



[See "The Story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold."—Page 255.]

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A QUEER VALENTINE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT did n't seem as if anybody in the world would be less likely to receive a valentine than Mrs. Bridget O'Flanigan. It was no wonder that she laughed when 'Nezer asked her if she expected to have one — laughed until her chair threatened to give way under her, and her stand shook so that the apples and oranges began to roll off, and the pea-nuts and chestnuts hopped almost out of their baskets; for Mrs. Bridget O'Flanigan's laughter had the effect of a small earthquake.

"Is it til the loikes av me that annybody would be afther sindin' a foine bit av paper, wid flowers on it and shmall little b'ys widout a stitch til their backs barrin' wings? Sure, is it a swateheart ye think I have, an' me a dacent widdy tin years agin May? Go 'long wid ye now, ye spalpeen!"

And the "widdy" was again overcome by mirth at the thought, and 'Nezer had to go to work again at picking up the apples and oranges. 'Nezer was sitting at what Ben Mudgett called the "lee-ward side" of Mrs. O'Flanigan's apple-stand, eating a turnover and drinking a cup of hot coffee.

A thrifty and hard-working woman was Mrs. O'Flanigan, with a trading-bump equal to any Yankee's; but for all that she tolerated some unprofitable customers. "If it was n't for the soft-hairedness in her she'd be rowlin' in gowld be this time," her neighbors said.

It was in vain for her to try to harden her heart against a cold and hungry child, who looked wistfully at her tempting stores; and it was very often indeed that an orange or a stick of striped candy found its way into a penniless little pocket.

But she had to restrain her generous impulses to a considerable extent, or her stand would have become so popular, not only among the children who had no pennies, but among those who wanted to try the extraordinary and delightful experiment of getting their candy and keeping their pennies, that the customers who filled the money-box would have been crowded off. Now she had learned from long experience to attend to her unprofitable customers slyly, exacting from them promises of secrecy.

'Nezer was one of the unprofitable customers. He was thin and hungry-looking, and Mrs. O'Flanigan had invited him to breakfast at her stand whenever he was in town.

In the autumn he came into the city from Scrambleton about once a week, with Ben Mudgett. Ben worked on a large farm, and brought wagon-loads of vegetables and poultry and butter and eggs to market. 'Nezer was an orphan from the poor-house. He had been "bound out" to the Widow Scrimpings, who did n't live on a farm, but who raised poultry and sent it, with a few eggs and some very small pats of butter, to market.

She tried to raise the poultry on the same principles by which she was raising 'Nezer — very short commons and very hard work; but the chickens and geese and turkeys were all so lean and tough that 'Nezer could get for them only about half as much as Ben Mudgett got for his nice plump ones, and they would n't lay half as many eggs as Ben's did. And the Widow Scrimpings thought 'Nezer was to blame. In fact, she thought 'Nezer was to blame for almost everything.

She blamed him because he had a very good appetite, and because he grew fast. And he always had to go hungry, and his legs were almost a quarter of a yard longer than his trousers, and his sleeves came only a little ways below his elbows, and he had to wear the Widow Scrimpings's uncle Plunkett's old hats, and Uncle Plunkett was the biggest man in Scrambleton, and 'Nezer had hard work to keep the hats from completely extinguishing his head. The rest of him grew and grew, but it did seem to 'Nezer as if his head would never grow to fit Uncle Plunkett's hats.

Almost the only good times 'Nezer had were when he went to market with Ben Mudgett, and those good times came very seldom now that it was winter. Ben had saved a few barrels of apples and squashes, to sell when prices were higher than they were in autumn, and he had a few fat chickens and turkeys that had survived the Thanksgiving and Christmas feasting, and the Widow Scrimpings was glad of an opportunity to send 'Nezer along with a few meager fowls that looked as if they must have died of starvation, some eggs that she had saved with care until prices were as high as they were ever likely to be, and some cranberries half spoiled by being kept too long.

It was very cold weather, now, and he had been obliged to set off at four o'clock in the morning, without any breakfast, but there were snug and warm places in Ben's big wagon in which to stow one's self away, and Ben could spin yarns and sing songs that would make you forget all about being cold or hungry or sleepy. Such a big voice as Ben had! He waked all the sleepy farm-houses as they went along. Ben always had his breakfast before he started, and he did n't know that 'Nezer did n't have his; he would have been sure to have brought a lunch with him if he had; but 'Nezer was not the kind of boy to complain. So it happened that 'Nezer, being very faint with hunger, had cast wistful glances at Mrs. O'Flanigan's apple-stand, and that worthy woman, after trying in vain to harden her heart according to the advice of her friends and neighbors, raised her fat and somewhat grimy forefinger and slyly beckoned to him. And every time he came to town after that, 'Nezer found awaiting him a snug seat behind the stand, in the shelter of Mrs. O'Flanigan's capacious person, a doughnut or a turnover, and a cup of hot coffee.

Mrs. O'Flanigan and 'Nezer had become great friends. He had been so little used to kindness in his life that a little seemed a great deal to him, and he thought Mrs. O'Flanigan was like an angel. He was always trying to devise a plan for making some return for her kindness, but beyond doing an errand for her occasionally there seemed to be no way. Now he had been looking admiringly at

the valentines with which the shop windows were filled, and he wanted dreadfully to send her a valentine. He had fifteen cents which a man had given him for holding his horse, and he meditated the bold plan of buying a valentine for Mrs. O'Flanigan with it, instead of giving it to the Widow Scrimpings. But when he delicately sounded Mrs. O'Flanigan on the subject of valentines, he received the discouraging response recorded at the beginning of this story. Mrs. O'Flanigan laughed to scorn the idea of her receiving a valentine.

"Sure it 's the purty young girls that has valentines, an' not the loikes av me, ye gossoon!" said she. "An' is it Micky O'Rourke, the pea-nut man around the corner—and a chatin' ould rashkil he is, bad 'cess til him!—is it him that ye think would be afther sindin' me a valentine? Or is it me first cousin, Barty Macfarland, the ould widdy man that comes ivery wake askin' the loan av a quarther? Och, an' it 's the foine swatehearts I has! It's foolicht enough they are, but not that foolicht to be sindin' bit pictures til the loikes av me! If it was a foine, fat young goose for me dinner-pot, now, or a good shawl wid rid stripes intil it, thim would be valentines that ud suit me, jist!"

'Nezer heaved a deep sigh. That kind of a valentine was altogether beyond his reach.

If she only would have liked one of those at which he had been looking, which could be bought for fifteen cents. There was one that had a red-and-gold heart upon it, two doves and two clasped hands, and some verses, beginning:

"Your eyes are bright, your heart is light;
You are my darling dear!"

'Nezer thought it was beautiful, and he could not see why it was not very appropriate indeed for Mrs. O'Flanigan. But it was evident that it would not suit her taste at all. He must try to think of something else. "You 'd order have the very nicest valentine in the world!" he said, gazing at her affectionately, with his mouth full of mince turnover.

"Listen til the blarneyin' tongue av him! Be aff wid ye, now, ye rashkil, and pit thim in your pocket agin ye be hongry go'n' home!"

And Mrs. O'Flanigan thrust two doughnuts into his pocket, and sent him off with a playful push.

'Nezer was silent and sad all the way home. It was queer, but the fact was that he was sad for the first half of the way because he could n't think of anything to send Mrs. O'Flanigan for a valentine, and he was sad the last half because he had thought of something!

It was what she said about a "foine fat goose for her dinner-pot" that made him think of it.

There are very few people so poor that they have n't some one possession that is very precious

to them. 'Nezer, although he was bound out to the Widow Scrimpings, had one, and it was a goose!

Not a "fine, fat young goose," but a lean, old, lame goose, but still, for a dinner-pot, better than no goose at all, and for a valentine—well, 'Nezer had a vague idea that if he should send the most precious thing he had that would be just what a valentine ought to be. It would show his real feeling for Mrs. O'Flanigan.

But he had another feeling that complicated matters, and made him very unhappy. He was so fond of Peg-leg that he could n't bear the thought of her being put into a dinner-pot.

You may think it strange that anybody should be fond of a goose, but 'Nezer was a very affectionate boy, and he had never had much in his life to be fond of. Nobody had ever petted him, and he had never had anything to pet. And so, though Peg-leg was n't, even for a goose, very amiable or interesting, 'Nezer had set his affections upon her.

In appearance she was a most unprepossessing goose. She was not only so lame that she could scarcely waddle, but her neck and head were almost bare of feathers, and she had but one good eye. And she had a queer little drooping and ragged bunch of tail-feathers, that gave her a dejected look. But without the misfortunes that had given her her ungainly appearance she would never have been 'Nezer's goose.

At a very tender age she had fallen into the clutches of a big dog, and been so badly treated that the Widow Scrimpings gave her up as dead, and ordered 'Nezer to give her to the cat. But 'Nezer discovered that the breath of life was still in her, and by careful and tender nursing he had brought her up to comparatively vigorous goosehood. But he had built a little house for her on Ben's farm, and took care to keep her there, and the Widow Scrimpings never knew that her cat had not made a meal off her.

At first, 'Nezer had fed her with food saved from his own scanty meals, and with corn and meal that Ben gave him occasionally, but for a long time now she had supported herself by laying eggs.

I am sorry to say that she had never seemed to return 'Nezer's affection.

She was a very cross goose; she ran her long neck out, and hissed fiercely at everybody; and she hissed only a little less fiercely at 'Nezer than at other people. She always came when he called her, but Ben insisted that it was because he almost always gave her something to eat. 'Nezer thought, however, that it was a proof of affection for him. Ben did n't appreciate her. It was he who had named her Peg-leg.

'Nezer did n't mention to Ben his intention of

sending Peg-leg as a valentine to Mrs. O'Flanigan. Ben would be sure to approve of it heartily, and urge him to do it, and he was not quite ready to decide upon the matter yet.

But as St. Valentine's Day drew near, and no stroke of good fortune had come to him to enable him to buy "a shawl wid rid stripes," which was the only other valentine that Mrs. O'Flanigan regarded as desirable, 'Nezer came to the decision that Peg-leg must be sacrificed.

He made only one concession to his feelings—he would not mention the dinner-pot, and it was just possible that Mrs. O'Flanigan might think Peg-leg too attractive to be boiled and eaten. There was also a chance that she might think her too lean and scraggy, as she was fond of good eating.

Moreover, she might guess from whom the valentine came, as he had told her about Peg-leg, and refrain from boiling her for the sake of the giver.

So it was not without some hope of again beholding Peg-leg in life that 'Nezer boxed her up and sent her, by express, to Mrs. O'Flanigan; the expressman, who was a friend of Ben's, charging but half price, and promising to take the best possible care of her.

In the box with Peg-leg 'Nezer put a card, upon which he had written the verse which he had seen upon the valentine that he especially admired:

"Your eyes are bright, your heart is light;
You are my darling dear!"

He was afraid she might not understand that Peg-leg was a valentine if there were no verse.

On the outside of the box he wrote: "Take care! it bites."

That made it seem very unlike a valentine, but it was absolutely necessary for Mrs. O'Flanigan's protection, for Peg-leg's disposition would not be improved by six hours' confinement in a box.

It was a little past noon on the 14th of February when the expressman set down before Mrs. O'Flanigan's astonished eyes the box with its warning sign, "Take care! it bites."

"Take care! 'Dade, thin, an' I will. Ye can take it back wid ye, whatever it do be!" she screamed after the expressman, who was already a long ways down the street, and did not manifest the slightest intention of turning back.

"What murtherin' rashkil is afther sindin' me a crathur that bites? An' mesilf a dacint, paccable widdy woman, that nivr did no harum till anybody! Sure an' it do be a livin' crathur, for I hears him a-movin' an' a-rustlin' loike!" And Mrs. O'Flanigan stood at a respectful distance, and gazed with fascinated curiosity at the box.

There were small holes at each side of the box,— 'Nezer had taken care that Peg-leg should be able

to breathe,—and Mrs. O'Flanigan felt a keen desire to peep through these, but she dared not.

"Sure, it might be a crocydile, or a shnake wid rattles til him, ef it don't be annything worse!" And as a very queer noise proceeded from the box, Mrs. O'Flanigan stood still farther off, and crossed herself devoutly.

"The loikes av it! It might be the ould Imp himsilf!" said she. But just at that moment a loud and angry squawk came from the box.

A look of relief, and gradually a broad grin, overspread the face of Mrs. O'Flanigan.

"Ayther that do be the v'ice av a goose, or it's drammin' I am, intoirely!" she exclaimed. And in a twinkling she pulled off a portion of the top of the box. Peg-leg's long neck was thrust out with a frightful hissing and snapping.

"Och, the oogly crathur, wid but a handful av feathers til her! Sure, it's not a right goose she is at all, at all!"

By this time a crowd had collected around Mrs. O'Flanigan's stand. Trade had been dull to-day; the children had spent all their pennies for valentines, and the stand had been almost deserted. But Peg-leg was more attractive than even valentines. The crowd increased until it threatened to blockade the street.

Mrs. O'Flanigan was very much annoyed. She prided herself upon keeping her "bit place quít and respectable." She stood waving her apron wildly, and "shooing" the people off, as if they were so many chickens. "Kape off, will yees, now, or the murtherin' baste will bite yees! Sure, an' has n't a dacint widdy woman a right to kape a goose if she plazes?—bad 'cess til the rashkil that sint him til me! But, sure, it's not long I'll be wringin' the oogly neck av him, if ye kape off an' give me the chance!"

The crowd cheered Mrs. O'Flanigan's speech, but showed no signs of dispersing.

Peg-leg kept people at a respectful distance by hissing fiercely and snapping her bill, and now and then uttering a loud and angry squawk; but Mrs. O'Flanigan, with the courage of despair, was about to seize her and wring her neck, when she caught sight of the card. She took it out and looked at it, upside down and all around.

But Mrs. O'Flanigan's education had been neglected. She could not read writing, and the card threw no light upon the goose. She beckoned from the crowd a small boy, who was one of her regular customers, and could be trusted, and requested him to tell her what was written on the card.

As he read the word "valentine," and the tender lines that followed, light burst upon Mrs. O'Flanigan's mind. "It's that b'y 'Nezer! An' sure it's a kind hairt he has, though—the saints be good

til me!—it's the quarest valentine iver I seen! And now, whativer will I do wid it at all, at all, for he towld me how fond he was av it, an' the hairt av him wud be broke intoirely if I kilt it! An' me not havin' the laste accommydashins for a goose!"

A man with a good-natured face, looking like a sailor, stood near and listened to Mrs. O'Flanigan's lamentation. "If you want to get rid of it, I'll take care of it for you," said he. "I have just bought me a little place, five miles from the city, and I am going to keep poultry."

"Sure, it's an angel ye are to mintion it, but it's a b'y that thinks the wurruld av it is afther sindin' it til me, an' I'm not loikin' to pairt wid it, though sure I'm not seein' how I can kape it, be the same token!"

"Where is the boy?" asked the sailor.

"Sure, it's away off to Scrambleton he lives, wid a lone widdy, that stingy that she picks the bones av him. A sight to bring tears to your eyes, he is, wid the hatchet face av him, and his legs doon beyant his trousis loike two sticks, jist!"

"Scrambleton?" said the man. "I used to have a sister who lived in Scrambleton. But I've been away for years, sailing all around the world, and she is dead, like everybody else that belonged to me—she and her husband, and the child, I suppose, for I can't hear anything of it. You don't happen to know this boy's name, do you?"

"I don't, sir. It's 'Nezer he says they calls him, but sure that's no name for a Christian!"

"Ebenezer, perhaps," said the man. "That's my name. Perhaps I'll go out to Scrambleton—I might hear something about my sister there. And I'll go to see this boy, and tell him what's become of his goose—that is, if you let me take it."

"Sein' it's only kapin' it ye'll be, in a friendly way, perhaps I'd better lave it go," said Mrs. O'Flanigan. "For it's kilt wid it I'll be, if I kapes it, sure. But if ye see 'Nezer ye'll be afther tellin' him that I thinks the wurruld av me valentine, but be rayson av havin' no accommydashins I'm afther linden' it for a bit, its dispersion not bein' that raysonable it wud be contined in a box!"

The man nailed the cover of the box once more over Peg-leg and her hissing, and carried her off. Mrs. O'Flanigan heaved a sigh of relief as she saw her valentine disappearing in the distance and the crowd dispersing.

But as the days went by and no tidings came of either man or goose, Mrs. O'Flanigan began to feel a pang at the sight of a hungry-looking boy, fearing he might prove to be 'Nezer, and dreading to tell 'Nezer what had become of the goose.

But when, about two weeks after St. Valentine's Day, 'Nezer did appear, she had to take two or three good long looks at him before she recognized

him. For his legs were no longer "down beyant his trousis." He had on a brand-new suit from top to toe, and his cheeks were almost fat! He held his head up, and his eyes were bright, and he did not look like the same boy. And the man who had carried off the goose was with him!

"He is my nephew, my only sister's son," said the man to Mrs. O'Flanigan. "And if I had n't stopped to see the goose, and you had n't told me his name was 'Nezer, and he lived in Scrambleton, I should, perhaps, never have found him, for I thought he was dead. And I've got him away from the Widow Scrimpings, and as I have a snug bit of property, and nobody but him belonging to me, we're pretty comfortable together."

'Nezer's face fully confirmed his uncle's story.

"And I'm hoping to make some return to you for your kindness to my nephew," said 'Nezer's uncle. And 'Nezer could with great difficulty refrain

from telling her of the plans they had formed for supplying her next summer with the finest fruits from their garden.

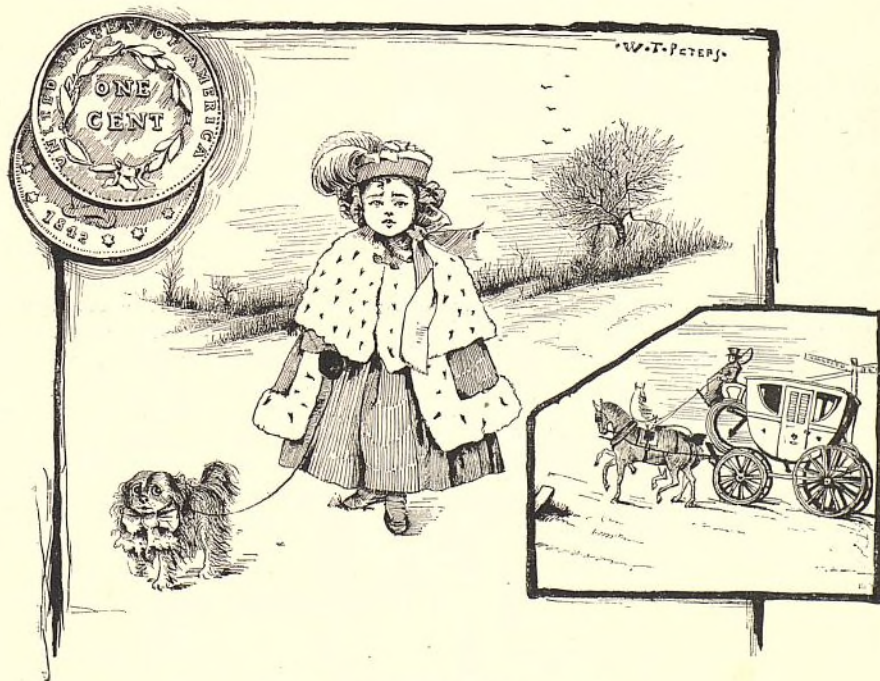
But Mrs. O'Flanigan protested that the "bit and the sup" she had given him would make her "niver a bit the poorer"; and he was "that daint and perlite" that it more than paid her, to say nothing of the "foine valentine" he had sent her.

"Peg-leg has lots more feathers growing out on her!" said 'Nezer, proudly.

"It's a foine fowl she do be, annyhow!" said Mrs. O'Flanigan, politely.

"And I think her temper is improving," said 'Nezer's uncle.

"She have but the laste bit in life av a timper," said Mrs. O'Flanigan; "and sure what would anny av us be widout it?" By which you will see that Mrs. O'Flanigan understood fashionable manners, if she was only an apple-woman.



WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

IN THE LAND OF CLOUDS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.



ASCENDING MOUNT HOOD.—ABOVE THE CLOUDS. [SEE PAGE 250.]

MOUNT HOOD stands about sixty miles from the great Pacific, as the crow flies, and about two hundred miles up the Columbia River, as it is navigated. The Columbia is tranquil here—mild and calm and dreamy as Lake Como. But twenty miles higher, past the awful overhanging snow-peak that looks as if it might blow over on us as we sail up under it, the grand old river is all torrent and foam and fearful cataract.

Mount Hood stands utterly alone. And yet he is not at all alone. He is only a brother, a bigger and taller brother, of a well-raised family of seven snow-peaks.

At any season of the year, you can stand on almost any little eminence within two hundred miles of Mount Hood and count seven snow-cones, clad in eternal winter, piercing the clouds. There is no scene so sublime as this in all the world.

The mountains of Europe are only hills in comparison. Although some of them are quite as high as those of Oregon and Washington Territory, yet they lie far inland, and are so set on the top of other hills that they lose much of their majesty. Those of Oregon start up sudden and solitary, and almost out of the sea, as it were. So that while they are really not much higher than the mountain peaks of the Alps, they seem to be about twice as

high. And being all in the form of pyramids or cones, they are much more imposing and beautiful than those of either Asia or Europe.

But that which adds most of all to the beauty and sublimity of the mountain scenery of Mount Hood and his environs is the marvelous cloud effects that encompass him.

In the first place, you must understand that all this region here is one dense black mass of matchless and magnificent forests. From the water's edge up to the snow-line clamber and cling the dark green fir, pine, cedar, tamarack, yew, and juniper. Some of the pines are heavy with great cones as long as your arms; some of the yew trees are scarlet with berries; and now and then you see a burly juniper bending under a load of blue and bitter fruit. And nearly all of these trees are mantled in garments of moss. This moss trails and swings lazily in the wind, and sometimes droops to the length of a hundred feet.

In these great dark forests is a dense undergrowth of vine-maple, hazel, mountain ash, marsh ash, willow, and brier bushes. Tangled in with all this is the rank and ever-present and imperishable fern. This fern, which is the terror of the Oregon farmer, stands so rank and so thick on the ground in the forests that oftentimes you can not see two yards

before you, and your feet can hardly touch the ground. Through this jungle, with the great dark trees towering hundreds of feet above, prowl the black bear, the panther, the catamount, and the California lion.

Up and through and over all this darkness of forests, drift and drag and lazily creep the most weird and wonderful clouds in all this world. They move in great caravans. They seem literally to be alive. They rise with the morning sun, like the countless millions of snow-white geese, swans, and other water-fowl that frequent the rivers of Oregon, and slowly ascend the mountain sides, dragging themselves through and over the tops of the trees, heading straight for the sea, or hovering about the mountain peaks, as if they were mighty white-winged birds, weary of flight and wanting to rest.

They are white as snow, these clouds of Oregon, fleecy, and rarely, if ever, still; constantly moving in contrast with the black forests, these clouds are strangely, sadly sympathetic to one who worships nature.

Of course, in the rainy season, which is nearly half the year here, these cloud effects are absent. At such times the whole land is one vast rain-cloud, dark and dreary and full of thunder.

To see a snow-peak in all its sublimity, you must see it above the clouds. It is not necessary that you should climb the peak to do this, but ascend some neighboring hill and have the white clouds creep up or down the valley, through and over the black forest, between you and the snowy summit that pricks the blue home of stars. What color! Movement! Miraculous life!

A few months ago, I met a party of English travelers who were completing the circuit of the world by way of San Francisco. I was on my way to Oregon, and this party decided to sail up the coast with me, and, if possible, ascend Mount Hood.

The party consisted of a gentleman and his wife, his wife's sister and brother, besides their little child of about ten years, a pale little cripple on crutches. The journey around the world had been undertaken, I was told, in the hope of restoring her to health. So she was humored in every way, and everything possible done to please and amuse her.

We sailed pleasantly up the barren, rocky, and mountainous coast of Oregon for two days, and all the way we watched the long, moving lines of white clouds clinging about the mountain tops, creeping through the mountain passes in long,

unbroken lines, or hovering wearily around some snowy summit; and the English travelers counted it all strangely beautiful.

Not a sail in sight all these two days. And the waters of this, the vastest of all seas, as still and as blue as the blue skies above us.

Whales kept spouting about us, and dolphins tumbled like circus men before us; and the pale little cripple, sitting on the deck on a soft chair made of shreds of cane or rattan by the cunning Chinamen, seemed very happy. She had a lap-dog, of which she was amazingly fond. The dog, however, did not seem so fond of her. He was a very active fellow, full of battle, and much pre-



"FLUTTER! FLAP! SNAP! PHEW! AWAY WENT THE FLAGS!"
[SEE PAGE 251.]

ferred to lying in her lap the more active amusement of running and barking at the sailors and passengers.

After some ugly bumps on the sand-bars at the mouth of the Columbia,—a place strewn with

skeletons of ships,—we at length entered this noble river. It is nearly ten miles wide here, and many little islands, covered with tangled woods from water's edge to summit, dot the wide and tranquil harbor.

Half a day's hard steaming up the river, with here and there a little village nestling in the dense wood on the water's edge at the base of the mighty mountains on either side, and we were in Portland and preparing to ascend Mount Hood.

It seems incredible, but, unlike all other mountains of importance, this one has no regular guides. We had to hunt up and make an entire outfit of our own.

Of course the little cripple was left behind, with her nurse and dog, when we five gayly mounted and rode down to the ferry to cross the Willamette River, which lies at the edge of the town and between our hotel and Mount Hood.

As the boat pushed off, the little cripple's frolicsome dog, Vixey, leaped in with us from the shore, barking and bounding with delight, to think he was to escape being nursed and was to make one of the expedition.

We rode hard through the tangled woods, with rank ferns and brier bushes and thimbleberry bushes in our faces. We climbed up almost entirely unfrequented roads and trails for half a day. Then we dismounted by a dark, treacherous, sandy stream, and lunched.

Mounting again, we pushed on in single file, following our guides as fast as we could up steep banks, over stones and fallen logs, and through almost impenetrable tangles of fern and vine-maple. There were three guides. One, an Indian, kept far ahead on foot, blazing out the way with a tomahawk, and shouting back and yelling to the other guides till he made the solemn forest ring.

The two ladies kept the saddle and clung to the horses' manes. But the men often dismounted and led their tired horses by the bridle.

The yelping dog had gone astray a dozen times, chasing squirrels, deer, and even birds, and I heartily hoped he would get lost entirely, for I abhor poodles. But the parents of the little cripple, when he would get lost, would not go on without him. So this kept us back, and we did not reach the snow-line till dusk.

The guides had shot a deer, two grouse, and many gray squirrels; so that, when we had made a roaring fire of pine-knots, and had fed and rubbed down our worn-out horses, we sat there in the light of our great fire by the snow border, and feasted famously. For oh, we were hungry!

Then we laid down. But it seemed to me we were hardly well asleep before the guides were again boiling coffee, and shouting to each other

about the work of the new day. How tired we all were still! All but that dog. That noisy and nervous little poodle seemed to be as eager as the guides to get us up and on before the sun had softened the snow.

In the gray dawn, after a solid breakfast, each with a pike in hand and hob-nailed shoes on the feet, we were in line, lifting our faces in the sharp, frosty air for the summit of Mount Hood.

The snow was full of holes. Now and then a man would sink to his waist. We strangers would laugh at this. But observing that the guides took such mishaps seriously, we inquired the reason. When they told us that some of these holes were bottomless, we too became serious, and took hold of the long rope which they carried, and never let go. The ladies brought up the rear, and, like all English ladies, endured the fatigue wonderfully. That tireless little dog yelped and bounded, now in the face of this man, now in the face of that, and seemed by his omnipresence to belong to flank and rear and van.

Before noon we came to a great crack, or chasm, or cleft, in the mountain side, for which the guides could give no reason. Their only idea of it appeared to be one of terror—their only object to escape it. They all fastened the rope to their belts, so that, in the event of one falling in, the others could draw him back.

As we advanced we found the mountain precipitous, but in no wise perilous, if we except these treacherous cracks and holes referred to.

Now and then we would lean on our pikes and turn our heads to the world below. Beautiful! Beautiful! Rivers of silver! Cities, like birds' nests, dotted down in the wilderness beneath. But no one spoke, when speaking could be avoided. The air was so rare that we were all the time out of breath.

As we neared the summit, one of the guides fell down, bleeding at the mouth and senseless. One of the gentlemen forced some brandy down his throat, when he sat up and feebly beckoned us to go on.

Ten minutes more of hard climbing, and five Saxons stuck their pikes in the summit and stood there together, five or six feet higher than the highest mountain in all that mountainous region of North America.

The wind blew hard, and the little woolly dog lay down and curled up in a knot, for fear lest he should be blown away. He did not bark or take any kind of delight now. The fact is, he did not like it at all, and was pretty badly frightened. It is safe to say that he was quietly making up his mind that, if he ever got back to that little basket with its blue ribbons about the borders and the

cozy little bed inside, he would be willing to take a nap and stay with the lonesome little cripple.

The ladies' lips and noses were blue with the cold, and their hair was making all kinds of banners and streamers in the biting wind. The guides seemed dull and indifferent to everything. They lay flat down a few feet from the summit, pointing out the highest place to us, and took no interest in anything further, not even in their companion, whom we could see doubled up a little way below on the steep side of the snow.

We men moved on down over the summit on the Columbia side a few yards, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the great river which we knew rolled almost under us. But the whole world seemed to be one mass of clouds on that side; and we hastened back to the ladies, resolved to now descend as soon as possible.

One of the ladies, meantime, had gone down to the guides and got a little bundle, consisting of a British and an American flag and a Bible, with all our names in it. And the two were now trying to fasten the flags on a small iron pipe. But the wind, which had been getting stronger every minute since we came, was now so furious that we felt it was perilous to keep the ladies longer on the summit. So one of our party started with them down the mountain, while we other two took charge of the tokens of our achievement, which we hoped to leave here to tell others who might come that we had been before them.

Flutter! flutter! flap! snap! phew! Away went the British and American flags together. And before we knew it, the Bible, now lying on the snow, blew open and started after them. The gallant Briton at my side threw out his long leg and tried to stop its flight with his foot. But it bounded over the snow like a rabbit, and was gone.

The little dog lying there on his breast was terribly tempted to start after it, and if he had, there would have been no further interest in this sketch. But he seemed to have lots of sense, and lay perfectly still till the last one of us started down the mountain. Then he bounded up and on down after us, and his joy seemed without limit.

As we hastily descended, we found the stricken guide already on his feet and ready to lead in the descent. The ladies, too, had thawed out a little, and did not look so blue.

We began to talk too, now, and to congratulate ourselves and each other on the success of our enterprise. We were in splendid spirits, and the matchless scenery before us filled us with exultation.

The guides, however, cautioned us at every step as we neared the holes, and all held stoutly on

to the rope. The little dog leaped ahead over the hard snow, and seemed the happiest of all the happy party. He advanced down the mountain backward. That is, he would somehow leap downward tail first, looking all the time in our faces—looking up with his red mouth open, and his white, fat little body bounding like a rubber ball over the snow. Suddenly the head guide cried out in terror. The dog had disappeared!

We all looked at each other, horror on every face. We were on the edge of a fissure, and the dog had been swallowed up. Whose turn next?

The wind did not blow here, for we had descended very fast and were now not far from the timber line. We had all driven our pikes hard in the snow and fallen on our knees, so as to be more certain of our hold, and were silent as the dead. Hark!

Away down, deep in the chasm, almost under us somewhere, we heard the poor dog calling for help. After a while, one of the guides answered him. The dog called back, so far off, so pitiful! This was repeated two or three times. But as the little brute seemed swallowed up forever, and as we lay there shivering on the brink and could not help him out, we obeyed the first law of nature, and cautiously crept back and around the ugly gorge. Soon we were once more safe with our horses, and drinking coffee by the warm fire as before.

We reached the city without further accident. But the very first thing the little cripple did on our return was to lift her pale face from her crutch and eagerly inquire for her dog. No one could answer. The parents exchanged glances. Then, for the first time, as the child still entreated for her pet, they seemed to realize their loss. They refused to tell her what had become of the dog at first. But, little by little, as we sat at dinner together, she got the whole truth. Then she left the table, crying as though her heart would break.

There was no dinner that day for any of us, after that. The father had strong, fresh horses brought, and on the next day we men, with the guides, set out to find the dog. At the last moment, as we mounted and were riding away, the child brought her little dog's basket, with its blue ribbons and its soft bed. For, as we assured her the dog would be found, she said he would be cold and sleepy, and so we should take his bed along.

On the first day we came to the chasm in the snow from the lower side. But had the dog not been drowned? Had he not perished from cold and hunger? We had brought a sort of trap—in fact, it was a large kind of rat-trap. This we baited with a piece of roasted meat on the trigger. Would not the hungry little fellow enter the trap, tug at the bait, throw the trap, get caught, and

so be drawn up to the light, if still alive? We all heartily hoped so, at least.

Some of the shelving snow broke off and fell as we let the rope slide down with the trap. Then for the first time we heard the little rascal yelp.

I never saw a man so delighted as was that usually stolid and impassive Englishman. He could not stand still, but, handing the rope to his friend, he danced about, and shouted, and whistled, and sang to the dog away down there in his dark, ugly pit.

The dog answered back feebly. It was evident he was not in the best of spirits. Perhaps he was too feeble to even enter the trap. Anyway, he did not enter it.

We drew it up time and again, but no sign of the dog. The stout Englishman prepared himself to descend the pit. But when the guide explained the danger of the whole side shelving off, and imperiling the lives of others, as well as his own life, that last hope was abandoned.

The father of the little cripple, after all was packed up and ready for the return, picked up the basket with the blue ribbons and soft bed inside. He looked at it sadly. Tears were in his eyes. Should he take the basket back? The sight of it would only make the little cripple more sad. I could read all this in his face as he stood there irresolute, with the basket in his hand and tears streaming down his face. He at length made a motion as if to throw the little basket, with its blue

ribbons and soft bed inside, down into the pit with the dog.

"No, we will let him have his little bed to die in in good shape. Here, fasten this on a rope, and lower it down there where you last heard him cry," said the kind-hearted Englishman.

In a few moments one of the guides had unloosened a rope which he had packed up to take back; and the basket was soon being lowered into the dark pit, over the hanging wall of snow.

The dog began to whimper, to whine, then to bark as he had not barked that day.

As the basket struck the bottom it was caught as a fish-line is caught, and the rope almost jerked out of the hands of the guide.

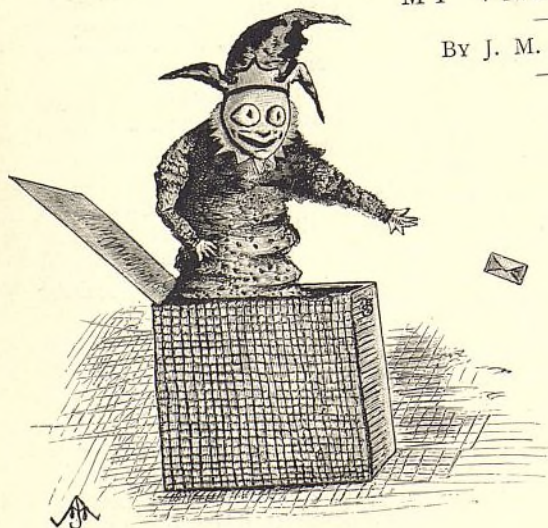
The father of the little cripple clutched the rope from the guide, and drew it up hand over hand as fast as possible. Then the bright black eyes of the dog danced and laughed at him as he jerked the basket up over the treacherous wall of snow.

The poor shivering little fellow would not leave the basket. There he lay all the time as we hurried on down and mounted horse. The happy Englishman carried it back to the city on his arm. And he carried it carefully, too, as if it had been a basket of eggs and he on his way to market.

And the little girl? Well, now, it was worth all the work and bother we had to see her happy face as she came hobbling out on her crutch to take the little basket, with its blue border and the dog curled up in his bed inside.

MY VALENTINE.

BY J. M. ANDERSON.



HER eyes are just as blue a hue
As ever painter's palette knew;
Why, look! She's pretty as a picture-book!
Her hair,—oh yes, her hair, her hair,
Is gold as any anywhere;
Her lips eclipse the rose; I think
She's sweeter than a pink!

And though she only stares and wears
The most aristocratic airs,
I guess it's owing to her style of dress!
For I am but a Jockey-Jack,
With tons of trouble on my back,
And she, ah me! is grand and tall!
She's Alice's best doll!

THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

III.

HOW MARGERY CAREW GOT HER GLITTERING CHAIN.

