

CINDERELLA.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. CHAMPNEY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE SUMMONS.

BY AVIS GREY.

DOOR-KEEPER of the year,—
April, the opener,—hear!
We wait without, and cry to thee:
With the sunshine's golden key
Open to us straight
The grim and guarded gate,
Whose frowning barriers rise
'Twi'xt us and softer skies.

We wait without and call:
Myriads we of creatures small,
Multitudes of living things,
Sheathèd blades and folded wings,
Baby germs in close-coiled rings.
Frozen earth-clods hold us down,
Sullen skies above us frown;
Thou alone canst liberate—
April, free us from our strait!

We stand without and wait,
We call and cry together—
All in the wild March weather.
Shrill and importunate
Our summons thrills the air
And pierces everywhere;
And they who do not know,—
Who lack the finer sense
Of Nature-love intense,—
Crouch closer to the fire,
Stirred till it blazes higher,
And, shiv'ring, mutter low,
"How drearly the March-winds blow!"

LOUIS'S LITTLE JOKE.

BY KATHARINE R. MCDOWELL.



It was fortunate for Louis that the opportunity for his little joke fell on April-Fools' Day. But how he could have had it in his heart to want to fool Esther, as she bustled around, so bright and happy, tying on her checked apron, would have seemed beyond explanation, had he not said, under his breath, a moment before:

"I'll pay her for this!"

The offense to which he thus referred lay in the fact that Esther had paid no attention to the request which he had shouted to her, as he saw her take a telegram from a messenger at the gate:

"Let me see it, Esther! How many of them are coming?"

But she flew straight to the house, and into the kitchen, exclaiming:

"Oh, Becky! Five of them, and they'll be here for supper. I can sit at the head, can't I, Becky? And you'll make chocolate for me to serve, won't you? And oh! dear Becky, please, please can't I make the custard?"

"Bress your heart, yes," said Rebecca; "an' Becky'll make you whateber you want. An' de blue set ob china?" she asked, a moment later.

"Oh, yes, Becky—they're so pretty; and the little crystal cups for my custard, so 't will show through." And she danced merrily about the room.

"Where's that telegram?" demanded Louis, nearly out of breath from his sudden descent of a tree and rapid run for the house.

"There, on the table, Louis. I could n't stop, I was in such a hurry to tell Becky," explained Esther, as she broke some eggs and carefully separated whites and yolks. "It's going to be my supper, Louis, and I'm going to have —"

"I don't care for your supper," growled Louis. "And I'm going to pay you, before the day's over, for not letting me see that telegram at first."

"Oh, Louis! please do not play any more tricks on me," pleaded his cousin. "I told Becky first, because I knew she'd take more interest in my supper. What do boys care how things are made? They'd rather go fishing or —"

But Louis interrupted her with:

"Never mind the fishing, though I suppose you'll harp on it for years."

"How harp on it?" asked Esther, still intent on her eggs.

"Miss Innocence does n't know, then, that the fellows said they'd stop for me when they went to the mill-pond to-day, and then all dashed by the house, waving their baskets and not giving me a chance to get in?"

The egg-beater rested on the edge of the bowl. "Why, how selfish, Louis! I saw them waving, and waved back at them from the piazza, but I did n't know you expected them to stop."

"You waved back at them?" exclaimed Louis, almost frantically. "Well, that's just like a girl! And now they'll think you understood the joke, and like enough you did."

"Was it a joke?" asked Esther, opening wide her large gray eyes.

"Then Miss Innocence probably does n't know this is the first of April?"

But Esther had every reason to know it. From the moment that Louis had shouted "April Fool!" when she called to Becky, "I can't get my sleeve on—it's all twisted," to the time when she found her knife and fork sewed to the table-cloth at dinner, the morning had been a series of similar shouts from Louis Perkins.

"She's the best one to play tricks upon," he kept saying to himself. "Never suspects, no matter what a fellow does!"

"I don't believe in cruel jokes," said Esther, slowly—"anything that will make anybody else feel hurt; do you, Louis?"

"Oh, you're very careful of other people's feelings; we all know that," said Louis, tantalizingly, as he slammed the kitchen-door.

"Now, I ought to go and entertain him," thought the forbearing Esther. "I'll take my eggs out on the piazza and beat them there. Louis!" she called, "come and whittle here, wont you, and let's talk about the fun when the folks come?"

"If Howard comes, I don't care about the rest," said Louis, apparently in better humor. "He's the only one who likes fun. Take care, Essie, you'll spill them!" cried Louis, warningly, as Esther turned the platter of beaten whites upside-down.

"No, I wont," laughed Esther, merrily; "that shows they're done."

"They don't keep in that shape, do they?" asked Louis, showing interest despite himself.

