



THE BROKEN PITCHER.

[After the painting by Greuze.]

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THE BROKEN PITCHER.

BY MRS. J. W. DAVIS.

IN the saloon devoted to French artists in the gallery of the Louvre there is one picture which it is often difficult to approach, so surrounded is it by copying artists and admiring visitors.

When you do get near enough to see it, you find that it represents a charming young girl, with a sweetness and a dewy freshness about her only equaled by the handful of delicate loose flowers which she holds gathered up in her white dress. On her arm hangs a broken pitcher, and it is from this that the picture is called "La Cruche Cassée" (The Broken Pitcher).

It was painted by Jean Baptiste Greuze, a French artist, born in Tournus, in 1726. In his early youth his great ambition was to produce large historical works; but having failed in this, he began to paint domestic scenes, generally from the life of the poor, and in these he greatly excelled.

He became widely known for his portraits, also. At that time, a very artificial style of painting prevailed. Every one who intended to have a portrait wished to be represented in the character of some god or goddess, Apollo or Venus or Diana. And so long as their cheeks were very rosy, and their eyes very large and very beautiful, and there were plenty of cupids about, sitters did not particularly care whether the pictures looked like them or not.

But when Greuze began to paint, he thrust aside all this affectation and painted people as he found them, making his portraits life-like and yet endowed with a freshness and charm which he alone could impart.

There are many pictures of his extant, but of

them all none is so popular as "The Broken Pitcher"; and I am sure you would not wonder at this if you could see the charming simplicity and grace and the tender, harmonious coloring of the "dainty little maiden" in the original painting.

Greuze, although successful as an artist, was very unfortunate in his private affairs. During his long life his pictures had brought him a moderate fortune, but this seemed to slip away from him in one way and another. Then came the terrible French Revolution, which put an end to any hopes he might have had of retrieving his fortunes by his pencil. It banished the Court and the wealthy nobles, who were the artist's chief patrons, and the people who were left were far too busy with public affairs to care for pictures.

So it happened that his paintings sold for almost nothing, and were often to be found among the rubbish of a coppersmith or exposed for sale in the street stalls.

This must have been very hard for an artist to bear; but Greuze was a brave man, and took his misfortunes cheerfully. Nothing seemed to have power to break down his courage.

He carried his brightness in his face and showed it in his briskness when, as an old man of seventy, he took his daily walk, leaning on the arm of his servant. A curious figure he must have been, too—a quaint little old man, with his eyes still full of fire, his white hair powdered and dressed fantastically in pigeon-wings, which stood out stiffly on either side of his smiling face.

At length, the Government of France decreed

that apartments in the Palace of the Louvre should be placed at the disposal of artists and literary men, and one was assigned to Greuze. Here he died in 1805, with only his daughter and one friend near him.

On the day of his death the sun shone brightly into his room, whereupon the cheery old man remarked: "I shall have fine weather for my journey."

When Napoleon heard that Greuze had died in great destitution and neglect, he cried: "Why was I not told of it? I would have given him a

Sèvres pitcher full of gold to pay him for all his broken pitchers."

Greuze spent his last days in painting his own portrait and that of his daughter. His was considered the best in the *Salon** of 1805.

"You can sell it for a hundred francs, Caroline," he said to his daughter. It was the only fortune he could leave her. But his daughter sold her own portrait and kept her father's.

In 1868, a marble statue was erected to Greuze in the public square of Tournus, his native place.

THE WRONG COAT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"FIRE! Fire!"

Jack Parry rubbed his eyes, as he sprang out of his cot-bed in the loft, and instinctively hurried on his trousers. His father's head rose above the ladder, just as he shuffled on his shoes, shouting: "Hurry up, I tell ye! woods afire! Comin' this way quicker 'n scat!"

Jack scrambled down the ladder without stopping for his jacket. He knew what that news meant—he had heard about forest fires before. His father had always thought that the creek which ran in front of their house would guard them, but now the air was dark with smoke, and he could hear the roar and crash of the forest falling before its mighty foe, while sharp gusts of wind swept ashes far and wide over the grain-fields of the farm. But the fire was still on the other side of that slow, narrow stream: could it, would it keep the enemy from their house and barns?

It would not do to run the risk. Jack, at a word, went off to harness the horses, and put them to the big wagon, while his father helped his mother to gather a few wraps and valuables together, and dress the frightened, screaming baby.

When the Parrys moved to Michigan, Grandpa Dibble, who always objected to everything, said to his son-in-law:

"But how 'll ye edicate the childern, John?"

"I don't know, Father," said John Parry. "Sary 'll teach 'm to read an' write, prob'ly, and I 'll insure they 'll learn to mind an' be honest. I take it that these two things will have to underlay any edication that 's good for shucks: we must risk the rest."

Obedience and honesty Jack had indeed been thoroughly taught. He had never harnessed the

horses alone before, but at his father's order he went to work manfully, and was all ready when the others came to the house-door.

"Oh, Jack! no coat on?" said the delicate, trembling little mother.

"Can't stop for it now," said John Parry. "It's life or death, Sary! There goes a big white-wood smash acrost the crick! Run the critters, Jack—the fire 's after us!"

In another moment they were beyond the house, but not an instant too soon, for a burning branch, whirled on by the fierce wind, swept through the air and lit on the roof, which blazed like paper beneath it.

Jack lashed the terrified horses into a run, while his father, on the back seat, held the sick baby in one arm, and put the other about his wife to steady her.

The air grew heavier and hotter; the roads were rough, the wagon-springs hard. Blinded with smoke and frightened at the nearing roar of storm and flame, the horses flew on beyond the power of any guiding hand. There was a sudden lurch, the wheels tilted on a log by the wayside, and the back seat pitched out behind, with all its occupants! Jack clung to the reins instinctively, but he could no more stop the horses than he could arrest the whirlwind and fire behind him. Father, mother, sister, all were tossed into the track of the fire like dry leaves, and never again did he see one of them. Their fate was certain: he could only hope it had been sudden and sure death.

Carried on by a force he could not control or resist, Jack whirled along, the flames nearing him every moment, till, just as he felt their hot breath on his neck, the maddened horses reached the lake-

* Annual Art Exhibition.

shore, and plunged headlong into its waters. But he, at least, was safe, for the shock threw him out on the sand.

Poor Jack! In the morning he was a hearty, happy boy, asleep in a good home; at night a homeless, penniless orphan, with scarce clothes to cover him. Days passed over his head in a sort of blank misery. A few others, escaped also from the devouring flames, shared with him their scanty food; a kindly woman gave him an old woolen sack she ill knew how to spare to cover his ragged shirt, and he found a pair of India-rubbers lying on the shore, which concealed his worn shoes; but a more desolate, helpless creature than the poor boy can hardly be imagined.

After a week or two, he begged his way to Pompo,—a settlement farther up the lake, which had not been touched by the great fire,—and heard there that good people at the East had sent on clothes to be distributed among those who had lost theirs. He soon got a chance to ride over on a lumber-wagon to the nearest place where these things were given out,—a town ten miles beyond Pompo,—and there the agent gave him a couple of shirts, a warm vest, a pair of half-worn black trousers, and a very good coat of mixed cloth, that until then had proved too small for the men who had applied for clothes. But as Jack was fifteen, and large for his age, it just fitted him, and once more clothed, neat, and clean, he went back to Pompo, where he had found a place to work on a farm, happier than he had been for a long time.

It was night when he returned to the farm, and quite bed-time; so he ate some bread and milk Mrs. Smith had saved for him, and went up to his garret chamber. As he took off his new coat to hang it up, with a boy's curiosity he explored all its pockets. In one he found a half-soiled handkerchief, just as if the owner had taken the coat down from the closet peg and sent it off without a thought, for the garment was almost new. But underneath the handkerchief, lying loose in the bottom of the pocket, were two twenty-dollar bills!

Jack's heart gave a great bound; here was a windfall indeed, and he began to think what he should do with this small fortune. But perhaps there was something else in the other pocket—yes, here was a letter directed, sealed, and stamped, all ready to mail; and in a small inner breast-pocket he found three horse-car tickets, a cigarette, and a three-cent piece. In the other breast-pocket were a gray kid glove, and a card with the name, "James Agard, Jr." He looked at the letter again; on one corner was printed: "Return to James Agard & Co., Deerford, Conn.,

if not delivered in ten days." Jack was not a dull boy, and it flashed across him at once that this coat had been put into the box by mistake; it must have belonged to James Agard, Jr. He looked again at the handkerchief, and found that name on the corner.

What should he do? The coat had been given to him—why not keep it? He sat down on his bed to think. His short end of tallow candle had gone out, but the late-risen moon poured a flood of mellow light through his window and seemed to look him in the face. While he thinks the thing out at the West, let us take up the Eastern end of the story.

Just three days after the great fires, certain prompt young people in a New England church congregation came together in the parlors of that church to receive and pack clothing for the burnt-out sufferers; and for a week contributions poured in upon them, and gave them work for both head and hands. Into this busy crowd one day hurried a slight, active young man, dressed in a gray business suit.

"Hallo!" he called out, cheerily. "I've come to help the old-clo' boxes along. Give me work at once, Mrs. Brooks—anything but sewing."

Mrs. Brooks laughed.

"Can you pack a barrel, Mr. Agard?"

"Yes, indeed; just pile on the things," and he went to work with an alacrity that showed he knew how to do his work. This energetic little man packed more than one barrel before night, and, in order to work better, threw his coat aside, as the rooms were warm. When evening came, he drew himself up with a laugh, exclaiming:

"There! I can 'go West, young man,' and earn my living as a pork-packer, if you'll only recommend me, Mrs. Brooks."

"That I will," said she, "and others, too. We have sent off ten barrels since you came in, Mr. Agard; we had to hurry, for the freight train left at four o'clock."

Just then he turned to look for his coat. It was not where he left it. He searched the room in vain, and at last called out:

"Has anybody seen my coat?"

"Where did you leave it?" asked George Bruce, a young man who had also been packing very busily.

"On the back of that chair."

"Was it a gray mixed sack?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, it's gone off to the sufferers, then. I saw it on the chair, thought it was a contribution, packed it, headed up the barrel, and sent it to the train."

"What! You're a nice fellow, Bruce—sent my coat off! How am I to get home?"

"It is too bad," said Mrs. Brooks. "I'll take you home in the carriage, Mr. Agard."

"Thank you, kindly; but that is n't all. I had forty dollars in one pocket, and a letter to be mailed with a thousand-dollar check in it. I must hurry home and have that check stopped; the bills will go for an involuntary contribution, I suppose. Bruce, I feel like choking you!"

"And I'm willing to let you, Jim, if it'll relieve your mind. It was outrageously careless of me. I don't suppose there's the slightest chance of tracing it."

"No more than a dropped penny in Broadway. Miss Van Ness won't have her Jacqueminot roses for the German, though, and I'll tell her it was your fault—I can't throw away any more dollars on nonsense. But I'm not sure the money is lost as much as it might have been, old fellow. Mrs. Brooks, I'm ready."

And so James Agard went home, stopped payment of the check by a telegram, and sent an excuse to Miss Van Ness for not attending her German. The roses were to have been a surprise to her, so she did not miss them.

We left Jack sitting in the moonlight, doubting and distressed. But he did not sit there long, for suddenly there came to him a recollection of what his father had said concerning his education to Grandpa Dibble; his mother had repeated it to him so often that it was fixed in his memory. He hid his face in his hands, for it grew hot with shame, to think he had not seen at once that he must send the coat back to its owner. Jack did not hesitate—the right thing must be done quickly. He folded the coat as well as he knew how, replacing everything in the pockets, except the three-cent piece, for which he had a use. Then, quite sure that Mr. Smith, who had hired him, was not the man to understand or approve his action, he made up his mind not to wait till the morning, but to go directly back to Dayton, where he had received his clothes, and where the nearest express office was stationed. He could not return the coat to the agent, for he had distributed all the clothes destined for that point, Jack being one of the last applicants, and had gone on farther with the rest; so he rolled it in a newspaper and slipped downstairs with his shoes in his hand, putting on over his vest the old red sack he had worn before, and set out for Dayton.

He had to beg his breakfast when he reached the town; then he bought a sheet of brown paper, a string, and a postal card with the three-cent piece, and, sitting down on the sunny side of a

lumber pile, made the coat into a neat bundle, firmly tied.

He asked the use of pen and ink at the express office, directed his package and wrote his postal as follows, for he could write well, though a little uncertain as to his spelling:

"DAYTON, —"

"DEAR SIR: I send you by express to Day a coat which I got in the close sent to burnd out fokes here, I doant believe it ought to hev come, so I send it to the name onto the leter, all things Within except 3 sents used for paper, string, and kard."

"JACK PARRY."

Jack felt a great weight off his mind when the bundle was fairly out of his hands. It was hard to send away help he needed so much—harder for a homeless, penniless boy than you know, dear Tom and Harry—you who have never been hungry, ragged, and orphaned.

And he not only lost his coat, but his place, for he knew very well, when he left the farm-house, that Mr. Smith, who was a hard and mean man, would never take back a boy who ran away the first night of his service, especially if he knew it was to return a good coat with money in the pocket.

Still he felt that his father and mother would have thought it was dishonest to keep it, and, with the courage of a resolute boy, he felt sure he could find work in Dayton. But he did not. There were plenty of boys, and men, too, already asking for work, and nobody knew him, nor had he any recommendations. For several nights he slept in an empty freight-car near the railway station, doing a little porter's work to pay for this shelter; then he did some things about the tavern stable for his board, sleeping in the shed, or on the hay-mow; and once in a while he caught himself wishing he had that forty dollars to get back to Connecticut, where he had distant relatives. But the quick thought "What would Mother say?" repressed the wish at once.

At last he found steady work on a farm out of town, with small wages. But he had a loft and a bed to himself, and his chief work was to drive a team into Dayton and back with produce, or to fetch lumber, coal, and feed for his employer and the neighbors.

One day, about a month after he went to this place, as he was driving a load of coal past the express office, walking his horses, for the load was heavy and the mud deep, the clerk saw him, and, running to the door, called out:

"Say, young fellow! D'you know anybody name of Jack Parry?"

"I guess so," said Jack, with a smile; "that's my name. What's to pay?"

"Nothin'—it's prepaid. I had a faint rek-
lektion that a fellow about your size left a package

here a while ago directed to James Agard. I was n't real sure 't was you, for you are n't rigged out so fancy as you was. What have you done with that red jacket, sonny? Haw! haw! haw!"

Jack colored; he had on an old overcoat of the farmer's, but the red sack was under it, for he had no other coat.

"Well, anyhow, here 's a bundle for Jack Parry, and I reckon that 's for you, since nobody else has called for it; and it's got a kind of a label on to the tag, same as letters have: 'Return to James Agard & Co., Deerford, Conn., if not called for in one month.' And the month 's a'most up, too,—it's a nigh thing for you."

Jack did not know what to think or say. He signed a receipt for the bundle, put it up on the coal, and hastily went on his way.

He did not get home till after dark, and when supper was over and all his work done he could only go to bed and wait for morning, as he never was allowed a light in his loft, and he did not want to open the package till he was alone. But

with the first dawning light he sprang up eagerly and untied the string. There lay the gray coat, and with it the rest of the suit, a set of warm underclothing, and, on top of all, a letter running thus:

"DEERFORD, CONN.

"JACK PARRY: I am glad there is such an honest boy in Dayton. I wish there were more here, but we want you for another, anyway. If you are out of work, and I think perhaps you are, for I know how it is round the burnt districts, you will find money in the breast-pocket of your coat to buy a ticket for this place. James Agard & Co. want a boy in their store, and want an honest one. Come promptly, and bring this letter to identify yourself.

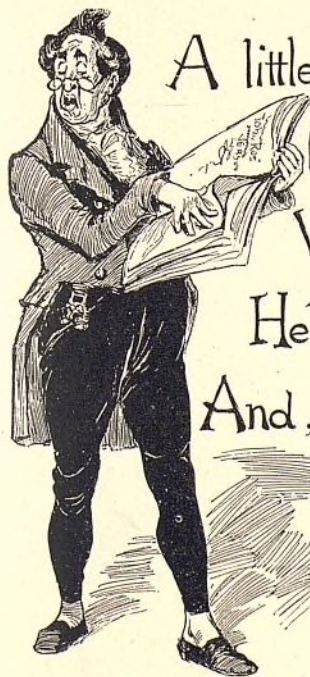
JAMES AGARD, JR."

"Oh, if Mother only knew it!" was the quick thought that glistened in Jack's happy eyes, and choked him for a moment, as he laid down the letter.

Perhaps she did.

He is in Agard & Co.'s great wholesale store on the Deerford wharves now, and does credit to James Agard, Jr.'s, recommendation.

And it all came of sending the wrong coat!



A little old man named M^cCaw,
Oh, he was well read up in law!
With a very wise look
He'd take down a great book,
And, turning its leaves say "Phaw!"

BEN BRUIN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



LITTLE Ben Bruin ran over the hill;
 The morning was frosty, the pine-trees were still,
 And the sunshine lay bright on the new-fallen snow.
 Said little Ben Bruin: "Now, where shall I go?
 They all think me safe in the stable, no doubt;
 But what are my paws for, if not to get out?
 Must I live with the horses and donkeys? Not I!
 The world is before me—my luck I will try."

Ben Bruin trudged on till an hour before noon;
 Then he said to himself: "I shall starve to death soon!
 Not an acorn or nut have I found in this wood;
 There is plenty of nothing but snow. If I could,
 For a taste of the dinner at home, I'd run back;
 But, somehow or other, I've lost my own track!
 Ho! ho! there's a sight I have not seen before—
 A little red house, with a half-open door!

"I think I'll step in, for I'm weary and lame."
 Ben Bruin was little, you see, and quite tame;
 He feared neither children, nor women, nor men,
 Though he did like a free forest-stroll now and then.
 Harry Hunter had petted the young orphan bear,
 Since his father the old ones had shot in their lair;
 And to school he had not been forbidden to go—
 That he would not be welcome, pray, how could he know?

Ben Bruin stepped into the entry, and there
 Little cloaks, hoods, and tippets were hung up with care,
 And small luncheon-baskets beneath, in a row.
 "Something good in those baskets, I smell and I know,"
 Said little Ben Bruin, and on his hind paws
 He balanced himself, while his nose and his jaws
 Found business enough. Hark! a step! pit-a-pat!
 Little Rose White came in, and saw what he was at.

Pretty Rose of a school-mate so rough had not dreamed;
 She turned pale, and then red; then she laughed, then she screamed.
 Then the door of the school-room she threw open wide,
 And little Ben Bruin walked in at her side,
 Straight up to the school-master's desk. What a rush
 For the door and the windows! The teacher called, "Hush!"
 In vain, through that tempest of terrified squeals;
 And he, with the children, soon took to his heels.

Ben Bruin looked blank at the stir he had made;
 As a bear-baby might, he felt rather afraid,
 Like the rest of the babies, and after them ran.
 Then over again the wild hubbub began,
 And Ben, seeing now that all this was no play,
 From the rout he had raised in disgust turned away,
 While he said to himself: "If I ever get home,
 In another direction hereafter I 'll roam."

Alas! for Ben Bruin's brief morning of fun!
 Behind him a click—and the bang of a gun!
 And when Harry Hunter went seeking his pet,
 The snow by the school-house with red drops was wet;
 And pretty Rose White felt so sad that she cried
 To see the boy mourn for the bear that had died.
 And this is the story of little Ben Bruin,
 Who found through a school-house the door-way to ruin.



THAT SLY OLD WOODCHUCK.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



"DEAH me! Dey's jes' one moah row ob taters. I's hoein' de bes' I know."

Julius leaned on his hoe for a moment. His bright black face was turned a little anxiously toward the front fence. Over in the road beyond that there

stood a white boy, of about his own size, and he was calling:

"Quib! Quib! Come here!"

"Dar he goes!" said Julius. "Dey've got him agin. He's de bes' dog for woodchucks, he is! An' I can't go 'long. Tell you 'wot, dough, if I'd ha' t'ought he'd run away 'fore I'd hoed dese taters, I'd nebber hab gibben him dat big bone. De rascal! He's jes' hid it away, somewhar, down 'mong de cabbages."

That was what Quib had done with his precious bone; but now his little, lean, yellow legs were carrying him rapidly down the road, with half a dozen very noisy boys behind him.

"Pete! Pete Corry! Where was it you saw that woodchuck?"

"Finest woodchuck you ever saw in all your life!" was Pete's reply.

"He'll get away from us!"

"No, he wont. Abe Selover is watching for him. That woodchuck is in the stone-heap at the corner of old Hamburger's pasture-lot."

Quib must have understood what Mart Penniman said, for he did not halt for one second till he reached the bars that led into that very field. It was more than a quarter of a mile from the potato-patch, but Quib had barked all the way—probably out of respect for the size and importance of the coming woodchuck.

Mart Penniman and Abe Selover had started their great "game" on the way home from driving their cows. They had raced him across the pasture and along the fence, into the stone-heap, and then Abe had staid to keep watch while Mart went after Julius Davis's dog. That meant also, of course, as large a crowd of boys as he could pick up in going and coming.

It was a sad thing for Julius that his mother had

set him at the potato-patch, and that Quib had broken his contract with the bone.

Quib was not usually so treacherous, but he happened to be on friendly terms with every boy of that hunting-party.

They had all helped him chase woodchucks at one time or another, and he had great confidence in them, but that was nothing at all to their confidence in him.

The pasture bars did not stop a single one of the woodchuck-hunters. All the boys went over while Quib was wriggling under, through a hole he knew, and there, almost right before them, was the stone-heap. It was quite a large one, and it was thickly overgrown with wild raspberry vines.

"Abe—is he there?"

"He did n't get away, did he?"

"Are you sure he is in there?"

"Quib! Quib!" shouted Abe. "Woodchucks! Quib, woodchucks! Right in here. Find 'em!"

Quib was dancing around in a quiver of noisy excitement, for he had caught a sniff of something under the first bush he sprang into.

How he did bark and yelp and scratch, for about a minute!

"Poys! Poys! Vat is all dis? Vat you want vis mein stone-heap, eh?"

It was old Hamburger himself climbing the fence, and he looked longer and leaner just then, and had more pipe in his mouth, than the boys thought they had ever seen before.

"The finest woodchuck you ever saw, Mr. Hamburger," began Cole Thomas, by way of an apology.

"Vootshuck! Dat's it! Ant so you puts a tog into mein stone-heap, and you steps onto mein grass, ant you knock ober all mein beautiful mullein-stalks and mein thistles and mein scoke-veeds!"

Puff! puff! came the great clouds of smoke from the grim lips of the old German, but it struck Cole Thomas that Mr. Hamburger himself was on the watch for that woodchuck.

Bow—wow—yow—yelp! and Mart shouted:

"There he goes!"

"Hi! We'll get him!" screamed Abe.

"Take him, Quib! Take him!"

Quib had started the woodchuck.

There was never a stone-heap piled up that had room in it for both a dog and a woodchuck.

Mr. Hamburger took the pipe out of his mouth, which was a thing nobody could remember ever having seen him do.

"Dose poys! Dat vootshuck! De tog is a goot von. Dey vill preak dare little necks. Joost see how dey run! But de tog is de pest runner of dem poys, egsept de vootshuck."

Mr. Hamburger did not run. Nobody had ever seen him do any such thing as that.

But he walked on across the pasture-lot, toward the deep ravine that cut through the side of the hill to the valley.

All that time poor Julius had been hoeing away desperately upon the last row of his mother's potatoes, and she had been smiling at him from the window. She was anxious he should get through, for she meant to send him to the village for a quarter of a pound of tea.

It was just as Julius reached the last hill that the baby cried, and when Mrs. Davis returned to the window to say something about the store and the kind of tea she wanted, all she could see of Julius was the hoe lying beside that last hill.

"Ef he has n't finished dem taters and run away!"

She would have been proud of him if she could have seen how wonderfully fast he did run away, down the road he had seen Quib and the other hunters take.

"Dey's into de lot!" he exclaimed, when he came to the bars. "Dar's Pete Corry's ole straw hat lyin' by de stone-heap. Mus' hab been somefin' won'erful, or he'd nebber forgot his hat."

That was an old woodchuck, of course, or he would not have been so large, and it may be he knew those boys as well as Quib did. If not, it was his own fault, for every one of them had chased him before, and so had Quib. He knew every inch of that pasture-lot, and he knew the shortest way to the head of the deep ravine.

"Boys!" shouted Abe Selover, with all the breath he had. "Boys! He's going for the glen! Now we've got him!"

The ravine was a rocky and wonderful place, and all the boys were perfectly familiar with it, and considered it the grandest play-house in the world, or, at least, in the vicinity of the village. If Quib once got the woodchuck penned up among those rocks, they could play hide-and-seek for him till they should find him.

Some city people that had a picnic there once had called it a "glen," and the name had stuck to it, mainly because it was shorter than any other the boys could think of; and, besides that, the school-master of the district two years before (who

did n't suit the trustees) had been named Glenn, and so the word must have been all right.

Some of the boys were near enough to see the woodchuck make for the two maples at the head of the ravine, and Bob Hicks tumbled over Andy Thompson while he was shouting:

"Catch him, Quib!"

After they got past those two maple trees there was no more fast running to be done.

Down, down, deeper and rockier and rougher every rod of it, the rugged chasm opened ahead of them, and it was necessary for the boys to mind their steps. It was a place where a woodchuck or a small dog could get around a good deal faster than any boy, but they all followed Quib in a way that would have scared their mothers if they had been there.

"It's grand fun!" said Mart Penniman. "Finest woodchuck you ever saw!"

"Come on, boys!" shouted Abe Selover, away ahead. "We'll get him, this time."

Abe had a way of being just the next boy behind the dog in any kind of chase, and they all clambered after him, in hot haste.

On went Quib, and even Abe Selover could not see him more than half the time, for he had an immense deal of dodging to do, in and out among the rocks and trees, and it was dreadfully shady at the bottom of that ravine.

The walls of rock, where Abe was, rose more than sixty feet high on either side, and the glen was only a few rods wide at the widest place.

"He's holed him! He's holed him! Come on! we've got him, now!"

Quib was scratching and yelping like an insane dog at the bottom of what looked like a great crack between two rocks, in the left-hand side of the glen as you went down. The crack was only an inch or so wide at the bottom, and twisted a good deal as it went up, for the rock was of the kind known as "pudding-stone." There was a hole, just there, large enough for a woodchuck, but too small for a dog.

"Dig, boys! Dig!"

"Dig yourself," said Pete Corry. "Who's going to dig a rock, I'd like to know?"

"Let Quib in, anyhow. He'll drive him out."

Abe was prying at that hole with a dead branch of a tree, and, almost while he was speaking, a great piece of the loose pudding-stone fell off and came thumping down at his feet.

"A cave, boys! a cave! Just look in!"

Quib did not wait for anybody to look in, but bounded through the opening with a shrill yelp, and Abe Selover squeezed after him.

Pete Corry felt a little nervous when he saw how dark it was, but he followed Abe; and the other

boys came on as fast as the width of the hole would let them.

That is, they crept through, one boy at a time.

What surprised them was, that the moment they had crawled through that hole they could stand up straight.

"Where 's the woodchuck?" asked Bob Hicks.

"Woodchuck? Why, boys this is a regular cave," replied Abe.

"Quib 's in there, somewhere," said Mart Penniman. "Just hear him yelp!"

"Hold on," said Cole Thomas—"there 's more light coming in. We shall be able to see, in a minute."

The fact was that it took a little time for their eyes to get accustomed to the small amount of light there was in that cave.

The cave itself was not very large.

It grew wider for about twenty feet from the hole they came in by, and the floor, which was covered with bits of rock, sloped upward like the roof of a house, only not quite so abruptly.

In the middle it was more than a rod wide. Then it grew narrower, and steeper, and darker with every step. But they knew about where the upper end must be, for they could hear Quib barking there.

"It 's dark enough," said Andy.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Abe Selover. "We 'll have that woodchuck this time. He 's in this cave, somewhere."

They were not very much afraid to keep a little way behind Abe Selover, and in a few minutes they heard him say:

"Quib! Is he there? Have you got him?"

Quib barked and whined, and the sound seemed to come from away above them.

"Come on, boys! I can see a streak of light. It 's like climbing up an old chimney. Quib 's almost on him."

All that time, while they were groping through that cave, Julius Davis was looking around the pasture-lot after them.

He would have been glad of a small glimpse of Quib, but all he had found as yet was Mr. Hamburger, who was standing under an old butternut-tree and looking down at a round, hollow place in the ground.

He was smoking very hard.

"Hab you seen my dog?" asked Julius.

"Hold shtill, poy! Joost you vait. Hi! Dere goes dose vootshuck!"

"Dat 's so. He 's come right up out ob de hole, and dar aint no dog to foller him!"

Away went the woodchuck, and Julius gave him up for lost; but Mr. Hamburger smoked harder than ever and looked down at the hole.

"Hark! Hear dem? It is de tog! Pless mein eyes, if dey did n't chase dose vootshuck right oonder mein pasture-lot!"

Julius could hear Quib bark now, away down there in the ground, and he could not stand still on any one side of that hollow. So he danced up and down on every side of it.

One minute,—two, three minutes,—it was a dreadfully long time,—and then it was the voice of Abe Selover, mixed with a long yelp from Quib.

"Come on, boys! I 've shoved him through. I 'm going right up after him. Nothing to pull away but some sods."

"Dat 's de tog!" exclaimed Mr. Hamburger. "Keep shtill, black poy! De rest of dose vootshucks is coming. Keep shtill."

Nothing but some sods to pull away, to make that hole large enough, and then Abe Selover's curly head popped out, and the rest of him followed, grimy and dirty, but in a great fever of excitement and fun.

After him climbed the other boys, one by one.

"Mr. Hamburger, did you see where that woodchuck went to?"

"De vootshuck? I don't know him. But de black poy haf run after de tog, ant he vas run so fast as nefer you saw. Vare you leetle vootshucks coom from, eh? You climb oonder mein pasture?"

"No use, Abe," said Mart Penniman. "We 've missed that woodchuck this time."

"We 've found the cave, though," said Pete Corry. "It 's through that he got away from us so many times."

"I dell you vat," said Mr. Hamburger; "de nex' time you leetle vootshucks vant to chase dat oder vootshuck, you put a pag ofer dese hole. Den you shace him round among de rocks, and you vill catch de tog ant de vootshuck into de same pag."

"That 's what we 'll do," said Abe Selover. "But not to-day, boys. He was the finest woodchuck I ever saw, but we 've missed him this time."



SHE does n't live in Egypt,—
Not in these later years;
She sits in a cane-seat rocker,
And this is what she hears:

"Mamma, where's my pencil?"
"Mamma, where's my hat?"
"Mamma, what does this mean?"
"Mamma, what is that?"
"Who was General Taylor?"
"Where's this horrid town?"
"Have I got to do it?"
"Say, is 'rest' a noun?"
"Can I have a cornet?"
 Don't I wish I had!"
"Ma, if I got rich some day,
 Would n't you be glad?"
"This book says the dew-drops
 Climb the morning sky;
Oh, what makes them do so?
 Tell the reason why."

Hear the gentle answers,
Making matters plain;
Should she speak in riddles,
They will ask again.

"Something ails this slipper,—
Does n't it look queer?"
"Must I do it over?"
 Fix it, Mother dear."
"We must write an essay
 On 'a piece of chalk';
Mother, what would you say?"
"Ma, why don't you talk?"

Children, come to Auntie!
Let Mamma alone!
(I sometimes think the patient sphinx
Will really turn to stone.)



THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW ROYALTY DINED WITHOUT EATING.

EARLY next morning, Rauf, who lodged in the *Sieur de Montmorency's* tent, was awakened by a touch upon his shoulder, and, opening his eyes, was startled to see the King bending over him.

"Arise, Sir Page," said Francis, with a re-assuring smile. "I am mightily vexed with all this suspicion and ceremony that, it seems, must needs attend all our interviews with your King, and I am minded to give our brother of England a surprise this morning. None save the Count of Saint Pol and the *Sieur de Montmorency* accompany me, and you shall help us force the camp."

Dressing in much wonderment, and snatching a hasty bite at a cold pasty, Rauf joined the King and his two companions. With neither guards nor heralds, they rode across the valley and up the slopes to Guisnes, through the bright beauty of that early June morning, and "mightily astonished" the English wardens gathered on the castle bridge.

"Surrender ye, surrender ye, my brothers, to the might and power of France!" said the King, gayly, as he rode among them. "Lead us straight to the chamber of our cousin of England."

"Sire, he has not yet awakened," said the bewildered Marland, the provost. "Pray, your majesty, rest awhile, until I summon his grace the Earl of Essex to conduct you to the King's highness."

"Earl me no earl, and king me no kings," protested Francis, laughingly. "I seek to awaken, not a king's highness, but mine own good brother and comrade, Henry of England; so, then, on to the chamber, Master Bulney." And following Rauf, with the bewildered English officials still in the rear and "sore perplexed," Francis walked rapidly to the door of the King's chamber, knocked, and, without further ceremony, walked in.

"Never," says the chronicler, "was man more dumbfounded than King Henry."

"Brother," he said, "you have done me a better turn than ever man did to another, and you show me the great trust I ought to have in you. I yield myself your prisoner from this moment, and I proffer you my parole. Sir Page, my jeweled collar!"