"AND as I thrust the presse among,
By froward chaynce mine hoode was gone,
Yet for alle that I stayde not long
Till to the Kyng's lystys I was come,"—

trolled out Sommers, the King's jester, adapting one of Master Lydgate's ballads to suit the case, as, with Rauf and Roger, the archer, he pressed through the crowd of guards, retainers, and sightseers on a visit to the field set apart for the tournament. Great preparation had been made for this occasion. The lists were pitched on English ground, on a fairly level ridge midway between the two camps. Rauf had already received some schooling in jousting, and had even "run at the tilt" in a mild way with Parker, the armorer at Verney Hall. He found, therefore, much to interest him in the progress of the work which was to make this trial of strength,—almost the last of the tourneys,—the magnificent pageant that so well became the lavish and chivalric princes under whose orders it was arranged.

"*Forasmuch as God has given the cherished treasure of peace to France and England,*"—so ran the "*Ordonnance de Tourney*,"—"to prevent idleness and sedition, sixteen gentlemen of name and blood—eight French and eight English—for the honor of God and the love of their ladies, intend to maintain these articles"—and then follow the elaborate rules of the combat.

"Why this fosse, Master Sommers?" asked Rauf, as the three crossed a drawbridge and passed within the field. "Surely none here would force the lists."

"Why, then, except to keep back those who most desire to see," replied the jester. "Are you so young in state-craft, good page, that you have not yet learned that whoso wishes the loaf gets the crust, and that he who works the hardest and waits the most patiently to see a triumph, can only view it across a ditch or through a rampart of halberds?"

Nine hundred feet in length and three hundred and twenty feet across, on ground well and properly prepared, stretched the great lists. The field was an open space, after the English fashion, and not a counter or double list, as were many French

tilts. Around the inclosure ranged high galleries, hung with choicest tapestries, for the privileged spectators, and to the right, in the place of honor, were glazed chambers, bright with colored hangings and cloth of gold, for the two Queens. At the foot of the lists Rauf stopped in wonder before a mass of gold and color, grouped under a great triumphal arch of velvet and damask and cloth of gold.

"What can this be?" he asked in amazement.

"This," said the jester, learned in all heraldic matters, "is the forest of fallacy, the vegetation of rank—and rank enough has it oft proved, when planted by unkingly kings, or fostered by unknighly knights. This, young Master Inexperience, is the knightly 'perron'—the 'tree of nobility.'"

"Oh, yes, yes—I know it now," broke in Rauf. "'Tis the tree on which will hang the shields of challengers and answerers."

"Softly, softly, Sir Page," said the jester; "crowd not so rudely on this tree of name and blood. See, here twine the royal branches, high above those of baser birth; here is the hawthorn of our King's highness of England, there the raspberry of him of France."

And a curious combination indeed was this "tree of nobility," covering a space of near one hundred and thirty feet—its trunk a mass of cloth of gold, its foliage of green silk, its flowers and fruit of silver and Venetian gold, while the mock earth in which it was imbedded was a great mound of green damask.

Late on that Saturday afternoon came the rival trumpet peals, and there streamed into the lists the royal challengers, and their attendant trains of heralds and pursuivants and guards, to attach the kingly shields to the hawthorn and the raspberry in challenge to the field. With much excess of courteous language, but with much dispute nevertheless as to which shield should have the higher position, now France's herald and now England's argued and contested. "But finally," says the chronicle, "the King of England caused the French King's arms to be placed on the right, and his own on the left equally high," and so the momentous question was settled.

On the next morning, a fair Sunday of the early June, as Rauf and Margery knelt at mass in the gorgeous chapel attached to the English palace, were they at all different from our boys and girls

of this more practical age if their thoughts left the stately service, and wandered, awed and wondering, in accompaniment to their eyes around that marvelously magnificent apartment? For this royal chapel was the great Cardinal's peculiar pride. To fitly decorate it he had sent over sea "the best hangings, travers, jewels, images, altars, cloths, etc., that the King has." Thirty-five priests, in robes of cloth of gold, powdered with rich red roses and strewn with gold and jewels, assisted by many singing boys and acolytes, conducted the services, while everywhere the glitter of gold and jewels, the flash of costliest hangings and rarest decorations more than regally adorned this royal chapel of a king.

And now Margery's share in the festivities began, for there came that fair Sunday afternoon, "gloriously appareled" and brilliantly attended, the courtly King Francis to dine with the Queen of England.

"And oh, Rauf," reported the excited little dame, "he knelt beautifully on the ground, bonnet in hand, and saluted the Queen and her ladies. Yes!—and he even kissed poor little me, and called me a 'fayre damoysele,' sir, and praised my bloom and color, and wished he could transplant so sweet an English flower to the gardens of good Queen Claude!"

"All of which you believed, I suppose. Oh, Margery, Margery! take the advisement of one who has mingled much with kings, and —"

"Have done, have done, Master Impudence," cried Margery, "and tell us what you saw at Arde."

And then our young sight-seers tried to outvie each other in tales of what they had seen, for Rauf had attended King Henry on his visit to the French Queen at Arde. He told of Queen Claude's diamond-sprinkled robes; of the great golden dinner services, of the feast, and of the wonderful side-dishes, which were leopards, and salamanders, and other beasts bearing the French arms; of the entrance of Mountjoy, the French herald, with his great golden goblet, and his cry of "Largess to the most high, mighty, and excellent Henry, King of England; largess, largess!" and of the room where they went after the feast, "adorned with tapestry of cloth of gold, and carpeted with crimson velvet." All of which Margery capped with equally wonderful tales of English ceremony and French courtliness. And so they supped full of wonders.

The next morning Rauf was up betimes, eager and anxious for the hour to arrive that should open the tournament.

"Give you good day, Master Rauf," said a cheery voice, and looking over against the great

statue of the English archer which, with bended bow, fronted the castled entrance, Rauf saw his old friend Roger, the archer of the guard. "A fair and rare day for the tilts, if but this wind will down."

"And will it not die off, think you, Roger?" asked Rauf, anxiously.

The archer eyed the flying scud of clouds rather dubiously.

"Blaw the wind never so fast,
It will lower at last,"

he said, repeating an old English couplet, "which is about all the comfort I can give you, Master Rauf; so we must e'en make the best of it. But they say the King's highnesses will both run at the tilt to-day. Heard you aught of this, Master Rauf?"

"Ay," said Rauf, proud to be able to disclose state secrets, "'t is even so; as challengers both, they hold the lists against all comers. And whom, think you, will run the course most valiantly, good Roger?"

The archer pointed to the significant legend that streamed from the more gigantic archer above him—"He whom I back, wins." "Could I make that legend sure," he said, "I know full well who would come off victor; but

"Where all are well mounted and matched,
None knoweth whose pate will be patched."

"'T will be a rare sight though, will it not?" said Rauf.

"Ay, and a brave one, too," said the archer, "though I may not see all the sport. Twelve fellows of our guard, with twelve of the French King's archers, guard the entrance to the lists."

Dinner over, Rauf's and Margery's restless longings changed to active realization, as, with banners fluttering and music "sounding most melodiously," on chargers gorgeously trapped, in litters or in chariots covered with cloths of gold and silver, and emblazoned with the royal arms, the King and Queen of England passed, with a gallant company, out of the palace gates and on to the waiting lists. Soon after came the French retinue, "equally glorious"; the galleries quickly filled with a great company of richly dressed lords and ladies from both the camps, while all the hills around were black with the crowds that had flocked from all quarters to the great spectacle. Rauf and Margery both sat in Queen Katherine's gallery, absorbed in watching the glittering trains of knights passing and repassing in the lists beneath them, or in picking out from the throng the great personages with whose faces they were familiar.

"That is the Constable of Bourbon, Margery—

greatest in France next the King," said Rauf. "And who is that with him? 'T is one of our English knights, but his face is turned away from us."

"*Auctor pretiosa facit*,"* read Margery, spelling out the legend that was blazoned on the shield of the unknown.

"Why sure, then, 't is the Duke of Buckingham," said Rauf, learned in the knight's emblazons; "and see, now, as he turns his face this way, it is the Duke indeed." And then they both looked with admiration at these two knights as they passed: both princes of the blood, both young, chivalrous, haughty, and brave; both destined soon to be adjudged traitors to the kings in whose trains they now glittered; both soon to die—the one by the headsman's ax on Tower Hill, by the command of Henry of England; the other, while gallantly scaling the walls of Rome in open revolt against Francis of France.

"And that, Margery, is madame, the Queen Mother of France," said Rauf, pointing to a royal lady who, in a diamond-circled robe of black velvet, leaned over the gallery-front to return the courteous salutations of the lords of Buckingham and Bourbon. Margery looked with awe at this great lady, Louise of Savoy, whose wish was law to her son, the King of France; the royal lady to whom, years after, the captive King was to send that famous message from the bloody fight of Pavia—the field of his defeat: "Madam, there is nothing in this world left to me but my honor and my life."

Many other notable persons did the children study, in youthful criticism or admiration. Queen Katherine's plain but not unlovely Spanish face, "not handsome, but very beautiful in complexion," as wrote the cautious Venetian ambassador, lighted up with something of a smile as she talked with the young Queen Claude of France, the daughter of the stately house of Valois. Near the Queens, too, stood the gay-faced and sprightly maid of sixteen, the Lady Anne Boleyn, before many years to be raised to the dangerous and, to her, fatal eminence of Queen of England.

And while in broken French, or through interpreters, the ladies in the galleries courteously talked together, down in the lists was the bustle and excitement of preparation. Soon the trumpets sounded, and the heralds proclaimed the tournament opened. With volt and demivolt, with charge and thrust, with clash of swords and splintering of lances, the royal challengers, Henry of England and Francis of France, with their supporters, held the lists in friendly combat against the bravest knights of England and of France. For twelve days, save when the wind, as Roger the archer feared, blew too boisterously for the lances

to be couched, the jousts continued, intermingled with other sports, and feats of strength or skill. In all such contests as they bore a part the Kings of France and England, so says the royal chronicler, "did marvels; breaking spears eagerly, and well acting their challenge of jousts." Between the times of tourney came other frolics, lavish in display and royal in profusion. Wrestling matches and archery contests, dancing, and music, and song, "maskalynes and mummeries,"† at either camp, helped on these joy-filled days. How greatly Rauf and Margery delighted in all this pleasure and pageantry, let any boy or girl of to-day who passes two blissful hours at some great show, some "gigantic aggregation of wonders," determine; let them consider how much enjoyment is crowded into *their* two hours of spectacle, and then think, calmly if they can, of two weeks of such excitement and display!

Into the lists one bright afternoon thronged the "venans" or "comers," to run a tilt with the "tenans" or "holders." Riding down the field to the "tree of nobility," each knight rang his lance upon the black-and-gray shield, thus signifying his readiness to joust with the challengers. One English knight, more aspiring than the rest, —Sir Richard Jerningham, knight of the King's chamber,—reaching to the top of the "perron," struck with his lance's tip the white-and-silver shield of the King of France. Then "holders" and "comers" rode the one general course of lance to lance, and, this shock over, they fell back while the single champions rode before the barriers.

"For whom fight you, Sir Richard Jerningham, good knight and true?" demanded Mont St. Michel, the herald of France.

"For the honor of God, the glory of England, and the love of the little lady, Mistress Anne Boleyn—our rose of England blooming at the court of France," and the gallant Sir Richard bent to his saddle-bow in salute to the fair young maiden whom he thus championed.

"And for whom fight you, Francis, King of France?" demanded the English herald, garter king-at-arms.

And the kingly knight, not to be outdone in courtesy to the bright young girlhood of England, glanced toward Queen Katherine's gallery, and made instant answer:

"For the honor of God, the glory of France, and the love of the sweet little Mistress Margery Carew—the tenderest blossom in the train of our sister of England."

Margery's beaming face, which had been stretched eagerly forward in the excitement of seeing and listening, flushed furiously as she drew

* "The giver makes the gift more precious."

† Much the same as the masquerades and theatricals of to-day.

back in sudden confusion, while the "Oh!" of surprise broke from her parted lips. Then she looked quickly to the lists again, as the shouts of the heralds:

"St. George for England!"

"St. Denis for France!"

rang out and the trumpets sounded the charge.

With visors closed and lances fully couched the knights spurred across the field, but, just as they approached the shock, Sir Richard's horse stumbled slightly and threw his rider's lance out of aim. With knightly courtesy King Francis broke his own couch, raised his lance upright, and then, with friendly salutations, both knights passed each other without closing. Turning in the course once more, they galloped across the lists, and with equal speed and with steady aim, "full tilt" they spurred to the shock. Tang, tang! the lances struck and splintered fairly. Sir Richard's stroke met the guard of King Francis's silver shield, while the lance of the King rang full against Sir Richard's pass-guard or shoulder-front. But, though Sir Richard struck "like a sturdy and skillful cavalier," the shock of his antagonist was even more effective. For, as the record states, "the French King on his part ran valiantly." Sir Richard's horse fell back with the shock, his rider reeled in the saddle, and, so says the chronicle, "Jerningham was nearly unhorsed." The broken lance-shafts were dropped from the hands of the knights, and the heralds declared Francis, King of France, victor in the tilt.

An hour later, Sir Richard came to Queen Katherine's gallery, King Francis accompanying him. Then, in accordance with the rules of the tourney, Sir Richard, as the knight "who was worsted in the combat," with due courtesy and a deep salute, presented to the blushing Margery a beautiful chain of gold, large and glittering, as "the token to the lady in whose service the victor fights," and King Francis, smiling, said:

"And I, too, must claim my guerdon from this lady mine. Will the fair Margery be our guest at Arde to-night?"

Margery looked to Lady Gray, who said:

"With pleasure, if so it please your Highness."

"And here shall be your trusty squire, our old friend,—and yours, too, I'll wager,—Master Rauf Bulney," and the King placed his hand pleasantly on the boy's shoulder.

So to the French camp at Arde went Rauf and Margery, and there they were feasted "right royally"; and that night, too, as they were preparing for a "maskalyne," there came up a fierce gale of wind, and the great central pole of the royal pavilion swayed and shivered, bent and broke before the blast; and the mass of painted canvas and cloth of gold, of gilded ornaments and quaint devices, together with the great statue of St. Michael, came down to the ground in a mighty and utter wreck. And the King rejoiced greatly over the safety of all his train, but mostly over his little English guests, who, with the Lady Anne Boleyn, had luckily escaped all harm.

(To be continued.)

CHIVALRIE.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.



WHAT, little Mabel! reading old romance?
Come here, and leave that dusty chimney-nook,
And do put by that antiquated book,—
I'll show you all you've read at one swift glance.
The sunlight gilds earth's carpet of soft snow,
Behold without The Field of Cloth of Gold!
The trees are knights so valiant, tall, and bold,
Steel-clad in icicle-mail from top to toe;
And see the evergreens upon the lawn—
Fair ladies who will never lose their charms;
Soon will the wind sound loud the battle-horn—
There'll be a tournament with clash of arms!

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XI.

REASON VERSUS CROW-BARS.

RUSH and his bean-pole had startled the Argonauts into paying very respectful attention to what the oldest brother had to say.

"We're peaceable folks here," said Mart, "or at least we try to be. It's Sunday, and we don't want a row. But, my friend," addressing Buzrow, "if you must be swinging that piece of iron, I'd rather you would n't swing it in the direction of our dam."

Buzrow held the bar, looking rather foolishly from the array of Tinkham boys to his own companions, while Mart proceeded:

"Whoever fancies we are going to stand quietly by and see our property destroyed has very erroneous ideas of human nature. It may as well be understood first as last that we can't have that."

As Buzrow had desisted from belligerent action, he seemed to think it necessary to make some defiant remark instead.

"The dam is a nuisance, and it's got to go."

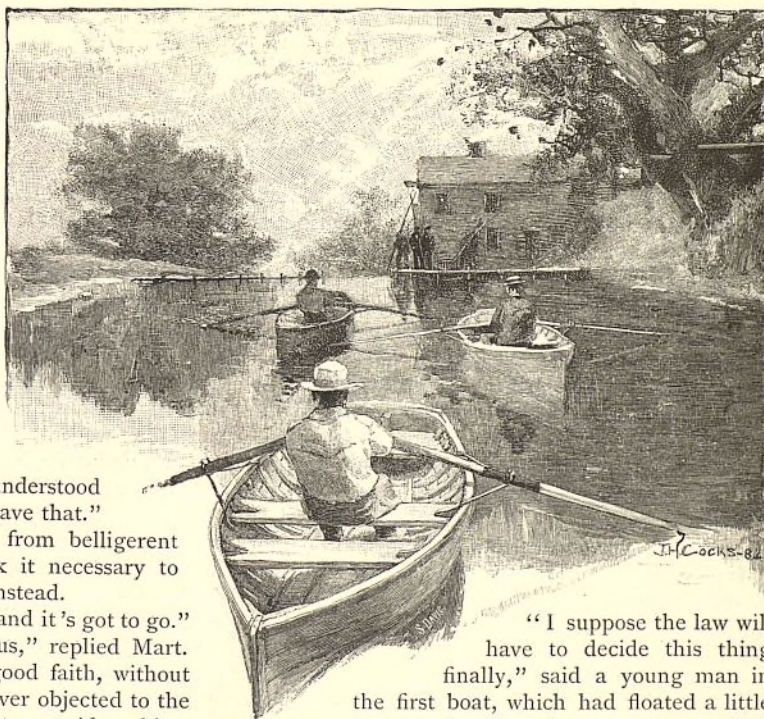
"It is n't a nuisance to us," replied Mart. "We bought the mill in good faith, without knowing that anybody had ever objected to the dam. Now we are willing to consider objections in a liberal spirit; and we ask you, on your part, to consider our position, our honest intentions in coming here, and our wish to do the fair and square thing by everybody."

"It's easy to talk," replied Buzrow, who had, however, laid down his bar. "Dushee could do that. But we've had enough of it. All is, our boats must n't be hindered by this dam."

"The flash-boards are out. You have a free passage. And we'll take 'em out for you any time when they happen to be in. What more do you want? Whatever your rights may be," Mart continued, "you're not going just the right way to work to secure them. When you come up here in your boat,

and find an opening in the dam ten feet wide to let you through, and, instead of taking advantage of it, turn out of your course and stop to batter down the dam, any man with half a teacupful of brains could tell you that you're laying yourself liable to a prosecution."

"You can prosecute," muttered Buzrow. "The law aint all on your side, you'll find out. Other folks have taken counsel on this subject."



HIS
BOAT
LED THE WAY
UP THE RIVER.

"I suppose the law will have to decide this thing finally," said a young man in the first boat, which had floated a little way up the river, but now returned to the scene of the encounter. "Come along, boys! Don't do anything more."

"I don't intend to do anything more to-day," said Buzrow, glad of an excuse to withdraw from an undertaking which was becoming formidable. "I've done all I set out to. But," he added, shaking his fist at the dam,—a fist, by the way, which looked as if it might be a good copy of the one that had knocked down a cow,— "before another Sunday, that will all be ripped out! Jest you remember that!"

Mart gave no heed to this menace, but said calmly, addressing the young man in the first boat, who appeared to be a person of influence:

"You will always find the flash-boards up on Sunday—a day on which I should think any disturbance of this kind might be avoided by decent people."

"I don't belong to the decent sort, I suppose," said Buzrow, in a coarse, jeering way.

"For the rest," Mart went on, still addressing the young man and ignoring Buzrow, "come to us on a week day, as one man should go to another when there's a conflict of interest between them, and we'll meet you more than half-way in making any necessary arrangements to accommodate both parties."

"That's fair," said the young man, who seemed to have entered unwillingly into the controversy, and to find it very disagreeable. He had good manners and a fine face, from which no conduct that was not handsome and honorable could well be expected. "I'm as sorry as you can be that there's any trouble about the dam; but I'm afraid it has gone so far now that the law will have to settle it."

"Very well; the law let it be," said Mart. "It's a miserable weapon for people of sense and right intentions to resort to; but it's better than crow-bars and bean-poles."

"I am sorry our fellows have disturbed you to-day," said the young man, appearing himself very much disturbed.

"I am sure you are," said Mart, cordially. "Whether you could have prevented them in the first place, I won't inquire."

"Perhaps I might," the young man admitted, "but I did n't. The truth is, we all feel that we have a natural right to go up and down the river in our boats, whether the law allows you to dam it or not. We were greatly annoyed by Dushee's shabby treatment of us last year, and you must n't be surprised at any violence of feeling in opposition to the dam."

"I see how the matter stands," replied Mart. "You may be sure that, if we had had any suspicion of it before we came here, we never should have come. But now that we are here, does n't it seem as if well-meaning fellows, such as you seem to be, and as my brothers and I certainly are,—does n't it seem as if we might settle our differences without lawyers or crow-bars?"

"It does seem so," the young man replied. "Our club meets to-morrow evening, and I shall then lay the subject before them and report what you propose."

"I hope you will not only report it," said Mart, "but advocate it, as I am sure you can. A word in season from the right person may save a world of trouble, to your side as well as ours."

"That's a fact," said the young man, his brow

clearing of its cloud. "I'll do my best, but I can't promise that will be much."

His boat then led the way up the river, followed by the two others, Buzrow still muttering vengeance against the dam as his boat passed through.

"Who is that young fellow in the farther boat—the one I talked with?" Mart then inquired of Dick Dushee, who had come down to the Dempford side of the river to see the fun.

"That," said Dick, who was evidently disappointed that the two parties had separated without affording him more sport,—“that's Lew Bartland. He's commodore of the club."

"I like him!" said Mart, turning to his brothers. "If we've got the Commodore on our side—and I believe we have—we are all right."

CHAPTER XII.

THE COMMODORE'S COURTESY.

AGAIN, the next morning, the Tinkham boys went about their business as if there had been no cloud of trouble in their sky. The two oldest set to work on the dolls' carriages, for which the spring weather was sure to bring a brisk demand. The two youngest were happy with their new garden tools and a quart of peas Mart had given them to plant. Rush had also a pleasant task, well suited to his hands. To him was assigned the making of the rocket-sticks and pin-wheels for Cole & Company's fire-works. The stuff had been brought by express, and enough got ready so that he could set the jig-saw running early in the forenoon.

Soon after, two young girls drove into the yard, in a handsome top-buggy, and looked about them with lively curiosity, as the sleek and well-groomed horse fell into a slow walk along the gravelled path.

"I wonder if I had better leave it at the door," said one, who held the slack reins.

"My, Syl Bartland!" said the other; "what do you want to leave it there for? Only women folks are in the house, and I want to see some of the boys."

"There are two at work over there in the corner of the garden," said Syl. "We might call one of them, and give it to him. Would you, Mollie?"

"Those little fellows! No, indeed!" cried Mollie. "I want to see the big ones the boys told about. There are six or eight of them in all, they say, and it must have been splendid when one of them was going to knock Milt Buzrow on the head with a bean-pole!"

"I almost wish he had," said Syl. "I hate that great, coarse Buzrow."

"So do I. But they've no business to keep a

dam here for all that. Do you remember? Kate Medway and I came up in our boat last summer, and when we were going back we could n't pass the dam, and that miserable old Dushee kept us an hour before he would come and pull up his flash-boards. It was awfully mean!"

Mollie lowered her voice as she spoke the last words, for the horse had turned up to the mill and stopped.

"They are in there at work," Syl Bartland whispered, with a mischievous laugh. "Now, if you really want to see them, you can take it in to them."

"What are you talking about?" giggled the other. "I am not going into that old mill, where there are half a dozen young men I never saw before!"

"But you said you wanted to see them. I never saw such a girl as you are, Mollie Kent! Well, hold the horse, and I'll beard the lions in their den."

The weather was warm, and Rush, in his shirt-sleeves, with a paper cap on his head, looking very workman-like, was running his jig-saw, when a rustling of the shavings on the floor caused him to glance around.

He was surprised to see a young girl coming toward him; her rosy face in a cavalier hat, and a billet in the gloved hand which she held out to him.

"Are you the Tinkham Brothers?" she asked, archly, the rosebud of a mouth looking very much as if it wanted to blossom into a smile.

"I am one of them," he answered, awkwardly conscious of his paper cap and shirt-sleeves.

"Here is a note from my brother. He asked me to bring it over, so that he might be sure you received it before evening."

He took the billet, and was thanking her with a blush, which well became his fresh and pleasant face, when she interrupted him with, "Oh, there's no occasion for that!" tripped out of the shop, stepped lightly into the buggy on the bank, and, taking the reins from her companion's hand, drove away.

As soon as they were out of hearing, her suppressed laughter broke forth.

"It was just fun," she said. "They are the tamest lions ever you saw! I gave it to the one that shook the bean-pole over Milt's cranium; I know it was he, from Lew's description."

"What did he look like?" Mollie inquired, enviously.

"Handsome as a picture! Clear red-and-white! And didn't he blush beautifully, in his paper cap," giggled Syl, "when I gave him the letter!"

"Why did n't you make him come out and help you into the buggy, so I could see him?"

Mollie demanded. "Syl Bartland, you're as mean as you can be!"

Rush, meanwhile, having seen the surprising little vision disappear, opened the unsealed note and glanced his eye over it as he carried it to his brothers.

"It's from the Commodore," he said, handing it to Mart—"Lewis Bartland."

"The C-c-commodore!" said Lute. "Who was that g-g-girl?"

"His sister, I suppose."

"By G-g-george, she's a p-p-pretty one! Why did n't she hand the note to me?"

"Because you are not good-looking enough," laughed Rush. "What is it all about, Mart?"

"Now, this is what I call doing the handsome thing," said Mart, with a smile of satisfaction. "I knew there was a gentleman in the Commodore's suit of clothes, and this proves it."

"Let's have the p-p-proof!" said Lute.

"He writes that a number of boats will be going up the river this evening to the new club-house, where the members are to meet; and he suggests that it will have a good effect if we give them free way."

"Certainly," cried Rush; "though he need n't have taken the trouble to ask it. They will be going up with the tide, and returning later in the evening, when the flash-boards will be up."

"But it's kind in him to make the suggestion," said Lute, reading over the letter in his turn. "It shows his g-g-good-will."

"If the Argonauts were all like him," said Mart, "there would be nobody for us to have any row with. I'd accommodate their boats, if I had to stand at the dam whenever one appeared, and carry it over on my shoulders. Though the law is with us, they've got a side, and I respect it."

"So do I, when they respect our side," replied Rush. "But I can't hold my hands in my pockets and see them battering the dam with a crow-bar, as long as any of Dushee's old bean-poles are lying about."

"I'm glad you did n't strike the fellow," observed Mart.

"So am I," added Lute. "As Father used to say, an ounce of p-p-persuasion is worth a p-p-pound of opposition."

The reception of the Commodore's courteous note was a cheering incident to the boys in their present state of suspense. And it was evident that they thought no worse of him for the glimpse they had had of his sister.

With the flood-tide that evening, the boats of the Dempford Argonauts passed the mill on their way to the new club-house on the lake. The Tinkham boys kept out of sight, but they were

nevertheless near at hand, and on the watch for any demonstration against the dam.

There was loud talk in one of the boats, and the Buzrow voice was heard repeating the threat of yesterday, that it (the dam, of course) was "a nuisance," and had "got to go." But no crow-bar was used, and no harm done.

Then the Tinkhams awaited with some anxiety the return of the boats.

The Argonauts, meanwhile, from down the river and about the lake, as well as from more inland parts of the two towns, assembled at the new club-room. This comprised the upper story of the "odd-looking summer-house," the lower story being designed for boats—the lighter ones, like the canoes and wherries, to be placed on racks and brackets, the heavier ones to be floated under the floor and made fast to rods and rings.

At one end of the room, young Commodore Lewis Bartland sat at a table with the secretary of the club, while the other members, to the number of about thirty, occupied chairs and benches or stood leaning against the wall.

At the end of the building, beyond the table, was a balcony overhanging the starlit lake; and there, outside, at the open door and window, were also two small groups of Argonauts, enjoying their cigars and the night air, and, when they chose, listening to the debates.

Other business having been first transacted, the Commodore rose, rapped for silence, and addressed the club. He looked very handsome, with the light from the lamp on the table before him shining full upon his white forehead and finely cut features; and his speech was calm and persuasive. He gave a concise history of the mill-dam troubles, stating the side of the Argonauts quite to their satisfaction. "But," he went on, after the applause which greeted that portion of his remarks had ceased, "we must n't forget that there is another side to this controversy. The new mill-owners have a side, and we are bound to respect it."

Dead silence followed this announcement. The youthful commodore felt at once that the club was no longer with him, and that the position he had determined to take would be unpopular.

But he stood up to it manfully.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARGONAUTS IN COUNCIL.

"We have no longer the party to deal with that we had last year. They did not put the dam there; and if they had known anything of its history, they would never have bought the mill. So they say, and I believe them."

There was a murmur of assent.

"Dushee deceived and imposed upon them," the speaker continued, "as he so often deceived and imposed upon us. So, I say, instead of regarding them as enemies, we should look upon them as fellow-victims, and do what we can for them in their difficulty."

"That's so!" cried somebody in a far-off corner. There was also a vigorous hand-clapping in the same direction, but it was limited to one or two persons, and was not taken up by the club. Lew Bartland went on, warming more and more.

"They have come here for the water-power which the dam gives them, and have probably paid a good deal more for the place than it would be worth to anybody if the water-power was taken away. As I understand, they are sons of a poor widow—mere boys, like the most of us here. That ought to enlist our sympathies in their behalf. They are struggling to get a living for her and for themselves, in a perfectly honest, upright, legitimate way. Is n't that something for us to consider?"

"That was Dushee's claim. We did n't consider that," said a voice at the window, where several heads were looking in from the balcony.

"But we would—or, at least, we should—have considered it," said the Commodore, "if Dushee had treated us fairly, as I believe these young men are ready to do. He never kept his word with us—promising one thing and then doing another that suited his convenience better. We lost patience with him, and I was as ready as any of you to sweep the dam away and then let the law settle the matter."

"That's what we've got to do now," said the voice at the window.

"Possibly," replied the Commodore, turning in that direction and showing his fine profile to the benches. "But what I insist upon is, that we ought first to talk with these young men, see what they propose to do, and give them such a chance as we should wish anybody to give us, if we were in their place."

As he sat down, a little fellow from one of the benches jumped up. I say little fellow, because in stature he was hardly more than five feet. But he was one of the oldest members of the club, and he carried himself as if he had been fully seven feet tall.

"Mr. Webster Foote," said the Commodore, recognizing him.

Tremendous applause. Mr. Webster Foote, of Dempford,—or Web Foote, as the boys called him, because he was so fond of the water,—was evidently popular, and very well aware of the pleasing fact. He had been a rival candidate for the

office of commodore at the time of Lew Bartland's election, and had been defeated by only three votes. He was not, personally, so well liked as Lew, but he had been all along one of the most active and outspoken enemies of the dam, and had gained favor by encouraging the prejudice against it.

It was generally thought that he still aspired to Lew's place. Certain it was that, whenever any plan of the Commodore's could be opposed with any show of reason or hope of success, he was sure to lead an opposition. And now the good-natured Bartland had laid himself open to attack.

Mr. Webster Foote tossed off the black hair from his forehead, and stood waiting for the applause to subside, looking about him with a smile of lofty conceit.

"Straight as a cob!" whispered a Tammoset boy in the far-off corner.

"So straight he leans over backward," remarked another Tammoset boy in reply.

"He's little, but oh, jimminy!" said a third, with an ironical chuckle.

Some of the Tammoset Argonauts, it may be said, were lukewarm on the subject of the dam, which they rarely had occasion to pass, and they were inclined to make fun of Mr. Web Foote, of Dempford.

"Our worthy Commodore," the speaker began in high-keyed, oratorical tones of voice, "has made a novel suggestion. He has enlightened us on one point. I thank him for it."

This complimentary form of phrase would have surprised his followers but for the sarcastic emphasis with which the short, sharp sentences were uttered.

"I am sure," he went on, his oratory increasing in shrillness and vehemence, "it never would have occurred to one of us humble members of the club that we owe sympathy and friendship to the owners of the dam, instead of opposition. We have no right to go up and down the river in our boats; or, if we have, we ought to give it away to these honest, upright, dearly beloved strangers."

There was a laugh of approval, while a cloud of impatience darkened the Commodore's face.

"They have come here to carry on a business of vast importance. I hear they make dolls' carriages, for one thing. The world can't do without dolls' carriages. The world is suffering for the want of dolls' carriages. Europe stretches out its arms to America,"—Mr. Web Foote tossed back his hair and extended his own small members to illustrate the attitude of Europe in that dramatic particular,—"*and beseeches us for dolls' carriages.* And, of course, only the Tinkham Brothers' dolls' carriages will do."

Shouts of laughter greeted this part of the speech, but no smile broke through the cloud on Lew Bartland's face.

"We have been laboring under a great mistake, gentlemen of the club. The river was n't made for us common folks. It is not a natural highway. No boat has any right upon it; but the fresh water comes down, and the tides ebb and flow, solely for the benefit of the mill and its precious proprietors."

Cries of "Good! good!" with a noisy stamping of feet on the new floor.

"Of course, there's no other place in the world where they can get a living. But if we want to boat up and down a river, why don't we go to some other river? There are plenty of rivers in the world! What are we dallying around here for?"

Amidst the general laughter, even the Commodore had to smile, Web's mock argument was so amusingly absurd.

"There are five or six boys of them, I hear, and a widow. Think of that! A widow! There are only about forty members of this club; and what are forty miserable Argonauts, with their sisters and sweethearts, who sometimes go boating with them—what are we, with our paltry interests and pleasures, compared with those five or six makers of dolls' carriages and a widow thrown in? Of course, we are of no importance. We may as well give up our boats. And, perhaps, it would be a handsome thing to offer this boat-house, which would then be of no more use to us, to the Tinkham Brothers, as a store-house for dolls' carriages. How would you like that?"

Web Foote tossed back his hair and sat down, amidst an uproar of merriment. That having subsided a little, all eyes turned upon the Commodore, who was expected to reply.

He rose slowly to his feet, and said with simple dignity:

"The remarks we have just listened to would be highly diverting if this did not happen to be a serious subject. I am not aware that I have proposed anything so very unreasonable. Can't we imagine ourselves in the place of those young men, and then ask soberly how *we* would wish to be treated? Would *we* like to have gentlemen to deal with, or a mob? I don't propose to abandon our right to the river, by any means, and the last speaker knows as well as anybody that I do not. Is the mere question of a compromise so very absurd?"

"Yes, sir!" bellowed the voice at the window from which had come the interruptions to the Commodore's opening speech. "Yes, sir! and I'll tell you why!"

Thereupon, in through the window, from the

That was not what the Commodore wanted, by any means. But the motion being seconded, he put it to the vote, and it was carried.

Then the secretary moved that Commodore Lew Bartland be also appointed a member.

"Gentlemen of the club," said the Commodore, hardly trying to conceal his dissatisfaction, "I see no use at all in my serving on this committee with the member already chosen."

But as his friends insisted on voting for him, he yielded, and was chosen without a dissenting voice.

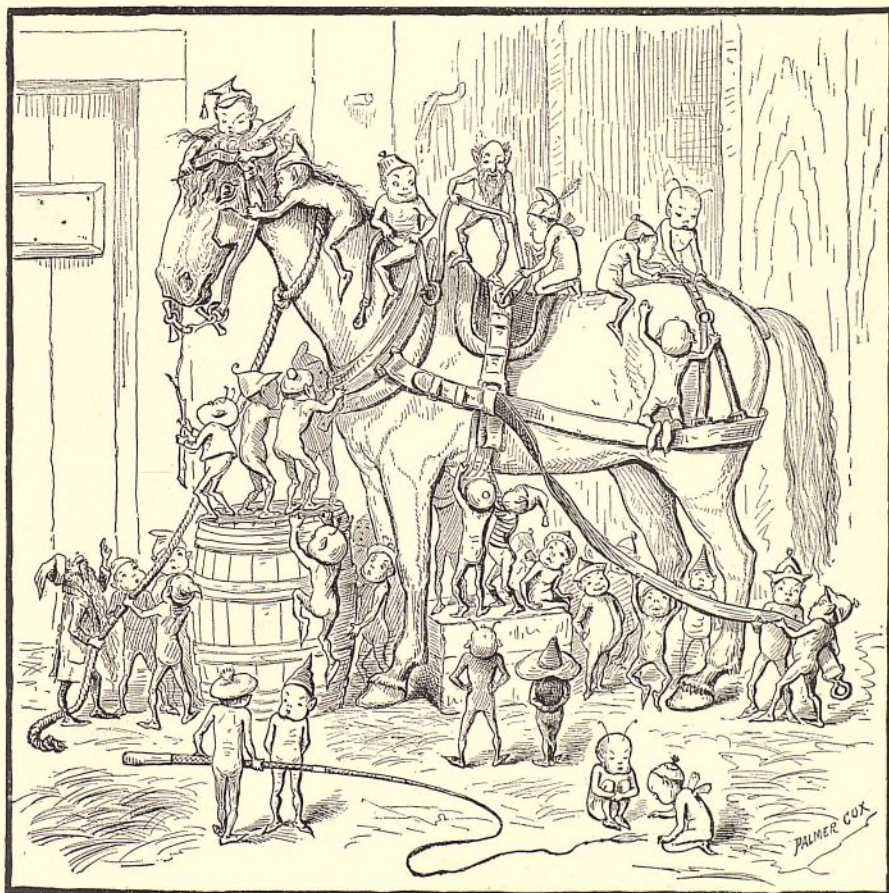
In order that both towns might be represented, a Tammoset member was then selected, and the committee was full.