"They would keep just like this for hours, but it's better to let them rest on boiling water for a moment," said the little housekeeper, as she held



a "floating island" aloft on the beater. "Is n't it pretty?"

Louis vouchsafed no answer. Had those snowy blankets not been swinging on the clothes-line, his thoughts, perhaps, would not have run in the channel they did. But Rebecca had been washing, and he had noticed her tubs on the back piazza. They were covered with a foam that was so firm one could have sliced it with a knife. Louis had taken a handful of it and found that it did not liquefy or "dissolve." When he saw Esther making the *méringue*, its resemblance to the foam on the suds struck him, and another thought was in his mind as well, when he went back on the piazza again to see if the suds had lost all form.

No, there they were, just as they had appeared an hour before. Rebecca was still making preparations for the new-comers, and had not taken the time to empty the tubs.

"All of which shows," thought the bad boy, "that I can put a platterful of this in place of what Essie has made, and have it go on the table. Imagine the faces they'll make! Essie won't know what the matter is, and Becky will be so bothered! It will be the best joke yet! I think Essie'll let me read telegrams first after this," and he walked off for a moment to plan it all out.

"Oh, no; I don't put it on till the very last thing," said the unsuspecting Esther, in answer to his question. "I shall run down cellar just before supper, and put a little of the froth on top of each custard; and you know, Louis, we're going to use the little crystal glasses! 'T will be just as nice as though Mamma were here, won't it; Becky?"

"If Rebecca's suds don't last, I can make some more with the same soap while they're all visiting," thought Louis, "and run down with them just before supper. And to think that Es will put it on herself, that'll be the best of all! But suppose she were to taste it? Well, even if she should, 't would be a good fool, for they'd have to dance around pretty lively and make some more; but I hope she does n't find it out till she tastes it at supper. Wont it be rich to watch her! She wont know what is wrong, and if any of the company discover a queer taste they wont say anything, but they'll stop eating rather suddenly, I'll venture! And Essie, what will she think to see them all steering clear of those custards, after she's been most of the afternoon making 'em!" And with such thoughts Louis tried to put aside the picture that rose before him, of the pretty cousin who danced around the kitchen in the small checked apron, and to think only of Esther's having refused to let him read the telegram when he had asked to see it.

The afternoon stage brought the four cousins and Aunt Jo, amid much rejoicing.

Esther received them all so prettily, and said so deferentially to Louis, "You'll see to the baggage?" using a tone that, in its recognition of him as the man of the house, made so evident an impression on the younger cousins, that he almost began to wish he had not saved that dish of suds.

Then, too, he overheard Esther, as she was getting out the rackets for tennis, say to Howard:

"Beware of Louis! He plays splendidly. Serves balls that bound every way but the one you're prepared for. He gives me odds and beats me, too, and had never played till he came South, three weeks ago. Where has he gone? Louis!" and her clear voice rang over the lawn.

"I'll be there in a minute. Let Howard get used to the ground," answered Louis, which suggestion struck them all as being very generous.

How pretty Esther looked! Louis could see from his window her bright, happy face, as she darted hither and thither after the balls. After all, would his little joke pay? What was there to be so vexed about, now that he thought it all over?

"Well, I would n't give it up after I'd gone so far," said a bad voice within; "you said you'd pay her for not letting you see that telegram."

He stole down into the cellar. He could hear Rebecca overhead singing, "Oh, Dearest May," as she set the table. There was Esther's *méringue* on a small platter. He slid it off and out of the little cellar-window, put the suds' foam in its place, and went noiselessly up the stairs. Rebecca was prolonging the refrain of "Lubly as the Day," so he felt sure she could not have heard him.

They all went in to supper soon after.

"It's just as well," thought Esther, as she looked at the custards, "that Becky put the *méringue* on. She always makes it look prettier than I do. Still, I wanted to have done it all myself," and she sighed to think she should have seen the custards all ready on the table, when she was just going down cellar to put that bit of fluffy white on each herself.

And what were Louis's thoughts as he looked at the crystal cups?

"Well, who'd ever think of its being suds? I'm going to taste my own, to be sure of it."

He did so, and no doubt was left in his mind that his little joke on Esther was going to be a success.

He fancied, as he glanced stealthily around the table, that Rebecca was watching him, and that one of her great smiles overspread her face as he took that taste of his custard.

"I say, Howard," he said to his cousin, "you say you think my two big agates are so handsome, I'll put one of them up on a wager. If you eat all of your custard inside of a minute, I'll give you your choice!"

"Why, you'll lose, Louis. Those glasses are too small to hold much. I'm willing to try thirty seconds. There would be some fun in it, then."

"All right," chuckled Louis, "I'll time you," as he drew out his watch.