Rauf brought from the open casket near the

bed a magnificent collar of gold and jewels, worth, it is said, some fifteen thousand angels, or nearly forty thousand dollars of our money.

"Take this, my brother," said the King; "take it and wear it this very day for the love of your prisoner, Henry of England."

"Honor for honor, ransom for ransom," said Francis, and detaching from his own dress a bracelet, said to be worth thirty thousand angels (nearly eighty thousand dollars)—"wear this," he said, "for me, and with it wear close to your heart the dear love of your brother, Francis of France."

"Now will I rise and attend you," said Henry; and to Rauf he said, "Sir Page, let our gentlemen of the chamber be called."

"Not so," said Francis; "'t is brother and brother, and peer to peer. You shall have none other chamberer than your loving Francis, and as I thus warm your shirt and help you to your dress, may the warmth of our brotherly love melt down all the barriers of suspicion and ceremony that our lords would fain rear between us."

And so, with jovial talk and many a merry jest, was this memorable and most novel kingly visit prolonged and enjoyed, to the dismay and bewilderment of the ceremonious courtiers of both the camps.

Next day, after the jousts were ended, there was tried a bout between the English wrestlers, and then a match between the archers, in which latter the King of England took a part. "For," says the French chronicler, "he was a marvelous good archer and a strong, and it was very pleasant to see him." These sports over, the two Kings entered the pavilion to rest and refresh themselves. Here Francis, admiring the splendid physique of King Henry, said to him:

"You are mightily well built, brother. Truth to say, the Chevalier Giustinian made no unfair report of you to his master, the Doge of Venice."

"And what said the wordy chevalier?" queried Henry.

"He said," replied Francis, "that my lord the King of England was much handsomer than any monarch in Christendom; very fair and well-proportioned; a good musician; a capital horseman; a fine jouter; a hearty hunter; a tireless gamester; a mighty archer, and a royal hand at tennis."

"Ay, tennis is a royal game," was Henry's only comment.

"The chevalier protested," went on the French

King, "that it was the prettiest thing in the world to see you at tennis, with your fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture."

"Ha! well," said the flattered Henry, "the Chevalier Giustinian was a courtier-like and wily ambassador, and you, too, my brother, are, I fear me, a sweet-tongued flatterer."

"Not so, not so," responded Francis. "I am leal and true comrade to the man, be he king or courser-man, who is as tightly built and as strong in heart as is Henry of England."

Then it was that Rauf in astonishment saw his gracious sovereign seize with a practiced hand the collar of my lord the King of France.

"Come, my brother," said Henry, "let us try a fall."

With arms entwined around each other's body in a grip of iron, with feet planted, and with every muscle strained, the royal wrestlers swayed now this way and now that in their trial of strength. There came one or two well-made feints at throwing, and then suddenly, so the record says, "the King of France, who was an expert wrestler, tripped up the heels of his brother of England and gave him a marvelous somerset."

"Revenge, revenge! I am not yet beaten!" cried the fallen prince, springing to his feet, but then came the summons to supper, and the wrestle of the Kings was over.

The fortnight of pageantry ended all too quickly for Rauf and Margery, and for many an older participant, but the end came at last, as come it must to all good times. And now it is Saturday, the 23d of June, the feast of the vigil of St. John—commemorating that early Pope of Rome, imprisoned and martyred by the Arian King of Italy, Theodoric the Ostragoth. As fitted both a high feast-day of the Roman Church and the last hours of an occasion in which that Church had played so prominent a part, the Lord Cardinal announced a solemn mass to be sung by both the French and English priests. So, in the great lists, which for twelve days had rung with the clash of sword and lance, the shouts of contestants, and the cheer of victory, a gorgeous chapel was erected, on a great platform, hung with cloth of gold and splendid draperies, while altars and reliquaries shone with gold and gems. The oratories of the Kings and Queens were royally furnished, and chairs of state, under canopies of cloth of gold, stood on the platform for the cardinals, bishops, and prelates of France and England. Dressed in soft camlet robes, blood-red, from head to foot, the cardinals and their trains of priests and dignitaries moved in slow procession from the chapel to the chairs. Then, amid a solemn silence, in the presence of a vast multitude that thronged the galleries and stood

without the lists, the great Cardinal Wolsey, changing his red robes for his richest vestments of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, opened the service, in which the English and French priests and chanters took alternate parts. The Kings and Queens knelt at the altars, and all the curious forms of service that were the usages of that age of form, in religion as in arms, were carefully observed.

Right in the midst of it all, as the rich strains of the "Gloria in Excelsis" filled the air, there rose a great noise of roaring and hissing, and lo! high above the French camp at Arde, appeared the figure of "a great salamander or dragon, four fathoms long and full of fire."

Margery started up in alarm, and clutched the sleeve of Rauf, himself not all unmoved at the strange apparition.

"Oh, look, look, Rauf!" she said, beneath her breath. "What is it? What is it?"

But even Rauf's cup of wonders was filled to overflowing, and he simply gazed, speechless.

"See, see; it comes this way!" he said, involuntarily ducking his head, as the fiery monster, cleaving the air, headed toward them and then "passed over the chapel to Guisnes as fast as a footman can go, and as high as a bolt shot from a cross-bow."

Surprise, indecision, dismay, and fear were seen on many faces, and a sigh of relief broke from countless watchers as the last vestige of the fiery trail vanished from the sky.

"Oh, what a monster!" said Margery. "What could it have been, Rauf?"

The boy plunged down into the very depths of his boyish wisdom, but found no fitting explanation, and both the children turned questioning faces to Sir Rauf Verney, who, with Lady Gray, was watching their astonishment with evident amusement.

"Rest easy, my little ones," he said. "'T is no portent nor omen, but only one of those conceits in fire, brought from Italy for the French lords, and can harm no one. Even now it lies all dead and blackened on our camping-ground at Guisnes."

And so Rauf and Margery saw their first fireworks, then an almost unheard-of wonder in Europe.

Below in the lists, but little disturbed by the fiery dragon,—of which they had probably had warning,—the royal worshipers went on with the service, and a Latin sermon on the blessings of peace closed the mass. Then came the great state dinner, served in the lists, the Kings sitting in one chamber beneath a golden canopy, the Queens in another, the cardinals and prelates in another, and the lords and ladies in still other apartments. Rauf and Margery, with the robust appetites of

healthy children, dipped like young epicures into all the dainties, and richly enjoyed the feast, pitying, meanwhile, the enforced courtesies of royal ceremonial, which would not permit the Kings and Queens to take a mouthful, but forced them to pass the time in polite conversation while the inviting courses came and went untasted.

"'T is glorious to see the Queens' highnesses and be so near to them, is it not, Rauf?" asked happy Margery.

—with many regrets and courteous phrases; with flatteries and promises innumerable; with the music



THE TWO KINGS TRY A WRESTLING MATCH.

"Ay, that it is," he answered, glancing toward the Queens' table, where stately conversation was the only thing indulged in, "but—," here he paused with a huge piece of pasty half-way toward his mouth, "think how much more glorious to be as we are, and —," speaking with his mouth full of the pasty —, "to talk and eat both."

"Heaven protect and keep our fair young demoiselle!" said King Francis, as he bent over Margery in farewell, with as courteous a salute even as he gave to the lady Queen of England.

The closing hours of the great interview had come. It was the afternoon of Sunday, the 24th of June, 1520. The final exchange of state visits and dinners had been made, and now the French and English retinues, with the sovereigns and cardinals, met in the lists to say farewell. With the interchange of many rare and costly gifts, — horses of blood, litters, and chariots, hounds and hawks, bracelets and necklaces, chains, and robes of gold and silver tissue, of velvet and of damask,

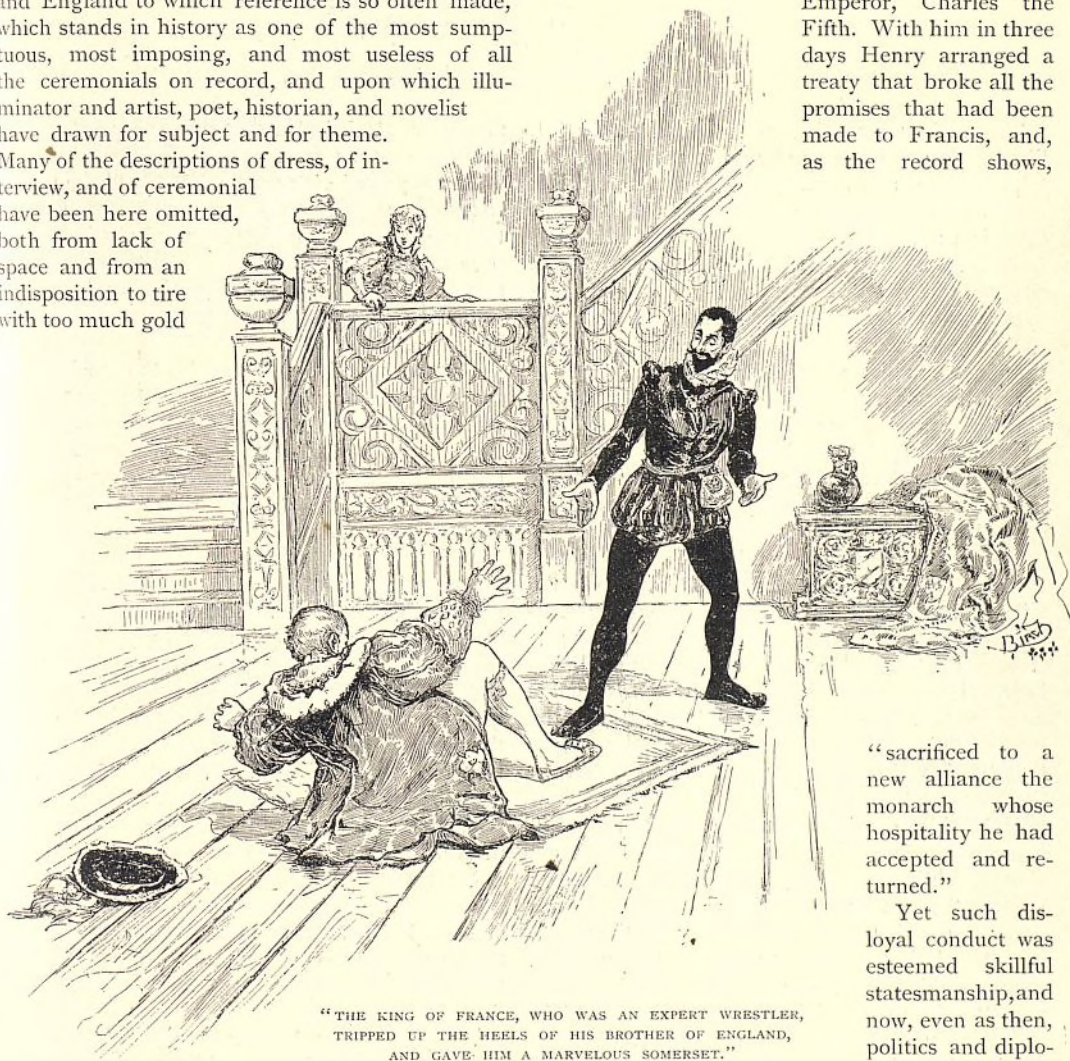
of trumpets and clarions, hautboys and sackbuts and flutes; with the solemn covenant of the Kings to build in the golden valley a memorial chapel, to be called "the Chapel of Our Lady of the Peace"; amid the boom of artillery, the waving of banners, and the echoing shouts of farewell, the courts of France and England took leave of each other, and the "meeting of the Kings" was a thing of the past.

And so, back to Calais, and, after a week's delay, over the sea to England, went Rauf and Margery, full of regret that the splendid life of pleasure and excitement that they had lived for two royal weeks had come to an end. The intimacy between them never weakened, but developed and strengthened into a lasting friendship. Visits to Verney Hall and to the manor-house of Carew were frequent, and whether climbing the Chiltern hills, or exploring the woods of Aylesbury, or scouring with horse and hawk and hound the verdant vales of Surrey, one topic for conver-

sation never lacked. As they grew older they learned to see beneath the glitter of pageantry and the sound of courtly phrases the deeper designs of policy and statecraft; but still the memories of that youthful journey to France remained ever radiant and glorious with the halo of romance, and to their latest days they could tell again and again, to open-mouthed audiences of children and grandchildren, the never-failing story of the wonders and the glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Such, in brief detail, dear reader, is the story of that royal interview between the Kings of France and England to which reference is so often made, which stands in history as one of the most sumptuous, most imposing, and most useless of all the ceremonials on record, and upon which illuminator and artist, poet, historian, and novelist have drawn for subject and for theme. Many of the descriptions of dress, of interview, and of ceremonial have been here omitted, both from lack of space and from an indisposition to tire with too much gold

that hung upon the skirts of the pageant, kept back only by the pikes and bows of the guards; of the poverty and suffering of the people, who were squeezed and taxed for the money expended in this gorgeous show. No; nor of the utter fruitlessness of the whole affair as a matter of statesmanship. For the great King Henry of England and his shrewd adviser, the Lord Cardinal, by an act of double-dealing almost unparalleled in history, went direct from the treaties, the promises, the presents, and the pretended affections of that stately farewell in the golden valley, to the town of Gravelines, near Dunkirk, where waited the crafty young Emperor, Charles the Fifth. With him in three days Henry arranged a treaty that broke all the promises that had been made to Francis, and, as the record shows,



"THE KING OF FRANCE, WHO WAS AN EXPERT WRESTLER, TRIPPED UP THE HEELS OF HIS BROTHER OF ENGLAND, AND GAVE HIM A MARVELOUS SOMERSET."

"sacrificed to a new alliance the monarch whose hospitality he had accepted and returned."

Yet such disloyal conduct was esteemed skillful statesmanship, and now, even as then, politics and diplomacy, in the hands

and glitter. Nor has mention been made of the other side of the picture—of the motley crowds

of men who disregard truth and faith and honor, may be as full of deceit and hypocrisy. But, as

you read history thoughtfully, you will learn also, — that the more practical light of modern endeavor that true manliness and true womanliness pay best began to change the thought, the customs, and the manners of Christendom. And as almost the last in the long run, and that he who tries to walk in the flush of that glory of chivalry and ceremonial that marked the times which we now call the Middle Ages, there is to be found much of interest, much of gorgeous coloring, and much of picturesque magnificence in the wonder-filled story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

But it was during the reigns of the three princes we have here met — Henry, Francis, and Charles

— that the more practical light of modern endeavor began to change the thought, the customs, and the manners of Christendom. And as almost the last flush of that glory of chivalry and ceremonial that marked the times which we now call the Middle Ages, there is to be found much of interest, much of gorgeous coloring, and much of picturesque magnificence in the wonder-filled story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

A TOWN WITH A SAINT.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THERE is not another place in the world just like it. It has houses and streets and woods and school-houses and a post-office, and all that, like many another New England town; but, for all these, there is a difference. If you take the Old Colony Railroad from Boston, you soon get away from the city and the pretty villages round about, and come to the wild woods. It seems wonderful that there are so many glorious fishing-places, miles of grand camping-ground, and great stretches of lovely wilderness in such an old State as Massachusetts. The Duke of Argyle, in traveling from Boston to Newport, said the country reminded him of the wild parts of Scotland. And so it may well have done, as far as the woods are concerned, but the towns are very different from Scottish hamlets.

The curious thing about this part of the country is that, while the land seems so wild and poor, the villages, half hidden in the forest, are busy enough, and as the train rushes out of the shady lanes it stops amid tasteful houses, beautiful public buildings, and every convenience of a city. The land is poor and the climate cold, but the inhabitants — the boys and girls — do not care for that. They do say that the land is so stony that the farmers sharpen the noses of their sheep, to enable the poor things to get a bite of grass between the stones. Yet here people live and work, and most of them get along beautifully. Here, in the village of North Easton, the men make thirty thousand shovels every week. They send them all over the world, and thus it is they earn enough to live upon in comfort. There was once an old farmer in Massachusetts who was terribly alarmed when his eight boys grew up, because he feared that, if he cut up the farm into eight parts, none of them would have enough to live upon. However, the boys took care of themselves, and in time went to work in the

factories. So it is here. Every one works in the shops or on the farms.

The boys and girls go to school in the handsome school-houses, and coast on the hills or skate on the great ponds in winter, or go nutting in the woods in autumn. But this is not the end of their fun. Here is the best thing of all: Every boy and girl in the town, rich and poor, young and old, has ST. NICHOLAS.

Once a month it comes in the mail, every copy carefully addressed, one copy for every family where there are boys and girls in the entire town. By recess time on the day of its arrival all the children in town are usually aware of the fact. ST. NICHOLAS has come! Think of it! One copy for every family. The joyful news soon spreads, and the moment school is out there is a grand rush for the post-office. Three hundred boys and girls besiege it at once. The postmaster hands the magazines out as fast as possible, and before night every one is gone. Not one is left, you may be sure. That evening, the entire population begins to read ST. NICHOLAS. Nobody knows when they get through, for father and mother and big brother want their turn. He must be a very old boy who can't read ST. NICHOLAS.

So it goes. Twelve times a year each family in North Easton has its own magazine. In many a lonely farm-house it may be almost the only book, and in every house it is welcome. If all the children in North Easton read it right through from the beginning at the same time, they must reach the same jokes at the same time, and no doubt the entire town laughs at the same place and sits up long past bed-time trying to solve the puzzles. Think of every child in a town being personally acquainted with Jack-in-the-Pulpit and the Little School-ma'am! If Mr. Stockton should

go there, he would find every boy and girl familiar with his wonderful fairies and gnomes. If the people knew he was there, they would, no doubt, ring the church-bell and invite him into the beautiful Memorial Hall, and bid him tell the town a story.

I've written one or two things myself for the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, and when I went there and found that every boy and girl I met in the streets read it every month, I felt like boarding the cars and leaving as fast as possible. I once heard a little girl read one of my stories, and it made me feel truly proud; but a town full of readers! I did n't say a word. It made me feel like the boy

who carried the music-box to church by mistake. It went off right in sermon time, and he wished he had n't come.

And this is the way it all happened. Mr. Ames, who, when he lived, was one of the owners of the shovel-works located here, made a very wise will. It provided that a part of the money he left should be used every year for the benefit of all the people in the town. A number of persons were appointed to take charge of this money, and with a part of it they give, each year, a copy of ST. NICHOLAS to every family where there are children. So it happens that the whole town full of children read it every month.



SWEET little darling runs into my room,
Red lips parted and cheeks aglow;
Fresh and rare as the apple bloom,
Brighter far than the roses blow.

"Oh, sister, come and see!" she cries,
As she smooths from her brow the tangled
hairs,

While wonder speaks through her violet eyes—
"My little kitty is saying her prayers!"

"Come and look thro' the nursery door!
We wont frighten her where she lies,
In the streak of sunlight on the floor,
Folding her white paws over her eyes.

"I wonder,"—treading with light foot-fall,
And daintily lifting the frock she wears,
As she trots before me across the hall,—
"I wonder if God hears kitty's prayers?"

A JAPANESE FUNNY ARTIST.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

ONE hundred and twenty-three years ago—in the year just before the first observed transit of Venus—there was a looking-glass maker in Yedo, who was made happy by the information, "It's a boy." Neighbors and friends rushed in to congratulate Mrs. Middle-island, the happy mother whose son North-house (Hokusai) was to become the most famous artist in Japan.

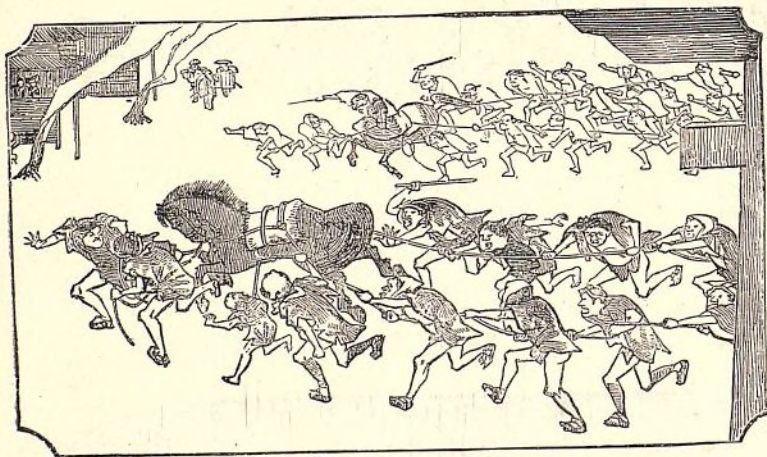
As the boy grew up he was fond of drawing, and always had a pencil or brush-pen in his hand. He made pictures of babies on their mothers' backs, of chubby children playing, of the ownerless wolfish dogs and bob-tailed cats of Yedo. Nearly all the Japanese artists before North-house had painted only lords and ladies of the court,

Hokusai kept on the ground, with the result that even the babies understood his drawings, and dyers bought his books for their patterns. To study some of the dainty pictures dyed into a *daimiō** lady's skirt, or to read a Japanese fairy tale on a bride's robe, is often to recognize Hokusai's pictures reproduced in color.

Hokusai opened a studio in Yedo in 1810, and labored steadily with the brush until 1849—about five years before Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo. His chief books of pictures are his *mangwa*, or albums of sketches. Occasionally he made journeys, and the fruits of his travel were his "Hundred Views of Fuji-Yama," besides many pictures of natural scenery. His drawings are

more simple and less finished than ours, but are much clearer than those of most Japanese draughtsmen, so that, of them all, Hokusai is best understood by foreigners.

In one funny sketch he pictures soldiers feasting in time of peace, and getting so fat as to be unable to buckle on their armor, like tortoises that have grown bigger than their shells, and so can not shut up. In still another picture, he shows the shady side of a farmer's life. A hungry man in threadbare coat, prematurely



HOKUSAI'S PICTURE OF THE JAPANESE WAY OF BREAKING IN PONIES.

nobles' costumes and gorgeous silk dresses, and gold-lacquered vases and palanquins belonging to the Mikado. Many of their subjects were Chinese, but silken curtains and red temples and pagodas, with abundance of gold clouds in the picture to cover up the plain or common parts, were what one saw on most famous works of art.

But Hokusai was a man of the people. He cared next to nothing about Chinese heroes, or high lords of the court,—except to make fun of them,—and so he struck out in a new line. He pictured farmers and mechanics, thatched cottages and shops and markets, pack-horses and street dogs, and everything in humble life. He especially entered into the juvenile world,—which is only as high as a yard-stick,—and while his brother artists soared into the mountains and clouds

turely gray through hard work, is looking anxiously at a piece of land which, toil as he may, yields him scarcely enough to live on. The Japanese sentence of explanation at the side of the picture is a double-edged pun, reading either "A scant field gives a short crop," or "Human life is but fifty years."

Hokusai was never weary of studying horses and their funny ways, and of all creatures Japanese horses are the most amusing. These nags, which wear laced-up shoes of straw, drink out of a dipper, take hip-baths of hot water, and stand in the stable with their mouths tied up higher than their ears, are broken in to the pack or saddle in a very rough way. In Hokusai's days, horses were never harnessed to wagons, nor did they draw anything. The ponies were usually

* A *daimiō* is a Japanese lord.

"broken in" in the large open yards attached to temples, and part of the large *tori-i*, or gate-way, is seen on the right in our illustration, page 340. On

Lake Biwa. In the picture, the steed has broken loose and run away from its master, and is "making tracks" in a defiant manner. The lady is out walking in her storm-clogs, for the ground is muddy. No sooner does she "put her foot down," than the lariat is as fast as if tied to a rock. The animal is brought up on a short turn, and tumbles over. In spite of his kicking and rearing, the lady calmly adjusts her comb, and enjoys the scenery. When the equine Tartar is thoroughly humbled, he is calmly led home. After such an experience, he perhaps respects women more than before.



KANEKO STOPS THE RUNAWAY.

the left are the houses of the priests, with two or three pilgrims in big hats and straw cloaks enjoying the fun. Fires, also, are usually kindled, and the colts are driven close to them, so that they may become accustomed to such a common sight.

The method of breaking them in was as follows: The young horse was duly harnessed, and a man on each side held a bridle to jerk him to the right or left, while another man in the rear beat him with a bamboo stick, keeping well away from his hoofs. Twelve or more men and boys then took hold of the long ropes or traces, and a lively shouting began. The horse plunged and galloped off, expecting to get rid of the noisy crew, but soon found that this was no easy task. It was a twelve-man power that made him go here and there, fast or slow, occasionally stopping him short and giving him a tumble. When utterly exhausted, his tormentors led him back to the stable. After a few such trials, the pony was considered broken. Such crude training, though fine fun for the men, ruins the horses, making them hard-mouthed and vicious with both heels and teeth.

Hokusai has pictured one such impetuous nag mastered by a woman who was famed alike for her strength and powers of horse-taming. I once visited the village in which this female Rarey lived. Her name was Kaneko, and her home was at Kaidzu, a little town at the head of the beautiful

Lake Biwa. In the next two sketches, we have the funny side both of science and of superstition. Doctor Sawbones has come to visit Mrs. Sick-a-bed, who has a bilious attack, and has found the usual application of paper dipped in vinegar and laid on the temples to be insufficient. Like all good married women, her eyebrows are well shaved off. You see no sofa or bedstead in the room, for in Japan sick folks lie on quilts piled up on the floor, which is covered with thick, soft matting. The patient has come out from behind the screen, in her checked wrapper, and with her head tied up. She is showing the doctor pretty much all the tongue she has. We hope she is not a scold, and that she does not belong to that class referred to in a popular Japanese proverb: "The tongue which is



DOCTOR SAWBONES AND MRS. SICK-A-BED.

three inches long can kill a man six feet high." With her double chin, and fat round face, she looks like a kindly woman, not given to sharp words.

Doctor Sawbones, however, has laid his dress-sword and his pill-box on the floor (of both, as well as of his family crest, embroidered on the



POTATOES CHANGING TO EELS.

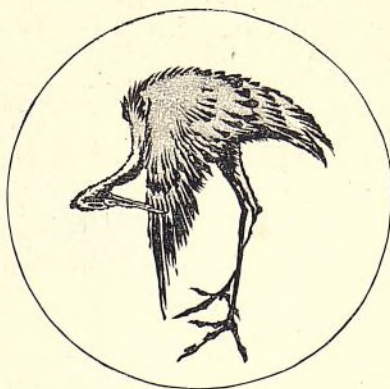
back of his coat near the collar, he is very proud). See how eagerly, yet leisurely, too, the old shaven-pate gazes through his horn-rimmed goggles. It is well they are guyed to his ears with buckskin straps like chain-cables. How much wisdom lurks in his wrinkled face! The woman is poking her tongue at him, wondering how long the doctor wants her to keep it out. He discovers that the cause of her trouble is too hearty indulgence in fried eels well dipped in soy. He orders for her an astonishing dose of pills, and he gets his pay if she gets well. "No cure, no cash," is the usual rule in Japan.

Fried eels are a tempting delicacy in Japan, but

broiled eels are fit for the Tycoon. Caught in the moats of the castles, in canals or rivers, the slippery creatures are skinned so skillfully that an expert draws out head and skeleton, like a sword from its scabbard. Spitted on iron or bamboo skewers, they are repeatedly dipped in soy, and broiled over hot charcoal on the streets, or in restaurants, which have for their shop-sign a square lantern, as seen in the picture.

The connection between eels and potatoes is not very clear to an American, but many a Japanese housewife or granny is afraid of putting a certain kind of long potato away in baskets. They have a queer superstition that the potatoes will change into eels and crawl away. The picture here given is Hokusai's illustration of this idea. The three boys had three potatoes; but the potatoes have waxed old and turned into eels, and the boys, grown up, find them tough subjects with which to wrestle. How the affair will end no one can surely tell, but it looks bad for the boys. One of them is being lifted from the ground, and his position reminds us of the famous feat of "climbing a greased pole," but this pole will probably lie down and slide off into the mud, and shed the boy quite easily. The second fellow is nearly off his feet; and the third, spite of all his clutching and clinging, will lose his prize. If they had only a handful of grit or ashes they might have a royal dish of eels, and not grudge the loss of three potatoes.

Hokusai made many other funny pictures of eel-catchers, well and sick women, wise doctors and cunning quacks, horses of all sorts, and men innumerable. Hokusai is dead, but thousands of Japanese still chuckle over his caricatures; and in American metal-work, silverware, wall-paper, silk, embroidery, and a hundred forms of decorative art, the strokes of his pencil are visible, with a character all their own.





GRETCHEN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



Lo, the sweet dawn in silence wakes,
And into every casement looks;
Gretchen her little bed forsakes
At once, and hurries to her books.

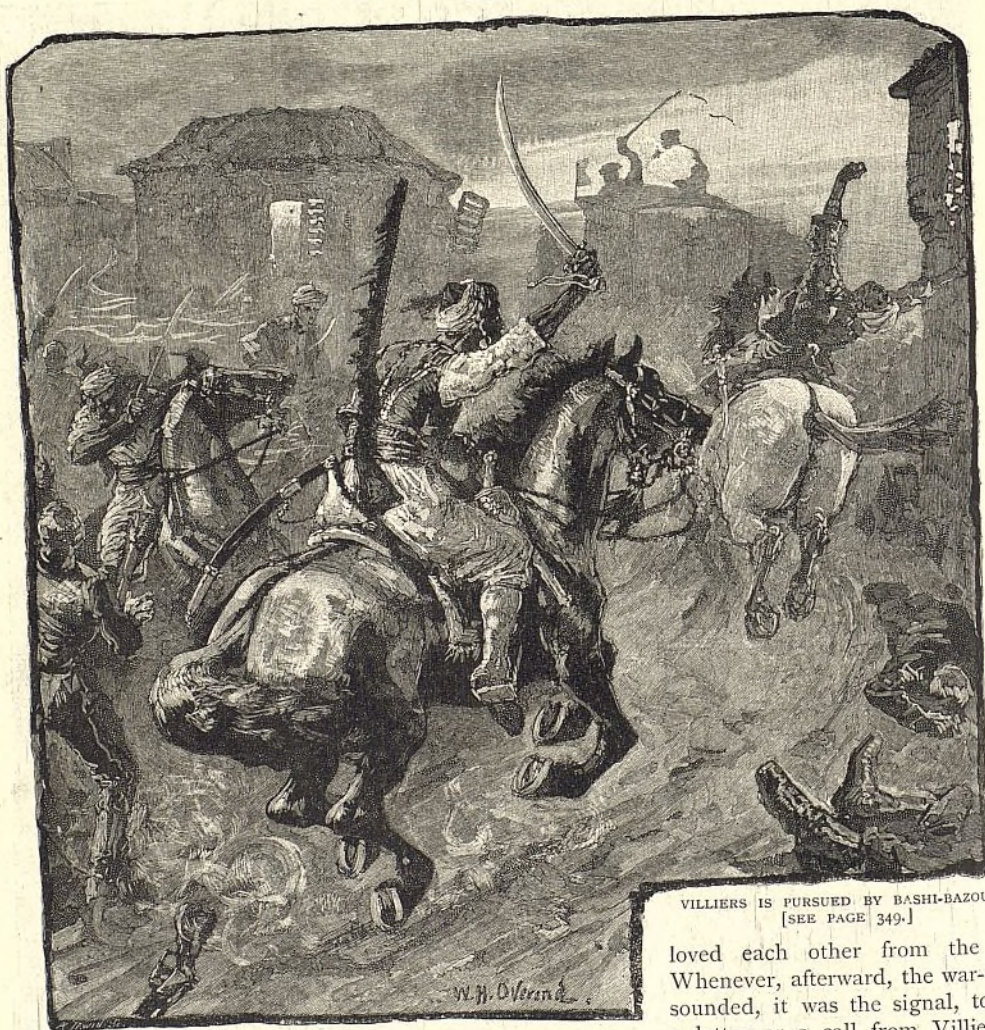
The rich light glitters on her hair,
And brightens on her cheek the rose;
Her thick locks braiding, unaware
Is she how red the morning glows!

O fair new day, you shall not find,
Look everywhere the wide world through,
A child more thoughtful, dear, and kind,
More pleasant, patient, wise, and true.

Be good to her, O dawning day!
The stones from out her pathway roll;
Shed all your light upon her way —
The humble, gentle little soul!

WHERE WAS VILLIERS?

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



VILLIERS IS PURSUED BY BASHI-BAZOUKS
[SEE PAGE 349.]

BEFORE I let my little story answer this question, it is expedient that I explain—who Villiers is. Villiers, then, to begin with, is one of the best fellows in the world. He is the war artist of the *London Graphic*; and he has been my stanch comrade in several campaigns, and on not a few battle-fields. He came to me first in the middle of the Servian war, with a letter of introduction from a very dear friend of both of us. His face was so ingenuous, his manner so modest, his simplicity so quaint, that I adopted him as “my boy” before our first interview was over. We

loved each other from the first. Whenever, afterward, the war-tocsin sounded, it was the signal, too, of a letter or a call from Villiers, to know when I was setting out; it went without saying that he and I were to go together. Thus it fell out that he came to share most of my field experiences in the summer and autumn of 1877, when we were campaigning with the Russian army that had marched from the Pruth down to the Danube, and had crossed the king of European rivers into Bulgaria, to drive the Turk across the Balkans, and finally to follow him up as he step by step fell back, fighting hard, till at length the minarets and domes of Constantinople greeted the eyes of the hardy children of the “great white Czar.”