After some further business was transacted, the meeting broke up harmoniously; and the cause of peace and good order seemed, for the time being, to have prevailed.

(To be continued.)

THE BROWNIES' RIDE.

BY PALMER COX.



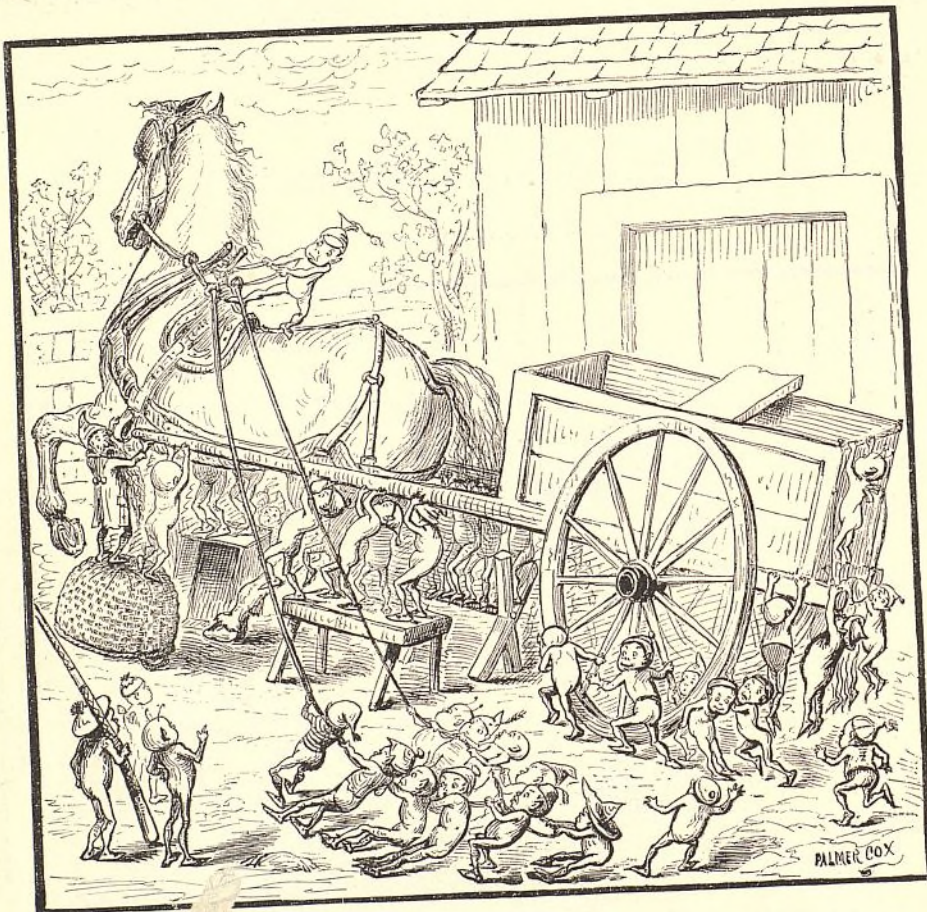
ONE night a cunning brownie band
Was roaming through a farmer's land,
And while the rogues went prying round,
The farmer's mare at rest they found;

And peeping through the stable-door,
They saw the harness that she wore:
The whip was hanging on the wall,
Old Mag was grinding in the stall;

The sight was tempting to the eye,
For there the cart was standing nigh
That Mag around the meadows hauled,
Or to the town, as business called.

"That mare," said one, "deserves her feed—
Believe me, she's no common breed;

So plans were laid without delay:
The mare was dragged from oats and hay,
The harness from the peg they drew,
And every one to action flew.
It was a sight one should behold
To see them working, young and old;
Two wrinkled elves, like leather browned,



Her grit is good: I've seen her dash
Up yonder slope without the lash,
Until her load—a ton of hay—
Went bouncing in beside the bay.
That cart," said he, "would hold the crowd—
We're neither stuck-up, vain, nor proud.
In that concern, old Farmer Gill
Takes all his corn and wheat to mill;
It must be strong, though rude and rough;
It runs on wheels, and that's enough."

Now, brownies seldom idle stand
When there's a chance for fun on hand.

Whose beards descended near the ground,
Along with youngsters did their best,
With all the ardor of the rest.

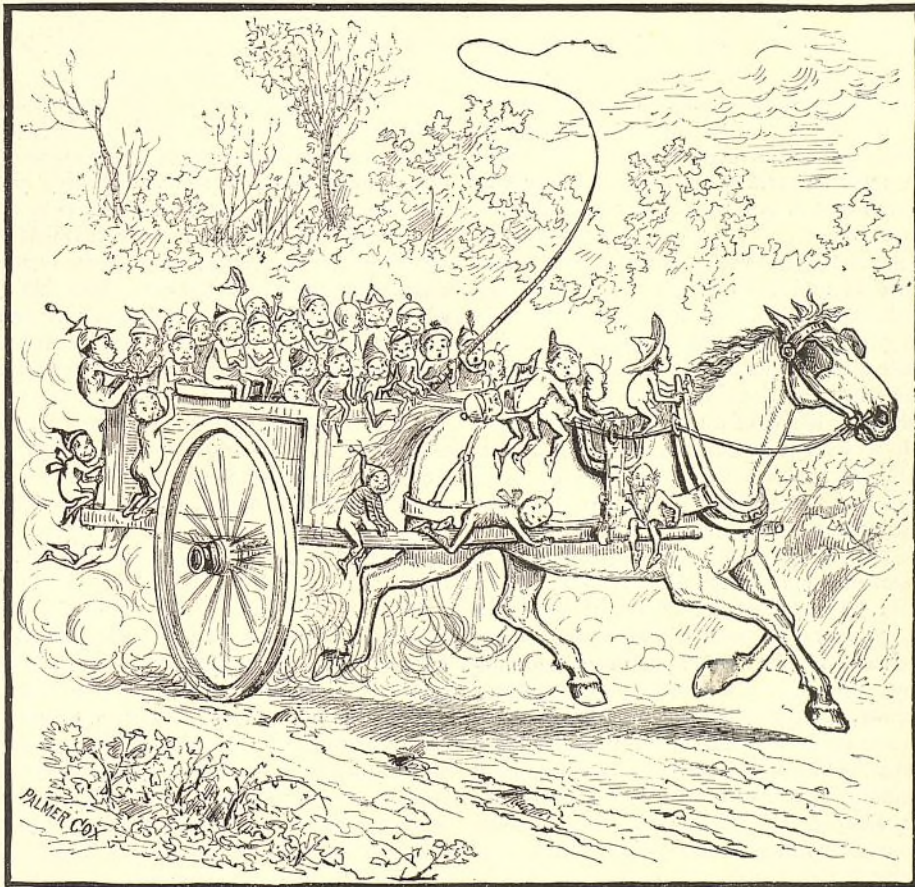
While some prepared a rein or trace,
Another slid the bit in place;
More buckled bands with all their might,
Or drew the crupper good and tight.
When every strap a buckle found,
And every part was safe and sound,
Then round the cart the brownies flew—
The hardest task was yet to do.
It often puzzles bearded men,
Though o'er and o'er performed again.

Some held the shafts to steer them straight,
More did their best to balance weight,
While others showed both strength and art
In backing Mag into the cart.
At length the heavy job was done,
And horse and cart moved off as one.

Now down the road the gentle steed
Was forced to trot at greatest speed.
A merrier crowd than journey there
Was never seen at Dublin Fair.
Some found a seat, while others stood,
Or hung behind as best they could;
While many, strung along, astride,
Upon the mare enjoyed the ride.

Across the flat and up the hill
And through the woods to Warren's mill,—
A lengthy ride, ten miles at least,—
Without a rest they drove the beast,
And then were loath enough to rein
Old Mag around for home again.

Nor was the speed, returning, slow:
The mare was more inclined to go,
Because the feed of oats and hay
Unfinished in her manger lay.
So through the yard she wheeled her load
As briskly as she took the road.
No time remained to then undo
The many straps so tight they drew,



The night was dark, the lucky elves
Had all the turnpike to themselves.
No surly keeper barred the way,
For use of road demanding pay,
Nor were they startled by the cry
Of robbers shouting, "Stand or die!"

For in the east the reddening sky
Gave warning that the sun was nigh.
The halter rope was quickly wound
About the nearest post they found,
Then off they scampered, left and right,
And disappeared at once from sight.—

When Farmer Gill that morning fair
 Came out and viewed his jaded mare,
 I may not here in verse repeat
 His exclamations all complete.
 He gnashed his teeth, and glared around,
 And struck his fists, and stamped the ground,
 And kicked the dog across the farm,
 Because it failed to give alarm.
 "I 'd give a stack of hay," he cried,
 "To catch the rogue who stole the ride!

I have some neighbors, kind and true,
 Who may be trusted through and through,
 But as an offset there are some
 Whose conscience is both deaf and dumb.
 In all the lot who can it be
 That had the nerve to make so free?"
 Then mentally he called the roll
 To pick the culprit from the whole,
 But still awry suspicion flew—
 Who stole the ride he never knew.

PRISCILLA PRUE'S UMBRELLA.

BY GEORGE ADDORUS.

IT was brand new, that umbrella, and a present at that. Its cover was of brown silk, and its handle of ivory, ornamented with an owl's head; and you might naturally have expected, just as Priscilla did, that it would be a very well-behaved and genteel object.

Who gave it is a secret. It was a secret even from Priscilla and Mrs. Prue; for it came by express, in a neat case of leather, inscribed in beautiful gilt letters two inches long with the name of the little girl for whom it was intended. So there could be no mistake about the matter.

But who ever heard of an umbrella in a leather case? It was very remarkable, but not the most remarkable thing about it, as you will see.

Priscilla had just politely refused to go to the bakery when the expressman arrived. I say politely, because this little girl was very proper: she never screamed ugly words in a loud tone; she never said "aint" for "is n't," nor "ketch" for "catch," as do some pretty big little girls I know of; her answer to her mother had been—nothing whatever. And after she had said it, she walked quickly away, not caring to prolong a conversation in which she might forget her good manners if she said more. Then the express arrived. About fifteen minutes later she walked into her mother's presence, arrayed in a clean white dress and her best blue sash, pulling on her gloves. Mrs. Prue never knew that a half-hour ago Priscilla had no idea of going on her errand. She was a very absent-minded, good-natured lady, and never disturbed as long as her daughter was quite attentive to her behavior and showed no temper.

You and I know there is no use in having a fine, new umbrella, nor anything else fine and new, if other people can't see and admire it

too; and Priscilla, like a well-bred and generous little girl, took her present in hand, and started off to gratify all her friends and acquaintances by the sight of it. She stepped daintily along the main street of the town, holding it above her head as a sunshade; her little breast was throbbing with pleasure at the glances of evident surprise and admiration she saw every passer give her (but of which, between you and me, she was more conscious than any one else), when a hoarse, mocking voice cried out over her head: "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my! what a fine miss!"

This insult was too much for any one to bear without a flush of anger, but what followed was worse, and not to be borne without an indignant and haughty look darted straight at the offender.

"Does it rain to-day, my dear? Does it, *does it*, DOES IT? Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! *What a sell!*"

Pris, in spite of herself, did hastily what was natural to do, as I said above; the glance, dreadful as it was, fell harmlessly on bricked walls and bowed window-blinds. But that umbrella had its own affairs, not quite so harmless, to attend to at just that moment. The neat little japanned end, so suddenly lowered and righted, nimbly lifted, and carried with it the hat of a stout, elderly gentleman who was puffing by in great haste. With a bewildered and terrified countenance, he clapped his hands to his head and stopped, staring wildly.

Down the street, at this very moment, came jauntily a frolicksome high wind, and as Priscilla's grasp, in her consternation and dismay, was uncertain, it just picked up, as it went by, the umbrella and the elderly gentleman's hat together, and on they went in company, rollicking, rolling, jumping, in the best humor imaginable. For a

moment the elderly gentleman stood holding his head, persuaded, no doubt, that that would go next; then, with great determination, he gave chase. He made sudden darts into the street, stooped cautiously to pick up what was no longer under his hand, but, by this time, careering madly in the gutter, with little hops and skips, as if it had legs, too, and pretty nimble ones at that. Now he tried another tactic. By hard running, the elderly gentleman got before the hat, the umbrella, and the wind, and laid in ambush at the corner. He looked so very wise and triumphant, this dear old fellow, who had not given one unkind glance to Pris, as he set his feet firmly apart, bent a little, and held his arms out, ready for a plunge and a grasp.

I dare say he would have caught it had it not been for that wicked umbrella. It took the opportunity, just as the hat came along, bowling smoothly on its rim, to fly above the elderly gentleman's head, settle on it, and shut up. It is true you could see nothing but his legs, now that this big extinguisher topped him, but those were very mad legs, as they quivered convulsively together, and the hat serenely bowled away on the other side.

And all this time what was poor little Pris doing? She could not join in the roar of laughter that went up from the street. It was her umbrella which had done all the mischief. She had been running wildly in pursuit, but how dare she claim it now? She was afraid the elderly gentleman would hand her over to M. P. No. 3,—who had brought him out of the brown silk flaps with a prompt and efficient hand,—and M. P. No. 3 would consign her to jail forthwith. She stood trembling and eying her possession, afraid to go away, afraid to stand still, when this blue-coated official turned about, with the umbrella in his hand.

"Is this yours, little girl?" he asked. And Priscilla was astonished to hear such a terrible person use such ordinary words with such a kind voice. Indeed, when he gave it to her, he patted her on the head with the very hand that he used for collaring thieves and pickpockets, and she walked away in such a hurry and tremor that she forgot to stop and see whether the elderly gentleman got his hat, or whether he went on chasing it to the end of time and the edge of the world.

Now, such a trial as this could not befall Priscilla Prue without raising some searching questions and shamefaced answers in her breast. She was suddenly conscious that, as she had walked along the broad street a while ago, she had indulged in many comparisons between herself and other little girls: how much prettier she was

than Jennie Flatface; how much better behaved than Tillie Tomboy; how much more polite than Molly Stuckup; how much better dressed than Theresa Nopurse. She had passed over in her mind little gossiping stories about them all, thinking, with great satisfaction, no one could say such things of her—as if every one in this wide world of ours is not at the mercy of the kind or unkind judgment of his slightest acquaintance!

What humbling, mortifying thoughts crowded now on Miss Priscilla's mind I shall not take upon myself to state, but one of these, that rose straight from out the others, must be written down to complete this tale. This mysterious gift which she held in her hand had brought her nothing but sorrow and shame; such great misfortunes had never happened to her in her life before; and she believed—yes, she believed, as the wise old owl's eyes stared at her with a dull grin—as long as it staid by her these misfortunes would never cease. At least, it would remind her forever of this day's shame and bitter thoughts.

She turned off into a narrow street that by and by became a lane, and wandered down to the river, which babbled loudly here, but ran slowly and silently beyond by the factories.

"You need n't stare with your awful round eyes at me," whispered Pris angrily to the owl's head, though she trembled when she said it, lest it should open its cross-looking beak and reply, "Nothing is going to save you, no, nothing!"

And saying this, and seeing no one around, she threw the umbrella far out on the stream. I am sorry to say her little feet, unsteadied by her violent action, slipped on the treacherous bank where she stood, and slipped and slipped, faster and faster, as she clutched at the yielding grass and weeds on her way. The cold water was at hand, and a sobbing, frightened cry had gone from out her lips, when a great arm—it seemed the length of the factory chimney to Pris—came out of the tanglewood, clutched her shoulder, and drew her up to dry land and safety.

"Why did n't you holler?" asked her preserver, a long-limbed youth, whose fishing-rod and basket on the ground told plainly what he was about by the river. "I'd have stopped you sooner. I just turned my head about a second, after you gave that plucky fling, and I did n't know what you were up to when your hat went sliding out of sight."

He might have added that he had considered her entire conduct as altogether erratic and mystifying, for there was a jolly twinkle in his eye, but he listened, instead, with great gravity to Priscilla's proper if agitated thanks.

"Why, you need n't thank me," he returned.

"I could n't see you drown, you know. Hello! you are not running away?" for Priscilla was beginning to edge off with her head down. "There is the umbrella yet; don't you see it sticking in the bushes across stream? Just wait a second—there is a ford a couple of yards above. I'll go over and rescue your gallant companion."

So, very kindly—for he was a great, big young man of eighteen—encouraging the little girl, who he saw was struggling to keep back her tears, he sprang through the bushes. Priscilla peered across the water: oh, that horrid owl! She was sure, as it stuck its pert head between the green leaves, it ogled her with a worse stare than ever. Take that dreadful thing back again? Pris turned at the thought and fled, and, I dare say, was half-way home before the astonished and good-natured fellow had made his way back to where he had left her.

Priscilla did not feel very comfortable when she saw her mother, but, however vain and foolish she might be, she was never untruthful, and told her story from beginning to end very faithfully.

"You naughty, naughty child!" said Mrs. Prue, pathetically aghast. "Of all things, to throw that elegant present away! You are so queer, Priscilla. If I thought there was the least use, I'd

send you back. But you will never have such another."

"I hope not!" said Pris. "I hate owls, and it was a particelyer awful owl, as wise as Somolon, and kept saying 'Vanity of vanities,' like the text, in my head. Did I have a fairy godmother, Mama?" she continued, reflectively.

"Did you have a fairy godmother!" cried Mrs. Prue, and then she laughed. "Well, well, perhaps you did, you funny child."

"Then," said Pris to herself, "I believe that was an enchanted umbrella."

And she, therefore, was properly afraid of it.

The next morning, as, with a heart much lightened, Priscilla came down the stairs, that unimpressible expressman solemnly handed in a package at Mrs. Prue's front door. He said not a word, but immediately departed.

"Another umbrella!" cried Pris with a tremble, but it was n't. It was n't another—it *was the same one*. And who but the fairy godmother could have sent it back, or what mysterious change had taken place in its nature so that Miss Pris had never a vainglorious thought peeping into her mind while that sheltered her head but it suddenly shut up and quenched it, is more than Mrs. Prue, or Priscilla, or I could ever make out.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS—ELEVENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

FLEMISH ARTISTS.

AFTER the Italian painters, the Flemish artists were next in importance. Perhaps they might as well have been called Belgian artists,—for Flanders was a part of Belgium,—but as the chief schools of the early Belgian painters were in the Flemish provinces of Belgium, the terms "Flemish art" and "Flemish painters" were adopted, and the last was applied to Belgian artists even when they were not natives of Flanders.

The chief interest connected with the beginning of the Flemish school is in the fact that one of its earliest masters introduced the use of oil colors. On account of this great advance in the mechanical part of painting, there went out from this school an influence the benefits of which can not be overestimated. This influence affected the schools of the world, and though painting had reached a high point in Italy before the first steps in it were taken

in Flanders, yet this discovery of the benefit of oil colors laid the broadest foundation for the fame and greatness of the Venetian and other Italian painters who profited by it.

HUBERT VAN EYCK.

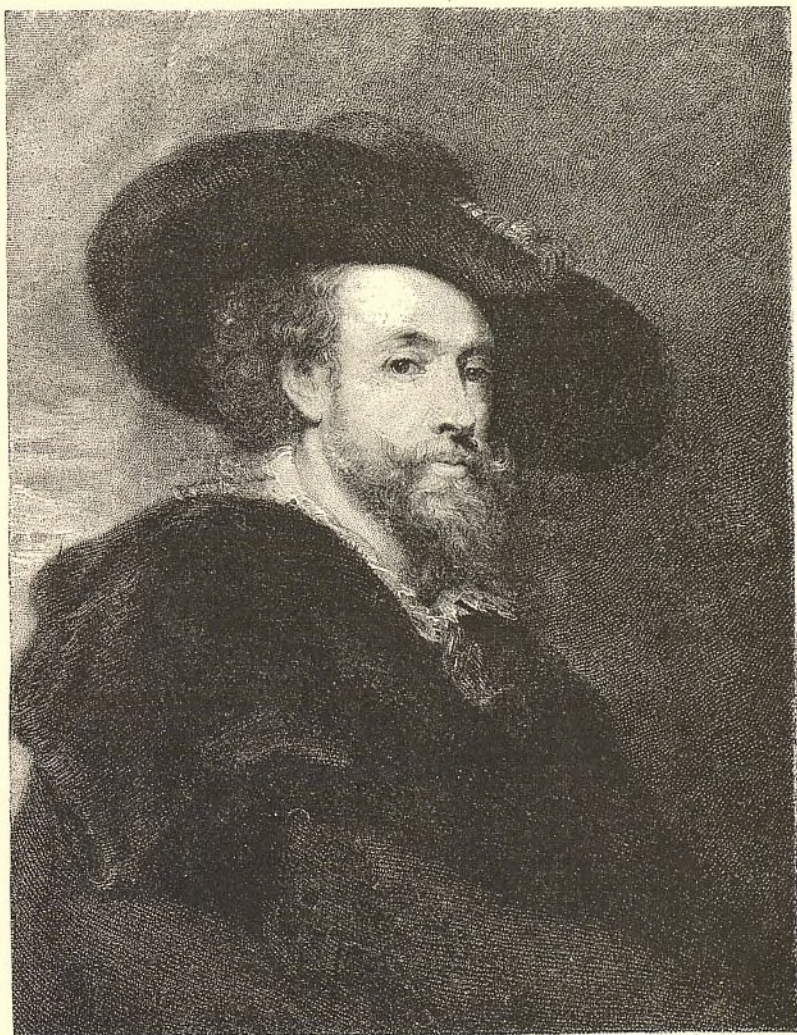
THIS artist was the eldest of a family of painters. He was born in the small market town of Maaseyck about 1366, after which time his family removed to Ghent. He was not made a member of the Guild of Painters in Ghent until 1412, and we can give no satisfactory account of his life previous to that event, which occurred when he was forty-six years old.

From general facts which have been brought together from one source and another, it is believed that he attended to the education of his brother Jan, his sister Margaret, and his younger brother

Lambert, all of whom were painters. He devoted his best care to Jan, who was twenty years younger than himself. The elder brother instructed the younger in drawing, painting, and chemistry, for in the early days of painting this last study was thought to be necessary for an artist who used colors.

There has been much learned discussion as to which of the Van Eycks really introduced the use

But three works still exist which are attributed to Hubert van Eyck. The most important of these, and that upon which his fame rests, is a large altar-piece, which consisted of twelve separate panels. This great work was done for Judocus Vydt, and the portraits of himself and his wife make a part of the altar-piece. As it was originally arranged, it had a center-piece and double folding-doors on



PETER PAUL RUBENS—FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF. [SEE PAGE 271.]

of colors mixed with oil. The most reasonable conclusion is that Hubert used these colors, and gave his thought and study to the subject of finding better tints than had been used before; but it naturally remained for Jan to carry his brother's work to greater perfection, and he thus came to be generally known as the inventor or discoverer of the improved method.

each side of it; and when it was open, all the twelve panels could be seen.

This great collection of pictures, which was intended for the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent, was not finished when Hubert died, in 1426, and was completed by Jan, in 1432. It was so much valued that it was shown only on festival days, but after a time it was divided, and but two central panels

now remain in St. Bavon; other portions of it are in the museums of Brussels and Berlin.

Philip II., of Spain, was anxious to buy this altar-piece, and when that could not be done, he had a copy made by Michael Coxien. That painter devoted two years to the task, and was paid four thousand florins for his work. This copy is also in separate galleries, three large figures being in the Pinakothek at Munich.

It seems very strange that so few pictures can be said to have been painted by Hubert van Eyck, for he lived to old age and must have finished many works; but such troublous times came to Belgium, and so many towns were sacked, that vast numbers of art treasures were lost and destroyed, and no doubt the pictures of Hubert van Eyck perished in this way.

No work of its time was better than the Ghent altar-piece: its composition and color were of the best then known; the figures were painted in a broad, grand style; the landscapes were admirable, and the whole was finished with the careful delicacy of a master in painting.

JAN VAN EYCK.

THIS artist brought the discoveries of his brother to greater perfection, and became a very famous man. It appears that the use of oils had been known to painters for a long time, in one way and another, and a dark, resinous varnish had been in use. But the Van Eycks found a way to purify the varnish and make it clear and colorless; they also mixed their colors with oil, instead of the gums and other substances which had been employed. By these means they made their pictures much richer and clearer in color than those of other painters.

Antonello da Messina, an Italian painter, happened to see a picture by Jan van Eyck, which had been sent to Naples. He immediately determined to go to Flanders to try to learn the secret of the color used in this painting. He became the pupil of Jan van Eyck, and remained near him as long as he lived. On his master's death, Antonello went to Messina, but shortly after settled in Venice, where he became very popular as a portrait-painter. The nobility flocked to him for their portraits, and everywhere his beautiful color was praised. At first, his whole manner showed the effect of his association with Jan van Eyck; but soon his Italian nature wrought a change in his style of painting, though his color remained the same.

It is said that Antonello told his secret to no one except Domenico Veneziano, his favorite pupil, who went to Florence to live, and thus made the

fame of the new mode of color known in that city. It is also said that Giovanni Bellini went to Antonello in disguise and sat for his portrait, and thus had the opportunity to watch his process and learn how he prepared his paints. But a far more reasonable story is told by the art-writer Lanzi, who says that the rulers of Venice gave Antonello a pension, in consideration of which he made his process known to all artists.

Thus you see that I had good reason for saying that the Van Eycks laid a broad foundation for the great fame of those Italians who excelled in color. These early Flemish masters first used the oil colors. Antonello learned their use from Jan van Eyck; then going to Venice, Antonello influenced the Bellini, and from them the next step brought out the perfect coloring of Giorgione and Titian, for the latter was a young man at the time of Antonello's death. It is curiously interesting thus to trace the effect of the study of Hubert van Eyck upon an art of which he knew almost nothing, and which differed so much from his own.

Let us now return to Jan van Eyck. He had a more prosperous life than his brother Hubert, for he became the favorite of royal patrons, and was rapidly advanced in fame and riches. He was not only a court artist, but an ambassador; on several occasions he executed secret missions to the satisfaction of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in whose service he was thus employed. In 1428, his patron sent him to Portugal to paint the portrait of the Princess Isabella, whom the Duke proposed to marry for his third wife. After the portrait was completed, the painter made a pleasure trip through Portugal and a part of Spain; he visited the Alhambra, and received flattering attentions wherever he paused in his journey.

Meantime, the portrait had been sent to Bruges for the inspection of the Duke; the messengers returned with an assent to the marriage, which took place by proxy, in July, and was followed by gayeties and feastings until September, when the bride, with her brothers, embarked for Belgium. A fearful storm tossed the fourteen vessels of the fleet here and there, and finally the Princess was landed in England, and did not reach Bruges until Christmas Day. Then the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and Jan van Eyck was paid a handsome sum for his services in bringing about this happy result.

Duke Philip was fond of Jan van Eyck, and was in the habit of visiting his studio and treating him as an equal; he was also very liberal in his gifts to the painter.

The works of Jan van Eyck are to be seen in the museums of Europe. His portraits are admirable,

and his fondness for this kind of painting caused him, almost unconsciously, to give the figures in his subject-pictures the appearance of portraits. He painted well draperies and all sorts of stuffs; he loved to introduce landscapes as the background of historical pictures, and he is known to have painted one landscape with no other subject introduced. One picture by Jan van Eyck, which is in the National Gallery, London, is said to have been bought by the Princess Mary, sister of Charles V., and Governess of the Netherlands. She gave to the barber who had owned it, as the price of this work, a position worth one hundred gulden* a year.

However, I must tell you that, important as these early Flemish pictures are in the history of Art, I do not think that they would please your taste as well as the works of the Italian masters of whom I have already written in this series of papers. The Flemish artists were far more realistic than the early Italian painters; they tried to paint objects just as they saw them, without throwing the grace of beautiful imaginations about their subjects; they lacked ideality, which is a necessity to an artist, as it is to a poet, and for this reason there was a stiffness and hardness in their pictures which we do not find in the works of Raphael or Titian.

QUINTIN MASSYS, OR MATSYS.

IN time the Flemish painters grew more individual, and there was a greater variety in their works. Some of them traveled in foreign countries, and thus learned to modify their manner in a measure, though their nationality was always shown in their pictures. At length a powerful artist appeared in Quintin Massys, or Matsys, who may be called the founder of the Antwerp school of painters; he was the greatest Belgian master of his time.

Quintin was born at Antwerp about 1460, and was descended from a family of painters. However, in youth he chose the trade of a blacksmith, and works in wrought-iron are shown, in Antwerp and Louvain, which are said to have been made by him. When about twenty years old, he fell in love with the young daughter of an artist. He asked her father's permission to marry her, but was refused on account of his trade, the father declaring that the daughter should marry no one but a painter.

Quintin forthwith forsook the anvil, and devoted himself to the palette and brush. We can not trace all his course, nor tell exactly by what method he proceeded; but it is certain that he became a great painter. He died, in 1529, in the Carthusian Convent at Antwerp, and was buried in the convent cemetery. A century later, Cornelius van der Gust

removed his remains, and reburied them in front of the Cathedral. One part of the inscription which commemorates his life and work declares that "Love converted the Smith into an Apelles."

Massy's greatest work was an altar-piece in three parts, which is now in the Museum of Antwerp. His manner of representing sacred subjects shows a tender earnestness which recalls the deep religious feeling of earlier painters. In his representations of the common occurrences of life he was very happy: lovers, frightful old women, misers, and money-changers grew under his brush with great truthfulness. His own portrait and that of his second wife are in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. One of his most celebrated pictures is "The Miser," at Windsor Castle. The works of Massys are seen in all the principal galleries of Europe, and those that are well worthy of notice number about seventy.

This painter may be said to have been the last artist of the period which preceded him and the first of that which followed; for from his time the Antwerp school rapidly grew in importance. Massys was followed by the Breughels, who painted scenes from every-day life with startling reality; by the Pourbuses, whose portraits, after the lapse of three centuries, are still famous; by Paul Bril and his charming landscapes; by many other important painters, whose pictures are among the art treasures of the world, and, at last, by

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

THIS man, who was a learned scholar and an accomplished diplomat, as well as a great painter, was born at Siegen in 1577. His father was one of the two principal magistrates of the city of Antwerp, and his mother, whose name was Mary Pypeling, belonged to a distinguished family. When the artist was born, his family had been forced to leave Antwerp on account of a civil war which was then raging; his birthday, the 29th of June, was the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, and from this circumstance he was christened with the names of the two great Apostles.

Rubens was a scholar from his early days, and his talent for drawing soon decided him to be a painter. He studied his art first in the school of Adam van Noort, where he was thoroughly trained in the first rudiments of painting; later he was four years in the studio of Otho Vænius, whose cultivated mind and taste were of great advantage to the young man.

After the death of his father, Rubens's mother returned to Antwerp, and in 1598 he was admitted a member of the Guild of Painters of that city. In

* About forty dollars.

1600, he went to Italy, and after studying the masterpieces of Titian, and other Venetian painters, he proceeded to Mantua; here he was appointed Gentleman of the Bed-chamber by the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, to whom the Archduke Albert, the Governor of the Netherlands, had given him letters of recommendation.

Rubens remained two years at the court of Mantua. He then visited Venice a second time, and after his return to Mantua executed some pictures which so pleased the Duke that he sent him to Rome, to make copies of some of the most famous works in the Eternal City.

In 1605, the Duke of Mantua recalled Rubens from Rome, and soon sent him to Spain on an important political mission. Here the young artist showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him, and proved himself a skillful diplomatist; his unusual personal charms predisposed all whom he met in his favor.

After his return from Spain, Rubens went again to Rome, where he had a commission to decorate the tribune of the Church of Santa Maria, in Valicella. From Rome he proceeded to Genoa, and there found more occupation, for his fame had already reached that city. It seems a wonder that a Flemish artist should have been thus honored in Italy, and even in Rome, where so many grand and matchless works of art existed.

When Rubens had been absent from Antwerp seven years, he heard of the illness of his mother and hastened home, but too late to find her living. Soon after, in 1609, he married Isabella Brant, and built himself a house and studio; it was here that he made a large and valuable collection of objects of art of various kinds; a portion of it only was sold after his death, at private sale, for more than £20,000 sterling (\$100,000). His wife lived but seventeen years, and during this period Rubens executed a large part of the masterpieces which have made his fame world-wide, and which now hold honorable places in the finest galleries of Europe.

During the years spoken of above, Rubens had many pupils, and his studio was a hive of industry; in order to keep up his mental training, and not allow his constant occupation to lessen his intellectual vigor, he was accustomed to have some one read aloud to him while he painted. Books of poetry and history were the most pleasing to his taste, and as he could read and speak seven languages, he was acquainted with both ancient and modern authors. Doubtless these readings, and the knowledge of the affairs of the world which he gained from them, had much to do with making Rubens the accomplished ambassador which he came to be.

In 1620, Marie de Medicis sent for Rubens to

come to her in Paris; she there commissioned him to represent the history of her life in a series of twenty-one pictures. The pictures which, with the aid of his pupils, he made for the Queen of Henry IV. are now in the gallery of the Louvre. They may be described as mythological portraiture, since many of the faces in them are portraits, while the subjects represented are mythological.

In 1628, Rubens was sent to Spain on a second political mission, and while there he executed many important works. Upon his return to Flanders he was made special ambassador to England, with the object of effecting a peace between that country and his own. This he was successful in accomplishing, and became the friend of Charles I., who knighted him, as did also the King of Spain.

In 1630, Rubens was married to his second wife, Helen Fourment, a niece of his first wife, who had died four years before. Helen was but sixteen years old at the time of her marriage, and the artist was fifty-three; she bore him five children, and after his death was again married. Rubens made so many portraits of both his wives, and so often introduced them into his religious and historical pictures, that their forms and faces are familiar to all the world.

After his successful mission to England, Rubens was treated with great consideration in Flanders. Indeed, his position had been all that he could desire for many years; his society was courted by scholars, nobles, and sovereigns, even — by beautiful women and brave men. He lived in luxury, and constantly added to his collection of art objects, of which we have spoken. He now suffered much from gout, and was obliged to confine his labors to easel pictures.

Rubens died in 1640, and was buried in his private chapel in the Church of St. James. This chapel contains one of his most famous pictures, in which he is represented as St. George, his wives being Saints Martha and Magdalen; on one side is his niece, and in the midst his father, as St. Jerome, while the figure representing Time is a portrait of his grandfather. Rubens painted this picture especially for the family chapel. Above the altar there is a statue of the Virgin Mary, which the painter himself brought from Italy.

As a painter there seems to be but one adjective descriptive of Rubens: magnificent alone expresses the effect of his color. His system of leveling his subject to his style was unapproachable, though it must be confessed that he sometimes condescended to be gross or vulgar. In painting, his genius was certainly universal. The works ascribed to him number about eighteen hundred, and include historical, scriptural, and mythological subjects, portraits, animals, landscapes, and every-day life. Of



RUBENS' CHILDREN. [FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.]

course, in the execution of such a number of pictures he must have been aided by his pupils, but there is something characteristic of himself in all of them.

In his style he is a strange and delightful combination of northern and southern art. His manner of painting and his arrangement of his subject are Italian; his figures, even when they represent Christ and the most holy men, are in reality German peasants, Spanish kings, or somebody else whom he has seen. He mingles in odd combination earthly princes, antique mythical personages, ancient gods, and the members of the family of Marie de Medicis, and dresses them all in the latest fashion of his time, and in the most becoming colors! And is not this very mixture magnificently strange?

However, if one would enjoy to the utmost many of the works of Rubens, he should forget the names by which they are called, and regard each figure as a separate portrait. Then his power is felt. Above all, in the picture which hangs above his tomb, forget that it represents any subject and look only for the portraits of his two wives. How charming they are! the one so brilliant and energetic, the other so shy and thoughtful—each magnificent in her own way. But if you regard it as an "Adoration of the Virgin," as it is called, it will seem as if the spirits of Fra Angelico and other holy painters stood around you, helping you to remember how the brush that is guided by faith and prayer can depict spiritual and holy subjects, and aiding you to distinguish between the work of Rubens and that of a purer type.