In even less than the half-minute Howard set down his empty glass with:

"Where's the agate? I'll take the blue-and-gold one."

Louis regarded him with astonishment.

"How did it taste?" he asked, under his breath.

"Excellent! Could n't judge very well, though, because I had to eat it so fast."

"Do you know what you've been eating?" was Louis's next question, as he handed him the chosen agate. "Soap-suds."

"Soap-suds!" echoed Howard, questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"Hush!" cautioned Louis, proceeding in a half-whisper to give him an insight into the joke he was playing on Esther. "But if they don't taste bad," he admitted, "'t is n't going to be much of a joke."

"I declare, Louis, I would n't have thought you so mean! I'm glad you could n't spoil 'em, and evidently you have n't, for they're all being eaten."

Not only were the custards being eaten, but Aunt Jo was praising them, and Esther blushing with pleasure!

What could it mean? Was there any mistake?

Louis tasted his own again, and made a wry

face after it, and there was no doubt in his mind this time that Rebecca was laughing at him.

"What is going on at that end of the table?" asked Aunt Jo. "You two boys seem very much absorbed in something."

"Massa Louis is in de suds," said Rebecca.

Louis flushed crimson as he darted an angry glance at Rebecca's face, wreathed in smiles; while Howard, who had watched him taste his custard, laughed outright.

Louis left the table soon after, Howard with him, to whom he gave the other agate as he begged him to promise that he would never breathe a word of the joke to any one.

He little knew that Rebecca was telling the others at the table, concluding her narrative with a hearty laugh and this explanation:

"I knowed Massa Louis steal down dat cellar for no good! I foun' out his soap-suds; and den I make de new *méringue* for all de cups 'cept Massa Louis's. He hab to eat ob de fruits ob de result!"

"But, Becky," said Esther, as she went upstairs that night, — Rebecca leading the way and still laughing at Louis's discomfiture, — "if you had only given Louis a good custard, too, he would have understood that verse in the Bible about 'heaping coals of fire.'"

"Bress your heart, chile," said Rebecca, never at loss for an answer, "'pears to me it's jes' as important dat he understan' de meanin' ob de verse 'bout de man dat made a pit an' digged it, and den falls in de ditch hisself!"

A BRAVE CHINESE BABY.

BY H. H.

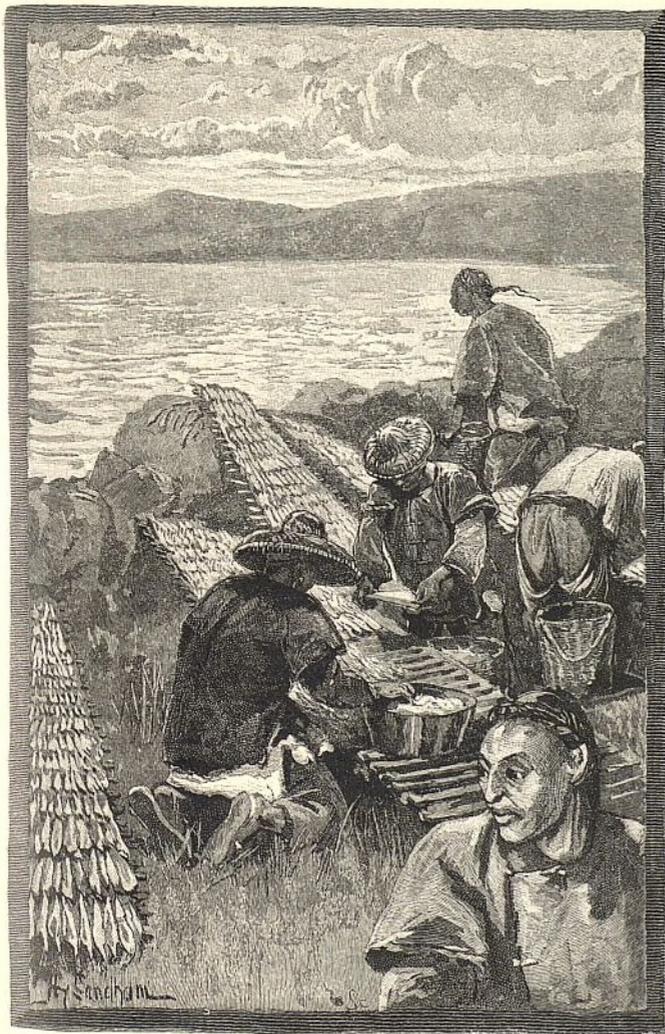
HE was very little more than a baby, certainly not more than three or four years old; and the queer, wide clothes he wore made him look so short that, at first sight, it seemed a miracle he could walk at all. He was all alone in the house; in fact, he was all alone in the village. Every other house but his was shut up tight, the door locked, and all the people gone away fishing. What a predicament, to be sure, for a four-year-old boy to be left in! The more I think of it, the more I think he was one of the very bravest fellows ever born. Many a man has got a great name for being a hero without having shown half the courage that this little chap did when he toddled out into the street to meet us. I wish I could have found out his name, to remember him by; but none of us who saw him will ever forget him. We shall think of him always as the Brave Chinese Baby.

