter of healthy food for the luncheon-basket was carefully discussed and the most practical suggestions made.

#### SERIAL STORIES.

"MEN and women are all children when they are reading stories," said a well-known editor, once. The staple of a young people's magazine must always be articles of a narrative kind; and, indeed, every sort of juvenile literature tends to take on a narrative form. The stories of St. NICHOLAS, long ones and short ones, are too widely known to require any description here. They have taken the widest range, and appealed to the most diverse tastes, but they have never been of the hot, unhealthy sort—the sort that tends to produce a harvest of renegades, highwaymen and pirates. Upon this point Mrs. Dodge, the Editor of St. NICHOLAS, once wrote these strong and true words:

"The mayor of Philadelphia says that he could rid the jails of two-thirds of the boy-criminals in the next year, if he could banish bad

plays from the boards of the variety theaters, and put bad books out of print.

"Now, it will not do to take fascinating bad literature out of boys' hands, and give them in its place Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley, or, worse still, the sentimental dribblings of those writers who think that any 'good-y' talk will do for children. We must give them good, strong, interesting reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it,—heartsome, pleasant reading, that will waken them to a closer observation of the best things about them.

"It is right and natural for a boy to want to see the world. It is right and natural for him to wish to read books that, according to his light, show him what the world is.

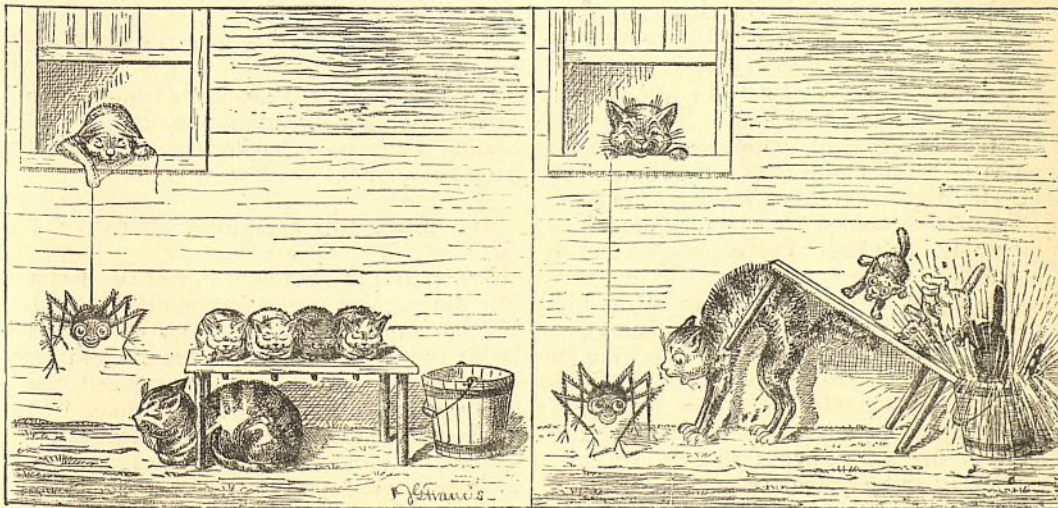
"The evil is the impression given to young minds that *seeing the world* means seeing the badness of the world. Let a boy understand that to *see the world* in a fair, manly way, one must see also its *good* side, its nobleness and true progress, and you at once put his soul in the way of a wholesome growth.

"Vile writers and worse publishers are fattening on this tendency of boys, and the culpable carelessness of parents in not helping them to satisfy it properly.

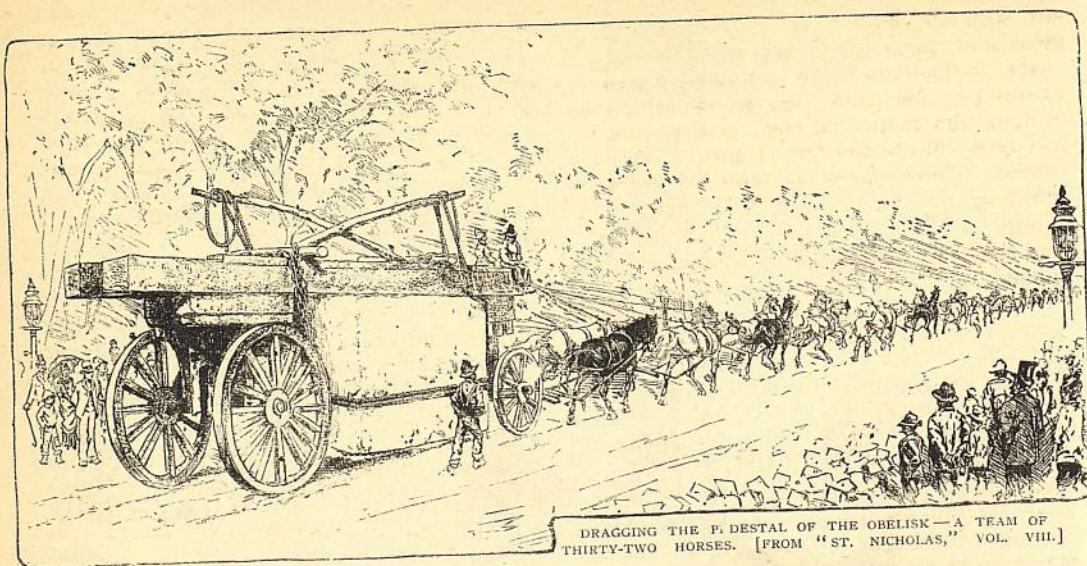
"Good writers and honest publishers are offering the means of remedying the great evil, and are showing the boys of this country how they may see the world, and yet remain pure and true."