Near the end of July in that year, Villiers and myself were with the advance posts of that portion of the Russian army which was commanded by the Cesarewitz (now the Emperor), and which was engaged in masking the Turkish fortress of Rust-chuck, lying, as it did, dangerously on the left flank of the Russian line of advance. We were happy enough, but things were too quiet for both of us, by a great deal. It was lazy, idle work, lying in the tent all day long, gossiping with Baron Driesen, while Villiers and dear old General Arnoldi drew caricatures of each other for lack of any better occupation. So we determined one morning to ride back to the Emperor's head-quarters in Biela, and find out there whether something more stirring elsewhere was not to be heard of. We did not mean to abandon altogether the army of the Cesarewitz, but only to quit it for a short holiday; so we left our servants and wagon behind us, and started with only our saddle-horses, carrying each a blanket and a few necessities on the saddle.

At Biela, we found General Ignatieff living in a mud-hut in the rear of a farm-yard occupied by the Emperor's field-tents. He advised us to strike westward across Bulgaria, in the direction of Plevna. Something worth seeing, he said in his vague, diplomatic way, was soon to happen there. Prince Schahovskoy—nobody ever spelt the name right, and I believe the owner himself never spells it twice the same way—and old Baron Krudener, two generals commanding each an army corps, were massing their forces with intent to assail Osman Pasha behind those formidable earth-works that he had been so skillfully and sedulously constructing around the little Bulgarian town on the banks of the Osma. If we made haste, we should reach the vicinity of Plevna in time for the engagement. Ignatieff was so courteous as to furnish us with a letter of recommendation to the prince with the unspellable name; and, full of eagerness for the excitement, we rode away on our lone cross-country journey that same afternoon. It was a journey of about eighty miles, as far as we were able to reckon, and the country had been made somewhat desolate by the ravages of war. We traveled by the map, and without a guide, asking our way of peasants as we went along. This method was not an entire success, and we wandered about deviously. For one thing, our acquaintance with the Bulgarian language was strictly limited; for another, peasants were not always to be found when we wanted them; and for a third, the Bulgarian peasant has very vague ideas both as to distances and as to the points of the compass. He reckons by hours, and with most irritating looseness; his hour is

as elastic as the Irish mile or the Scotch "bittock." "How far to Akcair?" I would ask. "Two hours, *gospodin!*"* would be the reply. "What direction?" A wave of the hand to the right, and a wild, indiscriminate, unintelligible howl, would be the lucid response. We ride on for an hour, and encounter another peasant. "How far to Akcair?" "Three hours, *gospodin!*" "What direction?" A wild, indefinite wave of the hand to the left, and a howl as indescribable as that emitted by the gentleman we had previously interrogated, would be the reply of this second exponent of local geography! There was a road, indeed, but it had never been traveled on, having been made as a job and being overgrown with weeds and grass. Besides, it had an awkward habit of breaking short off at critical points, to be found again, at a few miles' distance, in a wholly unexpected and irrelevant sort of way. Turkish roads are as aimless and eccentric as are all other things in that land of polygamy and shaven heads.

Nevertheless, on the evening of the second day, tired and hungry, we reached Poradim, where Prince Schahovskoy had his head-quarters. I knew him of old to be a grumpy man—he was the only distinctly discourteous Russian I ever had the misfortune to meet. We waited on him to ask for permission to abide for a time with his command, and I handed him General Ignatieff's letter. "I can not help myself," said he; "you bring me an injunction from head-quarters that I am to do so." And then, rising, he said: "Gentlemen, excuse me; I am going to dine."

It was more than we had any chance of doing, famishing as we were; but I was glad of the begrudged sanction. I had met an old comrade of the Servian campaign on Schahovskoy's staff, who made us welcome to his tent. He had gone on a reconnaissance, and we lay down to sleep on empty stomachs; Villiers, who has not the faculty of long abstinence from food with impunity, was positively sick from hunger. Early next morning I went foraging, and succeeded in achieving some raw fresh eggs, which I placed by his head, and then awoke him. "I give you my word," said the lad, "I was dreaming about raw eggs"—and he turned to and sucked them with a skill that proved he might give his grandmother lessons in this accomplishment.

There was no forward movement this day, but a long council of war, from which old Krudener went away gloomily, predicting defeat; for he had remonstrated against the attempt which was to be made, and which was to be carried out only in obedience to peremptory orders from the head-quarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the com-

* *Gospodin*—a term of address corresponding with our "sir," or the French "monsieur."

mandar-in-chief of the Russian army. Failure was a foregone conclusion from the outset.

This council of war would have been a very interesting spectacle to any one unfamiliar with the *personnel* of the Russian army. On the windy plain, outside the tents constituting Schahovskoy's head-quarters, had gathered representatives of all the types of Russian officerhood. Here was the gray-bearded, hard-faced old major who, without "protection," had fought his sturdy way up through the grades, with long delays, much hard service, and many wounds. He had been an ensign in the Crimea, and afterward was forgotten, for nobody knows how many years, in some odd corner of the Caucasus. He is only a major, poor old fellow; but he has a half-a-dozen decorations, and, please God, he will gain another to-morrow, if he has the luck to stand up. He is as hard as nails, and would as soon live on biscuit and "salt-horse" as on champagne and French cookery.—There is little in common between him and the tall, stately, grizzled general by his side, who is an aid-de-camp of the Emperor; a *grand seigneur* of the court, yet who has never forsworn the camp; a man who will discuss with you the relative merits of Patti and Lucca; who has yachted in the Mediterranean, shot grouse in the Scottish highlands, and gone after buffalo on the prairies of America; who wears his decorations, too, some of them earned in the forefront of the battle, others as honorary distinctions, or marks of imperial favor. He can gallop, can this young hussar in the blue-and-red; he can cut the sword exercise; he can sing French songs; he would give his last cigarette either to a comrade or to a stranger, like myself; and in his secret heart he has vowed to earn the Cross of St. George to-morrow.—Till the very end of the war I never took quite heartily to Lieutenant Brutokoff—the very opposite of the swell young hussar I have described. The first time I met him, I knew that I disliked him down to the ground. His manners—well, he had none to speak of—and his voice was a growl, with a hoarseness in it begotten of schnapps. He did not look as if he washed copiously, and he was the sort of man who might give some color to the notion that the Russian has not yet quite broken himself of the custom of breakfasting off tallow candles. But he turned out not a bad fellow on further acquaintance, and would share his ration with a stray dog.

Before daybreak on the last day of July the whole force was on the move to the front. Kru-dener had the right, Schahovskoy, with whom we remained, the left attack. There was a long halt in a hollow, where was the village of Radishovo, into which Turkish shells, flying over the ridge in

front, came banging and crashing with unpleasant vivacity. The Bulgarian inhabitants had staid at home and were standing mournfully at their cottage doors, while their children played outside among the bursting shells. Gradually the Russian artillery came into action on the ridge in front.

About midday Schahovskoy and his staff, which we accompanied, rode on to the ridge between the guns. The Turkish shells marked us at once, and amidst a fiendish hurtling of projectiles we all tumbled off our horses, and, running forward, took cover in the brushwood beyond, the orderlies scampering back with the horses to the shelter of the reverse side of the slope. Then we had leisure to survey the marvelous view below us—the little town of Plevna in the center, with the Turkish earth-works, girdled by cannon smoke, all around it.

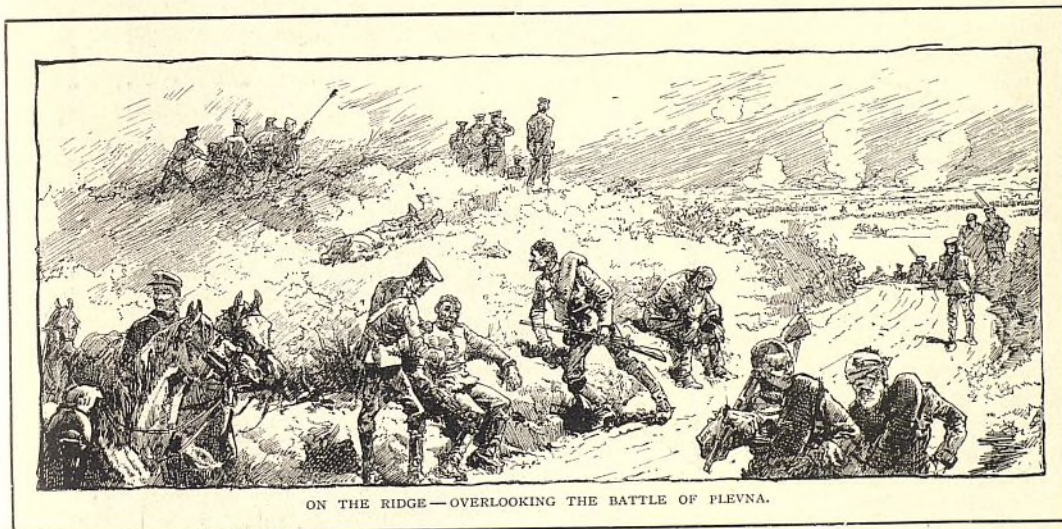
After an artillery duel of three hours, the Prince ordered his infantry on to the attack. The gallant fellows passed us, full of ardor, with bands playing and colors flying, and went down into the fell valley below. For three hours the demon of carnage reigned supreme in that dire cockpit. The wounded came limping and groaning back, and threw themselves heavily down on the reverse slope in the village of Radishovo, in our rear. The surgeons already had set up their field hospitals, and were ready for work.

Never shall I forget the spectacle of that assault made by Schahovskoy's infantrymen on the Turkish earth-works in the valley below the ridge of Radishovo, on which we stood. The long ranks on which I looked down tramped steadily on to the assault. No skirmishing line was thrown out in advance. The fighting line remained the formation, till, what with impatience and what with men falling, it broke into a ragged spray of humanity, and surged on swiftly, loosely, and with no close cohesion. The supports ran up into the fighting array independently and eagerly. Presently all along the bristling line burst forth flaming volleys of musketry fire. The jagged line sprang forward through the maize-fields, gradually falling into a concave shape. The crackle of the musketry fire rose into a sharp, continuous peal. The clamor of the hurrahs of the fighting men came back to us on the breeze, making the blood tingle with the excitement of battle. The wounded began to trickle back down the gentle slope. We could see the dead and the more severely wounded lying where they had fallen, on the stubble and amidst the maize. The living wave of fighting men was pouring over them, ever on and on. Suddenly the disconnected men drew closer together. We could see the officers signaling for the concentration by the waving of their swords. The distance yet to be traversed was but a hundred yards.

There was a wild rush, headed by the colonel of one of the regiments. The Turks in the work stood their ground, and fired with terrible effect into the whirlwind that was rushing upon them. The colonel's horse went down, but the colonel was on his feet in a moment, and, waving his sword, led his men forward on foot. But only for a few paces. He staggered and fell. We could hear the tempest-gush of wrath—half howl, half yell—with which his men, bayonets at the charge, rushed on to avenge him. They were over the parapet and in among the Turks like an overwhelming avalanche. Not many followers of the Prophet got the chance to run away from the gleaming bayonets wielded by muscular Russian arms.

But there were not men enough for the enterprise. It was cruel to watch the brave Russian soldiers standing there leaderless,—for nearly all

ridge on which we stood, that had for a brief space been comparatively safe, was again swept by heavy fire. Schahovskoy, who had been silently tramping up and down, and gloomily showing the bitterness of his disappointment, awoke to the exigencies of the situation. He bade the bugles sound the "assembly," to gather a detachment to keep the fore-post line on the ridge, and so cover the wounded lying behind it. The buglers blew lustily, but only a few stragglers could be got together. "Gentlemen," then said Schahovskoy to his staff, "we and the escort must keep the front; these poor wounded must not be abandoned!" They were words worthy of a general in the hour of disaster. We extended along the ridge, each man moving to and fro, in a little beat of his own, to keep the Bashi-Bazouks at bay. It was a forlorn hope—a mere sham of a cover; half a regiment



ON THE RIDGE—OVERLOOKING THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA.

their officers had fallen,—sternly waiting death for want of officers either to lead them forward or to march them back. As the sun set in lurid crimson, the Russian defeat became assured. The attacking troops had been driven back or stricken down. For three hours there had flowed a constant current of wounded men up from the battle-field back to the reverse slope of the ridge on which we stood, with the general, his staff and escort, and down into the village behind, into what seemed comparative safety. All around us the air was heavy with the low moaning of the wounded, who had cast themselves down to gain some relief from the agony of motion.

The Turks spread gradually over the battle-field below us, slaughtering as they advanced; and the

could have brushed us away; but it was the only thing that could possibly afford a chance for those poor sufferers, lying moaning there behind us, to be packed into the ambulances and carried away into safety.

Villiers had been ill and weak all day, and the terrible strain of the prolonged suspense and danger had told upon him severely. His mother, as we quitted London, had with her last words confided him to my care. Now, in his work, as in mine, a man has to take his chance of ordinary casualties. But the ordeal which was now upon us was no ordinary risk. It was known that I had been a soldier in the British army, and I could not go to the rear while the men with whom the danger of the previous part of the day had been shared

were now confronting a danger immeasurably greater. But with Villiers it was different. He was game; and it was only by pointing out to him that he could not be of much use up here, while he could be of important service helping the surgeons with the wounded, that I persuaded him to leave the fire-swept ridge, and go back, down into the village behind us, where there was less direct work. At length he went, and the responsibility for him was off my mind. I promised to join him when we should be relieved, or when night, as we might hope, should bring the dismal business to a close.

We were up there till ten o'clock, and I do not care to write more concerning that particular experience. Some dragoons relieved us, and so, following the general who had lost an army going in search of an army which had lost its general, we turned our horses, and, picking our way through the wounded, rode down the slope.

But where was Villiers?

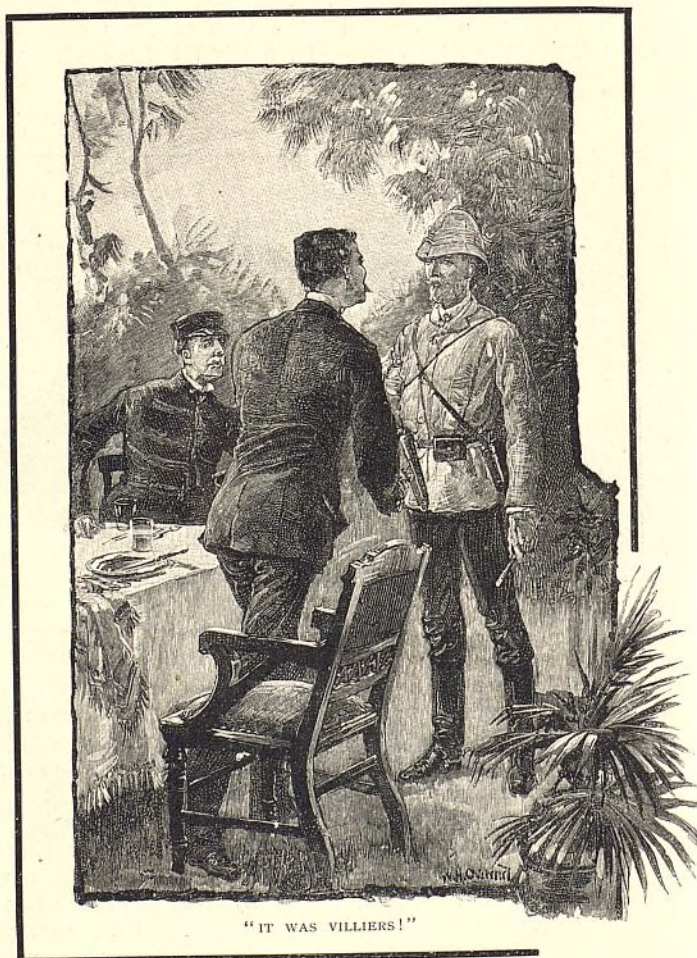
I could find him nowhere. There was no response to my shouts. I could find no surgeon who had seen him; every man was too busy to take much heed of a casual stranger. "Well," thought I, after my vain search, "Villiers is somewhere, doubtless. He may have ridden off farther to the rear; he can not surely have taken harm. Anyhow, it seems of no use for me to linger longer here; I must follow the general and his staff."

We had a bad night of it, dodging the enemy's marauders; but of that I need not now tell. At last came the morning. Ay! and with the morning came the horrible tidings that in the dead of night the Bashi-Bazouks had worked around the flank of the thin Russian picket-line we had left on the ridge, had crept into the village of Radishovo, and had butchered the wounded lying helpless there, with most, if not all, of the surgeons left in charge.

The news thrilled us all with horror; but for me now the question, "Where was Villiers?" became agonizing in its intensity. Away on the Bulgarian plateau there, the memory came back to me of the pretty house in the

quiet London suburb, where the lad's mother, with a sob in her voice that belied the brave words, had told me that she let her boy go with a light heart, because she knew that he would be with me. And now there came ruthlessly face to face with me the terrible duty that seemed inexorably impending, of having to tell that poor mother there was but one grievous answer to the question, "Where was Villiers?"

I would not yet abandon hope. I rode back toward Radishovo till the Turkish sharp-shooters stopped me with their fire, quartering the ground like a pointer. Far and near I searched; everywhere I sought tidings, but with no result. Every one who knew anything had the same fell reply,



"IT WAS VILLIERS!"

"If he was in Radishovo last night he is there now, but not alive!" It was with a very heavy heart, then, that, as the sun mounted into the clear summer sky, I realized that professional duty with me

was paramount, and that I must give up the quest, and ride off to Bucharest, to reach the telegraph office, whence to communicate to the world the news of a disaster of which, among all the journalists who then haunted Bulgaria, the fortune had been mine to be the sole spectator.

It was a long ride, and I killed my poor, gallant horse before I had finished it. But next morning I was in Bucharest, and, heavy as was my heart, writing as for my life. The day had waned ere I had finished my work, and then I had a bath and came out into the trim, dapper civilization of Bucharest, with some such load on my mind as one can imagine Cain to have carried when he fled away with Abel's blood burning itself into his heart. There came around me my friends and the friends of Villiers, for every one who knew my boy loved him. Kingston, the correspondent of the *Telegraph*, Colonel Wellesley, the British military attaché, Colonel Mansfield, the British minister to the Roumanian court, and a host of others, were eager to hear the news I had brought of the discomfiture of Schahovskoy, and not less concerned when they heard of the dread that lay so cold at my own heart. We held a consultation—a few of the friends of Villiers and myself. We settled that I should give a day to fortune, before I should adventure the miserable task of telegraphing heart-breaking tidings to the boy's mother. Most of that space I slept—for I was dead beaten, and I think that Marius must have fallen asleep even amid the ruins of Carthage.

On the evening of the next day, Wellesley,

Kingston, Mansfield, and myself were trying to dine in the twilight, in the garden of the hotel. Suddenly I heard a familiar voice call out, "Waiter, quick—dinner; I'm beastly hungry!"

It was Villiers!

The question was answered. I sprang to my feet on the instant—my heart in my mouth. So angry was I at the boy's callousness in thinking of his dinner when we were sobbing about him—so tender was I over him in that—thank God!—he was safe, that as I clutched him by the shoulder and, I fear, shook him, I scarcely knew whether to knock him down for his impertinence or fall on his bosom and weep for joy at his deliverance. So quaint was the spectacle,—his surprise at my curious struggle of emotion, my attitude of wrath with which a great lump in my throat struggled,—that the others afterward insisted the situation should be commemorated by a photograph, in which we two should re-strike our respective postures.

Villiers had been asleep in an ambulance wagon, to which his horse had been tied, when the Bashibazouks had entered the village. A young surgeon had sprung on the box, in the very nick of time, and had driven the vehicle out of the village just as the hot rancor of the fanatics had surged up close behind it. It was the nearest shave—but it had sufficed to bring him out safe, and he had got to Bucharest in time to shout for his dinner, and to save me the misery of telegraphing to his mother that I had a sad answer to the question, "Where was Villiers?"

DOROTHY'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

"WHERE are you going, Dorothy?" asked little Ben Chilton, as he looked up from the boat he was whittling, and saw his cousin, with a cookey in her hand, reaching up to the latch of the stair-door.

"Going up garret to play spinning-wheel," she said in a mysterious whisper, which was overheard by Jane, who sat near by painfully sewing patch-work, and who immediately said:

"I'll go, too!"

Ben did not want to be left behind, so it was a party of three that made their way up the old, well-worn stairs to the garret, where, past the tall

clock, past the disused loom, past a heap of bags and bundles, they made their way, under overhanging bunches of mint and catnip, to the far corner, where the little old-fashioned spinning-wheel stood.

"I must be the one to sit at the wheel," said Dorothy, imperatively. "That's what I came up for."

And drawing forward a low, three-legged chair she had found, she seated herself with her foot on the treadle, and adjusted the broken strap.

"I don't care," said little Ben; "I'm going to ride on the loom and make the reel whirl."

"And I'm going to play house," said Jane. "I keep some real pretty broken dishes up here, under the eaves, on purpose."

So she began to set her blue and white fragments in order, while Ben jerked the reins he had tied to the reel. But little Dorothy sat erect and dignified at the spinning-wheel, keeping her foot in constant motion. It was her favorite amusement, and though she loved the calves and chickens out-of-doors, and Grandma's garden full of pinks and poppies, the orchard and the barn, still it seemed to her that it would be hardest of all to leave the spinning-wheel, when her visit was over and she went back to her city home.

"You see," she said to the other children, while the wheel buzzed around, "I play I'm Grandma when she was young and used to spin, and I play I'm my great-grandmamma sometimes, who was named Dorothy, like me. *She* could spin flax when she was twelve, and I'm almost twelve,—I'm eight,—and this is the house she lived in.

"How queer!" said staid little Jane, as she polished up her crockery. "I never think about my great-grandmother!"

"Oh, I do," exclaimed Dorothy. "Sometimes, when I am up here alone spinning, I get to thinking I am really that little Dorothy who lived almost a hundred years ago; and when anybody calls quick and sharp, 'Dorothy! Dorothy!' it makes me start, and think perhaps Indians are coming!"

"Ho! ho! Indians are coming!" shouted Ben, lashing his wooden steed with fury.

But this morning no one came to interrupt the children's play by calling "Dorothy! Dorothy!" or "Jane! Jane!" It was baking-day, and Jane's mother was very busy in the kitchen. She had had to take her hands out of the flour once already, to answer a knock at the front door, and she did not want to be disturbed any more.

"I can't leave my bread and pies to wait on strangers," she said, as she roused dear old Grandma Chilton from her knitting, and coaxed her to go into the front room to entertain callers.

As the mild old lady, in white kerchief and cap, entered the room, she was greeted by two people entirely unknown to her.

"I am Mrs. Leroy," said the elder; "this is my niece, Miss Leroy. We board up on the hill this summer, and in driving by we have noticed your house. It interested us because it looks so very old. It *is* very old, is it not?"

"The oldest part was built more than a hundred years ago," said Grandma; "my husband's gran'ther built it. The rest has been added on since."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Leroy, raising her

eye-glasses to survey the broad beam that ran through the middle of the ceiling above her. "How *very* interesting! And I suppose you have old silver, and old china tea-pots and cups and saucers, have n't you?" And she looked again at Grandma with ill-concealed eagerness.

"We have no silver but our spoons," replied Grandma simply, "and most of the chiny I had when I was married has been broke. Janey let the last platter slip out of her fingers the other day."

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried Mrs. Leroy. "But have n't you a *few* pieces left?"

"There's the bowl Janey mixes her chicken-feed in," said Grandma thoughtfully, much wondering at her visitor's curiosity.

"Oh, *do* let me see it!" said Mrs. Leroy.

"You must understand, Mrs. Chilton," said the younger lady pleasantly, "Auntie has the greatest admiration for old-fashioned things, and would go twenty miles to see a warming-pan or a tea-pot."

Grandma was indulgent. She brought out her quaint, little old tea-spoons and her candlesticks, and made Janey's blue-pictured bowl clean for inspection. Mrs. Leroy professed great delight.

"And now, have n't you a spinning-wheel?" she asked. "Oh, I *know* you must have a spinning-wheel!"

"Why, yes," admitted Grandma, "we have an old wheel up garret."

Mrs. Leroy's eyes shone. She begged to be allowed to go and see it, and it ended at last in Grandma mounting the stairs with her guests and entering the garret.

The children stopped their play and kept a demure silence, while Mrs. Leroy vociferated her delight. She admired the clock, the loom, and two or three very old bonnets hanging overhead, and then she examined the wheel.

"It's perfect!" she said, in a low voice to her niece, who nodded assent.

"Would you be willing to dispose of this wheel?" she asked Grandma, smoothly. "I'll give you two dollars for it."

Grandma was taken aback. The wheel would never be used again; it was stowed away with broken chairs and such rubbish, but—to sell it! Still, that very morning she had wished for a little money in her hand. She hesitated.

"I will talk it over with the folks," she said, "and if you can call again, I will let you know."

"Very well," said Mrs. Leroy, "I will come tomorrow with the carriage, and take the wheel right in, if you conclude to let me have it." And then, with a few more smooth words, she departed.

But Dorothy—poor little Dorothy! She stood by the wheel in dismay. Could it be possible that Grandma would sell it?

"Oh, I can't bear to have it go! I can't bear to have it go!" she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Two dollars is a lot of money," said little Jane.

Meanwhile, old Mrs. Chilton was thinking how the summer was almost ended, and her little granddaughter Dorothy would be going home in a few days. She wished very much to give the child a parting present, but she had so little change to get anything with! Two dollars would buy something nice. At dinner-time she spoke about the wheel.

"Sell it, if you want to," said her son Benjamin. "It's of no use to anybody."

"Yes, let it go," said his wife. "It only clutters up the garret."

"Well, I believe I will let her have it," said Grandma, slowly.

Dorothy's heart sank. She could hardly eat her dinner, and as soon as she left the table she went up garret and cried over her dear little wheel, fondly turning it with her hand.

"It is *too* bad! it is *too* bad!" she said to herself. "That lady will carry it off, and *her* great-grandmother did n't spin on it, and her little girls won't love it. Oh, dear! oh, dear! It must n't go!"

By and by little Ben came up the garret stairs to condole with her.

"If I had two dollars, I would buy it myself," said Dorothy to him. "If Mamma would only come before it is taken away, maybe *she* would give me two dollars."

"Well, let's hide it somewhere till she comes, then," said Ben, who was a practical little fellow. Dorothy looked at him with beaming eyes.

"I'll *do* it, Ben Chilton!" she said, "and don't you ever, ever tell!"

The two children then consulted together. Janey was not to be told, because she had shown a mercenary spirit in speaking of the money. Should they hide the wheel behind the chimney? Should they conceal it in the barn? Neither place seemed safe enough.

"There's my bower down by the brook!" said Dorothy, suddenly. "The bushes are very close and high. We can hide it there."

That very afternoon, while Grandma dozed over her knitting, and while Janey and her mother picked over blackberries, slowly and laboriously down the stairs Ben and Dorothy brought the wheel. Nobody saw them when they went out at the door, nobody saw them cross the lot, and when, after a while, they came quietly home to supper, nobody dreamed that the spinning-wheel was down among the elder-bushes, going to stay out all night for the first time in its life.

The next day Dorothy and Ben were unusually quiet, but they kept a sharp lookout, and the moment Mrs. Leroy's carriage was seen in the distance, they ran out into the orchard and climbed a tree.

Mrs. Leroy descended from her carriage, and her eyes sparkled when Grandma said she could take the wheel. Jane's mother went upstairs to get it. In a minute her voice was heard calling,

"Where is it, ma? I don't see it anywhere!"

"I know where it is!" said little Jane, running after her mother. "It's in this corner. Why, no, it is n't! How funny!"

But it was anything but funny when an hour's patient search failed to discover it, and Mrs. Leroy at last departed, haughty and irate.

The horn had blown for supper when Dorothy and Ben came meekly in from the orchard.

"Where *have* you been, children?" exclaimed Grandma, "and *do* you know where the spinning-wheel is?"

Dorothy was silent.

"I do believe she knows," said little Jane.

"She did n't want it sold."

"Ben, where's that wheel?" asked his father, sternly. "None of your tricks, boy; I've got a birch-stick here!"

"Oh! *don't* whip him, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, springing forward. "I'll tell you truly. We *did* hide it, so we could keep it till Mamma comes, and I'm going to ask her for two dollars so I can buy it myself, and have it always in my own room at home. I love it dearly!"

"Do tell!" said Grandma, much moved. "Why, all I wanted the two dollars for was to buy a present for you, Dorothy, to remember Grandma by when you go back home."

"Oh, Grandma!" cried Dorothy. "Then do give me the wheel instead! I'd rather have it than anything else in the world—my own great-grandmother Dorothy's wheel! *May* I have that for my present, Grandma?"

"Why, of course you may, child! I only wish I'd known how you cared. I am glad you do prize it. I did n't much like to sell it myself."

"Oh! thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Dorothy, hugging her tightly. And then off she ran to the brook, to bring her precious wheel home before the dew fell on it.

Mrs. Leroy came again next day, but no sum could buy the Chilton spinning-wheel for her then. When Dorothy went home, it went with her, and by it she will remember Grandmother and Great-grandmother all the days of her life.



Sunday, sixpence in the plate;
 Monday, makes the scholars late;
 Tuesday, work is well begun;
 Wednesday, leaves the lazy one;
 Thursday, full as full can be;
 Friday, friends come in for tea;
 Saturday, the kitchen clean; —
 Sunday comes for rest between!

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT.

AT half-past nine o'clock the Tinkham Brothers were still waiting for the return of the Argonauts down the river.

It was a mild, starry April night. The rest of

the family had retired, and the lights in the house were all extinguished, when the three older boys ensconced themselves in the willow-tree,—not without bean-poles at hand,—to keep guard over their property.

They could hear, in the darkness, the gurgle of the outgoing tide in the eddies formed by the ends of the open dam. Frogs piped in a marsh

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not far off. No other sound on river or lake or shore. So they waited half an hour longer, under the calm stars.

Then shouts and laughter were heard in the direction of the new club-house, and they knew that the meeting was over. After a while arose on the night air the "Canadian Boatman's Song," sung by harmonious male voices, softened by distance and solitude to an almost spiritual melody.

"That has n't a very w-w-warlike sound," said Lute.

"No," replied Mart. "I think the Commodore's advice has prevailed, as I believed it would."

Truly, no night-marauders ever went to their work of destruction to the sound of such music.

The singing grew loud and strong as the boats passed from under the shelter of the high shore and approached the outlet of the lake, and came floating down the dark current of the Tammuset.

The Tinkhams stretched themselves out on the benches in the tree, so that their silhouettes might not be seen against the starry sky as the Argonauts glided beneath them. One by one the boats passed the dam without difficulty or disturbance. Then, again, the voices were mellowed to an almost spiritual sweetness far down the windings of the river. "Six went up. Only four have gone back," said Rush.

"I suppose the other two are to be kept in the new club-house, along with the Tammuset boys' boats," Mart replied. "Come, to bed now! We are safe from the depredations of the Argonauts for to-night, anyway."

They went softly to their rooms, taking care not to disturb their mother, and slept soundly after their anxious watch. Then, in the morning, astonishment!

The flash-boards, which had been left lying inoffensively on the platform, were missing; and the plank that Buzrow had started with his bar on Sunday had been wrenched off and taken away.

The damage done was not great, but it was exasperating. "It shows what we've got to expect, and what we'll look out for in future, boys!" said Mart, sternly, as they set about rigging new flash-boards and repairing the dam.

"Don't tell me again not to strike when I've a bean-pole over one of their worthless pates!" said Rush, with choking wrath, and Lute added:

"What do you think now of your C-c-commodore? And their b-b-beautiful singing?"

Mart made no reply, but wielded his hammer as if he had been nailing the Buzrow fist to the dam, instead of a board.

The affair was all the more trying because of the delay it involved when the tide was going out, and they wished to take advantage of the wasting

water-power. At length, however, all was ready; Rush returned to his jig-saw and his pin-wheels, and Lute to his lathe and the hubs of his dolls' carriages, while Mart opened the sluice-gate.

The machinery started, almost stopped, and then started again with a jerk. "Why don't you let the w-w-water full on?" cried Lute.

"The water is on; the gate is wide open," Mart replied.

"Then what the m-m-mischief is the matter with the w-w-wheel?"

"Thunder knows!" Mart exclaimed, watching the unsteady movements with scowling brows.

Rush sprang to a door which opened upon the water-wheel, and looked it carefully over, while it continued to revolve in the same jerky manner as at first. "Shut it off! shut it off!" he shouted, giving Mart a rapid signal with his hand. "Slowly! There!"—while Mart applied the lever—"I see what's the matter."

They could all see, after the wheel had stopped. On one side a section of five or six of the slender paddle-blades had been broken out. Only notched splinters remained, showing that the work had been done by means of blows from some hard and ponderous implement.

The three, crowding the door-way, gazed for some moments in silence, only now and then a strong, deep breath being heard above the sound of the water dripping from the wheel. Over it and the band-wheel a shed projected, open on the lower side, and leaving the paddles exposed for a distance of four or five feet above the sluice-way. Evidently, the raiders had stationed themselves below, in the river, and struck the blows which broke out the blades.