It was in a Chinese fishing-village, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, a few miles from Monterey, in California. There are several such villages on that coast, and, to Americans, they are very curious places to see. I am sure that nothing in all China can look more Chinese, for only Chinese people live in them; and they huddle their little houses close together, on narrow alleys, and set up their queer shrines, and pile their odds and ends of outlandish rubbish all about, as if they prided themselves on living just as unlike Americans as possible.

The village where we saw the Brave Baby was a very small one—not more than a half-dozen houses in it. Indeed, they would hardly have been called houses at all by civilized people. Some of them were not bigger than an ice-house, and some looked more like dog-kennels or hen-coops than habitations for human beings; some were without

then turned around, and waddled back as fast as his fat little legs would carry him into the dark recesses of his house. We thought he had run away to hide. Not a bit of it. In a few seconds, back he came, holding up to us a big abalone shell, tightly grasped in both his chubby hands; then he laid it on a bench by the door, waddled back, got another, brought it out and laid it down; then still another.

The abalone is a beautiful shell which is found in great abundance on the southern coast of California, and is offered for sale everywhere. Travelers buy many of them to carry away as curiosities. When their surfaces are polished they have all the colors of the rainbow in them, and are very brilliant. In all the houses in the fishing-villages there are great baskets of these abalone shells kept to sell to travelers, and the Baby had, no doubt, often seen his mother bring them out and offer them to people passing by. So he thought they might be what we had come for. As he held out shell after shell toward us, he fixed his queer, narrow, slanting little eyes on us with an expression of anxiety and inquiry that was pathetic. When he saw that we did not want the shells, he went back again, still farther into the recesses of the cabin, and, bringing out a tin dipper with a little water in it, offered that to us. He was so calm and grave in his demeanor that we did not think of his being frightened; and we walked about, and looked in at the door of the house, and looked at him, and laughed at his queer, wide trousers and sleeves, and old brown hat on the back of his head, as much as we liked. We thought he was a very droll little man, with a good business head on his shoulders, who meant to drive a trade in abalone shells on his own



DRYING FISH IN THE CHINESE VILLAGE. [SEE PAGE 411.]

any window, and none had more than one, and that a tiny one only four panes square. They were all shut up, and the doors fastened on the outside with a chain and padlock.

The door of the Brave Baby's house stood wide open, and, as soon as he heard the sound of our carriage wheels, he came running to see what was coming. We stopped the carriage and got out. He looked at us for a minute with a steady gaze,

account if he could. The truth is, that even baby Chinese faces look about as old as grown-up faces. They are the same sallow color, and the boys' heads are shaven, just like their fathers'. This little fellow's head was shaven all over, except an odd little wing-like wisp of stiff black hair left above each ear; these were the drollest things about him. They looked like whiskers which had slipped up above his cheeks.

After he found that we did not want either the abalone shells or the water, he stood still for a short time, gazing at us intently. Then he went into the house, to the farthest corner of it—into a room that was more like a cave than a room, it was so dark and low. Here was a big stone, hollowed out to receive a fire; pots and pans were lying on the ground; an old stool stood in front of the stone; everything was black with smoke. On this the Baby sat down, folded his hands in his lap, and looked into the ashes. All this time he

was to lift his eyes and fix them on us with an expression of attention. We stepped inside the door; he did not stir. We looked at all the queer little cupboard-like divisions of the house; at the bunk-bed built in one corner; in another, the Joss's shelf, with its three tiny cups of tea, and its bowl of prayer-sticks; in another, a sort of open closet filled with barrels, baskets, old matting, tubs of abalone shells, ladders, fish-nets, old scraps of iron, wood, paper—everything. The baby watched us gravely, but did not make a motion or a sign of being disturbed.