When one begins to speak of this artist, there is much that may be said, but I have suggested his chief characteristics and have space for no more.

His "Descent from the Cross," in the Antwerp Cathedral, is considered as his greatest work. The Company of Archers gave the order for this picture in 1611, and it was completed and put in its place three years later. The masterly composition and the elevated expression of the heads, joined to its breadth of execution and excellence of finish, make it a wonderful work.

Perhaps his most charming pictures are his representations of children; it must be that he painted them because he loved to do it. Many people regard his portraits as his best works; certainly they are beyond praise, and very numerous. A portrait of Helen Fourment walking with a page,—the famous "Chapeau de Paille,"—the two sons of Rubens, and the so-called "Four Philosophers," in the Pitti Gallery, are among the most celebrated:

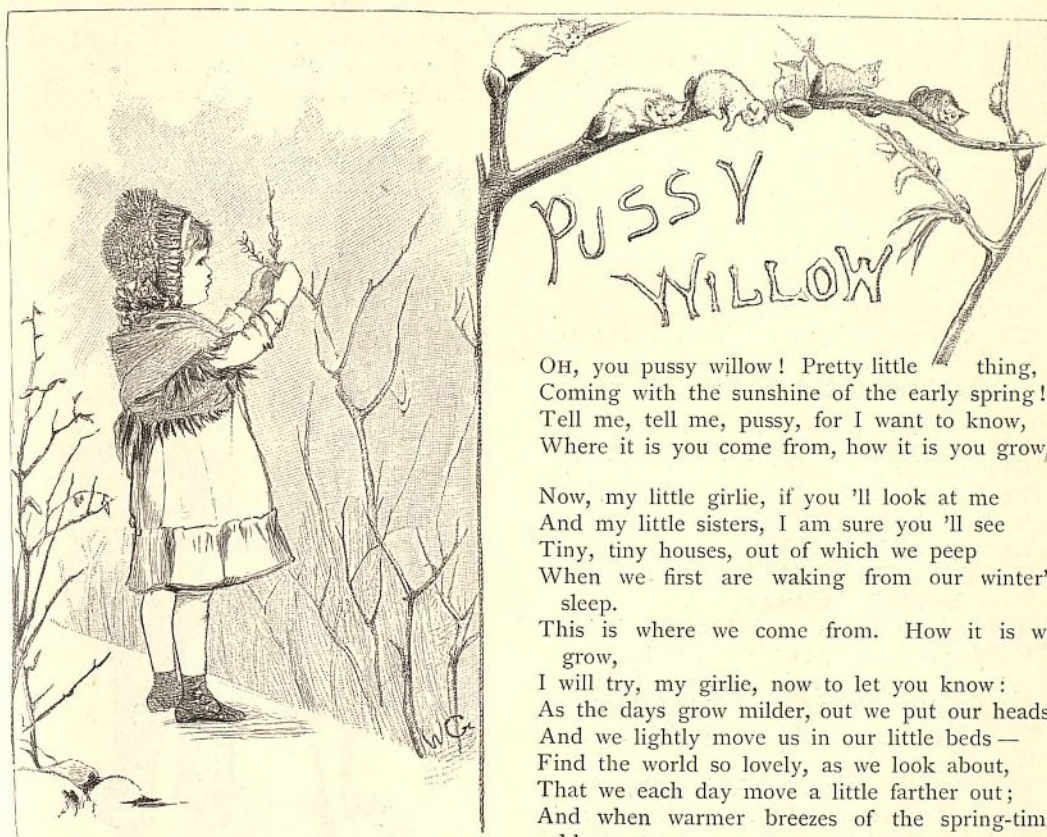
His landscapes were fine, even when intended only for backgrounds, and his representations of animals were by no means less excellent than

those of many fine artists who devoted all their talent and study to those subjects alone. Thus it will be seen that it is not too much to say that his genius in painting was universal, and when we remember his other attainments and accomplishments, we can but admire this great Flemish artist, and feel that of him, as of Goldsmith's famous Schoolmaster, it might be said:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."



THE BOY RUBENS AT HIS WORK.



OH, you pussy willow! Pretty little thing,
Coming with the sunshine of the early spring!
Tell me, tell me, pussy, for I want to know,
Where it is you come from, how it is you grow?

Now, my little girlie, if you 'll look at me
And my little sisters, I am sure you 'll see
Tiny, tiny houses, out of which we peep
When we first are waking from our winter's sleep.

This is where we come from. How it is we grow,

I will try, my girlie, now to let you know:
As the days grow milder, out we put our heads,
And we lightly move us in our little beds—
Find the world so lovely, as we look about,
That we each day move a little farther out;
And when warmer breezes of the spring-time blow,

Then we little pussies all to catkins grow.

JERRY.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

"Buy a paper, plaze! She is frozen, a'most.
Here's *Commercial* and *News*, and *Mail*,
And here's the *Express* and the *Evening Post*!
And ivery one has a tirrible tale,—
A shipwrick,—a murther,—a fire-alarm,—
Whichiver ye loike;—have a paper, marm?
Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul—
She's new in the business and all av a whirrul;
We must lind her a hand," said little Jerry:
"There's a plinty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She's wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—
The price uv a paper—plaze, sir, buy a *Post*?
Thru as me name it is Jeremiah,
There's a foine report av a dridful fire,—

And a child that 's lost,—and a smash av a train;—

Indade, sir, the paper 's just groanin' wid pain!
Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid!
I 'm schraichin' for two till I start yez in thrade.

While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak, and the wind was high,
And a hurrying crowd went shivering by;
And some bought papers, and some bought none,
But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:

"Buy a *Post*, or a *News*, or a *Mail*, as you choose,
For my arm just aches wid the weight av the news.

Express? Not a single one left for to-night,—
But buy one av this little gurrul, sir,—all right.
She 's a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,
And / rickomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.
"The bell is ringing—I can not wait;
Here, girl, a *Commercial* as quick as you can!
The boat is starting—don't make me late!"
And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,
The wee girl following close behind,
After the penny he could not find;
While, with a spring through the closing gate,
After her money bounded Jerry,
Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat!
Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."
Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer.
It changed to a shuddering cry of fear
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
And then,—like a wild bird on the wing,—
Over the whirling waters swung,
Touched the boat with his hands, and clung,
Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:
"Where is that mean old man, who tried
To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry—
A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:
"Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his
stock!" "Let us buy
All the papers he has!" "Send him home to
get dry!"
"No, indade," said the boy—"that 's not w'at
I meant;
I doant want yer money: I want that *one cent*
From the man in the warr'm fur coat an' hat,
Who could shteel a cent from a gurrul like that!

Af iver he thries that game agin,
He 'd betther take *me*, and not Margery Flynn!"
Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

Long ago, my youthful readers,
Happened this that I have told;
Long ago that sturdy newsboy
All his daily papers sold.
And the pluck that dared a ducking
To set right a weak one's wrong,
Served him well in every struggle;
And his life, both kind and strong,



Is a blessing and a comfort
To a world of needy boys
Who, like him, must work in play-time
With boot-brushes for their toys.
But around the Fulton Ferry,
Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.

DORIS LEE'S FEATHER FAN.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"AND what shall I bring you home, Dorry?" said Ned Blair, who, with Clarence Jackson, his shipmate that was to be, was making a good-bye call on Doris Lee, their mutual girl-friend and school-fellow.

"Just what / was going to ask," eagerly put in Clarence, though, to tell the truth, Ned's question had but that moment suggested his own. There

had always been the least suspicion of rivalry between the two boys, and I think each secretly desired the uppermost place in pretty Doris's friendship. Both boys were to sail on the following morning, for their initial voyage, in the ship "City of New York," Blokstrop, master; hence the farewell call, and the mutual inward disgust of each at finding the other present.

Now, Doris, who was a bit imaginative, had been reading, for the first time, Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; and it suddenly occurred to her that a fan made of albatross feathers would be too sweet for anything, and charmingly appropriate for the hot days, when she might swing in her hammock under the veranda, with "Ye Rime of ye Ancient Mariner" for light reading.

I need hardly say that, as she thus expressed herself, both boys simultaneously declared their intention of doing their utmost that her wish might be gratified.

"I shall surely bring you an albatross's wing, Doris," Ned had said at parting.

"I'll bring you a pair of albatrosses in a cage," enthusiastically exclaimed Clarence, who was not quite familiar with natural history. And then Doris had said good-bye, with a kindly wish for each.

Well, at the time when my story really begins, the ship was in the latitude of Cape Horn. Neither boy had said "albatross" to the other since the voyage began; yet each had kept a sharp lookout astern, as day after day the good ship went speeding southward. "Gonies" there were, dusky "mole-mokes," Mother Cary's chickens, cape hens, and cape pigeons—most beautiful of sea-birds—in screaming abundance; but, as yet, the lone albatross for which they so anxiously watched was nowhere visible.

Ned and Clarence, as is customary in the better class of American ships, occupied the "boys' room"—a little, closet-like den in the after-end of the forward house.

It was the afternoon dog-watch, and Clarence lay in his berth, listlessly watching through the open door how the western sky was torn into strange shreds of wonderful greens and golds, the whole tinged with a dull red glow from the setting sun.

Suddenly, Ned entered rather abruptly. Throwing back his chest-lid, he began tossing his sea-clothes aside, in evident search of some missing article.

"Have you seen anything of my fishing-line, Clarence?" he asked eagerly, after a second hasty overhauling—and Clarence knew in a moment that fishing-line signified albatross.

"I have n't got it," he answered hastily, and at the same time springing from his berth, Clarence made a dive into his own sea-chest, and, fishing-line in hand, rushed to the galley for a bit of salt pork to use as bait for the beautiful bird which a hurried glance showed him was following in the ship's wake.

Further search on Ned's part proved vain. He had seen the line in his chest only the day before, and felt a vague suspicion that Clarence could, if

he chose, tell something about its sudden disappearance. But of this, of course, he had no proof, and, rather moodily, Ned returned on deck.

Clarence, in a high state of excitement, was leaning over the lee side, at the break of the quarter.

"I've got him!" he shouted. "Lend me a hand, some of you fellows!" But the sailors—with whom Clarence was not a favorite—seemed to have no hands to lend, just then. Ned thrust his deep in his trousers' pockets, and turned away. Two or three others looked grimly on, but offered no aid, even when it seemed a little uncertain which was pulling the harder—Clarence or his captive. But, by catching a turn around a pin as he shortened in the line, fathom by fathom, Clarence succeeded in drawing the bird nearer and nearer. Vainly it struggled and shrieked, and beat the water with its powerful white wings; its capture seemed certain.

It was at this moment that Captain Blokstop, having finished his supper, came on deck. One comprehensive glance, which took in the ship's course, the set of her sails, and the cloud-streaked horizon, also took in the uncomfortable situation of the albatross.

Now, Captain Blokstop, who was one of the old-time ship-masters, had a tinge of the sailor superstition which looks upon the wanton destruction of a Mother Cary's chicken or an albatross as a portent of evil. Furthermore, Clarence was no favorite with him, by reason of what the captain called his "shifless, so'gering ways," for Clarence Jackson had not come to sea with the idea of becoming a sailor, but only to "have a good time and see life generally," as he expressed it.

"A fowl at one end and a fool at the other," muttered Captain Blokstop, in unconscious paraphrase. Walking softly to the lee rail as he spoke, he reached quietly over, and with opened knife cut the tautened line just as Clarence was bracing himself for a desperate pull! Well, the natural consequence ensued. The bird went one way, Clarence another! His head struck the deck with a thump, while the soles of his sea-boots were turned upward toward the darkening sky. The sailors laughed under their breath, Ned could not repress a smile, and something like a subdued chuckle was heard by the man at the wheel to issue from Captain Blokstop's throat, as he went below to look at the barometer.

That night, in the middle watch, it began to blow. And when it sets out to do anything of the kind around Cape Horn, it goes at it in good earnest. But though a gale, it was directly astern, and the "City of New York" was new, her sails and rigging strong. So, after the good ship had been put under proper canvas for "scudding,"

Captain Blokstrop, in a bright red Havre shirt, eruptive with large pearl buttons, stood hanging to the weather mizzen-shrouds, nodding his approval of the way his ship and things generally were going, while the organ peal of the gale thundered and shrieked through the straining rigging, and a lone albatross, with a few yards of line hanging from his beak, followed on in the ship's wake. Now, when the wind is doing its best to make sixty miles an hour, and the sea to run fifty odd feet high, there are more comfortable places than the main deck of a long, sharp-nosed, narrow-beam ship, particularly when she is logging something like thirteen knots.

The "City of New York" was scooping in tons upon tons of water, first over one rail, then the other, as she swept on over the tempest-tossed sea, the surges of which were dimly visible by the glimmer of a waning moon through the drifting scud overhead. The fore-castle was afloat, the boys' room knee-deep in water, while the after-cabin was being "bailed out" by Wan Lung, the Chinese steward, who staggered to and fro with a mop and bucket, muttering to himself in broken Chinese.

Four bells rang out through the din of the storm, conveying to Ned the cheerful prospect of a two hours' lookout in the slings of the fore-yard, for no one could live on the top-gallant fore-castle. Both boys were clinging to the weather pin-rail, and, at the summons, Ned attempted to swing himself by Clarence, who had not spoken to him since his downfall. How it really happened Ned is not sure, but, as the ship gave a roll to the leeward, Clarence was thrown heavily against him, and a great sea, boarding the vessel just under the main-yard, swept poor Ned far out, over the rail, into the seething water. Providentially, he had, shortly before, thrown aside his drenched oil-clothes and water-soaked sea-boots as uncomfortable superfluities. He got his head above water, dimly conscious of seeing the ship disappear in a cloud of darkness, and felt himself flung like a cork to the summits of great waves. He had no time to think,—fear swallowed up every other sensation,—for lo, as he struck out mechanically, something swooped down at him like a great white sea wraith! And let me tell you that a bird whose wings measure ten feet from tip to tip, whose bill is about six inches long, and whose red-rimmed eyes give it the appearance of an intoxicated demon of the marine species, is not a cheerful sight under the unpleasant circumstances in which Ned was placed.

The albatross struck at the swimming boy with clashing beak. Ned involuntarily ducked his head, and then, with perhaps a suggestion of the instinct leading drowning men to clutch at a straw, grasped wildly at the great bird's leg at the same moment.

Ned has since told me that he thinks he was a little crazed from the blows dealt him by the great pinions of the struggling bird. He dimly remembers grappling with it, after that, with a vague fancy that somehow he was Christian struggling with Apollyon, which changed to a sudden remembrance of a tussle that he once had in extreme youth with a vicious old turkey-gobbler!

But he clung to the albatross, and when, half an hour later, the "City of New York's" life-boat, steered by the second mate, reached him, boy and bird were pulled on board together, for Ned's arm was not only thrown over and about the albatross's neck, but his fingers were fairly stiffened about its windpipe. He knew nothing of the awful pull back to the ship, which lay hove to, burning a blue light, a mile to the windward—not he. Poor Ned lay face down in the boat's bottom, insensible, the salt water running from his mouth in a small stream. However, the albatross, which had undoubtedly saved his life, was more than insensible—it was dead; and when Ned staggered rather feebly on deck next morning, if you will believe me, Clarence was in the act of cutting off one of the wings for his very own!

"My line is in his mouth yet," remarked the ingenuous youth, with an agreeable smile, "and so you see, old fellow, that gives me a sort of claim to him, like a ship's iron does to a whale!"

"Your line, eh?" replied Ned, quietly; and, to Clarence's manifest confusion, Ned composedly pointed out to his room-mate a fine white thread running through its strands. They had both been bought from the same lot, and Ned had said at the time that this was the only difference between them. It is not unnatural to presume that Clarence had abstracted Ned's from his chest and placed it in his own, and in his hurry taken the wrong one. Indeed, he afterward hinted that it was done only "in fun."

But Ned was *not* magnanimous enough to share the wings with him—and I am not sure that I blame him either, under all the circumstances. And as they took no other albatross, Miss Doris is indebted to Ned for the feather fan which he had made from the wings, and which he sent to her from Melbourne, together with an account of his adventure, cut from the *Melbourne Herald*. And so, when I see her with it, I wonder if its cooling breath has not in it, not only suggestions of the salt sea, but also of the modern as well as the ancient mariner; for her boy friend is advancing rapidly in his chosen profession, and will no doubt some day be master of as fine a ship as the "City of New York."

But Clarence has left the sea in disgust. "It does n't agree with him," he says.

THE ALBATROSS.*

BY CELIA THAXTER.



He spreads his wings like banners to the breeze,
 He cleaves the air, afloat on pinions wide;
 Leagues upon leagues, across the lonely seas,
 He sweeps above the vast, uneasy tide.

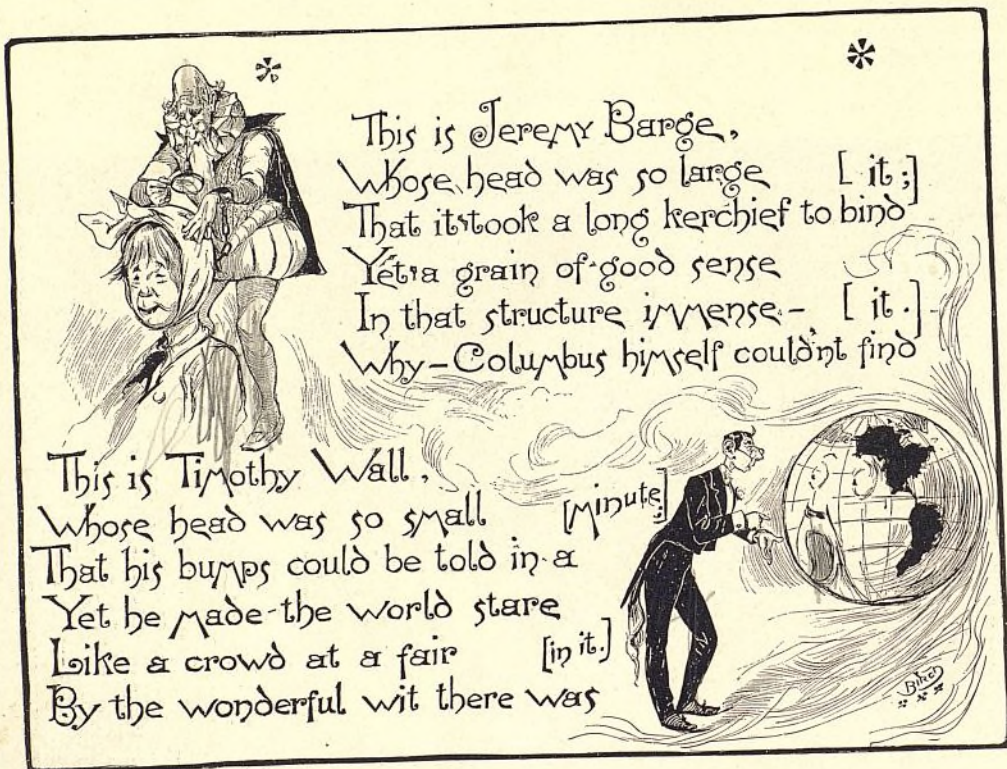
For days together through the trackless skies,
 Steadfast, without a quiver of his plumes,
 Without a moment's pause for rest, he flies
 Through dazzling sunshine and through cloudy
 glooms.

Down the green gulfs he glides, or skims the
 foam,
 Searching for booty with an eager eye,
 Hovering aloft where the long breakers comb
 O'er wrecks forlorn, that topple helplessly.

He loves the tempest; he is glad to see
 The roaring gale to heaven the billows toss,
 For strong to battle with the storm is he,
 The mystic bird, the wandering albatross!

* "This fine bird is possessed of wondrous powers of wing, sailing along for days together without requiring rest, hardly ever flapping its wings, merely swaying itself leisurely from side to side with extended pinions."—*Wood's Natural History*.

"How they propel themselves in the air is difficult to understand; for they scarcely ever flap their wings, but sail gracefully along, swaying from side to side, sometimes skimming the water so closely that the point of one wing dips into it, then rising up like a boomerang into the air, then descending again and flying with the wind or against it with equal facility."—*Rambles of a Naturalist*. (Cuthbert Collingwood.)



THE TALE OF THE SUPPOSING FAMILY.

AS TOLD ME BY MY GRANDFATHER.

I AM half a Dutch boy. Grandfather is all Dutch, for he was born away over the sea in Hamburg; and so, though my name is Thomas Jefferson Adams, after Papa, I am considerably Dutch, for I look just like Grandfather Kayser. He lives with us, and I can't bear to think of his ever moving back to Hamburg. He makes me all sorts of things, tells me stories, and takes my part when the rest of the folks are down on me.

One rainy Saturday, Mamma said I must stay in the house, because my throat was sore, and as I do not take to any quiet work, and she does not like noise, I had a lonely time. In the afternoon my throat grew worse, and I got bluer and bluer, till I suppose I looked very doleful.

"What is the matter?" said Grandfather, as he came in.

"I was thinking," said I, "that if I'm not well by Monday, I shall get behind the rest of the boys,

and that, if my throat gets much worse, I may die," and then I looked very serious.

"You have an inflooinza." (Grandfather meant influenza, but you see he is Dutch.) "By to-morrow you will be much better," he added; "but it seems to me, my boy, you are threatened by a much worse disease."

"What, Grandfather?" said I, so scared I was still, and then I saw the look in his eyes that is always in them when he is down on me, and I was frightened.

He did not answer, but folded up his newspaper and invited me to go up to his room, which is a perfectly splendid place, full of books and pictures he brought from Hamburg. There is a big carved chest, in which he keeps his clothes, that is very curious, and a little sofa, as hard as a brick, on which he loves to lie. As soon as we got upstairs he took down a large, red book, with silver clasps,

which is full of writing. I do believe Grandfather made up everything in it out of his own head—he is 'cute enough to do anything. And after he had fixed me on that little sofa, he read to me the following story. Afterward, he let me copy it, word for word, out of the red book, because I never could have remembered it all as nice and smooth as it was written, and because—well, you will find out the second reason later.

Once upon a time, in the land of Somewhere, in a great castle, there lived a family by the name of Supposing. There was Sir Timothy Supposing, and his wife, Lady Supposing, and their only son, Tobias Eliakim Supposing.

The day after Sir Timothy was twenty-one,—his birthday was also his wedding-day,—he went to bed, and refused ever to get up. "I have contemplated this step a long time," he said. "The floors in the castle are draughty, and if I go out-of-doors I may be caught in the rain or get my feet wet; so that, wherever I may be, I am in constant danger of catching cold. Then, too, if I go out in the carriage, the horses may run away, or an axle may break, and if I go on Jeremiah's back, he may plunge or rear or kick, or lie down and roll over. I don't care if he is fifteen years old: an old horse is up to all sorts of tricks a colt does not think of. Life is uncertain enough in bed. With oleomargarine in the butter, and glucose in the sugar, and willow leaves and copperas in the tea, and bad ventilation, and gas from the furnace, I am in great danger even here."

His big bed was provided with all sorts of foot-warmers, and claspers to hold the clothes down, and every day his valet, January, rubbed Sir Timothy with his soft, fat hands, to stimulate his circulation and keep his liver from growing torpid. As Sir Timothy was very much afraid of being poisoned by bad air, and also of catching cold, men with all sorts of patent ventilators and furnaces to sell came to the castle every day, the procession often reaching as far as the eye could see, and Sir Timothy had every one tried, so anxious was he to secure one to his mind.

Lady Supposing was naturally of a happy disposition. Sometimes, when there had been an unusual number of patent things to try, she felt low-spirited, and thought what if Sir Timothy should not find the right sort of heating apparatus after all, and what if, with all the pains and care we take, he should die right there in his bed, and what if something should befall Tobias Eliakim? But a nap dispelled these forebodings, and then Lady Supposing would go about the castle singing—"as if," said her husband, "she never thought that anything might happen."

Tobias Eliakim was a fine-looking boy, with blue eyes and waving brown hair like his mamma. He had two tutors, an old one named Socrates Quidquodibus, who taught him Latin, Greek, mathematics, and every sort of ology, and a young one, named Apollo Bangs, who taught him music and painting. But Tobias Eliakim was always saying to himself while he studied: "What if—oh! what if I get to be just like Professor Quidquodibus, and instead of having to put spectacles over my poor, tired eyes, as he does, what if I become stone-blind from studying so many books? And what if a hump grows on my back, as there has upon his? January once told me of a man who died of consumption brought on by excessive reading. What if I should have consumption?" The only way the good professor could make him study enough to learn anything was by asking him the still more terrible question: "What if you grow up a dunce, Tobias Eliakim? and you certainly will if you do not study."

Professor Bangs, in giving him some finger exercises, unluckily told him that the composer Schumann broke one of his third fingers in his effort to make it do his will. Tobias Eliakim was off the stool in a minute. "I'll never touch the piano again!" he cried. "I should not be surprised if my fingers were injured now. They frequently feel as if they were coming off." And no amount of coaxing or scolding could make him change his mind.

One day while he was painting, the professor, who was inclined to be a philosopher, began giving him a lecture on the pigments he was using. "Everything in the world, my dear boy, has some beneficent qualities. Arsenic, now, which is such a virulent poison that it causes the most intense suffering if taken into the stomach, furnishes us this brilliant green with which I shall touch up those beech trees in the foreground of your picture," and as he spoke he squeezed some of the color on his pallet and set to work. But this ended Tobias Eliakim's painting. "I will not handle poisons," he said; "what if I should accidentally swallow a tube of that paint?" And thereafter he would study nothing but drawing.

Besides his tutors he had a dancing-master, and a fencing-master, who had also to teach him to shoot at a mark, to manage a horse, to swim, to skate, and to slide down-hill.

He did very well with the dancing, but when he attempted to fence, he was so afraid that the buttons would come off from the tips of the foils that the lessons had to be continued as best they could be with wooden swords. The first time he fired a gun, the recoil of the weapon nearly knocked him down. "What if that gun had shot off backward,—

who knows that it will always shoot off frontward,—and if I lose my head, how am I to get another?" he said. "No, Master Middlebury, I shall not use that gun again." Sir Timothy regretted his son's decision—"Because," he said, "a gentleman's education is not complete without a knowledge of fire-arms"; but Lady Supposing, who had opposed these lessons from the first, was delighted.

When Tobias Eliakim saw his teacher swim into the clear waters of the lake that lay at one side of the castle, he was eager to follow him, and ran as fast as he could to don his bathing-suit; but when Master Middlebury had led him a few steps into the water he halted. "What if I should drown?" said he. "You can't with me," laughed his teacher. "You might lose hold of me." "But I won't lose hold of you," cried vexed Master Middlebury. "But you might have the cramp, or an attack of heart disease, or paralysis, or something," persisted Tobias Eliakim, now thoroughly determined not to swim. "Take me back to the shore directly, and I will sit down and watch you."

Sir Timothy was anxious that his son should be a good swimmer. "What if, when he grows up, the King should make him an admiral, and what if, in a storm or a naval engagement, something should happen to the flag-ship? What would Tobias Eliakim do then if he could not swim?" he said to Master Middlebury, when giving him instructions as to what he wanted him to do. The poor teacher knew that Sir Timothy would blame him, and, completely out of patience, he went splashing into the lake and dived down to the bottom of it to cool his anger. He staid so long that Tobias Eliakim thought he was drowned, and ran off to the castle to get some one to rescue Master Middlebury.

The cook took a wash-boiler, the chamber-maid took the clothes-line, and the men-servants dragged along one of the brass cannon that stood by the front steps. "We 'll shoot it off," said they, "and that will fetch him to the surface in a few minutes, when we can scoop him in shore by means of the wash-boiler and the rope."

When they reached the lake, they found that the cannon was not only empty, but spiked. "I remember now," said one, "Sir Timothy would never allow them to be loaded for fear they might burst, and after Tobias Eliakim was old enough to walk, he happened to think one day that the child might find a cannon-ball and some powder somewhere, and might load a cannon, and undertake to fire it off, so he ordered that they should be spiked."

Being kind-hearted men, they ran back to the castle in the hope of finding a cannon they could use, while the cook and the chamber-maid tied the

clothes-line to the wash-boiler, so as to be all ready. But they found the cannon were all spiked, and were sadly returning to the lake, when who should they see but Master Middlebury, dressed in plaid clothes and wearing a long, red neck-tie, cantering up the drive-way on old Jeremiah.

Sir Timothy was desirous that Tobias Eliakim should be an expert horseman. "If there should be a war when he grows up," he said, "the King would undoubtedly want him to command an army, and there would be times when he would have to ride; but as there is no telling what a horse may do, in giving my son lessons, I want you to always ride the horse with him, and hold the reins, so as to be near in case of accident."

Tobias Eliakim at first rode in front of Master Middlebury, but one day Jeremiah stumbled. "What if this horse should take a notion to kick his hind legs straight up?" said Tobias. "I should, no doubt, pitch over his head and break my neck." After that he rode behind, till one day, when they were going up a small hill, he noticed that under some circumstances he could slide off over the horse's tail only too easily, and then he would not ride at all.

[Note by me, T. J. A. "I think Tobias Eliakim was a perfect baby. I have been on our horse, Black Hawk, bare-back, and he rares around like a wild-cat, sometimes."]

In the winter, the lake in which Master Middlebury tried to teach Tobias Eliakim to swim was covered with firm, blue ice, which made first-rate skating, and at the back of the castle was a long hill, just the place to slide.

Tobias Eliakim had a handsome sled, the gift of his maternal grandfather, and one New Year's day, when the hill was white with snow, on which glittered a hard crust, Master Middlebury thought he would give his pupil a lesson in coasting.

Tobias Eliakim put on his fur-lined coat, his fur-lined boots, his fur cap with ear-lappits, his fur mittens, and his red muffler, which went six times about his neck. As for trousers—well, he had on three pairs. "Really, Master Middlebury, I'm going to catch cold," he said, when they had reached the hill. "I feel very creepy in my back."

"Nonsense!" cried his teacher. "Hop on that sled, and I will have you warm in two minutes." Tobias Eliakim obeyed, and Master Middlebury had stretched out one of his long legs to steer, when Tobias Eliakim cried, "What if—" But the sled was already darting down the hill, swift as an arrow flashing through the air.

"Never," he gasped when they stopped,—“never will I get on that dreadful thing again! I might have been dashed in pieces if you had failed to

steer straight, or if we had struck something." Then he did not know how to get up the hill, as he did not dare to walk up, nor to sit on the sled and let his teacher drag him up, and he was quite sure he would freeze to death if Master Middlebury left him to obtain help. So there was no alternative for Master Middlebury but to take the big fellow on his back and carry him up the hill as best he could.

The skating lessons failed, for when Tobias Eliakim felt his feet flying out from under him, he almost fainted in his teacher's arms. But, as he liked to see his teacher skate, his mamma had a small glass house built by the lake, and in it, wrapped in furs, with his feet on the stove-hearth, he watched Master Middlebury skate by the hour.

[Note by me, T. J. A. "This is the worst thing I ever heard of any boy. It does seem too tough to believe."]

Once the teachers complained to Lady Supposing. They said they felt that their efforts were almost thrown away, their pupil progressed so slowly. Lady Supposing was very much distressed, and sent for the family doctor.

As soon as he received the message, the doctor packed his saddle-bags full of his biggest pills and powders, which he kept prepared for his titled customers, put up his blisters and lancets, clambered into his chaise, and drove off to the castle without delay.

He examined Tobias Eliakim thoroughly, and asked him and his mother and teachers questions for two hours, and then gravely shook his head. "My dear madam," he said, "your son is suffering from one of the gravest maladies known to science, and one quite beyond the reach of medicine. All I can tell you about it is that it is known to the profession as 'Congenital Whatif';" and putting up his medicines and blisters and lancets, the doctor drove away.

"And what is this dreadful and incurable disease?" cried poor Lady Supposing; but though Professor Quidquodibus looked in all of his dictionaries, and studied at it with all his might, even he could not tell her. "I guess, madam," he said, moved by her distress and chagrined at his failure,—"I guess it is an affection of the mind."

Life in the castle went on very much as I have described, till Tobias Eliakim was sixteen years old. Sir Timothy continued to try all sorts of patent ventilators and furnaces, and at last a man came all the way from the shore of the straits of

Sunda, and showed him a model which he thought so perfect that he ordered a furnace and ventilator like it to be put in the castle as soon as possible. The first night it was used, the north wind was blowing at a fearful rate, and the fire in the new furnace burned so fiercely that all the great heat-pipes grew so hot, that they set on fire the wood-work of the partitions they traversed. The hall into which the family rooms opened connected with the castle by one small door, Sir Timothy having ordered the rest of the doors to be walled up. And this small door was always closed at night, and locked by six patent locks, lest the servants, or somebody, or something, should attack the family in the night. All the windows and doors in the family rooms were, for the same reason, fastened by patent locks, so, though the servants tried hard to save them, the poor Supposing family perished miserably in the flames.

Grandfather's story ends here, but when he read it to me, I asked him if that was all of the family. "Oh, no," said he. "It is a large family, having kinsfolk in all parts of the world. A second cousin succeeded to Sir Timothy's estate and rebuilt the castle."

"Is the story true, Grandfather?" said I, very anxiously.

"Yes, my boy," said Grandfather, in a queer, solemn tone.

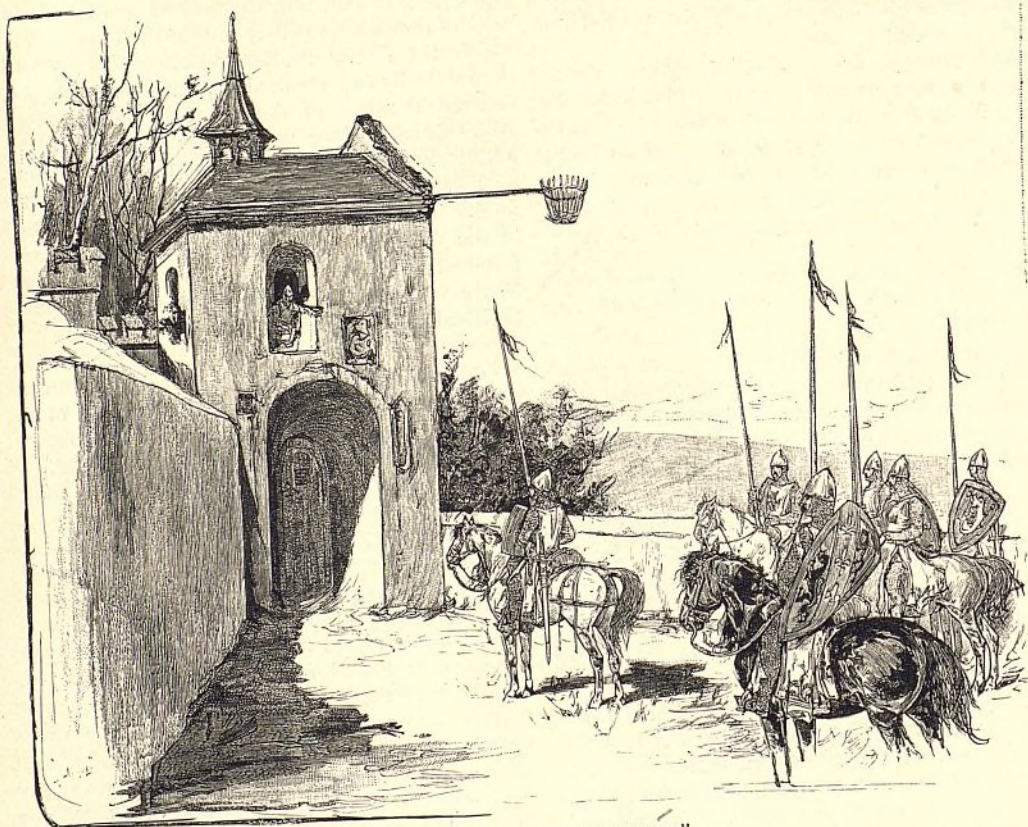
I lay on that hard sofa a few minutes thinking, for you see I had my own notion of the way Grandfather used that word true, and why he thought a story about a boy that had the "what-if" would be good for me to hear. And after a little I said, "Grandfather, if I'll be very very good till my next birthday, and not catch any incurable disease, will you let me copy that story into my diary?"

Grandfather dreads to have me take any of his things where I use ink—I am so apt to spill it; but he said, "yes," like the dear old Grandfather that he is.

I will not say how good I was, but my birthday has passed and here is the story, and if you publish it, as I hope you will, maybe you'd better leave out that note about Black Hawk, which is confidential to you. You see I had been forbidden to enter the stable, and if he knew I had tried to ride that vicious beast, Grandfather would be down on me the worst way. Besides, I did it a good while ago. I am thirteen—going on fourteen since my last birthday.

THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



"A SMALL WINDOW WAS OPENED."

CHAPTER X.