Mart drew a last long breath and moved away.

"They mean war," he said, "and war they shall have."

Lute said not a word, but winked his large eyes rapidly behind his spectacles, as they turned to the light. "It's a wonder we did n't hear the noise," said Rush.

"We were tired, and slept like logs," Mart replied.

"And their l-l-lovely singing had thrown us off our g-g-guard," said Lute.

"There's one comfort, boys," Mart added, with a peculiarly grim smile. "We have fair warning now of what they mean to do."

"And we don't get caught n-n-napping again!" rejoined Lute, stammering at a frightful rate. "W-w-woe to the next m-m-man th-th-that—"

Mart took up, so to speak, the stitches his brother dropped. "We'll make things lively for 'em next time! Say nothing to anybody. We'll keep our own counsel, be always prepared, and

trap somebody. Now, let 's see what boards we can scare up to replace those paddle-blades."

About the middle of the forenoon, the same elegant top-buggy re-appeared which had driven into the yard the day before. But it was not the Commodore's pretty sister who held the reins this time. It was the Commodore himself.

He, too, had a companion, having brought over the other Dempford member of the mill-dam committee chosen by the Argonauts the night before. Disagreeable as this arrangement was to Lew Bartland, he had himself proposed it, offering Mr. Web Foote a seat in his buggy, for the good effect that might result from a morning ride and quiet talk with that bumptious individual before their conference with the mill-owners.

They had arrived at the mill, when a third young man on foot came panting up behind the buggy and joined them. This was the Tammoset member of the committee, Jesse Blump by name; a pumpkin-faced youth, short of stature, short of breath, and especially short in that essential feature called a nose. He was glowing and blowing with the exertion it had cost him to come up with his colleagues, whom he now greeted with a profusion of smiles. After a few words together, the three crossed the level shed-roof to the upper room of the shop, where they were met by Rush Tinkham's flushed face and paper cap.

The youthful Commodore, showing tall and manly beside his companions,—for Blump stood not much higher than Web, though twice as broad,—recognized the hero of the bean-pole with a nod, and asked: "Where are your brothers?"

"Down-stairs," Rush answered, coldly.

"We wish to see them," said Mr. Web Foote, pressing forward with an important strut.

"You can see them," Rush replied, still with curt civility.

"We have come to confer with them on the subject of the dam," Jesse Blump added—because, being a member of so important a committee, he felt that his position required him to say something.

"You are late for that," said Rush.

"How so?" asked the Commodore, with a look of concern, made aware that some untoward circumstance had intervened to balk his good intentions.

"They will tell you," said Rush; "but you can see for yourselves. The damage is n't all repaired."

"Damage!" Lew Bartland echoed, his face clouding more and more. "What damage?"

"That done by your rowdies last night."

Upon which Web Foote fluttered up and blustered: "Our rowdies? What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say," Rush replied, looking the little fellow steadily in the eye. "Only low, miserable scamps would try to injure us as they did."

"I waive the question of injury, which is something I know nothing about," Web Foote said, with swelling dignity. "But have the kindness to explain why you call them *our* rowdies?"

"Yes, that 's the question," struck in the Tammoset member. "Why *our* rowdies?"

"Because," replied Rush, "I suppose they and you belong to the same club."

"But what reason have you to charge members of our club with acting the part of rowdies?" Web Foote demanded.

"That 's so!" said Jesse Blump. "What reason?"

Rush answered, with a contemptuous laugh:

"Because I have seen them act so!"

"Seen them—when?" cried Web Foote.

"Yes! When?" said Jesse Blump.

"Sunday afternoon. Your Commodore here saw them, too. He wont deny it."

The Commodore did not deny it. He looked heartily sick of the whole wretched business. Rush went on: "They did again last night what they started to do then. And worse. They broke the water-wheel."

"Did they touch your water-wheel?" exclaimed the Commodore, with sudden heat. "I can't believe that!"

"You 'd better step down and see, if you wont take my word for it," said Rush, showing the stairs, and looking as if he would like to have them make the descent with alacrity, head foremost.

"Take us to your brothers, if you please," said the Commodore. And Rush, somewhat mollified by his distressed look and disheartened tone, led the way.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFERENCE.

MART was in the gloomy water-shed, removing the shattered blades from the wheel, with his back toward the door that opened from the shop, when Rush came behind him and said:

"Here are some gentlemen who have come to talk about the dam."

Mart merely glanced over his shoulder, showing his sweaty and lurid brows, and remarked, as he continued his work: "There 's been some talk about that already. A little more wont do any harm. They can turn it on."

Rush stepped back, while Web Foote and Jesse Blump pressed into the door-way, the Commodore looking over their hats from behind.

"Can you spare a minute to speak with us?" Web asked, pompously.

"Nary minute," Mart said, giving dryness to his reply by using the old-fashioned vernacular.

"We have come on the part of the Argonaut Club," said the pumpkin-faced Tammoset member.

"I sha'n't hurt you, if you have," said Mart. Clip, clip, with his hammer.

"This is no fit place for a conference." Web Foote drew back with a prodigious frown.

"No place at all." And Blump also drew back.

They were both dressed in dapper style; and the floorless shed over the sluice, the rough boards, the wet wheel, and the damp odors, not to speak of the unsociable workman in coarse clothes, giving them the coldest kind of a cold shoulder, did not form a very dainty setting for their pictures.

"I'm sorry you don't like the place," said Mart. "I don't like it myself. But my business is here just now; and I've made up my mind to attend strictly to my business in future, and have as little to do with boat-clubs as possible. They have hindered us about two hours this morning, and we've no more time to lose."

He was standing on a plank, so placed that he could get at the wheel; and as he said this, he turned and looked over the hats of Foote and Blump, addressing his remarks to the Commodore.

"When was this mischief done?" Lew asked.

"Last night."

"Have you any idea who did it?"

"I don't know the individuals," said Mart. "But anybody can guess in whose interest it was done."

"I hope," Bartland replied, "you will do us the justice to believe that no such outrage as this was ever sanctioned by the club."

"It was n't necessary to sanction it. It has been done, you see."

"You can never make me believe," cried Web Foote, vehemently, "that any member of our club had anything to do with it!"

"Never!" exclaimed Jesse Blump.

Mart made no reply, but received a new paddle-blade—a long board—which Lute just then passed to him over the heads of Web and Jesse. He proceeded to adjust it to the wheel.

"We are in the way here, boys," said the Commodore. "They are not inclined to talk with us, and no wonder. I did hope to settle our differences amicably; but, after what has happened, I don't see how it can be done."

"Thank you for your good-will," said Mart, turning again, while one hand held the board in place. "No doubt you have done what you could. But that does n't seem to be much. You did n't prevent the dam from being attacked on Sunday, nor this other damage from being done last night. We find we have got to depend upon ourselves; and that's what we shall do in future."

"You are right; I don't blame you," said the Commodore. "I'll only say that if I could have had my way, things would be different from what I see they are to-day, and must be, I suppose, hereafter."

"Well," said Web Foote, backing out of the water-shed as Lew turned to go, "I regret this piece of work, though, as I said, I don't believe any Argonaut had a hand in it. But that has nothing to do with the errand that brings us here."

"Nothing whatever," said Blump, also backing out, while Mart followed them into the shop.

"I think it has a good deal to do with it," said the Commodore. "We come as a committee, to make peace, and find that somebody overnight has been making war. Whether this dastardly thing was done by members of the club or not, they will have the credit of it, and not without cause."

"I don't admit the cause," Web Foote protested.

"No, nor I!" said Jesse Blump.

"And I intend as a member of this committee to do what we were appointed and sent here for," said Foote.

"Precisely," said Jesse Blump. "What we were chosen and sent here to do."

Lute and Rush now stood with Mart, confronting these two members, while Lew stepped aside.

"We have come to ask you what you propose to do with your dam," said Web Foote.

"Exactly," said Jesse Blump. "What do you propose to do with your dam?"

The drooping side of Mart's homely mouth drew down with its drollest expression, as he gave his brothers a side glance and drawled out:

"They want to know what we propose to do with our d-a-m! What do we propose to do with it?"

"We don't propose to do anything with it," cried Rush, hotly.

"Y-yes, we do!" Lute stammered. "We propose to k-k-keep it where it is, if we c-c-can. And I g-g-guess we can."

"That seems to be the general opinion of our side," said Mart. "We need the dam for our little water-power. And after we get our wheel mended, we shall need it more than ever to make up for lost time."

If it was possible for Web Foote to stand straighter than before, he did it now, as he said:

"We have come on the part of our club to inform you that it obstructs the river and is in the way of our boats."

If it was possible for Jesse Blump to look more pumpkin-faced than before, he did it when he, too, blustered up and said: "That's the point! It hinders our boats in going up and down the river."

"Do you own the r-r-river?" Lute inquired.

"No, but we own the boats," said Web Foote.

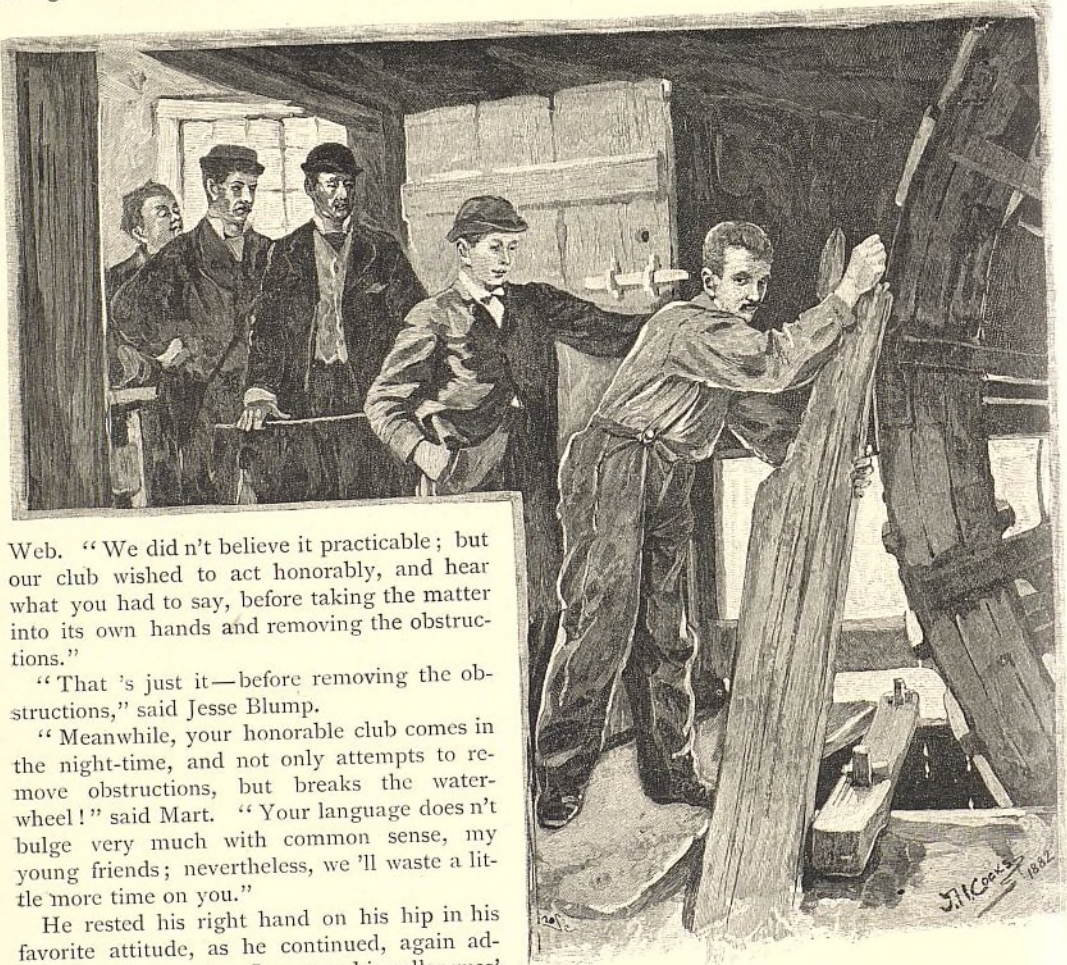
"We own the boats," echoed Jesse Blump.

"And we own the dam," said Mart. "We did n't build it; but we have bought it, and we mean to keep it. We have no wish to interfere with your boats, and you are respectfully requested not to interfere with our dam."

"We heard that you proposed to make some arrangements for letting our boats through," said

"Only yesterday," Rush broke in, also addressing Bartland, "my brother said, if the Argonauts were all like you, he would accommodate your boats if he had to stand at the dam and carry them over on his shoulder."

"What I meant by that rather absurd speech," said Mart, "was this—that we would put ourselves to any inconvenience to oblige you. And so we will do now, to accommodate those who treat us as civilized beings should treat one an-



Web. "We did n't believe it practicable; but our club wished to act honorably, and hear what you had to say, before taking the matter into its own hands and removing the obstructions."

"That 's just it—before removing the obstructions," said Jesse Blump.

"Meanwhile, your honorable club comes in the night-time, and not only attempts to remove obstructions, but breaks the water-wheel!" said Mart. "Your language does n't bulge very much with common sense, my young friends; nevertheless, we 'll waste a little more time on you."

He rested his right hand on his hip in his favorite attitude, as he continued, again addressing Commodore Lew over his colleagues' hats.

"We came here as strangers, and were ready to do anything reasonable for the sake of keeping on good terms with everybody in these two towns who would use us well. We are not brigands and outlaws; though, by their treatment of us, some of your fellows seem to have thought so. We are really as kind-hearted as the old lady who warmed the water she drowned her kittens in. We would n't willingly injure anybody."

"HERE ARE SOME GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE COME TO TALK ABOUT THE DAM."

other. But we see by last night's transactions that we have to deal with savages. And our answer to all such is, that we propose to keep our dam in spite of 'em, and stand up for our rights. Is n't that about the way it hangs, boys?"

Rush and Lute assented with quiet, determined looks.

"Then all I say is, you've got a hard row to hoe!" said Web Foote.

"An awful hard row to hoe!" said Jesse Blump.

"We expect it," said Lute. "But it's better to know we have a fight on our hands, and be p-p-prepared for it, than to be caught as we were l-l-last night."

"I did n't believe any compromise was possible, and now I know it," said Web Foote. "But I've done my part."

"Yes; we and the club have done our part," said Jesse Blump.

"You and the club have done your part in a way that *makes* a compromise impossible," said Mart. "The Commodore will admit that."

What the Commodore thought was plain enough, but he said nothing.

"You will have not only the club, but both towns against you," said Web Foote, with a toss of the head, probably from the habit of throwing his hair back in debate, though he now kept his hat on.

"I can speak for Tammoset," said Jesse Blump. "Both towns will take the matter in hand."

"No doubt you will all be very brave," replied Mart. "There are five boys of us, big and little; and there may be five hundred against us. But with law and right on our side, we shall take our chances."

Web Foote was strutting toward the outer door, followed by the Tammoset member. Seeing that the interview was over, Commodore Lew stepped impulsively back toward Mart and his brothers.

"I don't know whether you care to part as friends with me," he said, with manly emotion.

"Certainly I do!" Mart replied, warmly grasping the proffered hand. "You have acted nobly, and I thank you."

"I might have helped you; but this whole business has been managed as badly as possible. You are in a hard place. I don't see how you are going to get out of it. But you may be sure," Lew added, shaking hands in turn with the other boys, "you will never have an enemy in me. I respect you too much for that."

So they parted.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COMMITTEE REPORTS.

THE last meeting of the club had adjourned to Thursday evening, when it was expected that the mill-dam committee would be able to report.

Again on that evening the Argonauts thronged the new club-room, and the discussion of the exciting topic was renewed. The Commodore was

present, but, at his request, the Vice-Commodore occupied the chair.

Mr. Web Foote took the floor, to speak for the majority of the committee. His manner was airy and self-satisfied to a degree unusual even for him. It was evident that the turn affairs had taken had not cooled his ambition nor tripped the heels of his conceit.

"He feels he's the upper dog in the fight, now," whispered one of the not over-friendly Tammoset boys.

"The room ought to have been built higher, on his account," remarked another. "He'll hit a rafter with his head some time, when he flings his hair back."

Serenely unconscious of the possibility that his exalted demeanor could excite any but admiring comments, the little Dempford youth stood erect as an exclamation-point, and launched his speech.

He first reminded the Argonauts of the position which he and a large majority of those present at the last meeting had taken with regard to the obstructions in the river.

"Nine out of ten of us, perhaps I might say thirty-nine out of forty of us,"—Mr. Web Foote looked as if he had been the whole thirty-nine,—*"were convinced that these obstructions should be summarily removed."* (Applause.) "But out of deference to a single member, and because we wished to act *MAGNANIMOUSLY* in the matter—I say, *MAGNANIMOUSLY* —"

This word, uttered at first in small capitals, and then repeated with a swelling stress to which only large capitals can do any sort of justice, was greeted with loud applause. Commodore Lew, seated on one of the side benches, was seen to smile.

"We agreed to the appointment of a committee, and a conference with the mill-owners; though nobody, I am sure, with the exception, perhaps, of that one member,"—the speaker continued, with a peculiarly sarcastic smile,—*"expected that any satisfactory arrangement with them could be made. That was n't possible, in the nature of things. What we demand is the river, the whole river, and nothing but the river, open to us,"*—he opened his arms wide, as if *he* had been the river,—*"now, henceforth, and at all times."*

Tremendous cheers. The torrent of eloquence flowed on.

"The conference was decided upon; and I was chosen one of those to perform that disagreeable duty. How very disagreeable it was to be, I had no forewarning, or I should have declined the honor. Going as gentlemen to call upon these much-lauded young mill-owners, we had reason to expect gentlemanly treatment. Invested with

the authority of the club, we supposed we were entitled to respect. But we received instead"—spoken with shrill emphasis and a violent gesture—"boorish insults and insolent defiance!"

Great sensation. Web tossed back his hair, swung on his heel, and, looking about him, saw faces flaming up with excitement.

"Yes, gentlemen of the club—fellow-Argonauts! These charming strangers; these industrious makers of dolls' carriages for two continents" (a titter); "these good boys who deserve our help and sympathy, as we were lately informed" (this was uttered with thrilling irony); "these honest, well-meaning mill-owners,—received us with insults, and dismissed us with defiance!"

If Mr. Web Foote expected an uproar of indignation to follow this stroke of oratory, he was not disappointed. He then proceeded to describe the "conference" from his own point of view, making out the conduct of the Tinkham boys to have been as bad as possible, and kindling the wrath of the Argonauts.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, in his final summing up of the whole matter; "after declining at first to have anything to say to us, then treating us with clownish insolence, and insulting in our persons the whole club,—calling us rowdies and savages,—they did finally condescend to inform us of their sovereign will and pleasure. They scoffed at the idea of a compromise, and vowed that they would keep the dam where it is, *in spite of us*. Yes, fellow-Argonauts, *IN SPITE OF US!*" he repeated, in a voice between a hiss and a shriek. "Their very words, as my colleagues will bear witness. *IN SPITE OF US!*"

At this climax, Mr. Web Foote tossed his hair back from his forehead and himself back upon his seat.

Indescribable clamor ensued. A dozen members were on their feet at once, gesticulating and shouting; among them the burly Buzrow form and face and fist, and the Buzrow voice bellowing to be heard.

Some were for rushing forth at once and answering the mill-owners' defiance by "ripping out the dam." Fortunately the state of the tide was not favorable to the enterprise; and the chairman, by vigorous rapping on the table, succeeded in restoring something like order.

"Mr. Jesse Blump," he said, recognizing one of them who had been trying to speak.

Mr. Jesse Blump had sat down again in the back part of the room, but now the face of him, looking less like a pumpkin in the lamp-light, and more like a full moon, rose red and round over the troubled waters, and shed its genial glimmer on the scene.

"As one of the colleagues appealed to," he said, "I can bear witness that we—that they—treated us—with the—very words you have—have heard. They would keep the dam in spite of us. Something like that. I think the other member of the committee will agree with them—I mean with us—that these were the very expression."

Thereupon the newly risen moon, redder if not rounder than before, set again with surprising abruptness.

"What fools we were," remarked one of the afore-said Tammoset boys, "to put Jesse Blump on that committee!"

"Don't you see?" said the other. "It was necessary to take a member from our town; and the Dempfords chose one who could be led by the nose."

"He? He has no nose to be led by!" was the contemptuous retort.

Blump's speech did not have the effect of firing the Argonauts to a still wilder fury. It served, on the contrary, as a sort of anti-climax to Web's harangue, and prepared the way for Lew Bartland.

Lew felt that he had a tremendous current of opinion against him, but he faced it without flinching.

He could not quite keep down his rising heart as he reviewed what he called the "report of the majority"; which, he declared, entirely misstated some of the facts and gave quite a false coloring to others.

"I admit," he said, "that we were, at the outset, treated with scant civility. But there was a reason for it, which appears very small in the report you have heard, while the so-called rudeness appears very large."

He then gave his own version of the interview, enlarging upon the provocation the mill-owners had received, which Web had passed over as a very trifling matter.

"They did not call *us* rowdies and savages. They called the persons who had committed the outrage rowdies and savages. *AND I SAY THEY WERE RIGHT.*"

Lew made this avowal with an emphasis of suppressed feeling which produced a strong impression.

"If there's an Argonaut present who holds that they were wrong, I'd like to have him stand up and say so. If there's one here who dares maintain that the breaking of the water-wheel that night was an act to be applauded, let's know who he is, before going any farther."

Web Foote popped up, flung back his hair, and exclaimed:

"No Argonaut had anything to do with it, and I told them so."

A dozen voices echoed, "No! no Argonaut!" and made the room ring with renewed tumult.

"I don't say it was done by Argonauts," Lew went on, as soon as he could be heard. "I've made inquiries, and I can't learn that any member of the club knew anything about it. But what I say is, it was an act of vandalism, which might well rouse the resentment of the mill-owners. What I say further is, that they had good reason to believe it was done by some of us, or at all events in our interest."

"No! no! no!" clamored twenty voices.

"I say they had reason to think so!" cried the young Commodore, with splendid spirit. "Who are known as the active enemies of the dam? Who but the Argonauts? Of course, they suspected us. Right or wrong, they laid the outrage to us, and treated your committee accordingly. I could n't blame them. They were mad, as any of us would have been in their place. But, even then, they could have been easily pacified and brought to some agreement, if your committee had met them as I think they should have been met, under the circumstances."

"We did n't go down on our knees to them!" cried Web Foote, jumping up.

"We did n't go as far as that; we did n't kneel to 'em!" cried Jesse Blump, who, having sweated off the embarrassment of his first attempt at a speech, felt now that he could make a very good one, if he only had a chance.

Web was in his seat again, and the full moon, which had also risen, had set a second time over the sea of faces. Lew went on:

"They declared their readiness to accommodate every boat that approaches, in a friendly way, to pass the dam. I believe they will do all in their power to oblige those who treat them fairly. But as for going to any great expense to build a lock, or anything of the sort, until they are sure of satisfying us, and feel safe from midnight depredations, they were not so foolish as to waste words about that. They know too well that it would n't satisfy us; and that they have, what they rightly termed, rowdies to deal with."

"I am glad we know what our worthy Commodore thinks of us!" cried Web Foote, willfully misconstruing the last remark, and raising another storm.

"Misunderstand me if you will!" shouted Lew, himself in a blaze of excitement by this time. "Be unjust to me, as you are to the mill-owners. Oh!" he broke forth, with indignation ringing in his tones, "I am disheartened, I am ashamed, I lose

faith in human nature, when I see young men like us here unable to take large and liberal and just views of a subject in which their selfish interests are involved; unable to see that the other side has rights they ought to respect; ready to take the law into their own hands, and be judges and executioners in a cause that should be tried by humanity, forbearance, and good sense."

Another fiery speech from the little Dempford member, followed by two or three others on the same side—among them one from the son of the father whose fist had knocked down a cow; then, after a somewhat feeble and lukewarm support of the Commodore by a few of his personal friends, the report of the majority was accepted by an overwhelming vote.

"Commodore Bartland," said the chairman.

Bartland was on his feet again, pale but firm, if not calm.

"I have foreseen how this thing was likely to go," he said, "and I will now ask the secretary to read a paper which has been in his hands since yesterday."

He sat down, but rose again immediately.

"First, however," he said, "I wish to make one more correction. It has been charged that the mill-owners vowed they would keep their dam in spite of us. They did n't say that. What they did say was something like this: '*We have learned, by last night's proceedings, that we have to do with savages, but we propose to keep the dam in spite of all such.*'"

"The same thing! the same thing!" chorused several voices.

"If we are the savages who broke the water-wheel, then it is the same thing; otherwise, it is not the same thing at all. Can't we discriminate? Are we quite blind with passion?" cried Lew, with contemptuous impatience. "But I'll tell you one thing, gentlemen of the club!"

His energetic face lighted up with a smile, as he added, lowering his voice:

"Those young men of the mill are not of the sort it is altogether safe to trifle with. They believe, as I believe, and as you will find out, that they have the law with them. They are going to defend their property; and I advise whoever has a hand in destroying it——"

"What?" cried Buzrow, as the speaker paused.

"To wear thick gloves!" said Lew Bartland, significantly.

The paper he had called for was then read. In it he resigned his position as commodore of the club.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN WHO COULD N'T BAKE GINGERBREAD, AND
THE KING WHO COULD N'T PLAY ON THE TROMBONE.

Translated from the German of Richard Leander by Anna Eichberg.

THE King of Macaroni, who was just in the prime of life, got up one morning and sat on the edge of his bed.

The Lord Chamberlain stood before him, and handed him his stockings, one of which had a great hole in the heel.

The stocking was artfully turned so that the hole should not be visible to his majesty's eyes, and though the King generally did n't mind a ragged stocking as long as he had pretty boots, this time, however, the hole attracted his attention. Horrified, he tore the stocking out of the Lord Chamberlain's grasp, and poking his forefinger through the hole as far down as the knuckle, he remarked, with a sigh, "What is the use of being a king, if I have no queen? What would you say if I should marry?"

"The idea is sublime, your majesty," the Lord Chamberlain said, humbly. "I may say that the idea would have suggested itself to *me*, had I not been certain that your royal highness would, in the course of the day, have mentioned it yourself."

"That will do," said the King, for he was afraid of the Lord Chamberlain's speeches; "but do you think I shall easily find a suitable wife?"

"Good gracious, yes! ten to one," was the reply.

"Don't forget that I am not easily satisfied. If I am to like the Princess, she must be very wise and beautiful. Then there is another and very important condition. You know how fond I am of gingerbread! There is n't a person in my kingdom who understands how to bake it—at least, to bake it to a turn, so that it is neither too hard nor too soft, but just crisp enough. The condition is, the Princess must know how to bake gingerbread."

The Lord Chamberlain was terribly frightened on hearing this, but he managed to recover sufficiently to say that, without doubt, a princess could be found who would know how to bake gingerbread.

"Very well," said the King; "suppose we begin the search together." And that afternoon, in company with the Lord Chamberlain, he visited all the neighboring sovereigns who were known to have spare princesses to give away. Among them all were but three who were both wise and beautiful enough to please the King. And, unhappily, none of them could bake gingerbread!

"I can not bake gingerbread, but I can make the nicest little almond cakes you ever saw," said

the first Princess, in answer to the King's question. "Wont that do?"

"No, it must be gingerbread," the King said, decidedly.

The second Princess, when the King asked her, made up a dreadful face, and said, angrily, "I wish you'd leave me alone, stupid! There is not a princess in the world who can bake gingerbread—gingerbread, indeed!"

The King fared worst when he asked the third Princess, though she was the wisest and fairest of all. She gave him no chance to ask his question; even before he had opened his mouth, she demanded if he could play on the trombone. When he acknowledged that he could not, she said that she was really sorry, but that she could not marry him, as he would n't suit. She liked him well enough, but she dearly loved to hear the trombone played, and she had decided never to marry any man who could n't play it.

The King drove home with the Lord Chamberlain, and as he stepped out of the carriage he said, quite discouraged, "So we are about as far in our plans as we were before."

However, as a king must have a queen, after a time he sent for the Lord Chamberlain again, and acknowledged that he had resigned the hope of marrying a princess who could bake gingerbread. "I will marry the Princess who can bake nice little almond cakes," he added. "Go, and ask her if she will be my wife."

When the Lord Chamberlain returned, the next day, he told his majesty that the Princess was no more to be had, as she had married the King of the country where slate-pencils and pickled limes grow.

So the Chamberlain was sent to the second Princess, but he came back equally unsuccessful, for the King, her father, regretted to say that his daughter was dead; and that was the end of the second Princess.

After this the King pondered a good deal, but as he really wished to have a queen, he commanded the Lord Chamberlain to go to the third Princess. "Perhaps she has changed her mind," he thought.

The Lord Chamberlain had to obey, much to his disgust, for even his wife said it was quite useless; and the King awaited his return with

great anxiety, for he remembered the question about the trombone, and it was really irritating.

The third Princess received the Lord Chamberlain very graciously, and remarked that she had once decided never to marry a man who could

about fifteen yards of ribbon to wind about his neck and shoulders.

The wedding was splendid. The whole city was gay with flags and banners, and garlands hung in huge festoons from house to house; and for two whole weeks nothing else was thought of and talked about.

The King and Queen lived so happily together for a year that the King had quite forgotten about the gingerbread and the Queen about the trombone. Unhappily, one morning, the King got out of bed with his left foot foremost, and that day all things went wrong. It rained from morning till night; the royal crown tumbled down and smashed the cross on top; besides, the court painter who brought the new map of the kingdom had made a mistake and colored the country red, instead of blue, as the King had commanded; lastly, the Queen had a headache. So it happened that the royal pair quarreled for the first time, though they could not have told the reason why. In short, the King was cross, and the Queen was snappish and insisted on having the last word.

"It is about time that you ceased finding fault with everything," the Queen said at last, with great scorn, shrugging her shoulders. "Why, you can't even play on the trombone."

"And you can't bake gingerbread," the King retorted, quick as a flash.

For the first time the Queen did not know what to say, and so, without another word, they went to their separate rooms. The Queen threw herself on the sofa and wept bitterly. "What a little fool you are!" she sobbed. "Where was your common sense? You could n't have been more stupid if you had tried."

As for the King, he strode up and down the room rubbing his hands. "It is fortunate that my wife can't bake gingerbread," he thought, gleefully,

"for if she could, what should I have answered when she said that I could n't play on the trombone?"

The more he thought, the more cheerful he became. He whistled a favorite tune, looked at the great picture of his wife over the mantel, and then, climbing upon a chair, he brushed away a cobweb that was dangling over the nose of the Queen.

"How angry she must have been, poor little



"WHY, YOU CAN'T EVEN PLAY ON THE TROMBONE!" "AND YOU CAN'T BAKE GINGERBREAD!"

not play on the trombone. But that was a dream, —a youthful, idle dream, she sighed, a hope never to be realized,—and as she liked the King in spite of this drawback, why—she would marry him.

The Lord Chamberlain whipped up his horses and tore down the road to the palace, where the King, overjoyed at the good tidings, embraced his faithful servant, and gave him as reward all sorts of toy crosses and stars to wear at his breast, and

woman!" he said at last. "Suppose I see what she is doing."

He stepped into the long corridor into which all the rooms opened, and it being the day when all things went wrong, the groom of the chambers had forgotten to light the entry-lamp, though it was eight o'clock at night and pitch dark. The King went groping forward, with his hands stretched out for fear of falling, when suddenly he touched something very soft.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"It is I," said the Queen.

"What are you in search of, my dear?"

"I wanted to beg your pardon—I was very unkind," she sobbed.

"Pray don't, my love," the King said, in his very gentlest tone of voice. "It was my fault, but all is forgotten. One thing, let me say, however, my dear: there are two words which must never be uttered in our kingdom on pain of death—'trombone' and——"

"Gingerbread," the Queen added, laughing, though she stealthily brushed away a tear.

And so the story ends.

EMILY.

(A True Tale of Parental Devotion.)

I HAVE much time for quiet thought, and it has occurred to me that the story of my life might be of interest to some young members of the human race. I belong to a boy who calls himself my "Little Papa." When I tell you that this sketch is a good likeness of myself, you will see why I can not write my own story, but my kind "Grandmamma" has promised to use her pen for me, and write whatever I wish to say.

An old song which she sometimes sings comes to my mind just here; it begins, "I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care"; and this is true of me. I am no longer fair; but this does not trouble me. My life is as sweet to me now as when I boasted of rosy cheeks, perfect features, and a body. Love can make up to us for any trial, and I am happy in spite of all my troubles, because my "Little Papa" loves me now better than ever.

But let me begin my story by telling you that, when I was born, my body was made by a kind, sensible old lady, who thought the flimsy bodies bought in shops not fit for any good doll, such as she meant that I should be. She made me with a shapely figure, and substantial legs and feet, upon which she put good strong shoes and stockings. My head was, and is, as you see, of the kind called indestructible. It has borne many hardships, but outlives them all, with a vigor of which I am proud.

