HIS LORDSHIP'S BED-TIME.

DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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HOW THE DOCTOR WAS PAID.

BY KATHARINE R. MCDOWELL.

"TWO dollars a visit!" cried Dot in dismay, forgetting entirely that she had come to look for a spool of No. 40 in Mamma's drawer, and opening her brown eyes wider and wider as she read the heading of an old bill of Dr. Cogswell's.

"Two dollars a visit!" she repeated. "Oh, why does n't Donnie get well? And where is all the money to come from?" she asked herself, sadly. "We will get very poor," continued Dot, shaking her little brown head slowly over the bill. After thinking awhile, she slipped the paper in her pocket and went down-stairs.

Mamma and Sister Margie were sewing. Dot went quietly to Mrs. Ledyard and whispered:

"We 'll feel very poor afterward, wont we, Mamma?"

Mamma smiled. A sad smile, Dot thought, as she replied: "You 're better at guessing than we supposed. Now, why don't you take your trimming, little daughter, and go into the library? There 's a nice fire on the hearth, and you can work away like a bee. We 'll need it soon, you know," added Mamma, for Dot was rather inclined to dream when she was alone.

"We 'll need it soon," repeated Dot, as she climbed up in the big library chair. "We 'll need it soon. Oh, why did n't they tell me! Why did they leave me to find it out for myself? I might have worked yards and yards by this time, and sold them for ever so much, but I supposed it was just to give me something to do, and I 've sometimes not done more than one scallop in a whole afternoon," confessed Dot, as she made her little ivory needle fly in and out of her work, as if any one could ever make up for time wasted.

"And to think I never once thought that Mamma and Sister Margie were making those things to sell, nor how much 't was costing to have the doctor coming every day, and sometimes twice a day. Poor Donnie! Perhaps he 's worse than they tell me. Perhaps," and there was a great lump in her throat, "he 's going to die, and they are leaving me to find that out." Two great tears rolled slowly down the pretty, round cheeks. "But why, then, do they keep a-tellin' me he 's better?" The tears had dropped on the crochet trimming, and two more were following in their train.

Tom went into the barn to clean his gun. Dot saw him.

"I 'll ask him," she decided, as she put her work hurriedly in a little silk handkerchief, and started with it for the barn. "He wont tease me when he knows how badly I feel."

It was a very sad little face that peered in at the barn-door.

"Halloo!" was Tom's greeting. "Been crying?"

"Yes," admitted Dot, in a voice that could leave no doubt of it in any one's mind.

"What 's up?" continued Tom, as he rubbed away at his gun. "Want any help?"

"Oh, yes, Tom; that 's just what I 've come for. Wont you talk real sober with me?"

"Nary a smile from me," said Tom. Then,

glancing sidelong at the little face in the doorway, he added, "Come in and state your case. Here 's a seat on the hay," as he lifted her gently upon a pile he had just brought down for the horses. "There! are you cold?"

"Not a bit," said Dot, smiling thankfully. "I have brought my cloak."

"All right, then; go ahead," said Tom, cheerfully.

"Well, you know, Tom," began Dot, in her sweet, timid voice; "there 's a secret in there," pointing toward the house, "and I never found it out till this morning."

"So you found it out, did you? Well, I told 'em you would."

"I would n't, but for the bill."

"You would n't what?" asked Tom, who was rubbing away again.

"I 'll tell you about that afterward. When I went into the sitting-room, Mamma and Margie were sewing."

"*That* certainly did n't surprise you!" laughed Tom.

"O Tom! how can you make fun of it all? Mamma looked just ready to cry, and — oh, oh, oh, what can we ever do about it!" as she threw herself face downward on the hay, and sobbed as though her little heart would break, while Tom stood by in speechless astonishment, wondering why the words "Two dollars a visit" seemed mingled with her sobs.

"*Does* she know, after all?" he asked himself. "I must n't forget my promise to Mother, but I must give the child some comfort," he thought, as he went over toward the little blue cloak on the hay.

"Come, Dot," said he, tenderly. "Don't cry. You have n't told me yet what the matter is. Now we 'll sit right up here, while you tell Tom all about it."

After a while, Dot managed to say:

"Does n't Dr. Cogswell charge people who are ill two dollars every time he goes to see them?"

"Something like that, I believe," answered Tom, wonderingly.

"It 's exactly that," said Dot, feeling for the bill. "O Tom, we must owe him hundreds of dollars!"

There was a queer look in Tom's eyes.

"I suppose we do," he said.

"But have we got the money to pay him?" questioned Dot, the brown eyes swimming again.

"No, I don't believe we have."

"Then, what are we going to do?" said Dot, with another sob.

"There, Dot," said Tom, soothingly. "Don't be so foolish as to cry. It 's all coming out right. I can't tell you now just how, but take my word for it."

"Tom," called Mrs. Ledyard, "they 're all waiting for you."

"The boys have come, Dot," said Tom, giving her a hasty kiss. "Now, remember not to worry. It 's coming out all right."

Dot sat a long time on the hay.

"Tom always thinks everything 's going to come out all right," she said, determined to be miserable. "He does n't know anything about money. Margie says so, and I know myself he does n't, 'cause I once owed him five cents for weeks, and, when I went to pay him, he 'd forgotten all about it, and said I must have dreamed it. He 's gone off now to sleigh-ride and does n't care how hard we 're all workin'," and the little needle flew faster than ever. "I just know he thinks Dr. Cogswell is n't going to charge, but he is, for here 's one bill and he 's probably got another all ready.

"He could just as well not charge," she went on, "for Edith Olcott told me he was ever 'n' ever so rich, and that he 's got a house in the city even prettier than this. But how could one be?" she wondered. "How could any room be lovelier than the one Mrs. Crane took Edith and me into the other day? the little one with the window looking on the lake, and the little bed with curtains and everything blue, carpet and all. Dr. Cogswell calls it his little sister's room, and she 's coming in the spring."

The little fingers never did better work than that day, for "Mamma would n't have told me they needed it if they did n't," Dot kept assuring herself. "Tom just wanted to comfort me. He does n't know how hard they 're workin' and cryin'."

That night, Dot added to her prayer the words, "O God, please don't let it be more than we can pay."

"Let what?" asked Mamma, as she tucked her in bed.

"The doctor's bill," whispered Dot, her arms very tight about Mrs. Ledyard's neck.

Mrs. Ledyard smiled. She thought Dot was half-asleep, so she tiptoed quietly down-stairs to the library, and there found Tom telling Margie about Dot's trouble.

The young doctor must have been there, too, or heard of it in some way, for he happened in the next morning right after breakfast, and the first thing he said was:

"I 'm going to have my bill settled to-day, little Miss Dot," as with quite a grave face he took out his memoranda.

"Let me see," he mused, "I began coming in May. Two visits a day, till — why it 's nearly

Christmas, is n't it? Now, how much should you think it would come to?"

"Hundreds!" said poor little Dot, faintly.

"We want to be business-like," said Dr. Cogswell; "suppose you get your slate and figure it."

Dot ran. "He is n't going to let us off a penny," she moaned.

"Now, let 's do a little sum in arithmetic," said the doctor. "What does M. stand for?"

"One thousand," said staggered little Dot, pushing the crochet-work way down in her pocket.

"Very good," said the doctor. "Now, what does C. stand for?"

"One hundred," said Dot, trying to be brave.

"And altogether?" was the next question.

"Eleven hundred," said Dot, tearfully.

"H'm," coughed Dr. Cogswell. "Now, can you think of anything else they might stand for?"

"No, sir," said Dot.

"Why yes, you can, Dot," cried Donald, who had just been wheeled into the room. "M. C.!" clapping his hands. "Why, *Merry Christmas*, don't you see?"

Dot smiled.

"Then there is n't any bill?" she asked Tom.

"Nary a bill," said Tom; "but can't you think of anything else the letters might stand for?"

"No," said happy, stupid little Dot.

"I can," cried Don, catching sight of some glances being exchanged, and Margie's pretty cheeks aglow. "Margie Cogswell!"

Then they all laughed, and the doctor caught Dot up and set her on his shoulder, and pranced with her into the cozy sitting-room. Pretty soon Don was wheeled into the sunny bay-window, and there they all sat the rest of the morning.

Dot had to submit to a good deal of teasing, but she was very happy notwithstanding, and wrote in her diary that night, in such big letters that she went right over two or three of the following days:

"*The doctor was n't coming to see Donnie, after all, and there was n't any bill. I am going to be bridesmaid and wear white. There is n't any little sister but me, and I 'm agoing to have the little blue-room, whenever I want to go there to visit.*"

SANTA CLAUS MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.

FAIRY WISHES, NOWADAYS.

By S. A. Sheilds.

"'GOOD-MORNING, MA'AM,' HE STAMMERED; 'I HOPE YOU ARE WELL.'"

TINKEY lay under a wide-spreading apple tree, upon a bed of half-dried grass, that was not yet hay, but sending out the most delicious perfume of clover blossoms. Overhead, a clear blue sky, with soft white clouds dotting it here and there, and a blazing July sun, were only half visible through the thick leaves of the apple tree that made a cool shade where Tinkey was lying.

It was holiday time, and all the long, hot days were free from Latin grammar or arithmetic; free to make fishing-parties, to play cricket, to toss hay, or to do as Tinkey was doing—lie about out-doors and find pleasure in pure idleness. It is not to be denied that Tinkey was lazy. He dearly loved a morning nap after the getting-up bell had sounded; he liked to drop into soft chairs or upon the sofa, and dream of wonderful things he was going to do. All the activity and energy of great deeds lay in the future for Tinkey, who fully intended to become in some way famous when a man. In the meantime, he liked to lie under the apple tree, thinking. First, he counted all the green apples in sight, and wondered how soon they would be ripe; then he watched the clouds and leaves waving softly in the gentlest of summer breezes, and then he speculated as to whether Mrs. Davidson would have ice-cream at the party to which Tinkey and his brothers and sisters were invited that afternoon. It was to be a gathering of all the boys and girls for miles around—a sort of picnic on the beautiful grounds that surrounded Mrs. Davidson's large house, and a garden tea-party.

"It must be lovely to be as rich as Mrs. Davidson," thought Tinkey, lazily, "and I might have had as much money once, if I had only wished for it. If I had another such a chance——"

"Well, what would you do with it if you had?"

Tinkey sat bolt upright and stared. That sharp, clear voice was certainly one he had heard before, and right in front of him, daintily balanced upon the tiniest of hay-cocks, was the little old-woman fairy, in her red cloak and pointed cap, who came in a butterfly-drawn car through the air. Tinkey did not see the car, but he was sure it was not far away.

"Good-morning, ma'am," he stammered, when he could find voice enough to speak. "I hope you are well?"

"Now," said the fairy, "did you ever hear of a sick fairy? Of course I am well, and never had a pain in my life. It is great, clumsy people like you who are ill half the time. But I can't stand

chattering here. I 've an engagement in Japan in half an hour, but as I was passing I heard you sighing for another chance to make a goose of yourself——"

"It was a calf," corrected Tinkey, "and I do *not* want to make a goose of myself. Oh!" and his eyes grew so round, and stuck out so far, it was really wonderful that they did not drop out. "Oh! Are you going to let me have another wish?"

"H'm!" said the fairy, rubbing her sharp little nose with a handkerchief that looked like the leaf of a tiny jessamine, "you don't seem to make much out of one wish. Suppose I give you a dozen or twenty."

"Oh!" cried Tinkey.

"Yes," said the little old woman. "I am going to see to-day how much you are to be trusted with having your own way. So, between now and sunset, I am going to let you have everything you wish for. Only, remember this: you can have but one wish for one thing. No 'takings back,' you understand. So if you wish yourself a goose, a goose you will have to remain."

"Everything I wish for!" cried Tinkey. "I do not believe fairy-land holds all I want!"

"You can try. But you had better think over the matter before you begin! Good-bye."

Then the fairy-car floated down from the apple tree, and a moment later Tinkey saw it float up again, higher and higher, till it was quite lost in a soft, fleecy cloud.

Lazily wondering if that was an air-line to Japan, Tinkey tried to decide upon the treasures he should collect between that hour and sunset. Wealth, a fine house, a pony, a thousand boyish desires floated through his brain, but he resolved to do nothing hastily. Still it was a temptation to test his power, and he said, with an air of command:

"I wish for a plate of ice-cream."

There it was, right in his hand, cold, white, delicious, and, to Tinkey's amazement, no matter how fast he ate, the white heap upon the plate did not grow any smaller. He might sit all day and eat ice-cream, if he wished; but when he had had enough, and put down the plate on the hay, it melted in a second—spoon, plate, and cream vanishing like a dew-drop in the sun.

Tinkey wondered if all fairy dishes were "cleared up" in this way, and laughed to think what a saving of house-work it would be if dishes dropped down upon the table filled with food, and quietly melted away when the meals were over. But, while he was still thinking of that, the dinner-horn sounded faint and far away.

"Oh dear!" sighed lazy Tinkey. "I wish I was at the table."

The wish was scarcely formed before he felt himself lifted up and shot across the meadow, in at the kitchen door, and plump into his chair, with a whizzing rapidity that took his breath away, and raised a serious doubt in his mind whether walking was not preferable to this sort of fairy locomotion.

There was a great confusion of voices all through dinner, the children hurrying through the meal to dress for Mrs. Davidson's, and fidgeting until the dishes were cleared away and their mother took the younger ones to the nursery.

"Your clothes are all on your bed, Tinkey," she said, as she went upstairs, "and remember your new suit must be your best one all summer."

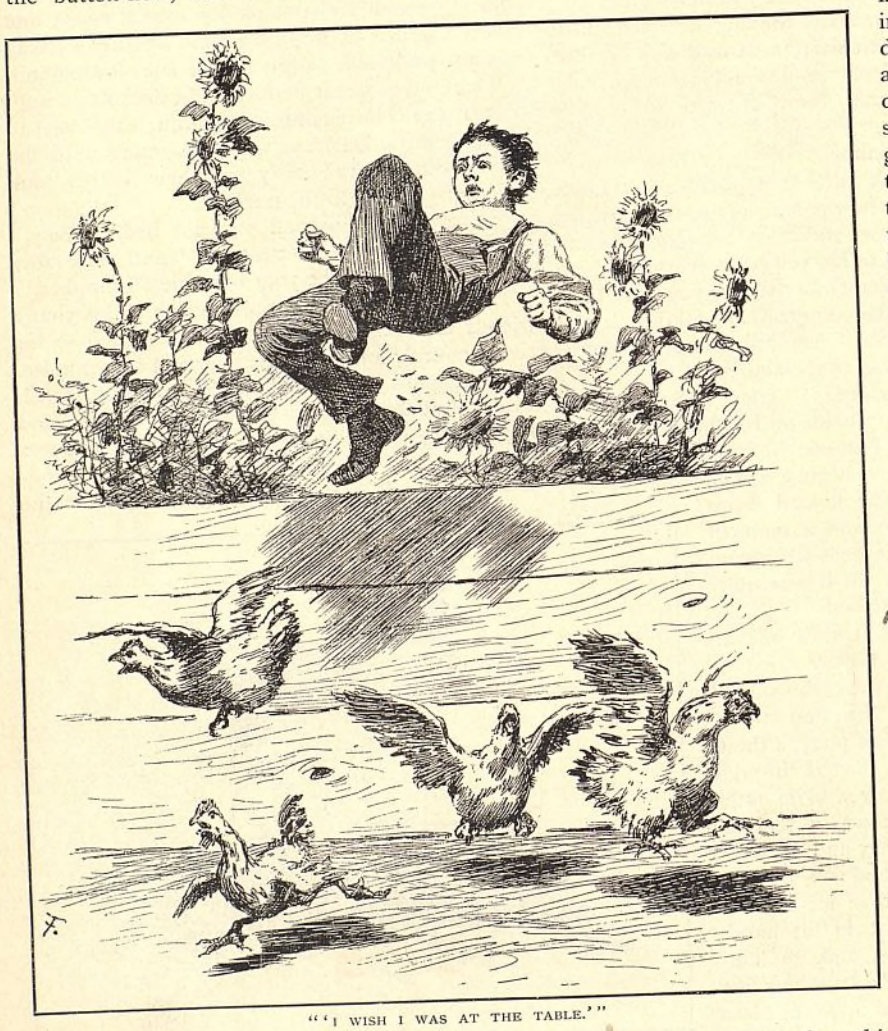
Excited by the prospect of meeting all his young friends and school-fellows, Tinkey rushed to his room, entirely forgetting the fairy and her promise. He had quite resolved to make no more foolish wishes, but to steal a quiet hour before sunset and wish for the very best fortune that could come to a boy.

The new suit, a pretty light gray, lay upon the bed, with the clean shirt, collar, and cuffs, a blue silk neck-tie and a snowy pocket-handkerchief, while on a chair were new shoes, shining like a mirror.

"'I WISH FOR A PLATE OF ICE-CREAM.'"

Scrubbed to the perfection of cleanliness, clean linen nicely adjusted, Tinkey took up the pretty gray pants, and turned them around admiringly. It was the very first city-made suit he had ever

possessed, his usual dress being the outgrown clothing of his older brother. But this one suit was all his own, made for him, fitting him, and he handled it carefully. It was still buttoned up, as it had come home, and, taking his seat upon the side of the bed, Tinkey unbuttoned one button, a second, but the third seemed to be too large for the button-hole, and would not come through.



"'I WISH I WAS AT THE TABLE.'"

He twisted it and pushed it, coaxed it and jerked it, pushed it to the right, pulled it to the left, till he got red in the face, lost his temper, and cried aloud:

"Bother the old trousers! I wish they were in Jericho."

One jerk freed them from Tinkey's hold, and they soared into the air, as if with wings, escaping his outstretched hands, and flying through the open window like some huge, awkward bird, the new blue suspenders dangling provokingly out of reach.

Tinkey was ready to cry, but, instead, said:

"I wish for another pair of trousers."

But the wish was unheard or unheeded in fairy-land, and he sadly remembered that he could not have two wishes for any one thing. "Why can't I remember to think before I speak?" thought Tinkey, ruefully taking up his every-day trousers, cast aside with such contempt. They seemed to have grown shabbier in the few moments they had been on the floor. The knees had never looked so white and thin, the edges so frayed, the spots so big.

"Perhaps they wont show much with a new coat and vest," thought Tinkey; but they were drawn on very slowly, and it required all the boy's manliness to keep back the tears.

A call from down-stairs hurried him.

"We're all ready, Tinkey! Come!"

All ready! There was no time then to lose, for if his father had the carryall harnessed up, he would not like to wait. Tinkey caught up his new shoes and thrust in one foot. A new shoe is not the very best thing to try to put on in a hurry, and so he found it. Voices from down-stairs were impatiently shouting: "Tinkey! Tinkey," as he tugged violently, but without avail, at the shoe his mother had thought had better be "one size larger."

"Oh, come on!" said Tinkey. "I wish the shoes were twice as big!"

On slipped the shoe as easily as if it had been greased, Tinkey's foot lost in its suddenly in-

creased size. Twice as big! To the round eyes gazing at them they looked as big as the barn, and if any little reader doubts it, let him measure twice the length and breadth of his boot, and put his foot upon the measure.

Tears could no longer be kept back. Tinkey kicked the shoe into the corner of the room with a passionate sob.

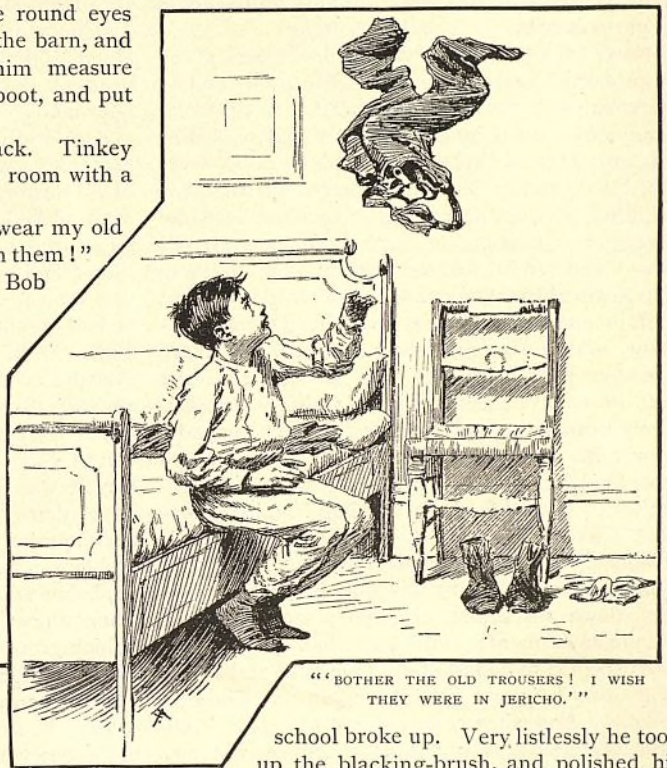
"I wont go!" he cried. "I wont wear my old trousers and shoes with a great patch on them!"

"Are you never coming?" shouted Bob from down-stairs.

"I 'll walk over! Don't wait for me!" Tinkey answered, and could hear them all laugh as Fannie said:

"Tinkey 's prinking! Wont he be fine!"

Should he go? Mrs. Davidson's annual party was not to be lightly set aside, and was one of the great pleasures in Tinkey's quiet country life. Perhaps among so many his dress would not be noticed, and he had not seen some of the boys since

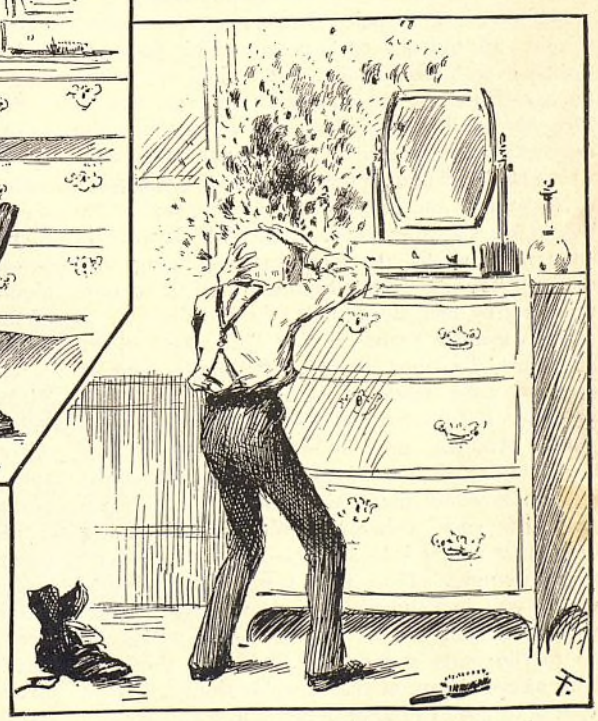


"'BOTHER THE OLD TROUSERS! I WISH THEY WERE IN JERICHO.'"

school broke up. Very listlessly he took up the blacking-brush, and polished his

"'I WISH THE SHOES WERE TWICE AS BIG.'"

old shoes to such perfection that, after all, the patches were scarcely seen, and once on, and neatly laced, they looked so well that, with a lighter heart, Tinkey sprang to his feet to complete his dressing. The mirror by the aid of which he arranged his collar and neck-tie did not reflect his pants, and the pretty silk tie was very becoming. Actually,



"'I WISH I HAD N'T ANY HAIR.'" [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Tinkey was whistling when he took up the comb to part his hair.

Now, Tinkey's hair was what old nurses call "stubborn," and its decided inclination was to stick straight out from his head. It could be coaxed to remain in good order about one hour, but after that was apt to rebel and fly off in every direction; and to look neat, even for an hour, required coaxing, delicate little touches here and there, nice brushing of feathery plumes on the crown, and careful arrangement in front of locks that inclined to fall forward. Certainly it was not hair to appear at its best in a hurried arrangement, and the more Tinkey brushed, the more persistently it stuck out. He parted it on the left; he tried a parting on the right; he made a lovely white line down the middle; he "banged" it over his forehead, and each way looked worse than the last.

"Oh, I wish I had n't any hair!" cried impatient Tinkey.

Was there a rain of feathers? What was that flying into his eyes, up his nostrils, tickling his ears, down his throat, through a mouth opened wide in amazement? Hair! hair! hair! The whole room seemed to be full of it, flying here and there, as if every hair was a fairy laughing at Tinkey's dismay. And when at last it had all swept itself with one grand rush out at the open window, Tinkey's head was as bald as a china door-knob.

He gave one despairing glance at the mirror, caught up his old coat, crammed his polo cap tightly over his bald pate, and rushed out of the house. Nobody noticed him as he ran, not to Mrs. Davidson's, but into the woods, into the deepest shadow he could find under the tall trees, where he threw himself down and cried like a baby.

No wonder the fairy called him a goose! No boy in his senses was ever so foolish! It was bad enough to waste one fairy wish in being shot through the air like a cannon-ball, but to miss the party by such stupid folly was dreadful.

"No wonder Father says, 'Think first, speak afterward,'" sobbed Tinkey. "A pretty looking object I have made of myself, and I can not imagine what Mother will say about my shoes and pants. And they must be having such a nice time now, playing all sorts of games. I 've half a mind to wish it would pour rain. No, I wont! I am not quite such a beast as *that*, anyhow! Oh dear, how hot it is! I wish — no! no! I don't wish anything. Dear me! I was just going to wish I was in a snow-bank! Now, I wont make another foolish wish; not one! And as I can't go to the party such a guy, I 'll just think, as hard as ever I can, of real sensible things. What a lot of things I can have between now and sunset! I 'll begin with a bicycle. I always wanted one. I wish for the best bicycle in the world!" he cried aloud, adding, in another moment, "Oh! oh! the beauty! the perfect beauty! Oh, it looks like fairy-land!"

And it did. The wheels were a net-work of glistening bars like silver threads, the seat shone like a mirror, the handle and delicate wood-work were picked out in golden ornaments. Tinkey forgot the party, forgot his bald head, his big shoes, and vanished pants in the delight of this new treasure. He was sure he could ride it, for he had watched others, and knew exactly how it was done. Hop! hop! hop! and up! One leg thrown over the seat, and down came Tinkey, bicycle and all, with a crash that made him sure every bone in his body was broken. Vigorous rubbing convinced him that he was only bruised, and the bicycle was found to be uninjured. Up again! Alas! down again, as well! But a boy will work to conquer a bicycle as he never would to solve a problem in algebra, and at last Tinkey was actually up, balanced, and moved forward about ten inches. Then a new difficulty arose, and he proved that a thick grove of trees is the worst of all places in which to ride a bicycle. Every other turn of the wheels he upset; he banged his head on the tree-trunks; he skinned his legs against the rough bark, until, weary of the fun, he pushed his treasure to one side, to be dragged home at leisure. But time had not waited for Tinkey's movements, and he suddenly discovered by the lengthening shadows that sunset was not far away.

Sunset! He would lose his fairy gift when the sun was gone.

"Oh, what shall I wish for first?" he thought, sitting down upon a fallen tree-trunk. "I wonder if it is n't best to wish for a million dollars, and then I can buy everything I want. I don't believe I would get it. I wish for a dollar!" he cried aloud, and felt in the palm of his hand a pressure of something round. There it lay, a bright silver dollar, shining as if it had just left the mint.

"I do believe I can have them!" thought Tinkey, who had been rather scared at the magnitude of his proposed wish, "but I must hurry up; the sun is certainly going down." He stood up and waved his arm aloft like an officer leading his soldiers.

"I wish for a million dollars!" he cried. In a second the great silver dollars rained down upon him, as if every leaf in the trees above his head had been turned into coin. They flew into his face, striking him with their sharp, metallic edges, bruising his cheeks, his nose, his eyes; they piled up around him, each one hitting a blow as it fell. His feet were prisoned fast, his legs, his knees; he

"'I WISH FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!'"

was being banked up in a silver prison, and yet the air was full of this novel hail-storm.

"Oh, I shall be smothered, buried alive!" cried poor, frightened Tinkey, trying vainly to run away, and thrashing out his arms in every direction, as he tried to beat back the stinging, bruising pieces of coin, that were threatening to cover him entirely.

"Oh, what shall I do? Stop! I wish you to stop! I shall be killed!"

Then he heard a mocking little laugh, and on one silver dollar that balanced itself in the air, just before his eyes, he saw the fairy herself, laughing at his dismay.

"Stop!" she cried, moving her crutch, and the dollars settled down upon the trees, the bushes, the grass; on Tinkey's shoulders, on his cap, and on the pile in which he already stood waist-deep.

"So you don't want a million dollars?" she said. "I can't find out what you *do* want! I give you everything you wish for and still you are not satisfied!"

She sat down on the dollar that rocked gently in the air.

"There is nothing like a million dollars here yet," she said, "but you can have what is wanting to complete that sum in one minute."

"No! no!" cried Tinkey, seeing the crutch lifted. "What is the use of a million dollars if you are buried alive in them? I wish you would go away, and let me alone!" he burst out, in an angry sob. The fairy leaned forward and gave him one smart blow with her crutch, right on the tip of the nose. It was such a dreadful blow—for she was very angry—that Tinkey, for a moment, lost all consciousness.

When he recovered his senses he was lying under the apple tree, but the sun was hidden behind thick clouds, the wind was blowing a gale, scattering the half-ripe apples upon the ground, and threatening rain so decidedly that even lazy Tinkey was roused to running quickly until he was safely in-doors again.

"'SO YOU DON'T WANT A MILLION DOLLARS?' SHE SAID."

JANUARY AND JUNE.

By Margaret Johnson.

Said January to June:
"Pray, let us walk together.
The birds are all in tune,
And sunny is the weather.

"And look you: I will show,
Before the long day closes,
A pretty sight I know,
Worth all your summer roses."

Then, as they went, the air
Grew thick with snow-flakes flying;
But all the roses fair
Hung down their heads, a-dying.

Cried June, in sorrow: "Nay,
We may not walk together.
You 've turned my skies to gray,
And spoiled my golden weather.

"Go now, I pray you, go,
Before my last bud closes.
Take you your cold white snow,
And give me back my roses!"

THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

By E. S. Brooks.

II.

HOW THE KINGS MET IN THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

By high noon all were disembarked, and for the four days following Calais blazed with all the semi-splendors of a dress rehearsal. Every available foot of ground around the old city was taken up for lodgings. Tents and huts and temporary booths encircled the walls until, as Rauf said, "it might almost be the time of great King Edward over again."

"And how?" queried Margery.

"Why, so Master Bolton tells me," explained Rauf, "when good King Edward besieged Calais, now nigh two hundred years ago, he built all around its walls, much as we have done, houses and dwelling-places, and encompassed it round about with a new town, in the which he vowed to live until Calais should be starved out."

"Our Lady grant that we may not be starved out, though," protested Margery, whom the breezes of the Surrey hills had blessed with a healthy appetite.

"Nay, before we shall starve," said valorous Rauf, "I will, as did King Edward, single out six notable burghers of this town, and hold them as hostages for your tortured appetite."

"And I," said gay young Margery, "like the good Queen Philippa, will down on my knees before my lord and beg him to spare the honest burghers' lives."

"Which I will gladly do," retorted Rauf, "provided my lady will ask their lives of me, as also did the good Queen Philippa, for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary and for your love of me!" and then they both looked a little sheepish and quickly turned to watch the brilliant passing of Sir Henry Marney and the King's guard.

"A rare and gallant sight, are they not, Margery?" said enthusiastic Rauf.

And a rare and gallant sight, in truth, were these archers of the King's guard: "two hundred of the tallest and most elect persons, with doublets, hosen, and caps," as the old record states, their red coats rich with "goldsmiths' work and the King's cognizance," the Tudor rose in broidered gold shining on breast and back, their long-bows of finest English yew slung at the shoulder, and their velvet quivers filled with cloth-yard shafts tipped with brightest feathers.

For four days Rauf and Margery enjoyed the restless life at Calais, frequently meeting as the Queen's household and the King's retinue mingled in the work of preparation; and then, on Monday, the 4th of June, all being ready for the ceremony of the interview, the whole court moved to the appointed ground before the Castle of Guisnes.

A long train of moving color, the royal *côrtege* wound across the low, flat plain known as the marches of Calais — the border-land between English and French territory. Everywhere brilliant costumes and gorgeous trappings met the eye: the glitter of gold, the flash of silver or of burnished steel, the dazzle of jewels, and the wave of countless plumes. With lords and ladies superbly mounted; with high officials and their trains, gay in suits of velvet and gold; with priests and prelates richly gowned; with grooms and yeomen, guards and litter-men, henchmen and footmen in liveries of scarlet and russet velvet, white and yellow satin, Milan bonnets, and cloth of gold; with Flemish horses, adorned with velvet liveries; with coursers and palfreys gayly caparisoned; with hooded falcons and hounds in leash, the flower of England's nobility, following their King and Queen, swept on toward the grand lodgings that had been prepared for them on the barren fields of Guisnes.

"Prepare yourself for a wondrous sight, Rauf," said his uncle, riding up to the boy as he cantered by the side of the litter in which rode Lady Gray and Margery. "Lord Dorset tells me that so mighty a work has been done by the artificers and pioneers, that there is nothing in Rome or Venice to equal the sight."

Just then they gained the crest of an unwooded ridge, and an exclamation of delighted surprise sprang to the lips of young and old as they looked upon the scene spread out before them. To their right lay the once shabby little town of Guisnes, now royally resplendent with banners and pennons, colored hangings and cloth of gold, its castle so repaired and refitted as to make it almost habitable, and certainly picturesque. But, most marvelous of all, there rose, upon the castle green, the triumph of the architect and the decorator, the wonder of an age which brought to the decorative art the enthusiasm of religion and the luxuriance of an uncurbed fancy.

Imagine a grand palace of stone and brick and wood, its outer walls covered with gayly painted cloth — a palace larger than the New York Post-

office, more nearly the size, perhaps, of Memorial Hall, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia—its roof bright with gilding, painted in antique pattern. On every side projected oriel (or bay) windows and curious glazed towers, called cleresteries, their posts and mullions thickly overlaid with gold. Great castled gates guarded the entrance, their niches filled with gilded statues of warriors and heroes, and, flanking these, rose an embattled tower, pierced with loop-holes and flying the royal arms. From this warlike entrance there rose, in gradual ascent to the embowered portals of the palace, a wide walk, or "hall-pace," lined with "images of sore and terrible countenances," gleaming in silvered armor. Over all streamed the royal flags—the red dragon of Cadwallon, the collared greyhound, the white swan, and the crimson cross of St. George mingling with the golden blazonings of the Tudor badge of the rose, "large and stately," in every conceivable device. Grouped around and beyond this royal lodging the sun gleamed on the white canvas of near two thousand eight hundred tents, gay with the flags, the decorations, arms, and "cognizance" of their lordly occupants. On the palace lawn a great gilt fountain, running three ceaseless streams of claret, spiced wine, and water, freely quenched the thirst of all comers, while, facing it, four golden lions upheld, on a pillar wreathed with gold, a blind Cupid armed with bow and arrows.