A FEW days after the arrival of Louis and Jasto at the castle of Barran, the Countess found it necessary to send to Viteau for some clothing and other things which were needed by herself and her ladies, for they had brought very little with them in their hasty flight from the château.

A trusty squire—not Bernard, for he would not leave his mistress for so long a time as a day and night—was sent, with a small, but well-armed body of men, to convey to the castle the property desired by the Countess, and to give some orders to the seneschal in charge. When the party reached the château, early in the evening, the squire was greatly surprised to find that he could not enter. The gates were all closed and barred securely, and no answer came to his calls and shouts to the inmates.

At length, a small window in the principal gate was opened, and a man's head, wearing a helmet with the visor down, appeared in the square aperture.

"Which of the varlets that we left here are you?" cried the angry squire. "And what are you doing with the armor of the Countess on your rascally head? Did you not know me when I called to you, and when are you going to open this gate for us?"

"I am not any man's varlet," said the person in the helmet, "and you did not leave me here. I wear this helmet because I thought that some of your impatient men might thrust at me with a spear, or shoot an arrow at me when I should show my head. I did not know you when you called, for I never heard your voice before, and I am not going to open the gate for you at all."

The squire sat upon his horse, utterly astounded

* Copyright, 1882, by F. R. Stockton.

at this speech, while his men gathered around him, wondering what strange thing they next would hear.

"Who, then, are you?" cried the squire, when he had found his voice, "and what are you doing here?"

"I have no objection," said the other, "to make the acquaintance of any man who wants to know me, and to tell him what I do, if it be, in any way, his business. I am Michol, the captain of the good and true band of *cotereaux* who for some time past have lived in this forest, near by; and what I am doing here is this: I am dwelling in this goodly château, in peace and comfort, with my men."

The squire turned and looked at his followers.

"What think you," he said, "does all this mean? Is this a man gone crazed?"

"Not so," said the man with the helmet; "not so, my good fellow. I may have done crazy deeds in by-gone days, but this is the most sane thing I ever did in all my life. If you should care to hear the whole story, straight and true,—and I should like much to tell it to you, that you may take it to your mistress,—come closer and listen."

The squire, anxious enough to hear, rode close to the gate; the men crowded near him, and Michol, for it was really the captain of the *cotereaux*, told his story.

"I am going to make this tale a short one," he said, "so that you can remember it, and tell it clearly, all of you. When the boy, son of the Countess of Viteau, was stolen from us —"

"Stolen!" ejaculated the squire.

"Yes," said the other, "that is the word. We captured the youngster fairly on the road, and held him for fitting and suitable ransom; and before we had opportunity to acquaint his friends with his whereabouts, and with the sum demanded for him, he was basely stolen by a traitor of our company, and carried away from us, thus cheating us of what was our fair and just reward."

"Reward!" exclaimed the squire. "Reward for what?"

"For treating him well and not killing him," said Michol, coolly. "When I found out the base deed that had been done to us," he continued, "I gathered all my men, together with another band of brave fellows, who gladly joined us, and I came boldly here to demand the ransom for the boy, and the body of the wretched villain who stole him away. And when I found no boy, and no traitor, and no Countess, and no one in the whole château but an old man and some stupid varlets, I blessed my happy stars, and took possession of the whole domain.

And this I shall hold, occupy, and defend, until the Countess, its former mistress, shall send to me one hundred silver marks, together with the person of the traitor Jasto. When these shall have been fairly delivered to me, I shall surrender the château, and honorably depart, with all my men."

"You need expect nothing of that kind," cried the squire. "Count de Barran and the good knights with him, when they hear this story, will come down upon you and drive you out with all your men; and never a piece of money, gold or silver, will you gain by this deed—unless, indeed, it shall be such as you shall find here."

"I shall have my money," replied Michol; "but until I hear that my just demands are denied, I shall break no bars or locks to look for it. My men and I will live merrily on the good stores of the Countess; but while we hold this place as warranty for her son's ransom, we shall not sack or pillage. But if your lord and his knights should come to drive me out, they would find more good soldiers here than they can bring, for in times of peace we are strong, and the lords of the land are weak, unless, indeed, they keep retainers and men-at-arms for mere show and ostentation. My men are well armed, too, for the Count of Viteau kept his armory well furnished, as became a valiant knight and a leader of fighting men. So, therefore, if Barran shall come to give us foul blows, instead of fair words and just deeds, he will get blow for blow, and harder blows, methinks, than he can strike; and if it should be, by strange fortune, that he drive us out, he would drive us only from the blazing ruins of this château.* All this I tell you, my good squire, that you may tell it to Barran and the Countess. Think you you will remember it?"

"Indeed will I," said the squire. "Such words can not easily be forgotten. But then I truly think—"

"No more of that!" interrupted Michol. "I do not care what you think. Hear, remember, and tell. That is enough for you in this matter. And, now, what brought you here? You did not come to bring word, good or bad, to me?"

"Indeed I did not," said the other, "for I knew not you were here. I came, at the command of the Countess of Viteau, to get for her certain garments and needful goods belonging to herself and ladies, which she could not, with convenience, take with her to the castle, but which, I suppose, if your tale be true, I shall go back without."

"Not so," said Michol. "I war not on fair ladies, until they themselves declare the war. You shall come in, and take away what your lady needs. That is, if you fear not to enter alone."

* Such was the lawlessness of the times, when people had to rely on themselves for protection and defense, that a deed like the taking of this château would probably meet with no immediate punishment, unless it were inflicted by the injured owner or his friends.

These words made the squire turn pale. He was afraid to trust himself, alone, inside the walls of the château court-yard, but he was ashamed to own it—ashamed that his own men should see his fear, or that Michol should see it. And so, out of very cowardice and fear of mockery, he did a thing which was exceedingly brave, and entered by the wicket in the gate, which Michol opened for him.

Inside the court and in the château, the squire saw, as Michol was very glad to have him see, hundreds of *cotereaux*, well armed, and in a good state of discipline, and he felt sure, at last, that the tale he had been told was true.

The articles he had been sent for were all delivered to him, and properly packed by Michol's men for conveyance on the baggage-horses that had been brought for the purpose. Then the goods were carried out, and the squire was allowed to depart, without hurt or hinderance.

Provisions were sent outside the gates for the squire and his men and horses, and that night they bivouacked by the roadside.

The next morning they rode back to Barran's castle, and the squire delivered to the Countess the property he had been sent for, and told the wonderful tale that the captain of the *cotereaux* had instructed him to tell.

CHAPTER XI.

THE news of the occupation of Viteau by a band of robbers occasioned, as well might be supposed, the greatest astonishment at the castle of Barran. At first, every one, from the lord of the castle to the lowest varlet, was loud in favor of an immediate march upon the scoundrels, with all the force that could be gathered together on the domain. But after Barran had held a consultation with the Countess, Hugo de Lannes, and the very sensible and prudent Bernard, he determined not to be too hasty in this important matter. If the story of the squire who had been sent to Viteau was true,—and there was no reason to doubt it,—it would require every fighting man on the estates of the Count de Barran to make up a force sufficiently strong to compel the *cotereaux* to leave the château; and if this force should not be large enough to completely surround and invest the place, the captain of the robbers might make good his threat of burning the château and retreating to the forest, which he could probably reach in safety, if the retreat should be made in the night.

But, even if the Count had been able to raise men enough to make a successful attack upon the *cotereaux* at Viteau, he did not wish, at this time,

to strip his castle of all its defenders. If it should be concluded that the Countess should endeavor to escape to England, a tolerably strong party might be necessary to conduct her to the coast; and if the officers of the Inquisition should appear at his gates, he would like to be there with enough men to compel at least parley and delay.

It would, also, be difficult to hold the château, after it should be taken, during this serious quarrel with the *cotereaux*. If the lady of Viteau had been at home, she might have summoned many of her vassals to her aid, but it was not to be supposed that these people would willingly risk their lives, and expose their families to the vengeance of the robbers, to defend a dwelling which its owner had deserted.

It was, therefore, determined not to attempt, at present, to disturb the *cotereaux* at Viteau, who, as long as their demand for a ransom for young Louis was not positively denied, would probably refrain from doing any serious injury to the property. When the Countess should be in safety, a force could be raised from some of the estates, and from villages in the surrounding country, to thoroughly defeat the *cotereaux* and to break up their band. Suitable arrangements then could be made to hold and defend the château until the Countess or her heirs should come back to take possession.

What was to be done for the unfortunate mother of Raymond and Louis, now became again the great question. Flight to England, which, though a Catholic country, was not under the power of the Inquisition, as were France and some of the neighboring countries, would have been immediately determined upon, had it not been for the great unwillingness of the Countess to consent to separate herself from her sons.

If she should leave France and take her children with her, her property would probably be taken possession of by the Church or the Crown; whereas, if her sons, under a proper guardian, should remain in France, the estate would be considered to belong to them, for they had done nothing to make them forfeit it; and everything could go on as usual, until the friends of the Countess should have opportunity to represent the matter to some of the high authorities of the Church. Then, if she could be released from the prosecution by the Inquisition, she could return in peace to her home.

On the day after the squire's return from Viteau, and after it had been decided to leave the *cotereaux* in possession for the present, Raymond and Louis, with Agnes, were sitting together at a window in one of the great towers of the castle, talking of the proposed journey of the Countess;

Louis had been told the reason of her flight from Viteau, and, of course, Agnes knew all about it.

"If I were the Count de Barran," said Louis, very much in earnest, "I should never make a lady, like our mother, run away to England, nor to any other savage country, to get rid of her enemies. I should fill this castle with soldiers and knights, and I'd defend her against everybody, to the last drop of my blood. Was n't Barran the brother-in-arms of our father? And is n't he bound, by all his vows, to protect our mother, when her husband is n't here on earth to do it himself?"

"You don't look at things in the right way, Louis," said Raymond. "Of course, the Count would defend our mother against all enemies, for he is a brave and true knight; but we can not say that the priests and officers of the Church are our enemies. Now, if Barran fights the people of the Inquisition, he is fighting the Church, and no Christian knight wants to do that."

"I'd like to know what an enemy is," said Louis, "if he is n't a person who wants to do you an injury; and that, it seems to me, is exactly what these Inquisition people are trying to do to our mother. I should n't care whether they belonged to the Church or not."

"Oh, yes, you would," said Raymond, "if you had taken the vows of a Christian knight. The Count will do everything he can to save our mother from these people, but he will not want to fight and slay Church officers, and his men-at-arms would not help him,—I heard Count de Lannes say that,—for whoever should do such a thing would be excommunicated by the Pope of Rome, and would be cast out from all Christian fellowship and all hope of salvation. Our mother would not let any one fight for her, when she should know that such things would happen to him."

"Bernard would fight for her," said Louis; "and so would I."

"And so would I, as well you know," said his brother, "and so would the Count and many another knight, if things came to the worst. They would not stop to think what would happen afterward. But it would be a sad thing to do. It would be much better for our mother to go away, than to put her friends in such jeopardy of their souls. I have heard all this talked about, and I know how hard a thing it is for the Count to send our mother away. But one thing is certain: when she goes, I go with her. I care not for the domain."

"And I go, too!" cried Louis. "Let the robbers and the priests divide Viteau between them. I will not let my mother go among the barbarians without me."

"The English are not barbarians," said Raymond. "There are plenty of good knights and

noble ladies at the court of King Henry, and all over the land, too, as I have read."

"I thought they must be savages," said Louis, "because they have no Inquisition. Surely, if England were a Christian land like France, there would be an Inquisition there."

Up to this time Agnes had been silent, eagerly listening to the conversation of the boys. But now she spoke:

"Louis and Raymond!" she cried. "I think it will be an awful, dreadful thing for your poor mother to go to England; I don't care what sort of a country it is, or who goes with her. Is n't there somebody who can make these people stop their wicked doings without fighting them? Can't the King do it?"

"Of course he can," cried Louis. "The King can do anything."

"Perhaps he can," said Raymond. "I spoke to my mother about that this morning, and asked her why Count de Barran did not go to the King and beseech him to inquire into this matter, and to see why one of his subjects—as good a Christian as any in the land—should be so persecuted. She said I spoke too highly of her—"

"Which you did not," cried Louis.

"Indeed, I did not," continued Raymond. "And then she told me that the mother of our King, Queen Blanche, who has more to do with the affairs of France than her son himself, does not like Barran, who, with our father, opposed her long with voice and sword, in the disputes between Burgundy and the Crown. So it is that he could not go to ask a favor of her son, for fear that it would do us more harm than good."

"But is he the only person in the world?" cried Agnes. "Why can't somebody else go? Why don't you go, Raymond, with Louis—and with me? Let us all three go! We can tell the King what has happened, as well as any one, and the Queen-Mother can not bear a grudge against any of us. Let us go! My father will not say me nay."

Louis agreed instantly to this glorious plan, and Raymond, after a moment's thought, gave it a hearty assent.

"We'll start by the dawn of day to-morrow," cried Agnes; and away she ran to ask her father if she might mount a horse, and go with Louis and Raymond to Paris, to see the King.

Strange as it may seem, this wild plan of the children was received with favor by their elders. Something must be done immediately, and the Countess must either leave France, or some powerful aid must be asked for. Measures had been taken to put the matter before some of the high officials of the Church, but it was believed that

they would first send for Brother Anselmo and the priests, and would hear their story, before interfering for the Countess; and, therefore, whatever help might be expected in this direction, would probably be much delayed and come too late.

But if the King should desire it, the matter would be instantly investigated, and that was all that the Countess and her friends intended to ask. They felt sure that if some one, more competent and less prejudiced than the two or three monks who had been incensed by their failure to answer her arguments, should examine the charges against her, it would be found that she believed nothing but what was taught by the fathers of the Church, and believed in by all good people who had read what the authors had written.

And who could go with better grace to ask the help of the King—himself young—than these three young people: two boys who would speak in behalf of their mother, and the young girl, their friend, who might be able to talk with the Queen-Mother, if there should be need of it?

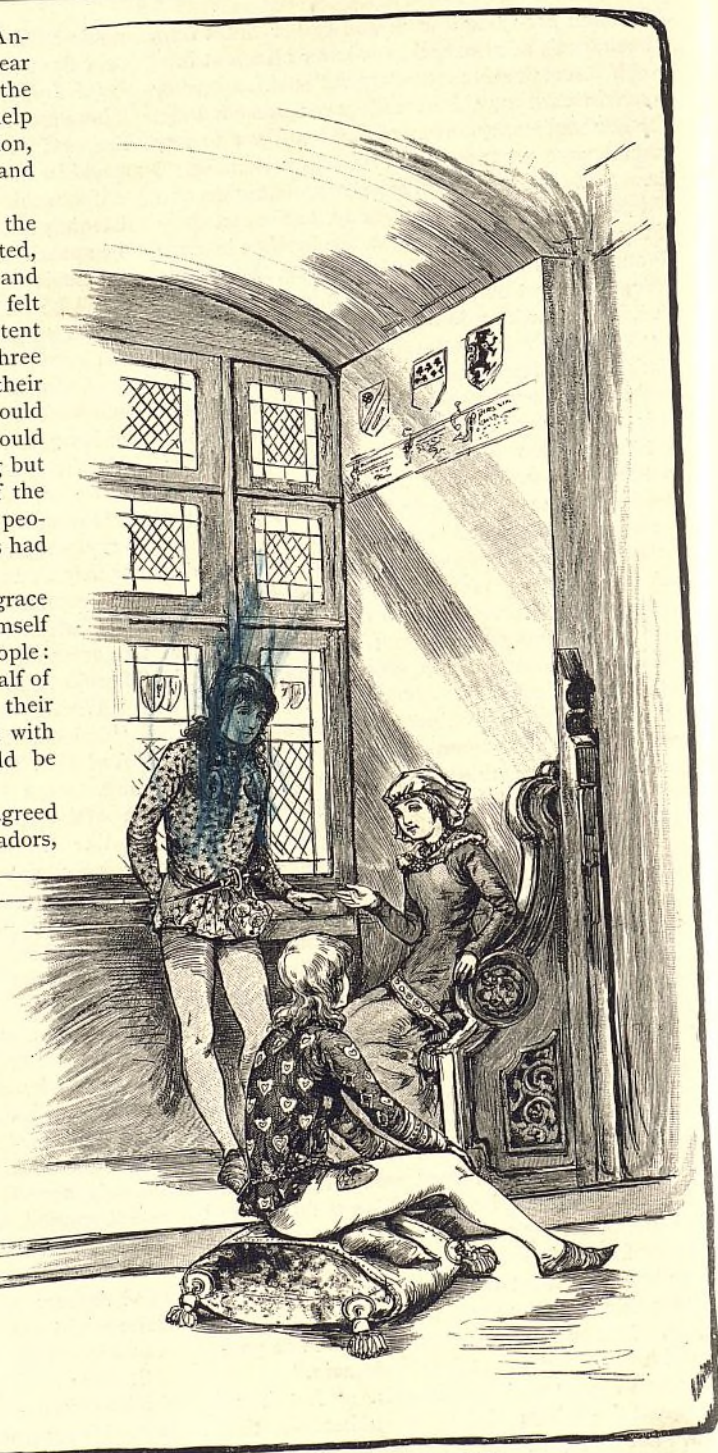
Count Hugo de Lannes readily agreed to take charge of the young ambassadors, if his daughter should be one of them. He was well known in Paris, and could give them proper introduction, and guarantee their statements. Thus his assistance would be very great.

It was agreed that by dawn the next morning, just as Agnes had said, the party should start for Paris, and that, until its return, the Countess should postpone her flight from France.

And many earnest prayers were said that night, that nothing evil might happen to the Countess while her two boys should be absent from her.

CHAPTER XII.

THE cavalcade, which started from the castle early the next morning, was a gay and lively one, for everybody seemed to think that it would soon return, with happy news.



AGNES TELLS RAYMOND AND LOUIS OF HER PLAN.

At the head rode Count de Lannes, and, at his side, Sir Charles de Villars, a younger knight, vis-

iting at the castle, who had volunteered his services to help defend the party, should it be attacked on the way.

Next came the three young people, each mounted on a small Arabian horse, from the castle stables. After them came two women, in attendance on Agnes; and then followed quite a long line of squires, pages, and men-at-arms, with servants carrying the heavy armor of the two knights, all mounted and armed.

It was calculated that the journey to Paris would take about four days, if they pressed on as fast as the strength of the horses and that of the young riders would permit; and as it was desirable to be back as soon as possible, they rode away at a good pace.

Some distance in advance of the whole party were two men-at-arms, whose duty it was, when passing through forests, or among rocks and hills, where an enemy might be concealed, to give timely notice of any signs of danger. The Count de Lannes did not expect any attack from robbers, for he felt quite sure that the *colereaux* who had been in the neighborhood were all engaged in the occupation of Viteau.

But he did not know as much about the robber bands of Burgundy as he thought. A short time before, there had come into the country, between Barran's castle and Viteau, a company of *brabançois*—freebooters of somewhat higher order than the *colereaux*, who generally preferred to be soldiers rather than thieves, but who, in times of peace, when no one would hire them as soldiers, banded together, stopped travelers on the highway, and robbed and stole whenever they had a chance. They were generally better armed and disciplined, and therefore more formidable, than the *colereaux*, or the *routiers*, who were robbers of a lower order than either of the other two.

These *brabançois*, when Michol was making up his force with which to seize and hold the château of Viteau, offered to join him, but he declined their proposition, believing that he had men enough for his purpose, and not wishing, in any case, to bring into the château a body of fellows who might, at any time, refuse to obey his rule, and endeavor to take matters into their own hands.

The captain of the band of *brabançois*, when he found that he would not be allowed to take part in the ransom speculation at Viteau, moved up nearer the castle of Barran, and sent one of his men, dressed like a common varlet or servant, to take service with the Count, as an assistant in the stables and among the horses. In this occupation he would learn of the intended departure of any party from the castle, and could give his leader such information as he could manage to pick up

about the road to be taken, and the strength and richness of the company.

So it was that, on the night of the day on which the expedition to Paris was determined upon, and after orders had been given to have the necessary horses ready early the next morning, this fellow got away from the castle, and told his captain all he knew about the party—who were to go and which way they were going.

It was not likely that the company under the charge of Count de Lannes would carry much money, or valuable baggage of any sort, and, therefore, the enterprise of waylaying these people on the road did not appear very attractive to the leader of the robbers, until he heard that Louis, and Jasto, who was to go with the boy as servant, were to be of the party. Then he took a great interest in the matter. If he could capture Louis, he could interfere with Michol in getting the ransom he demanded, and so force himself, in this way, into partnership with the prudent captain of the *colereaux*; and if he could take Jasto, of whose exploits he had heard, he felt sure that Michol would pay a moderate ransom to get possession of that traitor to his cause and his companions.

Therefore, principally to capture, if possible, these two important and perhaps profitable personages, the band of robbers set out before daylight, and took a good position for their purpose on the road to Paris.

It was nearly noon when the cavalcade of our friends entered a wide and lonely forest, where the road was thickly overgrown, on each side, with bushes and clambering vines. It was an excellent place for an ambuscade, and here the *brabançois* were ambuscaded.

Count Hugo de Lannes was a prudent man, and he proceeded slowly, on entering the forest, giving orders to his scouts to be very careful in looking out for signs of concealed marauders.

He also called up the men who carried the heavy armor, and he and Sir Charles proceeded to put on their helmets and their coats of mail, so as to be ready for anything which might happen during their passage through the forest.

They were prepared none too soon, for the scouts came riding back, just as Count Hugo had exchanged his comfortable cap, or bonnet, for his iron head-covering, with the news that men were certainly concealed in the woods some hundred yards ahead.

Quickly the two knights, with the assistance of their squires, finished putting on their armor, and each hung his battle-ax at his saddle-bow. Their long swords they wore at all times when riding. Then Count Hugo, turning, gave rapid orders for the disposition of his force.

Part of the men-at-arms, all ready for battle, drew up before the young travelers, and part took their place in their rear. On either side of each of the boys, and of Agnes and her women, rode a soldier in mail, holding his shield partly over the head of his charge. Thus each of these non-combatants was protected by two shields, and by the bodies of two mail-clad men, from the arrows which might be showered upon them should a fight take place.

All these arrangements were rapidly made, for the men of the party were well-trained soldiers, and then Count Hugo and Sir Charles rode forward to see what they could see.

They saw a good deal more than they expected. As they went around a slight bend in the road, they perceived, a short distance ahead, three mounted men in armor, drawn up across the road. Behind them were a number of other men, with spears and pikes. And in the woods, on either side, were a number of archers, who, though they could not be seen, made their presence known by a flight of arrows, which rattled briskly on the armor of our two horsemen, and then fell harmlessly to the ground.

If this volley and this brave show of force were intended to intimidate the travelers, and to cause them to fall back in confusion, it did not have the desired effect.

Turning to their squires, who followed close behind them, the two knights called for their lances, and when, almost at the same instant, these trusty weapons were put into their hands, they set them in rest, and, without a moment's hesitation, charged down upon the three horsemen.

Count Hugo was an old soldier, and had been in many a battle, where, fighting on the side of the Crown, he had met in combat some of the bravest soldiers of France and many of the finest knights of England, whom King Henry III. had sent over to aid the provinces which were resisting Queen Blanche; and Sir Charles, although a younger man, had met and conquered many a stout knight in battle and in tournament.

Therefore, although the *brabançons* horsemen were good, strong soldiers, and well armed, and although all three of them put themselves in readiness to receive the charge of the knights, they could not withstand or turn aside the well-directed lances of these veteran warriors, and two of them went down at the first shock, unhorsed and helpless.

The other man, reining back his horse a little way, charged furiously on Count Hugo, who was nearest him; but the latter caught the end of his lance on his shield, and then, dropping his own lance, he seized his battle-ax, rose in his stirrups, and brought the ponderous weapon down upon

the iron-clad head of his assailant with such a tremendous whang that he rolled him off his horse at the first crack.

Upon this, both knights were attacked at once by the spearmen and other men on foot, but so completely and strongly were the Count and Sir Charles clad in their steel mail that their opponents found no crevice or unguarded spot through which their rapidly wielded weapons could penetrate.

But the knights gave them little time to try the strength of their armor, for whirling their battle-axes over their heads, and followed by their squires, they charged through the whole body of the foot-soldiers, and then, turning, charged back again, driving the *brabançons* right and left into the woods.

Meantime, all had not been quiet in the rear. The captain of the robbers, as soon as he had seen the knights engaged with his picked men, had come out of the woods, with a strong force of his followers on foot, and had made a vigorous attack on our young travelers and their attendants.

Here the fighting was general and very lively. Arrows flew; swords, spears, and shields rattled and banged against each other; horses reared and plunged; the women screamed, the men shouted, and Raymond and Louis drew the small swords they wore, and struggled hard to throw themselves into the middle of the fight.

But this was of no use. Their mailed and mounted guardians pressed them closely on either side, and protected them from every blow and missile.

Little Agnes was as pale as marble. Every arrow, as it struck against the shields and armor about her, made her wink and start, but she sat her horse like a brave girl, and made no outcry, though her women filled the air with their screams.

There were so many of the *brabançons*, and they directed their attacks with such energy on the one point, that it seemed for a time as if they certainly must get possession of one or all of the children. Three men had pulled aside the horse of Louis's protector on the left, and others were forcing themselves between the soldier and the boy, with the evident intention of dragging the latter from his horse.

But the fight at the head of the line was over sooner than the captain of the robbers expected it would be. His men had scarcely reached Louis's side when Count Hugo and Sir Charles came charging back.

Straight down each side of the road they came. Their own men, seeing them come, drew up in a

close column along the middle of the road, and before the *brabançois* knew what was going to happen, the two knights were upon them. Standing up in their stirrups, and dealing tremendous blows with their battle-axes as they dashed along, they rode into the robbers on each side of the road, cutting them down, or making them wildly scatter into the woods. As the knights passed, some of the men-at-arms left their line and, rushing into the woods, drove their enemies completely off the field.

At least, they supposed that this was the case; but, when Count Hugo and Sir Charles had turned and had ridden back to the young people and the women, and were anxiously inquiring if any of them had been injured during the affray, a cry from Louis directed everybody's attention to a new fight, which was going on at the rear of the line.

"Jasto!" cried Louis. "They are taking Jasto!"

The boy had happened to look back, and saw his friend of the robber-camp, whose horse had been

"Help him!" cried Louis. "Don't let them take Jasto away!"

Count Hugo turned, as he heard the boy's cry, but little Agnes was close by his side, trying to get her arms around his iron neck, and several horsemen were crowded up near him, so that he could not clearly see what was going on in the rear. A few of the men-at-arms saw the affair, and rode toward the scene of the unequal contest, but Jasto would certainly have been dragged into the thicket before they could have reached him.

Sir Charles, however, was sitting on his horse, on the outside of the group around the children, and when he heard the alarm and saw the struggle, he immediately galloped to the rear. He did not know who Jasto was, but he saw that one man was contending with four others, whom he perceived, by their appearance and arms, to be members of the robber band. As he rode, he put his hand on his long sword to draw it, but he instantly saw that, if he struck at any one in that twisting and writhing knot of men,



SIR HUGO AND SIR CHARLES CHARGE THE ROBBERS.

killed, struggling on foot with four men, one of whom was the captain of the *brabançois*. They were, apparently, endeavoring to drag him into the bushes; Jasto, who was a very stout fellow, was holding back manfully, but the others were too strong for him, and were forcing him along. No one of the Count's party was near, except a few men who had charge of the baggage horses, and these were too busy with their frightened animals to take any notice of the re-appearance of some of the robbers.

he would be as likely to kill the Count's follower as one of the robbers; and so he dashed up, and seized Jasto by the collar with his mailed hand. Then, reining in his horse vigorously, he suddenly backed. The jerk he gave in this way was so powerful that it almost pulled Jasto out of the hands of his captors. He was so far released, indeed, that, had the right hand of Sir Charles been free, he would have been able to cut down the robbers.

But as he still held Jasto in his iron grasp, and

prepared to back again, the robber captain, seeing that, in a moment, his captive would be torn from him, and infuriated by the idea that he would lose everything, even the chance of some ransom money from the captain of the *coteaux*, drew from his belt a great, heavy knife, almost as long as a sword and very broad, and with this terrible weapon aimed a blow at Jasto's head.

"Traitor!" he cried. "If I can't take you, you can take that!"

But Jasto did not take anything of the kind; for, at the instant that the robber made the blow, two arrows from the archers, who were coming up, and who saw that the only chance of saving Jasto was a quick shot, struck the robber captain in the side of the head, and the knife dropped harmlessly by Jasto's side, while the robber fell back dead. Instantly the other *brabançons* took to their heels, and Sir Charles released the red and panting Jasto.

"Heigho!" cried the knight. "Surely I can not mistake that round face and those stout legs! This must be Jasto, my old follower and man of learning! Why, good letter-writer, I knew not what had become of you, and I have often missed you sorely."

Jasto recognized his old master, and, indeed, he had recognized him as soon as he had seen him in Barran's castle, but he had not wished to make himself known, fearing that Sir Charles might interfere in some way with his plan of demanding a reward for the return of Louis. Now, he would have spoken, but he was too much exhausted and out of breath to say a word. He merely panted and bobbed his head, and tried to look grateful for his deliverance.

"No need of speaking now," said the knight, laughing. "When the breath comes back into your body, I will see you again, and hear your story. And, I doubt not, I shall soon have need to call on you to use your pen and ink for me. If we stay long in Paris, I surely shall so need you."

But now orders were given to form into line and move onward, and Sir Charles galloped up to his place by Count Hugo. The order of marching was taken up as before, and the party, leaving the dead and wounded *brabançons* to be cared for by their companions, who were doubtless hiding in the forest near by, rode cautiously on until they cleared the woods, and then they proceeded on their way as rapidly and comfortably as possible. But few of the men-at-arms had been wounded, and none seriously.

The two boys and Agnes were in high good spirits as they galloped along. Agnes was proud of her father's bravery and warlike deeds, and Ray-

mond and his brother were as excited and exultant as if they had won a victory themselves. Louis would have ridden back to see if his friend Jasto had been injured, but this was not allowed. He was told that the man was safe and sound, and had to be satisfied with that assurance.

As for Jasto himself, he rode silently among the baggage men, having been given a horse captured from the *brabançons*.

For once in his life, he was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and two things weighed upon his mind. In the midst of his struggle with the robbers, and when he had felt certain that they would overpower him and take him back to Michol, by whom he would be cruelly punished and perhaps slain, he had heard that shrill young voice calling for help for Jasto.

"And yet," he said to himself, "I am following that boy about, and keeping in his company, solely that I may, some day, have the chance of claiming pay for freeing him from the *coteaux*, to which bad company I should have gone back this day if it had not been for him. For had he not called for help, none would have come to me. I owe him my freedom now, and as he is worth surely twice as much as I am, I will charge his friends but half the sum I had intended. And I shall think about the other half. But a poor man must not let his gratitude hinder his fortune. I shall think of that too."

"But as for Sir Charles, who has saved my life to-day, and who was ever of old a good master to me, I shall never deceive him more. I shall either tell him boldly that I can not write a letter any more than he can himself, or I shall learn to read and write. And that last is what I shall surely do, if I can find monk or clerk to teach me and he ask not more pay than I have money."

With these comforting resolutions Jasto's face brightened up, and raising his head, as if he felt like a man again, he left the company of the baggage, and rode forward among the men-at-arms.

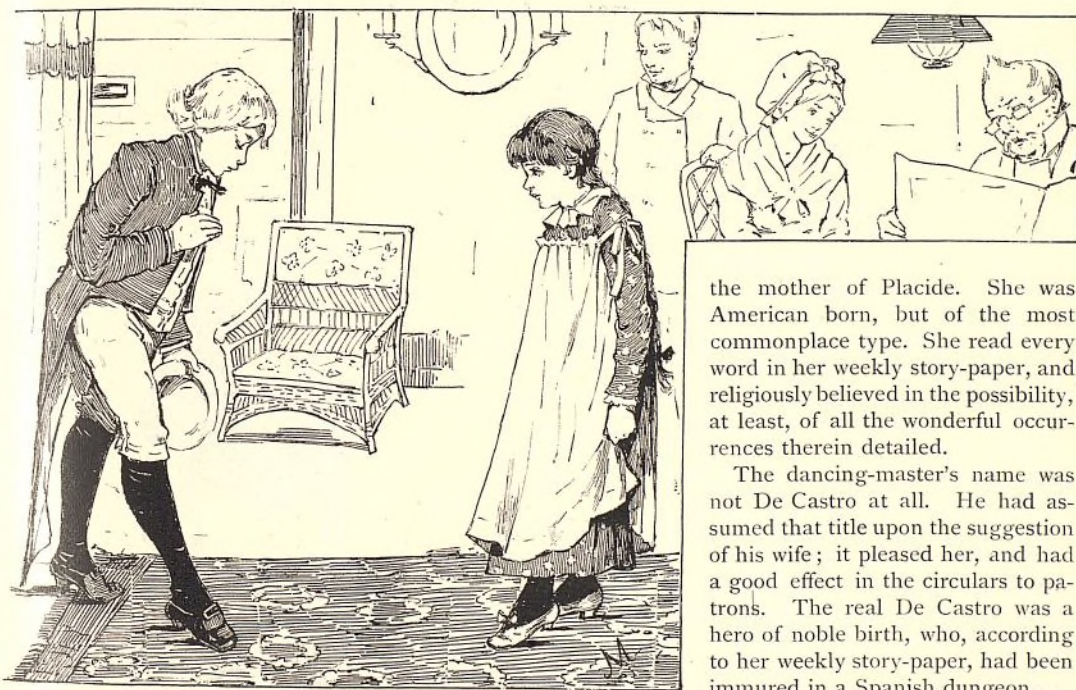
That night our travelers rested in a village, and the next day they came to the river Yonne, along the banks of which their road lay for a great part of the rest of their journey.

They passed through Sens, a large town, in which there lived a bishop, to whom their errand might have been made known, had not there been reason to fear that such an application might injure the cause of the Countess more than it would benefit it, and then they crossed the Seine and passed through Melun and several small towns and villages; and, late in the afternoon of the fourth day, they rode into Paris, with dusty clothes and tired horses, but with hearts full of hope.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSION OF MABEL'S VALENTINE.

BY ANNA NORTH.



"PLACIDE EXECUTED HIS BOW WITH GREAT ELEGANCE." [SEE PAGE 295.]

MRS. DE CASTRO said Placide was "sure to make a rise in the world." Placide was tall for a boy of twelve, and all arms and legs. His eyes looked large in his thin, sallow face, and his thatch of light hair stood out all around like a door-mat.

The whole school made fun of the poor boy; but he took it all with a pitiful kind of smile. Nobody knew how cruelly it hurt him, nor how he longed to be friendly with his school-mates.

On entering the school-room he invariably saluted Miss Rose, the teacher, with an elaborate bow, in which he turned out his right foot, drew the other far back, and made a very deep inclination.

Though scarcely able to repress a smile while she rapped fiercely to quell the sensation this performance always excited, such a very unusual show of respect gained him rather a warm place in Miss Rose's heart, and resulted in a good deal of compensation for his social failures. Placide's father had been a little, broken-down French dancing-master, and the bow was about all he bequeathed his son, excepting a fine sense of honor and a sensitive social nature.

There was nothing French about Mrs. De Castro.

the mother of Placide. She was American born, but of the most commonplace type. She read every word in her weekly story-paper, and religiously believed in the possibility, at least, of all the wonderful occurrences therein detailed.

The dancing-master's name was not De Castro at all. He had assumed that title upon the suggestion of his wife; it pleased her, and had a good effect in the circulars to patrons. The real De Castro was a hero of noble birth, who, according to her weekly story-paper, had been immured in a Spanish dungeon.

The dancing-master was a sorrowful little man when she married him; but she took great care of him, and earned his deepest gratitude by making comfortable his declining years.

In her own fancy she made him out to have been of ancient lineage, and used to prophesy darkly over her ironing-board that there would be a "*denouement*" some of these days.

"The king was coming to his own again," she said, nowadays, in allusion to Placide's expected "rise in the world." And when it really came, it chanced that the lad owed his elevation to St. Valentine.

The shop-windows were gay with reminders of the approach of the great February holiday. The hideous caricatures styled comic valentines were considered very funny by the children; Mabel Lawrence and some of her school-mates were examining an assortment of them one morning in the book-store. Every trade, occupation, or accomplishment, and every defect of body or mind was illustrated by uncouth figures and doggerel verse. There was something to hurt almost anybody's feelings.

"Oh, look!" cried one of the girls—"here's 'Plaster Caster'!"

"Plaster Caster" was the popular nickname for Placide De Castro. And there *was* something suggestive of Placide in the ungainly figure, while the accompanying rhyme was to the effect that it would appear more becoming in him to assist his mother, instead of being ashamed of her, at her wash-tub earning money to pay for his fine clothes.