Suddenly there came a great noise of hoofs and wheels. We all ran out, Baby following, to see what it was. Two omnibus-loads of people, each coach drawn by four horses, came clattering down in a cloud of dust. They were excursionists from the East, a great party of sixty, all traveling together under the charge of one man. Seeing us standing at the door of this little Chinese hovel, they halted to see what we were stopping for. One man ran into the house, took some abalone shells, and put a piece of money into the Baby's hand to pay for them. The little fellow began to look troubled. He had grasped the tin dipper in his hand, almost as though he had an idea he might need it for a weapon, and drew closer to us, as if he thought we might possibly protect him against these new and noisier enemies. As they drove away, he ran out into the middle of the road, and looked very earnestly up the hill to the north, still clutching his dipper tight. It was plain that he was expecting succor from that direction. We did not yet realize that he was much frightened. His countenance did not show it, and we still watched him with great amusement. It was a picture to be remembered. The beautiful sparkling blue water, with a high promontory rounding out into it, covered with dark pines and cypresses; the lonely cluster of fishing-huts, silent and deserted; and this one helpless little child, standing in the middle of the dusty road, the only guardian of the spot—ah!



THE BABY OFFERS SHELLS FOR SALE.

had not once opened his lips. The only sign he gave of hearing any of the things we said to him

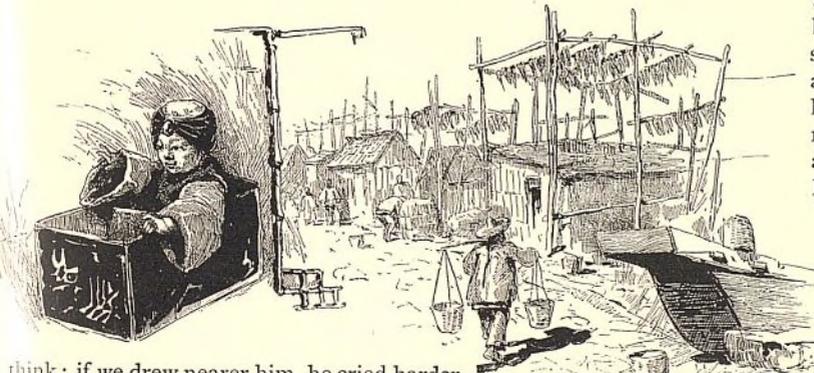
he was not so brave as we had thought. All this time he had been struggling with himself, with a terror that had been slowly getting the upper hand of him. In the twinkling of an eye, without a warning of a sob, or a whimper, suddenly there burst from the poor little soul a cry that went to our very hearts.

He had given way at last. He could not bear it a moment longer. What to do, we could not

emphasize and directness which were droll indeed. If he had been sufficiently master of the English language to have said, "I'll thank you to take yourselves off, as quickly as possible, and never let me set my eyes on any of you again," he could not have conveyed his meaning any more plainly than by his "Good-bye! good-bye!"

The mother had been over to another Chinese fishing-village, a short distance beyond, to get corals and shells to sell. Her

baskets were full, and she set them down in the road and showed us what she had brought: beautiful red coral, almost as fine as that which comes from Naples; sea-ferns, of bright yellow; and shells of many colors and shapes. While she was showing these to us, the Baby stood as close to her as he could get, holding fast to her clothes, and every now and then saying, in a low but very decided



think; if we drew nearer him, he cried harder.

We put some money in his hand; as we did so, he partially stopped crying. We thought it was the money that had soothed him, and we said, "Ha! young as he is, he is old enough to have grief healed by gain." But we were mistaken. It was not the money. He had caught sight of his mother coming down the hill toward him. In an instant his composure returned. He did not run toward her, as any baby in the world but a Chinese baby would have done. He stood motionless in his place, waiting, never removing his eyes from her.

She came at a swift, swinging, half-limping gait down the hill, with two big baskets hanging from a yoke across her shoulders. She was, no doubt, a little anxious when she saw the group of strangers in front of her house, and her little son standing by himself in the middle of the road. We hoped that she would understand English, so that we could tell her what a brave little fellow her boy had been, and how he had tried to sell the abalone shells. But she shook her head, and could speak only a few words. However, we patted the Brave Baby's cheeks, and said, "Good boy! good boy!" with such friendly smiles that she was re-assured and smiled back again. It is wonderful how far smiles can go between people who do not understand each other's language. They are sometimes all the interpreters one needs.

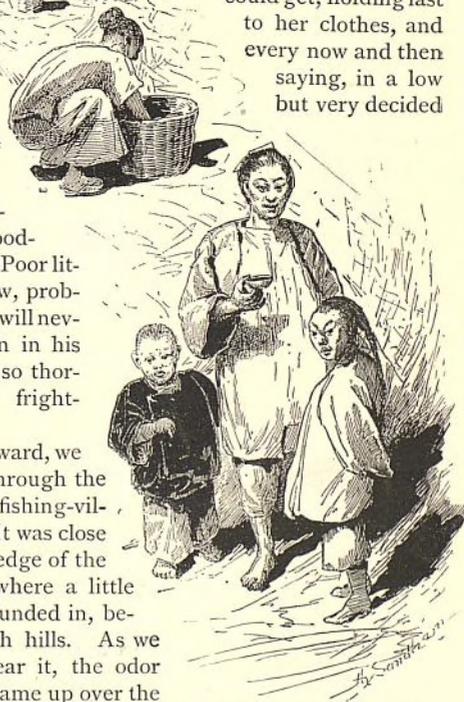
The Baby knew two words of English, and as soon as his mother arrived, he opened his mouth, and spoke them.