The royal *côrtege* swept down the grassy slope, the embattled gates swung open wide, and, amid the blare of trumpets and the boom of welcoming artillery, Henry the Eighth and his court entered into fairy-land.

And fairy-land indeed did Rauf and Margery find it as, day after day, they wandered through the marvelous structure, finding ever some new magnificence of decoration, some gilded mystery of rebus or device. They strolled through passages ceiled with white silk and hung with silks and tapestries and braided cloths, "which showed like bullions of fine burnished gold"; they lingered in chambers and state apartments decorated with panels rich in gold and carving, their ceilings studded with roses frescoed on a field of fine gold; they tested the luxuriance of the chairs and divans of rare Turkish work covered with golden tissue and rich embroidery, and looked with admiring eyes upon the hangings of silken tapestries and cloth of gold, "of great and marvelous splendor." The children's eyes, indeed, often wearied of the display, and they were not sorry to rest, now and then, from all this magnificence, in the dim corridors of the "winding alley covered with verdure" that connected the palace with the old Castle of Guisnes.

"It is more wondrous even than the golden palaces of Morgan le Fay and Queen Cinderella, of which my nurse tells," said Margery, during one of these resting spells.

"Never was fairy-palace grander. Never was such magnificence," replied the sight-tired Rauf. "Why, even the poorest quarter of it is a habitation fit for a prince."

On the afternoon of their first day at Guisnes, they stood, as part of a courtly company, while through the embattled gate-way passed, surrounded by a gallant retinue of guards and gentlemen superbly dressed, the one man who was the originator and the director of all this magnificence—Thomas Wolsey the Cardinal, Lord Chancellor of England and Legate of the Pope. Mounted upon a barbed mule, whose trappings were of crimson velvet, whose headstall and studs, buckles and stirrups, were of pure gold, rode the Lord Cardinal—a heavily built man, now nearly fifty years of age, impressive in appearance, handsome in face, eloquent in speech, whose years of power had brought with them an imperious and autocratic manner that displeased his equals, but held the people in awe. He was magnificently dressed in a robe of crimson velvet heavily figured, over which was drawn a loose vest or "rochet" of the finest lace, and on his head he wore the red cap of a cardinal, with large hanging tassels. As his brilliant retinue, in their rich costumes of scarlet or crimson velvet and cloth of gold, passed down between the fluttering tents, escorting the Cardinal to the French camp to announce the arrival of England's royalty, Rauf, gazing in admiration at the splendid and imposing scene, said to Margery:

"It looks like a great field of gold, does it not, Margery?"

"Say rather of cloth of gold," said delighted Margery, as, with her girlish love of finery and perception of detail, she watched the glittering throng.

The quick ear of the King caught the comments of the children.

"Well said, well said, little ones," he broke in, enthusiastically. "What say you, my lords," he continued, turning to his retinue, "shall we not take advisement from the words of these younglings? Let us know this ground hereafter as the Field of the Cloth of Gold!"

And the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" it has remained in history to this day.

"Well, what about the French camp, Roger?" asked Rauf that evening, as he met Roger Adamson, formerly falconer at Verney Hall, but now an archer of the King's guard.

Roger put down the silver cup of spiced wine with which he was refreshing himself at the golden fountain.

"Ah," he said, "a rare sight it was, Master Rauf; though, truth to say, I was feasted so plenteously that I fear I shall never know an appetite again. Two bow-shots from the French camp, which stands across a beggarly little stream, there met us a gallant company of lords and gentlemen and men-at-arms, bravely arrayed. We marched through their files until, after the Lord Cardinal had passed, they too joined their ranks to ours, and so on to the French camp."

"Are the French lodged as royally as we, Roger?" asked Rauf.

"Ay, fully so, though in different guise. Their camp takes in both the town and castle of Arde, royally fitted, and between the castle and the little stream I spoke of there are nigh five hundred tents, very rich, and covered with bright stuffs, and flags, and devices, and cloth of gold."

"And the King's house?"

"The French King's mightiness is lodged both in the castle and in a great pavilion, which is one central tent with three lesser ones joined to it. They are hung with cloth of gold from crown to base, and on the peak of the center pavilion is a statue of St. Michael, of great height and magnificence, and all of gold, saving a rich blue mantle powdered with golden fleur-de-lis. In his right hand the image holds a dart, and in his left a mighty shield bearing the arms of France, and all so glistering with gold that one may scarcely look on it."

"Well — go on, go on!" said impatient Rauf, as the archer paused a moment.

"Give me breath, give me breath, Master Rauf," pleaded the good-natured archer. "Well, when we reached the gates of the King's lodging, we passed through long files of princes and gentlemen, archers and Swiss halberdiers, all brave in splendid liveries, and then, lo, there comes out to us the French King, bonnet in hand, to greet my Lord Cardinal."

"Bonnet in hand?" queried Rauf, incredulously.

"Ay, bonnet in hand, said I," protested the archer; "bonnet in hand comes the French King to welcome our King's Chancellor. And the trumpets and the hautboys and the clarions sounded out melodiously, while the artillery boomed such a welcome you could scarce hear aught else. Then, when my Lord Cardinal's Grace had dismounted, the French King embraced him joyfully, and they went with the lords and princes into the King's pavilion, while, as for me —well, Master Rauf, I was laid hold upon one side by a French archer, and on the other by a Swiss halberd-man, and though we could fathom naught of each other's lingo, why, we could feast together, and that we did so well and royally that here am I back again in camp, with but little stomach, I can tell you, for salted meat and strong beer again."

"And I am to go with the King's train, in two days' space, so I too can make test of this hospitality," said Rauf, with glowing anticipations.

The next day witnessed the return visit of the "harbingers," or envoys of the French King, many lords and princes "dressed in cloth of gold and well accoutered." Among them rode the Archbishop of Sens, Bonnivet, Admiral of France, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Sieur Tremouille. They were received with great display, with music and artillery and feasting, and then, on Thursday, the 7th of June, came the great event so long looked forward to — the formal meeting between the Kings.

"Oh, if I could but go!" sighed Margery, as she watched the elaborate preparations for the interview.

"Would that you might go, Margery," said Rauf, pondering. "If, now, I could but strangle one of my brother pages and put you in his place! There 's young Sir Hubert Darrell, for instance. He 's an uncomfortable little comrade, and, if I could only buy him off with a meal of pippins and wine as big as his appetite, and smuggle you into his suit of silver brocade and crimson velvet — why, off we would go together to the interview. You would look charming in crimson and silver."

"St. Frideswide forbid!" exclaimed the scandalized Margery. "When I go to a maskalyne, Master Rauf Bulney, I will go honestly and not in boy's apparel. Suppose they should surprise me in Sir Hubert's brocade and velvet! Then would I be burned like that La Pucelle or Joan of Arc they tell us of, who essayed the same. My faith, I have no liking for so hot a fire! No, no, Rauf, my day will come when the Queen's Ladyship meets the French Queen."

"Yes, I suppose it is not to be thought of," said the boy, ruefully, loath to give up his brilliant plan. "But what a pity you are not a boy, Margery — why, no, it 's not, though," he changed suddenly. "I 'd far rather have you as you are — what old Ralegh, our minstrel, sings:

> 'A mayden fayre,
> With sonnie hair,
> All garmented with light';

and never mind — I shall tell you all about it when I return, and that will be just as jolly."

Later in the afternoon, some two hours before the time of vespers, a gallant train awaited before the palace gates the signal for the interview.

Boom! went the English culverin from the Castle of Guisnes.

Boom! responded the great French falcon* from the Castle of Arde; and before the echoes died away from the intervening hills, Rauf had taken his place in the royal train, and, the English footmen, step for step, solidly leading the way, the glittering company moved on toward the pavilion in the Val Doré. Preceded by his archers of the guard, in doublets of crimson and scarlet cloaks blazoned with the Tudor rose, with nobles and prelates, knights and gentlemen, pages and guards, in richest attire of velvets and damasks and cloth of gold, rode King Henry of England, imposing in appearance and royal in mien. He was dressed in a magnificent suit of silver damask, thickly ribbed with cloth of gold, his bonnet studded with jewels and topped with waving plumes. The trappings of his horse were of velvet and cloth of gold, thickly overlaid with fine gold and mosaic work. Before him rode the old Marquis of Dorset, bearing the sword of state, and behind him came nine henchmen in cloth of tissue, their horses bright with gold-scaled harness. On the crest of a small hill, overlooking the valley where stood the pavilion, the English retinue halted and saluted, with the blare of trumpets and the dip of banners, the French resting on the opposite hill.

Tarra-tarra-tarra-ta! sounded the trumpet-blast, and down the hills on either side swept the French and English provost-marshals to clear the ground, crowding the great masses of people back upon the surrounding hills. Rauf, close in attendance on the King, saw the looks of anxiety and distrust on the faces of some of the English lords as they noted the superior numbers of the French retinue.

"Sire," hastily broke in the impetuous Lord Abergavenny, pressing close to the King, "you be my king and sovereign, wherefore, above all, I am bound to show you the truth and to stay for no one. Look ye to the French party! I know them — I have been among them. They are more in number — ay, double so many as be your Grace's train."

"Sire," counseled the more discerning Earl of Shrewsbury, "whatever my lord of Abergavenny sayeth, I myself have been there too, and, mark me, the Frenchmen be more in fear of you and your subjects than your subjects be of them. Wherefore, if I were worthy to give counsel, your Grace should march forward."

"So we intend, my lord," said the intrepid Henry. "Trumpeter, sound the advance!" and following the trumpet-call came the old-time "Forward, march!" the "On afore, my masters!" from the officers of arms, while, in close array, the whole company passed on to the position assigned them, midway down the slope.

There was a brief silence — the stillness of expectation — while two nations, long divided, watched and waited. From the pavilion in the valley below, gleaming with its rich covering of cloth of gold, streamed the companion flags of France and England. There was a stir, a parting of ranks, and forth from the array of dazzling color, of waving plumes and banners, of scarlet and cloth of gold, down either hill-slope, amid the shouts of spectators and the burst of martial music, "so that there never was such joy," rode the English Henry and the French Francis. Suddenly each monarch gave his horse the spur and galloped toward the other, "like two combatants about to engage, but instead of putting their hands to their swords, each put his hand to his bonnet." With uncovered heads and courteous salutations, still on horseback, they closed in an embrace of welcome; dismounting, they embraced again, and threw their jeweled bridles to their masters of the horse. Then, arm in arm, the two sovereigns entered the gilded pavilion; the people cheered, "the trumpets and other instruments sounded on each side, so that it seemed a paradise," the Lord Cardinal and Bonnivet, Admiral of France, followed their lieges through the portals of the pavilion; with hearty and repeated salutations of "Bons amys, Francoys et Angloys!"† the two companies intermingled, and the great event, so long anticipated, was an accomplished fact.

Our friend Rauf, enthusiastic in his delight at being really a part of all this grand and gracious display, walked gayly among the mingled ranks and aired his broken French with an impartial and reckless sincerity.

"And what think you they talk of in the pavilion, Uncle?" he asked, as with boyish curiosity he glanced toward the curtained entrance of the tent, now closely guarded by archers and halberd-men.

"Of more than you can fathom, my boy," answered Sir Rauf. "Of treaties and alliances, of possible wars and possible marriages; for there is some talk afloat of a betrothal between our little Princess Mary and the Dauphin of France."

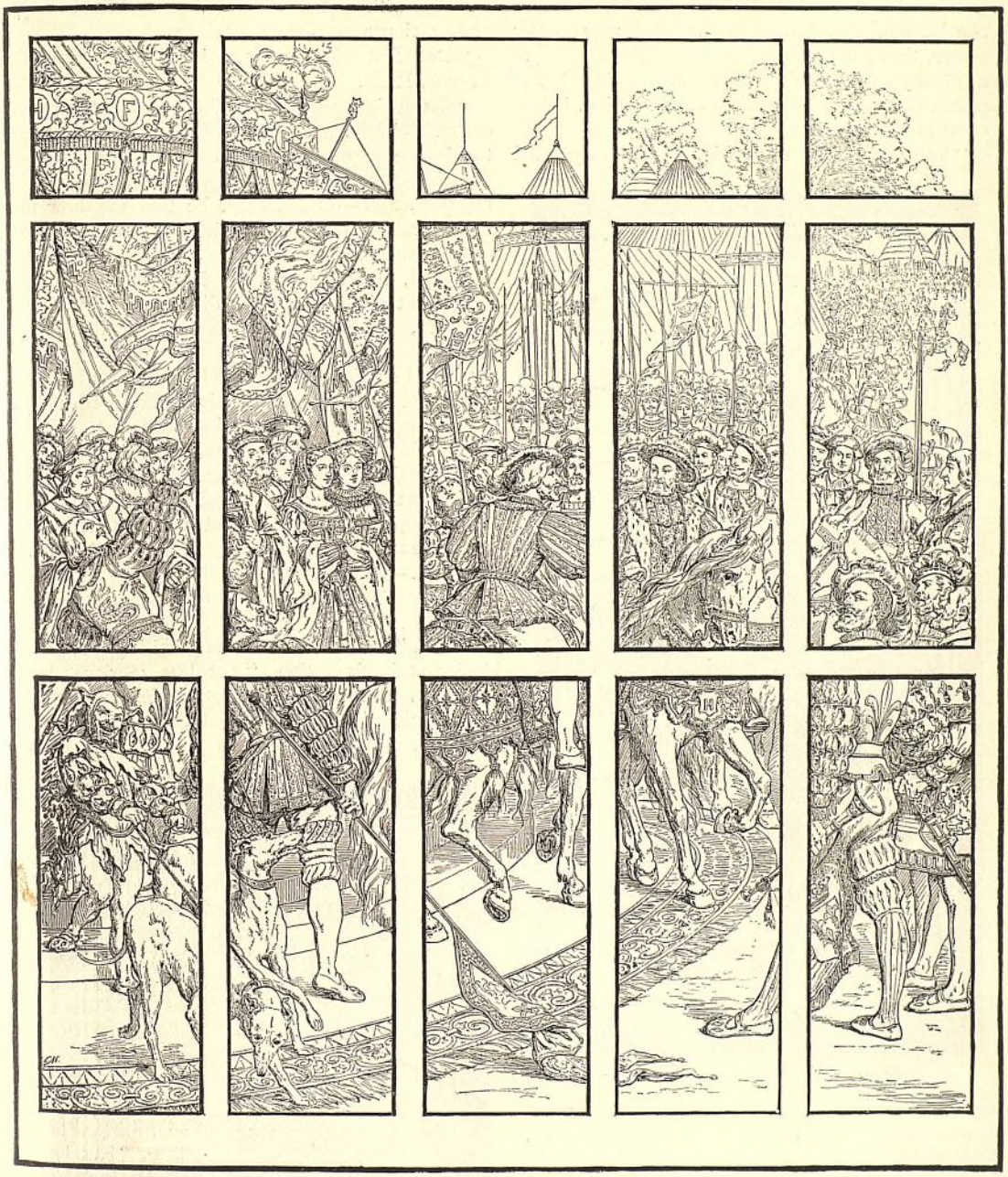
"A marriage?" echoed incredulous Rauf. "Why, Uncle"—thinking tenderly of Margery—"they are but children; the Princess Mary is but a baby, and the Dauphin surely not much older."

"The bethrothal of two nations, my boy, is, as you will learn in time, of more moment than the ages of two children. But trust our King's highness," continued his uncle. "He whom the King of the Romans seeks and the King of France sues, will not pledge faith and friendship without careful thought."

And Sir Rauf was right. For after nigh twenty

* Falcon — an ancient form of cannon.

† "Good friends, French and English."



THE MEETING OF THE KINGS IN THE GOLDEN VALLEY.*

days of comradeship, of feasting and of pageantry, the King of France knew no more of the real intentions of Henry of England than he did before the meeting of the Kings in the pavilion of the golden valley.

As, a half-hour later, Rauf waited in ready attendance upon King Henry, his sturdy boyhood seemed to have taken the fancy of the French King, for, turning to his brother prince, Francis said, with that easy grace and pleasant manner that

* This picture is copied by permission from the stained-glass window designed by M. Oudinot, of Paris, for the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, in New York City.

won so many to him: "My dear brother and cousin, lend me, I pray you, yon courtly young squire, that I may show our demoiselles of France a worthy sample of your English lads. I will return him, well and suitably accompanied, before noon to-morrow."

"Why, take him thus, fair cousin," responded

THE ARMOR OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.*

Henry, heartily, "and may his manners prove more to your liking than can his halting French. Comport yourself as though you were hostage for England's youth, Sir Page," he said to Rauf, "and shame not the teaching of your English tutor, nor your English home."

So Rauf went to the Castle of Arde in the train of the French King, and, on the following day, after his return from his visit, he regaled Margery with the story of what he had seen, and piqued her curiosity with certain sly references to the beauty and graciousness of the French maidens.

"But what manner of man is the great King of France, Rauf?" she asked.

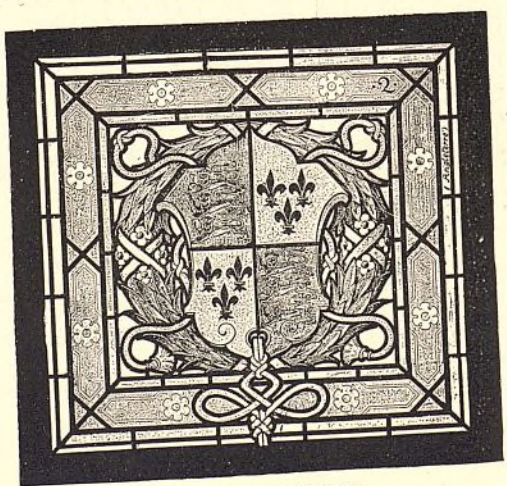
"Oh, a right royal prince," responded the boy, enthusiastically. "As page of honor, I rode close to his stirrup on the way to Arde, and he oft questioned me about my home, and my duties, and my pets, and — O Margery, he told me how to snare a rabbit after the French fashion, and how to hood a lanard, wild to fly!"

"Well, never mind that, Rauf — how did he look, what did he do, what did he wear?" asked Margery, more interested in fashions than falcons.

"Oh, I studied him well, believe me, for I knew you would question me. He is tall and well-built, but not so stout as our gracious King; broad in the shoulders and large in the feet, with a brown face and short, dark beard, long nose and bright blue eyes; haughty, but pleasant; gay and gracious, and, withal, a smile and a voice that make you feel as if you must do as he desires, willy-nilly. And then — O Margery — his dress!"

"Finer than our King's, Rauf?" asked the girl.

"Well," said cautious Rauf, halting between loyalty and admiration, "not less glorious, believe me. Over a cassock of gold frieze he wore a splendid mantle of cloth of gold, wonderfully fine in texture and sprinkled with jewels. The front



THE ARMS OF ENGLAND.

and sleeves were studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and large hanging pearls, while his velvet bonnet was set with precious stones and capped with gallant plumes. Before him marched

* Another stained-glass window, designed by M. Oudinot for the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, is made up of the four decorations copied in the drawings on these two pages.

the Constable of Bourbon, bearing a naked sword, and, also, his master of the horse with the state sword of France, powdered with gold fleur-de-lis;

THE ARMS OF FRANCE.

and at rear and van marched a great company of princes and lords and gentlemen, with archers and men-at-arms, more grandly dressed than I can say."

"And what did you at the camp, Rauf?"

"Oh, I was most graciously received and royally lodged. The great pavilion of the King is more goodly to see than I can describe. It is as high as a tower, of wonderful breadth; outside, all cloth of gold, and, inside, cloth of gold frieze. The hangings, too, and the furnishings are most marvelous, and the ceiling is like to the blue sky, full of golden stars and all the signs and devices of the heavens."

"Well—what more?" as Rauf paused for breath.

"Oh, but give me time to think, Margery. Well, after the feast came a wonderful maskalyne, with the French lords in all manner of curious and mirthful costumes, and the dames and demoiselles—the last in especial—beautiful beyond compare."

"Oh, Rauf!"

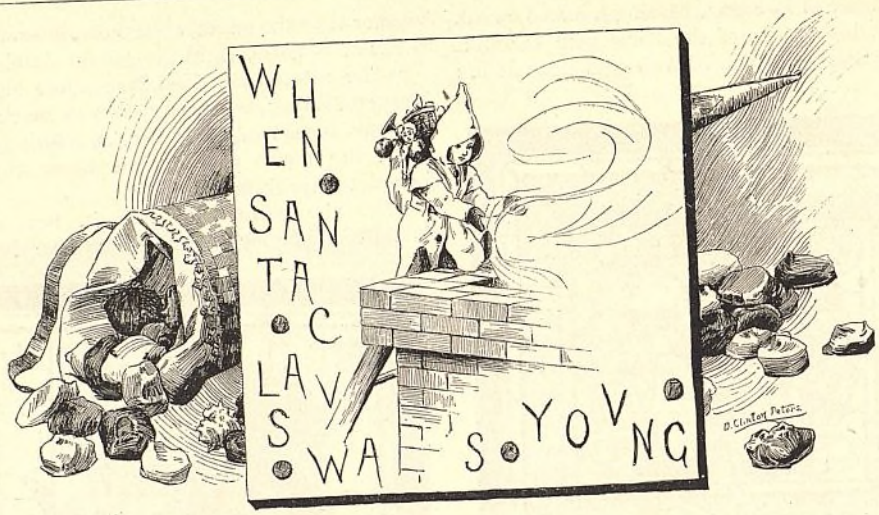
"Ah—ah! for *French* maidens, I mean. There was not one, of course, in all the French camp to go before the fair maid of Surrey—sweeter than the sweet whitethorn blossom on her banks of Thames," said the gallant Rauf.

"The blessed St. Valentine spare us," cried Margery, lifting her pretty arms in mock protest. "If this comes of your French visiting, Master Page, the more you stay at home the better for quiet English maids."

"But she seemed to like it, nevertheless," thought Rauf; for compliments have been just as sweet to hear, and maids have been just as protestingly pleased to listen, through all the six thousand years of this gray old world's pilgrimage.

THE ARMOR OF KING FRANCIS THE FIRST.

(To be continued.)



HETTY'S LETTER.

By Katharine Kameron.

Miss Thankful White's "keeping-room" was as prim and proper as herself. Hetty Williams glanced about her, as she knitted briskly. Long practice had made this easy to her. The chairs stood stiff and straight against the wall in rows. The ancient sofa held itself severely erect, while its long lines of shining nail-heads made her arms ache to look at them. She had polished their bright brass every day of her life, as long back as she could remember. The square-figured carpet was speckless, even the feathery asparagus that filled the fire-place never dropped a grain. The great pink-lined shells on the high chimney-shelf, and the scraggy coral branch, had stood in the same places always, and the tall bunch of peacock's feathers, with their gorgeous colors and round eyes, nodding over the whole, were worst of all—"They stare so," she said softly under her breath. The dismal green curtains were down, to keep the sun from fading the carpet, but the summer wind fanned them in and out, and brought to Hetty bright flashes of golden-rod along the road-side, and the sweet scent of the buckwheat and the drone of the bees above its white blossoms. The door to the kitchen was closed. Miss Thankful had a visitor, and was enjoying a good gossip.

"Take your knittin', Hetty, and run into the keepin'-room, and shut the door after you," were Miss Thankful's instructions, when Widow Basset had seated herself comfortably in the flag-bottomed rocker. The session was longer than usual, and Hetty grew desperate.

"Miss Thankful," said she, clicking the latch, and putting her small head into the kitchen, "may I take my knittin' out under the big tree in the orchard?"

"I 'd jest as lief 's not," was the answer, "if only you don't get to witchin' and forget your work. The mittens must be done afore Sat'day night, you know."

For a while the needles flashed in and out, the mitten grew longer, and the work went on steadily and quietly, as if Hetty had been one of the newly patented knitting-machines. The sunshine made shadow pictures on the grass, the leaves over her head rustled pleasantly, and the leaves at her feet waved silently in a tangle of light and shade. The bees went humming by, and the butterflies brushed her face, but still the little maid worked faithfully at her task. The last mitten was nearly finished.

Presently the sudden sound of chattering voices and merry laughing caused her to look up in surprise. Three little girls were coming toward her, and one of them said, quite politely:

"We saw you here, and thought it looked such a nice shady place for our dolls' picnic. Should you mind if we staid with you to play?"

"I should be very glad, indeed," answered Hetty,

heartily; but she scarcely looked at her little visitors—her eyes were fixed on the dolls which two of them carried. Hetty had a rag-doll of her own make, hidden away in a box under her bed, and it was one of her most precious possessions. She had seen prettier ones at the store, and had long dreamed of saving pennies to buy one—but these dolls! these were so unlike anything she had ever seen or imagined, that they "took away her breath," she said. They had dainty waxen faces, with cheeks like rose-leaves, and great blue eyes with dark, silky lashes, and real golden hair, wavy and long. "They must be meant for dolls' angels," she thought, but said not a word. Hetty was not given to speaking her mind, Miss Thankful White's motto being: "Little girls must be seen, but not heard."

While she stood lost in admiring wonder, the little strangers, with a busy chatter, set about preparing their picnic. Before long, Hetty knew that they lived in Boston, and that they, with their mamma, were boarding at the Maplewood Farm, near by, for the summer; that two of them were sisters, and one a cousin. All this, and much more, was told to their new neighbor.

Presently Hetty said, thoughtfully: "I guess little girls are heard in Boston."

They looked at her a minute in surprise, and then one answered:

"Why, yes, of course; are n't they in Patchook?"

"Miss Thankful says they should only be seen," was the reply.

"Who is Miss Thankful?"

"Why, she 's Miss Thankful White; and I live with her."

"Is she your aunt?"

"No; she 's the one who took me to bring up, when Mother died—to help 'round, and save her steps, and do the house chores." Hetty made this long speech quite rapidly, as if she had heard it, or said it, so often that she knew it by heart, and then she fell to knitting busily.

Her little playmates looked at her and at one another, but did not answer. This was a kind of life they knew nothing about. They could not imagine a little girl without a papa and mamma, auntie and cousins, plenty of toys and playtime, and lots of laughing and talking.

Soon one of them, with a bright thought, said

"SHOULD YOU MIND IF WE STAID WITH YOU TO PLAY?" THEY ASKED.

quickly: "Would you like to hold my dolly, while I help set the table?"

This was delightful. Hetty dropped her mitten, and taking the dainty creature gently in her arms,

"SHE TOOK ONE LOOK AT HER DEAR OLD RAG DOLL."

she lightly smoothed the long, soft dress of finest frills and laces. What a wonder of beauty! Hetty sat silent and happy, stroking the golden hair and touching the little hands and pretty kid shoes.

"Where did it come from?" she asked at length.

"Uncle Charley bought it for me at one of the Boston shops," answered the little owner, carelessly. A wax doll was nothing strange to her.

Then Hetty took up the other doll and compared them—"a brown-eyed beauty and a blue-eyed angel," she thought.

Suddenly she heard Miss Thankful's voice calling: "Hetty, Hetty Williams! Can't you see it 's near sundown? How are the cows to get home if you don't spry up and start after 'em?"

Sure enough, the day was nearly done, and when the little strangers started for Maplewood Farm, long, spindling shadows, with long, spindling dolls in their arms, ran alongside of them. Hetty saw this, as she stopped to look back after them on her way to the house.

Then off she trudged after Sukey and Jenny, but she passed by the flaming golden-rod, the purple asters, and the creamy buck-wheat without ever once seeing them. It was like walking in her sleep. Her eyes were open, but she saw nothing except the pretty doll-faces she was dreaming about.

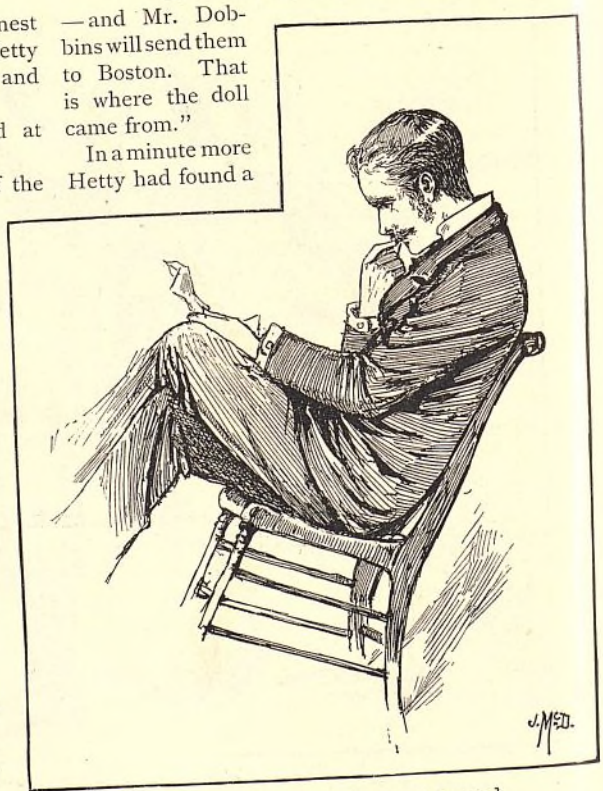
After the cows were home, and the milk in the bright pans, she finished the last mitten and bound it off in the fading light. Before she slipped into her little bed, she took her dear old rag doll from the box for one look.

It was dreadful. She shut her eyes tight and put it back quickly out of sight. Those lovely doll angels! She could not quite keep them out of her prayers, even. It took a long, long time for Hetty to go to sleep that night. Her restless head tossed from side to side. When, at last, it lay quite still, and she was fast asleep, it was still full of rosy dreams. Blue-eyed dollies, with pink faces and wavy hair, crowded about her pillow.

The first beams of the morning sunshine found Hetty standing in the middle of the floor, with a brand-new idea caught tight and fast in her tangle of hair. Miss Thankful had not called her. She was not even stirring yet, and Hetty spoke aloud:

"Miss Thankful will take the mittens to the store to-day—that makes six pair—and Mr. Dobbins will send them to Boston. That is where the doll came from."

In a minute more Hetty had found a pencil and some scraps of paper, and was seated by the low window, busily writing. It was clearly something very important. She wrote one note and



TOM READS THE LETTER. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

tore it up; and then another and did the same; the third time it seemed to suit her. Next, she folded it very small and flat; then she took the new mittens from the drawer, and tucked the folded paper close up into the tip of the right hand.

"Good mornin', Miss Thankful," said Mr. Dobbins; "want to trade fur mittens agin, do ye? Well, that little girl o' yourn makes 'em 'mazin' spruce. None o' the knittin'-machines beat Hetty much. We kin get rid o' all ye kin fetch. A Boston man was in here yist'day and spoke fur a dozen pair. So help yerself, Miss Thankful; got some extra fine cotton cloth, very cheap, and some hansum caliker as ever you see."

Hetty was at the south door as the old chaise drove up, and took the parcels from Miss Thankful. She saw the mittens had not come back. "Gone to Boston," she whispered joyfully, as she turned into the house again.

So they had—started that very day. They did not stay long in Boston, however. The city was full of western merchants, buying for the fall and winter. Among the rest, stacks of woolen gloves and mittens went off over the iron tracks, up into the great, cold north-western country, where Jack Frost has jolly times playing his Russian pranks, and nipping noses, ears, and fingers.

Time went by, and winter came in dead earnest. Jack Frost enjoyed his rough jokes and found his way through all kinds of gloves. The clerks of a great store up in Minnesota were tired of saying to customers, "We are out of woolen mittens, sir—all gone long ago—not a woolen glove left in the house, sir."

"Hello, Mike, what is this?" said a pleasant-faced young fellow to one of the porters, as he drew out a packing-box from a dark corner in the cellar.

"Shure an' I dun' no, sir. I 'm thinkin' it 's sumthin' that 's hid itself away, unbeknownst loike."

"We 'll find out quickly," said the young man. Mike's hatchet went splintering and cracking through the dry wood till the cover flew off.

"Wullun gloves! Misther Tom, and it 's the lucky foind, sir. Shure the paaple 'll be twice gladder to have thim now, sir, than in the warrum wayther whin they cum, sir."

Tom laughed at Mike's sharp way of dodging the blame, and ordered them brought upstairs to be put on the counter at once. As he turned away, he took up the top pair. "First come, first served," he said; "these are my share. My old ones leak the cold everywhere." Sitting down by the glowing stove, he examined his prize at his leisure. "Good, thick, warm wool," said he. "No thin places; honest work, first quality."

By this time, two or three others had gathered around him, each with a pair of the new "find." When Tom tried the fit of his new gloves, his fingers touched something in the very tip of the right hand. Turning it wrong-side out, he found a carefully folded paper, like a note. Smoothing it out on his knee, he read it aloud:

"My name is Hetty Williams. I am eight years old. I live in Patchook, Mass. I knit these mittens for Mr. Dobbins's store. I wish the gentleman who buys them would send me a wax doll. I have only a rag doll, and I want one with a wax face and blue eyes, and pink cheeks and real hair. I want her very much indeed."

"Hurrah for little Hetty!" said Mr. Tom; "she shall have her wax baby for Christmas-day." And then he fell into a brown study. The fact was, Tom had been born "away down East," and he had worked a while in a country store there. He knew in a minute just what Mr. Dobbins's store was like. He fairly smelt the soap, and fish, and coffee, and could see the calicoes, and dishes, and woolen socks, and gray mittens. It did not take long to think all this, and then he cried:

"HETTY SAT LIKE A STATUE, LOOKING AT HER TREASURE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"Who wants to help get a stunning doll for little Hetty? I'm glad Mr. Dobbins sent her gloves along this way."

The boys who did not get notes in their mittens tried to think that Hetty had knitted them all the same, and when Tom passed around his hat, the halves and quarters rattled in, then a trade-dollar thumped down, and a greenback or two fluttered in silently. Tom took the proceeds and went to the gayest toy-shop in town, and found a famous wax dolly. It was as big and as plump as a live baby, and much prettier, he thought. It had a long white frock, and shut its eyes properly when Tom laid it down to count out the money to pay for it. It did not take long to pack it snugly in a smooth box. Then Tom pasted Hetty's open letter on the cover. He went down himself with it to the express, and told the boys it must go free, and that every one might send a Merry Christmas to little Hetty till the lid was full of good wishes. I doubt if there ever was so much writing outside of one box. Every man who handled it seemed to think at once of some little sister or daughter or niece, and for her sake sent a greeting to the little girl in Patchook.

The day before Christmas, Miss Thankful White's old chaise stopped at Mr. Dobbins's store and post-office, and that lady, with Hetty to carry the parcels, came up to the counter.

"Good mornin', Miss Thankful—wish ye Merry Christmas—fine frosty weather, this. Le' me see: I think there 's a letter for your little gal, Hetty there—came this mornin'. Get it out, Dan."

Hetty's eyes opened wider than ever before in her life. A letter for her! What could it mean? Mr. Dobbins must have made a mistake. But no, the red-haired boy, Dan, read the address, and handed it straight to her.