How the girls laughed! "We *must* send it!" they said. Mabel was the only one who had a penny, so she paid it and took the valentine. It was handed around slyly in school, and caused great merriment; the boys and girls thought it the best joke they had ever heard of.

Mabel was carried along at first by the fun of the thing, but gradually she grew more and more doubtful as to such a proceeding being quite up to the Lawrence standard. In the spelling-class, she noted the variety of fabrics represented in Placide's "fine clothes"; and on her way home, she saw him bravely putting out a line-full of clothes, apparently unmindful of the boys throwing snow-balls and inquiring the price of soap and bluing.

Mabel walked on slowly, and when she reached home, threw the cruel valentine into the kitchen fire.

She had no idea of the agony she spared Placide.

The boys and girls said it was "real mean" of her to spoil the fun. But Mabel was very lofty, and there threatened to be a quarrel.

Mabel had been looking wise ever since valentines began to be mentioned; she was planning a surprise. On the table in her room was a pile of them, very small but very pretty, in fancy envelopes, addressed to all her boy and girl friends and associates. It had occupied all her leisure time for a week to write, in a very slow and painstaking manner, on the blank pages: "Miss Mabel Lawrence presents her compliments, and will be pleased to have you spend the evening of February 14th at her home." Upon consultation with her mother, she now added another pretty valentine to the pile. It was addressed to Master Placide De Castro.

They were all sent out on the 13th. The boys judged it to be some kind of a "sell," but the girls were soon in possession of the facts, and it became generally understood that it was to be a fine affair, with scalloped oysters, frosted cakes, and many other enjoyable features.

But it was nearly a week after the party when the postmaster hailed Placide, as he was passing by, and handed him his invitation. It seemed a pity on the face of it, but no valentine ever imparted a greater degree of pure felicity than this belated one. It was a beautiful thing to happen to the sensitive, slighted, ridiculed boy, to be so remembered. He went singing and whistling about his work, the weight lifted off his heart, the

sorrowful look gone from his face, his eyes bright with hope and pleasure.

Besides, had it not been for the delay, the "rise in the world" might never have been effected.

Mrs. De Castro accounted herself strong in the usages of polite society. "Now, Placide," she said, "you must acknowledge this compliment by actin' accordin' to ettiquetty."

"Yes, ma'am," said Placide, more than willing.



PLACIDE RECEIVES THE DELAYED VALENTINE.

"Seein' you could n't attend, nor send your regrets, you must make a party call. Your best trousers are pretty good," she continued, "but I don't know about your going in that jacket. Let's see, Placide, your pa was a small man. I should n't wonder if you'd most grewed into his swaller-tail coat by this time. This was your pa's dress-coat that he always wore when he went into society," she said, as she laid it out on the bed and unpinned the sheet in which it was folded.

"Now, slip in your arms and let's see how it will do." (The tails came within six inches of the floor.)

"Taint so dreadful long if it *is* a little loose," she said. "Coats is worn long now—gentlemen's

overcoats come clear down to their heels. It's an awful nice piece of broadcloth, Placide, and you must n't let anything happen to it!"

The white vest did pretty well by pinning up a broad plait in the back, his mother's black kid-gloves did n't wrinkle *very* much, and the shine on his shoes could n't have been improved. After being thoroughly instructed on various points, he set out to make his "party call," thinking his costume just about the thing. Fortunately, darkness protected him. Smiles strove for the mastery in Dolly's face as she ushered him into the sitting-room, announcing, "This young gentleman wants to see Miss Mabel." They were all ladies and gentlemen at Dr. Lawrence's, however. Mabel reddened, as he entered, but she arose as grave as a judge, and offered him a chair.

"This is Placide De Castro, Papa," she said to the Doctor, who eyed him through his glasses in some amazement.

Placide executed his bow with great elegance and precision, saluting in turn the Doctor, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mabel, ending up with a comprehensive *salâm* for the rest of the family.

"Please accept my respectful thanks, Miss Lawrence, for the kind invitation to your party," was his opening remark.

"I am sorry you did n't come; we had a very nice time," answered Mabel, politely.

This opened the way for his second speech.

"I should, doubtless, have enjoyed the occasion extremely, but my attendance was prevented by circumstances over which I had no control." (This sentence he had memorized from a "Complete Letter-writer.")

"Would n't your mother let you come?" asked Mabel.

Not being exactly prepared for this, he answered naturally enough. "Oh, yes, ma'am! The reason is, that I did not get the valentine till to-day."

"That was too bad!" said Mabel.

"Otherwise, I should have been present or sent my regrets," recited Placide, seeing his opportunity. When the Doctor asked him, "Are you attending school this winter?" he replied, "Yes, sir, I am pursuing my studies under the direction of Miss Rose Mayfield," and he was prepared with several other elegant replies to possible queries; but after this the conversation ran in channels unfavorable to their introduction. He particularly regretted the omission of one he had learned about rude Boreas, but no allusion whatever was made to the weather.

The Doctor was regularly captivated; the quaintness of the whole proceeding took his fancy. Politeness in "young America" was a phenomenon worth studying. Once clear of the

points of "etiquetty," he found the boy quite simple and child-like, while the thoughtfulness and intelligence of his replies pleased his questioner very much.

Not to outstay the proper limits of a call, Placide presently arose to make his adieux.

"Permit me," he said, "to apologize for trespassing upon your kind attention, and allow me to bid you good-evening."

"Come again, my boy, come again!" said the Doctor, heartily.

"Next time Mabel and the boys will teach you some of their games," said Mrs. Lawrence. Placide's eyes sparkled.

"I should like to come very much indeed!" he said. He *was* to say, "I shall be happy to do myself the honor on some future occasion," but forgot all about it in the pleasure of being actually invited; however, he recovered himself in time to bow twice in his very best manner.

There would have been a good deal of teasing about "Mabel's beau" from the boys, and the Doctor, too, if she had not run and hid her face in his arms. Then he shook his head at them.

"Really, I think it was pretty well done," said Mrs. Lawrence, joining in the general merriment.

"That must have been poor De Castro's professional coat," said the Doctor. "There is certainly something in that costume which gives an air of gentility to the wearer."

"Why—did n't you think he looked ridiculous, Papa?" asked Mabel.

"Not exactly, my dear; it looked as though he might be masquerading. There are some unusual elements of character in that boy," he went on. "I like his nerve. I doubt if another boy in the place could be induced to perform that little act of courtesy."

"Is that the style you would like Hal and me to go in for, Father?" asked Archy, demurely.

"The manifestation is a little peculiar," answered the Doctor, smiling, "but I would like to see the spirit of it in every boy in America."

One day, while his interest was still fresh, Rose Mayfield praised Placide, in his hearing, as her most ambitious pupil. "It is a pity," she said, "that he must leave school when spring opens: they are so poor it is necessary for him to earn something."

The Doctor determined to be of service to him. He really needed an office-boy,—an errand-boy,—a generally useful boy. Placide, he felt confident, was exactly the kind of boy he wanted, and so the lad was presently lifted to the topmost pinnacle of human bliss by the offer of the situation, with the privilege of pursuing his studies under direction of the tutor employed to prepare Hal

and Archie for college. And that was the "rise in the world."

Some of his boy-persecutors now took to calling him "Castor Oil," but he could look down upon them from the heights of prosperity in calm disdain. His perfect faithfulness made him a treasure to his employer from the day he entered his service. He soon began to share the Doctor's professional zeal, and became skillful in practical surgery for the benefit of all the unfortunate cats and dogs of the neighborhood.

Already his mother predicted that he would be-

come the foremost physician of the country. Nor was her prophetic fancy very wide of the mark. Certainly no one else foresaw so clearly the "denoement" of the coming years—the "denoement" that really happened, when she herself grew to live in ease and comfort, with plenty of time to read three story-papers instead of one, and Placide, grown graceful and grave and handsome, became the trusted associate of Doctor Lawrence, who had been a kind helper to him through all the years of faithful study and hard work which lay between his friendless boyhood and his well-earned reward.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL.



I HAVE met her many mornings
With her basket on her arm,
And a certain subtle charm,
Coming not from her adornings,
But the modest light that lies
Deep within her shaded eyes.

And she carries naught but blessing,
As she journeys up and down
Through the never-heeding town,
With her looks the ground caressing
Yet I know her steps are bent
On some task of good intent.

Maiden, though you do not ask it,
And your modest eyes may wink,
I will tell you what I think:
Queens might gladly bear your basket,
If they could appear as true
And as good and sweet as you.

PUCK'S PRANKS; OR, GOOD FOR EVIL.

(A Juvenile Drama in One Act.)

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of "The Concordance to Shakespeare," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," etc., etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OBERON, King of Fairyland (*disguised as a poor man*).TITANIA, Queen of Fairyland (*disguised as a poor woman*).

MAT, the miller.

JOAN, his wife.

PEGGY, their little girl.

WATTY, their baby (*a very large doll, with real curly hair*).PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a mischievous sprite (*afterward disguised as HOB, a loutish lad*).

The scene is at MAT's cottage, in a wood near his mill.

SCENE.—The inside of MAT's cottage. On one side is a bed, in a recess, with coarse, checked curtains drawn before it. On the other side, the door of entrance. At the back of the stage is a lattice window strongly made. Near the window is a range of shelves, with pewter platters placed in rows along them. A wooden dresser under the shelves; on the dresser is a loaf of bread, a brown earthenware pan, a few drinking vessels, wooden spoons, and one or two wooden bowls, in one of which there is milk; beneath the dresser are various saucepans, a frying-pan, a gridiron, a kettle, etc., all very neat and bright. A fire-place toward the front of the stage, on one side, with a wood-basket, full of wood, standing near the hearth. In the center, a table with stools; and, in the corner nearest the audience, a child's arm-chair.

MAT, JOAN, PEGGY, and WATTY are seen in the room when the curtain rises.

JOAN (*seated on one of the stools, with WATTY on her lap*). Well, it's the truth, and *it is* the truth. I'll repeat it. There never was such a beautiful baby as mine! He's the finest boy, of his age, that ever was seen!

MAT (*laughing*). Of course he is! When was there ever a mother who did n't think her babby the finest ever born?

JOAN. Nonsense, Mat! But this one really is, you know.

MAT. Ah! so you said when Peggy was born; and now you've got another babby, *he's* the finest.

JOAN. Well, *he is*; he's much finer and fatter than she was. Why, he's twice as big as she ever was; that you must allow.

MAT. Yes, yes, he's bigger; but as to being rosier, or more bright-eyed, or more curly-pated, or more golden-haired, than my little Peggy here (*he pats PEGGY'S head—she is leaning against his knee as he sits*), that I can't allow.

JOAN. You never allow the plain truth in anything that's reasonable. I seldom talk reason, goodness knows; but, when I do, I think you might allow it to be true. Come, Mat, be a reasonable man, and confess that our Watty is as big a beauty as ever you set eyes on.

MAT. Well, yes, certainly; as *big* a beauty—I own he's *that*! He's a bonny, bouncing boy, as I've good reason to know, when I toss him in my arms. He is a weight, I can tell you. Here, mother, hand him over to me, that I may give him a good toss before I go to the mill, and see that everything there is safely fastened up afore night-fall.

JOAN. Nay, Mat, he does n't want a toss now—he's going off to sleep soon, I think; so I'll put him down on our bed for an evening nap, while I just go and see to the milk-pans and the churn in the dairy, before I come in and undress him ready for last thing at night.

MAT. Ay, do, wife. How comes it you had such bad luck with the churn yesterday? No butter at all, had you?

JOAN. No; I can't think how't was. For a good hour and more I churned away, but something surely ailed the cream—it would n't yield a scrap o' butter.

MAT. Well, better luck this evening, I hope, Joan. I'm off to the mill. [He goes out.]

JOAN (*rocking her baby in her arms, and lulling him off to sleep*). Hush-a-by, baby! Mother's own darling! Hush-a-by, Watty! Sleep, my beauty! I do think now he's fast as a church. (*She places him on the bed, and draws to the checked curtains.*) Now, Peggy, Mother's other darling, behave like a lady, and sit in your little arm-chair like a queen upon her throne, and don't stir or get into harm while Mother's away (*she kisses Peggy, and places her in the child's-chair, giving her a toy-horse to play with*)—I'll soon be back again.

[JOAN goes out, shutting the cottage door after her. In a few moments the lattice-casement opens, and discovers PUCK perched on the window-sill. He is clothed in a close-fitting suit of dark brown merino, decked with moss, fern, and ivy-leaves; he has pointed, stick-up ears, and dusky, bat-like wings. He pops his head in, and looks about.]

PUCK. What have we here? No one at home?
At happy moment have I come.
The cottage empty? No one here?
I look, and peep, and slyly peer;
But not a soul I see—that's clear!

[Sees PEGGY.

Ah, yes! that child—a little lass!
She's playing with a horse, or ass!
No matter; she's a tiny puss—
Wont notice Puck, or make a fuss,
Whate'er he do: so, in I jump!

[He leaps down from the sill into the room.

The child sits there, a silent lump:
'T is all the better. Here I go!
I laugh my merry Ho! ho! ho!
The laugh of Robin Goodfellow.

[He snatches the pewter plates from the shelves, and flings them about among the bowls and other articles on the dresser, while he says the following:

Down, down I dash the pewter platters!
Hark, how the metal clinks and clatters!
The horn against the pewter batters,
And splits itself to rents and tatters!
The crockery against 'em shatters,
The bowl of milk upsets and spatters!
If spilt, the better—naught it matters:
I love the mess; the more it scatters,
The more my mirth: for turmoil, din,
Are joy to PUCK; they make him grin
Like grinning ape, that moes and chatters.
See, see! the white milk—down it patters!

PEGGY (*watching* PUCK). Ugly boy! Bad boy!

PUCK (*seizing the utensils from beneath the dresser, and strewing them about the floor, with as much noise as possible*).

Now pots and kettles, pans, look out!
I'm going to put you to the rout!
Pots, pans, and kettles, fly about!
As you clang, I'll loudly shout!
I love to hear the merry dash,
To see the litter and the splash,
The smutty vessels tumble, dash
Together in a heap, and crash.
Oho! the housewife needs must clean
The things that Puck has soiled, I ween;
And Robin Goodfellow enjoys
Whatever lazy wife annoys:
For frolic, mischief, fun, and strife
Are Robin's very life of life.

PEGGY (*watching* PUCK). Ugly boy! Noisy boy! Bad boy!

PUCK (*going to the wood-basket, emptying out the wood, log by log, and hurling the sticks about the floor near the hearth*).

And now to scatter all the wood—
They'll have to make it neat and good!
A clean-swept hearth I dearly love;
And peasants should n't be above
Their work of keeping tidy all
Around them, be it large or small.
A sloven I can *not* abide:
I like to see things set aside,
And put in place, and order kept;
The well-scrubbed floor all neatly swept,
The boards as white as snowy sheet,
Fit for a fairy's dainty feet.
Therefore I strew the floor with clumps,
That goody Joan may stir her stumps
And pile the logs all up again,
And strive with all her might and main
To tidy up the twigs and sticks
Here strewn about by Robin's tricks.
Oh, ho! ho, ho! he laughs outright
To see this goodly, merry sight—
To know the vexed and wondering plight
These good folks will be in to-night!

PEGGY. Bad boy! Bad boy! Go away!

PUCK (*snatching the toy-horse away from PEGGY, and darting off with it to the opposite side of the stage, he holds it out to her, imitating the neigh of a horse*).

Like filly foal I shrilly neigh;
Come hither! Fetch your horse, I say!
Come! if you're for a game of play,
It is not Puck will say you nay.

[PEGGY shakes her head.

You wont? then you're a silly gaby.
It is n't often that a baby
Has chance of such a playfellow
As mad-cap Robin Goodfellow.
[She still shakes her head, rising from her chair.
But if you wont, you wont: your nag
'T is true, is hardly worth the fag
Of fetching. Let it go! I'll chuck
It in the wood-basket, for Puck
Avers 't is good for naught: a steed?
Why, 't is n't even worth its feed.
Here goes! A good-for-nothing block,
Fit only to increase the stock
Of logs for burning! In it goes!
Look out, my lassy, mind your toes!

[He flings the toy-horse into the basket.

PEGGY. Oh, my horse! Bad boy! go away, go away!
[She cries.

PUCK. Oho! oho! you wish me gone?

[He beckons her back to her little arm-chair.
Come hither; sit upon your throne,
My pretty little red-cheeked maid;
Forget the gamesome pranks I've played—

Come, sit ye down, and be at ease.
 You 're like a cluster of sweet peas—
 Those perking butterflies of flowers,
 That lift their wings amid the bowers;
 Or speedwell, with its eyes of blue
 So shyly gazing, just like you;
 Or opening rose, that floral queen—
 Pink flush, with pinker flush between;
 So fresh and fair you are, I 've seen
 No sweeter blossom than yourself—
 You might, for beauty, be an elf.
 Come, sit ye down, my winsome maid;
 Be seated, pray; be not afraid.

[She approaches; and, as she is about to sit down, he draws back the small chair suddenly.]

PEGGY (*saving herself from falling*). Bad boy! nearly had me down! go away! go away!

PUCK (*tripping on tiptoe toward the bed*).

Between these curtains I will peep.

[He peers in.]

What 's here? an infant fast asleep!
 Bright golden curls, a cherry cheek,
 Long, fringed lashes—all bespeak
 A loveliness complete! What if
 I make him source of elfin tiff
 'Twixt King and Queen of Fairy-land,
 And bring contention 'mid our band?
 'T would be good sport; dull peace I hate;
 They 've been good friends too much of
 late.

As long ago the Indian boy
 Was Queen Titania's favorite toy,
 Till ta'en from her by Oberon,
 Who set his kingly heart thereon—
 His little henchman page to be
 And tend upon him faithfully,—
 So now this buxom baby-boy
 Shall be my royal lady's joy,
 Unless again she be beguiled
 And forced to yield her changeling child.
 At any rate, I 'll steal the lad—
 'T will drive his foolish parents mad.
 Oh, Puck loves mischief, frolic, fun!
 One trick 's no sooner deftly done,
 Than he another has begun;
 And Robin Goodfellow's delight
 Is working mortal louts despite.
 Come, Master Baby: by your leave,
 Out of your bed I 'll you upheave!

[He lifts WATTY up.]

These humans are a goodly weight;
 And *this* is heavy, sure as fate!
 But here comes some one—off I go!
 And laugh my mocking Ho! ho! ho!

[Exit, bearing WATTY away with him.]

PEGGY. He 's gone! Bad boy 's gone! Taken Watty away!

[After a pause—Reënter JOAN.]

JOAN (*looking around her*). Why, here 's a pretty mess! What in the name of wonder 's come to the things? Platters knocked off the shelves! Bowls upset! Brown pan cracked! Pots and kettles topsy-turvey! Wood all strewed about! Why, Peggy, what in the world has been doing here? Is this the way you have behaved like a queen, and sat still, and been as good as I told you?

PEGGY. Me did n't do it. Did sit still.

JOAN. Don't tell me; you must have done it. And yet, no—you *could n't* do it; you 're not strong enough! Who did it? Tell Mother. Who 's been here?

PEGGY. Bad boy; bad, ugly boy!

JOAN. Boy! what boy?

PEGGY. Bad boy; ugly boy; made noise; took Watty away.

JOAN. What *is* the child saying? What are you talking about, Peggy?

PEGGY. 'Bout bad boy. Ugly; noisy; took away Watty.

JOAN. Bless the child! What can she mean? (*Runs to the bed; looks between the curtains, and screams.*) Watty! Watty! Oh, my beautiful baby! Watty! Watty! Oh, where is he! He 's gone! He 's gone!

PEGGY. Yes; bad boy took him.

JOAN. But, what boy?

PEGGY. Ugly boy; noisy boy; bad boy.

JOAN (*flinging herself in the seat, throwing her apron over her face, and crying bitterly*). Oh, my Watty, my Watty! my baby, my baby, my beautiful, my dear baby-boy!

[Reënter MAT; he is spattered with mud up to his knees.]

MAT. Why, Joan-woman, what 's the matter? How come you to be taking on like that? What 's gone wrong with *you*? I thought it was only me that had gone wrong, and that things had gone wrong with. I 've been lost in the fog, got in the bog, and up to my knees in mire and muck. See what a pickle I 'm in, and what a dance I 've been led! And all through a sudden mist that came on, and a wicked Will o' the Wisp that lured me by his false light all across the marsh, instead of the nighest way home. It 's well I did n't stick fast in the quagmire. But what 's the matter with *you*, my woman?

JOAN. Oh, Mat! Watty, our Watty! He 's gone! He 's lost! He 's taken away!

MAT. Taken away! Who 's taken him away?

JOAN. I don't know! I can't think! Oh, he's gone! he's lost!

MAT. It must be some mistake, wife; who should have taken him away? Are you sure he's gone?

JOAN. Too sure, too sure! He's not in the bed where I left him safe tucked up.

MAT. Are you quite sure? (*He goes to the bed, and pulls aside the curtain.*) Why, what's this? (*He lifts up a little, imp-like child,* with green horns on its head, and dusky wings on its back.*) Look here, Joan! What on earth's this?

JOAN (*taking her apron from before her face, and giving a scream as she looks*). That! That is a monster! An imp! A fright! Ugh! Oh, how unlike my Watty! My beauty! my own baby!

MAT. I'll tell you what, Joan-woman; your going on so about the beauty of our baby-boy has put it into the fairies' heads to steal him away, and send this changeling creature instead. I've heard of such things; and mayhap it's chanced to us.

JOAN. A fairy-changeling! Oh, take it away! Put it out o' doors! I can't bear the sight of it.

MAT. Turn it out o' doors! And night soon a-coming on! No, wife, that I wont. Nor you wont, neither, I know, once you come to think of it. Here, take it in your arms, poor little object; it looks a queer little oddity enough, but it does n't look wicked, though. Look at it, mother; it's a-looking at you, as if it wanted you to cuddle it.

JOAN. Is it, Mat? (*She starts toward him; but turns away.*) But oh, my Watty! (*Sobs and cries again.*)

MAT. Well, if we've lost Watty, mother, we sha n't get him back by crying; and we sha n't get him back by being cruel to this one; and even this thing's better than no baby to love. So, come, Joan-woman, take it in your arms.

JOAN (*shudders, but puts out her arms*). MAT puts the child into them, and she closes them around it, as it clings to her. Poor little fright! It seems to like being cuddled, though it is so hideous.

MAT. Oh, you'll get used to it, and then it wont seem so hideous. Once women hug babies to 'em, they're sure to think 'em pretty.

PUCK (*outside the cottage door, and giving a heavy thump against it*). Open the door!

MAT. What's that? Who's there? Who spoke?

PUCK (*outside*). It's I—Hob.

MAT. Hob? Who's Hob?

PUCK (*outside*). I.

MAT. You? Why, you said that before. But it does n't tell me who you are.

PUCK (*thumps again*). Come and see.

MAT (*opening the door, Puck is seen standing there, with a coarse jacket and trousers over his own elfin dress, and a rough cap, with a shock of red hair, covering his impish head and stick-up ears*). Well, now I see you, you're not anything much to see, I must say.

PUCK. Aint I, though? I should n't wonder a bit. I'm only a poor lad; never been taught noth'n'.

MAT. What d'ye want here?

PUCK (*coming in*). I want a night's lodg'n', and summut to eat and drink.

MAT. You do, do you? And what makes you think you'll get 'em here?

PUCK. Don't know. Thought I'd try.

MAT. What are you?

PUCK. A ragamuffin.

MAT. So you seem. Are you a gypsy?

PUCK. P'rhaps. A tramp; a scamp. They sometimes call me a scamp. I'm starving.

MAT. Are you?

PUCK. Not a doubt about it. Give me summut good to eat.

MAT. One'd think you would n't be over-nice, if you're so hard up for feed as you say. What do you like best?

PUCK. Curds and cream; or a bowl o' milk'll do, with some good wheaten bread in it.

MAT. You are n't partic'lar, you are n't. Joan-woman, have we got anything to give this young shaver? He can't be left to starve, you know.

JOAN. As for "curds and cream," there is n't a drop o' cream to be had. When I went into the dairy, I found the milk-pans all skimmed clear—nothing to put in the churn. As for curds, there may be some of them, for I put some to set, and at all rates there's some skim-milk. I've a good mind to go and see; for this impsy here'll be glad o' some bread and milk, and there's none left in the bowl on the dresser. All upset!

MAT. No cream! All the milk skimmed! No getting any butter from the churn yesterday! Why, wife, we seem bewitched!

PUCK (*aside*). No witch, good people. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow! (*Aloud.*) No cream? Well, then, a bowl o' curds, or a good mess o' bread and milk. I'm sharp-set; I'm famished!

MAT. He sha n't starve, the wretched urchin. I'll go myself to the dairy, and see for a bowl o' curds and some milk. [Exit.

*This is to be personated by the same big baby-doll that represents Watty—its curly hair covered over by a close skull-cap of light brown merino, having green horns on it, and its body clothed in a close-fitting dress of the same merino stuff.

PUCK (*aside*). Sweet curds and whey! Sweet milk! The food that most to merry Puck seems good. (*Aloud.*) Got any nut-brown ale in the house? I should n't mind a horn-full. Or cowslip wine? A cup o' cowslip wine 's not bad, when one 's got a spark in one's throat.

JOAN. Ill-mannered brat! Who taught you such off-hand ways?

PUCK. Never was taught at all.

JOAN. Why, who was your father and mother?

PUCK. Never had any.

JOAN. Who 's taken care of you?

PUCK. Never was taken care of. Tim Tinker took me about with him; but he never took care o' me. He licked me well-nigh all day.

JOAN. Licked you?

PUCK. Ay, beat me black and blue; starved me within an inch o' my life; so at last I ran away, with the inch I had left. And here I am!

JOAN. Oh, you 're here, are you?

PUCK. Yes, I 'm here.

[Reënter MAT, with a pan of curds and a bowl of milk.

MAT. I 've brought you the milk and curds, wife; but a new misfortune 's happened. I found all the beer I set to work gone wrong! No barm to be seen on it yet, though it 's a good bit since I set it a-work. We 're sure bewitched, Joan!

PUCK (*aside*). No witch, good people. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow. (*Aloud.*) Give us hold o' the bowl, master.

MAT. Wait a bit; the little 'un must be served first. Give it some bread and milk, mother; sop some curds in for it. I 'll hand you over some bread. [He gets some from the dresser.

JOAN (*crumbling some bread in a smaller bowl, into which MAT pours some of the milk, and she, with signs of mingled sorrow and disgust, feeds the elfin baby on her lap*). How the poppet enjoys it! Look at the little creature, Mat! How it eats!

MAT. Ay, I 'll warrant it! (*Turning to PUCK.*) Now for you, youngster. Here 's the remainder o' the bowl o' milk, and a good slice o' bread to munch; and after that you can finish off with some o' the curds.

PUCK (*taking the milk, and supping it up noisily*). Ah! it 's good, though! (*He reaches over to the pan of curds, into which he dashes the wooden spoon that MAT has given him to feed himself with.*) Now for some o' the curds!

MAT. I say, young chap! That 's rather a rough way of helping yourself, that is! Where did you learn manners?

PUCK. Never learnt any. Nobody never taught me noth'n'. (*He continues to dash the spoon into the curds, and gulp down spoonful after spoonful.*)

MAT. You 're splashing over as much as you eat. Be still, you young urchin, and wait till I help you.

PUCK. Be quick, then; make haste! (*As MAT helps him to the curds, PUCK jogs his elbow, and makes him spill half.*)

MAT. I say! Mind what you 're about, you blundering chap!

JOAN. Give me some o' the curds, Mat, for little impsy here. He 'd p'raps like some as well as the bread and milk; he seems still hungry.

MAT (*giving her some of the curds*). I warrant him! Here, mother.

JOAN (*continuing to feed the child*). It sucks it in as if it thought it rare and nice! (*While she is watching the child, PUCK gets off his seat, and, passing round her, nudges her arm so that she bobs the spoon, with which she is feeding the child, against its lips.*) Drat the boy! What an awkward, rough lout it is!

MAT. Clumsy urchin! What did you do that for?

PUCK. I did n't go for to do it. She stuck out her elbow, and I knocked against it.

JOAN. P'raps he did n't mean it, Mat. He seems not to know how to do anything decently.

PUCK. No; nobody never taught me noth'n'. I told you so.

MAT. Can you do any work? What did you do to get your bread?

PUCK. Noth'n'.

JOAN. No? Poor wretch! He says the traveling tinker that took him about with him beat him and starved him, but never took any care of him, or taught him anything. Well, impsy here seems getting sleepy. I 'll just lay him down on the bed and tuck him up snug. (*She puts the child on the bed, and draws the curtains.*)

PUCK (*going to the window, and looking out, he—or some concealed person in his stead—imitates the grunting of a hog, the squeaking of pigs, and the barking of a dog*). Hello! there 's the pig-sty door open, and the swine all getting out, and the dog barking after 'em like mad!

MAT. Who could have unfastened the pig-sty door? [He runs out.

JOAN. Mat may well say we are bewitched! I do think we are!

PUCK (*aside*). No witch, good woman. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow. (*Aloud, and looking from the window.*) How Master Mat is pelting away! He runs like a cockroach! (*Laughing.*)

JOAN. Why don't you run after him and try to help him?

PUCK. I help him! How am I to help? I was never taught to help. (*Still laughing.*)

JOAN. Wretched cub! What do you stick there, grinning, for? I've no patience with you. And yet I ought to, for you've never been taught better. Here! do try and learn to do something; you may help me to put by some of these things. Come here, and let's see if I can't teach you to be a little handy and helpful. (*She gives him the brown pan, that has held the curds, to put away; but he pretends to trip his foot, and lets the pan fall smash on the floor.*) Oh, you clumsy lad! You're fit for nothing! You're good for nothing!

PUCK. To be sure I aint.

JOAN. You're enough to tire the patience of Grizzel herself! (*She is going to sit down on one of the stools, when PUCK draws it back suddenly, and she falls down.*) Mercy me! I've nearly broke my back!

PUCK. Oh, ho! ho! ho! See how she stumbles!

The stool pulled back, and down she tumbles!

By sun and stars, an awkward slip!

'Tis ten to one she hurts her hip!

And what care I if so it be?

To plague mankind is Robin's glee.

PEGGY. Talks sing-song! Like bad boy.

PUCK. 'T is now high time I skip away—

I've had my fill of pranks and play.

And so I'm off, with Ho! ho! ho!

Good-bye, says Robin Goodfellow!

[He jumps through the window and exit. Reënter MAT.]

MAT. No hog! no pigs! no dog! nothing to be seen! The pig-sty shut, the kennel quiet! What can it all mean?

JOAN (*getting up from the ground*). I've had such a fall! That clumsy vagabond of a Hob— (*Looking around, and not seeing him.*) Why, where is he?

PEGGY. Flew out o' the window.

MAT. Oh, it's too sure; we're bewitched!— that's what it is.

[A knock is heard at the cottage door.]

JOAN. Who's there? Pull the latch and come in.

[Enter OBERON and TITANIA, in patched and ragged clothes, worn over their fairy dresses.]

OBERON. Can you give a poor couple leave to rest here? We're way-worn and foot-weary, and my good wife can't hobble any farther.

JOAN (*aside to her husband*). Oh, Mat! perhaps it's the witch, come to see the mischief she's done.

MAT (*aside to JOAN*). No, no, wife; don't you be timorsome or fanciful. It is only a poor, tired-out couple; let's give 'em rest and food. (*Aloud, to them.*) Come along, good folk; sit ye down, and

welcome. Make yourselves at home, and rest as you like. (*He sets stools for them.*) And I'll go and get you a comfortable horn of beer, and some bread and cheese; that'll cheer you up, and help you on your way, wont it?

OBERON. Ay, ay, master. Thank ye kindly, thank ye kindly, more for my wife than myself— she's fairly tired out, poor soul!

JOAN. You find us all at sixes and sevens; nothing neat and clean as it ought to be, to sit ye down in, and make you welcome in. Our cottage has been turned topsy-turvy, as you see; and, worst of all, my pretty baby, Watty, has been stolen away; and I have n't heart to do a hand's turn at tidying up the place or anything. Oh, my Watty! my Watty! (*Flings her apron over her head and bursts out crying.*)

MAT (*going to her*). Don't fret, don't fret, Joan-woman! I can't bear to see thee fret.

TITANIA. (*Aside to OBERON.*)

Poor folk! their grief doth touch me to the heart;

Let's comfort them, and act our oyal part Of gentleness and mercy: let's restore

The changeling boy, and bid them grieve no more.

OBERON. Agreed: we fairies pride ourselves on deeds

As fair and fragrant as the flowery meads.

[The tattered clothes fall from around the Fairy King and Queen, showing them in dainty robes of white, garlanded with ivy wreaths; chaplets of daisies on their heads; and wands, each tipped with a star, in their hands. MAT and JOAN turn and see them thus.]

TITANIA. Good woman, see! Within the curtained bed

Lies nestled safe the pretty curly head

Of your own baby, Watty. He's restored—

[JOAN rushes to the bed and brings forth WATTY, as he was at first; she covers him with kisses.]

Since good for evil, of your own accord,
You have returned.

OBERON. Not all the mischief done

By Puck could move you, worthy folk, to one Unkindness or forgetfulness of due

Forbearance. 'T is but fair, my friends, that you

Should have your turn of goodness shown; we elves

Disdain to be outdone by gods themselves

In generosity. Take back your son!—

And now, our fairy interlude is done.

Remains but this, that Master Puck be made

To render back the Good for Evil paid.

What ho! Thou knavish sprite, thou roguish
fay!
Appear! Fly hither in a twink, I say.

[The casement opens, and PUCK is seen, dressed as at
first, just alighted on the sill.

Repair the foul disorder and ill luck
Thou hast occasioned here, thou villain Puck!
Make cleanly all the cottage homestead space,
Or dare not hope to have my future grace.
Be quick, and ply thy fairy besom well,
And shed upon the house a happy spell.

PUCK. 'T is fit my royal master be obeyed,
And Robin's part shall faithfully be played.

[He flits hither and thither, dusting and sweeping with a
brush of feathers in one hand, and in the other a
broom of green twigs that he snatches up from the
side scene.

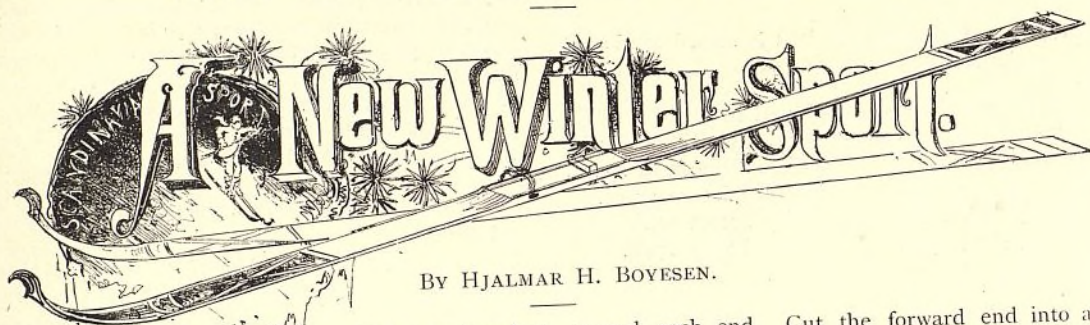
A blessing rest upon this lowly roof,
For it has kindly been in elves' behoof.
Since Good for Evil best of virtues ranks,
[Comes forward.

'T is surely right, when shown to Robin's
pranks.

[The curtain falls.]



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. II.



BY HJALMAR H. BOYSEN.

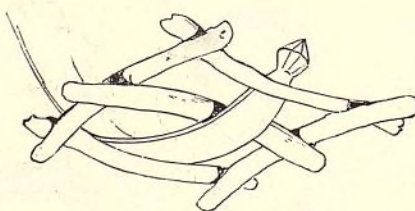
IT is a curious fact that so useful an article as the Norwegian *skees* has not been more generally introduced in the United States. In some of the Western States, notably in Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the Scandinavian population is large, the immigrants of Norse blood are beginning to teach Americans the use of their national snowshoes, and in Canada there has been an attempt made (with what success we do not know) to make skee-running popular. But the subject has by no means received the consideration which it deserves, and I am confident that I shall earn the gratitude of the great army of boys if I can teach them how to enjoy this fascinating sport.

Let me first, then, describe a *skee* and tell you how to have it made. You take a piece of tough, straight-grained pine, from five to ten feet long, and cut it down until it is about the breadth of your foot, or, at most, an inch broader. There must be no knots in the wood, and the grain must run with tolerable regularity lengthwise from end to end.