When ready to sit down beside my "Little Papa's" well-stuffed stocking, one Christmas Eve,

my dress was of tan-colored stuff, with trimming of bright scarlet, made to wear well and for a long time. Upon my head I wore a neat cap, from the front of which a becoming fringe of short hair fell over my forehead, which, although I say it, is a high and thoughtful one. I have heard it said that my face, without possessing striking beauty, was yet one wearing such a sweet and sensible expression that it was ever pleasant to look upon.

The moment that my "Little Papa" saw me, he received me into the depths of his tenderest affection, and my story would never have been written had he not cherished me ever since with such devotion. Well do I remember him as I first saw his tiny figure, with its short, loose-flowing white dress. He was not quite three years old. His bright blue eye beamed lovingly on me; his light, soft hair flew carelessly around his head, and on his forehead rested "a bang" so like my own that our relationship could not be doubted.

I was at once named Emily in honor of the donor, and began my life in a very pleasant playroom, where a pretty rocking-chair was given me for my own use. I was not always gently treated, but I was beloved, and that made up to me for the anguish of many a hard knock. Very soon, in order to make some experiments (using my head as a hammer), my "Little Papa" removed my cap and hair, and this led to the most mortifying occurrence of my life.



To explain it to you, I must introduce the story of another doll who for a short time shared my papa's heart. Her fate was so sad that I bear no resentment to her for that. She came into our family the next Christmas after my own arrival. I must own that she was a pretty creature—a blonde beauty, light, delicate, and quite different from the quiet, plain dolly who describes her.

When Santa Claus brought her, I felt quite heart-broken, for my "Little Papa" took her joyfully, named her "Lady-love," and I feared would think no more of me. Her day was short-lived, however. One day, he came to his Mamma (my "Grandmamma,") with a hammer in his hand, the end of which was covered with wax. "Wax!" exclaimed "Grandmamma," observing this; "how did it get upon your hammer? I did not know there was any in the house." My "Little Papa" hung his head. I shall always believe that it was an accident, and that he felt truly sorry for it. He did not speak, and "Grandmamma," after a moment's thought, said: "Lady-love's face is the only wax thing in the house, Charlie; have you struck your dear Lady-love?" No answer; she hastened to the play-room, and there the dreadful truth was disclosed. On the floor was Lady-love, her face cracked and scarred—her beauty fled forever! She was indeed such a wreck as to be no longer pleasant to look upon, and fell into such swift decay that soon nothing remained of all her charms but her lovely curly wig.

Then occurred the mortification to which I have alluded, and my "Grandmamma" did me the only unkindness I ever suffered from her. She said, "Emily's cap and bang are gone; let us see how she will look in Lady-love's wig!" Behold, in this second picture, the result!

I did not know myself; transformed from my own plain self to a gay Madge Wildfire, you may imagine my feelings. I was very uncomfortable until one day, when my "Little Papa" thought best to pull off the wig which suited me so ill.

Soon after this, a puppy was brought into our

once quiet play-room. Then what misery I endured! Never did I know when his dark, sharp face would glare upon me, and his dreadful, white teeth give me a vicious shake. One day, Nurse had

left the play-room, and my "Little Papa" had gone out for a walk with "Grandmamma." I heard a rushing sound, a savage bark, and the next moment was torn limb from limb! Only my head, my indestructible head, was left!

Once in my life, I remember that, while I lay upon the floor, some wise people around me were discussing where the seat of



life was located. I can tell them now that it is in the head. My luckless limbs strewed the floor, but I—my head—remained despairing, but calm and collected.

When my "Little Papa" came in from his walk, he hugged me to his heart, and, saying that my poor head must be cold, he begged for some cotton and the mucilage-bottle in order to close my wounds, and soon had decked me as you see in the picture above.

I did not like my appearance, but he did, and it had also made him happy to have the mucilage-bottle; so I was content.

Bodiless, hairless, with battered cheeks and forgotten charms, you would hardly suppose that I could ever be happy again. Yet I am, for I know myself to be the darling of my "Little Papa's" heart.

Two days ago he carried me to "Grandmamma," and begged her to make "Emily a cap." She did so, but as she covered my poor bald head, she said: "Charlie, Emily is not *very* handsome, is she?" How my heart—I mean my head—swelled then with joy when he cried out: "I love her better than anything, and I think she's pretty, too!"

At that moment I felt that I must tell the tale of such devoted love, and I hope it has pleased you to hear it. My "Little Papa" is now five years old, and, while he loves me still so dearly, I notice that he plays more with tools, carts, and horses than he does with me. "Grandmamma" said lately to him, "Soon we will put Emily away,



Charlie, in the chest with your baby-clothes"; so I look forward to a future of peaceful retirement there. Perhaps I may some day make my appearance again in active life, as the dear old dolly

which my "Little Papa" will show to his children's children as having given him so much happiness. And I know that he will love me even then, for, like me, his affection is indestructible.

IRONING SONG.

[THIS practical little song and chorus can be sung by little girls in the "Kitchen-Garden,"* with appropriate movements.]



FIRST your iron smooth must be,
(CHORUS:) Rub away! Rub away!
Rust and irons disagree,
Rub away! Rub away!

Though your iron must be hot,
Glide away! Slide away!
It must never scorch or spot,
Glide away! Slide away!

Then the cloth, so soft and white,
Press away! Press away!
On the table must be tight,
Press away! Press away!

Crease or wrinkle must not be,
Smooth away! Smooth away!
Or the work is spoiled, you see,
Smooth away! Smooth away!

Every piece, when pressed with care,
Work away! Work away!
Must be hung awhile to air,
Work away! Work away!

Then you fold them one by one,
Put away! Put away!
Now the ironing is done,
Happy day! Happy day!

* See ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1879, page 403.

MRS. PETERKIN FAINTS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

"MEET at the Sphinx!" Yes, these were the words that the lady from Philadelphia had sent in answer to the several telegrams that had reached her from each member of the Peterkin family. She had received these messages while staying in a remote country town, but she could communicate with the cable line by means of the telegraph office at a railway station. The intelligent operator, seeing the same date affixed at the close of each message, "took in," as she afterward expressed it, that it was the date of the day on which the message was sent, and as this was always prefixed to every dispatch, she did not add it to the several messages. She afterward expressed herself as sorry for the mistake, and declared it should not occur another time.

Elizabeth Eliza was the first at the appointed spot, as her route had been somewhat shorter than the one her mother had taken. A wild joy had seized her when she landed in Egypt, and saw the frequent and happy use of the donkey as a beast of travel. She had never ventured to ride at home, and had always shuddered at the daring of the women who rode at the circuses, and closed her eyes at their performances. But as soon as she saw the little Egyptian donkeys, a mania for riding possessed her. She was so tall that she could scarcely, under any circumstances, fall from them, while she could mount them with as much ease as she could the arm of the sofa at home, and most of the animals seemed as harmless. It is true, the donkey-boys gave her the wrong word to use when she might wish to check the pace of her donkey, and mischievously taught her to avoid the soothing phrase of "*beschravesch*," giving her instead one that should goad the beast she rode to its highest speed; but Elizabeth Eliza was so delighted with the quick pace, that she was continually urging her donkey onward, to the surprise and delight of each fresh attendant donkey-boy. He would run at a swift pace after her, stopping sometimes to pick up a loose slipper, if it were shuffled off from his foot in his quick run, but always bringing up even in the end.

Elizabeth Eliza's party had made a quick journey by the route from Brindisi, and, proceeding directly to Cairo, had stopped at a small French hotel not very far from Mrs. Peterkin and her party. Every morning at an early hour Elizabeth Eliza made her visit to the Sphinx, arriving there always the first one of her own party, and spending the

rest of the day in explorations about the neighborhood.

Mrs. Peterkin, meanwhile, set out each day at a later hour, arriving in time to take her noon lunch in front of the Sphinx, after which she indulged in a comfortable nap, and returned to the hotel before sunset.

A week — indeed, ten days — passed in this way. One morning, Mrs. Peterkin and her party had taken the ferry-boat to cross the Nile. As they were leaving the boat on the other side, in the usual crowd, Mrs. Peterkin's attention was arrested by a familiar voice. She turned, to see a tall young man who, though he wore a red *fez* upon his head and a scarlet wrap around his neck, certainly resembled Agamemnon. But this Agamemnon was talking Greek, with gesticulations. She was so excited that she turned to follow him through the crowd, thus separating herself from the rest of her party. At once she found herself surrounded by a mob of Arabs, in every kind of costume, all screaming and yelling in the manner to which she was becoming accustomed. Poor Mrs. Peterkin plaintively protested in English, but the Arabs could not understand her strange words. They had, however, struck the ear of the young man in the red *fez* whom she had been following. He turned, and she gazed at him. It was Agamemnon!

He, meanwhile, was separated from his party, and hardly knew how to grapple with the urgent Arabs. His recently acquired Greek did not assist him, and he was advising his mother to yield and mount one of the steeds, while he followed on another, when, happily, the dragoman of her party appeared. He administered a volley of rebukes to the persistent Arabs, and bore Mrs. Peterkin to her donkey. She was thus carried away from Agamemnon, who was also mounted upon a donkey by his companions. But their destination was the same, and though they could hold no conversation on the way, Agamemnon could join his mother as they approached the Sphinx.

But he and his party were to ascend a pyramid before going on to the Sphinx, and he advised his mother to do the same. He explained that it was a perfectly easy thing to do. You had only to lift one of your feet up quite high, as though you were going to step on the mantel-piece, and an Arab on each side would lift you to the next step. Mrs. Peterkin was sure she could not step up on their mantel-pieces at home. She never had done

it—she never had even tried to. But Agamemnon reminded her that those in their own house were very high—"old colonial"; and meanwhile she found herself carried along with the rest of the party.

At first the ascent was delightful to her. It seemed as if she were flying. The powerful Nubian guides, one on each side, lifted her jauntily up, without her being conscious of motion. Having seen them daily for some time past, she was now not much afraid of these handsome athletes, with their polished black skins, set off by dazzling white garments. She called out to Agamemnon, who had preceded her, that it was charming; she was not at all afraid. Every now and then she stopped to rest on the broad cornice made by each retreating step. Suddenly, when she was about half-way up, as she leaned back against the step above, she found herself panting and exhausted. A strange faintness came over her. She was looking off over a beautiful scene: Through the wide Libyan desert the blue Nile wound between borders of green edging, while the picturesque minarets of Cairo, on the opposite side of the river, and the sand in the distance beyond, gleamed with a red-and-yellow light beneath the rays of the noonday sun.

But the picture danced and wavered before her dizzy sight. She sat there alone, for Agamemnon and the rest had passed on, thinking she was stopping to rest. She seemed deserted, save by the speechless black statues, one on either side, who, as she seemed to be fainting before their eyes, were looking at her in some anxiety. She saw dimly these wild men gazing at her. She thought of Mungo Park, dying with the African women singing about him. How little she had ever dreamed, when she read that account in her youth, and gazed at the savage African faces in the picture, that she might be left to die in the same way alone, in a strange land—and on the side of a pyramid! Her guides were kindly. One of them took her shawl to wrap about her, as she seemed to be shivering, and as a party coming down from the top had a jar of water, one of her Nubians moistened a handkerchief with water, and laid it upon her head. Mrs. Peterkin had closed her eyes, but she opened them again, to see the black figures in their white draperies still standing by her. The travelers coming down paused a few minutes to wonder and give counsel, then passed on, to make way for another party following them. Again Mrs. Peterkin closed her eyes, but once more opened them at hearing a well-known shout—such a shout as only one of the Peterkin family could give—one of the little boys!

Yes, he stood before her, and Agamemnon was behind; they had met on top of the pyramid.

The sight was indeed a welcome one to Mrs.

Peterkin, and revived her so that she even began to ask questions: "Where had he come from?" "Where were the other little boys?" "Where was Mr. Peterkin?" No one could tell where the other little boys were. And the sloping side of the pyramid, with a fresh party waiting to pass up, and the guides eager to go down, was not just the place to explain the long, confused story. All that Mrs. Peterkin could understand was that Mr. Peterkin was now, probably, inside the pyramid, beneath her very feet! Agamemnon had found this solitary "little boy" on top of the pyramid, accompanied by a guide and one of the party that he and his father had joined on leaving Venice. At the foot of the pyramid there had been some dispute in the party as to whether they should first go up the pyramid, or down inside, and in the altercation the party was divided; the little boy had been sure that his father meant to go up first, and so he had joined the guide who went up. But where was Mr. Peterkin? Probably in the innermost depths of the pyramid below. As soon as Mrs. Peterkin understood this, she was eager to go down, in spite of her late faintness; even to tumble down would help her to meet Mr. Peterkin the sooner. She was lifted from stone to stone by the careful Nubians. Agamemnon had already emptied his pocket of coins, in supplying *backsheesh* to his guide, and all were anxious to reach the foot of the pyramid and find the dragoman, who could answer the demands of the others.

Breathless as she was, as soon as she had descended, Mrs. Peterkin was anxious to make for the entrance to the inside. Before, she had declared that nothing would induce her to go into the pyramid. She was afraid of being lost in its stair-ways, and shut up forever as a mummy. But now she forgot all her terrors; she must find Mr. Peterkin at once!

She was the first to plunge down the narrow stair-way after the guide, and was grateful to find the steps so easy to descend. But they presently came out into a large, open room, where no stair-way was to be seen. On the contrary, she was invited to mount the shoulders of a burly Nubian, to reach a large hole half-way up the side-wall (higher than any mantel-piece), and to crawl through this hole along the passage till she should reach another stair-way. Mrs. Peterkin paused. Could she trust these men? Was not this a snare to entice her into one of these narrow passages? Agamemnon was far behind. Could Mr. Peterkin have ventured into this treacherous place?

At this moment a head appeared through the opening above, followed by a body. It was that of one of the native guides. Voices were heard

coming through the passage; one voice had a twang to it that surely Mrs. Peterkin had heard before. Another head appeared now, bound with a blue veil, while the eyes were hidden by green goggles. Yet Mrs. Peterkin could not be mistaken—it was—yes, it was the head of Elizabeth Eliza!

It seemed as though that were all, it was so difficult to bring forward any more of her. Mrs. Peterkin was screaming from below, asking if it were indeed Elizabeth Eliza, while excitement at recognizing her mother made it more difficult for Elizabeth Eliza to extricate herself. But travelers below and behind urged her on, and, with the assistance of the guides, she pushed forward and almost fell into the arms of her mother. Mrs. Peterkin was wild with joy as Agamemnon and his brother joined them.

"But Mr. Peterkin!" at last exclaimed their mother. "Did you see anything of your father?"

"He is behind," said Elizabeth Eliza. "I was looking for the body of Chufu, the founder of the pyramid,—for I have longed to be the discoverer of his mummy,—and I found instead—my father!"

Mrs. Peterkin looked up, and at that moment saw Mr. Peterkin emerging from the passage above. He was carefully planting one foot on the shoulder of a stalwart Nubian guide. He was very red in the face, from recent exertion, but he was indeed Mr. Peterkin. On hearing the cry of Mrs. Peterkin, he tottered, and would have fallen but for the support of the faithful guide.

The narrow place was scarcely large enough to hold their joy. Mrs. Peterkin was ready to faint again with her great excitement. She wanted to know what had become of the other little boys, and if Mr. Peterkin had heard from Solomon John. But the small space was becoming more and more crowded, the dragomans from the different parties with which the Peterkins were connected came to announce their several luncheons, and insisted upon their leaving the pyramid.

Mrs. Peterkin's dragoman wanted her to go on directly to the Sphinx, and she still clung to the belief that only then would there be a complete reunion of the family. Yet she could not separate herself from the rest. They could not let her go, and they were all hungry, and she herself felt the need of food.

But with the confusion of so many luncheons, and so much explanation to be gone through with, it was difficult to get an answer to her questions.

Elizabeth and her father were involved in a discussion as to whether they should have met if he had not gone into the queen's chamber in the pyramid. For if he had not gone to the queen's chamber he would have left the inside of the pyramid before Mrs. Peterkin reached it, and would have

missed her, as he was too fatigued to make the ascent. And Elizabeth Eliza, if she had not met her father, had planned going back to the king's chamber in another search for the body of Chufu, in which case she would have been too late to meet her mother. Mrs. Peterkin was not much interested in this discussion; it was enough that they had met. But she could not get answers to what she considered more important questions; while Elizabeth Eliza, though delighted to meet again her father and mother and brothers, and though interested in the fate of the missing ones, was absorbed in the Egyptian question; and the mingling of all their interests made satisfactory intercourse impracticable.

Where was Solomon John? What had become of the body of Chufu? Had Solomon John been telegraphed to? When had Elizabeth Eliza seen him last? Was he Chufu or Shufu, and why Cheops? and where were the other little boys?

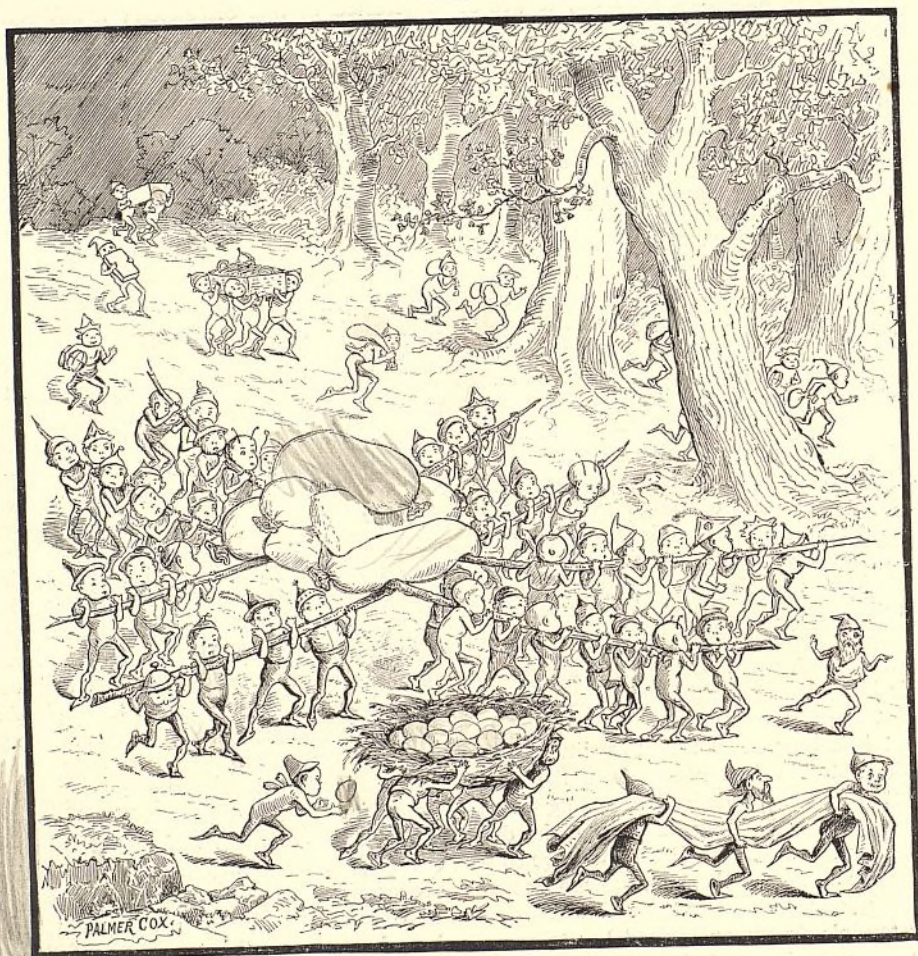
Mr. Peterkin attempted to explain that he had taken a steamer from Messina to the south of Italy, and a southern route to Brindisi. By mistake he had taken the steamer *from* Alexandria on its way to Venice, instead of the one that was leaving Brindisi for Alexandria at the same hour. Indeed, just as he had discovered his mistake and had seen the other boat steaming off by his side, in the other direction, too late he fancied he saw the form of Elizabeth Eliza on deck, leaning over the taffrail (if it was a taffrail). It was a tall lady, with a blue veil wound around her hat. Was it possible? Could he have been in time to reach Elizabeth Eliza? His explanation only served to increase the number of questions.

Mrs. Peterkin had many more. How had Agamemnon reached them? Had he come to Bordeaux with them? But Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza were now discussing with others the number of feet that the Great Pyramid measured. The remaining members of all the parties, too, whose hunger and thirst were now fully satisfied, were ready to proceed to the Sphinx, which only Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza had visited.

Side by side on their donkeys, Mrs. Peterkin attempted to learn something from Mr. Peterkin about the other little boys. But his donkey proved restive: now it bore him on in swift flight from Mrs. Peterkin; now it would linger behind. His words were jerked out only at intervals. All that could be said was that they were separated; the little boys wanted to go to Vesuvius, but Mr. Peterkin felt they must hurry to Brindisi. At a station where the two trains parted,—one for Naples, the other for Brindisi,—he found suddenly, too late, that they were not with him—they must have gone on to Naples. But where were they now?

THE BROWNIES' FEAST.

BY PALMER COX.



IN best of spirits, blithe and free,—
 As brownies always seem to be,—
 A jovial band, with hop and leap,
 Were passing through a forest deep,
 When in an open space they spied
 A heavy caldron, deep and wide,
 Where woodmen, working at their trade,
 A rustic boiling-place had made.
 “My friends,” said one, “a chance like this
 No cunning brownie band should miss;
 All unobserved, we may prepare
 And boil a pudding nicely there;
 Some dying embers smolder still,
 Which we may soon revive at will;

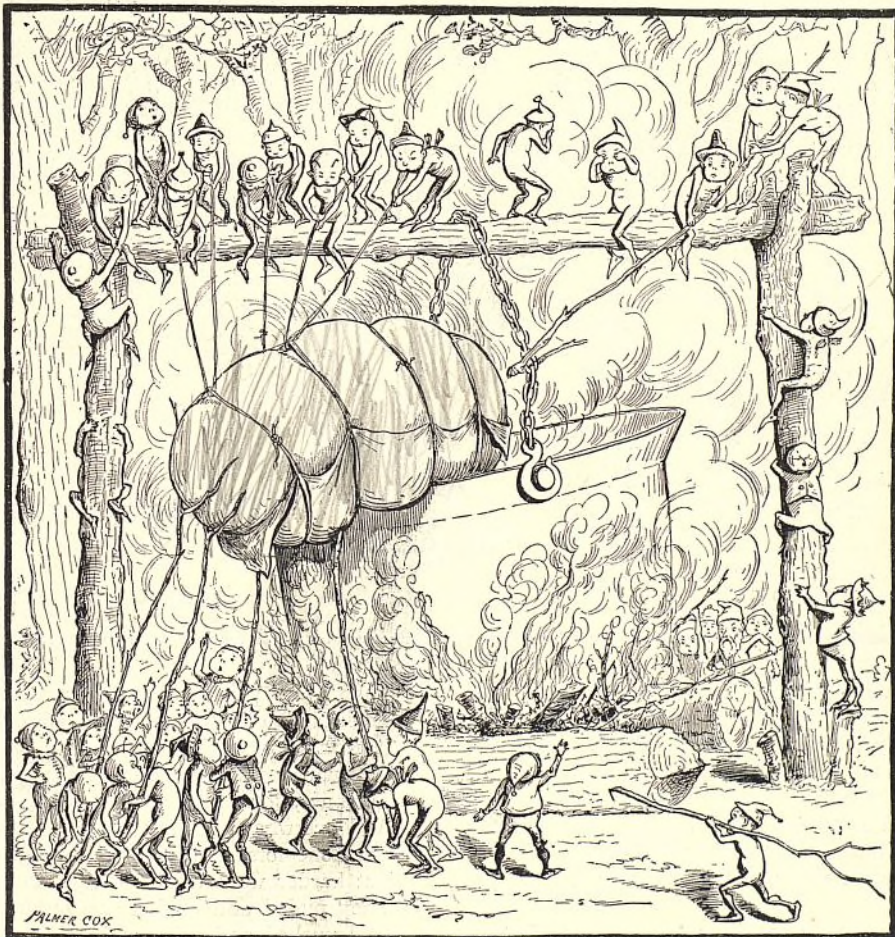
And by the roots of yonder tree
 A brook goes babbling to the sea.
 At Parker's mill, some miles below,
 They're grinding flour as white as snow;
 An easy task for us to bear
 Enough to serve our need from there:
 I noticed, as I passed to-night,
 A window with a broken light,
 And through the opening we'll pour
 Though bolts and bars be on the door.”
 “And I,” another brownie cried,
 “Will find the plums and currants dried;
 I'll have some here in half an hour
 To sprinkle thickly through the flour;

So stir yourselves, and bear in mind
That some must spice and sugar find."
"And I," said one, "will do my part
To help the scheme with all my heart;
I know a place where hens have made
Their nest beneath the burdock shade—
I saw them stealing out with care
To lay their eggs in secret there.
The farmer's wife, through sun and rain,
Has sought to find that nest in vain:
They cackle by the wall of stones,
The hollow stump, and pile of bones,
And by the ditch that lies below,
Where yellow weeds and nettles grow;
And draw her after everywhere
Until she quits them in despair.

For ditches deep and fences high
Between us and the barn-yard lie."

Away, away, on every side,
At once the lively brownies glide—
Some through the swamp and round the hill—
The shortest way to reach the mill;
And more across the country speed
To bring whatever plums they need;
While some on wings and some on legs
Go darting off to find the eggs.

A few remained upon the spot
To build a fire beneath the pot;
Some gathered bark from trunks of trees,
While others, on their hands and knees,



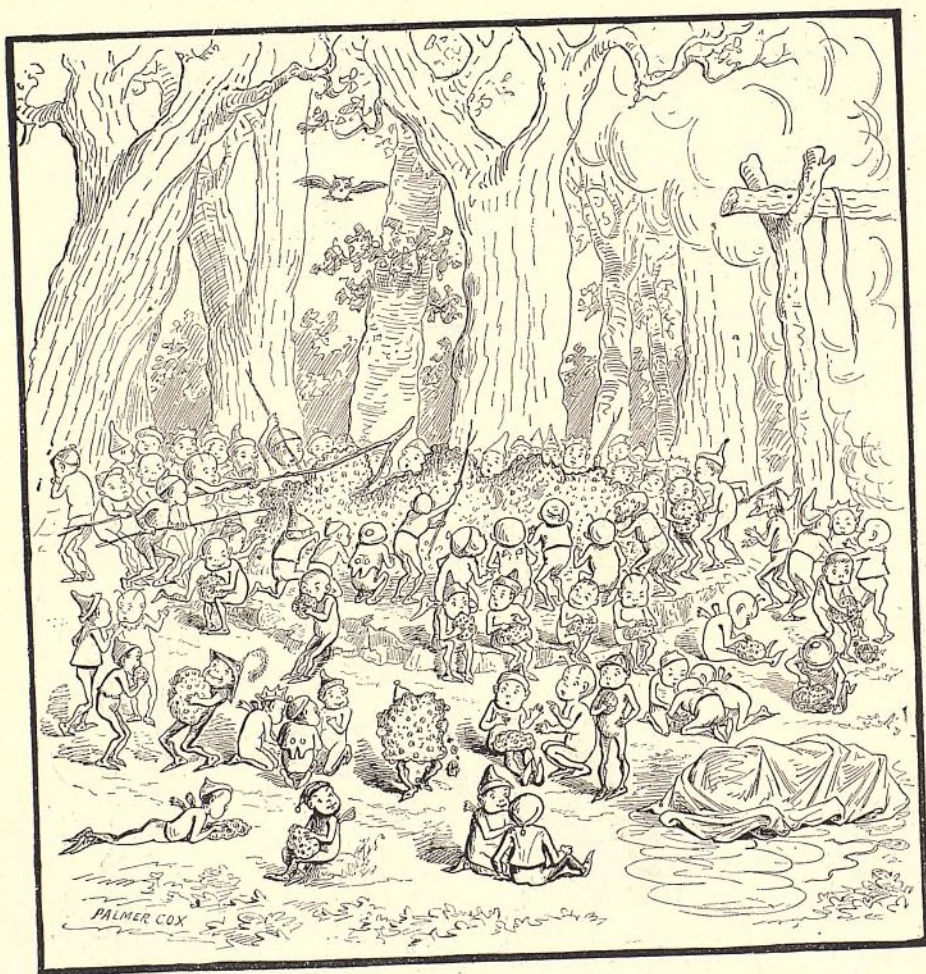
The task be mine to thither lead
A band of comrades now with speed,
To help me bear a tender load
Along the rough and rugged road,

VOL. X.—24.

Around the embers puffed and blew
Until the sparks to blazes grew;
And scarcely was the kindling burned
Before the absent ones returned.

All loaded down they came, in groups,
In couples, singly, and in troops.
Upon their shoulders, heads, and backs,
They bore along the floury sacks;

To stitch the bag they had no thread,
But moose-wood bark was used instead,
And soon the sheet around the pile
Was wrapped in most artistic style.



With plums and currants others came,
Each bag and basket filled the same;
While those who gave the hens a call
Had taken nest-egg, nest, and all;
And more, a pressing want to meet,
From some one's line had hauled a sheet,
The monstrous pudding to infold
While in the boiling pot it rolled.

The rogues were flour from head to feet
Before the mixture was complete.
Like snow-birds in a drift of snow
They worked and elbowed in the dough,
Till every particle they brought
Was in the mass before them wrought.

Then every plan and scheme was tried
To hoist it o'er the caldron's side.
It took some engineering skill
To guard against impending ill:
At times, it seemed about to fall,
And overwhelm or bury all;
Yet none forsook their post through fear,
But harder worked with danger near.
They pulled and hauled and orders gave,
And pushed and pried with stick and stave,
'Midst blinding smoke and flames that reared
And scorched the clothes and singed the
beard,
Until, in spite of height and heat,
They had performed the trying feat.

To take the pudding from the pot
They might have found as hard and hot.
But water on the fire they threw,
And then to work again they flew.
And soon the steaming treasure sat
Upon a stone both broad and flat,
Which answered for a table grand,
When nothing better was at hand.

Some think that brownies never eat,
But live on odors soft and sweet,
That through the verdant woods proceed
Or steal across the dewy mead;
But those who could have gained a sight
Of them, around their pudding white,
Would have perceived that elves of air
Can relish more substantial fare.
They clustered close, and dived and ate
Without a knife, a spoon, or plate;
Some picking out the plums with care,
And leaving all the pastry there.
While some let plums and currants go,
But paid attention to the dough.

The purpose of each brownie's mind
Was not to leave a crumb behind,
That, when the morning sun should shine
Through leafy tree and clinging vine,
No traces of their sumptuous feast
It might reveal to man or beast;
And well they gauged what all could bear,
When they their pudding did prepare;
For when the rich repast was done,
The rogues could neither fly nor run.

The miller never missed his flour,
For brownies wield a mystic power;
Whate'er they take they can restore
In greater plenty than before.
When morning came, the anxious hen
Found eggs and nest replaced again.
More sweets were in the grocer's store
Than when at dark he locked the door;
While gazed the housewife in surprise,
And thought the sleep was in her eyes,
For lo! instead of one, a pair
Of sheets were flapping in the air!

THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XIII.



IT MUST not be supposed that the officers of the Inquisition and the monks of the monastery which, as has been mentioned before, stood a few miles from Viteau, were all this time ignorant of the fact that, when the Countess of Viteau fled from her home, she took refuge in the castle of the Count de Barran.

It was not many days before this was known at the monastery. But the officers had returned to Toulouse to report their failure to secure the person for whom they had been sent; and the monk who was dispatched with the information that the Countess had not fled the country, as was at first supposed, but had taken refuge within a day's ride

of Viteau, had a long journey to make to the south of France; while the party which was immediately dispatched by the Inquisition to the castle of Barran had a long journey to make back to him.

But it finally came, and it was a different party from that which had been sent before. It was larger; it contained many more armed men, and it was under the control of a leader who would not give up the pursuit of the Countess simply because he should fail to find her in the first place in which he sought her.

About the time that the Count de Lannes and our young friends entered Paris, the expedition from the Inquisition at Toulouse reached the great gate of the castle of Barran.

This visit threw the Count, and those of his household who understood its import, into a state of despair almost as great as if it had not been daily feared and expected ever since the Countess had come to the castle.

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The Count did not know what to do. He had thought the matter over and over, but had never been able to make up his mind as to what his course would be in case the officers should appear

the lady really under their watch and guard, until news should arrive from Paris.

But the good squire Bernard acted in a very different way. He did not believe in parleying, nor



THE FLIGHT OF THE COUNTESS.

while the Countess remained in his castle. He felt that he could not give up this lady, the wife of his old brother-in-arms, who had come to him for protection; but he could not fight the company that was now approaching, for such an act would have been considered the same thing as fighting Christianity itself.

He was in a sad state of anxiety as he went to the gate to meet, in person, these most unwelcome visitors; and he wished many times, as he crossed the court-yard, that he had yielded to his first impulse and had insisted that the Countess should fly to England while there was yet time.

All that the Count de Barran could do was to detain the officers as long as possible at the gate, and to endeavor to induce them to consent to a friendly council before taking any steps to arrest the Countess. If they would do this, he hoped to prevail upon them to remain at the castle, with

in councils. Ever since he had come to the castle he had expected this visit, and he had always been ready for it.

In five minutes from the time that he had seen the officials approaching the castle,—and his sharp eyes had quickly told him who they were,—the Countess and her women, the squire himself, and the men-at-arms who had come with them from Viteau, were in their saddles; and, leaving the castle by a lower gate, were galloping along a forest road as fast as their horses' legs would carry them.