"*Miss Hetty Williams, Patchook, Mass.*"

Her first letter! She never thought of opening it—she was too much astonished and too well pleased.

"Sakes alive! Hetty Williams, what be you standin' there for, like as if you was struck dumb? Why don't ye hev sense enough left to open that letter and find out su'thin' about it?"

But as Hetty did not stir, Miss Thankful took it from her hand, removed her glasses, wiped them and put them on again, then carefully opened it and slowly read aloud:

"There is a box for Hetty Williams, in the express office at Fitchtown. Will be kept till called for. This express does not deliver in Patchook."

"Wall, to be sure! Who kin it be from? how kin we git it?" queried that lady, helplessly.

"Why, bless ye, Miss Thankful, that 's as easy as rollin' off a log. My boy Dan is jest hitchin' up to go to Fitchtown express for some store goods. He 'll bring Hetty's box along with him, and glad tew."

Just after early nightfall that day, Mr. Dobbins's wagon rattled up to the south door. Miss Thankful and Hetty both rushed out to meet Dan, and it would be hard to say which was the spryer of the two.

Miss Thankful took the box from Dan with many thanks, and carried it into the house, saying:

"It 's rather big and hefty for you, Hetty;" and then the good woman carefully pried off the cover with a claw-hammer and stove-lifter. The Christmas softness had, somehow, found its way to her heart, and so she quietly moved away to put up the "tools," and left Hetty to unfold the wrappings by herself and first see the sight, whatever it might be.

Hetty, when Miss Thankful came back, sat as still as a statue, with folded hands, looking only at her treasure. Miss Thankful settled her spectacles, took one good look, and then exclaimed: "Wall, I never! This does beat all natur'. Where upon airth did it ever rain down from?"

Just then, her "specs" grew dim, and the old lady took them off and wiped them well; then she continued: "Deary me, deary me! Well, I am right down glad that the Lord 's put it into some-un's heart to clap to and send that child a doll baby. I 'm sure I never should 'a' thought o' such a thing, if I 'd lived a thousand year, and yet how powerful happy the little creetur is over it, to be sure! She looks like a pictur', kneelin' there by the box, with her eyes shinin' so bright and so still, just as if the doll baby was an angel, come down in its long white frock."

I only wish Tom could have seen Hetty then, or afterward, when she sat by the bright wood-fire, looking with childish delight into the soft blue eyes of her waxen darling. Or if he could have taken one look at the two heads on the pillow of the little attic bed, that night—both pair of eyes fast shut, and Hetty's small arm hugging her treasure tight and fast in her soundest sleep—he would then have known to a certainty that little Hetty Williams was to have at least one happy Christmas.

ELIZABETH BUTLER.

By Alice Meynell.

[Many of the older boys and girls among our readers, who have seen in the print-shops beautiful engravings known as "The Roll-call," "Quatre Bras," "Balaclava," etc., and have heard of the fame of Elizabeth Thompson, the brilliant English girl who painted the original pictures, will be glad to read the following interesting sketch, written by her sister, Mrs. Meynell. For several of the illustrations to this article (the drawings on pages 190, 191, 192, and 193, showing single-figure studies from some of the prominent English regiments) we are indebted to the artist herself, who drew them expressly for St. Nicholas.]

Elizbth Thompson

It is not altogether unusual for an artist's or an author's work to be the subject of a brother's comment in criticism or biography. Sons have written of their fathers; many a wife has chronicled the labors of her husband; and if one sister is asked, as I have been, to record the happy and successful early career of another, she will be ready, for the sake of a task so pleasant, to set aside the feelings of family diffidence which might make her as modest in respect of her sister's fame as if it were her own.

Short biographies of Mrs. Butler have been plentiful enough, and have vied with one another in incorrectness. Elizabeth Thompson (Mrs. Butler) was positively unknown to the great public when her "Roll-call" took the world by storm, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that the surprise at her success, joined to the common love of wonders, gave rise to many mistakes in regard to her past. One delusion it is well to put an end to at the outset — the opinion that her sudden success was not preceded by long and careful study. In fact, Mrs. Butler has been a worker at art from the age of five.

Her father's system of instruction consisted of reading aloud the things which he wished to instill into her mind, while she practiced drawing and sketching. He believed that this kind of occupation on her part was no hinderance to mental attention, but that, on the contrary, the after-sight of the drawing produced during the reading of some passage of history would recall the events to which the little artist was listening while her pencil was at work. A little questioning at the end of each lesson was, of course, necessary to test whether the pursuit of art had or had not been too absorbing. Undoubtedly the success of this plan was mainly due to his own gentleness and patience Upon the

whole, the system was found to work well, and it was no doubt persevered in because it enabled her father to give his two children more advanced instruction than would have been possible without the constant comment and explanation which a reader is able to supply, better than any other teacher, to his hearers. He undertook the whole education of his daughters, giving up his time, and of course denying himself much that otherwise his cultivated nature would have enjoyed, for the sake of conscientiously fulfilling his self-imposed task. A few words in commemoration may be permitted in this unavoidably personal little record, especially now that he is no longer here to forbid the acknowledgment of all that his celebrated daughter owes to him.

Born in 1811, in the West Indies, Elizabeth Thompson's father was early left an orphan, and was brought up in the care of his grandfather; he was educated under private tuition and at Trinity College, Cambridge, which his delicate health, however, caused him to leave before he had taken his degree. He married, for the first time, very early; lost his young wife after the birth of a son and daughter, and adopted a life of travel and of literary and artistic interests, collecting pictures, studying by way of pleasure, and enjoying the society of which the late Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, and D'Orsay were the principal stars. During this period he made a trip to America — rather an uncommon thing in those days; and it was a source of keen pleasure to him, not only at the time, but in the memories of his later life.

Of my father's friendship with Charles Dickens little need be recorded here, except that it was close and unusually affectionate; that he joined some of the amateur theatricals which the novelist so enthusiastically loved, and that it was Charles Dickens who introduced him to the lady who became his second wife and the mother of the battle-painter. Meeting, in Liverpool, a young girl who inspired him with an admiration attested by some of the most enthusiastic letters he ever wrote, Charles Dickens could not help coveting the prize on behalf of his friend. What he hoped for happened, in effect, more quickly than he had anticipated. He was the confidant of the engagement, the life of the wedding, and, with Mrs. Dickens, the companion of the closing month of a long wedding journey. His note of congratulation on the birth of the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, which event took place at Lausanne immediately after he had left the young couple in Switzerland, has been published in the third volume of "Dickens's Collected Letters."

About seven or eight years later he met my parents again; this time they were living, with their two little girls, within sight of the snow-capped peaks of the Appenines, in an old palace, the Villa de Franchi, immediately overlooking the Mediterranean, with olive-clad hills at the back; on the left, the great promontory of Porto Fino; on the right, the Bay of Genoa, some twelve miles away, and the long line of the Apennines sloping down into the sea. The palace garden descended, terrace by terrace, to the rocks, being, indeed, less a garden than what is called a *villa* in the Liguria, and a *podere* in Tuscany — a fascinating mixture of vine, olive, maize, flowers, and corn. A fountain in marble, lined with maiden-hair, played at the junction of each terraced flight of steps. A great billiard-room on the first floor, hung with Chinese designs, was Elizabeth Thompson's first school-room; and there Charles Dickens, upon one of his Italian visits, burst in upon a lesson in multiplication. It was the first and almost the only time I ever saw him. In dim remembrance, he abides as a noisy, very rosy, very energetic, and emphatically English personality, though his person itself is quite forgotten; and the fact that nine times nine are eighty-one has remained in the girls' minds as one of the most unmistakable items of arithmetic, accompanied by the clap of hands and the cordial shout with which he proclaimed it.

The two children never went to school, and had no other teacher than their father — except their mother for music, and the usual professors for "accomplishments" in later years. And whether living happily in their beautiful Genoese home, or farther north among the picturesque Italian lakes, or in Switzerland, or among the Kentish hop-gardens and the parks of Surrey (the family having a more than Bedaween fondness for liberty of movement), Elizabeth's one central occupation of drawing was never abandoned — literally not for a day. With it went a peculiar faculty of observation which her father fostered continually. On the family *vetturino* journeys to Florence, to Switzerland, and elsewhere the small artist's head was always out of the window, watching with a perfectly inexhaustible interest the changing of horses and the ever-varying humors of the road-side. In England, the subjects of study — and of very profitable study undoubtedly — were the action of the cricket-field and the labors of cart-horses in the hay-harvest. Assuredly the child was never idle, for her eyes were hard at work. The promise of her sketches had declared itself very early to eyes able to discriminate between what is significant and living in such elementary attempts, and what is only the common work of baby fingers. Both her parents were, in fact, artists; her father having an altogether exceptional, though untaught, power in

drawing heads, and her mother being a landscape-painter whose capacity Mr. Ruskin and the late Mr. Tom Taylor, among other critics, recognized with marked interest and admiration. Nor were the child's wise guides alarmed at what might have been considered as unfeminine in the subjects she chose—stampedes of wild horses, battles, and soldiers in various combinations. So strong a tendency, it was felt, had a meaning; the love of horses especially seemed to point to a following of Rosa Bonheur; but happily Elizabeth Thompson, when in her early teens, abandoned the intention of being exclusively an animal painter.

When the child was fifteen, it was resolved (the family being at that time in England) that the routine of art-training might begin without interfering unduly with other studies; and my sister joined the South Kensington School of Design, but only for a session, the work proving too mechanical to profit her much. A teacher of art-painting was therefore engaged, a Mr. Standish, and the young aspirant handled the brush for the first time.

After a winter of hard work came a three-years' sojourn at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, where Elizabeth Thompson received instruction in water-color and landscape from a Mr. Gray, continuing her own sketches from imagination and nature with ceaseless pleasure. Bonchurch is a pretty place, but Bonchurch life is hardly picturesque; fortunately, horses are everywhere, and are always good subjects, even though nothing rougher or more characteristic be at hand than carriage-horses, or the well-groomed mare of the family butcher.

After still another visit abroad came a prolonged stay in London and another application, this time under new circumstances, for the national art-instruction at South Kensington. The head-master there at the time was Mr. Richard Burchett, whose discrimination as a teacher and whose enlightened encouragement of the lady students (always under a disadvantage in Government schools) were of signal assistance to many a beginner. He knew how to dispense with routine in a place of which routine was, apparently, the very life; and to him

AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF ELIZABETH THOMPSON'S FAMOUS PICTURE "THE ROLL-CALL." *

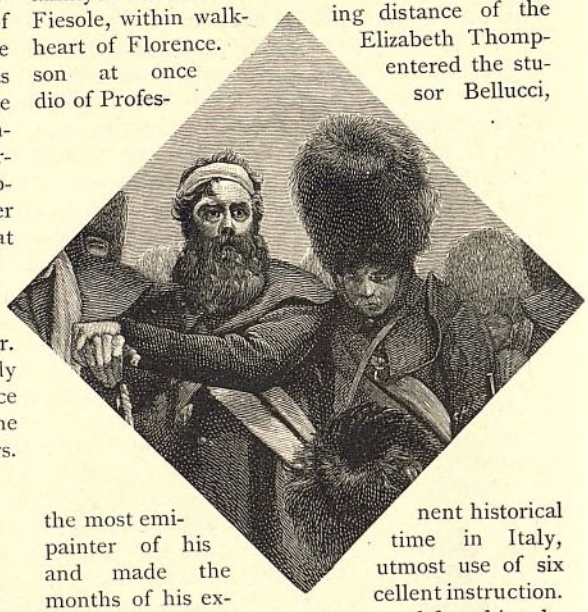
* It is impossible to present within the limits of one page an adequate copy of "The Roll-call," as the required reduction would make the faces so small that their expression would be lost. We give a reduced outline of the entire picture, and on pages 188 and 189 show copies of some of its most interesting groups.

All the reproductions here given from the picture of "The Roll-call" are made with the kind permission of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond street, London, owners of the copyright. The painting belongs to Her Majesty the Queen, and is now at Windsor Castle, but was in the possession of the Fine Art Society for some time, and was seen by nearly a quarter of a million people. The steel-plate engraving (from which our engravings are copied) was prepared by Mr. F. Stackpoole, A. R. A., at a cost of nearly £2000 ($10,000); and after thirty-five hundred impressions had been taken off, the plate was destroyed, although in good condition, in order that the value of the engravings might not be lessened by the issue of inferior impressions.

the new pupil's sketches were submitted, with the bold request that, if he saw fit, he would allow her to skip the room in which drawings of scroll-work were to be copied for a certain number of months, the room in which outlined flowers were to be reproduced, the room in which an egg was to be shaded, and that in which a chair was to be studied in perspective, and all the other preliminaries to the "antique" and the "life." The permission was readily granted, and Elizabeth Thompson became a pupil in figure-drawing. She never considered, however, that her course of study at South Kensington had done for her what it ought to have done in the time which she spent there, or that the system in force was personal or careful enough to develop individual power. And it was between two long courses of study there that she enjoyed the summer in Florence and the winter in Rome to which she thought she owed almost all the solid success of after years.

GROUP FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

In 1868, she was painting in private at Genoa, the city which had been her early home, and in which her half-sister had married and remained. The following spring saw the family in a Florentine villa upon the road to Fiesole, within walking distance of the heart of Florence. Elizabeth Thompson at once entered the studio of Professor Bellucci,



GROUP FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

the most eminent historical painter of his time in Italy, and made the utmost use of six months of his excellent instruction. What she gathered from him she never lost, and she was wont to say that his method of correcting a touch or an outline, and then asking her whether she had understood the motive of the correction, was worth more than a lecture on painting. Everything was personal, well-directed, and insistent — the very antithesis, in fact, of class teaching, where generalities are unavoidable. The steadfast young student used to rise betimes, to breakfast alone before the rest of the family, and to walk down with a maid into the town, to the old paved street of Santa Reparata, where Signor Bellucci had his studio. On the days when she did not work with him, she copied passages from the frescoes in the cloisters of the Annunziata, masterpieces of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio, making a special study of the drapery of the last-named painter. The sacristans of the old church — the most popular church in Florence — knew and welcomed the young English girl, who sat for hours so intently at her work in the cloister, unheeding the coming and going of the long procession of congregations passing through the gates.

Her studies in the galleries were also full of delight and profit, though she made no other copies, and she was wont to say that of all the influences of the Florentine school which stood her in good stead in her after work, that of Andrea del Sarto was the most valuable and

the most important. The intense heat of a midsummer which, day after day, showed a hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade could not make her relax work, and her master, Florentine as he was, was obliged to beg her to spare him, at least for a week, if she would not spare herself. It was toward the end of October that artist and pupil parted, his confidence in her future being as unbounded as her gratitude for his admirable skill and minute carefulness. During the following seven months, spent in Rome, no other teaching was sought besides the silent instruction of the great galleries. Under the influences of the city, military subjects were put aside for the time, and thronged with "types"—Oriental and Occidental, Tartar and African and Mongolian; while languages, habits, and vestments were as various as the faces. The Council was still in session when the artist, with her family, went to London in the early summer.

At this time Elizabeth Thompson, again a student at South Kensington, became a regular exhibitor at the Dudley Gallery and other water-color exhibitions. Military subjects had resumed their strong hold on her fancy; and her drawings of cavalry in action, of recruits at drill, and kindred scenes gained so much appreciation that a leading critic adjudged her, to her own surprise, to be, in her higher studies of character, a rival to Fortuny. During her sojourn in Florence she had entered upon her profession in the formal manner which is marked by a first sale, and a few years previously she had been an occasional contributor to the Society of Lady Artists in London, but her regular exhibition career may be considered as dating from the season of 1870. While, however, her military work was meeting with what promised to be a success, the Roman religious picture of which mention has been made underwent a more than usually rigorous fate at the hands of the Royal Academy, being not only re-

GROUPS FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

Elizabeth Thompson sketched the Romans of to-day, drew from the usual models, and achieved a religious picture—the "Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to St. Elizabeth"—which gained honorable mention at an ecclesiastical art exhibition opened by Pope Pius the Ninth in the cloisters of the Carthusian monastery. In Rome, too, was studied from the life a scene of a Roman Sunday-school which the artist had been much interested in watching—the priests and children at catechism, the groups gathered together in different parts of the churches or cloisters, the demonstrative interest and emphasis with which the monks pressed their theological dogmas into the boyish mind, and the evident good-will that inspired the little learners. Nor, fortunately for our artist and the public, was there any lack of other sketchable matter in Rome that season, the Vatican Council having assembled in December, and the churches and streets being

jected, but displaying, when eventually recovered from the cellars of that institution, a ragged hole in the carefully painted evening sky large enough to give a glimpse of the sky of London through the canvas. The next picture, sent to the Academy from the Isle of Wight, was rejected also, but came home without a hole; the next year the young artist tried again—this time with a subject from the Franco-Prussian war, then of comparatively recent interest. "Missing" was the title, and the picture commemorated one of those side-incidents of a campaign in which she believed that art might find a truer and more human interest than in the masses and generalities of a battle. Two French officers, old and young, both

A LANCER, 17TH REGIMENT. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

wounded and with one wounded horse between them, have lost their way after a disastrous defeat; their names will appear in the sad roll as missing, and the manner of their death will never be known. The picture gained admittance to the Academy, to the artist's great pleasure, but was hung too high up, or, as it is technically termed, "skyed." During the same year she received her first commission, which came from one of the wealthy art-patrons of the great metropolis, and was accepted as a welcome encouragement and proof of appreciation. The subject was to be military; and the artist resolved upon "The Roll-call." In sticking so resolutely to the painting of soldiers she abandoned several other branches of art in which she would probably have won distinction: sacred history, romantic history, portrait, landscape, or, as has been said, animal-painting, all lay well within her power, and had been practiced by her; but she was aware not only that her own taste pointed decisively in another direction, but that there was a movement in her time which it would be wise to join. Military painting in France was, in this treatment of individual soldiers and of incidents of the battle-field rather than of battles and of masses of men, a new art, followed by brilliant votaries; but in England the beginning had not been made. All artists in these days of numbers feel the great desirableness of some fresh field—if only such should be open to them. To Elizabeth Thompson this freshest of fields was manifestly open; she was, by her long preparation, ready for the time, and the time was ready for her. The almost overwhelming success of "The Roll-call" owed something of its completeness to this fortunate combination. A studio was taken in London for the production of the picture, and there the artist worked on several canvases in years to come.

In the spring of 1874, "The Roll-call" was duly sent in to the Royal Academy, and was received with a cheer by the committee. By degrees tidings of its success were carried to the painter and her family; there were unmistakable signs of a sensation in the town; the clubs were full of rumors of a great picture by a woman; scraps of talk about it were overheard in railway trains. And yet this preparation hardly broke the shock of surprise when, on the morning after the Academy banquet, the speeches of both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were found to refer in terms of generous praise to the work of the unknown girl. Such a compliment had seldom or never been paid to a new name, and it was the prelude to a popular furore which can only be described as unexampled. The Private View had out one topic of talk, and the picture was preserved from destruction at the hands of a mob of friendly sight-seers only by the efforts of a policeman; not since the days of Wilkie's first great success had such a guard been necessary. But

"The Roll-call" officer had unquestionably a busy time of it; from morning till night the throng never loosened, or relaxed from its hard knot in front of the picture, except, indeed, on one occasion, when a gap, as memorable as the crowd, occurred on the day when the Queen, who did not visit the Academy at that time, had the picture removed to Buckingham Palace for a few hours, that she might see a work of such special interest to a sovereign who has always loved her army. "The Roll-call" was, as has been said, the result of a commission; but, when Her Majesty expressed a wish to possess it herself, the owner loyally ceded his claim, on condition that the next year's picture should be his. The copyright was purchased for fifteen times the amount of the original commission, and during the ensuing four years was either in the hands of the engraver (Mr. Stackpoole, who produced an admirable plate) or on view in the provincial towns, where it became even a greater lion than it had been in London. And if the picture was a lion, the painter was the heroine of the season, and so pursued with her celebrity that the preservation of serenity of mind was no slight achievement. The whisper of her name drew crowds about her in ball-rooms, at exhibitions, in the public ways; but she never relaxed work for a day. The next year's picture was her constant preoccupation, and neither the pleasure of celebrity nor the distraction of notoriety ever discomposed her. "Quatre Bras" was exhibited in 1875, and drew a crowd equal to that which thronged round its predecessor; it had also the honor of Mr. Ruskin's praise. "I never approached a picture," he wrote, "with more iniquitous prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's—partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this, no doubt of it, and the first fine preraphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. The sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme left, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse, seen through the smoke below, is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passion with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." "The Return from Balaclava" followed in 1876, and "Inkerman"—a return of infantry in this case—in 1877.

A TRUMPETER OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

This was the year of Elizabeth Thompson's marriage with Major (now Colonel) Butler, C. B. (who as the author of "The Great Lone Land" needs no introduction), an alliance which has strengthened her love of military art by inspiring her with a personal interest in the army, and which has also given her a new country—Ireland—henceforth to be in its landscapes and its people the subject of her enthusiastic study. The deep coloring of the climate, its strong effects of light and cloud, have delighted her eye and her imagination. Whereas her former recreation con-

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER OF THE 17TH LANCERS. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

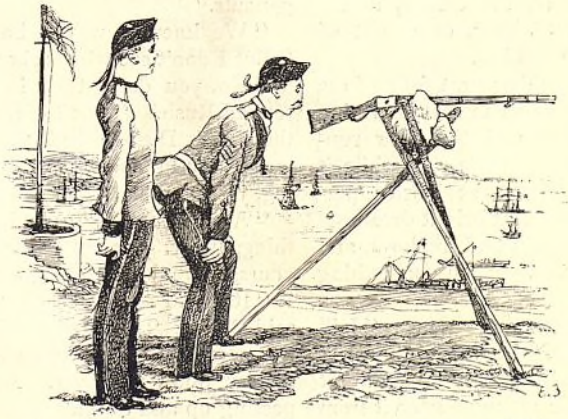
sisted generally of a trip to Italy, to the familiar Mediterranean or to the Tuscan vineyards in time of vintage, it now usually takes the form of a stay in some Irish glen; but wherever Mrs. Butler travels it is with the enjoyment of one to whom all things are always new, whose sketch-book is constantly in her hand, who has that artist's gift felicitously called by some one "collodion on the retina," and whose intelligent appreciation of the realities of character and incident in the world has done so much to inform and strengthen her dramatic imagination. Of her two pictures exhibited in 1879, one ("'Listed for the Connaught Rangers") dealt with Irish life, and the other ("The Remnant of an Army") with one of the most tragic events in the Indian history of England—the solitary arrival of Dr. Brydon under the walls of Jellalabad in 1842, after the destruction of General Elphinstone's force of 16,000 by the Afghans. A commission from the Queen produced "The Defense of Rorke's Drift," an incident of the Zulu war, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1881; and in the same year was

A MEMBER OF THE "SCOTS GREYS." [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

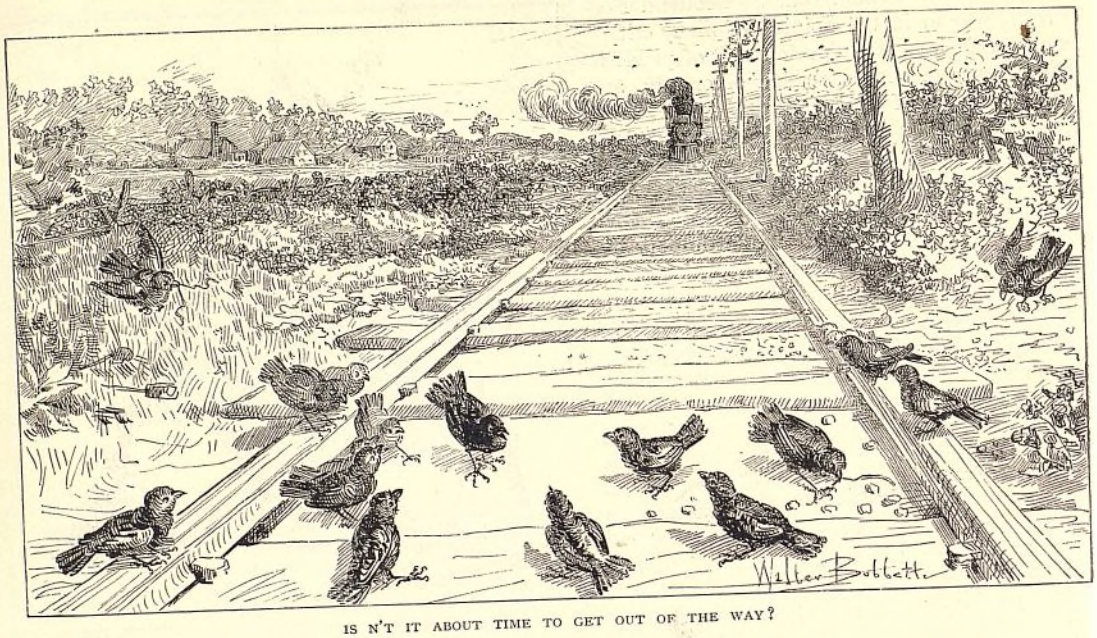
completed the picture called "Scotland Forever"! which, in the opinion of many critics, showed an increased development of power in movement, in the expression of energy, and in the drawing of the horse.

Mrs. Butler in her studio is surrounded by the signs of work rather than by those signs of play which make many an artist's *atelier* an apartment for the display of luxury. No bric-à-brac and no bits of subtle drapery are there, no stuffed peacocks and no orange-trees in flower: her art deals with other matters. The walls are hung with old uniforms—the tall shako, the little coatee, and the stiff stock—which the visitor's imagination may stuff out with the form of the British soldier as he fought in the days of Waterloo. These are objects of use, not ornament; so are the relics from the fields of France in 1871, and the assegais and spears and little sharp wooden maces from Zulu-land. These accessories of her art are peculiarly dear to Mrs. Butler. And, indeed, uniforms and arms have a meaning, a spirit and significance, which no other kind of garment possesses. Her models are not the usual professionals—pretty women in elaborate historical costumes, or men who have achieved a triumph in the development of muscle. Mrs. Butler draws directly from her subjects—the soldier and the horse; and as Wordsworth's proverbial servant-girl, on being asked to show her master's study, said that his library was in the house but that he studied in the fields, so it may be said that Mrs. Butler studies in the fields, in the streets, making notes from horses as they rest at pasture or labor at draught. The walls of her studio are hung with sketches as well as with "properties"—Genoese studies and Florentine studies, drawings of Tuscan oxen in the vineyards, impressions of landscape, light, and color. That she spends her time in learning is a fact which should exist in the life of any artist; and that the altered conditions and duties entailed upon her by matrimony have not interfered with her old industry should encourage those young women who fear marriage as an obstacle to success in art.

A HUSSAR SCOUT. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER, FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]



MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER.]



IS N'T IT ABOUT TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY?

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOYS IN COUNCIL.

RUPE and Rod ran on merrily down the bank, while Letty waited alone on the bridge, in the pleasant evening light, until Rush came out of Mr. Rumney's yard and joined her.

The innocent girl was thinking gratefully of the happy days which awaited them in that charming spot, with the lake so near and the river running by their door, delighting their eyes while it turned the mill, when a glance at Rush's perturbed face startled her from that bright dream.

"Rupe!" he cried, "go and find the boys, and tell them I want to see 'em. About something very particular."

Then, after the youngsters were gone: "I 'll tell you all about it now," he said in answer to an eager inquiry from his sister. "I did n't want the boys to know, for we must keep it from Mother."

He was in a fever of excitement. He took off his hat, to cool his brow in the dewy evening air, and continued, while she listened with breathless interest, leaning by the rail of the bridge:

"There 's a good reason why I did n't like the looks of that new building over on the pond! It 's the boat-house of a newly formed club — the Argonauts."

"We knew it was a boat-house," said Letty. "But I don't see why it should trouble you."

"No, you don't take in the meaning of it," replied Rush. "But I did, as soon as I found out that Dick Dushee had thought it necessary to make up a fib about it. There 's a rage for boating, just now, here in Tammoset and Dempford."

"All the better," said Letty. "It will make things lively. We are to have a boat, too, you said yourself; and Lute has promised to make one."

"It would all be very well, but for one thing," said Rush. "Many of the boats will be kept in the new boat-house, and about the pond. Some belong down the river. And all will want to be passing up and down."

"I should think so," replied Letty, still failing to see the evil which cast so dark a shadow. "Why not?"

"There 's our mill-dam!" said Rush, in a low, intense whisper; and, as they walked on, he told her all he had heard. "This was what made Dushee so rabid to sell."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Letty. "But the dam has a right to be there?"

"So Uncle Dave's lawyer told us; he looked into that matter when he examined the title to the property."

"He ought to know."

"Of course he knows. But he merely went to his law-books for his knowledge, probably. It 's a pity he did n't talk with the Dempford and Tammoset Argonauts!"

"Did n't any of you talk with anybody else?" poor, distressed Letty inquired.

"Why, yes; the boys, when they came up here with Uncle Dave, went and talked with Mr. Rumney. He owns the land on the other side of the mill and up above here. He told them that keeping back the water did more good than harm to the land-owners, and he had never heard a complaint against it from one of 'em, during the dozen years and more the dam has been there. But he never said a word about the boats. Neither did Dushee."

"Oh dear! What can you do?"

"I have n't talked with Lute and Mart," replied Rush. "But since the law is on our side, and the dam has a right to be there, and it is necessary to our business,—why, it would ruin us to take it away,—I know just what they will think."

"They will stand up for their rights," said Letty, pride in her strong, resolute brothers rising above her fears. "They are not cowards. Neither are you, Rush!"

"I should hope not," said Rush, with a nervous laugh. "We have Mother to think of, you know. We have got all her money in this property, and we are bound to protect it, for her sake even more than our own."

"Can't you see some of the Argonauts,—if that 's what you call them,—and come to some agreement with them? I do so dread the thought of any trouble!" exclaimed Letty.

"So do I; and, of course, we shall get along peaceably with them if we can. But, by their driving Dushee to sell out, I judge that they 're pretty rough fellows. It wont do for them to be rough with us!" Rush added, with another excited laugh. "There come the boys."

Near the house they met the two oldest, sauntering along the walk. They had had a good day in the shop, notwithstanding the fish-officer's visit; and they were hopefully and tranquilly talking over their plans in their mother's room, when they received Rush's message.

"How little they suspect!" whispered Letty.

"What 's up, Rocket?" Mart inquired, carelessly, resting one hand on his hip.

"Send back the boys," said Rush, in a low voice; for the two youngest were following. "I don't know, though; I suppose they may as well be told; but the whole thing must be kept from Mother. Go in, Letty, and if she asks any questions, just say I wanted to talk about boats. She knows we think of building one."

"What have you f-f-found out?" said Lute. "Anything more about f-f-fish-officers?"

"Worse than that!" Rush replied. And there, on the high bank above the river, in the fading twilight, with his four brothers grouped about him for an audience, he told briefly his story.

After a few of their eager questions had been answered, Lute turned to the oldest and said:

"It looks as if Dushee had let the knife into us middling d-d-deep. Do you remember how the d-d-deed reads?"

"I 'm afraid there 's not over-much comfort for us in that," Mart replied. "It guarantees the title to the real estate, but merely assigns to us the right he bought of Rumney to maintain a dam against his shore for ninety-nine years."

"That is, the right to maintain it if we c-c-can," said Lute.

"And we can," exclaimed Rush, "with the law on our side. And we will!"

"The law is a good thing to have on a man's side," Mart said. "But with a boat-club against us, made up of fellows from two towns, maintaining our right is n't going to be the smoothest job."

Rush had expected to see his brothers take a more determined attitude at the start; and this sort of talk disheartened him.

"Dushee is a villain!" he exclaimed, with burning resentment.

"Why don't you go right over and punch his head for him?" cried Rupert. "I would! I 'll take that Dick; and you see if I don't give him the worst pounding ever the mean son of a mean man had."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Lute. "P-p-punching and p-p-pounding wont do any good."

"No," said Mart. "And remember, you boys: We 've the right on our side, to begin with, and we 've got to move carefully, so as not to put ourselves in the wrong. So, just let Dick Dushee alone, and take care what you say to other people."

"That 's the p-p-point," said Lute. "We are going to stand up for our rights, even if we have to fight for 'em. But we don't want to f-f-fight, unless we 're f-f-forced to. Is n't that the ground, Mart?"

"Precisely," said Mart. "We 've everything

at stake here, and we 're not to be scared. If the principal Argonauts are reasonable, right-minded fellows, it 's likely we can make some amicable arrangement with them. If not ——"

"I 'd fight 'em!" said Rupe. "I think there 'd be fun in it."

"There might be, if it was n't for Mother," said Mart. "She must n't be troubled about this affair at all. Come, Lute."

"Where are you going?" Rush asked.

"To have a quiet and agreeable little chat with Dushee."

"Yes, let 's w-wash our hands of him the f-f-first thing," Lute assented.

They started off, the younger boys following, intent on witnessing the sport.

"See here!" said Mart. "We 're not going to battle. We don't need an army. Go back! But Rush can come along as far as Rumney's, where we shall stop to have a little talk first."

CHAPTER VIII.

A CALL ON DUSHEE.

THE elder Dushee was not pleasantly surprised when, that evening, there came a decided ring at the door of his new house on the Dempford side of the river; and, on opening it, lamp in hand, he looked out on the serious faces of the big Tinkham brothers.

It was hard to manufacture, at once, and on the spot, smile enough to cover that enormous blank countenance of his; but he struggled manfully at it, and invited them to "step in."

They stepped in accordingly, and remained quietly standing, while he placed the lamp on a table and offered them chairs.

"Re'l spring-like weather, now," he observed, hospitably. "Any news?"

"Y-y-yes, r-r-rather," said Lute, with gleaming spectacles. "Seems to be p-p-pretty good weather for news."

"You told our brother Rush this evening," said Mart, "that there were some little things about the mill we should have to find out for ourselves."

"Yes, certainly."

There was hardly smile enough to go around among the Dushee features; but the mouth made the most of its share, and grinned persistently.

"And we 're f-finding 'em out," said Lute.

"But we thought," Mart added, in his driest manner, "that it might simplify matters if you would be a little more liberal with your information."

"Truth is a p-p-precious thing, we know," struck in the other's rapid stammer. "But a man should n't be too s-s-saving of it. And if you 'll waste a little on us, now that it can't hurt your trade, we 'll be ob-b-liged to you."

If there was any humor in their way of introducing the business that brought them, not the least consciousness of it was betrayed by either of the boys; and surely Mr. Dushee was in no mood to appreciate it. There was a rather grim earnestness in their manner which to him foreboded unpleasant things.

"Better set down," he said, as they remained standing. "Truth about what?"

"About the trouble you 've had with the boat-club, and the probable amount in pickle for us," said Mart. "You 've played a sharp game on us, Mr. Dushee; but we have n't come to make any unnecessary comments on that. The important thing now is, to know what we 're to expect from the Argonauts."