It has been the special aim of ST. NICHOLAS from the start to supplant the poison trash—the deadly nightshade of the news-stands—with stories of a living and healthful interest, uncontaminated and fresh as the open air of heaven. There have been among the serials in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS such stories of home life and young life as Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins," "Under the Lilacs," and "Jack and Jill," and Mrs.

Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy"; such stories of breezy adventure and boyish life as Trowbridge's "Fast Friends," "The Young Surveyor," and "His Own Master"; such pictures of frontier life and base-ball adventure as Noah Brooks's "The Boy Emigrants" and "The Fairport Nine"; such tales of remote lands as Bayard Taylor's "Jon of Iceland"; such stories of unexpected humor as Frank R. Stockton's "A Jolly Fellowship," and "What Might Have Been Expected," in which class Rossiter Johnson's "Phaeton Rogers" is also to be accounted. Time would fail us to characterize the other favorites, such as "Eyebright," by Susan Coolidge, "Rumpty Budget's Tower," by Julian Hawthorne, "The Cat and the Countess," translated by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "Nimpo's Troubles," by Olive Thorne Miller, "Pattikin's House," by Joy Allison, "The Peterkin Papers," by Lucretia P. Hale; William O. Stoddard's "Dab Kinzer," "Among the Lakes," and "Saltillo Boys"; Edwin Hodder's "Drifted into Port," Gustavus Frankenstein's "Tower Mountain," Katherine D. Smith's "Half-a-dozen Housekeepers," F. Blake Crofton's "The Major's Big Talk Stories," Dr. Oswald's "In Nature's Wonderland," Harry T. Kieffer's vivid and historically valuable "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy," and Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier School-boy." This certainly is an imposing array for a single periodical. Many of the ST. NICHOLAS stories have passed into juvenile literature as never-to-be-forgotten classics. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story produced in America now first seeks the light in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.



SOME FUN WITH A TOY SPIDER. [FROM "ST. NICHOLAS," VOL. II.]



DRAGGING THE P. DESTAL OF THE OBELISK—A TEAM OF THIRTY-TWO HORSES. [FROM "ST. NICHOLAS," VOL. VIII.]

#### ST. NICHOLAS AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

WE have already touched upon the educational influence of the competitions, puzzles, and timely articles in ST. NICHOLAS. But there has been also instruction direct and designed. Astronomy, ornithology, history, art, and kindred branches of knowledge have been taught delightfully in such serial papers as Mr. Proctor's "The Stars of the Month," Professor W. K. Brooks's "Birds," Mrs. Oliphant's "Windsor Castle," Mr. Baldwin's "Stories from the Northern Myths," and Clara Erskine Clement's "Stories of Art and Artists," beside numberless briefer papers. Look especially at the "How" series—the articles on "How Doll are Made," "How Plants come from Seeds," "How to Entertain a Guest," "How to Save Time," "How to Keep an Aquarium," and many others. And the admirable series of "Talks with Boys," by such writers as Thomas Hughes and George MacDonald, with the companion series of "Talks with Girls," by women like H. H., Miss Alcott, Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Dodge, have formed a notable feature of inestimable value both to young readers and to parents.