The leader of the party from the Inquisition would not parley, and he would listen to no talk of councils. He showed his credentials, and demanded instant entrance; and as soon as he was inside the court-yard, he posted some of his men at every gate.

If the men at the lower gate had put their ears

to the ground, they might have heard the thud of horses' feet as the Countess and her party hurried away into the depths of the forest.

The main body of the officers then entered the castle, and the leader demanded to be conducted to the Countess of Viteau. The Count de Barran did not accompany him and his men as they mounted the stairs, but, downcast and wretched, he shut himself in a lower room.

In a very short time, however, the sound of running footsteps and a general noise and confusion brought him quickly into the great hall, and there he learned that the Countess was not in her apartments, and that the Inquisitors were looking for her all over the castle. He instantly imagined the truth, and a little inquiry among his people showed him that he was right, and that the Countess had been carried off by Bernard.

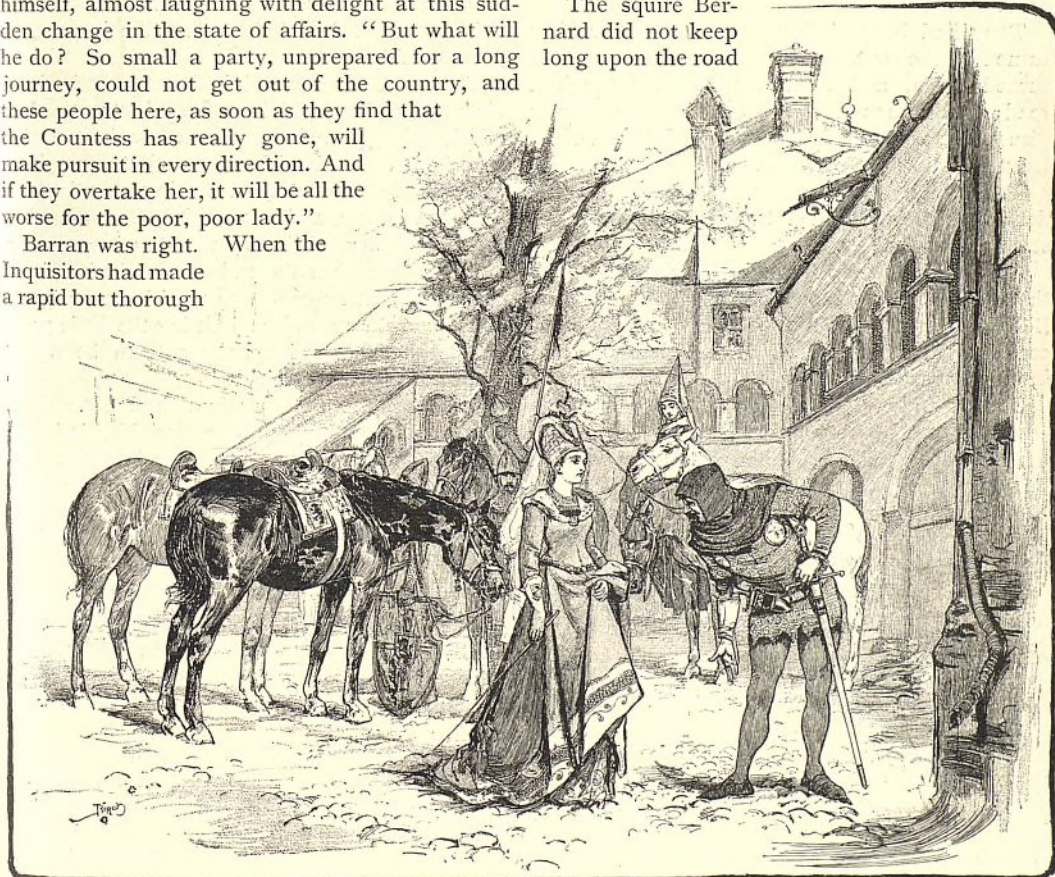
"A trusty and noble fellow!" said Barran to himself, almost laughing with delight at this sudden change in the state of affairs. "But what will he do? So small a party, unprepared for a long journey, could not get out of the country, and these people here, as soon as they find that the Countess has really gone, will make pursuit in every direction. And if they overtake her, it will be all the worse for the poor, poor lady."

Barran was right. When the Inquisitors had made a rapid but thorough

almost from under the very hands of her pursuers, he sent out parties of his horsemen on every road leading from the castle, with orders to thoroughly search the surrounding country, and to make all possible inquiries of persons by whom the fugitives might have been seen. The leader himself remained at the castle, to receive reports and to send out fresh horsemen in any direction which might seem necessary. It was impossible that a lady like the Countess could have the strength and endurance to ride so far that his tough and sturdy men-at-arms could not overtake her. And if she took refuge in any house, castle, or cottage, he would be sure to find her.

The party of soldiers which left the lower gate of the castle and took the road through the forest were mounted on swift, strong horses, and the Countess and her company were only a few miles ahead of them.

The squire Bernard did not keep long upon the road



MICHOI WELCOMES THE COUNTESS.

search of the castle, and when the angry leader had examined some of the servants and had become convinced that the Countess had again fled,

he had first taken. He knew that the officers would probably pursue him this time, and he had seen that their body was composed of many well-

mounted men. So he felt that he must bring into play, not only the fleetness of his horses but his knowledge of the country if he hoped to escape the soldiers who would be sent after him.

Bernard did know the country very well. He had been born in this part of Burgundy, and had, in youth and manhood, thoroughly explored these forests, not only after deer and other game, but in expeditions with his master and Barran against parties of *cotereaux* and other thieves who at various times had been giving trouble in the neighborhood.

About four miles from the castle Bernard turned sharply to the left, and rode into what, in the rapidly decreasing daylight, the Countess thought to be the unbroken forest. But it was in reality a footway wide enough for a horse and rider, and along this narrow path, in single file, the party pursued its way almost as rapidly as on the open road.

They had been riding northward; now they turned to the west, and in a half-hour or so they turned again, and went southward, through a road which, though overgrown and apparently disused, was open and wide enough for most of its length to allow two persons to ride abreast.

They went more slowly now, for it was quite dark; but the squire led the way, and they kept steadily on all night.

At day-break they reached what seemed to be the edge of the wood, and Bernard ordered a halt. Bidding the rest of the company remain concealed among the trees, he dismounted and cautiously made his way out of the forest.

Creeping along for a short distance into the open country, he mounted a little hill and carefully surveyed the surrounding fields and plains. Feeling certain that none of their enemies were near at hand in the flat country before them, Bernard went back to the woods, got on his horse, and, turning to the Countess, he said:

"Now, my lady, we must make a rapid dash, and in a quarter of an hour we shall be at our journey's end."

Without a word the Countess—who had put herself entirely into her faithful squire's care, and who had found early in the ride that he wished to avoid answering any questions in regard to their destination—followed Bernard out of the forest, and the whole party began a wild gallop across the fields.

For a few minutes they rode in silence, as they had been riding for the greater part of the night, and then the Countess suddenly called out:

"Bernard! Oh, Bernard! Where are we going? That is Viteau!"

"Yes," shouted back the squire. "That is

Viteau, and, by your leave, we are going there. For you, it is the safest place in France."

"But the *cotereaux*! The *cotereaux*!" cried the Countess. "It is filled with those wicked men!"

"I hope it is yet filled with *cotereaux*," cried the squire, still galloping on; "for it is those fellows who will make it safe for you. Fear them not, fair lady. They want only your money, and as long as they have a good hope of that they will not harm you nor yield you up to any claimant."

The Countess answered not a word; but very pale and trembling a little she rode on, and in a very short time the party drew up before the great gate of Viteau.

"Open!" cried Bernard, "open to the Countess of Viteau!"

Receiving no immediate answer, Bernard shouted again:

"Open! Open quickly! It is the lady of this château who asks admittance. She is pursued! Open quickly!"

There was now heard inside a sound of running and calling, and in a few minutes the head of Michol appeared at the window in the gate. Perceiving that his visitors were but three ladies and half a dozen men, all looking very tired and anxious to enter, and recognizing Bernard, whom he had seen several times and with whose position in the household of Viteau he was quite familiar, he concluded that he could run no risk, and might do himself much good, by admitting the little party; and he therefore ordered the gate to be opened and bade the Countess ride in.

The moment the fugitives had entered the court, and the gate had been closed behind them, Bernard sprang from his horse, exclaiming:

"Now, at last, I can breathe at ease."

The Countess, although a good deal frightened at her peculiar situation, could not help smiling at this speech, considering that they were surrounded by a great crowd of armed men, known to have in their number some of the most notorious robbers in the country, and who were crowding into the court to see the visitors, although keeping, by command of their captain, at a respectful distance.

Bernard now approached Michol, and with the utmost frankness, concealing nothing, he told him all about the troubles of the Countess and why she had fled to his protection.

"As your object," said the squire, "is the payment of the ransom, for which you have taken this château as security, you will not wish to injure that lady by whom you expect the money to be collected and paid. And, if I mistake not, until the ransom is paid to you, you will not allow

that lady to be taken out of your possession and keeping."

"You are a shrewd man, and a knowing one," said Michol, with a smile, "and have judged my temper well. And yet," he said, lowering his voice, "you must have terribly feared those Inquisitors, to bring that lady here."

"Fear them!" said the squire, in a voice still lower than the captain's. "Indeed did I fear them. Do you know that they would begin her trial with the torture?"

Even the rough bandit gave a little shudder as he heard these words, and looked at the gentle lady before him.

Advancing to her, and removing the steel cap he wore, he said:

"Fair lady, you are welcome, as far as I have power to bid you welcome, to this château. Your apartments have not been molested nor disturbed, and you can take immediate possession of them, with your attendants. And you may feel assured that here you may rest in safety from all attacks of enemies of any sort, unless they come in numbers sufficient to overcome my men and carry these strong defenses. And I promise you that when the matters of ransom shall be settled between us, I and my men will march away from your estates, leaving no damage nor injury behind us, excepting your loss of what we have consumed and used for our support and defense."

"Impudent varlet!" said Bernard to himself. "Your hungry rascals have fattened on the possessions of the Countess, and yet you talk in a tone as large and generous as if you gave to her what was your own."

"Sir," said the Countess to Michol, "I accept your offer of protection until I receive tidings of some sort from my lord the King."

"You shall certainly have it, fair dame," said Michol. "My men and I will never stand and be robbed, be the robber who he may."

The Countess bowed her head, and, without having heard all of this remark, rode up to the château and entered with her party.

CHAPTER XIV.

As soon as possible on the day after the arrival of his party in Paris, the Count de Lannes made arrangements for an interview between his young ambassadors and the King.

The seneschal of the palace, to whom Count Hugo was known, gave permission to Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, with their proper attendants, to seek the young King in the woods of Vincennes, where, on fine days, he generally walked with

some of his courtiers, after the daily religious services which he always attended. In after years, when he managed the affairs of his kingdom without interference from Queen Blanche, and managed them, too, in such a way as to win for himself the reputation of being the most just and honorable ruler that France or Europe had ever known, Louis the Ninth used to hold regular audiences in these beautiful woods, where those of his subjects who desired to petition him or speak with him could do so with very little ceremony. And even now the young King generally saw the few persons who asked audience of him in this place, which was already becoming his favorite promenade.

Louis, at the time of our story, was about twenty-two years old, but he had been married at nineteen, and was crowned when he was but twelve. His mother, who had been governing the country so long, still continued to do so, and also governed her son and his wife, as if they had been small children. She did not even allow them to see each other, excepting at such times as she thought fit.

This may have been all very well for the nation, for Queen Blanche was a wise and energetic woman, although very bigoted in regard to religious affairs, but it must have greatly fretted the soul of the young monarch, whose crown was like an expensive toy given to a child, but put up on a high shelf, where he might look at it and call it his own, but must not touch it.

The Count de Lannes knew of all this, but he thought it well that his young people should address themselves to the King, who, being a young person himself and of a very kind disposition, would be apt to sympathize with them and to take an interest in their unusual mission. Not being much occupied with state or other affairs, it might happen that he would give his mind to this matter; and if he could do nothing himself he might interest his mother, who could do something.

It was a bright and pleasant day when Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, followed by a lady and a page, with Jasto a little farther behind, and Count Hugo and Sir Charles bringing up the rear at quite a distance, were conducted to the King, who was seated under a large tree, with three or four of his noble attendants standing around him.

When the three children approached him, and bent down on their knees before him, as they had been told they must do, the King gave them a smile of welcome, and bade them stand.

"And now, my little friends," he said, "what is it you would have of me?"

Raymond was a straightforward, honest boy, not backward to speak when he should do so, and it had been arranged that he should be the spokesman. But he had never seen a king, even a young one, and his heart failed him. He looked at Louis, who, though bold enough, could not think of anything but the astounding fact, which had suddenly struck upon his mind, that this king was not old enough to be of any good to them. He looked as young as some of the pages at the castle. The silence was a little embarrassing, and both boys looked at Agnes. She did not want to speak first, although she doubtless expected to say something on the subject, but she presently saw she would have to begin, and so, with a little flush on her face, she addressed the King:

"May it please you, sire," she said, "we have come to speak to you about the mother of these two boys, who is the Countess of Viteau and is in great trouble. We came to you because, as you are the King of France, you can have the wicked business stopped instantly, until some good persons can look into it; and if we went to any of the bishops or the people of the Church, they would take a long time to think about it, and the poor lady might suffer dreadfully before they would do a thing."

"I should gladly help you, my fair little lady," said the young King, with a smile; "but, on my kingly honor, I can not imagine what you would have me do. What is the wicked business, and what have bishops to do with it? Bishops are lofty personages for such young people as you to deal with."

"They are not so lofty as kings," remarked Louis, as the thought came into his mind—although, indeed, he was not impressed with the loftiness of any king present.

"You are right," said the King. "Some kings are loftier than bishops. But come, one of you, explain your errand, that I may know how a poor king can be more expeditious than a great bishop."

As the ice was now broken, and as Raymond knew that he could tell the story better than either of the others, he began it, and laid the whole matter, very clearly and fully, before the King, who listened to the statement and to the petition for his interference with much attention and interest.

"It is a sad, sad tale," he said, when he had heard it all; "but I see not what action the King can take in a matter which belongs entirely to the Church, and is subject to the ecclesiastical laws which extend over France and all Christian countries. In such things, like my lowest subject,

I am but an humble follower of our holy fathers, who know what is good for our souls."

"But it is her body, sire," exclaimed Agnes. "Think how she may suffer before they find out about her soul! We are not afraid for her soul."

The young King smiled again, although he evidently did not think it proper to smile about such subjects.

"My fair child," said he, putting his hand on Agnes's head, "you seem to take this matter as greatly to heart as if the lady was your own mother."

"My own mother is dead," said Agnes, "and I fear that I ought to be glad of that, for she, too, was a pious lady, and knew how to read; and all these things might have been done to her had she lived to see this day."

The King's face grew serious at this, and he was silent for a few moments. But presently, turning to Raymond, he said:

"Then what you would have me do is to request these proceedings to be stopped, until some learned and pious man, with mind not prejudiced in this affair, shall examine into your mother's belief, and shall see if there be cause or need that she be tried by the Inquisition?"

"That is all, good sire," said Raymond. "That is all we ask."

"I will lay this matter before my royal mother, the Queen," said the King, "for she has far more knowledge of such subjects, and far more influence with our clergy, than I have, and I fear me not that what you desire will be readily obtained. It is a fair and reasonable request you make, and I am right well pleased you came to me to make it. So be comforted, my little friends. I will speak with the Queen this very day in your behalf."

With this he rose, and with a smile and a little wave of the hand dismissed his young petitioners. They were about to step back, when Jasto, who had been gradually getting nearer and nearer to the central group, so that he had heard all that had been said, pulled Louis by the end of his doublet, and whispered in his ear:

"Ask if you shall come again, or if you may go home with the good news."

Then Louis advanced a little, and spoke up quickly, asking the question.

"Come to-morrow an hour earlier than this time," said the King, who evidently was much interested in the matter,—the more so, perhaps, because so little kingly business was submitted to him,—"and you shall hear exactly what will be done, and who shall be sent to catechise the Countess." He then walked away, and the children rejoined their elder companions.

When Sir Charles heard of the suggestion made

by Jasto, he slapped him on the shoulder and said to him :

"You were always a good fellow, Jasto, with ideas suitable to the occasion, both to speak and to write down with ink. Now I shall be able to see this great city of Paris, which I have not visited for ten long years."

And with minds relieved, and with the fresh and eager curiosity of young people who had never

were many people, some going one way and some another—some attending to their business, and some taking their ease, with their families, in front of their houses; gayly dressed knights were prancing through the streets on their handsome horses; ladies were gazing from windows; artisans were at work in their shops, and, altogether, the sights and delights of the Paris of 1236 produced upon these three children very much the same effect that the



AGNES MAKES A PLEA FOR THE MOTHER OF RAYMOND AND LOUIS.

seen a city before, our three friends accompanied Sir Charles on a sight-seeing tour through Paris. The capital of France was nothing like so large and wonderful as the Paris of to-day, but it contained, among other public edifices, that great building the Louvre, which still stands, and which was then used, not only as a residence for the King, but as a prison. There were also beautiful bridges across the Seine, which runs through the city; the streets were paved, and there were shops; there

Paris of 1883 would have produced upon them had they lived in our day.

A little before the appointed time, the next day, Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, accompanied as at the previous interview, were in the woods of Vincennes, and advanced to the spot where they were to meet the King.

In about a quarter of an hour, the young monarch made his appearance, walking quite rapidly, and followed by several attendants. There was

much less ceremony observed in those days between royal personages and their subjects than at present, and the King walked straight up to our three friends and spoke to them.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I have not performed for you all the good offices which you asked, and which I should gladly have performed. But the Queen, who understands these important matters better than myself, assures me that it would be an action unbefitting royalty to interfere in this emergency which you have brought before me. It is a matter with which the clergy and its appointed institutions have to do, and with which the King can not meddle without detriment to Christianity, and to the proper power and influence of the Church. Whatever ought to be done, in order that the Countess of Viteau shall be justly treated in this matter, will, as I am earnestly assured, be done. And with this," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "we ought all to be satisfied; ought we not? It was to discover the truth, and to uphold and support good Christians, that the Inquisition was established, and it is not fitting that the King or the nobility of France should doubt or fear the justice of its actions and decisions."

At these words, Agnes burst into tears; Louis, too, began to sob, and Raymond stood pale and trembling. Count Hugo and Sir Charles, perceiving that something unhappy had occurred, drew near their young charges, while the courtiers about the King exchanged looks of compassion, as they gazed upon the sorrowful children.

"There is but one thing, then, to do," exclaimed Raymond, half turning away. "We must fly to England."

"What?" exclaimed the King, "to England! Fly? What means that?"

"In England," said Louis, his voice half-choked with tears, "the King does not allow —"

At this point Raymond gave his brother such a pull by the arm that he instantly stopped speaking, to turn around and see what was the matter, and then Raymond spoke:

"My Lord King," he said, "we must now make our way with our mother to England, because there we shall be safe from the power of the Inquisition. It may be that its trials may be just and right, but we have heard something of the horrible tortures that its prisoners have to bear, to prove whether they will tell the truth or not; and, while I live, my mother, my own dear mother, shall never be dragged from her home and be made to go through such a trial. I would kill her first, myself."

"And so would I," cried Louis, "if Raymond were dead!"

"Oh, boys!" exclaimed Agnes, imploringly, "do not say such horrible things!"

The King, apparently, had not heard these latter remarks. For a moment he seemed in troubled thought, and then he said, half to himself:

"Can it be that a noble lady, and a pious one, I doubt not, must flee my dominions, to take refuge with Henry of England, because, as it appears, she is persecuted by enemies, and threatened with the rigors of the Inquisition, which, whatever they be, may perhaps well frighten the souls of a gentle dame and these poor children!"

"And they could not certainly save themselves by flight, sire," said one of the courtiers, "for the Pope could doubtless order them to be apprehended and remanded to these shores."

"Is there, then, no place to which we can fly?" cried little Agnes. "For I am going, too. Father and I will go."

The young King made no reply. He stood, silent and pale. Then, stepping forward a little, his head held very high, and his eyes sparkling, he said:

"Do not fly to any land. Leave not France. You are as safe here as in any spot on earth. Go back to your mother, my brave youth, and tell her that her own King will protect her from needless molestation, and will give that opportunity she asks for to show her true faith and sound belief. I will desire, as a favor to myself, that the Inquisition shall cease its action against this lady until some wise and learned members of our clergy, whom I will send to her to inquire into this matter, shall give their fair and well-considered opinion of it. And now," said he, turning to his courtiers, his face flushed with youthful pride, "I feel more like a king of France than I ever felt before."

CHAPTER XV.

THE leader of the officers of the Inquisition was not long in discovering the retreat of the Countess. He was greatly assisted by the monks of the monastery near Viteau, who suspected, from what had been said by some of the *cotereaux* who occasionally found it necessary to go outside of the château court-yard, that something of importance had occurred at Viteau. By careful inquiries they soon found out that the Countess was there, and reported the fact to the chief officer at his headquarters at Barran's castle.

The Count, on the contrary, did not know where the Countess of Viteau had gone. She and Bernard had thought it best not to inform him of her place of refuge, and Barran had not endeavored to discover this place, deeming it unsafe for any

one in the castle to know where she was, so long as her pursuers were with him. He knew by the actions of his unwelcome visitors that she had not been captured, but he never imagined that she was in her own château of Viteau.

Early on the morning of the second day after that on which Count Hugo and his party started on their return from Paris, bearing the happy news that the King had consented to interfere in behalf of the Countess, and that one or two well-qualified persons were, as soon as possible, to visit her at the castle of Barran to give her an opportunity of properly representing her case, the Inquisitors appeared at Viteau.

Viteau, although not exactly a castle, was, like all the residences of the upper classes in those days, a strongly defended place. It had a wall around the court-yard, and its numerous towers and turrets and little balconies were constructed to accommodate and protect a large number of archers and cross-bow men.

Therefore it was that Robert de Comines, the leader of the Inquisitorial party, thought it well to have a strong body of men with him in case it became necessary to force his way into the château.

First posting soldiers at every entrance to the grounds, Comines marched to the great gate and demanded admittance. Michol, who had received notice that a large body of men was approaching, and who felt quite sure that he knew who they were, gave some orders to his under-officers and hastened to the gate.

"Who may you be?" said Michol from the window in the gate, "and why come you here? These gates open, now, to no visitors, friends or foes."

Comines did not see fit to state the object of his visit, nor to exhibit his authority, and, without answering Michol's questions, he asked another.

"Are you the captain of the robbers who have seized upon this château?" he said.

"I am the captain of the good and valiant *cote-reaux* who hold this château and its belongings as a warranty for a just and righteous debt," answered Michol. "Have you aught to say to me concerning the matter?"

"I have something to say to you," replied Comines, "which you will do well to hear, and that speedily. Open the gate and let me enter."

"If you wish to speak with me," answered Michol, "I am ready to hear what you have to say. But you need not enter, fair sir. I will come out to you."

"No, no!" cried the other. "I must go in. Open the gate!"

"That will I, gladly," said Michol, "but it must be for me to go out and not for you to come

in. This is not my dwelling, nor are these my lands. I meet my friends and foes in the forest and on the road."

At these words the gates were thrown open, and Michol rushed out, followed by nearly all his men, who had been closely massed behind him while he spoke. The *cote-reaux* were in such a large and solid body that they completely filled the gate-way and forced back Comines and his men, who vainly endeavored to maintain their ground before the gate.

Comines shouted and threatened, and his followers manfully struggled with the robbers, who surged like a great wave from the gate; but it was of no use. Out came the *cote-reaux*, and backward were forced Comines's men, until all the robbers, excepting those who were left to guard the other gates, and some archers who were posted on certain of the towers, had rushed into the road, and the gates had been locked behind them.

The sudden confusion had been so great that, at first, the two leaders could not find each other. At length they met in the middle of the road, and the men of each party disengaged themselves from one another as rapidly as possible, and gathered in two confronting bodies, each behind its leader.

"Here am I. What would you have?" said Michol.

"Thief and leader of thieves!" cried the enraged Comines. "Do you suppose that I want you! You shall feel the power of the Church in your own person for this violence. Know that I am an officer of the Holy Inquisition, with all due authority and warrant to carry out my purpose, and that I come to apprehend and take before our high tribunal the person of the Countess of Viteau, who is behind those walls. Now that you know my errand, stand back and let me enter."

"That will I not," said Michol, firmly. "Whatever your errand and your authority, you come too late. The Countess of Viteau is now my prisoner. I hold her and this château as security for the payment of ransom-money justly due me; and I will give her up to no man until that ransom shall be paid. Whatever warrant you may have, I know well that you have none to take from me my prisoner."

"Rascal!" cried Comines, "who would show a warrant to a thief? Will you open that gate to me?"

"No," said Michol, "I will not."

"Then take that for my authority!" said Comines, drawing his sword as he spoke, and making a sudden thrust at the robber leader.

Michol had no sword, but in his right hand he bore a mace or club with a heavy steel or iron head. This was a weapon generally used by

knights on horseback, but Michol was a tall, strong fellow, and he carried it with ease. Stepping quickly aside as Comines thrust at him, he swung his mace in the air, and brought it down upon his adversary's head with such rapidity and force that it knocked him senseless to the ground.

This blow was followed, almost instantly, by a general conflict. As none of Comines's men were mounted, their horses having been left at the monastery, and as they did not number half as many as the *cotereaux*,—who were, indeed, in much stronger force than Comines and the monks had imagined,—the fight was not a long one. The robbers soon overpowered their opponents, killing some, causing others to make a disorderly flight, and taking a number of prisoners.

The latter were carefully robbed,—not an article of value, not a weapon, nor piece of armor being left on their persons,—and then they were set free to carry away their wounded and dead comrades.

Michol sent a detachment of his men to attack the soldiers who had been placed outside of the other entrances to the château; and when these had been routed and the battle-field in front of the great gate had been cleared of enemies, dead and

alive, the robber captain entered the court-yard with his men, and the gates were locked and barred behind him.

Bernard, the squire, had been watching the combat from a high tower.

"I knew," he said to himself, when it was over, "that this was the only place in France where the Countess would be safe. For none but a pack of thieves would have dared to fight those who came to capture her."

The Countess was greatly agitated when she heard of the affair, for she knew nothing of it until it was over. She was glad and thankful that her pursuers had been defeated in their object, but she thought it was a terrible thing to have had an actual conflict with them.

Her good squire did his best to make matters look as well as possible.

"You must remember, my lady," said he, "that the fight was not within our walls, and that none of us took part in it. And, I trow, we shall not soon see again those men from Toulouse; for the leader of them has been grievously disabled, and it will be many a day before he will again desire to carry off anybody."

(To be continued.)



THE NIGHTMARE OF THE BOY WHO TEASED THE ANIMALS.

TWO SIDES OF A LAUGH.

THERE was an urchin of the town,
Who, on his way to school,
Whene'er his comrade tumbled down,
Would laugh in ridicule.

But when it was himself who fell,—
As sometimes he did fall,—
He neither bore it very well,
Nor saw the joke at all.



ANY TRAIN.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

DICK tossed a letter to his sister Abby. "From Cousin Lydia!"

"Read it aloud," said Zoe. She was cousin to the others, but an adopted daughter of the house.

Abby read:

"DEAR COUSIN: Some time soon, I am coming to make you a long visit, as Mamma wants me away from the city before the hottest weather, and our doctor orders quiet after the winter dissipation, and says I must have cream to build me up—all that I can eat. They wish me to go to you to-morrow, and perhaps I may, though there is to be an excursion this week that I should dislike to miss, and a grand wedding next week. However, you may expect me on any train any day, for I am eager for the cream and the country rides. But do not be disappointed if I should not come for some days. Though I have half a mind to decide to take the first train to-morrow, and I do say that you may expect me. Dick may go to the station. If he should not find me he need not despair, for I may be on the second, though I think it would suit me better to take an afternoon train. But that would hurry my dinner. The evening train is rather late, but papa might find a friend to confide me to. But do not be surprised if I should not come at all to-morrow, or any day this week. But don't leave home, for I may alight from any train; and I would n't miss seeing one of you for the world!

Yours ever,

"LYDIA."

"So we've got to miss the picnic to-morrow," said Zoe—"the first thing there's been this season that we could go to."

"Don't worry about that," said Abby. "There are eight Sunday-school picnics to come off. Beside, when Cousin Lydia comes, we'll get up a picnic of our own."

"But, how hard we've worked to get ready for it! Think of the ironing and baking we did this morning."

"With the ironing and baking out of the way, we shall have more leisure to enjoy Cousin Lydia's visit. But we must send word to Mollie Hyde that we can't go to her picnic to-morrow. Dick, you can take word."

"I'm busy," said Dick, "studying about the cream to build up Cousin Lydia. Where's the cream to come from?"

"I'll tell you: we'll have to get in our cow that's been boarding on a farm this winter."

"Oh, have we got to have a cow?" Zoe moaned. "It's so much trouble to take care of the milk."

"You don't know anything about cow-bother," Dick protested. "The milker and the churner is the one who has the bother. If we're to have a cow, I want one thing understood: I'll do the feeding and the watering, and the taking to pasture and the driving home, and the milking and the straining and the skimming. I'll even feed the cream to Cousin Lydia if she's weakened by dissipation; but I tell you what, I won't churn!"

"There'll not be any churning—Cousin Lydia will eat the cream. Perhaps," continued Abby turning to Zoe, "we may buy cream of some neighbor. If you'll set Dick's lunch, I'll take a run around the neighborhood. If only Mother and Father were at home, or if the hired girl had n't left!"

Abby returned from her "run" as Dick and Zoe were seated at lunch. At the dining-room door she uttered a shriek. Dick started to his feet, carving-knife in hand.

"What's the matter?" both he and Zoe cried.

"O Dick, please don't!" Abby prayed.

"Don't what?" said Dick, bewildered at finding himself under accusation.

"Don't cut that tongue—we must save it for Cousin Lydia."

Dick dropped into his chair and jerked the fork from the succulent tongue, which was lying, a heavy interrogation point, on the platter. Zoe had held her hand from slicing it with a vague presentiment of the sacrilege. Dick laid down the carver and sat still for developments.

"And how could you break into my lovely pan of biscuits, when we are expecting Cousin Lydia? She has everything that's nice."

While saying this to the guilty-looking Zoe, Abby was possessing herself of the biscuits and tongue. She suddenly set these back on the table with another cry of dismay. "And if you have n't cut the chocolate cake!"

Then, cookly curiosity getting the better of her dismay, she eagerly slipped out the sweet striped wedge to assure herself concerning the quality of the cake.

Dick settled back in his chair, and pathetically remarked that, if there was anything in the house poor enough for a fellow to eat, he'd like a piece of it.

"Please don't be cross, Dick. It was so hard to get these nice things cooked; we are n't used to cooking, and we *must* save them for Cousin Lydia; she must have our best, and then, it may be, we'll not have anything that she can relish. And, Zoe, you ought to know that we'll have to save this butter for her; butter is so scarce here it's

almost impossible to get a pound. And, think of Cousin Lydia at a butterless breakfast! It would be dreadful. She is used to every luxury."

"Well, I am not," said Dick; "so let me have some of your unluxurious victuals, for I must go to school."

The girls bore off the good things to the pantry. They brought back slicings from a soup bone, bread, and dried-apple sauce. The bread was dry, the slicings streaked with gristle.

Dick suggested, meekly: "Some catsup would make the gristle tasty."

Abby hated to, but she said it: "We have only one bottle of catsup left, Dicky, and we must save that for Cousin Lydia. You have no idea, dear Dick, what a responsibility it will be to get three meals a day for Cousin Lydia—what thinking, and planning, and working! I wish I was n't the oldest, or that Mother was here. If that hateful Hannah had n't left! You can have some mustard."

Dick said he was obliged.

Abby had failed to arrange for cream, so Dick would have to go for the cow.

"But it's eight miles," he complained. "It will take me till night to go there and drive the cow back. I'll have to miss school and go to the foot, and I never was so high up in spelling before. I can't go."

"But Dicky, dear, you must; there is no one else who can. It will never do for Cousin Lydia to come expressly to eat cream and not get it. Her health, not to say her life, may depend upon your going."

"Well, to save her life, I'll go. I'll get a livery horse."

"And while you're at the stable, see about hiring a horse and buggy by the week, for Cousin Lydia is coming out here for rides. Country visiting is stupid without riding. That helps to pass the time. But who'll have time to drive Cousin Lydia about? We girls will be busy getting the meals and keeping the house in order."

"I can't drive for her," said Dick. "I can't afford to be going to the foot all the time, and missing the base-ball matches, and everything. I'll tell you: perhaps we can get Joe Harney to come every good day and take her out; then you girls would be free to do the house-work. Joe is good-looking, dresses like a fashion dummy, and talks like an orator."

"First, see if you can hire a buggy," said Abby. "And, Zoe, tell the ice-man we'll begin to take ice of him in the morning; and order lemons, and sardines, and canned things—salmon, and lobster, and fruits. Wait! And chocolate, and cocoa-nuts, and all sorts of flavoring to make things good; and gelatine, and corn-starch, and

raisins, and citron, and oranges, and dried beef. Wait! And see about spring chickens; they're expensive, but we can't stop for a little expense."