"Wall, I d'n' know. Better set down," said Dushee, with a stammer that rivaled Lute's. "I guess you 'll get along with 'em. You 're new men. There wont be the prejudice agin' you there has been agin' me."

"Mr. Rumney says you 've had your flash-boards broken and parts of the dam torn out more than once. How is it?" Mart inquired.

"*He* told you that?" said Dushee, quickly.

"Yes; but not till after you had made your trade. He was careful about that. Now fork out the facts," Mart added, with his most deliberate drawl, "and oblige."

"I *have* had a little trouble with some of 'em," Dushee admitted, after urging his visitors again to "set down." "There was skurce a boat on the river, 'cept now and then one goin' up into the pond, fishin', not for years. I could always 'commodate 'em, and nobody never questioned my right to have a dam there."

"N-n-nobody?" said Lute.

"Nobody!" Dushee repeated, with emphasis. —"Better set down—Not for a dozen years at least. Then a passel of boys, that was in baby-frocks when I built it, they 'd growed up to feel smart and think they owned all creation. They must have their boats; and, if I was n't on hand to pull up my flash-boards for 'em, they had no more sense than to go to smashin' things. Come! wont ye set down?"

"Guess not," said Mart. "We 're like the boy that went visiting with his mother, and when she kept asking him at the table: 'Can't ye eat a little more, sonny? can't ye eat a little more?' 'Mabby I could,' says he, 'if I stood up.' We can take in your facts best standing. And as we don't mean to intrude on your hospitality again, we want a full meal this time."

This was said with such solemn deliberation that, when Mr. Dushee tried to receive it as a joke, his forced laugh sounded strangely out of place.

"Why did n't you tell us this when we first asked about the d-d-dam?" Lute inquired.

"I d'n' know; I wa'n't bound to. Every man in business has his enemies and his little troubles,

MART CARRIED HIS MOTHER ACROSS THE PLANK. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

and you don't s'pose he 's goin' to make out a list of 'em when he comes to sell out, do ye?"

"Little troubles is g-g-good," said Lute.

"Of course," said Dushee. "This boatin' fever 'll die down about as sudden as it come up; storm 'll blow over in a little while, and you 'll be all right."

"Did n't you have to keep your flash-boards open half the time last summer?" Mart demanded.

"Wall, I did keep 'em open a little more 'n I wanted to, I allow."

"And did n't you keep your dam from being destroyed at last by promising, if the Argonauts would leave it for you to use after the boating season was over, you would make some different arrangements before spring?"

"Wall, I *have* made different arrangements," said Dushee.

"Yes, you 've sold the property to us," Mart replied, with his usual drawl, but with a dangerous light in his eyes. "*Without incumbrance*, you said, but I call a fight like this with two towns the biggest sort of an incumbrance."

"We 've got about as much satisfaction as I expected," said Lute. "When a man deliberately swindles a widow and her boys in this way, it 's like exp-p-postulating with a hyena to call him to an account for it. But there 's another thing we came to say."

"Yes," Mart added. "I told you to-day that we would take the horse and wagons and things at your price. But now, we think differently."

"You back down?" cried Dushee.

"We b-b-back down," said Lute. "A man may overreach us once. But we 're fools if we let him overreach us tw-twice."

"But he 's a good, sound horse!" Dushee protested.

"He may be," Lute answered. "But it will take more than your word to convince us there is n't some inc-c-cumbrance on him."

"We don't want anything more to do with you, or any more of your property," said Mart. "Come and take it away."

"And another thing," Lute added, as they were about to go. "Come and get your property, as my b-b-brother says. But after that, if I catch you on our place again, I 'll p-p-pick you up and throw you into the w-w-water."

As Dushee was about twice as big as the boy of nineteen who made this threat, it would have sounded laughable enough, if anybody there present had been in a laughing humor.

As for Dushee, he was in a blustering rage by

this time. He threatened, at first, to sue the widow for the price of the horse and wagons; then he taunted the boys with their smartness in putting into the market dolls' carriages that crowded his out.

"You 're welcome to make 'em now, at any price," he roared after them as they walked out of the door. "But you 've somebody else besides me to compete with. You 've got the Argynots to compete with! Compete with them!"

They kept their temper pretty well, considering the circumstances, and went slowly away, without deigning any further reply.

It had been, on the whole, an unfortunate visit, and they had the poor satisfaction of feeling that they had gained nothing by it but an enemy, against the day when they were to have enemies enough and to spare.

They had gained two enemies, in fact; young Dick Dushee, who had stood in the background during the interview, counting henceforth for one.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE WILLOW TREE.

THE next morning the boys went quietly about their work, wisely resolved not to borrow trouble, but to await developments, and make the best of things.

They started up the mill, and the rush of the water-wheel, the clank and whir of the machinery, and the noise of the jig-saw and lathe, made the music their hearts loved.

Early in the forenoon, Mr. Dushee came over with Dick, hitched the horse to the wagon, loaded up the extra pieces of harness, the blankets and robes, with other articles, and took the buggy in tow. They said nothing to anybody; but Dick glared insolently at Rupe and Rod, who were digging in the garden, and snatched from their hands the rake and fork they were using, these being among the effects which the Tinkhams had finally declined to purchase.

"Don't say a word to him!" Rupe charged his brother, who was inclined to resent this rudeness. "They 're welcome to their old traps; we don't want 'em."

This was said loud enough for the Dushees to hear, while Rupe bestowed on Dick a look of defiant scorn.

The Dushees drove away with their miscellaneous possessions, and a few minutes later Rupe and Rod were on their way to the village, with money Mart had given them to buy the garden tools they needed.

The next day was Sunday; and in the afternoon Mrs. Tinkham made her first visit to the seats in the willow tree over the river.

Mart carried her across the plank in his strong and tender arms, and placed her where the best views were to be had, while Letty followed with a shawl to wrap around the delicate shoulders. The sun was shining, but there was a chill in the air.

There was room on the benches for the whole family, though Mart remained leaning against one of the great branches, and Rod chose to perch himself on a limb.

Lute had a newspaper, and Letty had brought a book from which to read aloud to her mother. But book and newspaper were forgotten in the charm of the situation and the pleasant communion which united the hearts of mother and children.

"Mr. Dushee must be a man of some taste," said the widow, looking delightedly around, "or he never would have put these seats here in this old tree."

"I fancy he has about as much taste as his old roan horse has," replied Mart. "He used to have a partner in the business, who lived in the house here with him; and it 's to him and his young wife that we owe these and some other pleasant things."

"Speaking of the horse," said his mother, "I can't understand why you concluded so suddenly not to buy him, after I had given my consent."

"We have n't much c-c-confidence in Dushee," remarked Lute, who had pulled off his spectacles to read his newspaper, but now put them on again to look about him. "He would never let on, if the horse's legs were c-c-covered with spavins and ringbones."

"Besides, we shall probably want to use all our spare cash in establishing ourselves here," said Mart, thinking of their rights to be maintained and perhaps fought for. "Then there will be a satisfaction in buying a better horse, and new wagons and things, when we can afford them."

"A wise conclusion, I 've no doubt," said his mother. "Rocket, I do think it was a happy inspiration that made you hunt up this place and insist on our buying it! Does n't it seem, children, as if it had been made and kept for us, just as Rocket said?"

The older boys did not respond to this sentiment so promptly as might have been expected, the consciousness of an important secret kept from her, and of troubles in store of which she did not dream, tying their tongues.

But Rush spoke up earnestly: "I hope you will always think so, Mother." And Letty, to the relief of her brothers, began to expatiate on the beauties of the place, in her extravagant, girlish way.

"I was sorry to take you children out of school,"

the widow said. "But I am told the schools here are as good as those in town, and you, Letty, shall begin to go at the commencement of the next term, along with Rupe and Rod."

"I want to stay at home and work in the garden," said Rod. "We are going to raise flowers, and corn, and potatoes, and peas, and beans, and strawberries, and everything."

"You shall have work enough in the garden," said Mart; "all you hanker for, I 'll warrant."

"What a blessed day of rest this is!" said the mother, "after the turmoil of moving and getting settled! It seems as if there was nothing now to mar our perfect enjoyment."

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Lute, taking off his glasses again to look at the newspaper, but thinking all the while of the menaced dam.

"I 'm only afraid you 'll work too hard, boys," she went on. "You 've been looking rather careworn for a day or two; and I don't like to see it."

"We 've had a good many things to think of," drawled Mart, glancing from under his contracted brows at some object down the river.

"Too many!" exclaimed the mother. "I think some are unnecessary. The boat, for instance, which you talk of making. Don't think of that at present."

"We shall want a boat," said Lute, carelessly. "There 's a new boat-club here in town, and we may wish to j-j-join it."

"Why, yes," returned the mother; "it will be pleasant to be on good social terms with the young men."

"V-v-very," said Lute. "We hope to be."

"There comes a boat, now!" cried Letty, her eye having followed Mart's down the river. "Two of them!"

"Three!" called Rod from his perch on the limb, as a third boat hove in sight around the bend below the mill.

"How charming they look!" exclaimed the mother.

"L-l-lovely!" said Lute, peering anxiously through his glasses.

"They are the first of the season," said Rush. "They are coming up with the tide."

The flash-boards were up, yielding a free passage to the boats, the foremost of which, impelled by sturdy oars, came gliding through.

"If it was a week-day, and the mill was going, I don't see how they would pass the dam," Mrs. Tinkham observed, looking down on the boatmen, who, in their turn, looked up at the group in the tree.

"Sunday is the time for them," said Mart. "And they 'll naturally come at flood-tide, when the flash-boards are always open, whatever the day."

Then, without giving her time to reflect that the boats would probably be returning with the ebb, and that on working days they would find the passage in the dam closed, he added:

"I 'm afraid it 's a little cool for you, Mother. I don't want you to take cold the first time; for I expect you will pass whole days here when the weather is warm and the trees are in foliage."

"But you are not going to take me in so soon!" she said, entreatingly, as if she had been the child and he the parent.

"I think I 'd better." And he put his arms about her.

"Oh, yes; we 'll all go," said Letty, at a hint from Rush.

There was something in the appearance of one of the boats which the boys did not like; and if their mother was to be spared all knowledge of the threatened troubles, it was high time that she should be got out of the way.

CHAPTER X.

THE ENCOUNTER AT THE DAM.

THE first boat, having passed the dam, staid its oars. The second likewise slackened speed, and drifted with the current abreast of the mill, while the third boat came up.

In the bow of this boat was a burly fellow, whom we may as well introduce to the reader.

He was a Dempford boy, named Buzrow — son of a Buzrow whom nobody we can hear of ever knew, but who was popularly supposed to have possessed prodigious strength. Tradition declared him to have been double-jointed, or "double-j'inted," as the boys had it; and there was a story that he had once knocked down a cow with his fist.

Milton Buzrow — for that was the son's name; though why a Buzrow who could knock down cows with his fist should honor a poet by calling a child after him, admits of some speculation — Milton, I say (commonly called Milt), was hardly yet twenty years old; but, in addition to the honor of being the son of the cow-smiter, he also enjoyed a reputation for tremendous physical prowess. He made no claim to being, like the mythical Buzrow, double-j'inted, but his style of conversation clearly showed that he regarded the knocking down of cows as an act of heroic manhood to which he, too, might, in due time, aspire.

Such a Buzrow was naturally a leader among a certain class of boys; and that he did not often lead them into ways of peace and quietness need hardly be said. He was one of the Dempford Argonauts, and, we must add, not one of the mildest-mannered and most modest of those young gentlemen, by any means.

It was Milt Buzrow who had made a braggart vow, at a meeting of the club in November, that if Dushee's mill-dam remained to obstruct their navigation of the river until after he had got his boat into the water in the spring, he, for one, would proceed, in open daylight, to do it some dreadful damage.

Spring was now here, and here was the mill-dam. Here also, this Sunday afternoon, when he might have been better employed, was Milt Buzrow in his boat. Would he dare to execute his threat?

That became an exciting question to his mates, seeing that he had no longer a timid and crafty Dushee to deal with, but three stalwart-looking lads watching him from the tree.

He had committed himself, however, to an act of aggression, and it would never do to have it said that a Buzrow had backed out of anything because he was afraid.

The dam was a simple structure: strong stakes driven into the river-bed, with closely fitting horizontal planks nailed to them, over a mud-sill across the bottom of the river.

Buzrow had two of his trusty followers with him, and as they kept the boat in place with their oars, he hauled up a crow-bar from the bow, where he braced himself, and began to strike the point of it against the planks.

He was striking and wrenching, and a plank was beginning to splinter, when somebody in the other boat whispered: "Look out! there comes one of 'em!" and Buzrow, glancing up from his work, saw Lute.

At the first movement of the iron bar, the second son had slipped from the tree down the bank, and sprung to the platform over the Tammoset end of the dam.

"See here, young man!" he called out, "you are a stranger to me, and I am not aware that I ever d-d-did you any harm."

His manner was not at all menacing, and Buzrow inferred that he could treat his stammer, and his spectacles, and his wise-looking old-young face with contempt — all the more safely because he himself was on the opposite side of the flash-board opening, about ten feet off.

"No, you n-n-never have," the son of the cow-smiter replied, with a mock stutter which greatly delighted his associates. "But this dam has, and I promised Dushee that if it staid here till spring it would get smashed."

"But Dushee has nothing more to do with it," struck in another voice; and there were two Tinkhams on the platform.

The second was Rush, who had stopped to snatch up a bean-pole, and now stood grasping it, while he joined his remonstrance to Lute's.

As there was nothing at all comical about his determined manner and blazing eyes, Buzrow deemed it worth while to treat him with rather more respect, especially as the pole was a dozen feet long.

"I don't know anything about that," he deigned to respond; then with a whisper to his oarsmen, "Get a little further out of his reach."

"But you *ought* to know about it, before you go to destroying our property!" said Rush. "We did n't suppose this dam injured any one, when we bought it. We have come here to get an honest living, in peace with our neighbors, if we can."

"That you can't, as long as you keep a dam here," said a man in one of the other boats. "We have no quarrel with you, and don't want to have. But if you think you are going to step into Dushee's place and do what he found to his cost that he could n't, you 're mightily mistaken."

"All we want to do," said Lute, "is to carry on our lawful b-b-business; and that we 've a p-p-perfect right to do."

"We don't want to interfere with your business, or injure you in any way," said Buzrow. "But you have no more right to keep a dam here than you have to put a gate across the highway. That 's all there is about that."

Having got well beyond sweep of the bean-pole, he gave startling emphasis to these words by striking another blow with his bar.

"Break that dam," cried Rush, lifting the pole, and standing ready to leap from the platform into the river, "and I 'll break your head!"

By that time there was a third Tinkham on the spot, namely, Mart, with two more younger ones hastening to bring clubs and brick-bats from the shed.

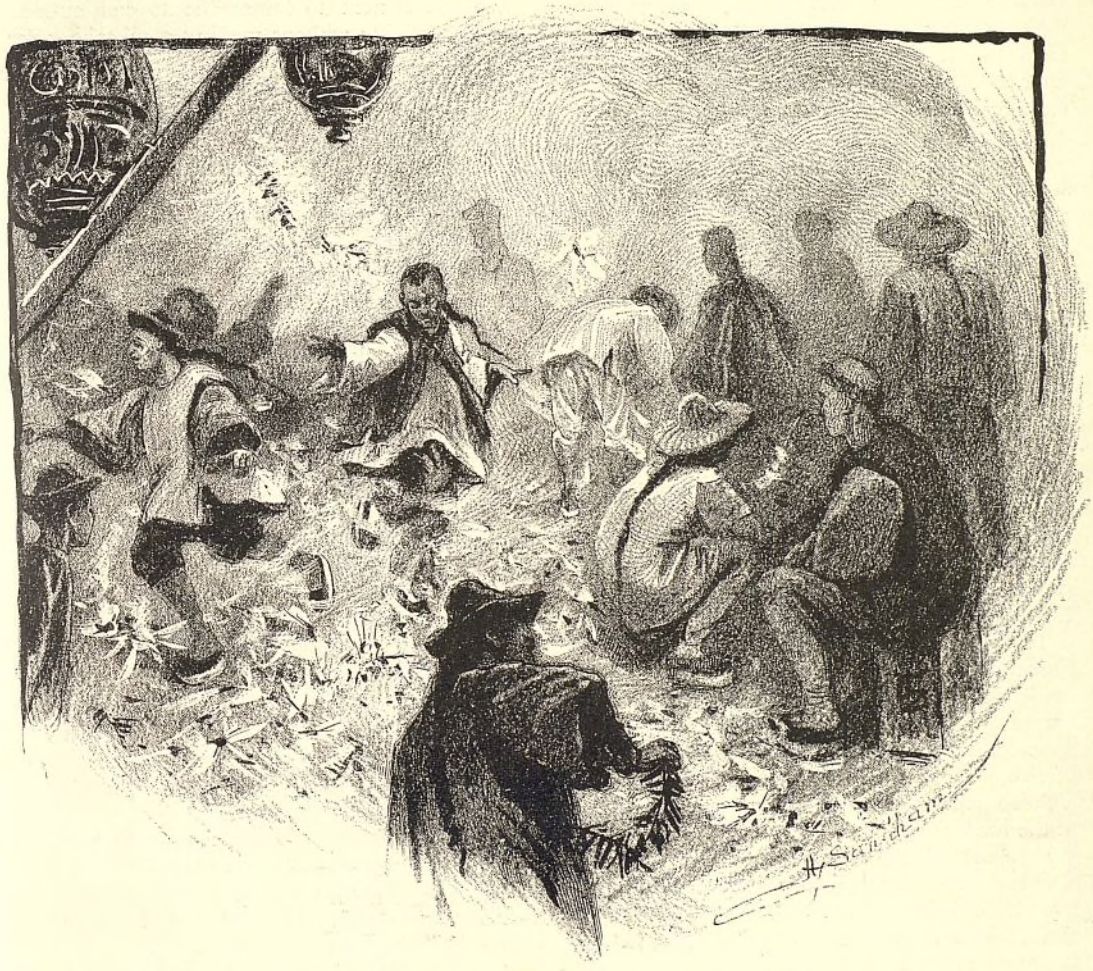
"Give me room, boys," said Mart. "No, Rocket, I don't want your pole. Don't fling any of those missiles, boys!"

He stepped to the end of the platform, and stood there weaponless, his right hand clenched and resting on his hip, in a favorite attitude, the other hanging loosely by his side; rather thin of face and lank of form, but of goodly height, long-limbed and athletic, and with an eye like a hawk's as he looked over at Buzrow and his iron bar.

(To be continued.)

A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SANTA BARBARA.

By H. H.



FIRE-CRACKERS BY THE MILLION — CELEBRATING THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

THE Chinese New Year's day in 1882 fell on the seventeenth of February. They have a week of holidays at their New Year, just as we do between the twenty-fifth of December and the first of January.

On Thursday, the sixteenth, the Chinese laundry-men and shop-keepers in Santa Barbara printed in the newspapers of the town an invitation to all their friends and patrons to call and see them the next day. This invitation said that there would be fire-works in the morning, from half-past twelve o'clock to one, and from eight to ten, and from nine to ten in the evening.

In the cities they make a fine display of fire-works, but none of the Chinese people in Santa Barbara are rich, so there were no fire-works, except crackers; but there were barrels and barrels full of these, and the Chinese boys do not fire off crackers on their New Year's day as American boys do, a cracker at a time, or one package at a time: they bring out a large box full, or a barrel full, and fire them off, package after package, as fast as they can, till the air is as full of smoke as if there were a fire, and the ground is covered with red, half-burned ends.

Long before we reached the part of the town where most of the Chinese live, we heard the noise of the crackers going off; and when we came to the street where the Joss-house is I was almost afraid to drive in, there was such a racket and such a smell of smoke. The Chinese did not seem to mind it at all. They were hopping about in the smoke, pouring the crackers out on the ground, box after box, barrel after barrel. You could not see their faces clearly for the smoke. Groups of American boys stood as near as they dared, looking on. Now and then one would dart in and snatch up one cracker, or a string of them, which had not gone off.

I thought the American boys had almost as much fun out of it as the Chinese.

This firing of crackers did not last long, luckily. If it had, the air would have been so bad that nobody could have breathed. After the fire-works stopped, we went into the houses. Every Chinese family keeps open house on New Year's day, all day long. They set up a picture or an image of their god in some prominent place, and on a table in front of this they put a little feast of good things to eat. Some are for an offering to the god, and some are for their friends who call. Every one is expected to take something; and they are so courteous that they always provide one dish of sweetmeats for Americans, who may not like the Chinese cooking.

There was no family so poor that it did not have something set out, and some sort of a shrine made for its idol; in some houses it was only a coarse wooden box turned up on one end like a cupboard, with two or three little tea-cups full of rice or tea, and one poor candle burning before a cheap paper picture of the god pasted or tacked at the back of the box.

In some of the best stores were groups of Chinese men playing cards and smoking; each man had, sitting on the table before him, a tiny little tea-cup, no bigger than a doll's tea-cup; it would not hold more than one small mouthful. As fast as these were emptied, they were filled again from a pretty china tea-pot, which stood inside a round bamboo basket on the table — the last place you would have looked for the tea-pot if you had been asked to find it; but this is the way the Chinese keep their tea hot. The baskets are lined with many thicknesses of wadding, covered with soft satin or silk, and are very much prettier than the "cozies" which English people make out of quilted silk, in the shape of helmets, to be shut down over the tea-pot to keep it warm.

In one of the stores two men were playing a game which has been played, under different names, all over the world. It consists simply in one man holding out his hand, with part of the fingers closed and part open, and his antagonist calling out, instantly, how many of his fingers are open. One would think nothing could be easier than this. But when the movements are made rapidly it is next to impossible to call out the number quickly without making a mistake. For every mistake a fine of some sort, according to the agreement of the players, is to be paid. These Chinese men played it with such vehemence that the perspiration stood on their foreheads, and their shrill crying out of the numbers sounded like unbroken sentences; there did not seem a breath between them. They rested their elbows on the table, and, with every opening and closing of the fingers, thrust the fore-arm forward to its full length, so there was violent exercise in it.

The Italian peasants whom I used to see playing it in Rome took it in an easier fashion. They rested their wrists on a table, or the door-sill, or the ground, wherever they happened to be playing, and simply opened and closed their fingers. In the Etruscan Museum in Rome, on one of the vases which were buried in tombs many hundred years before Christ's day, there is a picture of two men playing this very game. So it seems probable that it is as old as the human race itself.

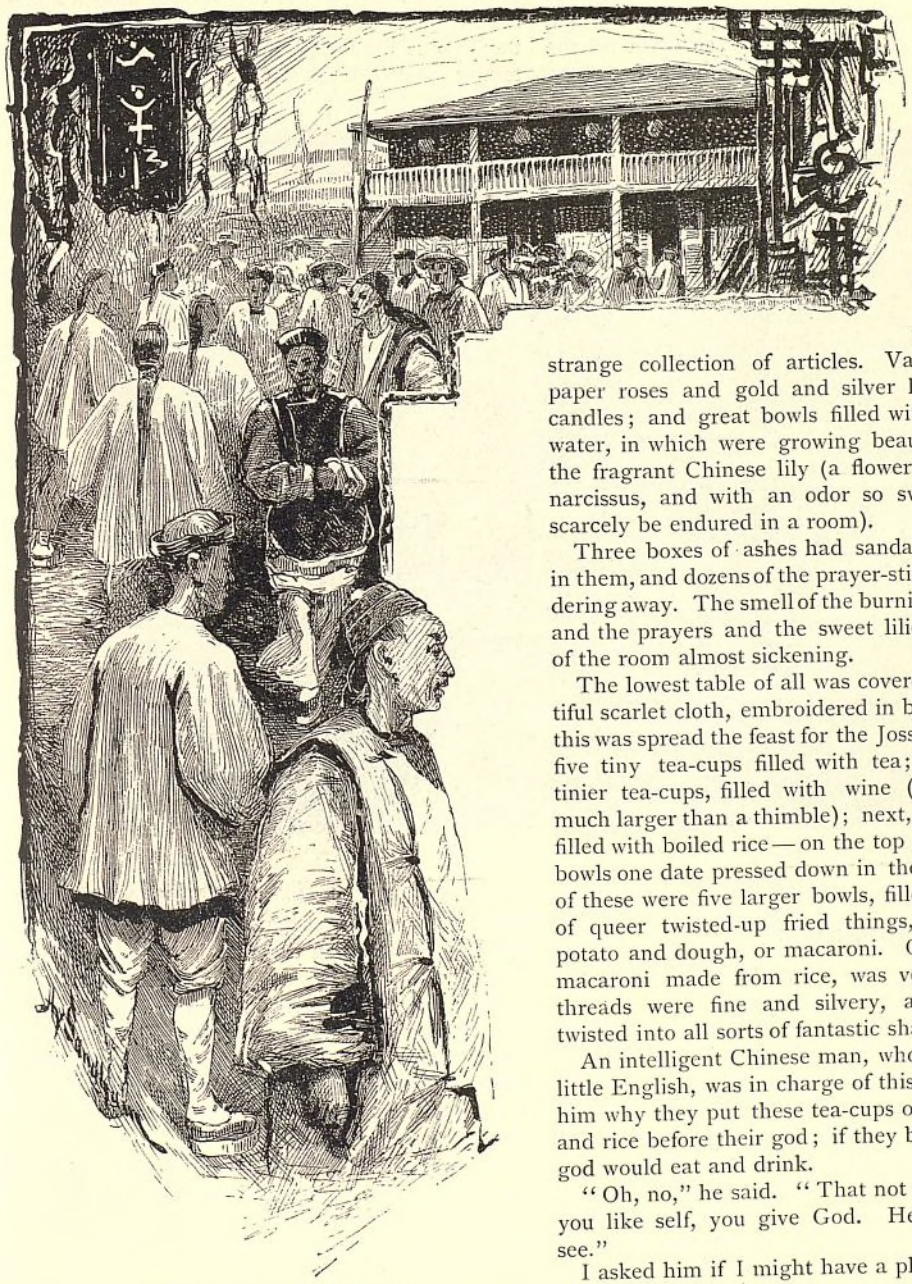
It was amusing to watch the American boys darting about from shop to shop and house to house, coming out with their hands full of queer Chinese things to eat, showing them to each other, and comparing notes.

"Oh, let me taste that!" one boy would exclaim, on seeing some new thing; and, "Where did you get it? Which house gives that?" Then the whole party would race off to make a descent on that house, and get some more. I thought it wonderfully hospitable on the part of the Chinese people to let all these American boys run in and out of their houses in that way, and help themselves from the New Year's feast.

Some of the boys were very rude and ill-mannered — little better than street beggars; but the Chinese were polite and generous to them all.

The Joss-house, where they had their religious services, was a chamber in one of their best houses. A door from an upper balcony opened into it. This balcony was hung with lanterns and decorated with mottoes printed in large letters on bright red paper. The door at the foot of the stairs which led up to this room stood open all day, and any one who wished could go up and say his prayers in the Chinese fashion, which is a curious fashion indeed. They have slender reeds, with tight rolls of brown paper fastened at one end. In front of the image or picture

of their god they set a box or vase of ashes, on which a little sandal-wood is kept burning. When they wish to make a prayer, they stick one of the



COMING OUT OF THE JOSS-HOUSE.

reeds down in these ashes, and set the paper on fire. They think the smoke of the burning paper will carry the prayer up to heaven.

There was no image of their god in this little Joss-house — they were too poor to have one; they had only a gay colored picture of it put up on the wall. In front of this was a frame-work of wood, decorated with gay colored papers, tinsel, artificial flowers, and peacock feathers. Narrow tables of different heights, like shelves, were arranged in front of this, and on them were placed a strange collection of articles. Vases filled with paper roses and gold and silver leaves; lighted candles; and great bowls filled with pebbles and water, in which were growing beautiful plants of the fragrant Chinese lily (a flower like our white narcissus, and with an odor so sweet that it can scarcely be endured in a room).

Three boxes of ashes had sandal-wood burning in them, and dozens of the prayer-sticks slowly smoldering away. The smell of the burning sandal-wood and the prayers and the sweet lilies made the air of the room almost sickening.

The lowest table of all was covered with a beautiful scarlet cloth, embroidered in bright silks. On this was spread the feast for the Joss himself. First, five tiny tea-cups filled with tea; next, five still tinier tea-cups, filled with wine (these were not much larger than a thimble); next, five little bowls filled with boiled rice — on the top of each of these bowls one date pressed down in the rice. In front of these were five larger bowls, filled with all sorts of queer twisted-up fried things, made out of potato and dough, or macaroni. One of them, a macaroni made from rice, was very pretty: the threads were fine and silvery, and curled and twisted into all sorts of fantastic shapes.

An intelligent Chinese man, who could speak a little English, was in charge of this room. I asked him why they put these tea-cups of wine and tea and rice before their god; if they believed that the god would eat and drink.

"Oh, no," he said. "That not what for. What you like self, you give God. He see. He like see."

I asked him if I might have a photograph taken of the Joss shrine and house, to be printed in a magazine, to show American boys and girls how the Chinese boys and girls kept New Year's day. At first he hesitated; but finally he said yes, if I would come very early in the morning, before the

Chinese people wanted to come in. So, very early the next morning, I went with a photographer, and he took the picture. As soon as the Chinese people in the street saw us coming, they began to gather in a crowd to look on. But Ah Linn would not let one of them come into the room till the picture was done. Then we took a picture of the

"They will never let them have their pictures taken," said the photographer. "It is the hardest thing in the world to get the Chinese to sit for their pictures. They have a superstition that, if a man has his picture taken, he will fall ill and die before the year is out.* I expect that is what they are telling these children now."

INTERIOR OF THE JOSS-HOUSE, SHOWING THE SHRINE.

outside of the house. There were gay lanterns and bright red and yellow mottoes on each side of the door, which I thought would show in the picture, but they did not. The light was not strong enough to bring them out.

As we were arranging the instrument, I caught sight of three Chinese children in the door of one of the houses, the youngest not more than two years old, and the oldest not over six. They were dressed exactly like the grown-up ones, and looked so droll, toddling along in their baggy trousers and big-sleeved shirts, that I wanted to have them in the picture. Their father said they might go with me, and be taken; they looked a little afraid, but I coaxed them along, and was just placing them in good positions by the posts of the piazza, when, from the crowd of Chinese men and boys who were looking on, there suddenly went up shouts, exclamations, and outcries,—angry voices calling to the children.

I do not know whether this was the case or not; but at any rate they frightened the children away, and I could not coax them back. The oldest one dragged the other two away with him as fast as he could, and when I overtook them on the threshold of their house, and began to ask their father if he would not come with them, and make them stand still, he shut the door hastily in my face, saying in Chinese something which sounded as if it might be very unpleasant indeed.

Afterward I tried to get one of the big boys from the Chinese Mission, a boy who called himself a "Christian Chinese boy," to stand in the doorway and be photographed; but even he was afraid to do it.

"It is no use," said the photographer. "You have n't the least idea how afraid they are of it. They 've got to be pretty thoroughly enlightened before they will have their photographs taken; and even then they wont let their queue be seen

* The same curious belief exists among the Mic Mac Indians living along the St. Lawrence River, in New Brunswick.

in the picture. If it shows the least bit, they 'll make me print it out. I used to have great fun with some of them who had a laundry near my rooms. They 'd be out, hanging their clothes on the line, right under our windows; and all I had to do was to open the window and point a stereoscope at them, and they 'd drop everything, clothes and all, right on the ground, and run into their house, and never show their heads till we had gone away from the window."

I wondered very much that the Chinese boy from the Mission was afraid to have his picture taken. Perhaps if he had been by himself he would not have refused; it would certainly have taken some courage to do it under the eyes of twenty or thirty of his countrymen, all believing that he was doing something very like committing suicide. Afterward, he translated for me some of the mottoes which were on the bright papers hung up at the sides of the door of the Joss-house.

The first one on the right hand, he said, was:

"Man no tell lie,
Tell everything true;
Be good-hearted to everything;
Not cheat."

The second one was:

"The good-hearted are
Good-hearted all round;
Round like sun and moon."

On the left side was this:

"Good people believe in good,
Mind what is good;
He don't care what other people had,
He try to make good."

Just below this was a picture of the Joss, fastened to the wall of the house; in front of it a small table decorated with peacocks' feathers and gilt ornaments, and holding rows of tea-cups of wine and tea and food, like those in the inner room. Above it was a great red banner, with large letters printed on it, which the interpreter said meant:

"God in Heaven,
We pray to thee;
Come down from Heaven to teach us."

In front of this was a box of smoking, fragrant sandal-wood ashes, stuck full of the little prayer-reeds.

On my way home, I stopped at the Chinese Mission. This was a small room in a low *adobe* building, and here the Christian Chinese were keeping their New Year's day, with open house to all their friends, just as the Joss worshipers were doing in the other street. But, instead of the incense and prayer-sticks and heathen pictures, they had only bouquets of beautiful flowers, and bowls of Chinese lilies, and plates of cake and candies on a table. On the wall they had hymns in English and Chinese, printed on large cards. There was a small organ in the room, and, whenever any lady came in who could play the organ, the Chinese teacher asked her to play a tune for the boys to sing one of these hymns; they sang very well, and I sat for half an hour listening to them. Later in the afternoon, as I was driving in a carriage past the building, I heard their voices again, rising full and clear above all the noise of the street. They were singing "The Sweet By and By"; and I thought that those words must mean a great deal to poor Chinese boys, who only a few years ago were burning paper prayers and bowing down before a painted idol. Now they are held by their countrymen in scorn and detestation, because they have adopted the Christian way of worshiping God, but in the good "by and by" will come a day when they will all worship together.

TO-DAY my doll is one year old,
And she shall have a purse of gold
If she will speak, and tell me where
I 'm sure to find a gift so rare.

THE CHRISTMAS MOON.

By S. H. S.

I THINK that the silver moon must know
That 't is holy Christmas night,
When first she looks from the twilight sky
On the earth so cold and white;
She smiles, as if musing on blessed things,
And touches the snow-drifts like sleeping wings.

She 's old, you know—so old that she shone
When our Baby King was born,
'Mid the far-off hills of Bethlehem,
In a manger rude and lorn,
And beamed in his beautiful blue eyes
When they oped to those soft Eastern skies.

And he smiled at her, too, it may be,
In his wondering baby way,
And stretched out his fair little hands
To catch at some fleeting ray;
And watched her, softly, till sleep's still showers
Folded his eyelids like fringed flowers.

Oh, I know she remembers his look,
As he lay in that lonely place,
And the angels that hovered near
His mother's radiant face,
The new star that throbbed in the solitude
And the lifted eyes of the shepherds rude!

And if we could hear, she would tell
Stories more strange and sweet
Than even the bells and the choirs
In passionate tones repeat;
And that one blessed star we should know,
Which led to His cradle ages ago.