If you can not find a piece without a knot, then

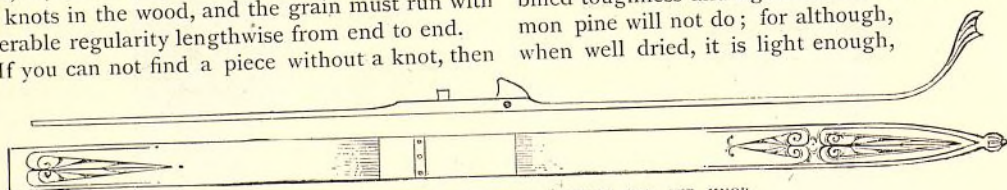
toward each end. Cut the forward end into a point,—not abruptly, but with a gradual curve, as shown in the drawings below. Pierce the middle latitudinally with a hole, about half an inch in height and an inch or (if required) more in width; then bend the forward pointed end by means of five sticks, placed as the drawing indicates, and let the *skee* remain in this position for four or five days, until its bend has become permanent, and it will no longer, on the removal of the sticks, resume the

straight line. Before doing this, however, it would be well to plane the under side of the *skee* carefully and then polish and sand-paper it, until it is as smooth as a mirror. It is, of course, of prime importance to diminish as much as possible the friction in running, and to make the *skee*



BENDING THE SKEE.

glide easily over the surface of the snow, and the Norwegians use for this purpose soft-soap, which they rub upon the under side of the *skee*, and which, I am told, has also a tendency to make the wood tougher. In fact, too much care can not be exercised in this respect, as the excellence of the *skees*, when finished, depends primarily upon the combined toughness and lightness of the wood. Common pine will not do; for although, when well dried, it is light enough,



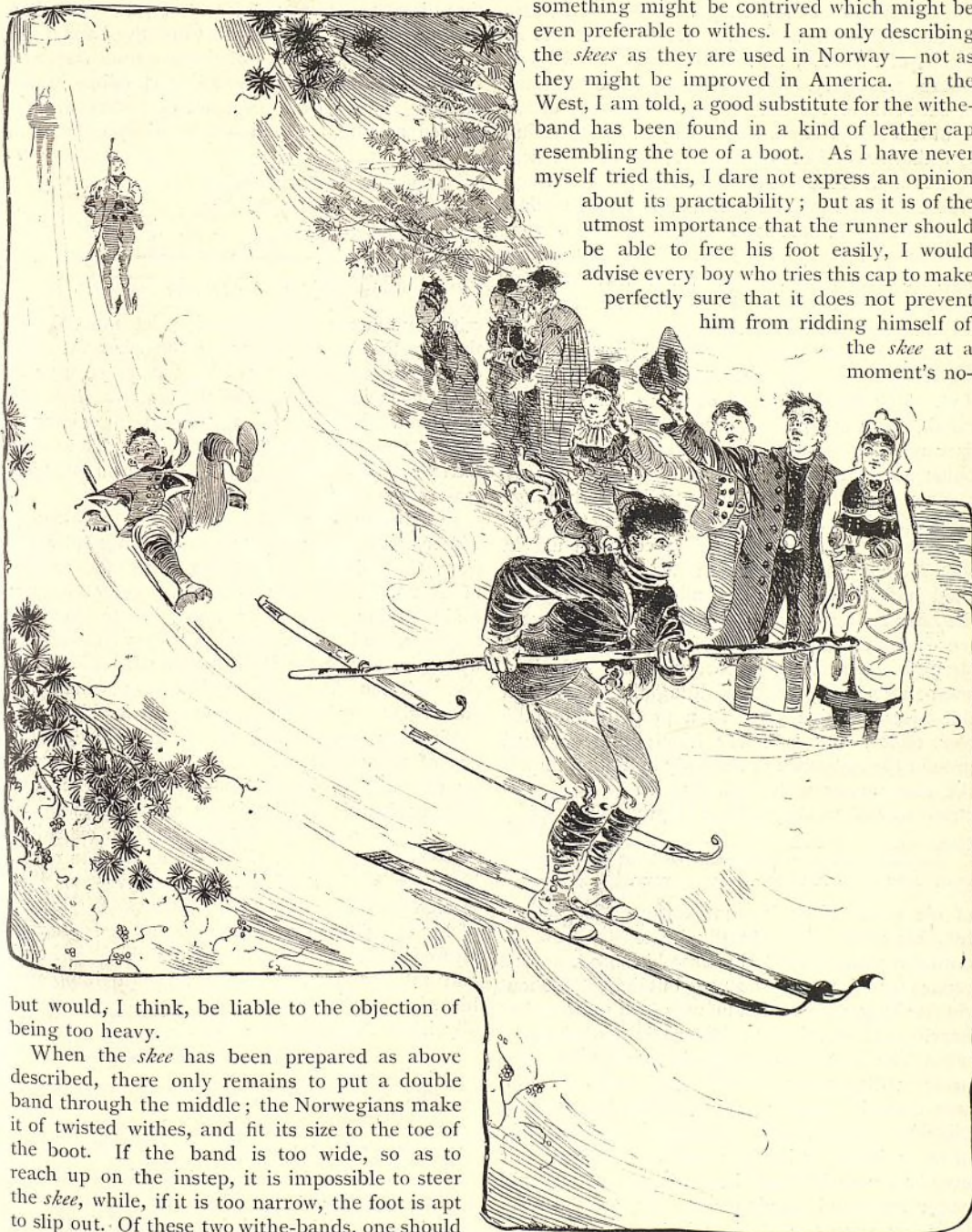
SIDE AND FACE VIEW OF SKEES, SHOWING CAP AND KNOB.

let the knot be as near the hind end as possible; but such a *skee* is not perfect, as it is apt to break if subjected to the strain of a "jump" or a "hollow" in a swift run. The thickness of the *skee* should be about an inch or an inch and one-half in the middle, and it should gradually grow thinner

it is rarely strong enough to bear the required strain. The tree known to Norwegians as the fir (*Sylvestris pinus*), which has long, flexible needles, hanging in tassels (not evenly distributed along the branch, as in the spruce), is most commonly used, as it is tough and pitchy, but becomes light

in weight, without losing its strength, when it is well seasoned and dried. Any other strong and straight-grained wood might, perhaps, be used,

serve a similar purpose. Leather, or any other substance which is apt to stretch when getting wet, will not do for bands, although, undoubtedly, something might be contrived which might be even preferable to withes. I am only describing the *skees* as they are used in Norway — not as they might be improved in America. In the West, I am told, a good substitute for the with-band has been found in a kind of leather cap resembling the toe of a boot. As I have never myself tried this, I dare not express an opinion about its practicability; but as it is of the utmost importance that the runner should be able to free his foot easily, I would advise every boy who tries this cap to make perfectly sure that it does not prevent him from ridding himself of the *skee* at a moment's no-



but would, I think, be liable to the objection of being too heavy.

When the *skee* has been prepared as above described, there only remains to put a double band through the middle; the Norwegians make it of twisted withes, and fit its size to the toe of the boot. If the band is too wide, so as to reach up on the instep, it is impossible to steer the *skee*, while, if it is too narrow, the foot is apt to slip out. Of these two with-bands, one should stand up and the other lie down horizontally, so as to steady the foot and prevent it from sliding. A little knob, just in front of the heel, might

A SKEE-RACE. [SEE PAGE 310.]

tice. The chief difficulty that the beginner has to encounter is the tendency of the *skees* to "spread,"

and the only thing for him to do in such a case, provided he is running too fast to trust to his ability to get them parallel again, is to jump out of the bands and let the *skees* go. Let him take care to throw himself backward, breaking his fall by means of the staff, and in the soft snow he will sustain no injury. Whenever an accident occurs in skee-running, it can usually be traced to undue tightness of the band, which may make it difficult to withdraw the feet instantly. A pair of *skees* kept at the rooms of the American Geographical Society, New York, are provided with a safeguard against "spreading" in the shape of a slight groove running longitudinally along the under side of each *skee*. I have seen *skees* provided with two such grooves, each about an inch from the edge and meeting near the forward point.

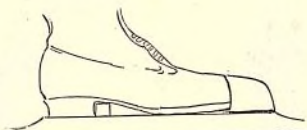
There has, of course, to be one *skee* for each foot, and the second is an exact duplicate of the first. The upper sides of both are usually decorated, either in colors or with rude carvings; the forward ends are usually painted for about a foot, either in black or red.

Now, the reader will ask: "What advantage does this kind of snow-shoes offer over the ordinary Indian ones, which are in common use in the Western and Northern States?" Having tried both, I think I may confidently answer that the *skees* are superior, both in speed and convenience; and, moreover, they effect a great saving of strength. The force which, with the American snow-shoes, is expended in lifting the feet, is with the *skees* applied only as a propeller, for the *skee* glides, and is never lifted; and on level ground the resistance of the body in motion impels the skee-runner with each forward stride several feet beyond the length

STAFF WITH A WHEEL THAT ACTS AS A BRAKE.

of his step. If he is going downhill, his effort will naturally be to diminish rather than to increase his speed, and he carries for this purpose a strong but light staff about six feet long, upon which he may lean more or less heavily, and thereby retard the rapidity of his progress. The best skee-runners, however, take great pride in dispensing with the staff, and one often sees them in Norway rushing down the steepest hill-sides with incredible speed, with a whirling eddy of snow following in their track. Although this may be a very fine and inspiring sight, I should not recommend beginners to be too hasty in throwing away the staff, as it is only by means of it that they are able to guide their course down over the snowy slope, just as a ship is steered by its rudder. If you wish to steer

toward the right, you press your staff down into the snow on your right side, while a similar maneuver on your left side will bend your course in that direction. If you wish to test your *skees* when they are finished, put your feet into the bands, and let some one take hold of the two front ends and slowly raise them while you are standing in the bands. If they bear your weight, they are regarded as safe, and will not be likely to break in



SIDE VIEW, SHOWING FOOT IN POSITION.

critical moments. In conclusion, let me add that the length and thickness of the *skees*, as here described, are not invariable, but must vary in accordance with the size of the boy who wishes to use them. Five feet is regarded as the minimum length, and would suit a boy from twelve to fourteen years old, while a grown-up man might safely make them twice that length.

In Norway, where the woods are pathless in winter, and where heavy snows continually fall from the middle of October until the middle of April, it is easily seen how essential, nay indispensable, the *skees* must be to hunters, trappers, and lumber-men, who have to depend upon the forests for their livelihood. Therefore, one of the first accomplishments which the Norwegian boy learns, as soon as he is old enough to find his way through the parish alone, is the use of these national snow-shoes. If he wakes up one fine winter morning and sees the huge snow-banks blockading doors and windows, and a white, glittering surface extending for miles as far as his eye can reach, he gives a shout of delight, buttons his thick woolen jacket up to his chin, pulls the fur borders of his cap down over his ears, and then, having cleared a narrow path between the dwelling-house and the cow-stables, makes haste to jump into his *skees*. If it is cold (as it usually is) and the snow ac-



UNDER SIDE AND CROSS SECTION OF SKEE, SHOWING GROOVE.

cordingly dry and crisp, he knows that it will be a splendid day for skee-running. If, on the contrary, the snow is wet and heavy, it is apt to stick in clots to the *skees*, and then the sport is attended with difficulties which are apt to spoil the amusement. We will take it for granted, however, that there

are no indications of a thaw, and we will accompany the Norse boy on his excursions over the snowy fields and through the dense pine-woods, in which he and his father spend their days in toil, not untempered with pleasure.

"Now, quick, Ola, my lad!" cries his father to him; "fetch the ax from the wood-shed and bring me my gun from the corner behind the clock, and we will see what luck we had with the fox-traps and the snares up in the birch-glen."

And Ola has no need of being asked twice to attend to such duties. His mother, in the meanwhile, has put up a luncheon, consisting of cold smoked ham and bread and butter, in a gayly painted wooden box, which Ola slings across his shoulder, while Nils, his father, sticks the ax into his girdle, and with his gun in one hand and his skee-staff in the other, emerges into the bright winter morning. They then climb up the steep snow-banks, place their *skees* upon the level surface, and put their feet into the bands. Nils gives a tremendous push with his staff and away he flies down the steep hill-side, while his little son, following close behind him, gives an Indian war-whoop, and swings his staff about his head to show how little he needs it. Whew, how fast he goes! How the cold wind sings in his ears; how the snow whirls about him, filling his eyes and ears and silvering the loose locks about his temples, until he looks like a hoary little gnome who has just stepped out from the mountain-side! But he is well used to snow and cold, and he does not mind it a bit.

In a few seconds father and son have reached the bottom of the valley, and before them is a steep incline, overgrown with leafless birch and elder forests. It is there where they have their snares, made of braided horse-hair; and, as bait, they use the red berries of the mountain ash, of which ptarmigan and thrushes are very fond. Now comes the test of their strength; but the snow is too deep and loose to wade through, and to climb a declivity on *skees* is by no means as easy as it is to slide down a smooth hill-side. They now have to plod along slowly, ascending in long zig-zag lines, pausing often to rest on their staves, and to wipe the perspiration from their foreheads. Half an hour's climb brings them to the trapping-grounds. But there, indeed, their efforts are well rewarded.

"Oh, look, look Father!" cries the boy, ecstatically. "Oh, what a lot we have caught! Why, there are three dozen birds, as sure as there is one."

His father smiles contentedly, but says nothing. He is too old a trapper to give way to his delight.

"There is enough to buy you a new coat for Christmas, lad," he says, chuckling; "and if we make many more such hauls, we may get enough

to buy Mother a silver brooch, too, to wear at church on Sundays."

"No, buy Mother's brooch first, Father," protests the lad, a little hesitatingly (for it costs many boys an effort to be generous); "my coat will come along soon enough. Although, to be sure, my old one is pretty shabby," he adds, with a regretful glance at his patched sleeves.

"Well, we will see, we will see," responds Nils, pulling off his bear-skin mittens and gliding in among the trees in which the traps are set. "The good Lord, who looks after the poor man as well as the rich, may send us enough to attend to the wants of us all."

He had opened his hunting-bag, and was loosening the snare from the neck of a poor strangled ptarmigan, when all of a sudden he heard a great flapping of wings, and, glancing down through the long colonnade of frost-silvered trees, saw a bird which had been caught by the leg, and was struggling desperately to escape from the snare.

"Poor silly thing!" he said, half-pityingly; "it is not worth a shot. Run down and dispatch it, Ola."

"Oh, I don't like to kill things, Father," cried the lad, who with a fascinated gaze was regarding the struggling ptarmigan. "When they hang themselves I don't mind it so much; but it seems too wicked to wring the neck of that white, harmless bird. No, let me cut the snare with my knife and let it go."

"All right; do as you like, lad," answered the father, with gruff kindness.

And with a delight which did his heart more honor than his head, Ola slid away on his *skees* toward the struggling bird, which, the moment he touched it, hung perfectly still, with its tongue stuck out, as if waiting for its death-blow.

"Kill me," it seemed to say. "I am quite ready."

But, instead of killing it, Ola took it gently in his hand, and stroked it caressingly while cutting the snare and disentangling its feet. How wildly its little heart beat with fright! And the moment his hold was relaxed, down it tumbled into the snow, ran a few steps, then took to its wings, dashed against a tree in sheer bewilderment, and shook down a shower of fine snow on its deliverer's head. Ola felt quite heroic when he saw the bird's delight, and thought how, perhaps, next summer (when it had changed its coat to brown) it would tell its little ones nestling under its wings of its hair-breadth escape from death, and of the kind-hearted youngster who had set it free instead of killing it.

While Ola was absorbed in these pleasant reflections, Nils, his father, had filled his hunting-bag with game and was counting his spoils.

"Now, quick, laddie," he called out, cheerily. "Stir your stumps and bring me your bag of bait. Get the snares to rights and fix the berries, as you have seen me doing."

Ola was very fond of this kind of work, and he

and, looking up, saw a fox making a great leap, then plunging headlong into the snow.

"Hello, Mr. Reynard," remarked Nils, as he slid over toward the dead animal. "You overslept yourself this morning. You have stolen my



NORWEGIAN SKEE-RUNNERS.

pushed himself with his staff from tree to tree, and hung the tempting red berries in the little hoops and arches which were attached to the bark of the trees. He was in the midst of this labor, when suddenly he heard the report of his father's gun,

game so long, now, that it was time I should get even with you. And yet, if the wind had been the other way, you would have caught the scent of me sooner than I should have caught yours. Now, sir, we are quits."

"What a great, big, sleek fellow!" ejaculated Ola, stroking the fox's fur and opening his mouth to examine his sharp, needle-pointed teeth.

"Yes," replied Nils; "I have saved the rascal the trouble of hunting until he has grown fat and secure, and fond of his ease. I had a long score to settle with that old miscreant, who has been robbing my snares ever since last season. His skin is worth about three dollars."

When the task of setting the snares in order had been completed, father and son glided lightly away under the huge, snow-laden trees to visit their traps, which were set further up the mountain. The sun was just peeping above the mountain-ridge, and the trees and the great snow-fields flashed and shone, as if oversown with numberless diamonds. Round about were the tracks of birds and beasts; the record of their little lives was traced there in the soft, downy snow, and could be read by every one who had the eyes to read. Here were the tracks telling of the quiet pottering of the leman and the field-mouse, going in search of their stored provisions for breakfast, but rising to take a peep at the sun on the way. You could trace their long, translucent tunnels under the snow-crust, crossing each other in labyrinthine entanglements. Here Mr. Reynard's graceful tail had lightly brushed over the snow, as he leaped to catch young Mrs. Partridge, who had just come out to scratch up her breakfast of frozen huckleberries, and here Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel (a very estimable couple) had partaken of their frugal repast of pine-cone seeds, the remains of which were still scattered on the snow. But far prettier were the imprints of their tiny feet, showing how they sat on their haunches, chattering amicably about the high cost of living, and of that grasping monopolist, Mr. Reynard, who had it all his own way in the woods, and had no more regard for life than a railroad president. This and much more, which I have not the time to tell you, did Ola and his father observe on their skeep-excursion through the woods. And when, late in the afternoon, they turned their faces homeward, they had, besides the ptarmigan and the fox, a big capercaillie (or grouse) cock and two hares. The twilight was already falling, for in the Norway winter it grows dark early in the afternoon.

"Now, let us see, lad," said Ola's father, regarding his son with a strange, dubious glance, "if you have got Norse blood in your veins. We don't want to go home the way we came, or we should scarcely reach the house before midnight. But if you dare risk your neck with your father, we will take the western track down the bare mountain-side. It takes brisk and stout legs to stand in that track, my lad, and I won't urge you, if you are afraid."

"I guess I can go where you can, Father," retorted the boy, proudly. "Anyway, my neck is n't half so valuable as yours."

"Spoken like a man!" said the father, in a voice of deep satisfaction. "Now for it, lad! Make yourself ready. Strap the hunting-bag close under your girdle, or you will lose it. Test your staff to make sure that it will hold, for if it breaks you are gone. Be sure you don't take my track. You are a fine chap and a brave one."

Ola followed his father's directions closely, and stood with loudly palpitating heart ready for the start. Before him lay the long, smooth slope of the mountain, showing only here and there soft undulations of surface, where a log or a fence lay deeply buried under the snow. On both sides the black pine-forest stood, tall and grave. If he should miss his footing, or his *skees* be crossed or run apart, very likely he might just as well order his epitaph. If it had not been his father who had challenged him, he would have much preferred to take the circuitous route down into the valley. But now he was in for it, and there was no time for retreating.

"Ready!" shouted Nils, advancing toward the edge of the slope: "One, two, three!"

And like an arrow he shot down over the steep track, guiding his course steadily with his staff; but it was scarcely five seconds before he was lost to sight, looking more like a whirling snow-drift than a man. With strained eyes and bated breath, Ola stood looking after him. Then, nerving himself for the feat, he glanced at his *skees* to see that they were parallel, and glided out over the terrible declivity. His first feeling was that he had slid right out into the air—that he was rushing with seven-league boots over forests and mountain-tops. For all that, he did not lose hold of his staff, which he pressed with all his might into the snow behind him, thus slightly retarding his furious speed. Now the pine-trees seemed to be running past him in a mad race up the mountain-side, and the snowy slope seemed to be rising to meet him, or moving in billowy lines under his feet. Gradually he gathered confidence in himself, a sort of fierce courage awoke within him, and a wild exultation surged through his veins and swept him on. The wind whistled about him and stung his face like little sharp needles. Now he darted away over a snowed-up fence or wood-pile, shooting out into the air, but always coming down firmly on his feet, and keeping his mind on his *skees*, so as to prevent them from diverging or crossing. He had a feeling of grandeur and triumphant achievement which he had never experienced before. The world lay at his feet, and he seemed to be striding over it in a march of conquest. It was glorious! But

all such sensations are unhappily brief. Ola soon knew by his slackening speed that he had reached the level ground; yet so great was the impetus he

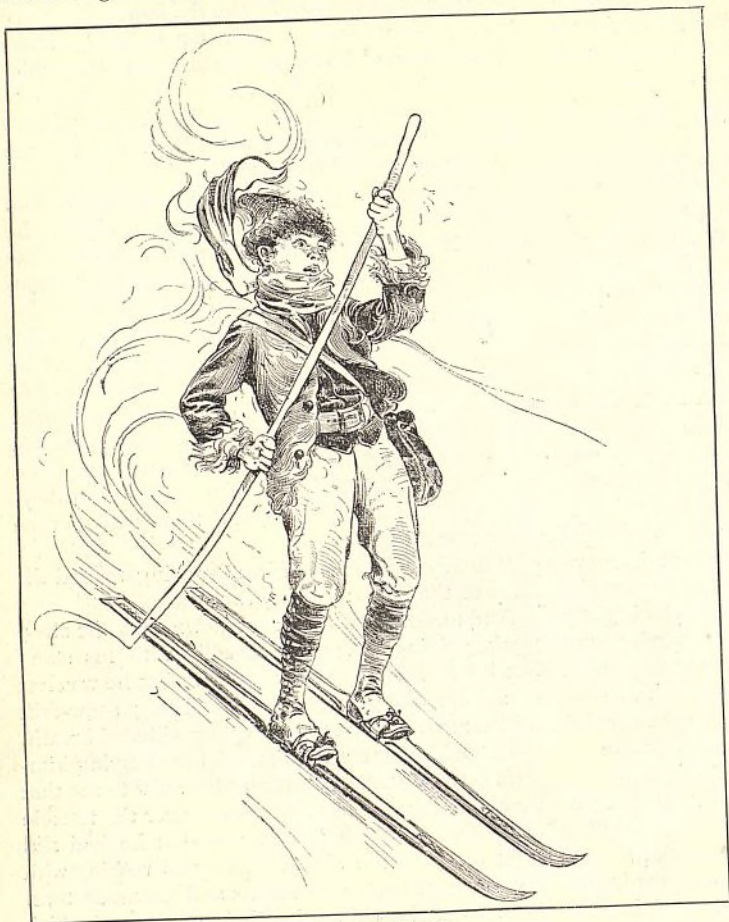
arms flung about his neck and he sank, half laughing, half crying, into his mother's embrace.

"Cheer up, laddie," he heard some one saying.

"Ye are a fine chap and a brave one!"

He knew his father's voice; but he did not look up; he was yet child enough to feel happiest in his mother's arms.

One of the most popular winter sports in Norway is skee-racing. A steep hill is selected by the committee which is to have charge of the race, and all the best skee-runners in the district enter their names, eager to engage in the contest. The track is cleared of all accidental obstructions, but if there happens to be a stone or wooden fence crossing it, the snow is dug away on the lower side of it and piled up above it. The object is to obtain what is called a "jump." The skee-runner, of course, coming at full speed down the slope will slide out over this "jump," shooting right out into the air and coming down either on his feet or any other convenient portion of his anatomy, as the case may be. To keep one's footing, and particularly to prevent the *skees* from becoming crossed while in the air, are the most difficult feats connected with skee-racing; and it is no unusual thing to see even an excellent skee-runner plunging headlong into the snow,



OLA'S STEEP RUN.

had received that he flew up the opposite slope toward his father's farm, and only stopped some fifty feet below the barn. He then rubbed his face and pinched his nose, just to see whether it was frozen. The muscles in his limbs ached, and the arm which had held the staff was so stiff and cramped that the slightest movement gave him pain. Nevertheless, he could not make up his mind to rest; he saw the light put in the north window to guide him, and he caught a glimpse of a pale, anxious face behind the window-pane, and knew that it was his mother who was waiting for him. And yet those last fifty feet seemed miles to his tired and aching legs. When he reached the front door, his dog Yutul jumped up on him in his joy and knocked him flat down in the snow; and oh, what an effort it took to rise! But no sooner had he regained his feet, than he felt a pair of

while his *skees* pursue an independent race down the track and tell the spectators of his failure. Properly speaking, a skee-race is not a race—not a test of speed, but a test of skill; for two runners rarely start simultaneously, as, in case one of them should fall, the other could not possibly stop, and might not even have the time to change his course. He would thus be in danger of running into his competitor, and could hardly avoid maiming him seriously. If there were several parallel tracks, at a distance of twenty to thirty feet from each other, there would, of course, be less risk in having the runners start together. Usually, a number fall in the first run, and those who have not fallen then continue the contest until one gains the palm. If, as occasionally happens, the competition is narrowed down to two, who are about evenly matched, a proposal to run without staves

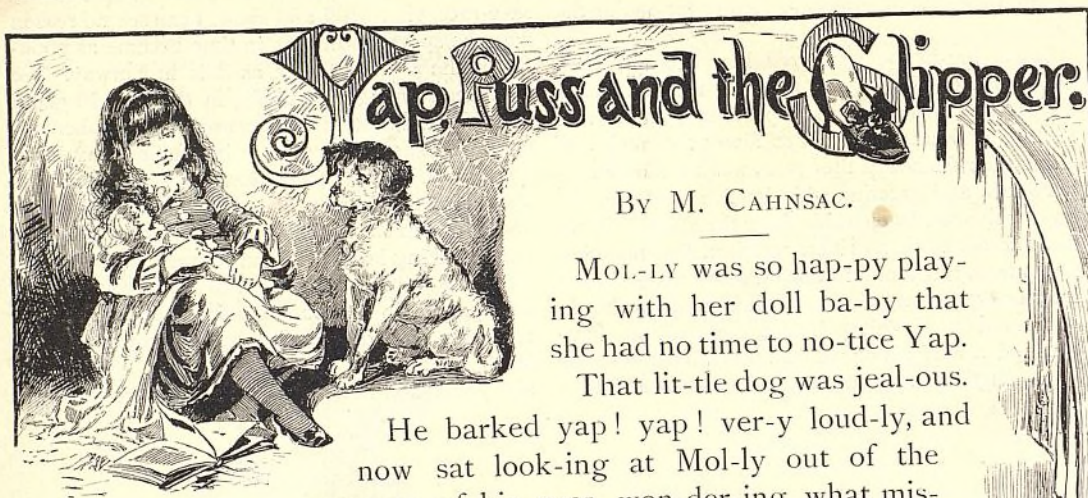
is apt to result in a decisive victory for one or the other.

It can hardly be conceived how exciting these contests are, not only to the skee-runners themselves, but, also, to the spectators, male and female, who gather in groups along the track and cheer their friends as they pass, waving their handkerchiefs, and greeting with derisive cries the mishaps which are inseparable from the sport. Prizes are offered, such as rifles, watches, fine shooting equipments, etc., and in almost every valley in the interior of Norway there are skee-runners who, in consequence of this constant competition, have attained a skill which would seem almost incredible. As there are but two things essential to a

skee-race, viz. : a hill and snow, I can see no reason why the sport should not in time become as popular in the United States as it is in Norway. We have snow enough, certainly, in the New England and Western States; neither are hills rare phenomena. If I should succeed in interesting any large number of boys in these States in skee-running, I should feel that I had conferred a benefit upon them, and added much to their enjoyment of winter. But before taking leave of them, let me give them two pieces of parting advice: 1. Be sure your staff is strong, and do not be hasty in throwing it away. 2. Never slide down a hill on a highway, or any hard, icy surface. It is only in the open fields and woods and in dry snow that *skees* are useful.



A ROMAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL. [FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON.]



By M. CAHNSAC.

MOL-LY was so hap-py play-ing with her doll ba-by that she had no time to no-tice Yap.

That lit-tle dog was jeal-ous.

He barked yap! yap! ver-y loud-ly, and now sat look-ing at Mol-ly out of the cor-ners of his eyes, won-der-ing what mis-chief he could get in-to, and so wor-ry her in-to play-ing with him. Sud-den-ly he trot-ted off, his mind quite made up as to what to do.

"Mol-ly! Mol-ly!" called Mam-ma.

"Mam-ma, don't call so loud," whis-pered Mol-ly. "My lit-tle doll ba-by is sleep-ing."

"Mol-ly," called Mam-ma a-gain, "make haste and see what Yap is aft-er. I am sure he is in my room."

"Oh! what a bad dog-gie," sighed Mol-ly, with her face in a puck-er, but she put her ba-by down, and went to see aft-er the dog.

There he was on the stair-case, with Mam-ma's slip-per in his mouth. When he saw Mol-ly he dropped the slip-per, and ran past her, look-ing very much as if he was laugh-ing.

Mol-ly shook her fin-ger at him, and, laugh-ing, too, picked up the slip-per, and car-ried it to Mam-ma.

But Yap was too smart to be cheat-ed out of his fun in that way. So he ran in-to the yard and be-gan to bark fu-ri-ous-ly at Puss. Mrs. Puss cared lit-tle for his bark-ing, and soon he stopped. Then Mol-ly looked out of the win-dow and said: "Yap and Puss look as if they were talk-ing to each oth-er, Mam-ma." And so they were.

"Oh, you beau-ti-ful lit-tle dar-ling!" said Mol-ly,



tak-ing her ba-by a-gain, and hug-ging it tight; "come and let us take a walk." Then she sat down to put on the doll's best clothes, and while she was ver-y bus-y and al-most read-y for the walk, she thought she heard a sound, "tip, tip," on the stair-case, and ran to see what was the mat-ter.

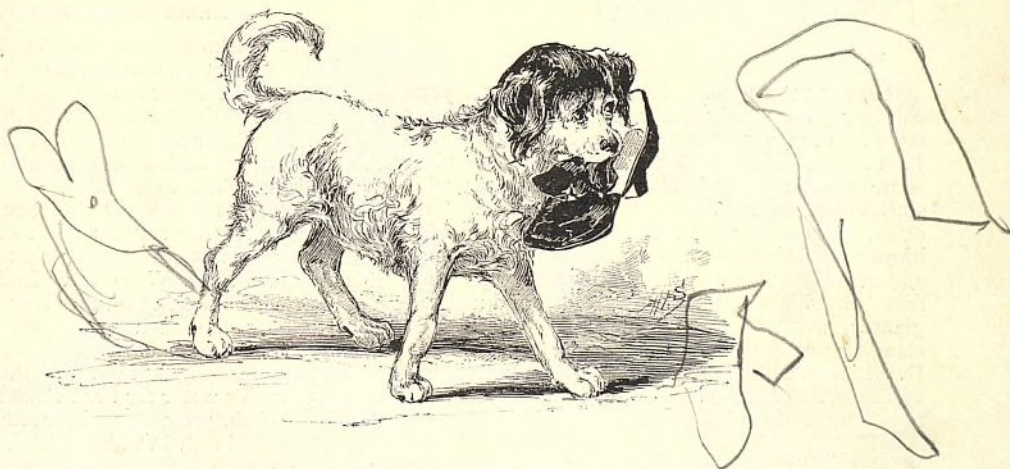
"Mam-ma," she screamed, "come here—oh, do come!" and Mam-ma hurried out to see Pus-sie bring-ing the slip-per down to Yap, who was wait-ing at the foot of the stairs.

How they laughed when Pus-sie dropped the slip-per un-der Yap's nose, and he trot-ted off with it in a grand way!

Mol-ly ran aft-er him, and found him read-y to bur-y it with some oth-er treas-ures at the end of the yard.

"Mam-ma," said Mol-ly, when she re-tur-ned to the house with the sec-ond slip-per, "do you think dogs and cats can talk? I do."

And Mol-ly thinks so to this day.



Oh, birds that fly in the sum-mer,
And birds that fly in the snow!
The chil-dren will nev-er for-get you,
But love you wher-ev-er you go.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Ho, my merry young folk, salute with all your courtesy the stately Lady February, who now steps into the year between two stalwart fellows, January and March. The one casts a beautiful white mantle around her and cheers her with stories of happy firesides and glowing faces. The other, tugging at the mantle, hints to her in odd, blustering fashion of coming leaf and bird-song, and of hidden flowers longing to spring up at her feet. She likes well his martial tread and melting glances, admires the other's frosty beard and clanging mail, and calls them both her brothers. But it is not at them she smiles. She is thinking of the pretty festival she brings into the year, her play-time, so to speak, when she may see

Merry Cupids, with tiny darts,
Aiming straight at the children's hearts.

Welcome, welcome, then, good Lady February—
—thou and thy dainty Valentines!

BOMBAST.

A BIRD that travels every winter to the Southern States has told me about a plant which grows there, and which, he insists, enriches the whole civilized world. Its white, fluffy, bursting, beautiful product furnishes one of the most important materials found in America to-day.

Now, it's very strange that such an excellent thing as this should be connected in Deacon Green's mind with an ugly quality known as *bombast*. The Deacon has n't a bit of this quality himself, but he is a dictionary hunter, always searching for the inner meaning of words, and from what I've heard him say I know he associates bombast with fluffy things, especially with this beautiful plant of which my bird has told me.

Who among you, my learned chicks, can explain it to me? *Why* is bombast called bombast? And if it *must* be called bombast, what in the name of bombast has this valuable white material to do with it?

THE RABBIT IDENTIFIED.

LOWELL, MASS., DEC. 11, 1882.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a little girl, and only fourteen years old, but as I have been brought up in the West, it is not hard for me to answer what kind of a rabbit that is. I have seen many of them, and I have heard them called Jack-Rabbits or Jack-ass-Rabbits, on account of their very long ears. This rabbit does not live in the woods, but only in the prairies.

Mark Twain, in his book entitled "Roughing It," gives a description of it. It is the largest, longest-eared rabbit in the world. Mr. Twain says it goes like a streak of lightning. Still it is very easy to kill it, because I am told that, when it has run for a few hundred steps, it will stop, and sit up, just as in your picture, and will allow any one to come very near, if you do not go straight to it. All you have to do is to circle around it and pretend you do not see it. But you must not stop a moment. If you stop, off it goes. It lives in the sage-brush, and is often caught by the prairie-wolves or coyotes. That's all I know about it.

Yours truly,
MINNIE VINCELETTE.

Jack thanks you, Minnie, and all the boys and girls who have answered the rabbit's question.

WALKING UNDER WATER.

AN athlete who exhibited in New York not long ago was considered a wonder, they say, because he could stay under water long enough to walk about a few steps on the bottom. But there are some Indians in Northern California, I am told, who think nothing of such a performance. They do it every little while as a matter of convenience. These Indians live among the mountains, where heavy rains at their sources will sometimes make boiling torrents out of streams that were narrow rills an hour before. When these Indians find such a stream across their road, and know that it is too swift to be swum, each one gets a heavy stone, places it upon the top of his head, and walks across on the bottom, weighted down by the stone. They can stay under water for two minutes in this way; and, by choosing smooth and gravelly places, cross streams several rods in width.

"OLD WILDEY."