Then Mollie Hyde came in, much excited. It was the most dreadful thing she ever heard, that not one of them was going to her picnic; it was completely spoiled by their dropping out.

"It's perfectly awful. There'll be only five of us left, for I invited only two carriages."

"Invite three others in our places," Abby suggested.

"Who'll want to be second choice after you?" Mollie snapped. "Beside, there's nobody to invite. I left Ed Asbury out to get you three in, and it made him so mad that he's got up a picnic to-morrow to spite me, and he has invited every one that's not in my picnic. And he's going to have the band and somebody to make a funny speech, and everything to triumph over me; and now, to have you back out is just too mean."

"We are very sorry."

"If you were very sorry, you'd go. About your cousin is no excuse; we expect to get back before the accommodation is due."

"But she may come on any train."

"If she could n't say what train she'd be on, I'd not bother myself about it. I'd not take my work and spend the day at the station. Any way, Zoe is enough to receive her. Abby and Dick can go to my picnic."

"But Cousin Lydia would never forgive us if we should n't all be here to receive her."

"But I'm to forgive your breaking your engagement with me," Mollie said, sharply. "I'm of no account beside your fine cousin! I'm nobody! I'm Miss Nothing! I tell you, I have more to do with your happiness than that cousin. I live next door, and I have a phaeton, and I give a great many parties. I'll have chances to pay you back."

Abby tried to speak, but Mollie sailed away, slamming the gate as if she meant it should never be re-opened between them. The girls looked at each other in dumb dismay. Then they cried.

About dusk, Dick came home behind a red, lank cow with a spotted calf. A handkerchief was tied under his chin, hat and borrowed umbrella having been lost in fording a creek. But he was not discouraged. He called for a pail to test the milking qualities of his cow.

By persistent effort, he obtained about a pint of milk; and it was rich. They had skimmed milk for the breakfast coffee the next morning; the cream was put on ice for Cousin Lydia, who might be on the first train.

At breakfast, Dick scolded about the soiled cloth and napkins. Abby said they had to make sure

of plenty of changes while Cousin Lydia was visiting. Zoe said boys did n't know how hard it was to wash and iron.

As Dick would have only twenty minutes at school before the first train, he said he'd just wait in the parlor till train time.

"No, not in the parlor!" cried Abby. "We've got it swept and dusted—in perfect order for Cousin Lydia. You must keep out of the parlor till she comes. You'd be sure to get things out of place."

Dick sighed, but went out and sat on the steps till train time. Then the girls made haste to change their working dresses for company frocks.

In half an hour, Dick returned without Cousin Lydia. He took his seat on the steps to wait. The girls put on working aprons and began resweeping and redusting.

Dick made four trips in, to consult the clock before starting to the second train. Then the girls smoothed their plumage, laid off working aprons, and waited at the window. From thence, in due time, they saw Dick returning looking lonely.

The three gathered at the dinner-table. Dick's glance swept it. It would not have been hard for anything to sweep it.

"Victuals, victuals everywhere," he cried, thinking of the good things saved for Cousin Lydia, "but not a bite to eat." Then, with a look at the soiled linen, he added: "A few more coffee-spillings and gravy-drippings, and this table-cloth and these napkins may afford us subsistence till Cousin Lydia's arrival."

"Then we'll have fresh napkins at every meal," said Abby.

After lunch, Dick waited on the steps ninety minutes; then spent twenty at the station; went back home for an hour; then to meet the train; went home to tea; gave another grumble about the soiled linen and prison-fare, while the girls told how often they had changed their dresses. Dick waited an hour after tea, went to the last train, came home, hung his hat up, and thanked his stars that it was the last.

"Until nine to-morrow," said Zoe; "Lydia said we might expect her any day, on any train."

The second day of expectation was a repetition of the first, with the difference that Dick had sour cream added to his diet. There succeeded a similar third day, except that the company viands began to appear on the table, but all were stale or beginning to sour. On the fourth day, all three were weary and discouraged from having tried to "save" the good things. The fifth day was Sunday.

"She'll not come to-day," said Dick; "so please, Abby, let me use the parlor. May n't I

pull down all the books I've a mind to, and leave magazines and papers around? And, please, let me lie on the lounge after church. I mean to whittle a little piece of pine, if it is Sunday. I'm fairly aching to see some pine-whittlings on the floor. And, Abby, let me take all the good victuals out to the pig, and let's have scrambled eggs for dinner."

There was another week of "ditto," as Dick said, during which his books stood solemnly on the shelf while he went to and from the trains; during which they lived on prison-fare and threw spoiled "good things" to the pigs; during which the house was "fixed up" as if to have its picture taken, etc., etc.

By another Monday, Cousin Lydia's cousins had abandoned all hope of the visit. But that very day—while Dick was at school and no welcomer was at the train, while the girls were trying to wash some needed pieces and there was no room on the stove to cook a dinner, while there was no cream in the discouraged house—Cousin Lydia arrived on the noon train, on her way to the seaside. And, her father joining her by the evening train, they departed, in a sleeper, that night. When reminded of the promised "long visit," Cousin Lydia said:

"Now that you speak of it, I believe I did

promise something of that kind; but did n't I say you need n't be disappointed if I should n't come at all? I live in such a whirl, and write so many letters, that I can't keep things in mind. If my wedding-day were appointed, I believe I should forget it."

"I'm glad she did n't make a long visit," said Zoe, crying, when the visitors were gone. "She's selfishly thoughtless of everybody's convenience and comfort but her own."

When the parents returned home they found many surprising bills to settle.

"They would n't have been so large," said the poor young housekeepers, worried and apologetic, "if we had n't been expecting Cousin Lydia on any train."

The old folks can never let the young off without pointing a lesson. They must learn, in making appointments, to be definite; and then conscientiously to keep them. He wanted them, their father said, to set their faces against a display that strained the purse and energies and good-nature, and destroyed the pleasure of the visitor and the visited.

"You should so order your affairs," he concluded, "that you would not be seriously inconvenienced at the arrival of a friend by any train."



"AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT —"

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. III.

SHADOW-PICTURES AND SILHOUETTES.

By JOEL STACY.

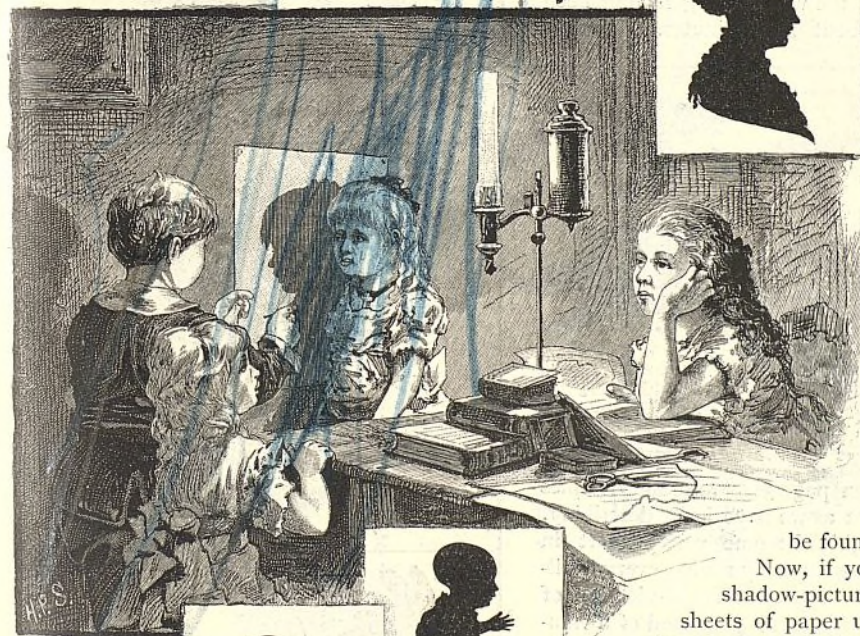
EVER since there have been home walls for sunlight, fire-light, or lamp-light to fall upon, all of us children have been interested in shadow-pictures, and shadow-pictures nearly always have seemed glad to oblige us by appearing in all sorts of pleasant ways. Sometimes they give us Grandma's head and cap, showing sharp and clear upon the wall; sometimes dear little Bobby's curly pate and rollicking movements; or perhaps a big shadow-puss, gracefully waving a blurred shadow-tail on the white surface opposite the glowing fire-place; or, possibly, a shadow look-

sometimes seen the grotesque likeness of a person in the shadow which he or she unconsciously casts upon the wall, and have noticed how impossible it is to keep the original quiet while the rest are merrily enjoying the picture. He or she is sure to turn to see what it looks like, and so spoil it all.

Years ago, some ingenious person designed an album for the preserving of shadow-photographs, and these ever since have afforded a great deal of amusement to thousands. They contain full instructions for preserving shadow-pictures, and are for sale in many bookstores. But if you can not get one of these, you have only to buy sheets of paper, black on one side and white on the other, which may

be found at any stationer's.

Now, if you wish to obtain a shadow-picture, pin one of these sheets of paper upon the wall, opposite a lamp, with the white surface outward; then, after providing yourself with a well-pointed pencil, place your sitter in such a position that a clear, strong shadow of the profile is thrown upon the paper. If your sitter (or stander) can now remain absolutely still, you have only to trace the outline of the shadow carefully with your pencil, taking care to work as rapidly as practicable. When the outline is all thus traced, you can go back and repair any part that seems incorrect. This done, release your sitter and take the paper from the wall. Now you have only to cut out the picture close

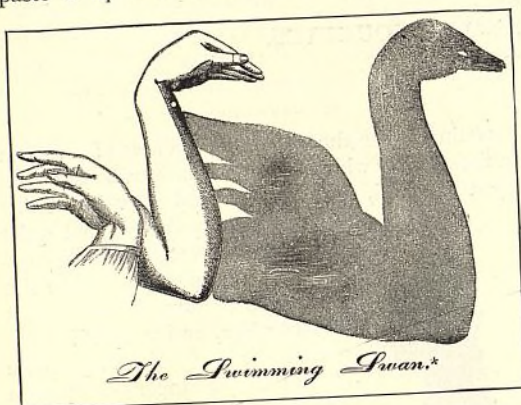


ing wonderfully like something that is n't in the room at all, just because somebody has flung hat, or a bun-

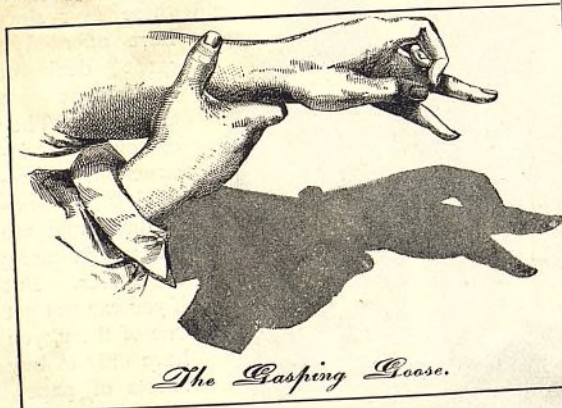
not, on table or arm-chair. No matter what it may be, one thing is certain: If any substance, living or inanimate, comes between a strong light and a wall, it must cast a shadow, and we can make something out of it or not, just as we please. All of you have

VOL. X.—25.

to the pencil-mark, and as the other side of the paper is black, you turn over your picture and paste it upon a sheet of white paper, and you



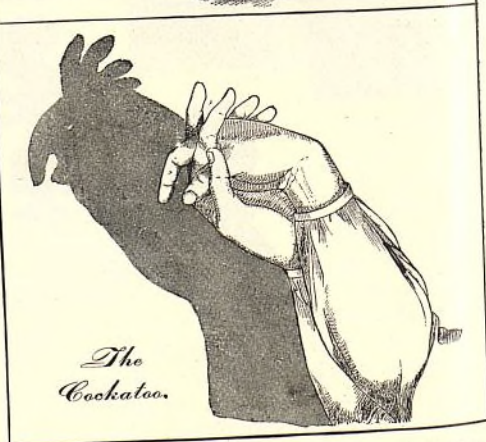
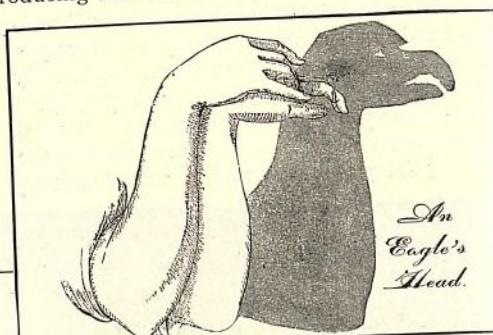
can show your silhouette portrait in triumph to your obliging sitter, the whole thing having been accomplished in about five minutes. Grouped



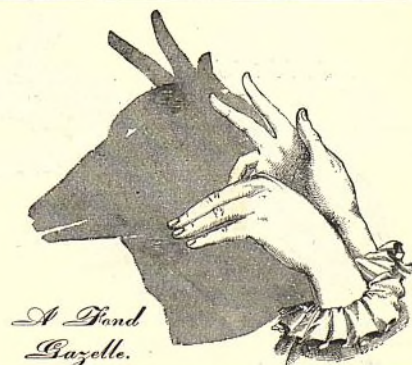
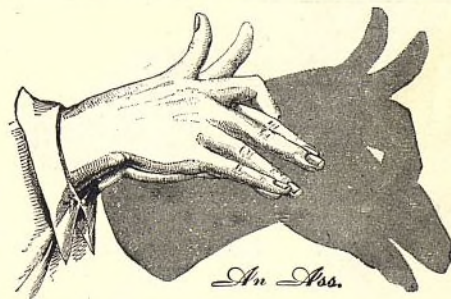
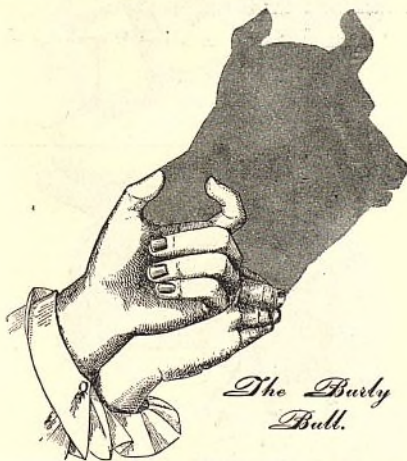
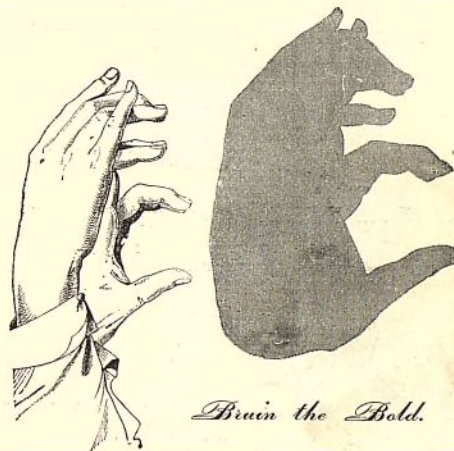
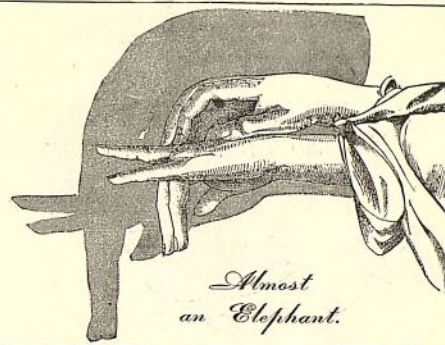
about the picture on page 385 are reduced copies of just such pictures as we have been describing. Many boys and girls become very expert in making these pictures, and, by seizing every available opportunity for tracing shadow-pictures of their friends, in time become possessed of a valuable collection of silhouette portraits. The excellence of the picture must depend very much, of course, on the skill of the draughtsman who traces the shadow, on the power of the sitter to remain quiet, and on the proper position of the lamp for throwing a clear shadow.

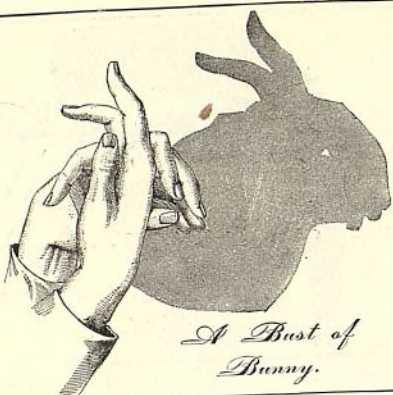
But long before these shadow-albums were thought of, people had found out a capital way of amusing little folks and themselves by making comical hand-shadows upon the wall. A very little practice enabled them to represent the heads and bodies of various animals, and to set these one by one to snapping their jaws or taking little

leaps upon the wall. In the accompanying pictures you will find very many designs, some new and some old, on which to practice your dexterous ingenuity. The little baby in the silhouette picture on page 385, you will notice, looks as though he were trying to throw shadows of crullers upon the wall; but though he has a fine head of his own, he perhaps has not sufficient precocity for that. As many houses nowadays have (fortunately in other respects) no white walls on which shadows can be distinctly seen, a sheet or a board with white paper upon it can be used for producing the silhouette portraits.

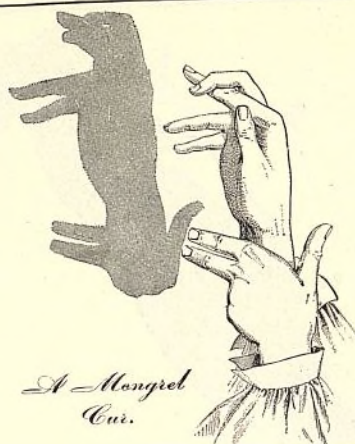


* For the shadow-pictures on this and the succeeding pages, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Griffith & Farran, the London publishers of a volume entitled, "Hand-shadows on the Wall."





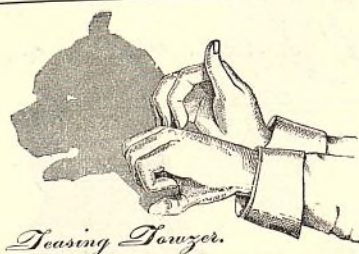
*A Bust of
Bunny.*



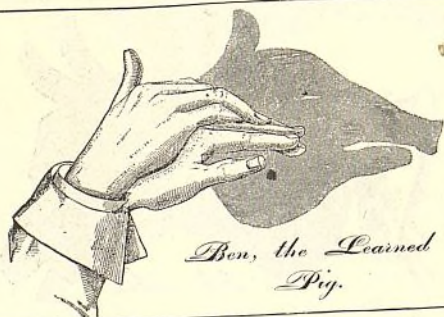
*A Mongrel
Cur.*



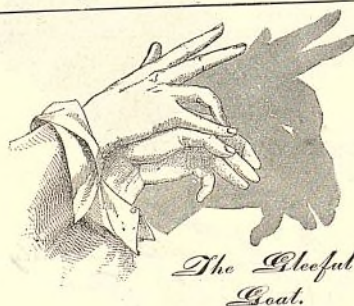
*The Skipping
Squirrel.*



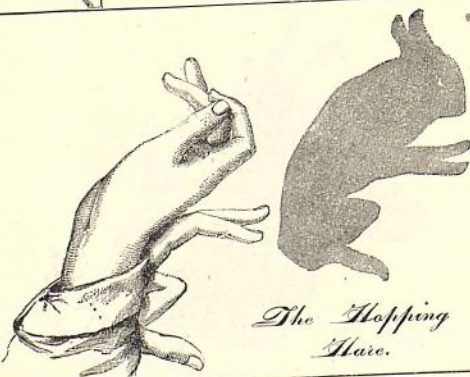
Teasing Towzer.



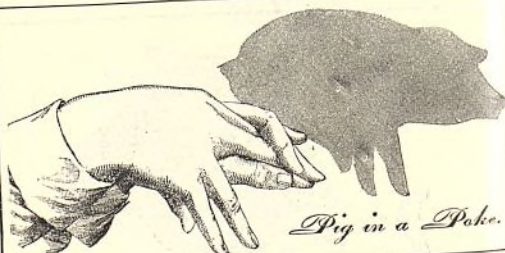
*Ben, the Learned
Pig.*



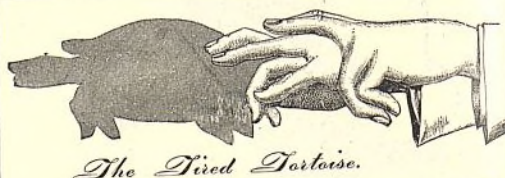
*The Gleeful
Goat.*



*The Hopping
Hare.*



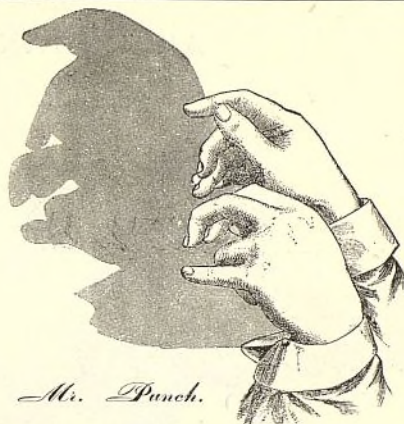
Pig in a Poke.



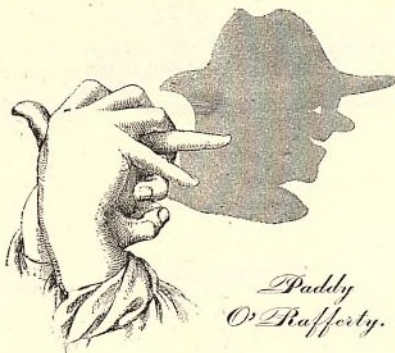
The Tired Tortoise.



*George
Washington Jones.*



Mr. Punch.



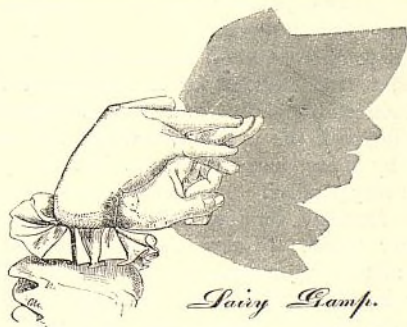
*Paddy
O'Rafferty.*



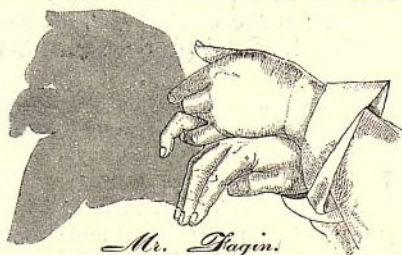
*The Oldest
Inhabitant.*



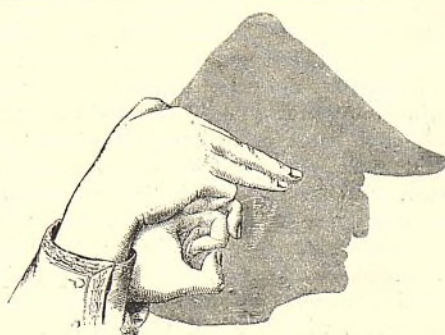
"Big Injun."



Fairy Camp.



Mr. Pagin.



The Iron Duke.

AN INDIAN WINTER GAME.

BY DE COST SMITH.



THROWING THE "SNOW-SNAKE."

THE boys of the United States and Canada are indebted to the Indians for a number of their most interesting games and sports. Lacrosse, originating with the native tribes, and still much played by them, has within the last few years become very popular. Snow-shoes and toboggans, though formerly serving only as conveniences in winter travel, are now used by Indians and whites alike for amusement—the former aiding greatly in winter walks and rambles, the latter transformed into a coasting-sled, and possessing great advantages. But while many of their games are well known, the Indians still have others peculiar to themselves, and with which even their near neighbors are but slightly acquainted. Throwing the "snow-snake" is one of the latter; and, although it may not be properly classed as a game, it might, perhaps, if introduced among us, become a great favorite like skating and coasting. A short description of it may be of interest.

The "snow-snake," or *ka-whant*, as it is called in the Onondaga dialect, is made on the principle of the sleigh-runner, and consists of a long hickory pole or stick, with a slight upward curve and point at one end, while the other is provided with a small notch. The under side is made

flat and smooth, so as to slip easily over the snow or ice, upon which, when skillfully thrown, it will slide for a long distance. To make it glide still more easily, the under surface is waxed and rubbed with a piece of cloth until beautifully smooth and polished. The pointed end is furnished with a tip of lead or solder, sometimes of a very fancy design.

The length and weight of the snow-snake varies in proportion to the strength of the person for whose use it is intended. Those made for young boys are not more than four or five feet long, while for larger boys and young men they range from six to eight feet in length. They are made somewhat tapering, being largest near the curved end, where they are usually about an inch or an inch and a quarter in width; while they diminish gradually until, at the notched end, the width is not more than five-eighths or three-quarters of an inch.

In throwing, the *ka-whant* is held at the smaller end by the thumb and first and second fingers, as shown in the diagram on the next page.

The Indians take great pride in the neatness, accuracy, and fine finish of their snow-snakes, making them only of the strongest and straightest-grained wood, always carefully seasoned.

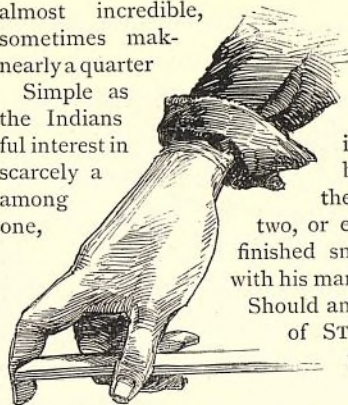
At the Indian Reservation in Onondaga County, New York, where the winters are long and usually severe, the snow-snake is a great favorite, and a continuous source of amusement. As soon as the jingle of the bells is heard along the frozen highway, and the runners of the heavy "bobs" and wood-sleighs have furrowed the roads with deep, polished grooves, the Indian boys are out, following the sleigh-tracks in small parties, throwing the *ka-whant* in the deep ruts, which it follows through every curve, skipping over the lumps of ice and other inequalities, more like a living creature than a plain hickory stick, and suggesting at once the very appropriate name of the "snow-snake." Although the beaten road-way is usually preferred, the snow-snake may be thrown in almost any situation where the snow is sufficiently firm. On a smooth, level crust, it glides with such rapidity and force that it is said to have been used, when such game was plentiful, in hunting deer and moose. These animals are so nearly helpless in deep snows, that a well-directed snow-snake must have been a very effective weapon.

The game, as generally played, is merely a trial of skill between the players, the object being to throw the *ka-whant* as great a distance as possible. Sides are sometimes chosen, but usually each individual plays for himself. A line being drawn to mark the starting-point, the players step back a few paces. Each grasps his snow-snake, runs forward in his turn to the mark, and, with a vigorous sweep of his arm, sends it sliding and dancing over the snow with the swiftness of an arrow. Each snow-snake bears its owner's mark (an arrow, cross, or star), so that

he readily recognizes it, and he whose missile is farthest in advance is declared the winner. In this way a regular champion is chosen. The distance that these contrivances are thrown is almost incredible, sometimes making nearly a quarter of a mile.

Simple as the Indians find this game, it, and there is scarcely a boy to be found among them who has not two, or even three nicely finished snow-snakes, each with his mark carved upon it.

Should any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS attempt this game,



MANNER OF HOLDING A "SNOW-SNAKE."



HEAD OF A "SNOW-SNAKE."

they must not be surprised or discouraged if, at the first few trials, their snow-snakes stick their heads through the crust and disappear in the powdery snow beneath, instead of sliding along the surface in the proper way. By digging along for a distance of from twenty to fifty feet, the sticks may usually be recovered, while the slight difficulties of the art can soon be overcome by a little practice and experience.

THE GRATEFUL DOG.

By T. D.

LITTLE Tom-my Bax-ter was one day go-ing home from school when he saw some boys who were wor-ry-ing a poor dog. They had tied his hind legs to-geth-er, and were throw-ing stones at him, and strik-ing him with sticks, so as to make him run. They thought it was ver-y fun-ny to see him try to run with his hind legs tied to-geth-er. The poor dog was in great dis-tress, and howled and yelped when-ev-er he was struck by a stone or stick.

Tom-my went up to the boys and told them that they should not do

such a cru-el thing to a poor, help-less dog. But the boys only laughed at him, and went on with their fun.

Then Tom-my put his hand in-to his pock-et and said: "I will give you ten cents, if you will let me have that dog."

There were five boys, and the big-gest of them said: "All right! Give us the mon-ey, and you can have the dog."

Tom-my gave the mon-ey to the boys, and then they laughed at him and went a-way to spend their mon-ey for can-dy.

Tom-my then went up to the poor dog, who was try-ing to gnaw the string from his legs, and pat-ted him on the head. The dog seemed to know that Tom-my was not one of the bad boys, and did not mean to hurt him, for he did not try to get a-way as he had done when-ev-er any of the oth-er boys came near him. Tom-my took out his knife and cut the string from the dog's legs. Then the poor creat-ure sprang up, and be-gan to jump a-round as if he were the hap-pi-est dog a-live. He licked Tom-my's hand, and wagged his tail, as if he were try-ing to say how much o-blighed he was to the lit-tle boy for what he had done.

Tom-my now start-ed for his home, and the dog fol-lowed him for a short time, still jump-ing a-bout and wag-ging his tail. Then he left Tom-my, and ran down the road as fast as he could go.

Three or four months after this, Tom-my was go-ing, one morn-ing, to meet some boys and girls who were to have a pic-nic in the woods. He had his lunch-eon tied up in a nap-kin which he car-ried in his hand. As he was walk-ing a-long, a dog ran up, and be-gan to wag his tail, as if he were ver-y glad to see Tom-my. This was the same dog which Tom-my had saved from the cru-el boys; but he was a young dog then, and had now grown so much that Tom-my did not know him. But the dog re-mem-bered Tom-my ver-y well, jumped up on him, and put his feet a-against his breast. "O-ho!" cried Tom-my, "you smell my lunch-eon and want to get it, but you shall not have a bit of it, sir. Go a-way!"

Just then the dog looked up in Tom-my's face, and the boy re-mem-bered that the dog which he had saved from the cru-el boys had looked at him in the same way. He al-so saw that the dog had black ears, al-though his bod-y was near-ly all white, and he had no-ticed that the dog whose legs had been tied had a white bod-y and black ears.

Tom-my was ver-y glad to know that this was the same dog he had saved, and he knew now that the rea-son the dog jumped on him, and seemed so glad to see him, was not be-cause he want-ed some of his lunch-eon, but be-cause he re-mem-bered him, and was grate-ful for what he had done. The dog kept on jump-ing a-round Tom-my and wag-ging

his tail un-til a la-dy who was walk-ing down the road called him. Then he left Tom-my and fol-lowed her.

When Tom-my went home that night, he told his fa-ther all a-bout this dog. Tom-my's fa-ther was much pleased to hear his son's sto-ry, and he



told Tom-my he was glad he had made a friend who re-mem-bered him so well, and who was so grate-ful for his kind-ness to him.

It was not long aft-er this that Tom-my's fa-ther bought the dog of the la-dy who owned him, and gave him to his lit-tle boy. And there nev-er were two bet-ter friends than Tom-my and his dog.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"THE wind tore through the village, raved in the branches, shrieked through the garrets, whistled past the chimneys, banged the shutters, howled around the corners, blinded people's eyes, and almost swept the children off their feet."

From all of which, as I heard the dear Little School-ma'am read it, I concluded that Mr. Wind must be a very rude and excitable fellow. But the next day, while she was reading from the very same book, I heard with astonishment sentences like these: "The wind crooned a lullaby in the branches";—and "the wind murmured softly in the shrubbery";—and "the wind sighed tenderly above them";—and "a faint wind cooled her heated brow."

And, as I'm an honest Jack, neither the little lady nor any of her hearers noticed the contradiction of what she had read the day before, nor seemed to think strange of the two accounts of Mr. Wind's doings.

My birds tell me, however, that both statements are true—that he is a terrible fellow when he is angry, but that he is often very kind and gentle. "Why," say they, "the flowers are never so happy as when he frolics with them on sunny days."

I slyly asked a daisy if this were true, one day when the wind was present, and the flower nodded—which, I suppose, settles the fact beyond dispute.

A SELF-WINDING CLOCK.

AN ingenious man in Brussels has made a clock that, without having been touched by any one since it started, has run steadily for a whole year. The works of this clock do not differ from those in common use, save that a fan is so attached as to keep the weights continually wound. This fan is placed in a chimney, and, revolving in the draught, raises the clock-weights until they reach the upper

limit, when a brake stops the fan. No fire is necessary, the natural draught being sufficient for the work.

When the Deacon heard of this, he scratched his kindly old chin in a reflective manner, and presently remarked that he had never considered it so much trouble to wind a clock as to make it worth his while to invent some way of obliging the air to do it for him. If he had—— Well, who can say what the Deacon could not invent if he were really to turn his attention to it?

A SPORTING HARE.