SNOW-FLAKE CHINA.

By Mrs. Julia P. Ballard.

ONE of the chief pleasures in china-painting is to be able to produce something specially appropriate in design to the article decorated. A spray of leaves and blossoms of the tea on a tea-cup, or coffee berries and leaves on coffee-cups (which was done on the famous set painted for the White House, except that in this set the stem of the plant was made the actual handle of the cup), are good examples.

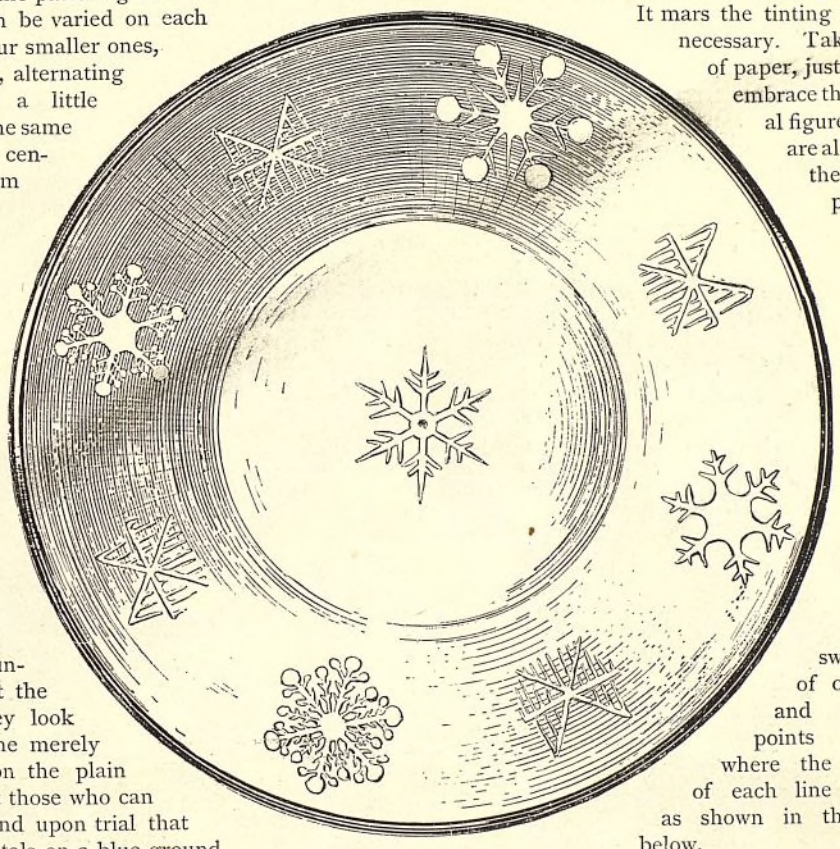
The idea of decorating ice-cream dishes with the pattern of snow-crystals having seemed to me a pleasantly appropriate one, I send the method, which by experiment I have proved practicable, to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Should you have or be able to procure a book published by Appleton in 1865, "Cloud Crystals: A Snow-flake Album," you will have a sufficient variety of patterns to answer all practical purposes. ST. NICHOLAS has also given a number of reproductions in the issue for March, 1882.* The crystals themselves can best be obtained by letting them fall upon a cloth of black velvet, during a light snow-storm. These need a magnifying glass to reveal their beauty and enable you to

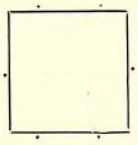
* We here republish a few of these designs.

enlarge the details correctly. The crystals shown on the preceding page may be used on plates of the size of the pattern given.

They can be varied on each plate. Four smaller ones, of *one* kind, alternating with four a little larger, of the same size as the center one, form a pretty



combination. If unable to tint the china, they look well if done merely in sepia on the plain white; but those who can tint will find upon trial that white crystals on a blue ground are most effective. They may easily be prepared in the following manner: Select china as perfect as possible, that no flaw may appear in the delicate blue. Tint the plate with Indian-blue. The process of tinting is simple and readily acquired. Mix the Indian-blue thoroughly, by using the palette-knife, with a few drops of oil of lavender, thinned with a little turpentine. Cover the plate quickly with sweeping lines from a broad brush, and beat the surface with even strokes (a buffer, made by a bunch of cotton covered with smooth old linen, is preferable) until it is of an even shade throughout.



This part of the work can be learned from a teacher in a few minutes. When the plate is dry, you will not need to draw the figure upon it. It mars the tinting and is unnecessary. Take a square of paper, just the size to embrace the hexagonal figure,—as they are all formed on the six-sided plan, one paper answers for all of one size,—and make six points upon it, where the outer end of each line is to be, as shown in the diagram below.

Lay this upon the plate (it is well to do the center one first) and with a sharp pencil make a point upon the china to correspond with each point on the paper. You can then go from point to point with a sharp needle or pen-knife, etching by aid of the eye only. After the six lines are etched, the details of each separate figure can be made in the same way. A little practice will make it entirely easy. The etching must be thoroughly done, so as clearly to expose the white china in distinct narrow lines.

The plates are then ready to be sent to the firer, and may have an ornamental gilt edge given them at the trifling additional cost of ten cents per plate.

THE JINGLING RHYME OF THE BOLD ROWER.

By Emily S. Oakey.

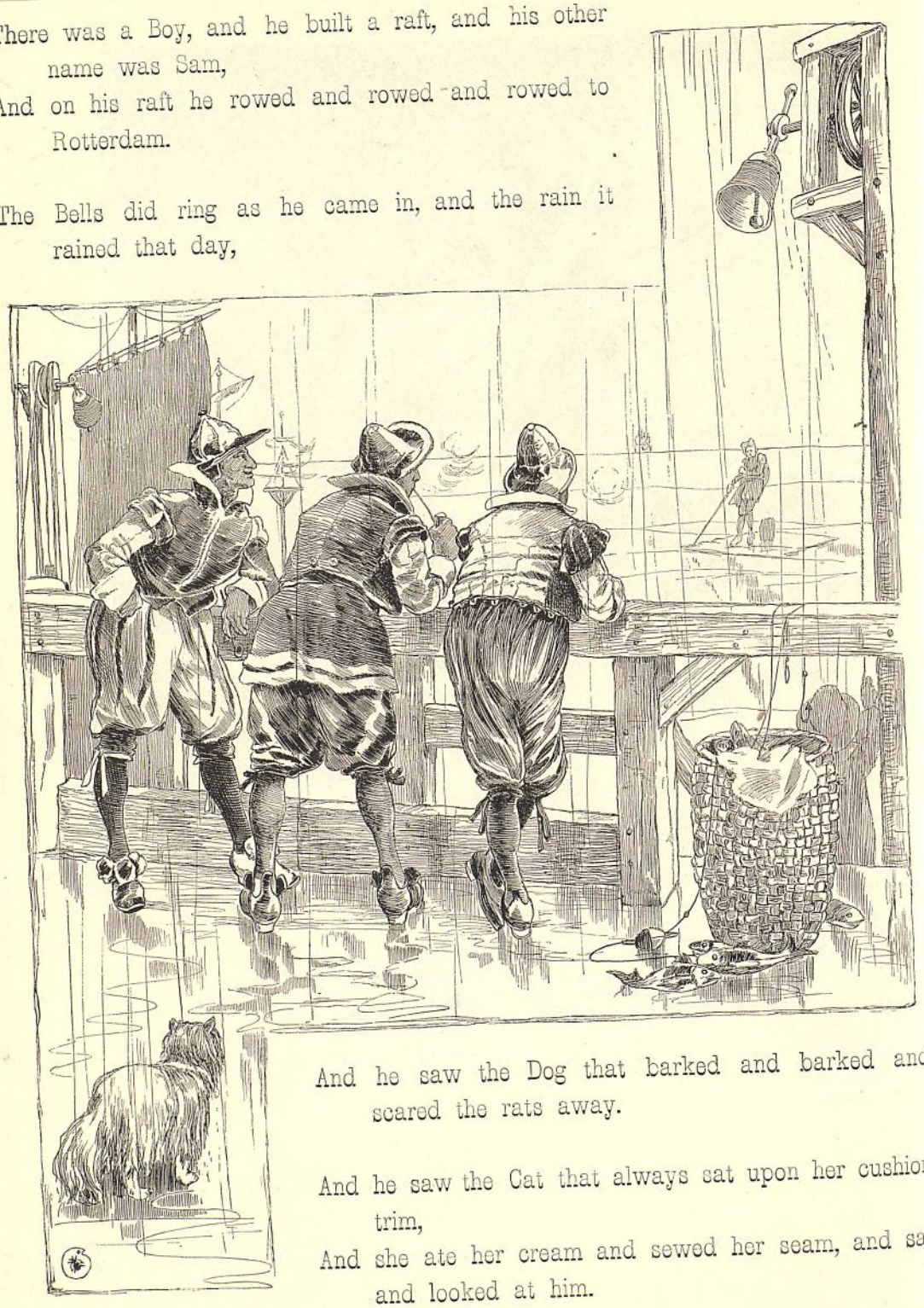
There was a Dog, and he barked and barked and barked
so loud, they say,
That he frightened all the rats and mice a hundred miles
away.

There was a Cat so sleek and fat, and she had naught
to do
But eat her cream and sew her seam, and sit and look
at you.

There was an Eagle, and he flew and flew out in the rain,
And flew and flew up in the sky, and then flew down again.

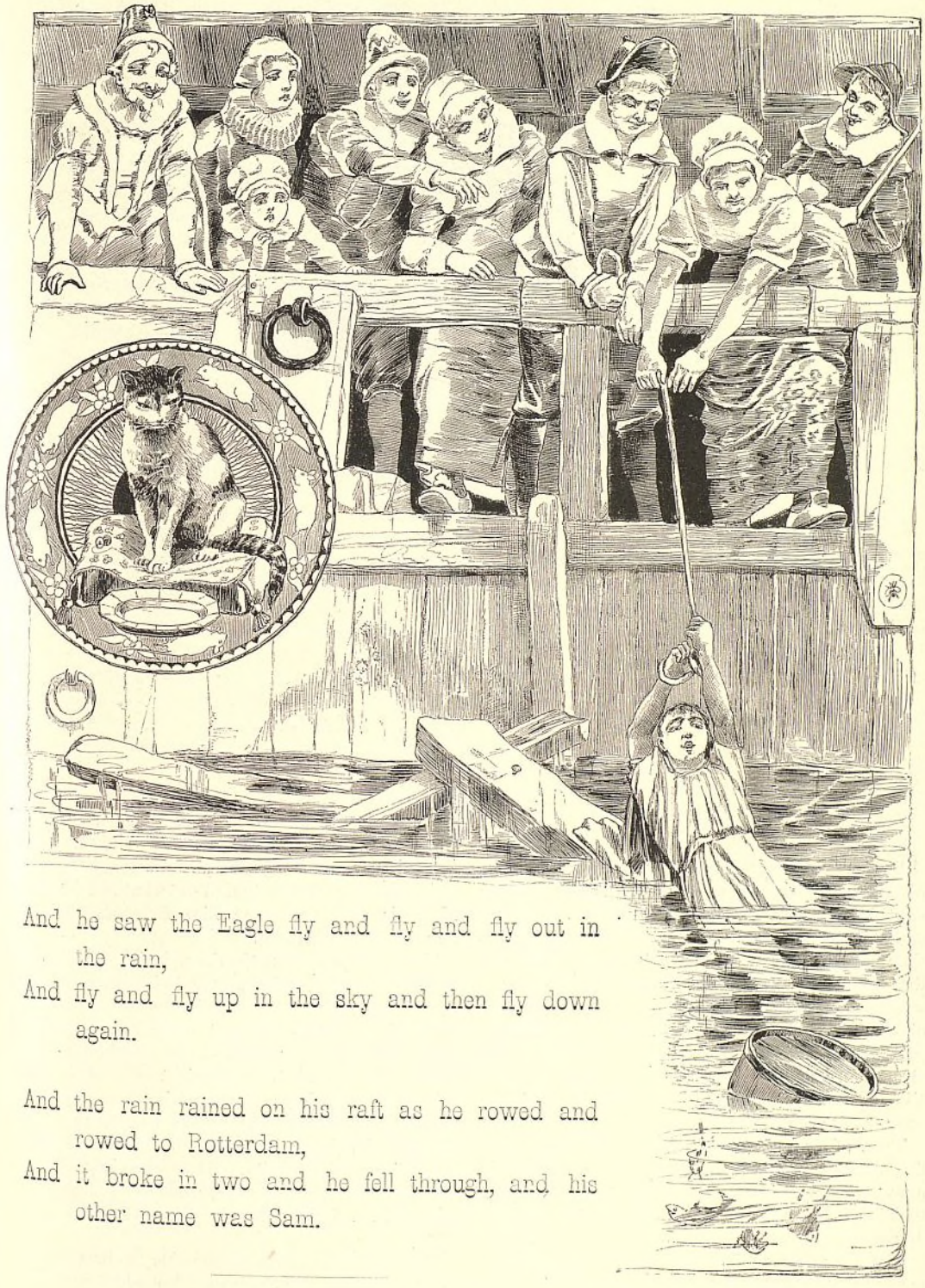
There was a Boy, and he built a raft, and his other name was Sam,
And on his raft he rowed and rowed and rowed to Rotterdam.

The Bells did ring as he came in, and the rain it rained that day,



And he saw the Dog that barked and barked and scared the rats away.

And he saw the Cat that always sat upon her cushion trim,
And she ate her cream and sewed her seam, and sat and looked at him.



And he saw the Eagle fly and fly and fly out in the rain,
And fly and fly up in the sky and then fly down again.

And the rain rained on his raft as he rowed and rowed to Rotterdam,
And it broke in two and he fell through, and his other name was Sam.

MAMMA'S LITTLE HOUSEMAID.

THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter VI.†

For some days after the departure of Louis for his mother's château, none of his friends had the least idea of his unfortunate situation. At the castle it was supposed that he was overstaying his time with his family, and at Viteau no one knew that he had left the castle. At last, Barran, somewhat provoked that the boy should so deliberately disobey his orders,—for he had told him to return promptly,—and knowing that his mother could always furnish him an escort, sent messengers to Viteau, demanding that Louis should immediately come back with them.

This, of course, caused great consternation at the château, and the messengers went hurriedly home, accompanied by Raymond, to tell the news that Louis had not yet been seen at his mother's house.

The Countess wished Bernard to go with the messengers, but this he refused to do, urging that his place could be nowhere else than at Viteau, and that Raymond could confer as well as any one else with Barran, regarding the immediate steps which should be taken to find out what had become of Louis, and to rescue him from any danger he might have fallen into.

The Countess spent the time, during Raymond's absence, in tears and prayers. When he returned, there came with him a small troop of well-armed men, which Barran had sent to press on, as rapidly as possible, to the estates of the knight from the South, for it had been thought very likely that this knight had been prevented in some way from stopping at Viteau, and that he had taken Louis on with him, intending to send him back at some convenient opportunity. That the boy should have been lost, in any way, from the company of the southern knight, Barran did not consider possible.

This belief of a man so sensible as Barran partially comforted the Countess; but when the troop

† This story was begun in the November number.

returned, and told how Louis had left the knight's company to ride on by himself, as none could doubt, to his mother's house, the poor lady was completely overwhelmed with grief, and thus she remained until Barran arrived at Viteau, for which place he started as soon as he heard the news.

Vigorous measures were now taken for a search after Louis. It was generally agreed that he must have been captured by robbers, for there was no other danger which was likely to befall him on the road; but what robbers had taken him, and to what place they had conveyed him, were questions not easy to answer. That a band of *cotereaux* might then be in the forest, within ten or fifteen miles of Viteau, was not at all improbable; but to find out their hiding-place, and, also, to find them in it, would certainly be difficult tasks. The forests of that time spread over such a vast extent of country, and were so dense, and in many places so apparently pathless, that to find anything so carefully hidden as a robber's camp would be a matter almost as much of chance as of skill and design.

Barran privately declared that, if it were not for the Countess, who seemed almost overcome with grief, he would quietly wait a few days before attempting to penetrate the forest with any force; for he was sure that, if the boy had been captured by *cotereaux*, their only object was to get a ransom for him, and that they would soon be heard from. Under the circumstances, however, Count De Barran saw that it would be necessary to take immediate action, and Bernard was very active in pushing forward the most warlike preparations.

Some of these appeared almost ridiculous to the Count.

"How now, Squire?" he said. "One might think that we expected the rascals to attack this château, and carry off the other boy. By the plans you lay, there will be more cross-bows and lances left at Viteau than we shall carry with us into the forest."

"I should not leave the Countess defenseless, good Sir Count," replied the squire.

"I know you are a good man and a brave soldier, Bernard," said Barran, "and as much to be trusted, in peace or war, as many a knight of good renown; but this is something too prudent. In these times the *cotereaux* do not come out of their holes to our châteaux and castles to carry us away."

Bernard hesitated before making answer to this speech. He had intended informing Barran of his recent discoveries in regard to the visits of the Dominican monk, but he had not thought it well to speak of the matter now, when the minds of every one were so occupied with the present great trouble. However, he knew that it would be necessary to give the reasons for the peculiar measures he advocated, and so he said, in a low but impressive tone:

"No, good Sir Count, the *cotereaux* do not come to our houses to carry us away, but the officers of the Holy Inquisition do."

"What means that?" cried Barran, turning pale; and then, on a warning signal from the squire, he lowered his voice and continued: "Has the Countess brought upon herself the censure of the priests, by her strange ideas about the saints? I have heard of them. Tell me quickly, is that what you mean?"

The squire bowed his head.

"This is, indeed, grievous," said Barran; "but, surely, we need have no great fears. Tell me, quickly, what has happened?"

Then Bernard told all that he feared and all that he had heard.

Barran was not easily frightened. Indeed, he was too apt to sneer at things which other people considered dangerous; but this was such a very serious matter that it caused him great anxiety and even fear, when he heard of the peril to which the wife of his dear old friend was likely to be exposed.

"This must not be allowed," he said. "We can not suffer that gentle lady to be taken from us by the Inquisition. Even if she should be found entirely innocent, which is not likely, the trial itself is something I can not think of for a moment. And yet what is to be done? We can not fight the Church."

"No, Sir Count," said Bernard, "but I shall be here, with all the force of men and arms that I can bring together, to defend my lady, and if the Church fights me, I shall do my best battle."

"And you shall not do battle alone, my good Bernard," said Barran; "but it may be that we shall find some better way to avert the evil than by force of arms, which, indeed, would amount to very little, I fear me, in the end. But now we must give our hearts and hands to the finding of this poor, foolish boy."

Bernard was perfectly willing to give his heart to the finding of Louis, but he would not give his hand. Nothing could induce him to leave the château, where he insisted upon being left with a moderate force of well-armed men.

Barran, with several knights from his castle, for whom he had sent when he found that there would, probably, be more work to be done than he had at first anticipated, set out as soon as possible, at the head of a large body of followers, some of whom were expert in all kinds of wood-craft, and as capable as any men could be of finding out the paths of beasts or human beings in the depths of the woods.

The party quickly made its way along the road down which Louis must have ridden; and, a few miles below the place where the road forked, turned into the woods, to the west, and made careful search for paths, or any traces of the passage of men, through the undergrowth. Several well-marked paths were soon discovered, and along the most promising of these Barran and his men pushed their way, sometimes separating, in various directions, and then coming together again, until they had penetrated far into the forest.

Unfortunately for the success of their search, the camp of the *cotereaux* was in the woods to the east of the road. To be sure, the forest, in every direction, would be searched in time, but if the Count's party should keep on in the way it was going, it would be long before it could find the huts of Captain Michol.

Raymond stayed at the château with his mother. He much wished to join the Count's party in the search for his brother, but Barran told him that it was his duty to try to comfort and console the Countess until Louis should be brought back, and, therefore, Raymond reluctantly remained at Viteau. He loved his mother, and was always willing to do anything that would please or benefit her, but, in this case, he thought that she, being safe at home, did not need him nearly so much as his poor brother, who probably was suffering in captivity, no one knew where.

On the evening of the second day after the departure of the searching party, Raymond came down into the grounds of the château. His mother was asleep, and he came out for a little exercise.

Not far from the house he met the squire.

"Bernard," said Raymond, "I think it is a foolish thing for you and me and all these men to be idling here. We might leave my mother with her ladies, and a man or two, and go, the rest of us, to help scour the woods to find dear Louis."

Just at this moment, and before Bernard could answer him, Raymond saw, coming up from the lower part of the grounds, the Dominican monk, Brother Anselmo.

"What does that man want, Bernard?" he exclaimed. "There have been two priests here to-day, to console my mother in her affliction, and I do not think another one is needed now, especially not this man, who does not belong to our monastery and who keeps himself a stranger to me. My mother is asleep, and should not be disturbed."

"If she is asleep," said the squire, "she shall not be disturbed."

He then walked back to the house, closely followed by Raymond, and stood in the entrance door. In a few moments the monk appeared, and with a slight motion of the head, but not a word, stepped forward to pass in. But the squire stood stoutly before him, and stopped him.

"My lady, the Countess," he said, "is weary and sick at heart on account of the loss of her young son. She is sleeping now and can not be disturbed."

"If she is sick at heart," said Brother Anselmo, "that is the greater reason why I should see her."

"It can not be," said Bernard. "She needs rest, and no one must disquiet her."

"What right have you, Squire Bernard," said the monk, "to forbid my entrance? Are you the master of this house?"

"No," said Raymond, stepping forward, "but I am, when my mother can not act as its mistress, and I say that no one shall disturb her this night. Two priests have been here to-day, and I know she expects no others."

"Boy," said Brother Anselmo, "stand aside! You should be chastised for such presumptuous words; and as for you, Squire, I command you, in the name of the Church, to let me pass."

"I honor the Church as much as any man," said Bernard, "but I do not believe that she grants to her priests the right to ask what they please, in her name. I might come to be asked for my purse, in the name of the Church; and that I would not give up, any more than I shall give up my right to protect my mistress, the Countess, in this, her first hour of sleep and rest for many days."

Brother Anselmo was very angry. Shaking his fist at the sturdy squire, he cried:

"Stupid blunderer! You shall see, and that right soon, what power the Church gives me." And then, without another word, he turned and walked rapidly away.

"What does he mean?" asked Raymond. "I greatly dislike that monk. He is always asking my mother questions which trouble her much to answer."

Bernard made no reply, but stood for a moment in deep thought. Then he said to himself: "An hour to the monastery, and an hour back. There is yet time, and the plan I think of will be the better one. I can not trust the men to stand against the priests. Raymond! Run now, and have your horse saddled and bridled, and ride out of the upper gate, and wait for me in the road."

"Why so?" cried Raymond, in surprise. "It is too late for exercises."

"I can not answer now," said Bernard, hurrying away. "Be speedy and I will tell you on the road."

Raymond, much amazed, but feeling quite sure that the squire had some good reason for this

strange proceeding, ran to get his horse, while Bernard ordered the men-at-arms to hastily equip themselves for an expedition, and to gather together, mounted, inside the north gate. Then he went upstairs to the apartments of the Countess, and asked to speak with one of her ladies. The Countess, who was only lightly dozing on a couch, heard the squire's voice, and, instantly rising, called to him to know what news he brought.

Bernard advanced within the door-way, and in a hurried voice told his lady that the news he brought was of great import, but that he must tell it to her alone. The Countess then desired the ladies who were with her to retire to another room, and the squire, in as few words as possible, but very earnestly and forcibly, told her of her great danger, of the threats of the Dominican monk, and of the fact that he had heard, that day, of the arrival of a body of men, well-armed, at the neighboring monastery.

"In an hour or so," he said, "these men will be here, I greatly fear me. Raymond is already on the road, for I wished to spare him this wretched story, and, if we do not start quickly for Barran's castle, where you will find present safety, it may happen that weeks and months may pass before you will have news of Louis, even if he should be found to-morrow."

"You mean that I may not be here to meet the news?" the lady said.

Bernard bowed his head. The Countess did not hesitate, but came to a decision at once.

"I shall be ready," she said, "in a very short time. Have horses prepared for myself and my three ladies. We must hasten to Raymond, if he be alone on the road."

She then called her ladies, and began to make rapid preparations for the journey.

The horses were scarcely ready when the ladies made their appearance in the court, and, in a few minutes, accompanied by Bernard and the men-at-arms, they rode out of the north gate. An elderly man, who acted as seneschal, or keeper of the establishment, was left, with the ordinary servants and vassals, in charge of the château.

Raymond, riding slowly up and down the road, was soon overtaken, and then the squire, without entering into explanations, urged his party onward as swiftly as possible.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Raymond, in great perplexity, riding up to his mother. "It is stranger than any of the old tales the women used to tell me."

The Countess was a lady of strong mind and body, and although the unknown fate of her younger son had overwhelmed her with grief, this new peril to her whole family had thoroughly aroused her, and she was riding steadily and swiftly onward.

"It is a strange tale," she said—"stranger far than any I thought would ever be told in this fair land; but I can not tell it to you, my boy, until our journey's end. Then you shall hear it all."

So Raymond, with the rest, rode on, and he, with all the others, excepting the squire and his mother, supposed that this long night-ride had something to do with the rescue of Louis.

Chapter VII.

Louis sat for a long time, in the bit of shade by the tree, before Jasto returned; but, when that learned man at last made his appearance, he merely remarked that the Captain had kept him longer than he had supposed he would, and, after that, he had to look for a quill, of which to make a pen.

"It is not an easy thing to get the right kind of quill for a pen, you must know," he said, as he took his seat by Louis, and began to scrape the lower end of a long quill with a broad, sharp knife which he took from his belt. "A crow-quill will do very well, or even a quill from a hawk; but I like a long one, like this, which came from a heron's wing, nailed up in one of our houses. And he who nailed it up never dreamed of the benefit that a quill from that wing would bring to our good company."

"What benefit?" asked Louis.

"The benefit that comes from the money your mother will send us when she reads your letter."

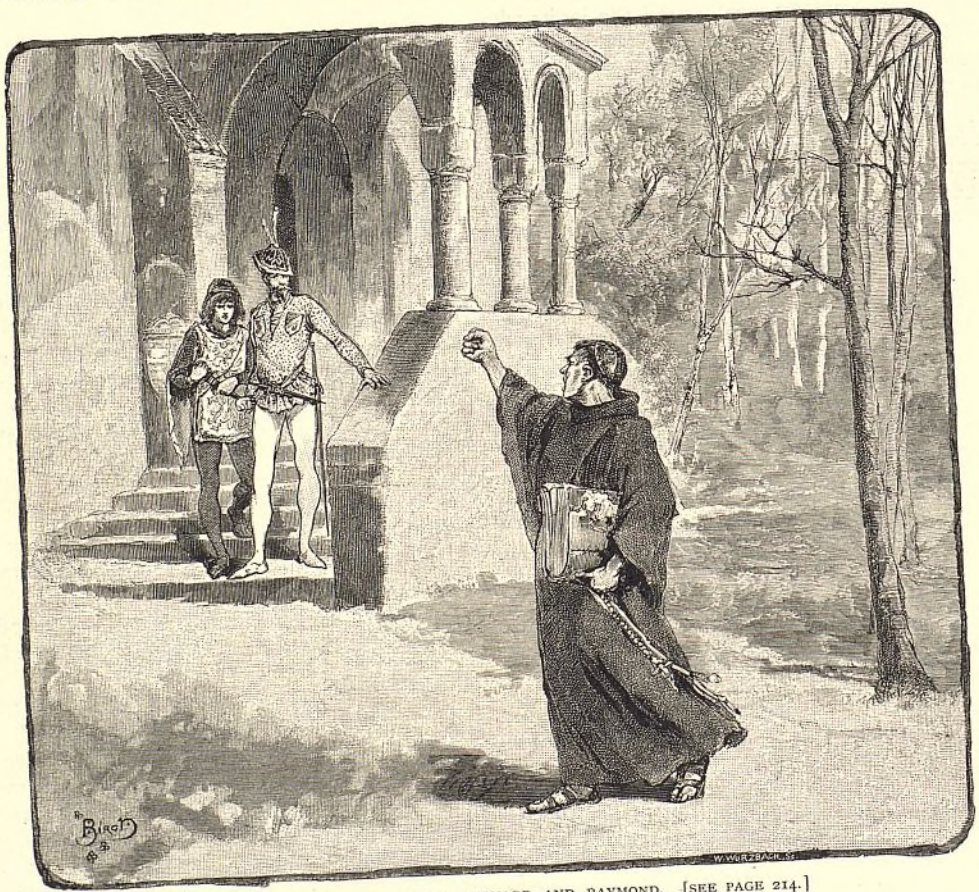
"Oh!" said Louis.

"And while I make this pen," continued his companion, "I shall tell you the story of my letter."

"Yes, indeed," cried Louis; "I should rather have that than the pen—at least, just now."

"That is a bad choice, for the pen is to give you liberty, and the story will not do that. However, there is a lesson in the story, and you shall have it. It was just before one of the battles between Queen Blanche and the Duke of Burgundy. I was a soldier then, in the service of a good knight; and although I was not his squire, but a simple man-at-arms, ready to fight on horse or on foot, or not to fight at all, just as the case might be, still I was a better man than the squire—for he could not write, any more than his master could. So, just before the battle, the knight sent for me, and, said he, 'Jasto, I have heard that you are a wise fellow and can write, and I want you to write me a letter.' He knew I could write, because I had told him so, and had told all my companions so, for this I found I must do, otherwise they would never be aware of it; for, not knowing how to write themselves, how

could they comprehend that I knew? 'I want to send a messenger back to my castle,' said my good knight, 'and I want him to carry a straight and fair message, which he can not do if I send it by word of mouth. So you must write what I wish to say in a letter to my seneschal, and the messenger shall carry it.' With that, he showed me a little piece of parchment that he had with him, and a phial of ink and a pen, and he bade me sit down and write what he told me to say. I liked not this haste, which gave me no time for study and prep-



BROTHER ANSELMO THREATENS BERNARD AND RAYMOND. [SEE PAGE 214.]

aration, and I told him, with due respect, that I could not write unless I had a table on which to lay my parchment. Whereupon he made a man with a cuirass get down on all-fours before me, so that on this man's steel back I could write as on a table. My master then told me to write how that, knowing the enemy would soon reach the spot where we then lay, and feeling the want of a stronger force, he desired his seneschal to send him five more men, and five horses, with arms and all things needful, and also to send therewith a new casque which he expected from the armorer, and a long-sword which hung up in the great hall, and divers other things, of which I wot not now. When I came to write down all this, I found myself sorely troubled, for you must know that to write a letter requires a knowledge of many things. One must know what letters are needed for a word, what order to put them in, and how to make them.

"Some words need a good many letters, and if the letters in a word are not the right letters, and are not set in a befitting order, it will be of no use for any man, even the most learned scholar, to try to tell what that word is. So I soon found that for many of the words I could not remember the letters, and of those letters I did remember there were some that I could not make, for I had forgotten their shape. But I would not tell my master that, for it would have been a sorrowful thing to have fallen from my high place as the most learned person in our company, not to speak of the punishment I might have expected. So I wrote on, making the best words

I could devise with the letters at my command, and urging my master to repeat every sentence, so that I should be sure to get it straight and fair; and in that way I learned the whole letter by heart, and read it to him, when I had finished it, so that he was greatly gratified. 'Let me see the letter, my good Jasto,' said he; and when he looked at it, he said, 'The words seem very much like each other'—which was the truth, indeed, for most of them had the same letters in them, measured out in very much the same measurement. 'But it all looks simple enough,' he went on to say, 'and I greatly desire that I could read it, but that is beyond my powers.' And then he made his mark, which his seneschal well knew, and the letter was done.

"Thereupon he called for a messenger to take it in all haste to his castle, but I told him that he could have no better messenger than I should be, because, having writ the letter, I could read it to the person to whom it was sent, if it should so be that he could not read it himself. 'But old Hubert can read, else I would not send him a letter,' said my lord. But I answered that, if he had never seen my writing, it might be so strange to him that it would take much time for him to understand the proper slope and indication of the letters, and so the reënforcements might be sorely hindered in their coming. Therefore it was that I was sent, and I so saved my life; for, shortly after, the battle came off, and, if I had been there, I know I should have been killed, as most of my knight's men were. But I was safe in the castle, and when I went back with the men and the horses and the armor, I met my lord coming to his castle, and right glad was he to see me with my company, for he was in such sore plight that he was even afraid of thieves, although there were but few of them to be met with then, being mostly in the wars. And therefore, I, being fresh and unwounded, took the lead among the men-at-arms, and felt high in my lord's favor, and this was far better than being able to scratch off a poor letter that could be read."

"But what said the seneschal to your letter?" asked Louis.

"Oh, nought at all," answered Jasto. "I read it to him out of my head, and showed him his master's mark."

"But did you not feel, all the time, that you were a great trickster and cheat?" said the free-spoken Louis.

"No more than I do now," answered Jasto, "coming here to help you with your letter to your mother, and telling you a story with a moral to it, showing how arduous a thing it is to write a letter, so that you may be ready for your difficulties when they come upon you. And now this pen is done, and it ought to be, for I have put a score of nibs to it, and there is not enough quill left for another one. It may be blunt, but it will make a mark."

"And what am I to write on?" asked Louis.

"I 'll find that and the ink this afternoon," said Jasto, "but now I smell dinner."

In the afternoon, Jasto mixed up a black compound with some water, so as to make an ink,—rather thick and gritty, to be sure, but good enough for its purpose,—and he produced a piece of parchment, completely written over on one side. This writing he proceeded to obliterate, as far as possible, by rubbing it with a piece of pumice-stone.

Louis was impatient, and suggested that he might mark out the words on one side and go on writing on the other; but Jasto would not hear to this, for it would argue too great poverty on the part of the *cotereaux* to send a letter on the back of another, and so he rubbed and rubbed, and talked, and came and went, until it was nearly dark, and so the letter was postponed until the next day.

On the morrow, however, Jasto refused to produce the writing materials, because there was to be a grand expedition of the band, which would require nearly all the men; and Michol had said that Louis must be taken along, as he did not wish to leave him behind, guarded only by the few men who would stay at the camp.

"That 's a pretty way to do!" exclaimed Louis. "Suppose I should be killed in this expedition, what will your captain say to my mother then? I am not afraid to go, but I do not want to be taken for a robber, and be shot with an arrow, or have my head cut off."

"Be not afraid," said Jasto, laughing. "The enemy will not hurt you, if you keep out of the way. You are to be under my special keeping, and I will warrant that the foe shall not kill you."

Early in the morning, nearly the whole of Captain Michol's force, some armed with lances, some with bows and arrows, and others with long knives, or swords of various descriptions, set out, on foot, for a march through the forests. Louis went with them, closely accompanied by Jasto, who never lost sight of him.