H. E. S. sends your Jack this true story, which is well worth the telling:

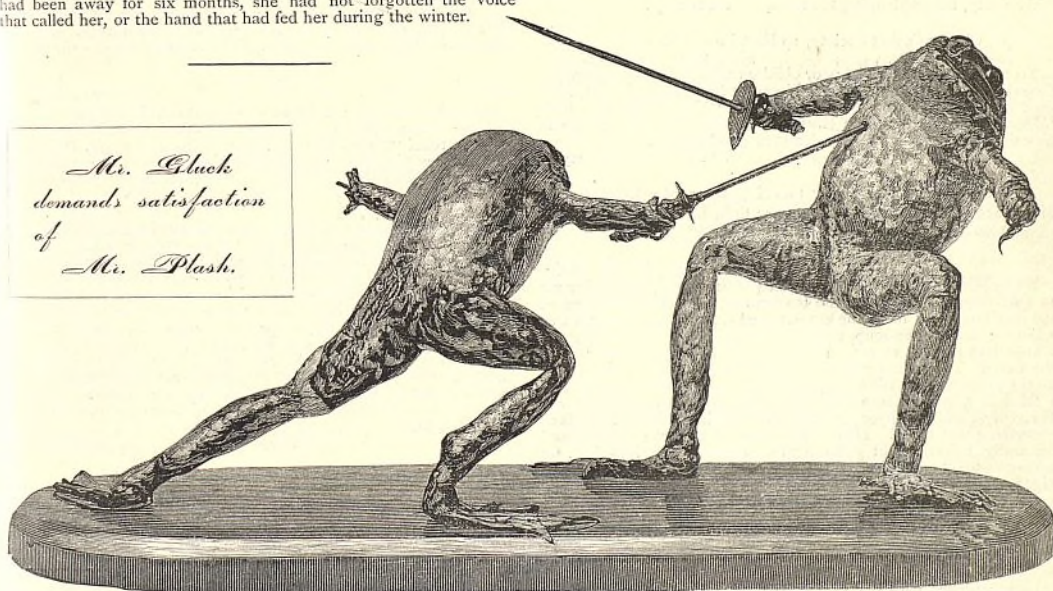
You must know that Old Wildey was a wild duck that, four years ago, came one fine day in December to the mill-pond, among the other ducks, and swam with them until they got almost to the place where Grandfather fed them; then it was afraid to come any nearer, and would fly away again. Grandfather told us children nearer, and perhaps after a while it would come and be fed with the others. And he told the workmen in the iron-mill not to shoot at Old Wildey or frighten her, and thus it happened that every night, when he called the tame ducks to the shore to feed them, Old Wildey came a little nearer and a little nearer, till one night she came to the grassy bank and looked at the other ducks eating up the grains of Indian corn that Grandfather fed to them.

But as she was a wild duck, and did not know that Indian corn was fit to eat, she just stood looking at them eating it. Well, one night she walked up among the other ducks, and turned her head to one side, and looked at the grains of corn with one eye; then she turned her head to the other side and looked at the corn with the other eye; then she took a single grain up in her bill, and held it a moment, and then swallowed it; then she carefully picked up two or three more grains, and ate them and flew away. This delighted us grandchildren very much. The next night she seemed to have found out that corn was as good for wild ducks as it was for tame ones, so she walked up among the other ducks, and when Grandfather threw them down the corn she ate it up as fast as ever she

could. In the course of a few weeks, when Grandfather called the ducks, she would fly out of the water, and would be the first one that would come to be fed, and before spring came she would eat out of his hand. So it went on until the early part of May, when the leaves were out and the meadows were dotted over with the golden dandelion, and blue in spots with tufts of violets. Then we all noticed that Old Wildey would occasionally leave the other flock and fly away out of sight, and after a while return again, until one day, about the middle of May, she disappeared and we saw her no more. However, about the first of November, a flock of seven wild ducks were seen on the lake, and when the tame ducks came home to be fed, one of the wild ducks left the flock and came up and ate corn with them. It was Old Wildey! And so it has been every year since. About the middle of May, when the ice begins to break up in the Northern lakes, Old Wildey leaves her winter home to go north and make her nest and raise her brood of young ones. As she is a black duck, we suppose she must go up to the lakes in Canada, or perhaps to Labrador; and every autumn, about the first of November, she returns to her old home in Pennsylvania. Each year, Grandfather and Grandmother and the aunts and grandchildren, when they come to Laurel, as the old place is called, wonder if Old Wildey will come back. This time, when Auntie Hannah came in and told Grandfather that Old Wildey had come, he put aside his newspaper, and went to the feed-room for some corn, and called out, "Come along home, my duckie," when Wildey just flew out of the water and came up to him and ate the corn out of his hand. Although she had been away for six months, she had not forgotten the voice that called her, or the hand that had fed her during the winter.

and them what the Deacon said when he first read your letter and saw the photograph: "They *are* funny," said he, with a queer smile, "but I can't understand what Bessie means by 'you would almost take them for men, they look so natural.' Because, to my mind," he remarked, slowly, "men never seem more *unnatural* than when fighting duels. But," he continued, "the next thing she says—that 'they look too ridiculous for anything'—is as true of men duellists as of these frogs. Yes, *unnatural* and *ridiculous*!—those two words, in my opinion, describe dueling to a T," concluded the good Deacon, with a thump of his cane, as he turned to consult the Little School-ma'am about one of her dictionary conundrums that had been too much for him.

I never saw a duel of any sort in my life, and am no authority in such matters, but the Deacon



A FROG-DUEL.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A friend of mine has on one of the shelves of his cabinet a funny group of two stuffed frogs fighting with swords. I send you a photograph of it, and hope you will show it to your ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. The figures are made of real frogs' skins stuffed with cotton, stood up on their hind legs, and fastened in the attitude of fencers. Each has a tiny iron sword fixed to his right "hand" or fore-foot, but the smaller frog is the best swordsman, as he has just succeeded in making a dangerous thrust that pierces his adversary's breast. When you look at them, you would almost take them for two little men fighting a duel, they look so natural, but when you pick them up and see that they are only frogs, they look too ridiculous for anything. They seem to be fighting in dead earnest, and yet their big frog-mouths make them look as if they were laughing. Even the fellow that is wounded looks as if he were grinning. I am sure all your boy-and-girl friends, dear Jack, would be amused if they could see this frog duel, and I hope you will show them a copy of the photograph I send you.

With much love to the Little School-ma'am and yourself,

Your friend,

BESSIE L. G.

The frog-duel shall be shown to the boys and girls, with pleasure, Bessie. But I must tell you

is generally right, and was so emphatic with that last sentence that I resolved to report it verbatim—as the Little School-ma'am says—to my boy-friends. If you find that the Deacon was in the wrong, young cavaliers, just let me know.

THE "JABBERWOCKY" ONCE MORE.

GALENA, ILL., Dec. 10, 1882.

DEAR JACK: I thought every one had read the "Jabberwocky." I have read the book about one hundred times; "Through the Looking-glass," it is called.

The poem is on page 21, and the explanation on page 126. "English-speaking children" can understand it as well as anybody can, but no one can understand it very well, though it sounds sensible enough. It was written by a Mr. Lewis Carroll, and Mamma told me that he was an English clergyman.

He wrote "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," too; but I think that "Through the Looking-glass" is the nicer of the two. I am sure that Rose Barrows would "chortle in her joy" to read it.

Your "frabjous" reader,

LOUIE McCLELLAN.

THE LETTER-BOX.

READERS of the interesting paper concerning Mrs. Butler in last month's ST. NICHOLAS will remember that "A Roman Sunday-school" was mentioned as the title of one of Elizabeth Thompson's early paintings. An engraving of this picture was prepared for our use, and was intended to accompany Mrs. Meynell's article; but at the last moment it was unavoidably crowded out. We take pleasure, therefore, in presenting it to our readers on page 311 of the present number.

THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

We stated last month that the sum of \$63.77 had lately been received by us for "The Children's Garfield Fund"—in addition to the \$416.02 acknowledged last June; and we are glad to print here, for the benefit of those who have generously aided in this latest subscription, the following letter from the Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, acknowledging the receipt of the money:

Children's Aid Society, 19 East Fourth Street,
NEW YORK, Dec. 4, 1882.

TO THE CHILDREN: The poor children who have had so happy a time this summer in the Summer Home at Bath, Long Island, send their grateful thanks to the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS who have subscribed \$63.77 to "The Garfield Memorial Fund," which will give them many comforts and pleasures next summer.

C. L. BRACE, Secretary.

To this we add the following touching letter, also forwarded by Mr. Brace. It was written by a poor little humpbacked girl, and shows how dearly she enjoyed her stay at the Summer Home:

NEW YORK, July 5, 1882.

DEAR MRS. FRY: I was very much pleased with your asking me to write to you. I liked all the teachers very much. They treated me very kindly. I liked the meals; the best dinner I thought was when we had the pea-soup, meat, potatoes, bread, and pudding. I always had enough to eat. I loved to go in bathing and play in the water. The swings and pin-wheel I enjoyed too. I liked to sit on the grass, or near the water, and read a story book or paper, and I think it's very pleasant to sleep in the little bed, and ask our Heavenly Father to keep us from harm during the day. I liked everything that I saw. Little brother and sister were so happy, and are always talking about going again. I thank you, Mrs. Fry, for asking us to come again. I will stop now, because I am not very big, so I must not write a very long letter.

Yours truly,

LENA MOHRMAN.

FOUR COMPOSITION SUBJECTS.

In accordance with our promise, we offer four composition subjects for this month. (See ST. NICHOLAS for October and January.)

THE MAGNA CHARTA.

HOW MY ELEPHANT SWAM.

THE SKATING-RACE.—A STORY.

WAS CASABIANCA TRULY WISE?

THE story of "Doris Lee's Feather Fan" is not altogether a flight of fancy, as is proved by the following item from the Sydney, Australia, *Telegraph*—on which Mr. Converse's interesting narrative is founded:

SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.

A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark "Gladstone," which arrived from London last Saturday. On the 22d of last month, while the vessel was in latitude 42 degrees south and longitude 90 degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of "man overboard" being given she was rounded to, and the starboard life-boat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but exhausted, clinging for bare life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird

had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor, battling with two enemies,—the water and the albatross,—both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its wide-spread wings. Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge creature struggled with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue, and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man, who had so narrowly escaped a lingering death. But another danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell upon him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with one arm around the albatross's body, under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more was safe on board the bark, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was walking down Broadway one day, and saw such a funny sign over the entrance to a little basement-shop. It read, "Shoes Blacked Inside." Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I for one can't imagine why anybody should wish to have the inside of his shoes blacked. Can you? Yours truly, JOHN R. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never taken the ST. NICHOLAS by the month until this month. I have always taken it at the end of the year bound. I live in Washington, and go to play in the park every afternoon. When I say the park, I mean Farragut Park, which is in front of our house. The people here are making a great fuss about the Garfield Fair; it is in the rotunda of the Capitol; but it is a failure, because it is for his monument instead of a hospital, and who could wish for a better or more beautiful monument than a hospital? A friend of mine went to it and said it was very close, and my mamma, who went with the President, said that the crowd was immense, and advised me not to go; but now I must close, as I think you must be tired of reading my long letter. Please print this, as it is my first.

Your faithful reader,

CAROLINE S. S.

ORCHARD FARM, Nov. 5, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The story of Tad Lincoln reminded me of an anecdote of him, told me by a friend, whose father was intimate with President Lincoln, and I think present at the scene. It was at a Cabinet meeting, of rather exceptional gravity, even in those grave times. The gentlemen were all standing around the table, Mr. Lincoln with his back to the door, when it was suddenly burst open, and with a "whoop!" in dashed Tad; diving between his father's long legs, he popped his grinning face over the edge of the table, and looked gleefully around to see the result of his startling entry. Needless to say, those grave gentlemen, one and all, burst into a hearty laugh.

With many thanks for the great enjoyment that the ST. NICHOLAS affords to my children, and to their father and mother, I remain your friend, A. E. S.

In connection with the "Art and Artists" installment for this month, we give a list of the most celebrated works of the artists therein mentioned:

The following are the principal works of Hubert van Eyck still in existence: In the church of St. Bavon at Ghent, two central panels of the great altar-piece painted for Judocus Vyd; in the Brussels Museum, "Adam and Eve"—two panels from same altar-piece; in the Berlin Museum, six panels from same altar-piece.

The principal works of Jan van Eyck still in existence are: In the Antwerp Museum, "St. Barbara," "The Virgin Mary," "The Virgin," "St. George," and "St. Donatus"; Academy of Bruges, "Virgin and Child with Saints," and a portrait of his wife; Brussels Museum, "The Adoration of the Magi"; Berlin Museum, "A Head of Christ," another head, almost life-size, and "The Virgin and Child, with Trees and a Fountain"; Dresden

Gallery, triptych, "Madonna and Child with Saints"; Stadel Gallery, Frankfurt, "The Madonna del Luca"; Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, two portraits; Museum at Madrid, "The Triumph of Christianity"; Museum at Lille, "The Crucifixion"; Louvre, Paris, "The Virgin and Donator"; National Gallery, London, portraits of Arnolfini and his Wife, portrait of a Man in a Green Hood, and portrait of a Man in a Red Head-dress; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "The Annunciation."

The chief works of Quintin Massys in European galleries are: In the Museum at Antwerp, a triptych, "Entombment of Christ"; Museum at Berlin, "Madonna and Child," nearly life-size, and a Cardinal reading; Dresden Gallery, "A Banker and Clients"; Pinakothek, Munich, "The Money Changers"; Louvre, Paris, "Banker and his Wife"; National Gallery, London, "The Money Changers"; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "Madonna in Glory."

The chief works of Rubens in the galleries of Europe are: Pitti Gallery, Florence, portraits of himself and his brother with Lipsius and Grotius, called "The Four Philosophers"; Uffizi Gallery, Florence, "Battle of Ivory," "Entry of Henry IV. into Paris," portrait of his wife, and two mythological pictures; Palazzo Brignoli, Genoa, "Mars, Venus, and Cupid"; Brera, Milan, "The Last Supper"; Capitol Gallery, Rome, "Finding of Romulus and Remus"; Colonna Palace, Rome, "Assumption of the Virgin"—six different works, two of which are triptychs; Museum of Brussels, four sacred subjects, several portraits, and a picture of "Venus and Vulcan"; Van der Hoop Museum at Amsterdam, portrait of Helen Fourment, and one of Marie de Medici; Museum at the Hague, portraits of his two wives, a Family Group, and other portraits; Berlin Museum, six pictures; one is a beautiful Group of Children with fruit; Gallery at Cassel, "Flight into Egypt," and a "Holy Family"; Dresden Gallery, a fine collection of twenty subjects; Stadel Gallery, Frankfurt, "King David and the Harp," and "Diogenes"; Pinakothek, Munich, sixteen different pictures, among which are portraits of himself and his two wives; Belvedere, Vienna, eighteen pictures; Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna, the famous picture of "The Sons of Rubens," and three others; Madrid Museum, twenty-one pictures, among which is the famous "Brazen Serpent" and other fine works; Louvre, Paris, thirty-four pictures, among which are those of the life of Marie de Medici and several important portraits; Dulwich Gallery, portrait of his mother, and "Venus, Mars, and Cupid"; National Gallery, London, twelve pictures; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, thirty-five pictures.

[These are but a small portion of Rubens' works, but are those most easily seen by travelers.]

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 5, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. It is almost fought for here. We all want to read it *first*. Several years ago we used to "take turns" looking at the pictures, and then I would read the stories aloud. We found that was the only way to keep from fighting for it.

But sometimes, when I got to the *most interesting* places, I would be so interested that I would *forget* to read aloud, and read on to myself. My brothers did n't like that very much. Just the other day, when the September number came, I was reading ST. NICHOLAS, and Ma called me to supper, and I put the book on my chair, and sat on it while I ate my supper. When my brother finished his supper he (as he says) "made a sneak" over to the window where I had been sitting, and grabbed the ST. NICHOLAS he saw there. I was "laughing in my sleeve," for I knew it was an old one. Imagine his chagrin when he found it was one he had read!

We were much interested in "Donald and Dorothy," and sorry to have it end. I always feel as if I had lost a friend when the story ends.

Yours respectfully,

DAISY M. BROWN.

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brothers Mason and Charlie commenced to take ST. NICHOLAS eight years ago, when I was only one year old. "If nothing happens" I expect we will take it a long time, for I have three little sisters younger than myself, and a baby brother just six months old. We have had five volumes bound, and Father is going to have the other three bound. I am very sorry our books are so abused, but there are so many little folks to handle them. Mother cut out some of the pictures to frame. I think the picture of Raphael is beautiful. Our father has given us a beautiful little pony; we call her Gypsy.

I hope you will not think I have written too long a letter.

Your little friend,

MARY MILLER MATHEWS.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-THIRD REPORT.

Now the snows have gone, and the earth is warm again; the birds are singing, and the violets are blossoming in the borders of the wood. What is it? "Lost our reckoning," have we? "Two months too early?" "Mercury below zero?" Ah—but, my dear little friends in fur-lined dolmans and warm pea-jackets, you forget that *you* live only on one edge of the A. A. We are talking about the other—the Californian edge. Everything can't be true everywhere, you know, at the same time. This month we give you a few questions to answer, and, by the way, can't you all sharpen your eyes a bit and find questions tucked in here and there all through the little letters which make up our monthly reports? A good many boys and girls write and ask us to give more questions, just as if questions were n't questions unless arranged in a column and labeled! You will find a large number in the back numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS for the past six months, not answered yet, either. And now, before we give you the list of new Chapters, we wish to thank our many kind friends who *have* helped us answer puzzling queries.

Professors in several of our leading colleges, Yale and Harvard, Williams and Cornell; University of Michigan and Maine State College; Amherst and Lafayette; Boston Institute of Technology, and School of Natural History, besides many teachers of academies and high schools and several distinguished specialists, have most generously volunteered their aid in the determination of minerals, the analysis of plants, and the classification of insects and other animals. [Oh, yes; insects are animals—did n't you know that?]

To all these gentlemen we return infinite thanks, and now we want still more assistance. A great many shells are sent to us for identification, and if some one who loves conchology, and has books and labeled specimens and check-lists, and all that, would kindly signify his willingness to help us out now and then with the name of some refractory *Unio* or *Lelux*; and if some one wise in fossils would allow us to send him an occasional relic of the distant past for identification, it would be a cause for still further gratitude.

The Association is working earnestly, growing steadily, and the latest number on our register is 4550.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
384.	Ann Arbor, Mich. (A)....	6.	J. H. Browne, Box 1342.
385.	Philadelphia, Pa. (L)....	10.	Clinton R. Woodruff, 1723 N. 20th St.
386.	Pine City, Minn. (A)....	6.	Miss Lillie M. Stephen.
387.	Baltimore, Md. (E)....	6.	Edward McDowell.
388.	Galesburg, Iowa (A)....	12.	C. F. Gettemy.
389.	Auburn, N. Y. (C)....	7.	H. N. Goodrich.
390.	Chester, Mass. (A)....	24.	Edwin O. Hapgood.
391.	Meredith, N. H. (A)....	12.	C. F. Robinson, North Sanbornton, N. H.

NOTES.

In September, my little brother Hoza caught a black cricket, and pulled off one of its legs, when a hair-snake commenced to crawl out of the cricket's body. Directly after, another crawled out also. We put them into a bowl of water and kept them about two weeks, when they had increased in size, and to double their former length.

Has any one else ever found them in crickets or other insects?

ZOA GOODWIN.

[Professor Agassiz, in his "Methods of Study," tells of finding "hair-snakes" in the legs of grasshoppers. He says that they are born in water, work their way thence into the legs of grasshoppers, thence into their stomachs, where they grow until they burst the insect, when they again seek the water. We must confess to an elevation of the eyebrows on first reading this remarkable statement in Prof. A's book—but this little girl's letter is a strong corroboration. If a less distinguished authority had written the book, we should still conjecture that the hair-snakes are born as parasites in the body of the insect. If not, how can they "work their way into the legs of grasshoppers"? We don't think much of a grasshopper that would patiently endure the working-in process.]

One of our members found, in a quarry in Maine, a very curious kind of granite. The minerals which compose granite, instead of being mixed as usual, were in layers—first feldspar, then quartz, and mica on top.

MATTIE PACKARD.

I think I can give Mr. Tucker, of Galveston, the name of the fish he mentions. The *Torpedo oculata*, or Eyed Torpedo. It belongs

to the Ray family, and has wonderful electrical powers. It has a regular series of galvanic batteries in its body, arranged like a number of voltaic piles. A full description is given in Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natural History." W. C. PHILLIPS.

QUESTIONS FROM CHESTER, PA.

1. When did the comet of 1858 pass Arcturus?
2. In what part of the sky should we look for most meteors?
3. Can science conquer rust?
4. How are waves of light measured?
5. Is there gold under Philadelphia?
6. Is there coal under Lon'on?
7. How are icebergs formed?
8. Can not other members send questions? [Yes, but these should be written on a separate slip of paper from the main letter; as also should requests for exchange.]
9. May persons send questions to the A. A., if they themselves know the answers? [Yes, and in that case the answers must accompany the questions.]

REQUESTS.

Correspondence with view to exchanges.—Robt. G. Leavitt, Sec., Webster, Mass.

The Stroud, England, Chapter desire to thank their American friends for many kind letters and offers of exchange. They are very sorry that they can not, on account of the number, reply to them all.

Agatized and petrified wood from the Rocky Mountains.—H. L. Wadsworth, Box 2772, Denver, Col.

We wish to know whether mackerel have scales.—A. A., Drifton, Pa.

Labeled insects, for butterflies.—C. C. Beale, Faulkner, Mass.

Please have the address of East Pittsburgh changed to "J. F. McCune, Broad street, East Pittsburgh, Pa."

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Would n't it be delightful to make a visiting tour among our four hundred Chapters, shake hands with our five thousand earnest workers, inspect the growing cabinets, and ask and answer the many questions which start to the lip? Well, suppose we start! and here we are at Bryan, Ohio. Miss Ethel Gillis, the Secretary of Chapter 323, meets us and tells us that the Chapter is prospering finely, and shows us a new scrap-book, which it is proposed to fill with choice clippings. She does n't say much about Bryan—not as much as we would like to hear—but we shall have time for that by and by. Her Chapter has been grappling with the geode question, and concludes that "water deposited small particles of sand in hollow cavities, which in time became hardened," but there was a minority report from one who thinks that they were the homes of some species of insect, and formed of mud, which has become petrified.

But Bryan is far behind us, and we are in State College, Pennsylvania. By the way, how much geography we can learn by finding on the map the home of each Chapter! We might take a map of the United States and make a red dot on each town represented. The map would look as if it had been sprinkled with red pepper. But to return: Mr. George C. McKee thinks it is "bad news" that four brave, persevering members are keeping up their interest in the A. A., when "seven of twelve have resigned, and one gone away on a long visit." By no means! Four zealous workers are better than a hundred half-hearted ones. A Chapter never loses anything by pruning.

What a leap! A sniff of salt air, a long ocean voyage in a second of imagination, and we stand in Yokohama, Japan. "I have read with great interest," says H. Loomis, "in regard to the A. A. I have made a collection of butterflies. This is a wonderful country for the study of nature. To visit the fish-market is like going to a museum. I got here a fish of a very odd shape. It is about an inch and a half long, and covered with a hard scaly or bony substance. I should be glad to correspond with any who desire to obtain specimens of wood, fishes, butterflies, etc."

Home again, and in Newport, R. I. F. J. Cotton kindly shows us the fine cabinet of his Chapter. We notice especially the large collection of insects, and the skulls of a sheep, a cat, a rat, and a turtle. They have found that hornblende is in nearly every stone wall in the vicinity, and have discovered poison ivy hanging its green flowers as high as seven feet from the ground. We are much pleased by a little salt-water aquarium, which seems to be prospering well, and are quite astonished to see a yellow warbler's nest of four stories. Every boy knows that when the mischievous cow-bunting lays her cumbersome eggs among the dainty treasures of the yellow warbler, that resolute bird sacrifices her own, and seals them and the intruder in a common tomb by building a second nest right on top of the old one. But who else ever found a case like this, where the patient warbler had built her nest four times over?

From Rhode Island to Kansas without a jar or a jolt! Willie Plank says this is the town of Independence, and that the Chapter is progressing. At every meeting essays are read, and he has collected individually nearly one hundred plants.

While stopping at Independence, we get a letter from Boston,

Mass., in which Miss Edith Buffum tells us that Chapter 261 has increased its membership to twenty-two, and that it is known among its members as the "Wood, Field, and Shore" Chapter.

Now for a pleasant little visit at Ottumwa, Iowa, where is one of the most ancient and honorable of our Chapters, No. 15, nearly two years old! The enthusiastic Secretary, Will R. Lighton, says: "Our society is doing splendidly. Thirty-three active and as many honorary members." "How about those geodes?" we ask. "We have been debating that question. Some of us think one way and some another. Some say, agates are formed by water which holds silica, opal, and the coloring matter of the different layers in solution. This water filters into cavities and deposits its minerals there, and as opal does not crystallize, the silica also is prevented from forming its crystals. Now, agate geodes must be formed in the same way, the only difference being that in the geode there is no opal, and consequently the quartz crystals develop perfectly. What seems to be a proof of the non-intervention of animal or vegetable life is the formation of a cave. Mammoth Cave, for instance, is nothing but a monstrous lime-stone geode. Another proof is that geodes are found in trap-rocks, which were formed before life appeared on the earth."

While we are in Iowa, and thinking of geodes, we must step over to Waverly without fail, and have a chat with Mr. L. L. Goodwin, who has sent so many fine specimens to different members of the A. A. "My first acquaintance with geodes," he says, "was about seven years ago. Finding them closely associated with other forms of animal life, I jumped to the conclusion that they were of animal origin. Since the question was first asked in St. Nicholas, I have given the subject more careful attention, and am fully convinced that my first impression was correct. I find in their immediate vicinity, above, below, and around them, shells, bivalve and univalve, fishes, and other sorts of animal remains. The geodes are nearly all of the same general form, as much so as any class of animals, and of all sizes from peas to pumpkins, showing growth. The small ones vastly preponderate, as the young always outnumber the old in all sorts of animals. I conclude, therefore, that when these limestone bluffs were first formed from soft mud, the sediment retained the animals whose remains we now find in the rocks, and among others, doubtless some animal of a fleshy or cartilaginous body, perhaps having a thin, frail shell like a sea-urchin, of solidity sufficient to hold the sediment in place until it hardened. Then the whole body wasted away, a concretionary shell having formed around it, and during the succeeding ages this shell became lined with beautiful crystals."

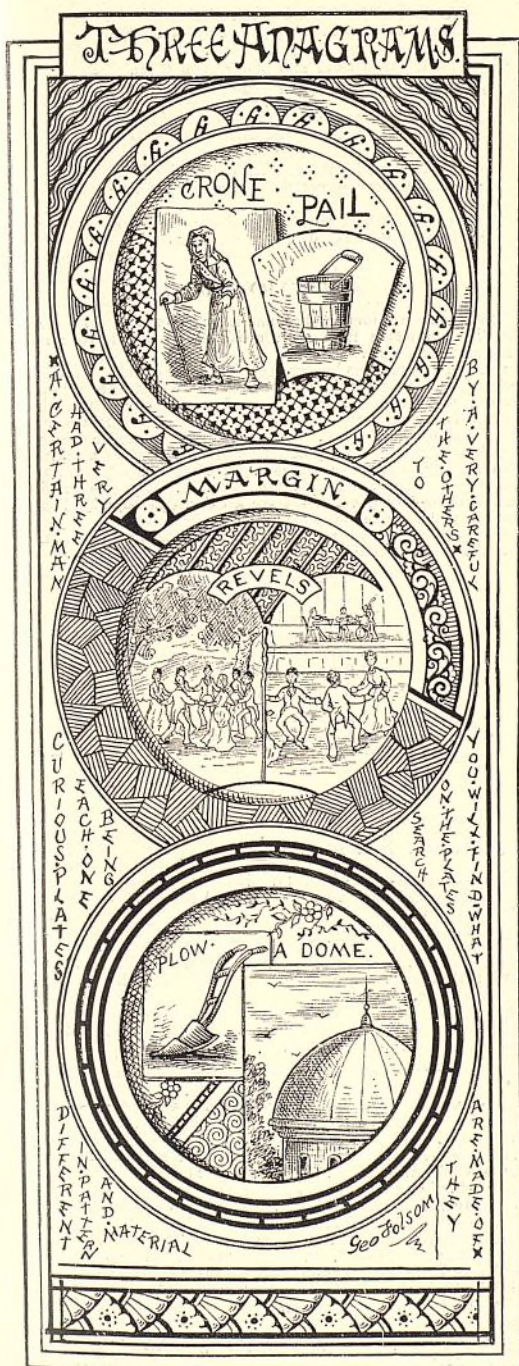
On our way home, we look in upon a Chapter very recently organized in Galesburg, Ill., Charles F. Gettemy, Secretary. Their cabinet already contains a number of insects. The boys are making new cabinets, and "preparing for a busy, delightful time in the near future." They are also collecting cocoons, and intend to watch the moths and butterflies "hatch out." Coming back to Lenox, we are just in time to take from the post-office the following condensed reports from Chapters assigned to John F. Glosser, Berwyn, Pa.: The members of Chapter 126, East Philadelphia, now wear their new solid silver badges.—Chapter 109 (C), Washington, D. C., has a new constitution and by-laws. From the editor's book, which is read at each meeting, we make the following extracts: "Sapphires include the ruby, topaz, and amethyst." "The distinction between rocks and minerals was first noted by Cronstedt in 1758." "Silver can be hammered into sheets 1,000,000 of an inch thick." [One millionth of an inch *thin*, we should say.] "The ash tree puts on its leaves earlier and sheds them later than any other tree."

While, as will be readily judged from the foregoing reports, the A. A. is highly prosperous, it, of course, has happened in regard to a comparatively few Chapters that the reverse is true. The following have been discontinued: Nos. 3, 4, 61, 84, 88, 94, 112, 122, 136, 158, 162, 244, and 341. Various causes have been assigned: removal from town, graduation from school, dying out of enthusiasm, internal dissension. The law of the "survival of the fittest" holds good with our society, whether it does in nature or not. The years are an excellent filter, and through them come the boys and girls of real earnestness of purpose, and strength of perseverance. It must needs happen that times of dullness come to every Chapter. Then is the time for hardest work and most faithful endeavor. Let the drones drop out, let the disaffected go their way, but let the *workers* stick to it, even if, as in one or two cases we could name, only *one* member remains in a Chapter. By and by, others will again catch his inspiration, and the Chapter will grow larger and more prosperous than ever. You may ask the Secretary of Albany "A" if this is not so! By the way, if any Chapter *does* feel that it can not longer hold together, it will do us a great favor, and save the whole association confusion, if it will kindly notify the President promptly of its own decease.

All communications are to be sent to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



TRANSPOSE the letters on each plate in such a way as to form the name of the material out of which the plate is made. Find also, in the illustration, thirty-five words explaining the puzzle. G. F.

DIAMOND.

1. In flutter. 2. A metal. 3. A New York daily paper. 4. An ancient musical instrument. 5. Muscular power and control. 6. A diocese. 7. In flutter. W. H.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.

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HALF-SQUARE. Across: 1. Venerated. 2. Eaten away. 3. Balloted. 4. A delightful region. 5. A color. 6. Two-thirds of a color. 7. In diamond.

INCLUDED DIAMOND. 1. In advertisement. 2. A wand. 3. Balloted. 4. A cave. 5. In advertisement. FRANK S.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

E. CH of the words described contains five letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the second line of letters will spell the name of a celebrated commander, and the fifth line the name of a famous poet. Both were born in February.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To weave so as to produce diagonal lines or ribs. 2. Work. 3. Employing. 4. Green cormorants. 5. Slight quarrels. 6. Wrath. 7. Nimble. 8. Quiet. 9. A mark in punctuation. 10. Eats away. GILBERT F.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

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The diagonals, from left to right (reading downward), name a country that is said to be oppressed by a country formed by the diagonals reading from right to left.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tiresome. 2. Supplicating earnestly. 3. Vehicles on runners. 4. Ardent in behalf of an object. 5. Bellowing as a calf. 6. A moment. 7. To break up a military organization.

I. * * * * * II. * * * * *
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I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Angry; behead and leave proportion. 2. A truant; behead, and leave above. 3. Black; behead, and leave gaunt. 4. To acquire knowledge; behead, and leave to merit by labor. 5. Separated; behead, and leave a portion. 6. For this occasion; behead, and leave at one time. 7. A sleeping vision; behead and leave twenty quires.

The beheaded letters name the country formed by the diagonals, which read from left to right; and the four letters represented by the heavier dots, when rightly placed, spell a characteristic of that country.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A feather; curtail, and leave a raisin. 2. A wading bird; curtail, and leave the principal personage of a story. 3. Moved like a pendulum; curtail, and leave a graceful, web-footed bird. 4. An elongated picture; curtail, and leave a plate of glass. 5. The animals of any given area; curtail, and leave one of a class of mythological deities, similar to the satyrs. 6. An enchantress; curtail, and leave a father. 7. Released from captivity; curtail, and leave unfettered.

The curtailed letters name the country formed by the diagonals, which read from right to left; and the eight letters represented by the heavier dots, when rightly placed, spell a characteristic of that country. L. W. D.

PROVERB REBUS.



THE answer is a familiar proverb.

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. THE capital city of a western State. 2. A reward of merit.
3. A maxim. 4. The mother of Ishmael. 5. Active.
II. 1. A fissure. 2. Swiftmess. 3. Pertaining to a kind of poplar. 4. A horse. 5. Improves.
III. 1. A sweet vegetable product. 2. Custom. 3. High winds.
4. A deputy. 5. Pauses. ALLIE B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals, read in connection, form three words which name an astronomical event.

Cross-words: 1. A beginner in learning. 2. A chain of rocks

near the surface of the water. 3. A subdivision of the Black Sea.
4. Absurdity. 5. A strong man. 6. A small river of Brazil. 7.
Part of an elephant. "KATY-DID."

PREFIX PUZZLE.

A LETTER far down in the alphabet, I
May be found in comply, but never in sigh.

Prefix but a letter and plainly you'll see
That a ready assent is implied by me.

Now prefix another, through darkness I pierce,
In summer I fall on the earth hot and fierce.

If preceded by three, 't is really quite plain
That I mean to entreat e'en again and again.

To all of these letters now prefix one more,
I am dashed far aloft 'mid the breakers' dull roar.
"NUTSHELL."

A FEBRUARY PUZZLE.

TAKE one word from another, and leave a complete word. Example: Take a marsh from a yellowish paint, and leave a sport.
Answer: Gam-bog-e.

1. Take to utter from houses occupied by communities of religious recluses, and leave studies attentively. 2. Take to declare from a flatterer, and leave more destitute of color. 3. Take to praise from acclamations, and leave cavities. 4. Take always from a young hare, and leave to allow. 5. Take a refuge for songsters from uprightness, and leave a cry of the chase. 6. Take an aquatic fowl from harshly, and leave cunning. 7. Take a small measure of length from winced, and leave ran away. 8. Take to denominate from denominated anew, and leave a color. 9. Take level from a number, and leave a kind of pen.

All of the syncopated words contain four letters, and their initials form the answer to the following:

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Steve, not in Fred;
In Sam, not in Ed;
In Will, not in Nick;
In Joe, not in Dick;
In Nate, not in Bill;
In Tom, not in Will;
In Ike, not in Ed;
In Lon, not in Fred;
In James, not in Paul;
Whole, a missive prized by all.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

RIDDLE. I bar Arabi. CHARADE. Opera-glass.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work.

TRANSPOSITIONS, DIAGONALS, NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, CROSS-WORDS.
1. Went-newt. 2. Tern-rope. 3. Wens-news. 4. Troy-Tory. 5. Keel-leek. 6. Palm-lamp. 7. Pore-rope. 8. Sued-used. 9. Ages-sage. 10. Evil-levi. 11. Fits-sift. 12. Tags-stag. 13. Oaks-soak.

DIAGONALS. Emerson. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ever. 2. Amen. 3. Tree. 4. Near. 5. Rest. 6. Foot. 7. Nest.

FRACTIONS. Christmas. 1. M-A-I-ne. 2. Minneso-T-a. 3. Mississippi. 4. New H-amps-hi-Re-e. 5. Wis-C-onsin. 6. Alaba-M-a.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. January—Skating.
PICTORIAL PUZZLE. Two. The second person is seen by inverting the picture.

DOUBLE DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID. Rhomboid. Across. 1. Widow. 2. Nomad. 3. Tided. 4. Tenor. 5. Steam.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Holiday; finals, Present. Cross-words: 1. HemP. 2. OratoR. 3. LanE. 4. IbiS. 5. DronE. 6. ArtisAN. 7. YachT.

STAR PUZZLE. I. From 1 to 3, brew; 2 to 4, dead; 3 to 5, warp; 4 to 1, drab; 5 to 2, pard. II. From 1 to 3, trod; 2 to 4, torn; 3 to 5, drew; 4 to 1, neat; 5 to 2, wart.

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 DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "Marna and Bae"—H. W. Faulkner and L. V. Rirsson—Alice A. Poor—"Doctor and Co."—"Arabi Bey"—R. T. Losee—"Bub and Sis"—K. M. B.—"Marmion"—C. Buell Sellers—Eissel Gregor—"Paul and Virginia"—Sallie Viles—Minnie B. Murray—Effie K. Talboys—Two High School Girls—"Beyrl, Pearl, and Ruby"—"Partners"—"Queen Bess"—F. L. Atbush—Appleton H.—D. W. Crosby, Jr., and H. W. Chandler, Jr.—Charles J. Durbrow—John C. and Wm. V. Moses—"Two Industrious Children"—H. E. W.—Vin and Henry—Professor & Co.—Helen E. Mahan—Alice D. Close—Papa, Mamma, and Lillie C. Lippert—Lizzie Owen—Clara and her Aunt—Clara J. Child.

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