"Good-bye!" he said — "good-bye!" with an

tone,

"Good-bye! good-bye!" Poor little fellow, probably he will never again in his life be so thoroughly frightened.

Afterward, we drove through the other fishing-village. It was close on the edge of the water, where a little inlet rounded in, below high hills. As we drew near it, the odor of fish came up over the hills, like a smell from something cooking in a vast caldron. The fences, the rocks, the ground — all were covered with shining little fishes, spread out to dry; those on the ground being laid on frames of wooden slats. There was only one narrow lane running through the village, and hardly room on that to



A STREET IN A CHINESE FISHING-VILLAGE.

step between the frames of drying fish. On the roofs of the hovels, even, poles were set up, and stretched dry. Chinamen were running about, emptying big baskets of fish; other Chinamen were spreading



"SHE CAME DOWN THE HILL WITH TWO BIG BASKETS HANGING FROM A YOKE ACROSS HER SHOULDERS."
 from corner to corner; and on them long lines of them, turning them, raking them apart, gathering fish fluttered in the air, like clothes hung out to up the dry ones, and packing them into baskets.

The place fairly swarmed with laborers and their implements; but all the workers kept steadily on, as regardless of our presence as though they had been ants on an ant-hill. Every man, woman, and child was hard at work; children that were too small for anything else had babies strapped on their backs, and were carrying them about. Little girls, not more than eight or ten years old, were at work industriously cleaning the fish, to prepare them for drying. This was a disagreeable sight; it was done in open sheds, where the floor was black and dripping wet with water and the slimy offal of the fish. Here the women sat on high stools, in a squatting posture, with their feet curled up under them, cutting and slashing, stripping the fish, and dropping them into the baskets with as swift a motion as if they were shelling peas. They had the fingers of the left hand rolled up thickly in black rags, to protect them against a chance slip of the sharp knife. They chatted and laughed, as if they were engaged in the most agreeable occupation in the world. There did not seem to be an idle pair of hands in the village. Old men were mending nets, old women putting bait on hooks. The only unemployed creature we saw was one small baby, perhaps three months old, which was sunk up to its

neck in a narrow compartment in a wooden box, where it had a ludicrous expression, like an aged infant in stocks for some misdemeanor; it gazed up into its mother's face with an unwinking glare of mingled appeal and resentment which was irresistibly comic.

It would not be possible to give any idea of the way in which the houses, sheds, boats, barrels, poles, nets, baskets, scaffoldings, and lumber of all sorts were huddled together on one narrow alley not wide enough for two wagons to drive abreast. There was not a foot of open ground. Looking

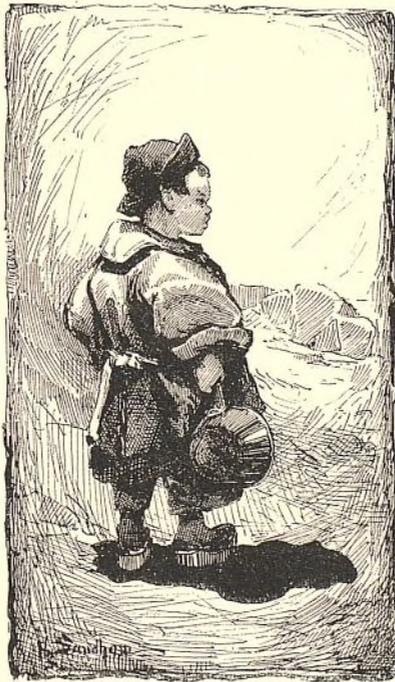
down from the hill on the roofs of the houses, one would think they all belonged to a single set of walls, roofed at different heights and angles. It was a squalid and filthy spot; it would seem impossible for human beings to breathe such air, and sleep in such dark, unventilated hovels for any length of time, without being made ill. Yet there are in this little village nearly two hundred people, many of whom have lived there for thirty years in good health. They are divided into three companies, each company having

its leader, who pays wages to the men and women, and has the charge of selling and sending away the fish. We talked with one of these leaders, who was courteous and willing to tell us all he could about the village. His name was Chow Lee. When we offered him money for the trouble he had taken to explain things to us, he refused to take it. Finally, he said we might give it to his wife. She was hard at work cutting up and cleaning fish in one of the sheds. When we offered it to her, she also refused it, smiling as if it were a good joke that anybody should suppose she would receive money from strangers. Then, as if the thought struck her that she would not be outdone in generosity, she called after us, asking if we would not like some abalone shells.