On the way, the good-humored robber, who seemed to be of a better class than most of his companions, using more correct language, and behaving himself better in every way, informed Louis of the object of the expedition. About eight or ten miles to the east of the camp of the *cotereaux* there was a château, almost as strongly

fortified as a castle, the owner of which possessed a great number of hogs. These animals, until within a few days previous, had been confined within close bounds, for fear that they should be stolen. But as no evil-disposed persons had been seen for a long time in the neighborhood, the whole herd had been let out into the adjacent woods, where they would thrive much better, during the hot weather, than in their former quarters. Michol had been informed that these hogs were ranging through the woods, under the charge of two or three men, and he was now going to try to capture as many of them as possible. He took his large force, not because he expected any opposition from the keepers of the hogs, but because a great many men would be needed to surround and capture the animals, many of which would be lost if the herd should be allowed to scatter itself through the forest.

As they walked along, Louis thought that it was a great pity that the first foray he ever set out upon should be an expedition, in time of peace, to steal pigs; but he considered it wise not to say what was in his mind, for it was the business of these men to steal pigs, or anything else they could lay their hands on,—even boys and borrowed jennets,—and they might not fancy his finding fault with them. He was not afraid of Jasto, with whom he had become very friendly and communicative; but many of the other men looked like fellows whom it would not be at all pleasant to offend. So he went along with the company, and made no objections until he had walked five or six miles through the forest, when he informed Jasto that he was getting very tired, and that he hoped they would soon come to the end of their journey, so that he could sit down and rest.

"As for that," said Jasto, "the end of your journey will soon come, if the signs ahead of us mean anything. Some of our foremost fellows have come back, and I think they are telling the Captain that the herd is not far ahead of us. And if that be so, it will make our work easier, for the herdsmen will be far from home and can not call for help. You and I will not go up to the field of battle, but will be posted outside, with here and there another brave fellow, to arrest any of the enemy who may take to flight in our direction. So keep up a brave pair of legs for a little while longer, and then you shall have your rest."

Sure enough, in less than a quarter of an hour Jasto received orders to wait with Louis, at the end of a small path through the underbrush, while the rest of the force spread themselves out widely through the forest. Before long a great noise of squealing and shouting was heard in the distance.

"We have come upon them," said Jasto, "and many a good meal of pork shall we have this year."

"I hope the poor herdsmen are not getting killed," said Louis.

"Have no fear for them," replied Jasto; "they will run away the moment they see one of us. And as they can not bring help, there will be no Christian blood shed. Look out there! Stand close behind me! Hear you that?"

Louis plainly heard something rushing through the bushes, and in a moment a pig, about half-grown, dashed along the path toward them. When he saw Jasto, he stopped for an instant, and then made a rush, endeavoring to pass him. But the robber was too quick to allow that, and he stooped and seized the scampering porker by the hind leg. In an instant, Jasto was jerked upon his back, still, however, holding fast to the struggling pig.

Louis shouted in laughter, and he enjoyed the fun so much that it was some moments before he considered that the shouting and wriggling Jasto probably wanted his assistance. He then ran up, and, taking hold of the other hind leg of the prisoner, enabled Jasto to get up, and to tie the pig's legs together with a strong cord which he had in his pocket.

"There, now," cried Jasto, with a very red face, "the rest of the pork will be ready to cook or salt down, but this fellow I shall take home to fatten. He is too lean and lively for good eating now."

In less than half an hour the rest of the company appeared, walking in a long line, some of the men bearing each a slaughtered pig, while here and there two fellows carried a larger animal between them. Jasto threw his prize across his shoulders, and, although there was a good deal of struggling on the part of the pig, his captor held him firmly, and carried him thus throughout the whole long tramp back to the camp.

When he reached the huts, Jasto immediately set to work to make a rude pen of stakes and poles, in which he shut up his pig, which was to be thoroughly fattened before sharing the fate of his brethren who had been slain in the forest.

Louis was a very tired boy when he found himself again in the camp, and he slept until a late hour the next morning; but, as soon as he had had his breakfast and felt fully awake, he went to hunt up Jasto, so that he could begin his letter.

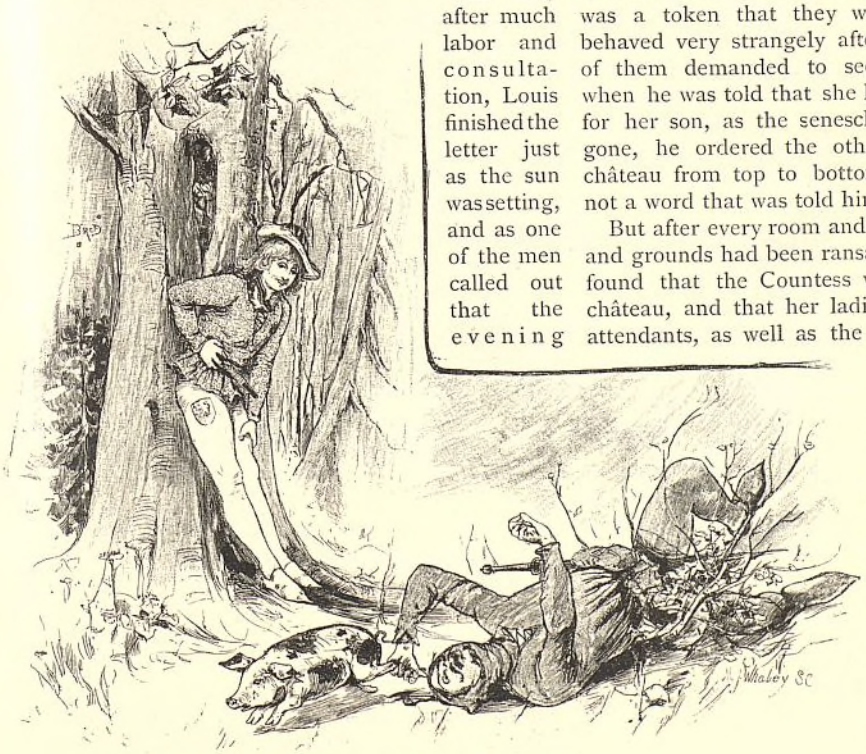
But he found that individual, his well-mended and red-lined clothes exchanged for an indescribably wretched suit, busily engaged, with a large portion of his comrades, in cutting up and curing, in

various ways, the pork which had been brought in the day before. The band had so much hog-flesh on hand that they hardly knew what to do with all of it, and they were so busy for several days that Jasto had no time to give to Louis and his literary labors.

But, as soon as the pork business was finished and Jasto was at liberty, Louis set to work in earnest to write his letter to his mother.

Jasto prepared the parchment, nearly obliterating the writing on one side of it, and, the ink and pen being ready, the work began, and a very important work it seemed to be. Louis, of course, was anxious that his first letter to his mother should be a good one, well spelled and well expressed; Jasto continually suggested forcible and high-sounding sentences, containing words which neither Louis nor he could spell; the Captain came several times to the place where the writing was going on, to insist on certain terms of ransom being clearly stated; and nearly all the men in the band straggled up, one or two at a time, to know how the letter was coming on, and to hear Louis read what he had already written. It was a document of great interest to every one of the robbers, for, if it should succeed in its purpose, it would bring a large sum of money to the band.

At last, after much labor and consultation, Louis finished the letter just as the sun was setting, and as one of the men called out that the evening meal — which that day consisted principally of fresh pork — was ready.



JASTO'S ADVENTURE WITH THE PIG.

Louis laid his letter, the last words of which were scarcely dry, upon the ground, putting a stone upon it to keep it from blowing away, and ran to get his supper. While he and the rest of the company were busily eating, Jasto's pig broke out of the pen, and, seeing the parchment letter under the tree, devoured it without the slightest hesitation.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Barran had searched the forest on the western side of the highway for nearly three days, and had found no traces of the *cotereaux*, he was obliged to return to Viteau, before entering the woods to the east, to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. He was utterly astounded, of course, when he heard of the flight of the Countess, with nearly all her household; but he was still more surprised, and very much alarmed, when the seneschal told him that, in an hour or so after the departure of the Countess and her party, the château had been visited by a large body of armed men, accompanied by several priests, among whom was Brother Anselmo. These men were admitted because the presence of the priests was a token that they were friends, but they behaved very strangely after they entered. One of them demanded to see the Countess, and when he was told that she had gone away to look for her son, as the seneschal supposed she had gone, he ordered the other men to search the château from top to bottom, evidently believing not a word that was told him.

But after every room and every part of the house and grounds had been ransacked, and when it was found that the Countess was really not in the château, and that her ladies, and almost all her attendants, as well as the horses in her stables, had gone away, the search was given up, and, after a great deal of talking among themselves, and a great deal of severe questioning of the seneschal and the other servants of the house who had been left behind, the unpleasant visitors departed.

What they wanted, and why they came, the seneschal did not know, any more than

he knew why the Countess had left. But Barran was not long in divining the truth. He felt certain that the men with the priests were officers of the Inquisition, and that the Countess had heard of their intended visit, and had escaped from the château. Whether or not she was then really out of their power, he did not know; but, as he hoped that her destination was his own castle, the Count determined to hasten home as fast as he could.

After a brief halt for rest and food, Barran, with all his men, hastened back to his castle, where, to his great delight, he found the Countess safe from her pursuers.

But the relief and satisfaction of the poor lady at her present security was entirely overbalanced by the news that her son had not been found. She was in such grief that Barran had not the heart to tell her of the visit of the Inquisitors. He assured her that he would immediately begin the search of the forests on the other side of the road; but, before he started the next day, he held an earnest consultation with Bernard and with Count De Lanne, who was taken into confidence in this most important matter, in regard to the measures to be adopted should the officers of the Inquisition follow the Countess to the castle.

Nothing was agreed upon, excepting that Bernard declared that she should never be given up, so long as life remained in his body; but Barran considered it necessary that he himself should be at home, in case the Inquisitors should come to the castle; and so, after conducting his men to the forest, and instructing them as to the manner in which they should proceed, he returned to the castle, where he remained quietly, without informing the Countess of his presence.

He would have been glad to assist in the search for Louis, for whose safety he was very anxious, but he regarded the mother's position as one which required his personal attention much more than did that of the son. He would have told her everything, and have urged her to leave France, if possible; but he knew she could not be induced to take a step of the kind until she had seen her son, or had had definite news of him, and so he deemed it unwise to say anything about the Inquisitors as long as he felt sure that she would go no farther to escape from them. She asked no questions, for her mind seemed entirely occupied by the loss of her boy.

She would not allow Raymond to go with the searching party, for fear she should in some way lose him also; and this troubled her eldest son greatly until she told him, as she had promised, of the danger with which she was threatened, and which had caused her to leave her home.

This information had a powerful effect upon Raymond. It seemed to make him several years older. At first he scarcely could believe that there were people in the world who could wish to punish his dear mother for believing what she thought right about religious matters; but when he heard how so many persons had been cruelly tried and punished by the Inquisition for saying and thinking no more than his mother had said and thought, he saw what peril she was in; and he determined, like Bernard, that he would never leave her until she should be safe from all her dangers.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Captain Michol heard of the fate of the letter,—and there could be no doubt as to what that fate was, for the pig was found rooting around the spot where the parchment had been left, evidently searching for something else good to eat,—he was very angry. He knew that there was no more parchment in the camp, nor anything else on which a proper letter could be written, and he did not know when or where he could procure any material of the kind. He had made all his arrangements to send the letter, which had now been too long delayed, to Viteau the next day; and this disappointment enraged him very much. He ordered Jasto's pig to be instantly slaughtered, and he told Louis that he would cut off one of his ears and send that to his mother, and then, if a handsome ransom did not soon arrive, he would cut off the other one and send it also.

Whether or not the Captain was in earnest in making this threat is not to be known; but it frightened Louis greatly, and he determined that the morning should not find him in the power of a man who would do such terrible things, and he made up his mind to escape that night, no matter what might afterward happen to him.

Accordingly, when Jasto was fast asleep, poor little Louis slipped quietly past him and made his way into the forest. He pushed blindly through the thickets and undergrowth, not knowing in what direction he was going—only anxious to get away as far as possible from the cruel Captain. It was very dark, and he frequently came violently against a tree, or stumbled over tangled vines and bushes, scratching his hands and face and bruising his body; but he still pressed on, wherever he could push himself through the bushes. When daylight should appear he hoped to be able to make his way to the high-road, and, once there, he felt sure he could walk to Viteau.

But, after hours of toilsome and painful struggling through the pathless underbrush, he found that, even by the increasing light, he could not

discover, although he searched diligently, any sign or indication of a passage through the thicket. He even climbed a tree, but could see nothing except trees and bushes — the latter extending, in what seemed like impenetrable masses, in every direction.

Almost tired to death, he sat down at the foot of the tree he had climbed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. He slept for hours, and it was after noon when he was awakened by some one laughing very close to him.

Louis opened his eyes with a start, and there was Jasto, who at that moment laughed again. The boy sprang up with a cry, and was about to plunge into the bushes, but the robber seized him by the arm.

"No, no, my good Sir Page," said Jasto. "Don't lead me over any more such wretched ways as you have led me this morning. I 've had enough of them."

"Oh, Jasto!" cried Louis, "you are not going to take me back?"

"I don't know," said the robber, "what I shall do with you, but I certainly shall not take you back the way you came. Where you crept under the bushes, I had to break through them. I never saw such a fellow for hiding. How do you suppose I found you?"

"I don't know," said Louis.

"I found you," said Jasto, "by not looking for you. The rest of our men — and nearly all of them turned out to search for you, when we found you had run away — scattered themselves about in all directions, to see if they could catch a glimpse of *you*. I did nothing of that kind. I knew that if a boy like you were to crouch under a thick bush, I could not see him. So I looked for little bits of blue silk from a pair of trunk hose, and little shreds of purple cloth from a tunic that I knew of. I saw a bit of the silk on some briers when I started out, and I knew I should find more. I lost your track many times, but every now and then a bit of rag on a thorn

"THE COUNTESS SENT FOR JASTO, AND THANKED HIM WARMLY." [SEE PAGE 223.]

would encourage me; and so, at last, I came up to the gallant young page who was marking his way with pieces of silk and costly cloth. It made me laugh to think how truly these rags had led me to him."

"I am glad, Jasto," said Louis, "that you found me, and not one of the other men. I don't believe you will make me go back to the Captain to have one of my ears cut off. You will show me the way to go home, and I promise you, if you will do that, that my mother will send you a good sum of money, quite as much as she would have sent to the Captain if she had got my letter and had ransomed me."

"I am not sure about that," said Jasto, "but I have been thinking over the matter, and it may be that I shall not take you back to our camp. I have a kindly feeling for you, Sir Page. First, because I think you are a lad of spirit, as I used to be; and second, because my pig ate your letter, and so brought your trouble on you. Therefore, I feel bounden to help you out of it. But, if I send you to your mother, she may forget my sole share in your rescue and return, and may send the ransom-money to our company, when it will be so divided and shared, and measured into parts, that I shall get very little of it. So I think I shall take you to your mother, and then I shall get all the ransom myself, and not be obliged to share it with any one. And I am sure the good lady, your mother, will give more to him who brings you back than to him who has merely carried you away."

"Indeed would she!" cried Louis, more than delighted at the prospect of being taken directly to his home.

"Well, then," said Jasto, "take you this piece of bread, which I put in my pocket before I set out this morning, and when you have eaten it, you will be strong enough, mayhap, to go on to your mother's château, though it is still a good distance from here; and I promise you that I shall not lead you through such rough ways as you led me. But we must be careful, for, if we meet any of my good comrades, there will be an end of our plan."

When Louis had finished eating,—and, coarse and hard as the bread was, he devoured every morsel, for it was his breakfast and his dinner,—the two started off for Viteau. Louis supposed that they would try to reach the main road as soon as possible; but Jasto assured him that he had no idea of doing that, for the woods would be occupied, at various points along the road, by the *cotereaux*, who would expect the fugitive boy to take the highway as soon as he could find it. Instead of that, Jasto intended to slyly make his way, through the woods, to the nearest point to Viteau, and then to strike across the country to the château.

Jasto was an expert and experienced woodsman, and he found paths where Louis would never have imagined they could exist; and with great care and caution, and frequent halts for outlook and listening, he led the boy through the devious mazes of the forest, without meeting one of his comrades. About dark they reached the edge of the forest, and then they cautiously made their way to the château, where they arrived late in the night.

It would be hard to express the consternation of Louis—and that of Jasto was almost as great—at finding that the Countess had gone away; that Barran had been there that day, returning from a search for his lost page, but had almost immediately set out for his castle, and that a body of strange men, accompanied by priests, had been searching the house for his mother only the night before.

Poor Louis, who could not imagine what all this meant, and who was bewildered and astounded at seeing the happy home he had always known deserted by every one excepting the seneschal and a few servants, desired nothing so much as to go immediately to his mother. But this Jasto would not have allowed, had it been possible, for the boy was nearly exhausted by fatigue and want of food. After some supper had been prepared for the two travelers, and Louis had eaten as much as Jasto thought good for him, the robber accompanied his young companion to the room he had been used to occupy with his brother Raymond, and, after seeing him safely in bed, lay down on the floor across the door-way, and went to sleep himself. It was evident that he intended to take good care that Louis should not leave him this time until he had conducted him into his mother's presence.

The seneschal was rather surprised at the actions of this man, who announced himself as a friend to the boy, and one who had saved him from the robbers who had captured him; but, as he and Louis seemed on very friendly terms, the old man made no objection to anything that Jasto said or did.

In the morning, Louis insisted upon an early start for Barran's castle; but, although Jasto was now perfectly willing to go, he was afraid to do so, for there was no other road but the one which led through the woods, and on that he certainly would be seen by some of the *cotereaux*, who would keep the road under constant watch. To make his way with the boy through the woods on the west of the road would be almost impossible,

for he was not familiar with that part of the forest, and did not know the paths; and Louis would of a certainty be tired out long before he could reach the castle, which was distant almost a day's journey for a horse.

But fortune favored him, for, after he had spent most of the day in endeavoring to impress these things on the mind of the impatient Louis, and in making efforts to find some one who would be willing to go to the castle and inform the Countess of her son's arrival at Viteau, there came to the château a party of horsemen who had been sent by Barran to see if anything had been heard from the boy at his home, the party in the eastern woods having, so far, met no traces of his captors.

The course was now easy enough, and the next day Barran's men set out for the castle, taking with them the happy Louis and Jasto, who felt no fear of capture by his former comrades now that he was escorted by a body of well-armed men.

The scene at the castle, when Louis arrived, was a joyous one. The Countess forgot all her troubles and fears about herself, in her great happiness for the return of her son; and even Raymond ceased to think, for a time, of his mother's danger, so glad was he to see his dear brother again. Every one at the castle, indeed, was in a state of great delight, for Louis was a general favorite, and few persons had expected to see him again.

Among the most joyful of his welcomers was Agnes. She listened to his story with the greatest eagerness, and, when he began to lament that he had lost her horse, she exclaimed:

"We don't think much about horses, my father and I, when we are afraid that we have lost boys. It is easy enough to get another jennet, and, before many years, this one would have been too small for me. Do you think he is in a comfortable place?"

"I don't know," answered Louis. "I did not see where they took him."

"At any rate," said the girl, promptly, "the thieves can not ride him in the forest, and so he will not be worn out by hard work. But we wont talk about him any more. And your brother's new falcon is gone, too, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said Louis, ruefully. "But he will not grieve about that, for he did not know he was going to have one. I thought of that a good many times, when I was among the robbers. If he had been expecting it, things would have been a great deal worse than they are now."

"Of course he did not expect the bird," said the girl, "but he knows you have lost it, for everybody was told that it was to carry him a new falcon that you left the castle. But he never will scold you for not bringing it, and so we need not say anything more about it. But he must wonder that you were bringing him a falcon; for how could you know he had none, when you left your mother's house before anything was said about his bird having been lost? He must suspect you had something to do with it."

"Of course he does," said poor Louis. "I intended to tell him all about it when I should give him the new falcon; but it will be harder to do it now."

"Don't you say a word about it," said Agnes, who was really a kind-hearted girl, although she liked to talk about everything that was on her mind. "I 'll tell him myself. It will be easy enough for me to do it, and I can tell him better than you can, anyway."

She did tell Raymond all about it, dwelling with much earnestness on Louis's sorrow for his fault, and his great desire to make amends for it; but she found that Raymond cared very little about falcons. His mind was occupied with weightier matters.

"Louis is a good fellow, and a true one," he said, "although he often plays wild pranks, and the only reason I am sorry that he lost my bird is that it caused him such danger, and all of us such grief."

"I like Louis better than Raymond," said Agnes to herself. "Raymond talks so much like a man, and he is n't half so glad as he ought to be, now that his brother is saved from those dreadful robbers. If I were in his place, I 'd be singing and dancing all the time."

The Countess sent for Jasto, and thanked him warmly and earnestly for bringing her son to her, instead of taking him back to the *cotereaux*.

"If I could do it now," she said, "I should reward you handsomely for what you have done for me; but, as I left my château for this place very suddenly, I have no money with me. However, as soon as I shall have opportunity to send for some, I shall more than pay you for the trouble you have taken. Meantime, as your conduct shows that you wish to leave your companions and give up your evil ways, you can remain here, and I shall see that you receive fair treatment and are well employed." And then, with a few more gracious words, she dismissed him.

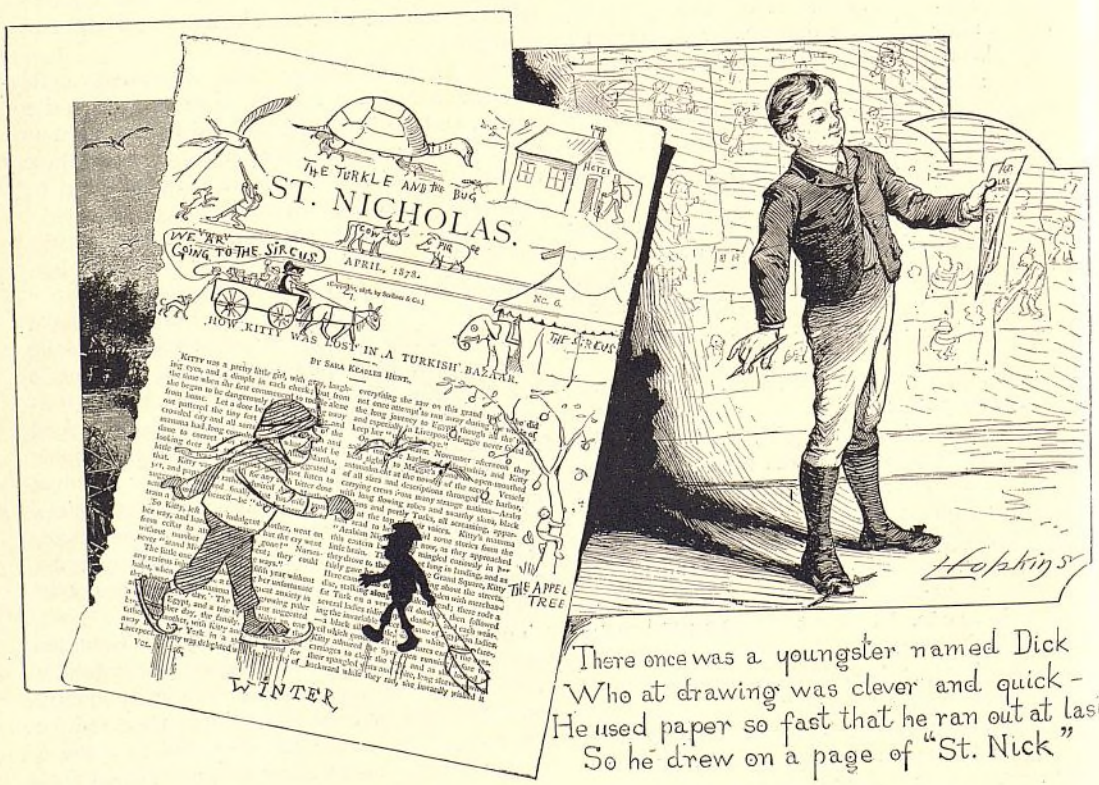
This was all very pleasant, for the Countess spoke so sweetly and looked so good that it greatly gratified Jasto to have her talk to him so kindly, and thank him for what he had done; but still he was not satisfied. He had expected to make a regular bargain about a ransom, and hoped that Louis would have told his mother how much Michol was going to charge for his return; but he

found the boy had never mentioned the matter, and he did not feel bold enough, in his first interview with the Countess, to do it himself. He knew that he would be rewarded, but he felt sure that a lady would have no idea of the proper sum to pay for a page's ransom. If the pig had not eaten the letter her son had written, she would have been astonished indeed. He would wait, and, when the proper time came, he would let it be known that he expected ransom-money just as much as if he had kept the boy in some secret spot, and had made his mother send the sum required before her son was restored to her. Meanwhile, he was perfectly willing to remain in the service of the good Countess, and the first thing he asked for was a suit of clothes not composed of patches sewn together with bright red silk. And that he received without delay.

Now that Louis was safe at the castle, the minds of the Countess and her friends were occupied with the great question of her safety. It was not to be expected that the officers of the Inquisition would give up their attempts to arrest the lady; and although Barran's castle and Barran's forces might be strong enough to hold her securely and to drive back her persecutors, a contest of this kind with the Church was something not to be desired by the Count nor by his friends. Barran and Lanne were both of opinion that the safest refuge for the Countess would be England; but a secret journey there would be full of hardships, and might compel her to give up all her property, and to be separated from her sons.

It was hard to decide what to do, and at any day the officers of the Inquisition might appear at the gates of the castle.

(To be continued.)



There once was a youngster named Dick
Who at drawing was clever and quick -
He used paper so fast that he ran out at last
So he drew on a page of "St. Nick"

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.

UNDER this general heading we propose to give, from month to month, some articles of especial interest to boys and girls, introducing them to various useful employments or ways of self-improvement, and also to novel sports, games, and entertainments. The papers for this department have been obtained from different sources: some of them are written by well-known writers, some by experts in special fields, and some by wise boys and girls who, in solving their own difficulties or devising new pleasures for themselves, have hit upon expedients and diversions that are of value to young folk everywhere.

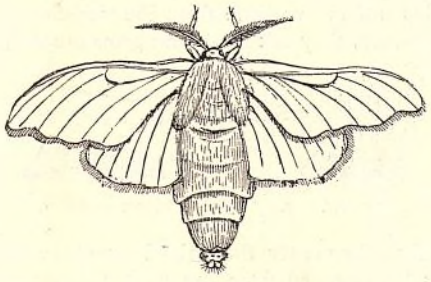
We begin, this month, with a paper that will be welcome in many quarters, and upon a subject concerning which we have received many inquiries, viz.: "Silk-culture." The achievements of Miss Nellie Rossiter in this home employment have gained honorable mention in the newspaper press, and have familiarized many of our readers with the fact that silk-culture offers a simple and easy method for boys and girls to make money. A great many young folk have had their curiosity aroused on this subject, but have had no means of learning how to begin and to conduct the work. This information, therefore, the accompanying article aims to supply, and we believe that it gives all the directions needed by earnest, active boys and girls for successful work in the line of silk-culture.

We shall have more to say upon the subject in other numbers, having already in stock an account of the "Boys' Silk-culture Club," of Philadelphia, and the results achieved by a girls' organization in the same city. And if the industry prove a popular one with our readers, we may organize a ST. NICHOLAS Silk-culture Club. We are prepared to make free distribution (under suitable guaranties) of as many as 200,000 silk-worm eggs among boys and girls who are subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS, and who are ready to undertake silk-culture in good faith, and to render us reports in due time of the progress of their work. The present paper, which is written by an experienced silk-culturist, will show how much can be done by young folk in this new field.

As indicated by the title, the new department shall vary work with play. So, next month, it will contain an illustrated article by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, on "A New Winter Sport for Boys"—a stirring paper, introducing American lads to the use of the Norwegian "skees."

SILK-CULTURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY L. CAPSADELL, SEC. N. Y. SILK EXCHANGE.



THERE is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this moth or butterfly, as you might call it. It is no larger than the white or yellow butterfly that flits over the mud in a country road, and not nearly so pretty, being of a grayish white, with small, black, bead-like eyes.

It lives only twelve or fifteen days, eats nothing, can not fly or protect itself from enemies, and you may wonder what such a moth is good for; but if you lived in China, Japan, Italy, or France, you would find it for the first three days of its life guarded with zealous care. In fact, in some countries it is called the golden moth, for it is the means of putting gold into the pocket.

It is said that, two thousand six hundred years before our Christian era, Si-ling-Shi, the wife of the Emperor Hoang-ti, finding that the skins of animals, with which the people clothed themselves, were growing scarce, looked about for some material to take their place. Her search was unsuccessful until one morning, while taking her walk in the palace garden, she discovered some large worms spinning spider-like webs on the mulberry trees. She immediately conceived the idea of weaving these webs into a fabric. The wise men of the Orient were consulted, and finally a fabric was produced which has since been called "silk."

From that day, the wives and children of the poor and middle classes of many nations have derived a livelihood from the product of this little gray silk-moth, which hatches the worm that spins the silk.

The rapid changes these silk-worms go through in six weeks are as amusing and wonderful as the tricks of a sleight-of-hand man, and if you want to get some fun and money out of your next summer holidays, you have only to obtain some silk-worm eggs and let them hatch.

You must keep these eggs in a cool place till hatching time, or they will spoil. A cellar where the temperature does not rise above 40 degrees is a good place.

The hatching season commences when the leaves come out on the mulberry and osage-orange trees, for you must know that the leaves of these are the proper food of the silk-worms. If your studies will not allow you to hatch the eggs at that time, put them in a perforated tin box, and ask the butcher to hang them in his refrigerator. They will keep in this way for quite a time. You can freeze them without harm, provided they are

brought very gradually to higher temperatures for hatching.

No, you do not put the eggs to hatch on the mulberry trees. You bring them into a room in the house, or into a shed or stable where it is clean and well ventilated, and spread them out on a newspaper, or on the bottom of a wooden tray made for the purpose. This wooden tray is much like the bottom of a square bird-cage, and you can easily make one.

After you have placed the eggs as directed, heat the room to a temperature of 70 degrees, and in a few hours you will see a change taking place. The eggs grow gray, then blue, then white, with the exception of a small, moon-shaped black spot.

Now look at this spot with your magnifying-glass, and you will see it is the head of a worm.

In a few minutes some of these worms will surprise you by the rapidity with which they make their exit from the shell. And when they are out, you will observe, if your magnifying-glass is strong enough, that they are covered with short hairs like a caterpillar, and that they are fastening a little silky web to every object within their reach.

The second day after you put your eggs to hatch, you will find the paper or tray swarming with little, black, wriggling worms. You may judge how small they are when I tell you that the egg is not much larger than a mustard-seed.

They are hungry now, and should be fed, but before doing so, make a frame, similar to a slate-frame with a strip through the middle, to fit into the tray. This frame should be covered with mosquito-netting, and placed over the worms. Now gather a few mulberry or osage-orange leaves, chop them fine, like smoking-tobacco, and sprinkle them over the netting.

The worms will quickly crawl through the meshes to eat the leaves.

Being so small they will eat very little, but they should be given fresh leaves as soon as the old leaves become hard or dry. When giving them fresh leaves, put over the old frame another frame covered with netting. When the worms have crawled through, remove the first frame with the dried leaves. In this way you can easily change them from old to fresh food. They should be given four meals a day during the "first age."

The trays must be changed and cleaned at least once a day.

In three days all the strong worms will have hatched; those born after this are apt to be weakly, and had better be thrown away.

Each day those hatched should be removed and placed by themselves, with the date of their birth marked on the tray that contains them. Those first hatched should be placed in the coolest part of the room, and those latest hatched in the warmest. This will tend to equalize their growth and prevent the worms being of different sizes when their molting period comes, which occurs four times.

Five or six days after the worms have hatched, they will prepare to shed their skins.

This is called a molt.

FIRST AGE.

BEFORE MOLTING.

AFTER MOLTING.

You will know when this period comes by their loss of appetite. They will become torpid, and look like small bits of rusty iron wire. If now you observe the worms carefully with a glass, you will see a black spot coming in front of the first joint. This is the growth of a new head, and the commencement of the shedding, which process is completed so gradually that a whole discarded skin is rarely found.

In twelve hours this period is over. The worms have passed their "first age," and enter with renewed appetites into their "second age."

This differs but little from the "first age." In it, however, they eat more and grow much larger.

SECOND AGE.

BEFORE MOLTING.

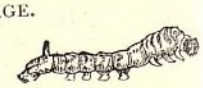
AFTER MOLTING.

Before they enter the "third age," the netting must be removed from the frames and replaced with perforated paper. Each perforation should be large enough to admit a lead-pencil.

You need not chop the leaves any more now, as the worms are able to eat them whole.

THIRD AGE.

BEFORE MOLTING.



AFTER MOLTING.

During the "fourth age" they consume an enormous quantity of food, and when their fourth and last molt comes they suffer acutely. Their sickness sometimes resembles death, and many of the soft, fat worms actually do die.

They require at this time much care as to ventilation and cleanliness. It is very important that the trays be changed daily, and the worms not handled with the fingers. If there is occasion, for lack of

room or any other cause, to remove some of them to other trays, lift them with small, flat camel's-hair brushes or large leaves.

When the molt of this "fourth age" is past, the critical period of the silk-worm's existence is over.

FOURTH AGE.

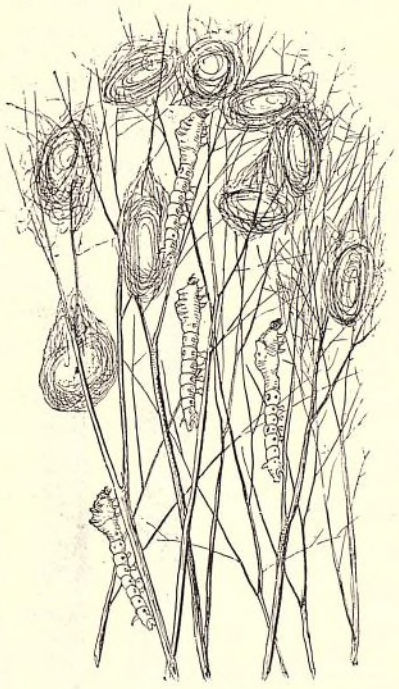
BEFORE MOLTING.

AFTER MOLTING.

In the fifth and last age, how much they will eat! If you have many worms they will keep you pretty busy getting food for them, for not only leaves, but whole mulberry boughs must be given them now. They are as greedy as pigs, and seem to live for nothing but to eat, eat, eat! At this age you can even hear their jaws munching the leaves. But you must not mind this, for they are converting the leaves into a precious fluid, that soon will be poured from their mouths to make the beautiful silken cocoon, and the more they are fed, the firmer and finer will be their cocoons and the more abundant the silk.

In about eight days after the beginning of the "fifth age" the worms, which never before showed the least desire to wander from their trays, become exceedingly restless, and wander aimlessly about, moving their heads in all directions.