A TRAVELING friend of mine has clipped from a French newspaper, and sent to me over seas, this interesting story of a hare that greatly astonished a sportsman of that country:

"An enthusiastic sportsman went to a breakfast given at the commencement of the shooting season. The talk was of game, when suddenly he rushed a servant, exclaiming to the host that a hare had been seen moving about on the lawn. Out went the enthusiastic sportsman, gun in hand, fired at the hare, and missed it. The hare, scratching its nose, stood up on its hind legs, presented a horse-pistol at the sportsman and fired in return. No one was hurt; but the sportsman was naturally astounded, until at last it was explained to him that the hare was a performing animal which had been hired from a neighboring show. The sportsman's charge had, of course, been taken from his gun by the confidential servant, and the whole affair was an amusing and successful practical joke."

THE STINGING-TREE.

DEAR, dear! What a dreadful thing it must be to be a Jack-in-the-Pulpit in Australia, where even the trees are wicked! Now, here is a letter which tells of serious mischief caused by a shrub of that country:

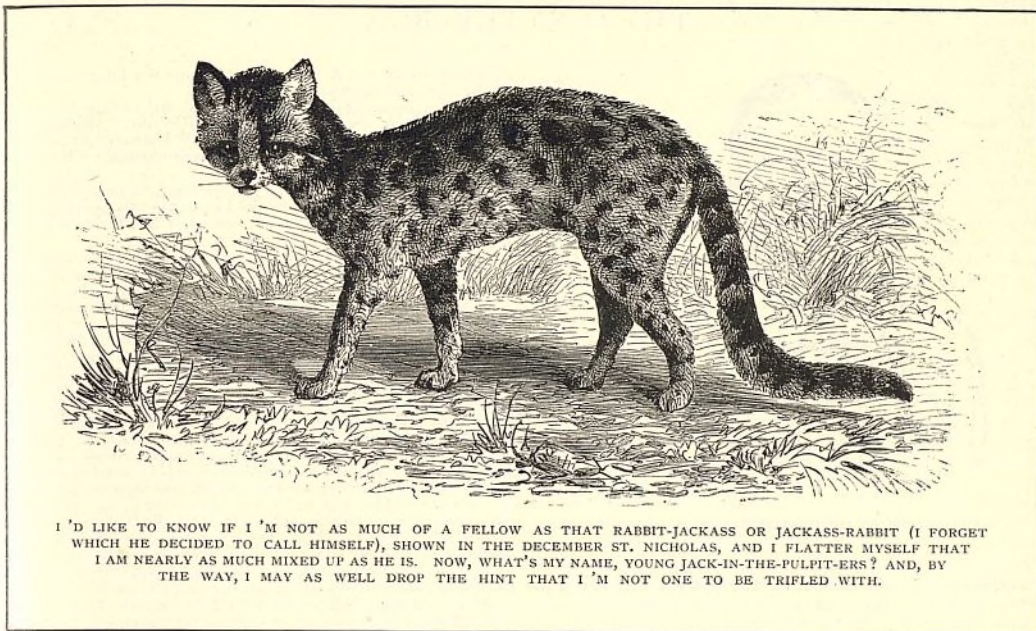
DEAR JACK: Did you ever hear of the "stinging-tree" of Australia? It is described as a shrub very dangerous to the touch, which grows from two or three inches to ten or fifteen feet in height, and emits a disagreeable odor. One traveler describes it as follows: "Sometimes, while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging-tree till I was warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. It leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening; and for months after it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who was indifferent to ordinary pain roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse to be so completely maddened by the same cause that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about, whining piteously, and they, too, often have to be killed after coming in contact with this terrible stinging-tree."

"PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES."

THAT'S an old saying, my chicks, and more true than grammatical. There's the sunflower, for instance, which lately has been held up aloft by folks who thin or fatten, as the case may be, on what is known as "the beautiful."

Now, pretty as the sunflower certainly is, it works outshine it, though they may be neither "aesthetic" nor "poetic." I'm told that this flower's nut-like seeds are not only extremely valuable as food for poultry, but they also afford an excellent oil, especially useful for lubricating machinery. The residue of the seeds, after the oil has been taken out, makes a sort of cake said to be excellent food for cattle. And finally, the stalks furnish a serviceable fiber, largely used by the Chinese, while the blossoms yield a lasting and brilliant yellow dye.

ANOTHER FELLOW WHO WANTS TO BE ANSWERED.



TWO YOUTHFUL COMPOSITIONS.

TALKING of mixed-up things, is not this a very funny story? It is a tiger-tale sent by a little tot five years old,—or rather five years young,—and the Little School-ma'am, while she says I may show you an exact copy of his story just as he wrote it, has taken his name off because she thinks it right to keep that a secret. It's a fearful recital if read carefully, and, bad as things were for the tiger, they seem to have been even worse for the boy, when you come to think of that rug.

ABAD O LOTI GER STOL FA
BOY AND TOOK HIM A WAY
OFF TO THE FOREST AND
WAS GOING TO EAT
HIM UP THE LITTLE
BOY HAD A WID HIS PAPA CAME
WITH A GUN AND KILLED HIM
AND TOOK HIM HOME AND
HIS MAMA WAS GLAD AND THEY
MADE A RUG OUT OF HIS SKIN.

Then here's another composition which the Little School-ma'am asks me to show you while I am about it, as it is written to one of the subjects

given in the December number, and, as she says, "because it is so frank and honest":

IF I HAD \$1000, WHAT WOULD I DO WITH IT?

As I am such a little boy, if I had \$1000 I think I would put it in the saving bank till I became of age. Then I would go and visit some of the most important parts of our country, U. States. I would not go to Europe just then, because I would rather go to see my own country. Some people think if they have been to Europe they have seen enough of the world. But I think different. I have heard of people who have been to Europe and never been to Niagara, or even to Washington yet. I think, if you share your \$1000 with some one, you will enjoy it a great deal better than being mean and stingy.

In the first place, I would give \$100 to the poor, and \$100 to the hospitals, and give my friends \$5.00 or \$6.00 each. Some boys or girls will think I am bragging, but I am not, I mean what I say; then with the sum I had left I would make up a party and go to Washington, then from there I would go to Niagara Falls, then from there I would go to Watkins Glen, then from there to Canada, then I would return home, by that time I would have a very little money left. But I am sure when I was taking these little trips I would be getting some curious things for the Agassiz Association. And then I would think what a nice time I had with my \$1000.

Yours truly, WILLIE S—, ten years old.

A MARCH CUSTOM IN WALES.

DEAR JACK: The Welsh have been in the habit, from time immemorial, of wearing a leek in the cap on the first of March. This custom is said to have originated in the circumstance of some Welsh troops, followers of the Black Prince, wearing leeks at the battle of Crecy, in order to distinguish themselves from their enemies. In a very old book, called "The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," a certain Welshman, Sir David, is made to say to his men, on the eve of battle: "For my colors or ensign do I wear upon my bayonet, you see, a green leek set in gold, which shall, if we win the victory, hereafter be an honor to Wales; and on this day, being the first of March, be it forever worn by Welshmen in remembrance thereof!" Sir David's command, however, is at the present day but little regarded; but on the national holiday a gilt leek is still carried in processions, and a silver one is presented to the head-master at Eton by the Welsh boy of highest rank in the school.

Yours truly,

M. W.

THE LETTER-BOX.



MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THERE are very few among the older boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS who are not familiar with some of the adventures and achievements of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the gallant war-correspondent of the *London Daily News*. And we take pleasure, therefore, in presenting, along with his thrilling narrative, "Where was Villiers?" a pen-portrait of Mr. Forbes himself. For this portrait-sketch we are indebted to the courtesy of the well-known English artist, Mr. Hubert Herkomer,—it being a small pen-and-ink outline of Mr. Herkomer's fine portrait of Mr. Forbes, which has attracted so much attention and praise wherever exhibited. The tireless energy and determination which Mr. Forbes has so often manifested in his work are strongly marked in his features, and are plainly expressed in the rough sketch here shown. As Mr. Herkomer has said of him: "He has probably done his hazardous and arduous work better than any other man could have done it. There are many who can write; many who have the gift of observation; many who have physical endurance and pluck; but rarely are all these qualities combined in one individual as they are in Archibald Forbes. And he is as true as steel to those to whom he extends his friendship."

His devotion to his friends is amply illustrated by the story of Villiers. And, aside from the personal interest of the narrative, the account which the intrepid correspondent has here given of a most important and hard-fought battle has all the fire and vividness of his dispatches from the field. We are especially fortunate, moreover, in having secured illustrations from Mr. W. H. Overend, one of the war-artists of the *London Illustrated News*, and himself a personal friend of Villiers.

HERE is a charming long letter, which we print in full because it describes a most interesting event—the first snow-fall, for many years, in the city of San Francisco. Fancy never having seen a snow-storm until you were twelve years old, dear Eastern boys and girls, and you will understand the delight of our far-away friends when the white drifts came down on that last day of the year.

566 WALTON STREET, OAKLAND, CAL.,
December 31, 1882.

DEAR SANTA CL.—I mean ST. NICHOLAS: If I had written exactly one week ago, I would have told you of blue skies, a bright sun, green lawns, budding roses, blooming geraniums, fuchsias, and heliotropes, nodding pansies, blossoming violets, and starting chrysanthemums.

And then the very next day was your dear day. Oh, it was just perfect!—too perfect to stay at home after the Christmas presents and greetings had been offered; so our good parents took us children—three happy ones—out to the ocean's side, where we saw many white-winged ships come and go through the Golden Gate, and where we ran on the beach and chased the big waves down, and

then they chased us up, and we were without anything on our heads all the time, and barefoot part of the time.

And now, to-day, everything is changed and strange to our eyes. Just at breakfast, my little sister Alma cried out: "Oh, look at the pieces of white cotton out of the window!" Mamma said: "It must be cotton-wood." But my big brother Tom shouted: "It's snow! Can't you see? Real snow!"

Now, this means very little to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS; but please remember this is the first snow out here for twenty years and more, and very, very many had never seen snow at all, and some were frightened.

Pretty soon there was a face pressed against every window up and down our street. Breakfasts were forgotten. Down came the flakes, fast and faster, thick and thicker. Soon one of the neighbor-boys came out, and, gathering some snow, made a snow-ball. That started all hands. In five minutes everybody (except my big brother Tom, who shot himself in the hand the day before—and oh, was n't he mad!) was out in the street gathering snow and pelting each other, and washing faces with snow; and oh, we have had such heaps of jolly fun!

Some of the boys commenced talking about sleds, but none knew how to go about making them, until Addie Kelley (she is n't a boy, though) remembered that ST. NICHOLAS told once how to make real nice ones; and then the magazines were hunted over, and pretty soon saws and hammers, and boys and pieces of wood and nails and ropes, were badly mixed up for a while, and then out came sleds. Some were odd-looking and some were rickety, but all helped to make the fun more furious, and a curious sight it was for us to see them skurrying up and down the street. And oh, oh, what a wonderful jolly day it has been! Nobody went to Sunday-school; and even our pastor threw two snow-balls at my papa, who is a deacon, and Papa got him down on the ground and crammed snow down his back till he just howled, and then Papa let him up. Then they went into our house and had some hot ginger-tea with sugar, to keep from catching cold. They both liked it very much—the tussle in the snow, I mean.

But it's a very different day from one little week ago, dear ST. NICHOLAS. The skies are dead-gray; the sun is somewhere else; the grass is covered with white; the rose-leaves are scattered; the boughs of the geraniums, fuchsias, and heliotropes trail to the ground; the pansies are sleeping beneath pure white sheets; the violets (dead, perhaps) are buried from sight; while the chrysanthemums still stand erect and stare, but with a frightened look.

And now it's beginning to grow dark, and the night of the year's last day is coming. People are saying, "Wish you a Happy New-Year," and I send the same wish over thousands of miles till it reaches your ears; and not only one do I wish you, but many, many, and many more, in which to make us children happier and wiser and better.

Yours, with love,

MARY LIZZIE SPEAR.

P. S.—Please give my love, also, to Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

As the four subjects for composition,* we give this month the following:

MY FRIEND, THE SUN.
THE HUNGER OF THE RICH.
KITE-TIME.
A RIDE ON A RAILROAD.

BERTHA L. W. copies and sends to the Letter-box the following curious enigma:

Twice ten are six of us,
Six are but three;
Nine are but four of us;
What can it be?
Would you know more of us?
I'll tell you more:
Seven are but five of us,
Five are but four.

Answer: The number of letters contained in each of the numbers mentioned.

The following is one of many pleasant letters we have received concerning performances of "The False Sir Santa Claus":

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 6, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for several years, and feel that we can not part with you. We thought that you would be pleased to know that Mamma had "The False Sir Santa Claus" (published in the November number) for our Christmas-tree enter-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, page 156.

tainment. There were about ninety persons present, and they all thought it was so good that she was induced to give it at the Sunday-school entertainment. There were several hundred persons present that night, and it was enjoyed very much. Mamma said she felt more than paid for her trouble to hear how heartily the children laughed. I hope you will always go on, and make us as happy as ever.

Your constant reader,

CARRIE E. S.

A SAD interest is attached to the little poem, "Kitty's Prayer," published in this number, because it was written by a girl, one of four sisters—Bessie, aged 21; Corinne, aged 19; Mildred, aged 9; and Pauline, aged 7—who were drowned July 4, 1879. It was little Pauline who made the remark concerning her kitty which suggested the poem, and Corinne put the incident into verse.

"UTICA" sends \$4.00 for The Children's Garfield Fund.

NEW CANAAN, Dec. 12, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure that the boys and girls of New Canaan ought to feel as if they knew you a little bit better than some of your other readers. I will tell you why. In your November number Deacon Green speaks of shooting at a grebe in Justus Hoyt's mill-pond here. Tell the Deacon that the pond and mill are still here, but I don't believe there is a grebe within a great many miles of it. I think, too, that Miss Eva Ogden must have played by the pond a great many times; she lived here for many years.

I guess she must have been thinking of the mill when she wrote "The Miller of Dec." Here is something which I composed for fun:

The miller of Dee
Planted a pea;
The pea did grow,
The miller did hoe.
At last the miller got a rake,
And raked away till his back did ache.

CHARLIE L. DEMERITT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have all been trying our hands at making as many words as possible from your name, and the result is inclosed. We have made many more than George W. Barnes, and perhaps our success is due to our familiarity with the Letter Game, or "Logomachy," as it is called. The game, which we found a pleasant one during the long winter evenings, is played as follows: Each player, in succession, draws a letter from a pile of letters, all lying with their faces downward, till some words are formed. The words thus made are left in plain sight, to be lengthened, altered, or added to, or, as is often the case, to be captured bodily by an opponent. For instance, Papa had the words, "met," "horse," "abbot," "lace," and "salt"; I drew the letter "b" and with it took Papa's word "lace," which I transposed to "cable." I remember once I made the word "garnet," which I felt pretty sure of keeping; but Papa drew an "a," and made "tanager," so of course I lost it. The one who has the most words, when all the letters are drawn, wins the game. It is against the rules to change a word to another tense or number by adding "d" or "s."

Yours truly, M. W.

George W. Barnes has been quite outdone. The list of boys and girls who have made more than 72 words out of the letters of "St. Nicholas" is too long for us to print here.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-FOURTH REPORT.

AN APPEAL TO SPECIALISTS.

WHEN, two years ago, we began to extend our Society by means of the ST. NICHOLAS, we did not have an entirely definite plan, because we could not foresee how many members we should gain. So the first few Chapters found us comparatively unprepared for their reception. We had to send circulars to many, instead of cordial personal letters, such as our heart prompted, and we were fain to leave them thereafter pretty much to their own devices. Even now, the pressure of our correspondence is so great, that many a letter which should have a prompt and hearty answer if it were one of twenty, has to be put off with a scant acknowledgment because it is one of a thousand. Still, we are gaining in system, and are able better than heretofore to direct and encourage the delightful enthusiasm of our members. Much excellent and valuable work is being done in every direction, but we are by no means satisfied. There are much wider possibilities before us. Each Chapter must come to be a power in its own community, a center of scientific intelligence. To it should come the farmer and the laborer, to learn about each

curious or destructive insect. It should have a library open for public use. All our members must be missionaries, spreading abroad the sweet truths of Nature. But, to accomplish all this, we must first gain definite knowledge ourselves—the younger, as we have always insisted, by actual observation only; the elder by that, too, but also from the printed record of the observations of others. As we grow out of childhood, we must grow less desultory in our work—more scientific. We have been much gratified to find that our members invariably do this very thing. Accurate observation creates a desire for accurate words in which to record nice distinctions; and every growing boy and girl presently writes to learn how to analyze flowers and determine minerals. Now, no one man can be a specialist in more than one or two departments; and a bright boy who devotes himself to *coleoptera*, for instance, soon knows more about beetles than any of his teachers. He soon gets beyond the help of Harris, or any general entomologist, and then he writes to us for aid. Of course, the same is true of mollusks, ferns, grasses, birds, and all the rest.

Our plan has been to receive all such questions, and refer them to such gentlemen of our acquaintance as could most likely answer them. But the range of our scientific acquaintance has limits, although the patience of our friends has as yet proved exhaustless; and we now wish to ask for the names of specialists in every branch of science to whom we may refer questions in their several departments. Therefore, if any coleopterist, algologist, archaeologist, mineralogist, filicist (if that will do for a fern-man), or any other large-hearted specialist who may chance to read this paper, will send us his name as one who is willing to answer questions in his line, until further notice, we are sure that nothing could possibly occur to add greater value to the work of our Agassiz Association, and make it of more scientific consequence. We have an army of five thousand willing soldiers. We need a larger number of generous *aids-de-camp*.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
392.	Barton, Ala. (A).....	6.	Charles Nelson.
393.	S. Evanston, Ill. (A)....	5.	Cornelia B. Adams.
394.	Philadelphia, Pa. (M)....	4.	Isaac Ford, 1823 Vine St.
395.	Montreal, Canada. (A)...	12.	W. D. Shaw, 34 St. Peter St.
396.	Springville, N. Y. (A)....	10.	E. Everett Stanbro.

NOTES FROM MEMBERS, CHAPTERS, AND FRIENDS.

We had an interesting meeting last week. Five specimens to show, and all different. One green worm formed its cocoon in less than a day from the time it was caught, and a large one it is, brown and fibrous. Another lovely brown one spent two days in frisking around its prison before it submitted and rolled itself up. Another old fellow I found quite accidentally. I was out walking, and seeing some down clinging to a dry stick, tried to pick it off, when I found a bright black head at the end of it. It has white spines sticking all over its body. I am going to keep it, and see if it will amount to anything. My most interesting one is coiled around a mass of white web, in which is a little opening. Out of this occasionally walks a little fly. One day, I watched the little flies come out of those small cocoons which sometimes cover the tomato-worm. A little round place was cut out of the end as smoothly as though done by a very sharp knife, all except a tiny place, left as a hinge.

M. INA PROHL.

One of our members has a *tarantula*. The body is an inch in length. It has ten long legs, covered entirely with brown hair. The Doctor feeds it little pieces of liver or beef, the juice of which the spider sucks out. It is pretty lively.

WM. R. NICHOL, Albany, N. Y.

During two months I collected ninety-five specimens of wild flowers. There is a flower here—*Calochortus venustus*, I think—which can be safely handled unless it is picked to pieces. In that case it is terribly poisonous.

H. W. CARDWELL, Portland, Oregon.

Geo. Powell, Secretary of Chapter 266, St. Clair, Pa., sends the following: "Number of members at last report, 30; at present, 33. Specimens collected since last report, 116; total number, 600; for exchange, 21."

Ottawa, Illinois (Sec. Edgar Eldredge), tells of "numerous little tunnels" discovered in a sand rock. "In the bottom of each was a little soft-bodied insect which proved to be the larva of the ant-lion. They are still alive in a box of sand in the window, where they dig their tunnels, and stay in them all covered but their

heads, and in some way attract the flies." The Chapter will exchange gypsum and fresh-water clam-shells.

Freeland, Pa. (Sec. G. Belles), is working for new books and a microscope. Nashua, N. H., commenced its third year November 19th, with Fred. W. Greeley, Box 757, retained as Secretary. They have introduced a new feature—standing committees on different branches. They report on some subject at each meeting, and have charge of a department in the museum.

In the August report, Harrie Hancock speaks of a stone that will bend. A sandstone is found in North Carolina that has the same property. It is called *itacohintite*, and the bending is supposed to be caused by each grain fitting into a socket.

ELLISTON J. PEROT.

HARTFORD, CONN.

During the past summer, most of us made collections. We have pickled small snakes and frogs. We saw a snake eat a frog. We collected sea-weeds. Several are rearing caterpillars. One presses flowers. One saw a sea-serpent in Penobscot Bay. It was about thirty feet long. We knew it was a sea-serpent, because the captain of the boat said it was. [!] We saw some things that had been dredged from the bottom of the sea. One was a long tube that a worm had lived in. Some of us have been keeping a hermit crab. We put it in salt water and it came out of its shell. One was walking in the woods and started up five or six partridges. [Part-ridges in Conn.? Are you certain they were not ruffed grouse?] One saw sandpipers with their long legs and beaks, and another found a sandpiper's nest. We kept little blank-books, and every day wrote down what we had seen. One of us kept a horseshoe crab and fed it clams. This winter we are all studying birds and moths.

FRANCIS PARSONS.

[A most excellent record, and yet only one out of a thousand equally interesting.]

St. HELENA, CAL.

We visited the "Petrified Forest" in the Coast Range. It contains trunks and fragments of about three hundred trees. The largest is sixty-eight feet long and eleven feet in diameter. The through a fracture grows a live oak, ten inches in diameter. The petrification appears to be calcareous, but many specimens have tiny quartz crystals on them, and we secured one, evidently the end of a log, which has a coating of chalcedony.

SEC. ST. HELENA CHAPTER.

ERLANGER, KY.

We have learned that *Epigaea repens* can be transplanted in September. We read the report of the Forestry Congress held in Cincinnati, got very much into the notion of tree-planting, and did set out some, but it was almost too late in the fall. We intend to set out a grove and call it Agassiz Grove. We think the A. A. could do something toward keeping up the forests. The smallest child can drop nuts along the lines of permanent fences. We are going to plant thickets of flowering shrubs in all waste places about here, to induce the small birds to build near us. We have already prepared a great many cuttings of honeysuckle and tree-bbox.

I wish you would give a large space to explaining the proper motive for collecting. Many seem to collect for the sake of collecting. I judge from letters I receive that some care more for the specimens than for the knowledge to be gained from them. I know an old man who has a remarkably fine collection, and he cares as much for two old grape-shot that he bought, as he does for his finest fossil; and though he has so many, he can't tell the fossils of one age from those of another. We are getting up a wild garden, and are anxious to get a specimen of *Hepatica* from some of our Northern friends.

LILLIE M. BEDINGER.

I have been noticing the direction in which plants twine. The bean, Madeira vine, and morning glory twine in the same direction, but the hop vine in the opposite direction. My smilax I am not sure about. We had a live horned toad loaned to us a few days ago, which was sent here from California. It is really a lizard. It is five inches long, with a wide, flat body. It is pictured in "Tenney's Manual." It is now very sluggish and stupid, moving only when disturbed, and eating nothing.

One of the boys brought in a curious insect a few days ago—a white, fuzzy-looking thing with only rudiments of wings. I found, on examining Harris, that it was the female *Orgyia* (moth), which never leaves its cocoon after its transformation, but lays its eggs and then dies. The male is winged.

E. S. FIELD.

We have found on what bush the walking-stick feeds. [Is it a secret? We wish to know, too.] I have found *Attacus Polyphemus* feeding on beech trees. This was a surprise to me, for I had thought they fed only on the oak.

GAYLORD MILES.

I am sixteen years old and an entomologist. I have 1700 specimens, which I keep in boxes made by Burr, of Camden, N. J. I have had very little trouble with the museum pest.

When I began to study, I was taught from Morse's first book of Zoology, and have since branched out on my own responsibility, and learned more by my observation than I ever did from books. I write my notes in a blank-book, and make figures to illustrate them. I have learned to date everything, and intend to make a

local calendar. I wish to correspond and exchange with members of the A. A. I have the advantage of knowing an experienced professor of coleoptera.

EDWARD G. McDOWELL,

264 West Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.

I have experimented with kittens, and have found that if two ribbons, one of a bright scarlet, and the other black, be placed before them, they will play with the former in preference to the latter.

C. FREEMAN.

COLUMBUS, WIS.

We have twenty members. We hold our meetings in the High School, under the direction of Prof. G. E. Culver. The boys have commenced a collection of the several kinds of wood that grow here. The Board of Education have been kind enough to furnish us with a microscope which magnifies 500 diameters. I hope that all other Chapters will meet with like good fortune.

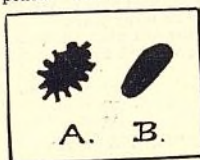
ADA E. GRUDY, Sec.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Chapter B has thirteen members. The Secretary preserves all essays. The cabinet contains local ores, petrifications, and shells. We have had labels printed for our botanical specimens. At the mouth of the Columbia River is a mound composed almost entirely of concretions, which, when broken, contain most beautiful shells. They are of various sizes, from an inch to ten feet in diameter.

H. W. CARDWELL, Sec.

Many of the pollen-grains I have examined are prickly, as indicated by A, in the accompanying illustration, while others are smooth, as in B. I have accordingly divided into two groups the flowers I have examined, one list having smooth and one prickly pollen. The result is:



Smooth.
Nasturtium,
Buttercup,
Carnation,
Rose,
Heliotrope,
Corn.

Prickly.
Chrysanthemum,
Dandelion,
Ageratum,
Golden-rod.

I examined this list carefully, hoping to find some order in it, and at last it struck me that the only two endogenous plants in the collection were on the smooth side. I procured two more endogenous plants, and to my great delight found their pollen-grains smooth also. This suggests a possible rule: "Endogenous flowers have smooth pollen"; but it would be absurd to consider this as more than suggested by four instances.

I shall try to add to the list next time, and I hope others will do the same. A lens of very moderate power shows the outline of the grain, if a strong light be thrown from below. I earnestly hope that some endogenous plant will not dash my hopes by being found prickly before next month.

A WORKER.

[It will be a helpful thought to this energetic worker to remember that it will be as important to disprove her supposed rule as to prove it. The point is, to learn what is true, and in that there can be no hope-dashing. Our little friend is doing exactly the right sort of work, and others should follow directly in her footsteps.]

Too late for extract come good arguments on the geode question from Howard Williams, Mary E. Cooke, Mattie Packard, Minnie M. Dyke, and several others, the best of all being a beautifully executed MS. from the C Chapter of Washington, D. C.

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence in West and South.—William Carter, Waterbury, Conn.

Cocoons of *Luna*, etc., and butterflies and moths for others.—W. D. Keerrfott, Wilmington, Del.

Birds' eggs, sets and single.—Chas. E. Doe, 28 Wood st., Providence, R. I.

Correspondence on ornithology and oölogy.—Charles D. Gibson, Dover, Del.

Our duplicates are exhausted, and we can not make any more exchanges.—E. L. Roberts, Denver, Col.

Pressed autumn leaves, for edelweiss.—Alice M. Guernsey, Wareham, Mass.

Dendrites.—Josie M. Hopkins, Sec., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

Soil of Illinois.—C. F. Gettmy, Box 298, Galesburg, Ill.

Correspondence, with view to exchange.—Robt. G. Leavitt, Sec., Webster, Mass.

Silver ore, for a Death's-head moth.—P. S. Clarkson, Beverly, N. J.

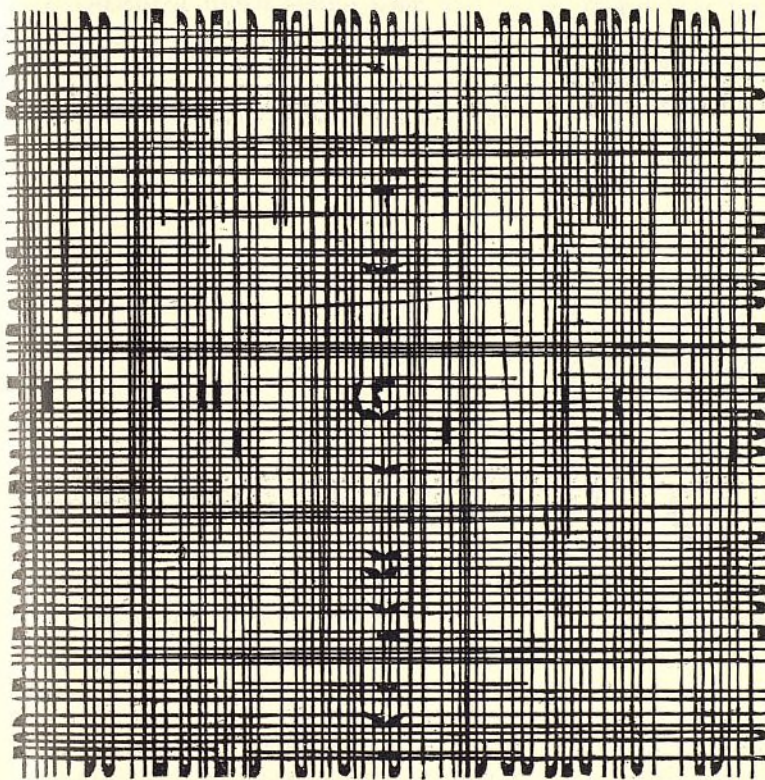
Birds' eggs, fossils, shells, and insects.—Edward C. Fallick, Sydney, New South Wales.

Cocoons, red coral, lava from Sandwich Islands, etc.—Arthur H. Bowditch, Box 510, Brookline, Mass.

All communications concerning the "Agassiz Association" should be addressed to HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE



The foregoing illustration contains a couplet describing the fate of those who "borrow trouble."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials spell the name of a well-known poet, born in 1759; the finals, one of his poems.

Cross-words: 1. Uproar. 2. A lengthy musical composition. 3. Flower. 4. To resound. 5. Heedless. 6. Worthless matter. 7. A tropical fruit. 8. A fabulous animal, often represented in heraldry. 9. A rebellion. 10. A beginner. 11. To cleanse.

DYCIE.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take a marsh from a yellowish paint, and leave a sport. ANSWER: Gam-bog-e.

1. Take a long bone from a Roman magistrate, and leave a melody. 2. Take level from an income, and leave to regret. 3. Take a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. 4. Take untamed from to confuse, and leave a beverage.

PERRY ADAMS.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-two letters, and am a famous poet's definition of wit, embodied in a couplet.

My 25-52-11-28-19 is to protect. My 15-65-50-32-10-44 is size. My 8-39 is said by Touchstone to be "your only peacemaker." My 66-14-46-20-61 is to verify. My 23-42-70-53-64 is to partake of. My 21-33-59 is tumult. My 72-47-9-40 is dry particles of earth. My 37-17-54-48-13-71 is a language. My 6-22 is a preposition. My 41-18-69-35 is to cleanse. My 67-3-16 is a track made by a wheel. My 43-12-68-56-27 is a horse. My 58-1-38-5 is to pack closely. My 24-51-36-31-45 is to disconcert. My 34-57-55-30-7-63-29-2 is a professional athlete. My 60-49-26-4-62 is a circular frame turning on an axis.

A. E. S. N.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Sluggish. 2. Open to view. 3. A famous epic poem. 4. Narratives. 5. Marks made by blows.

DOWNWARD: 1. In assistance. 2. A word of denial. 3. A biblical character. 4. To be leased. 5. To set the foot. 6. A plate of baked clay. 7. A haunt. 8. A familiar abbreviation. 9. In assistance.

H. H. D.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS & REMAINDERS.

1. SYNCOPATE listened to, and leave a number of cattle. 2. Syncopate severe, and leave to mince and mix. 3. Syncopate a common French word meaning ingenious, and leave part of a church. 4. Syncopate a substance which exudes from certain trees, and leave to restrain. 5. Syncopate an ore, and leave a repast. 6. Syncopate to bend forward, and leave to halt. 7. Syncopate a man's name, and leave an equal. 8. Syncopate to divide evenly, and leave to possess. 9. Syncopate a knot of silk or yarn, and leave cuticle.

The syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a famous philosopher who was the instructor of Alexander the Great.

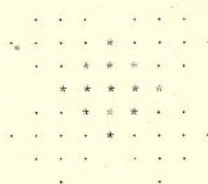
R. H. LOW.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. SLUGGISH. 2. Not at any time. 3. To elude. 4. A kind of rampart. 5. A river of England. II. 1. To detest. 2. Valorous. 3. A place of safety. 4. Open to view. 5. Leases. III. 1. To rub so as to produce a harsh sound. 2. A bird of a black color. 3. To turn aside. 4. Concise. 5. To go into.

"CHARLES" and "ALLIE B."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. In doctor. 2. An exclamation. 3. A guide to mariners. 4. Skill. 5. In doctor.

III. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. In doctor. 2. An epoch. 3. To tend. 4. An industrious insect. 5. In doctor.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In doctor. 2. A beverage. 3. Lukewarm. 4. Succor. 5. In doctor.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In doctor. 2. By the way of. 3. Timorous. 4. Melody. 5. In doctor.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In doctor. 2. Condensed vapor. 3. A railway station. 4. Achieved. 5. In doctor.

"MARNA AND BAE."

CHARADE.

WITHOUT my second, my first were naught;
My second from distant lands is brought;
And if my whole you happen to be,
A whipping good were the thing for thee. W. H. A.

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— Minnie

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D. Close.