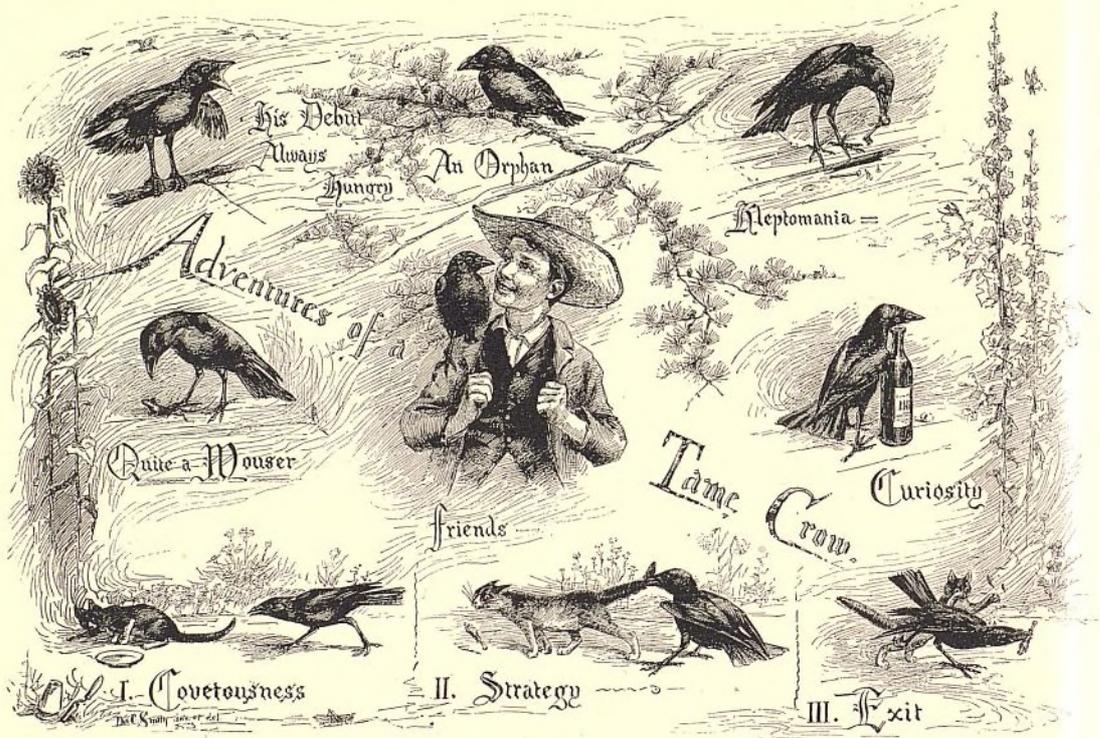
"You like um abalone?

No? I give you some. You like?" she cried, laughing.

So we went away, feeling that we had made a little mistake in offering money to the wife of one of the three rich men of the village, even if she were at work barefoot in the cold, slimy, black fish-sheds, like the poorest of the laborers. And it set us to thinking, too, that human pride is a plant for which no soil on earth is too poor. Not a lady in all the land could have laughed more airily at the idea of anybody's thinking her an object of charity than did Madam Chow Lee.



READY TO DO HIS PART.



THE STORY OF VITEAU.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Countess of Viteau now became very anxious to learn, as soon as possible, the result of her embassy to the King, and she also wished her sons to know where she was. She consulted with her squire, Bernard, in regard to the matter; and they concluded that it would be better, if the travelers brought bad news, and the young King had refused to interfere in behalf of the Countess, that Raymond and Louis should know the place of her refuge before any of their party could reach Barran's castle, and that they should immediately join her, when, with them, she should fly the country without delay or further consultation with any one.

She had determined at last that, if she should

be obliged to leave her country, she would take her boys with her, and let the Count de Barran and her other friends do the best they could in regard to her estates. She had money enough in her possession to provide for the expenses of a journey to England, but she did not consider, when making her plans, that the captain of the *colereaux* would require his claims paid before he would let her go. Bernard thought of this, but he said nothing and hoped for the best.

Michol also was quite anxious to know what had been done at Paris, for the news would influence in a great degree the terms of his demands for ransom money.

On the day after the attack of Comines had been repulsed, it was considered that Count de Lannes and his party might be expected to be nearing the

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end of their homeward journey, and it was determined to send a page, accompanied by one of Michol's men, to intercept the travelers and to convey a note to Raymond from his mother.