They are now looking for a convenient place to spin their cocoons, and if a place is not arranged for them, so that they may disgorge this silk fluid, they will die.



SPINNING-BRANCHES.

The worm is now as large as your finger, and of an ashy gray color.

I have not yet told you that black ants are the silk-worms' mortal enemies, and that you will be sure to find them in your cocoonery. I think they are first brought in on the leaves, and you must keep a sharp lookout for them. They pinch and bite the worms until they kill them. If they get to the worms during the "first age," they may kill them all, for they are then so tender that one pinch or bite will prove fatal.

Now that your worms are ready to spin, you must get ready the spinning-branches. These are bundles of dry twigs from which the leaves have been taken, or bunches of straw. The bunches should be as thick as your wrist, and about a foot long. Stand these bunches all about the trays, and bend their tops together in the shape of an arch.

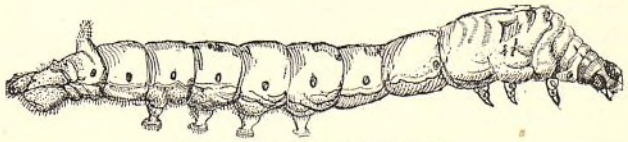
The worms, as soon as they see the branches, will know what they are intended for, and will lose no time in mounting them. There may be found some who are too lazy to mount. Place some branches in the way of these, and when they have taken hold, stand the branch up.

After the worm has mounted the branch, he commences throwing little silky webs from branch to branch. This is a sort of hammock in which he means to hang his cocoon. By and by he really begins work, moving his head quickly from side to side, and throwing the silken thread in the shape of the figure 8.

If you could properly dissect a silk-worm, you would find in it a reservoir which contains the silk matter. From this reservoir proceed two glands that unite in the mouth. From them a fluid is poured forth which, hardening as it reaches the air, becomes a tiny silken thread, to be conducted and directed by the worm to the points it has selected.

The worm moves its head more than sixty times a minute, or three hundred thousand times in making its cocoon.

For some time after it has been spinning and has wound itself in the threads that have taken the shape of a cocoon, you can see it, doubled up like a horseshoe, hard at work on the inside.



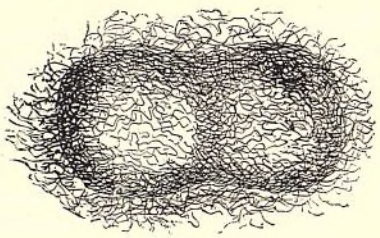
FULL-SIZED WORM READY TO SPIN.

Finally the threads grow so thick that the worm is shut out from your view forever, and I am sure by this time you will feel a little tinge of sadness in

saying good-bye, for it has been with you so much, and has been so intelligent, that it seems almost human.

In four days it has expended all its silk fluid, and the cocoon is done. It will contain a thread of silk from six hundred to eight hundred yards long.

You must let these cocoons remain on the spinning-branches for about eight days. At the end



A COCOON.

of that time, take them down and carefully strip them of their loose floss. Select the largest and finest, and string them on a thread about a yard long. This is done by passing the needle lightly through the outside of the cocoon floss that still remains on it. Never pass the needle through the cocoon, as it would pierce the chrysalis and kill it. Then hang these threads in a cool, dark room, away from rats or mice.

In about seven days more, you will awake some morning to find holes in your cocoons and a number of butterflies or moths, like those I first told you about, clinging to the walls and cocoons.

Some of these will be males and some females. The males are smaller than the females and keep beating their wings.

After about six hours, place the females on cells.

A cell is a little piece of muslin three by three inches, with a string run through the top. A number of these should be prepared beforehand, and then stretched across the room.

As fast as you separate the moths, place a female on each cell, darken the room and let them alone. In a few hours they will commence to lay. Each moth carefully deposits the eggs (which are covered with a sticky fluid that causes them to adhere to the cloth) side by side, and so on for about three days. The usual number of eggs each moth lays is four hundred, but they often lay as many as seven hundred.

It will be well to occasionally pin a moth in the corner of a cell, so that the buyer of eggs can reduce it to powder and examine it for disease. Silk-worms have so far been subject to no disease in this country, but occasionally the precaution should be taken of examining a moth. The breaking out of a disease among the silk-worms is a great affliction on the other side of the ocean.

If you have had one thousand eggs to begin with, and these have produced five hundred females that have laid the average amount of eggs, you will find yourself the possessor of five ounces of eggs, worth at the lowest wholesale price two dollars per ounce, or twenty-five cents a thousand at retail, and about four pounds of pierced cocoons, which, sold as waste, will bring fifty to eighty cents a pound.

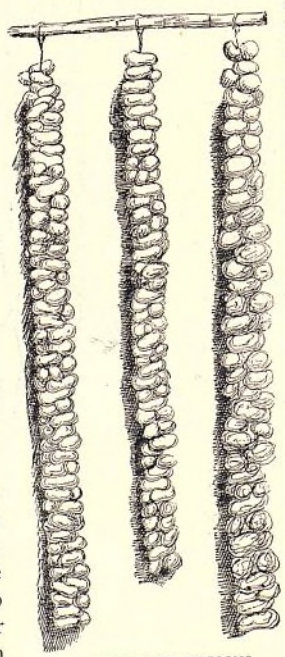
If you should want your cocoons for reeling, instead of reproduction, you should take them from the spinning-branches a few days after they are spun, and stifle them.

Stifling is killing the chrysalis inside, so that it can not pierce the cocoon. The pierced cocoon can be carded, but not reeled.

There are many ways of stifling, but solar rays, charcoal fumes, hot air, or steam are the most used.

To stifle them by solar rays, they must be put in glass-covered boxes in the sun for several days, care being taken to stir them often.

To stifle them by charcoal, they must be put in a bag, hung in a tight box from which the bottom has been removed, and then placed over a pot of burning charcoal. Bank earth about the box, and in twelve hours the work will have been accomplished.



A STRING OF COCOONS.

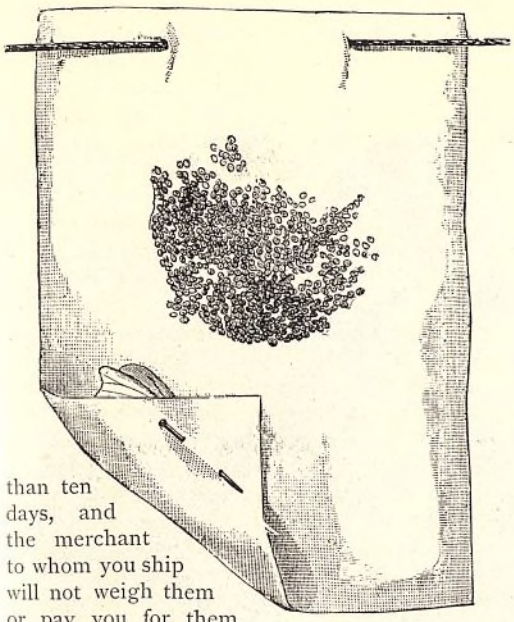
To stifle by hot air, you place them in an oven for half an hour. This is dangerous, for the cocoons are likely to scorch.

To stifle by steam, you put them in a common steamer and steam as you would potatoes or a pudding. Thirty minutes is long enough for them to remain in the steamer.

This last mode is said to be the best of all, as the steaming softens the gum and improves the luster of the silk.

In all cases, after the cocoons have been stifled, they must be placed on a clean cloth, in a cool, airy room, and allowed to dry for at least ten days. They will mold and discolor if you do not dry them.

You should never ship them in a green state, before or after stifling, unless you are specially requested to do so, for they lose in weight for more than ten days, and the merchant to whom you ship will not weigh them or pay you for them till they are perfectly dry.



A CELL, WITH EGGS.

Four pounds or less can be sent in paper boxes by mail. Larger quantities should be sent by express or freight. Pack them lightly in thin pine boxes, so that they will not be mashed or dented, for this prevents their reeling properly.

If the cocoons are pierced, you may pack them as tight as you please.

It will not be profitable for you to reel your cocoons yourself, for no matter how nice and smooth it looks to you, the manufacturer would find it very uneven. But you may want to do it for your own amusement, and so I will tell you how it is done.

Of course, you must provide yourself with a reel, or invent one. I heard of a boy who put a wide band of leather over the upper wheel of a sewing-machine, which worked well. I believe this would do, for there you have the revolving wheel, and all you need is a flat, broad surface on the wheel to catch and wind the silk as it unwinds from the cocoons.

Before reeling, you must throw the cocoons into hot water. Then take a portion of a whisk-broom and stir the cocoons, drawing the broom out of the water occasionally. The hot water softens the gum by which the thread adheres to the shell of the cocoon, and the rough broom catches the ends as they loosen. Then turn the wheel slowly, and with the thumb and forefinger start the ends around the wheel. If the threads break, twist them together and start them around again. When all the silk is unwound from the cocoons, slip it off the wheel and give it a twist and a knot, like a skein of sewing-silk. Should the silk snarl as it unwinds, you may know the water is too hot.

This ends all that you can do with the reeling.

As the pierced cocoons can be carded and spun in the same manner as cotton and wool, your grandmothers, or other old people in your vicinity, can tell you how to do it, and even how to weave it into silk.

Next year I hope to learn that many specimens of cocoons, reeled and spun silk have been on exhibition at the State and county fairs all over the United States—the work of the girls and boys who have read this article.

A BALLAD OF BRAVERY.

By Malcolm Douglas.

To spread his fame, I 'll sing about
  A little lad of ten,
Who, with no weapon, put to rout
  An army of brave men!
The glittering troops attacked one day
  A quiet, sleepy town,
And filled the people with dismay
  As swiftly they came down.
They all prepared to hide or run,
  With faces ashen pale.
All, did I say? No, all save one—
  The hero of my tale.

"Cowards!" he cried, with flashing eye,
  "They pillage and destroy,
And yet you men stand idly by!
  I 'll lead you, though a boy!"
He charged alone; the troops stood still;
  He bravely knocked them down!
And thus, by his heroic will,
  He saved the little town.
Lest this you think be hardly true,
  It should be understood
That, though the boy was *real* like you,
  The rest were made of wood!

KARSING AND THE TIGER.—A PRIZE COMPOSITION.

By HOLLIS C. CLARK (Aged Fifteen).

THE tiger is called the scourge of India. With many other wild animals, including deer, fowl, cattle, and wolves, he frequents the immense jungles of that country. Commonly, the tiger is shy and will run at sight of a man, but once in a while, having tasted human blood, he becomes *doo loo shadwee*, as the natives say, when nothing but human flesh will satisfy him.

When a tiger is known to be a man-eater, the natives in his neighborhood are in constant dread and terror. They either retire into their bamboo huts at sundown, and crouch trembling until daybreak, or they light great bonfires and keep up a continual commotion during the night; for when a tiger captures a person, he generally stays in the same vicinity until killed or entrapped, becoming bolder and bolder every day. A tiger has even been known to bound into a village in daylight, and, like a flash, dash away with his doomed prey.

The news of a man-eater, however, is not an every-day occurrence, as the brute is supposed to obtain his first taste of human blood accidentally.

The task of killing these blood-thirsty beasts is sometimes performed by Europeans, for the mere sake of the hunt and the subsequent glory of exhibiting the furry hide; more often, however, by the *shekarrys*, or professional tiger-killers.

The modes of operation of the latter are often very strange. Sometimes a stout bamboo cage, containing the tiger-killer (who will kill a *doo-loo-shadwee* tiger for thirty dollars) is placed in one of the well-trodden paths of the animal. The statue-like figure of the hunter sits motionless until the tiger, having scented him, springs on the cage and is dispatched by the spears of his antagonist. A brave native has also been known to let a tiger spring at him, and then, lightly bounding aside, dash a knife into his tawny body.

The indolent natives, however, seldom hunt, except for a livelihood, or when accompanying Englishmen, of whom there are large numbers in India.

A few years ago, an English missionary, a friend of mine, was stationed at a small village in the midst of an almost impassable jungle, extending for leagues inward. With one or two neighboring towns the village was connected by foot-paths, and from it a narrow road led to the railway station, distant three miles or more.

One hot evening, as my friend was sitting before his two-story bamboo cottage (which was a source

of admiration and wonder to the simple natives), enjoying some letters from home, which he had just received from a native guide and mail-carrier, he was startled by cries of fear, and a crowd of Hindus from a neighboring village rushed up and threw themselves at his feet, bewailing loudly and alternately imploring his aid and that of their heathen gods. Moreover, his own villagers became very much alarmed, and added to the tumult, while the guide, though excited, remained outwardly calm.

As soon as Mr. Dawson could make himself heard, he inquired the cause of their trouble, to which the guide replied that a tiger had carried off a child from the new-comers' village, adding also, that as the town was now entirely deserted by the terrified inhabitants, part of whom were before him, some other village might now expect the tiger's attentions.

Mr. Dawson was alarmed. This was the first time during his residence there that the peace of the little town had been disturbed. To add to this, his was the nearest village to the one recently attacked, and there was more than an even chance that it would be the next to suffer. It was with a feeling of dread, therefore, that he went to bed that night. He could not sleep, and was momentarily expecting the advent of the tiger. But nothing happened to break the night's stillness.

In the morning, feeling somewhat relieved, he said to the guide (who was off duty for a week), "Well, Karsing, I guess the man-eater has missed us." This was said with an attempt to smile, but Karsing shook his head, and said shortly, "He may come yet." And come he did.

In the evening, when one of the less timorous natives had gone a little distance from the huts to obtain some water, all were paralyzed by shriek upon shriek from the unfortunate man, upon whom the tiger had sprung. His pitiful cries grew fainter and fainter, as the blood-thirsty animal bounded away with him. Pursuit was useless, and another gloomy night was sleeplessly passed.

The next morning the missionary sent one of the villagers to the station to send for a certain *shekarry*, who lived about twenty miles away, and who replied by telegraph that he would come and hunt for the tiger that afternoon.

Meanwhile, Karsing (who was quite intimate with Mr. Dawson), to occupy his time, began overhauling some of that gentleman's "traps," which he brought with him from England, and had stored away. While rummaging in this manner, he came across an old, rusty musket. This he seized upon, and after cleaning and oiling it, took some powder and balls, and about noon went into the jungle, telling the servants about the house — as Mr. Dawson, at that time, was absent — that he would try to shoot something for dinner. They laughed at him, for he had never used either gun or pistol, and told him that the man-eater would catch him.

But Karsing was confident, for he had often seen others shoot, and as to being afraid of the tiger, he said that such beasts usually slept at that hour.

When dinner-time came, the "hunter," as the natives derisively called him, did not appear. Mr. Dawson, who well knew that the guide was fully able to take care of himself, was in nowise alarmed, but was somewhat vexed because Karsing had not asked permission to use the gun. However, in the consideration of other matters he forgot about the affair altogether until later in the day.

At two o'clock, the *shekarry*, with a companion, arrived, armed with rifle and knife.

They immediately set out on the tiger's trail, starting from the point where the animal's latest victim had been seized the night before. As the tracks became plainer, they hurried on cautiously and quietly, when, all of a sudden, the loud report of a gun startled them. It could not have come from a point more than a quarter of a mile away, and in the deathly stillness of the tangled jungle it seemed still nearer. Immediately after it, a loud roar awoke the echoes, and the *shekarrys*, advancing a few rods and parting the bushes, came upon the tiger, then in his death-struggles. He was roaring and lashing the ground with his tail, while in his open, frothy mouth the hideous teeth gleamed; finally, with a huge bound, he leaped into the air and fell dead.

The tiger-killers were exceedingly surprised. Why had they been sent for to kill the tiger if it was probable that another would do it?

They approached the body and came face to face with Karsing, who appeared from the opposite side. The *shekarry*, very naturally, felt vexed and angry, and sullenly demanded, "Did *you* kill that tiger?" "Yes," replied the guide.

"With that gun?" continued the questioner, espying the old musket. "Yes," replied Karsing.

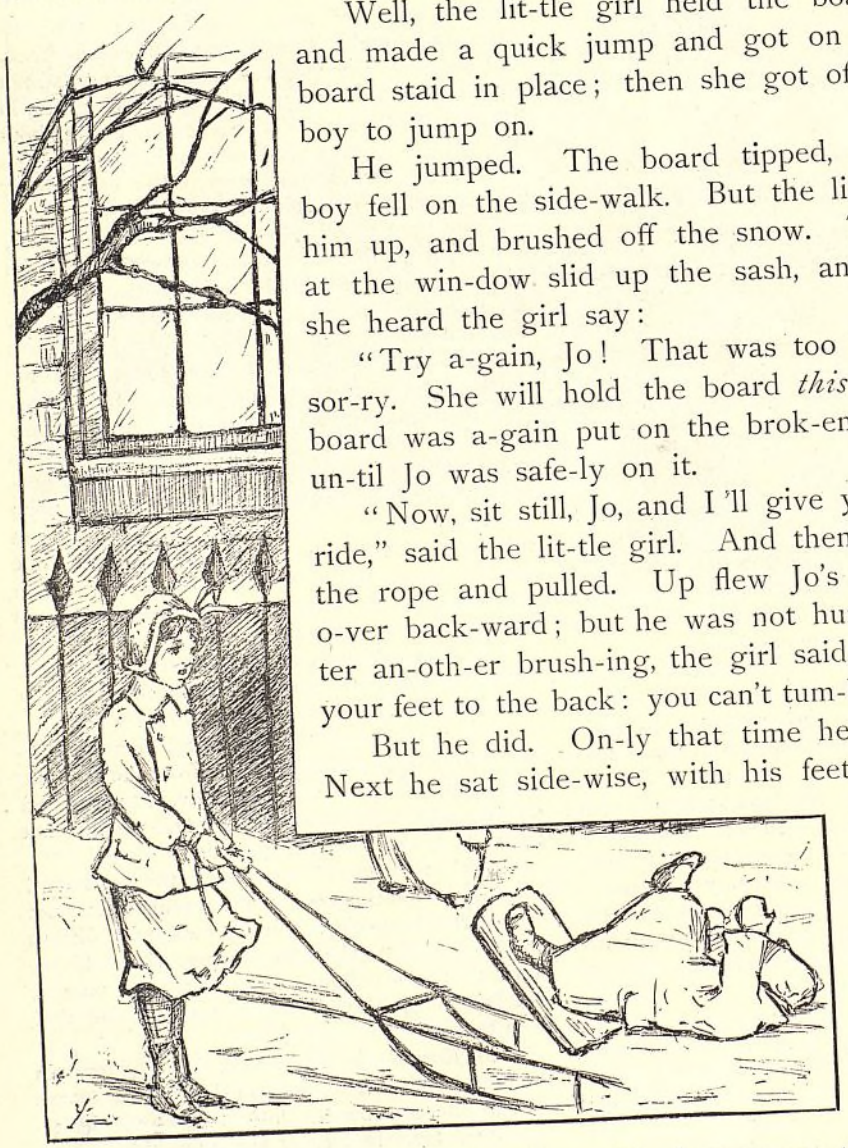
The two tiger-killers turned away with disgust and went back to the village, where they told the story to the wondering missionary and natives. Mr. Dawson paid them their expenses, and they went home.

As for Karsing, he skinned the tiger and brought the hide home, where, after curing it for a month or more, he presented it to Mr. Dawson, who returned the favor by buying him a fine rifle.

The missionary afterward found out that the sly fellow had set out that morning with the express purpose of killing the tiger, which he had accomplished by a lucky chance shot.

THE SLED THAT WON THE GOLDEN ARROW.

ONE cold day, a la-dy looked from a win-dow down to the side-walk, and she saw there a lit-tle girl and a lit-tle boy. The girl had a brok-en sled, and on the sled there was a board that fell off if any-bod-y touched it and would n't stay on un-less it was held.



Well, the lit-tle girl held the board just right, and made a quick jump and got on it, so that the board staid in place; then she got off, and told the boy to jump on.

He jumped. The board tipped, and the lit-tle boy fell on the side-walk. But the lit-tle girl picked him up, and brushed off the snow. Then the la-dy at the win-dow slid up the sash, and this is what she heard the girl say:

"Try a-gain, Jo! That was too bad. Sis-ter is sor-ry. She will hold the board *this* time." So the board was a-gain put on the brok-en sled, and held un-til Jo was safe-ly on it.

"Now, sit still, Jo, and I 'll give you a nice slide-ride," said the lit-tle girl. And then she picked up the rope and pulled. Up flew Jo's feet and he fell o-ver back-ward; but he was not hurt much, and, af-ter an-oth-er brush-ing, the girl said, "Now, sit with your feet to the back: you can't tum-ble off that way."

But he did. On-ly that time he fell on his face. Next he sat side-wise, with his feet hang-ing o-ver part of a run-ner. In this way he went safe-ly as far as a-cross a lit-tle room, but then board and boy once more up-set.

The good sis-ter tried a doz-en times to give Jo a ride, but ev-ery time the old, brok-en sled threw him off. Still the lit-tle girl was pa-tient and kind, and spoke gent-ly, and took good care of her lit-tle broth-er. And that was bet-ter for

both of them that day than a fine sled-ride would have been. For when they went a-way the la-dy o-pened the win-dow wide, and sent a big boy to fol-low them, and told him to come back and tell her the house they lived in.

And then, that same day, she went out and bought a strong and pret-ty sled. Its name was "Gold-en Ar-row."

Then, she went her-self to the house where the lit-tle girl lived, and asked for the lit-tle girl who had been try-ing to give her lit-tle broth-er a sleigh-ride that morn-ing.

"Julia! Julia!" called her moth-er. "Here is a la-dy, ask-ing for you."

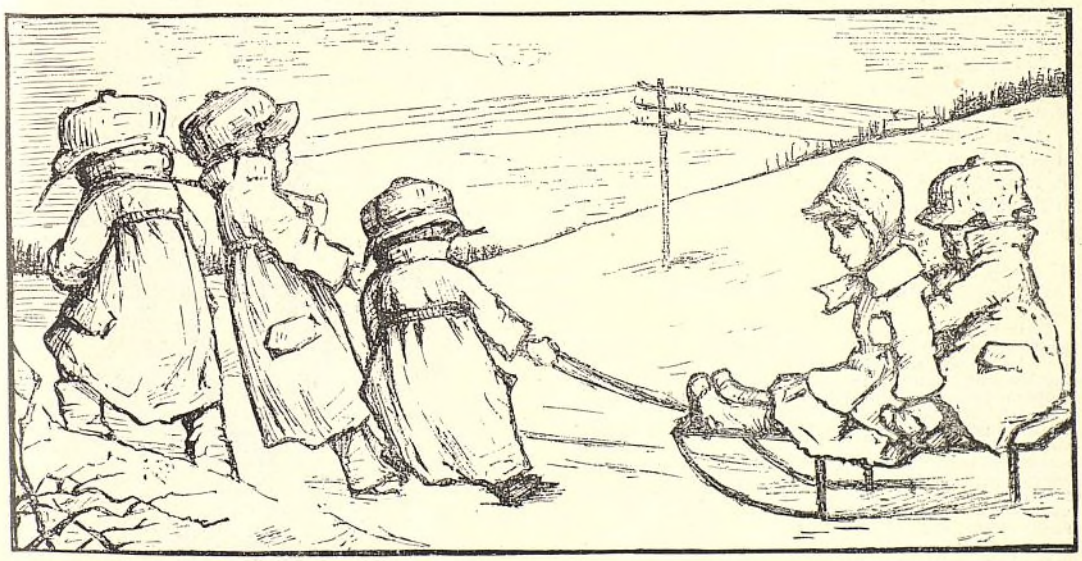
Julia ran to the gate.

"You were try-ing to draw a lit-tle boy on the side-walk in front of my house this morn-ing"— be-gan the la-dy, but she could not say an-oth-er word then, for Julia was fright-ened and said: "Oh, ma'am, I did n't, I *did n't* mean to do any-thing naugh-ty." Then she be-gan to cry ver-y hard, and ran a-way.

"What is it, ma'am, that my child has been do-ing?" asked Julia's moth-er.

"She is a dood sis-ter," said lit-tle Jo.

The la-dy smiled. "I watched her this morn-ing," she said, "and she



was so sweet and pa-tient that I wished to make her a pres-ent. And at my house there is a new sled for her, if she will come and get it."

Pret-ty soon, Julia was at the la-dy's house, with Jo and three oth-er lit-tle broth-ers, and the "Gold-en Ar-row" made five chil-dren hap-py man-y days — for these chil-dren were real chil-dren, and it all hap-pened just like this sto-ry.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ANOTHER Year! Welcome it, my people, and treat it as handsomely as you can. In twelve months it will slip aside, to take its place in the long line of years that have "passed away," as we say. But it will not pass away. It will stand there in line with the rest that you have known, and will greet you familiarly whenever you look back upon it—whether with smiles or frowns, or with too much of one and too little of the other, depends very much upon yourselves.

Well, here we are, good 1883! Glad to see you, and ready to do our best. Your bright, fresh face is full of promise, and, in the name of big folk, little folk, snow-time, bloom-time, and harvest, JACK thanks you for coming!

"DOWN IN THE DOLDRUMS."

DEAR JACK: I am puzzled, and perhaps you, or some of those remarkably bright young people known as your "chicks," can help me. I was sitting on the fence of the school-house yard, one morning last week, watching the children as they passed in, when I heard the following scraps of conversation. Said one little boy to another: "It's the splendidest book; the sailors were becalmed in the Doldrums for three weeks, and when they got out of them their water ran short." Well, I lost the rest of it; but "doldrums" was a new word to me, but I thought that if I listened I would hear it again soon; and, if you will believe me, I really did hear it again from the very next who passed. It was two large girls, this time, who are in the high-class. Said one of them: "We had the dolefulest evening; that poky old professor kept talking all the time, so that we could n't have a bit of fun, and we young folks were down in the doldrums all the evening."

Now, dear Jack, I do not repeat these scraps of conversation to suggest that some adjectives are compared by more and most, though you might think so, but to inquire respectfully, Is there, really, such a place as the Doldrums, and did those speakers mean the same thing in using the expression?

Your ever faithful friend, SNOW BUNTING.

Here is your answer, dear Snow Bunting. The Little School-ma'am says: "'The Doldrums' is a name given by sailors to places in the ocean near the equator, in which calms, storms, and contrary winds abound. The boy used the expression in its literal sense; the girl, figuratively."

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

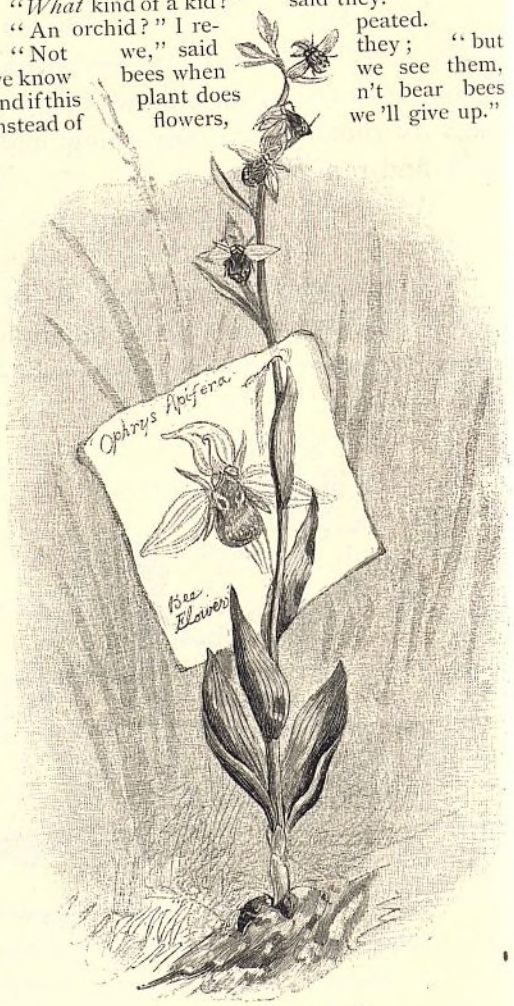
THE children of the Red School-house had propped up the thing, as a great curiosity, on a mound, by my pulpit. Yes, there it was, as plain as day, a beautiful twig or spray, with the dear Little School-ma'am's label upon it—but I could n't do anything with my birds. They insisted that the things that *I* called flowers would soon shake their pretty wings and fly away. Yes, they were sure of it. In vain I protested, and even hit my pulpit hard with an imaginary fist.

"Did you never hear of an orchid?" said I.

"*What* kind of a kid?" said they.

"An orchid?" I repeated.

"Not we," said they; "but we know bees when we see them, and if this plant does n't bear bees instead of flowers, we 'll give up."



BEES OR FLOWERS?

"That 's just what I want," said I. "When folk who are mistaken give up, the battle is ended." And off they flew, quite sure that old Jack-in-the-Pulpit had made a mistake for once.

Bless their bright little eyes and quick voices! What should I do without them?

You see, the little darlings have no dear Little School-ma'am to go to, as I have; and good Mother Nature is *so* fond of playing funny tricks!

Now, would n't it be very queer if some of my little human chicks should look at the picture and see only bees? Ah, but then they can find out about orchids! Very likely they 'll be writing to me about them before January has time to roll our moon once around the earth.

THE EMU AT HOME.

My Dear Mr. Jack: I thought I would write you a letter about the Emu, as it is a native of Australia, where I live. The Emu is a large bird, stands about five feet high, and is of a brown color; its feathers are small and double,—that is, two feathers grow from the same place. It runs like the ostrich, and, when frightened, makes off at a great pace. It takes a very fast dog to run it down, as the Emu can keep up for a very long time: the dog generally gets tired and slinks away. It is a very inquisitive bird, and even in a wild state, if a man were to hide behind a bush and tie a piece of rag to a stick, and hold it out, the Emu would come running up to see what it was. Emus are generally seen here on the plains, walking in pairs, followed by their young family. The mother-bird does not make a proper nest, but just makes a hole in the ground, and lays fourteen or fifteen eggs, on which the birds, male and female, sit in turn. The eggs are large,—not so large as those of an ostrich,—and of a dark green color. Like the ostrich, the Emu has a hardy stomach, and will swallow nails, buttons, and all sorts of queer things, without hurting itself, though in its wild state it lives chiefly on berries. They are easily tamed, as soon as they get acquainted. We are now living on the Darling Downs, Queensland, but in Riverina,—part of New South Wales,—where my papa used to have a sheep station, he says there are a great many more Emu than here in Queensland. Papa says the Emu are very injurious to young lambs. They want to play with them; they chase them, jump over them, knock them down, and roll them about. This rough play often kills the poor little things.

Your constant reader, Wynnie Prudence Brodribb.

"OH, THAT COMPOSITION!"*—The Committee's Report.

In announcing our choice of a composition out of all that have been sent in response to our offer on page 982 of the October St. Nicholas, we are happy to acknowledge the surprising cordiality with which our plan to assist the young "compositioners" has been met. Parents and teachers everywhere have approved highly of the plan of offering St. Nicholas subjects; whole schools have been represented in the present competition; and the letters accompanying the MSS. sufficiently attest its popularity with the boys and girls themselves. One friendly correspondent writes: "You have found a very interesting way of making difficult lessons seem like play"; a candid young author says: "I hope you *will* give four subjects each month, for composition work is a very dull and horrid task to me, and I am very glad of anything to make it easier"; and very many of the young writers insist that, whether their Tiger compositions be printed or not, the work has been its own reward. Indeed, the Committee rely upon the very general expression of this sentiment to aid them in making their report. It can be no easy task for any committee to decide easily and promptly upon the one very best out of hundreds of clever stories by clever young folk. In the case of these Tiger stories, it was quite impossible to choose one that was preëminent in *all* good qualities, for, however excellent in some points one of them might be, there were others quite as good—if not better—in other respects. But, on the whole, and after due deliberation, the Committee united in according the highest place to the composition by Hollis C. Clark, aged fifteen, as best fitting the picture and combining information concerning the tiger with a vivid story of a hunt. This composition, therefore, appears on page 230 of the present number, in company with the original picture; and a check in payment, at the rates promised, has been forwarded to the young author. In his letter accompanying the manuscript he says: "I interpret the picture as I do, for the reason that the tiger is not in the attitude for pouncing upon the hunters, nor are the hunters in position for shooting the tiger."

It must be remembered, as before stated, that among the compositions were others quite as good in many respects as the one we have chosen to print. At least twenty of the compositions crowded closely upon us in making a selection, and many others are so admirable, considering the ages of their authors, that we gladly extend the Roll of Honor to take them in.

Heartily thanking our young friends, one and all, for their interest and enthusiasm, we submit the above report to their attention, and offer four subjects for this month.

The Year 1882 —— The Year 1883 —— What I Saw on a Country Road —— What Makes Me Grow?

As stated in the December number, we do not ask to see the compositions hereafter, excepting when we offer a picture in connection with a subject; but we shall be glad if, in writing compositions, all who choose the St. Nicholas subjects will kindly let us know of the fact.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Dollie Darrach—Mamie A. Collins—Mattie W. Baxter—Chas. Lee Faries—Evy Robinson—Margt. W. Lighton—Isa E. Owens—Dora Young—Carrie F. Lyman—Maude Linda Gilbert—Edie M. Arnold—Neddie Freeman—C. Herbert Swan, Jr.—Wyatt W. Randall—M. Josephine Collins—Kate H. Gillicuddy—S. Bessie Saunders—Mary E. Armstrong—H. C. Mather—Ursula Norman—George Weildon—Mary Paxson Rogers—Harry Milnes—Sarah T. Dalsheimer—Hilda E. Ingalls—Albert T. Ryan—Otto R. Barnett—Alice May Schoff—Charles Waddle—Carrie C. Coe—Blanche Walsh—Rannie C. Scott—David G. Wilson—Wm. R. McIver—Madge L. Wendell—Florence Bradshaw—W. T. Stevenson—Katie Lloyd—Ralph Browning Fiske—Sallie E. Buck—"Sand-piper"—Marcellus L. Holt—Daisy O'Brien—Fannie G. Davenport—John Peck, Jr.—Mamie H. Wilcox—Mary May Winsor—Mary Josephine Shannon—Jessie Garfield—Frank D. Thomson—Harry Robertson—Lulu Thomson—C. M. Frazer—Helen L. Towne—Helen M. Brown—Sallie H. Williamson—E. Georgina Jackson—Charles Ellis—Maria W. Edgerton—Susie I. Harwood—Katie Jacobs—Emma Cole—J. H. Gorrell—Karl H. Machold—Jessie McGregor—Maye C. Boorman—Fannie Bogert—Annie W. Johnson—Wm. J. Dante—Sam Blythe, Jr.—W. H. Laurence—Walter E. Borden—Claude N. Comstock—Susie D. Huntington—Carl K. Friedman—Hattie P. Perkins—Louie F. Pitts—Mary K. Goodwin—Eva W. Eastman—Israel Joseph—Jessie Goodrich—Alice Robertson—H. E. Northup—Fannie Fauntleroy—Wm. Vance Martin—May Winston—Pace Winston—Alice C. Hegan—Hattie Venable—Emma Martin—Josephine Meeker—Hugo Diemer—Winnie Marsh—Etty Reeks—Olivia Kurtz—Lillian W. Hart—David W. Brant—Olive H. Causey—Gracie E. Southworth—Mary Hutton—"Honor Bright"—Eliza M. Grace—W. C. Burkhalder—Chas. B. Gulick—Gracie Avery—James F. Berry—J. Buchanan—Powell Evans—Albert L. Taylor—Caryl D. Haskins—Fred. T. Sewall—Carleton W. Ginn—Daisy Carville—Harry Leonard—Evarts R. Greene—Lizzie Dye—Frank T. Brown—Isabel A. Beaumont—K. L. Terry—H. Kenner—B. W.—Edward B. Reed—Frank Munroe—Frances H. Catlin—E. L. Hunt—Susie Clark—Mame L. Wheeler—N. H.—Carrie A. McCreary—Grace Gallaher—Lulu Cumbach—Lulu M. Hutchins—Anna L. Roe—John Fred. Kennedy—Charlotte W. Hare—Stuart M. Beard—Mabel Guion—Aurelia Key—Mary Thompson—Sallie D. Rogers—Harriette R. Horsfall—Harry B. Sparks—Clara Burr—"Phyllis"—Gertrude M. Doughty—Asa B. Priest—Mary M. Ehlers—Horace Wylie—Lessie MacGregor—Elsie M. Kittredge—Rowland G. Treat—Dudley Ganst—Kitty Williamson—Jos. H. Sutton—James R. Danforth, Jr.—Robt. I. Brown—Anna May Bristol—Anna B. Cordo—E. W. Mumford—Maggie L. Bawgan—Julia Abbey—Gertrude Hascall—Jeannette B. Gillespie—Katie R. Elliott—Gracie L. Thayer—Lillian Byrne—B. C. P.—Helen Stapleton—A. Klouber.