Put a boy to studying geography, and he gets a vague idea that Greenland is a green spot on the upper part of his map. But let him read Dr. Hayes's "Adventures on an Iceberg," and the arctic land, as by a touch of magic, becomes a real country. All the dry stuff in the school-books about the "chief products" and "principal seaports" of Japan will never make that land of dainty decoration half so real as will the article in Volume VI.,

entitled "The Blossom-Boy of Tokio," with its thirty-seven illustrations. But there is not one of the numbers of the magazine that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination. Jack-in-the-Pulpit keeps up a steady fire of suggestion, question, answer, and what not, about all kinds of things, stirring up the mind of a child to knock at Nature's doors, and pry into the secrets of science and art. One of the ingenious methods used by the magazine to excite interest in scientific study is the Agassiz Association. The quaint reports of the young people about what they have discovered with their own fresh eyes, are among the most interesting things in ST. NICHOLAS. The association promotes correspondence and exchange of specimens among boys and girls, and different parts of the country.

ST. NICHOLAS has been justly compared to Froebel's "Kindergarten"—reaching and moving the whole intellectual and moral nature of a child.

#### ITS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE.

ST. NICHOLAS would be a great benefactor if it did nothing but preoccupy the ground, and so crowd out the ill-weeds of noxious books and papers, which are sure to find their way where the attention is not engaged, and the taste elevated by better reading. The great antidote to frivolity is mental occupation—and this antidote a juvenile magazine of the highest grade affords. But ST. NICHOLAS does far more than this: to hundreds of thousands it is a teacher of religion—not in

dry, dogmatic form like a catechism, not in any sectarian sense. But it teaches what a great orator once called "applied Christianity"—the principles of religion as they are applied to ordinary life. The practice of humanity to dumb brutes, for example, is taught in the society of "Bird-defenders" formed among its readers. Unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems, and precepts. And these are the very core of true religion applied to the life.

## GOOD COMPANY.

WHAT a galaxy of eminent men and women has ST. NICHOLAS, by some hook or crook, beguiled into writing for its lucky children! Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, William Howitt, Mrs. Oliphant, Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," Professor Proctor, Philip Bourke Marston, Archibald Forbes, and other famous men and women from the other side of the sea, and Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, H. H., Colonel Higginson, Bret Harte, J. G. Holland, Bayard Taylor, James T. Fields, Edward Eggleston, Gail Hamilton, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Julian Hawthorne, Louisa M. Alcott, J. T. Trowbridge, Paul H. Hayne,

Foote, Donald G. Mitchell, W. H. Gibson, S. M. P. Piatt, Nora Perry, and half a hundred more of the best-known names in American literature, are on its list of contributors. Almost all of our great writers have been introduced to posterity by ST. NICHOLAS. The list is so long that it would be easier to tell the few American writers of note who have not contributed than to recite the list of those who have.

## THE PICTURES.

As to the list of artists who have contributed to ST. NICHOLAS, it includes almost all the prominent illustrators of the day.

So much has been said of the charming illustrations of ST. NICHOLAS, they have been so often and so highly praised, they have brought such warm words of commendation from high authorities in England as well as in America—that we should run the risk of becoming tedious if we enlarged upon them and their rare educational refining influence. The leading paper of Edinburgh pronounces the illustrations "infinitely superior" to anything produced in juvenile publications in Great Britain, and adds: "Young people will be taught by them to admire what is really good, and will have their tastes culti-



THE PROFESSOR OF MOTTO-PAINTING PAINTS A MOTTO ON THE CURIOUS ONE'S HEAD. [FROM "ST. NICHOLAS," VOL. VII.]

Joaquin Miller, Edgar Fawcett, H. H. Boyesen, Charles Dudley Warner, Moncure D. Conway, David D. Lloyd, Mary Hallock

vated. They will learn that they ought not to be satisfied with daubs and slovenly workmanship." The London "Spectator" calls



CHILDREN'S DAY AT ST. PAUL'S. DRAWN FOR "ST. NICHOLAS," BY KATE GREENAWAY. [SEE VOL. VI.]

ST. NICHOLAS "the best of all children's magazines," and the *Thunderer*, the London "*Times*" itself, only last December pronounced St. NICHOLAS superior to any of its kind in England, and said that its "pictures are often works of real art, not only as engravings, but as compositions of original design."

#### IN CONCLUSION.

Of the success of the magazine it is not needful to speak. It has no rival in its department among English-speaking peoples all around the globe. We may go farther and say that it is without a peer in magazines of its class the whole world around. Eminent people have subscribed for the benefit of

those not able to pay for it, for the sake of its educating influence. In the third largest public library in America—that in Indianapolis—more than three thousand people read St. NICHOLAS.

When the magazine began, Charles Dudley Warner said: "If the children don't like it, I think it is time to begin to change the kind of children in this country." Well, the children do like it, but all the same, St. NICHOLAS has changed the kind of children. It can not be that multitudes of children should see such pictures and read such stories and poems without being better, more thoughtful, more refined, and in many ways another kind of children from those that have gone before them.