* See St. Nicholas for October, page 982, and for December, page 156.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

IT is pleasant to know that, up to the present date, nearly five hundred dollars have been contributed through this magazine to the Children's Garfield Fund for the benefit of the poor and sick children of New York. The amounts received since our report in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1882, aggregate $63.77. $16.28 of this sum was sent by a club of young girls,—"a little society of six members,"—with the following letter:

"DANSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1882.

"DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had a little society of six members, and have worked for six months for the 'Garfield Home.' November 10th we had a little fair; sold the things we had made, and ice-cream and cake. We invited our friends, and made the sum of $16.28, which we inclose.

"Please acknowledge the receipt of it, either through the ST. NICHOLAS or in any way convenient.

"Yours truly, THE GARFIELD HOME SOCIETY.
"FANNY GRANT, Pres. FANNY PRATT, Sec.
"HELEN EDWARDS, Treas.
"Members: Dora Voorhees, Alice Grant, Carrie Pratt."

Now, girls and boys, who will start another club to raise the twenty dollars and twenty-one cents that are needed to swell the Children's Garfield Fund to $500?

For full particulars, see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1881, and July, 1882.

READERS of this number who also have read "The Story of Tinkey," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1882, will find an increased pleasure in the capital tale "Fairy Wishes Nowadays," on page 166, as the same "Tinkey" is the hero of the two stories, although each is complete in itself.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, Nov. 3, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that the piece called "A Happy Thought; or, Olive's Game," is a very good one. My sister and I tried it, with success. Mamma wrote the names on some slips of paper, and my sister and I think of playing it every day. I hope all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will try it.

Your interested reader, CARRIE STEWART.

Thanks, Carrie. The game *is* a good one, and we join in your wish that it may become very popular with ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

BY an oversight, the two jingles, "The Iron-clad Pie" (in the August number) and "Oh, What Are You at, Little Woman?" (in the October number), were credited solely to Mr. L. Hopkins, in our Tables of Contents for those months, when in reality they were *drawn* by Mr. Hopkins, at our request, from *suggestions* by Mr. A. W. Harrington, who furnished the text of the verses and hints in outline for the pictures. We gladly make this correction, in justice to Mr. Harrington, and extend to him our apologies for the mistake.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT'S "Cloudy-Saturday" question continues to agitate several of our readers, as the following interesting letter shows. J. R. S., Jr., evidently intends to settle the matter beyond a doubt—if he can. Well, we shall be glad to hear from him again, and from all the others who are keeping a close eye on the Saturday styles of weather. But hear what J. R. S., Jr., has to say already:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the Jack-in-the-Pulpit pages of your magazine, I read some time ago a statement that there is but one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine. Since reading, I have carefully dotted all the Saturdays on the almanac, and have been watching to see if you really meant what you printed for us.

I have been very much afraid lest you were joking with us, just to see how many of us would watch for a year, and at the expiration of that time give way to disappointment.

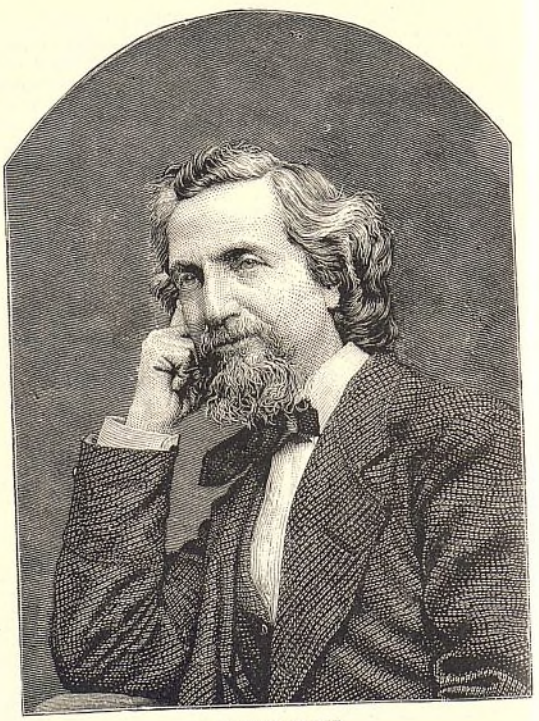
At first, I thought that, if such an event should transpire, the Saturday would be the one on which I wished to do something that particularly required clear sunshine all day. It seemed, at school, that there never was a Saturday upon which it did not rain; but not having heard that there was but one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine, I took no special note of the sunshine.

Upon several Saturdays during the past summer, I have seen only about five minutes' sunshine, and that just as the sun was setting.

But, at last, I have found the one Saturday. That one was the 21st of October, 1882. Our faithful watchman failed that day to give us a ray of sunlight in this city. I watched, particularly, all day, and saw no ray whatever.

It is a good thing you did not offer a reward to the one first noticing that fact, because others before me would have likewise been noticing, and, in all probability, would have secured the prize. At any rate, I feel amply repaid for my trouble in learning this one fact, that the sun failed to shine on one Saturday in the year 1882, but whether the maxim holds true or not remains to be proven; and as there has been so little trouble thus far, I will continue to watch the balance of the year, with the hope that I will find one more Saturday like the one just passed. Let others of your readers do likewise.

Your constant reader, J. R. S., JR.



J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WE are glad to present to our readers this month the accompanying excellent portrait of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, author of many popular books for boys, and of the fine story, "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," now appearing as a serial in this magazine. It is the fourth continued story which Mr. Trowbridge has contributed to ST. NICHOLAS, and we are sure it will prove quite as stirring and entertaining as "Fast Friends," "The Young Surveyor," or "His Own Master." We congratulate our readers, therefore, on the treat that is in store for them during the year, and, also, on being made familiar at the outset with the genial face of their old-time friend.

THE following letter, from two San Francisco girls, came to us before the issue of the December number, which contained Mr. Holder's article on "The Discovery of the Mammoth." Now that they have seen Mr. Beard's interesting picture of "The Mammoth of St. Petersburg," which accompanied that article, perhaps Maud and Ethel will tell us how nearly the big fellow in the drawing resembles the mammoth of San Francisco. If, as they say, the latter was found in the ice in the River Lena, Siberia, there ought to be a family likeness between the two huge creatures, as the Shumarhoff mammoth also was discovered in the ice near the same river.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

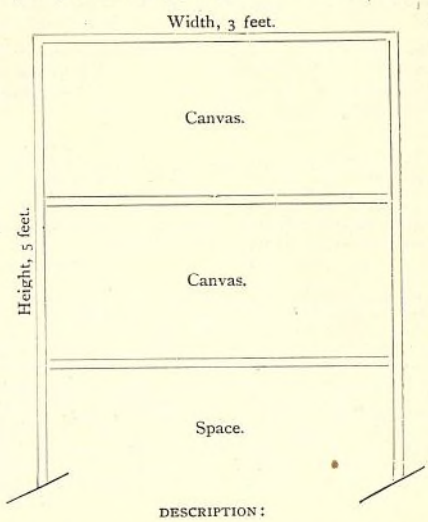
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought you would like to hear of a mammoth elephant we have here under the Mercantile Library. It is twenty-six feet high, and twelve feet from its tail to the end of its tusks. It is said that it resembles a larger one in the British Museum. It was found frozen in the ice in the River Lena, in Siberia. There are other large animals there, under the Library, but none so great as this one. The people of San Francisco are very much interested in it. From your constant readers,

MAUD AND ETHEL (aged ten and twelve).

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

HERE is an excellent and timely suggestion from F. H. P., concerning a good after-use for Christmas-cards. Used in the manner described, these pretty cards would no doubt form a very decorative screen, and would, at the same time, retain their value as souvenirs, and be kept in sight through a great part of the year as reminders of the joyous Christmas time, and of the friends from whom they came:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As there probably are a great many boys and girls who would like to put their Christmas-cards to a permanent use, I give below a description of a fire-screen that I have just completed, which is very pretty:



DESCRIPTION:

Take two sticks, 5 ft. x 3 in. x ½ in.; three sticks, 3 ft. x 3 in. x 1 in.; make a frame like diagram, cover the frame with strong but light canvas, paste the cards on the canvas, taking care to arrange them in good taste, and your frame is complete. F. H. P.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-SECOND REPORT.

THE latest number on our register is 4460, showing a gain of 300 during the month of October. To me, the most surprising and gratifying thing about the growth of our "A. A."—for which, by the way, its members are coming to feel a strong affection—is the steadiness of its development. We should have anticipated that, upon the first proposition for such a Society two years ago, hundreds of letters would instantly have deluged our desk, and that thereafter few, if any, new drops would have fallen. Instead of that, the number at first was very small—discouragingly small; but each week continued to bring its quota of new recruits, and, during the whole time, volunteers have sent in their names with such regularity that our mail has rarely exceeded twenty letters per day, and rarely fallen short of six. We can now predict, with some confidence, that three new Chapters will be formed each week. The latest pleasant "turn" is the growing interest taken in our Association by teachers and superintendents of schools, who see in the "A. A." a practical and practicable solution of the question, "How can Natural History be Introduced into the Public School?"

The prospects of the Society were never so favorable, and with renewed thanks to the many friends who have given us valuable assistance in answering the questions of our four thousand little questioners, we hopefully begin 1883 with the addition of the following new Chapters:

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
366.	Webster Groves, Mo. (A)	39.	Mary E. Reavis, Box 113.
367.	Boston, Mass. (C)	6.	Annie Darling, 47 Concord Sq.
368.	Baltimore, Md. (D)	6.	Fannie Wyatt, 223 Md. Ave.
369.	St. Paul, Minn. (D)	6.	Fred. Spaulding, Box V.
370.	Georgetown, D. C. (C)	5.	M. A. McPherson, 1623 28th St., N. W.
371.	Granville, O. (A)	5.	Mabel S. Owen.
372.	Beverly, N. J. (A)	12.	Alice T. Carpenter, Box 88.
373.	Beverly, N. J. (B)	5.	Wm. A. Ker.
374.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (D)	6.	Frank E. Cocks, 176 7th St.
375.	Little Rock, Ark. (B)	16.	R. H. Taylor, Room 6, Benj. Bl'k.
376.	Little Rock, Ark. (C)	40.	Clara E. Davis, cor. 20th and Center Sts.
377.	Washington, D. C. (F)	14.	May Sypher, 1509 R. I. Ave.
378.	Ambler, Pa. (A)	26.	Jessie P. Smith, Upper Dublin P. O.
379.	Andover, Mass. (B)	5.	Albert J. Shaw.
380.	Cedar Rapids, Ia. (C)	10.	Eddie Boynton.
381.	Anderson, Ind. (A)	6.	Frank Sharp.
382.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (F)	8.	Jeannie Van Ingen, 122 Remsen Street.
383.	Chicago, Ill. (L)	6.	Wm. B. Jansen, 1236 Wabash Ave.

REPORTS FROM MEMBERS, CHAPTERS, AND FRIENDS.

We have five hundred specimens in our cabinet.

ANNIE B. BOARDMAN, Sec., Augusta, Maine.

Shells from the Azores, agates from Lake Superior, for shells, cotton in the pod, or red coral.

ISABELLA KELLOGG, 56 Davenport St., Detroit, Mich.

I have collected this summer more than two hundred species of insects, besides several salamanders, snakes, and frogs.

W. B. OLNEY.

One evening, I accidentally looked through a pigeon's feather at a gas-flame, and saw the prismatic colors reflected in several smaller flames. In light colored or white feathers the flames were very plainly seen, but in dark or black feathers they were very dim.

MARY RIDGWAY.

Magnetic iron, barytes, iron pyrites, buhr-stone, for crystals, talc, tourmaline, fossils, calc-spar.

L. E. TUTTLE, 5 Kimberly Ave., New Haven, Conn.

HOW TO DESCRIBE AN INSECT.

A. If a moth, note: 1st. The *form of the antennæ*, whether pectinated or simply hairy or spindle-shaped. 2d. The form and size of palpi and length of tongue. 3d. Wings: 1st pair, form, shape of costal, apex, outer edge veins. 2d pair same. 4th. Markings on wings. 5th. Feet, spurs.

B. If a caterpillar, note: 1st. Form of head, wider or narrower than segment next. 2d. Dorsal, subdorsal, and lateral stripes. 3d. Position of tubercles, warts, or spines, and spots. 4th. Spiracular

line. 5th. Supra-anal plate; its form and markings. 6th. Number of abdominal legs and form of last pair.

These are the kind of questions that should be answered.

A. S. PACKARD, JR.

[This kind note from Prof. Packard should be attentively considered by the entomologists of the "A. A." They will see that the color and markings of moths are by no means the chief characteristics to be noted.]

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

We have had two field-meetings: one of them on the shores of Lake Monona. This was in charge of Prof. E. A. Birge, who found for us fresh-water sponges. We found leeches, water-fleas, caterpillars, minnows, snails, and frogs. Then we all went into the woods, and on a stump he began to show us a water-flea and a little leech. We could see its heart beating and its blood circulating.

Very respectfully, ANDREW ALLEN.

But the best of all, and that for which I want sincerely to thank the "A. A." and its projector, is the result of the work in one particular case. As a teacher, you know how difficult it is to do just the best thing with a roguish, careless boy, smart, but caring little for study and with little or no will to work. Geology last year and chemistry this, prepared him for an elementary course in determinative mineralogy. This he has undertaken, under the guise of association work, and to this we largely attribute a most wonderful improvement in the boy. Spare moments are spent in the laboratory instead of in mischief; he has begged to return to Latin, which he had dropped, and bids fair to stand at or near the head of his class in that and other studies. Instead of lawless lounging at recess, he is quiet and gentlemanly.

A FRIEND.

GREENWICH, CONN., Nov. 8, 1882.

One day, as I was taking a walk, I saw something traveling along, and looking more closely I saw it was an ant carrying a heavy load, which proved to be a worm. The worm was very large and the ant very small, so that it could hardly drag the worm. Pretty soon it dropped it and hurried away into a large hole. It came back pretty soon, and following it was a body of ants in a square about an inch wide and long. The first ant was yellow and the rest black. The yellow ant took them to the worm, and they quickly tore it to pieces and carried it to their hole. I am twelve years old.

BESSIE YOUNG.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

One cabinet is full and we could fill another. We have 8 kinds of coral, 10 kinds of minerals, 141 kinds of shells, 7 nests, and an eagle's foot, 9 sea-urchins, 2 Aristotle's lanterns, 2 starfish, 35 petrifactions, 5 kinds of crystal, mica, salt from Salt Lake, teeth of a cow and shark, sea-beans, and a sand-dollar, and are soon to have a stuffed bittern on top of our cabinet. SIDNEY FARWELL, Chap. 139.

WESTTOWN, N. Y.

We have had only one meeting in six weeks, and why? Because those who are not willing to do anything for the good of the Chapter wont let us do anything. They talk and laugh boisterously, and that, too, about things altogether out of place. Don't you think the best thing to do is to break up the Chapter and then re-organize?

[It is not so easy to advise you from so great a distance, and having heard but one side. If you can not induce members to preserve order in your meetings by gentle means, you might try the effect of a fine of five or ten cents. If this fails, try suspension; if that wont do, resort to expulsion. If you who love order are in a minority, quietly withdraw from the Chapter and organize another.]

WARREN, MAINE, Nov. 14, 1882.

We have taken up geology, and have had discussions on "The formation of the earth," "Rocks," "Habits and uses of angle-worms." There was a lively discussion on the theories of the interior of the earth, whether it is solid or liquid. Will some one tell us how to distinguish stratified from unstratified rock?

H. V. STARRETT.

BELPRE, OHIO.

We are all the time collecting and reading everything of interest.

FANNIE RATHBONE.

BEAUCLERC, FLA., Nov., 1882.

I have collected some very fine specimens of Indian pottery. [The "A. A." does not take note of other than natural objects.] I observed a mosquito fighting its shadow. It would jump up, and bite at it, and then rest awhile, and go at it again. [Please describe the operation of "biting" more fully!] In last ST. NICHOLAS, some one says mistletoe grows chiefly on apple trees. That is *wrong*. For here you can see it on any water oak, and often on the wild plum and prickly ash.

F. C. SAWYER.

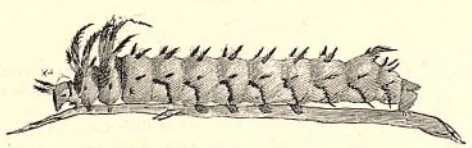
CHICAGO, Oct. 29th.

We have made an excursion to a place called Stony Island, and have brought back any quantity of iron pyrites, calcite, and a few orthoceras; also a kind of fossil shell like the common "scallop," only not having that "hinge." Our president, Graham Davis, 3044 Lake Park Ave., will exchange iron pyrites, copper ore, calcite, and fossils, for rare fossils.

North Brookfield, Mass. (Sec. H. A. Cooke), finds "a pool of water one of the best places for exploration," and wishes to know: 1. What is a "hair- snake"? and 2. What is a goby? Providence, R. I. (Sec. Miss M. W. Packard), means to learn as much as possible. Each member writes compositions on natural objects. They have found the names of all their moths themselves, "without Papa telling us"; and all were acquainted with Prof. Agassiz at Penikese Island. [That is the kind of work the "A. A." delights in —*original observation of natural objects.*]

OXFORD, N. C., Sept. 24, 1882.

Can any of your young naturalists inform me what this strange, worm-like animal is? The inclosed drawing is just the size of the animal from which it was copied, though I have frequently seen them as long as eight inches. It is bluish-green, with orange-



colored head and tail. There are several jet black spots on its head and a black spot on each segment of the body, with an underlying white one. They fall from the hickory trees in our yard, and I have heard them strike the ground fifty yards away.

I corresponded with the Professor of Natural History in one of our universities concerning it, but he insisted that I was trying to palm off a snake story upon him, and would have nothing to do with it, thinking I was tampering with his credulity. If it is a larva, I am ignorant of the moth it forms. Very truly yours, J. W. HAYS, JR.

[The drawing reproduced above is a picture of the larva of the regal emperor moth (*Citheronia regalis*), figured in Harris, p. 401, also in the first volume of the *American Entomologist*. Dr. A. S. Packard, who takes a very kindly interest in the "A. A.," and to whom I referred this question, writes that this caterpillar is very rare in New England, but that he found a small one in Maine this summer on the pitch-pine.]

Geneva, N. Y. (Sec. Miss N. A. Wilson), *challenges* the "A. A." to show a larger hornet's nest than one which graces its cabinet. Length, from crown to tip, twenty-six inches; circumference, forty-one and one-half inches. "The children are very anxious to know if there is a larger one." Mr. Fred. F. Richardson writes: "Please tell Mr. Hammond, Sec. 224, that his caterpillar is one of the basket-carriers or sack-bearers, described in Harris, pp. 413–18. Prof. Riley also tells of them in the first of his Missouri reports, and in No. 138 of the *Supplement to the Scientific American*, Mr. W. H. Gibson gives a very interesting account of these curious insects, which he calls a 'fatherless and motherless race.'" The Sec. of Denver, Col., is Mr. Ernest L. (not M.) Roberts. St. Louis (Sec. C. F. Haanel, 1131 N. 20) wishes to exchange minerals, fossils, and coral. One or two Chapters write of raffles, of which we totally disapprove, and which are quite opposed to the spirit of a true naturalist. Miss Jeannie Cowgill, Spearfish, Black Hills, Dakota Ty., will exchange ores, iron pyrites, velvet rock, and petrifactions, for sea-shells, crabs, and sea-weed. Henry L. Mitchell, 115 W. Thirteenth, N. Y. City, will exchange minerals for eggs. Georgetown, D. C. (F. P. Stockbridge), will exchange petrified wood for insects. E. H. Schram finds "on the oak an insect, one-quarter-inch long, slate, with rows of small black dots; some winged, some not. The insects covered the branch for about a yard, and appeared to be depositing eggs. The eggs are cylindrical, one-eighth inch long, brown, shiny, and covered with a sticky substance. The insect is a prey to a little gray worm, with head tapering to a point, which it thrusts into the body of the insect and sucks it dry. Please give us any information." [The insects are probably *Aptides*, and the "little gray worms" the larvæ of certain flies — perhaps of the genus *Coccinella* or *Syrphus*. Any more definite information will be welcome.] Flint, Mich., A. (Sec. Miss Hattie A. Lovell), is having very interesting meetings. "Even Harry, who is only eight, brings in reports, and tells them like a sage. When I asked him where he had learned so much about spiders, he said: 'Oh! Hatt, there are lots of spiders' webs between the leaves, on the way to pasture.'" [No copying unintelligible words from an encyclopedia for *that* boy's reports!]

Right glad are we to hear again from Mr. Daniel E. Moran:

"I am just back from a trip to the North Woods — a wilderness of spruce, hemlock, beech, and birch, with an occasional pine towering up into the air. My trip was partly on business, but as I carried my gun on my shoulder for eight days, tramping through the woods, now following an old 'trail' by half-obliterated blazes, now running solely by the needle, scrambling through the underbrush, or following the deer trails, you can imagine I managed to sandwich in a good deal of fun.

"I shot my first deer — the only one I saw; I heard a bear crashing through the brush, and as for tracks and traces, they were everywhere.

"Birds were scarce in the deep woods. A ruffed grouse now and then thundered up ahead, making my fingers ache to fire. The red-eyed vireo was, perhaps, the most common song-bird. I did not see a single robin, but heard two: one, as we were floating for deer, made such a racket in the woods that I do not doubt some owl was committing a bloody deed of murder.

"I shot a young pileated woodpecker *(Hylotomus pileatus)*, a bird new to me and found only in deep forests. Shot, also, an olive-backed thrush; but there is just now such confusion and contention about this and allied forms, that I feel very doubtful what it is. I could not keep either skin, but kept the skull and bill of the woodpecker."

In closing this paper, I will make a suggestion with reference to Reports from Chapters. Those Chapters please us best which do not merely say, "We are doing well — we have so many specimens. We have gained three members. Yours truly"; nor yet those others, happily few, which send us weary sheets, copied or remembered from previous reading; but those which, after a concise statement of their progress, proceed to tell something of interest which their eyes have seen and their hands handled. They tell us what methods of work they find most profitable. They ask intelligent questions. You will find their reports in ST. NICHOLAS.

In sending reports, kindly write requests for exchange on a separate slip of paper, marked "Exchange," and in giving your address, add always the *number* and *letter* of your Chapter. The geode question has proved too difficult, and as Agassiz, whose name we bear, used to find his highest delight in tracing in Nature the hand of a Heavenly Father, I propose for our next subject, "Evidences of Design in Nature."

Let each Chapter have competitive papers written on this subject. From these, let each President and Secretary, as a committee, select the one which, in their judgment, is best, and send it to me. A good microscope in a case shall be sent to the Chapter which furnishes the best paper, and the paper, with writer's name, shall be printed in ST. NICHOLAS. This Chapter will then be considered the "Banner Chapter" of the "A. A." until the next competition. Every paper must be strictly original, and not exceed six hundred words.

All communications regarding the "A. A.," including all reports heretofore sent to W. P. Ballard or M. J. Taylor, must be addressed to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RIDDLE.

ARABI BEY, the wily rebel,
Tried hard to win his fell designs;
But brave Sir Garnet stopped him shortly,
And thus the rebel fain resigns.

Come, bright young friends, I 've given a word
Sir Garnet Wolseley well might name;
If read first backward, then read forward,
It forms a motto none will blame. F. J. M.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-two letters, and am a quotation from Shakespeare's play of Henry IV.

My 24–51–5–32 is part of a sword. My 40–12–27–36–18–8 is a bird similar to the thrush. My 46–59–25–62–14 is aroused. My 43–29–50–33 is an ornament for the lower part of a wall. My 13–1–54–7 is to desire. My 17–55–37–31–58–22 is a clergyman. My 34–60–26–16 is part of the foot. My 56–6–19–23 is a fleet animal. My 35–49–45–4 is to take the rind from. My 47–38–41–28–20 is to examine closely. My 3–42–10–61–48 is watchful. My 2–21–57 is suitable. My 11–39–15–30 is twisted toward one side. My 44–53–52–9 is a float. CARRIE E. ANDREWS.

CHARADE.

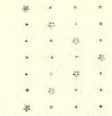
Do you visit my *first* to-night?
Then awhile at my *second* tarry;
That no thought may oppress
In regard to your dress,
And my *whole* please remember to carry.
M. C. D.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

WHEN the following transpositions have been rightly made, place the words one below another in the order here given, and the diagonals (beginning at the first letter of the first word, and ending with the first letter of the last word) will spell what every one is pleased to receive. Each word contains four letters.

1. Transpose gone, and make a small lizard. 2. Transpose an aquatic fowl, and make to lease. 3. Transpose small tumors, and make information. 4. Transpose a city in the State of New York, and make one of the party which opposed the Whigs. 5. Transpose part of a boat, and make a vegetable. 6. Transpose a tropical tree, and make a contrivance for illuminating. 7. Transpose a very small opening, and make a heavy cord. 8. Transpose prosecuted by legal process, and make utilized. 9. Transpose epochs, and make a learned man. 10. Transpose bad, and make the third son of Jacob and Leah. 11. Transpose adapts, and make to separate by a sieve. 12. Transpose labels, and make a hart. 13. Transpose certain trees, and make to drench. S. F.

DIAGONALS.



THE diagonals, beginning from the top, spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Always. 2. Part of a prayer. 3. A vegetable growth. 4. At hand. 5. Repose. 6. A military building. 7. A refuge for songsters. HIGHWOOD.

FRACTIONS.

TAKE two-fifths of the letters in one of the New England States; one-ninth of a State in which a great river rises; two-elevenths of a State bearing the same name as a river; one-sixth of a mountainous New England State; one-ninth of a State bordering on Lake Superior; and one-seventh of a State that was admitted into the Union in 1819. The letters represented by these fractions, when rightly selected and arranged, spell a name in which all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are interested. B. L. T.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My firsts are in just, but not in right;
My seconds in dark, but not in light;
My thirds are in Naples, but not in Rome;
My fourths are in country, but not in home;
My fifths are in rapid, but not in fleet;
My sixths are in corn, but not in wheat;
My sevenths in young, but not in old;
My wholes, they come when the air is cold;
For a month is my first; my second the boys
Enjoy with much merriment, frolic, and noise.
DYCIE.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

How many people are represented in this picture? 2 A. B.

DOUBLE DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID.

RHOMBOID. ACROSS: 1. A woman who is bereaved of a husband. 2. One of a wandering tribe. 3. Having a tide. 4. The higher of the two kinds of male voices. 5. Heavy vapor.

DOWNWARD: 1. In winter. 2. Two-thirds of a tavern. 3. A very small spot. 4. To leave out. 5. Walks through water. 6. A depression caused by a blow. 7. A kind of deer. 8. Two-thirds of a troublesome rodent. 9. One thousand.

INCLUDED DOUBLE DIAMOND. ACROSS: 1. In swords. 2. Enraged. 3. Having a tide. 4. A number. 5. In swords.

DOWNWARD: 1. In debtor. 2. Three-fourths of a minute object. 3. Walks through water. 4. A cave. 5. In debtor. H. H. D.

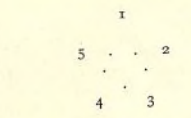
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals name a day of amusement; the finals, a gift.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fibrous plant whose bark is used for cordage. 2. An eloquent public speaker. 3. A narrow way or passage. 4. A bird highly venerated by the ancient Egyptians. 5. A sluggard. 6. A mechanic. 7. A sea-going vessel used only for pleasure trips.

"ALCIBIADES."

STAR PUZZLE.



I. FROM 1 to 3, to foment; from 2 to 4, is inanimate; from 3 to 5, to twist out of shape; from 4 to 1, a dull color; from 5 to 2, a name by which the leopard is sometimes called; from 1 to 4, a minstrel; from 2 to 5, a French word meaning cloth.

II. From 1 to 3, walked; from 2 to 4, rended; from 3 to 5, portrayed; from 4 to 1, tidy; from 5 to 2, something often seen on a boy's hand. C. A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE. Some colors for Christmas: 1. Olive. 2. Yellow. 3. Blue. 4. Gray. 5. Crimson. 6. Pink. 7. Cobalt. 8. Brown. 9. Orange. 10. White. 11. Green. 12. Purple. A Greeting: By taking the first letter of the first line, the first letter of the second line, the second letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, and so on to the end, the following sentence is formed: "To all our young puzzlers we extend a hearty Christmas greeting.

Your friend, ST. NICHOLAS."

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over.

GREEK CROSS: I. 1. Grant. 2. Rigor. 3. Agone. 4. Nones. 5. Tress. II. 1. Trent. 2. Ruder. 3. Educe. 4. Necks. 5. Tress. III. 1. Tress. 2. Ratio. 3. Ethel. 4. Siege. 5. Solec(ism). IV. 1. Solec. 2. Ovule. 3. Lucia. 4. Elias. 5. Cease. V. 1. Solec. 2. Opera. 3. Lemon. 4. Erode. 5. Canes.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Third line, Christmas time; fourth line, Saint Nicholas. —— CROSS-WORDS: 1. ToCSin. 2. InHAle. 3. DeRIde. 4. SpINet. 5. CaSTor. 6. CaTNip. 7. ReMIss. 8. TrACed. 9. DiSHes. 10. BaTOns. 11. CoILed. 12. DeMAnd. 13. CrESts.

DIAMOND: 1. P. 2. RAg. 3. RoGue. 4. PagEant. 5. GuArd. 6. ENd. 7. T.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Christmas Cross-words: 1. TrenChers. 2. EtcHing. 3. HaRpy. 4. SIn. 5. S. 6. ATe. 7. LeMon. 8. BreAthe. 9. TranSform.

TWO WORD SQUARES: I. 1. Arabi. 2. Rates. 3. Atoll. 4. Belle. 5. Islet. II. 1. Pacha. 2. Atlas. 3. Clash. 4. Haste. 5. Ashen.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A Christmas frolic oft will cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from R. T. Losee — Bertha L. Townsend — Lizzie C. Fowler — John Pyne — Génie J. Callmeyer — Harry W. Chandler, Jr., and Dexter S. Crosby, Jr. — Lizzie M. Thacher — Helen F. Turner — "Lode Star" — Partners — C. Bruell Sellers — Jeanie Minot Rowell — Anna and Alice — Effie K. Talboys — Wilbur V. Knapp — Marna and Bae — Vin and Henry — Harry L. Reed — Professor and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from John Flohr, 1 — "Cæsar," 4 — Frank Knapp, 1 — C. W. Dobler, 2 — Will N. and Geo. F. Dudley, 1 — Etta M. Taylor, 3 — Laura Lilienthal, 2 — W. N. S. Hoffman, 2 — Florence Pauline Jones, 2 — Charley A. Walton, 4 — A. M. Nicholas, 1 — Sallie Seaman, 2 — S. M., 7 — Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 7 — Mamie E. Dyer, 1 — Dorothy Leigh, 2 — B. C. R., 7 — Sarah, 2 — V. P. J. S. M. C., 6 — Warren, 5 — Sidney Vankeuren, 2 — Clara L. Northway, 6 — John K. Miles, 7 — L. M. W. P., 1 — Jennie M. McClain, 1 — Harry S. Noble, 1 — Eric Doolittle, 2 — John Cameron, 1 — Marion Wing, 4 — "Aspasia," 2 — Carrie J. Work, 1 — Daisy Vail, 4 — Lewis E. Carr, Jr., 1 — Mary McMath and Biddie Bunkam, 1 — Jack Lawrence, 2 — Burt McConn, 3 — Gracie and Fannie, 2 — Minnie Ingelow Harrison, 5 — Florie Baker, 4 — "The Triplets," 1 — "Alcibiades," 7 — M. W. T., 2 — J. Webb Parker, 2 — Edward F. Caldwell. 1 — George V. Curtin, 7 — Sunflower, 1 — Arabella Ward, 5 — Mamie Baker, 1 — Charlotte Breakey, 1 — "Woodpeckers," 4 — Jos. A. Maggini, 1 — "Aunt Hopkins," 4 — "Jersey Lilies," 3 — William F. Haines, Jr., 1 — Edward Dana Sabine, 5 — "North Star," 2 — Emilie and Rosa, 5 — T. S. Palmer, 4 — Kittie Knowland, 5 — Sydney, 1 — Alice Maud Kyte, 7 — Edward Goodrich, 7 — D. B. Shumway, 7 — Clara and her Aunt, 7 — Bertha M. Trask, 4 — Myrick Rheem, 5 — R. P. C., 7 — Philip Embury, Jr., 4 — Julius W. Hansen, 1 — Grif, 2 — Bessie W. Walcott, 1 — Maggie Tolderlund, 2 — Mary W. Nall, 4 — Amateur, 7 — Maud Pretty, 3 — Florence G. Lane, 3 — Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 7 — Clara J. Child, 7 — Immo, 4 — Nellie Caldwell, 6 — Alice D. Close, 6 — Ellie and Ella, 3 — Minnie Woodbury, 4 — C. A. Smallwood, 7 — Mae B. Creighton, 5.