The main road from Paris through Burgundy ran within twelve or fifteen miles of Viteau, and Count Hugo might therefore be met, while yet more than half a day's journey from the castle.

The page's companion knew all the roads and by-ways of the surrounding country, and they reached in good time the high road from Paris,

have another day to wait upon the dusty highway, for he had been to Paris and he knew how long it would take the Count's party to go and return, and that they could not be reasonably expected that day.

"See you that cottage down there in the little glade below us?" he said to the page, a little after sunrise. "There live an old woman and two louts, her sons. They are poor creatures, but they make wine good enough to sell; at least, a month or so ago, when I and a half-dozen of my comrades



THE ROBBER IN THE OLD WOMAN'S COTTAGE. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

but after waiting there all day and making inquiries at various cottages near by, they saw nothing and heard no news of the Count and his company.

After dark they returned to Viteau, as they had been told to do, for it was known that Count Hugo would not travel by night, and before daylight the next morning they set out again.

The long watch of the previous day had wearied the restless soul of the robber, and he declared to the page, as they rode along, that they would

stopped at their cottage to eat and rest, that is what they told me they did with it. We found their wine good to drink,—which can not be said of all wine that is good enough to sell,—and we drank many a full horn of it, and what we did not drink we poured over her floor, so that her house should smell of good cheer."

"That was a wasteful thing to do," said the page, "and must have cost you a goodly sum."

"Cost us!" laughed the robber. "How could it cost us anything when we had no money? And

now, look you, we have more time than we shall know what to do with, and I am going down there for some wine to cheer us through the day. Ride you slowly on, and I will overtake you before you have gone half a mile."

So saying, the robber turned from the road, and dashed down into the glade. Reaching the cottage, he tied his horse by the door, and, entering, demanded of the old woman, who was cooking something over a little fire, that she should bring him some of her good wine, and plenty of it, too, for he wanted some to drink and some to carry away.

The old woman looked at him for a moment, and then went out and brought a jug of wine and a drinking-horn.

When the robber had sat down on a rough stool, and had begun to drink, she went out for some wood for her fire. But instead of picking up dry sticks, she ran to a small field, where her sons were working.

"Come quickly!" she said. "One of the cowardly thieves who drank and wasted our wine, a while ago, and struck me in the face when I asked for pay, is in the cottage now, drinking and robbing us again. There were many of them then, and you could do nothing. Now there is only one. Come quickly!"

Without a word, the young men, still carrying the heavy hoes they had been using, ran to the house, and rushing into the room where the robber was still seated on his stool, engaged in drinking his second horn of wine, they attacked him with their hoes.

The *coterel* sprang from his seat, and drew the heavy sword which hung at his belt, but, in an instant, it was knocked from his hand, and he was belabored over the head and shoulders by the hoes of the angry young peasants. If he had not worn an iron cap, which was his only piece of armor, he probably would have been killed. As it was, he was glad to plunge out of the door, and run for the woods. The two young men pursued him, but he was a faster runner than they, and his legs were not injured. So, wounded and bruised, and very sorry that he had thought about the old woman's wine, he left them behind, and disappeared among the thick undergrowth of the neighboring forest. His pursuers returned to the cottage and set loose the robber's horse.

"The wicked thief shall not creep back," they said, "to do us further injury, and then jump on his horse and fly."

And they threw stones at the horse until he had galloped up to the road and out of sight.

The page, who had been urged by his mistress to lose no time in reaching the high road, for fear

that her sons might pass before he got there, rode on and on, looking back continually for his companion, but never stopping. Reaching a place where they had made a short cut, the day before, he tried to find it, got into the woods and lost his way. A wood-cutter set him straight, but when he reached the Paris road, it was long past noon, and he was dreadfully afraid that Count de Lannes's party had gone by.

Inquiries of some peasants, who lived not far from the road, made him almost sure that his fears were correct, for they had noticed two companies of horsemen go by, and they thought that there were some young people with one of them. Still, he waited and watched, and wondered why the *coterel* did not come, until nightfall, and then he set out to return to Viteau. Without his robber companion,—whom, by the way, he never saw again, for the fellow was afraid to return to his captain, having lost his horse,—it was quite impossible for him to find his way back in the dark, and in less than an hour he was hopelessly lost. Finding no wood-cutter, or any one else, who could show him his way, he wandered about until he and his horse were tired out, and then they spent the rest of the night under a tree.

The page was quite right when he supposed that Count Hugo's party had passed along the high road before he reached it. The travelers had pressed on vigorously during their homeward journey, and meeting with no hinderances,—of *brabançois*, or anything else,—they rode into the gates of Barran's castle before nightfall of the day on which the page had missed them.

As soon as they had entered the court-yard, the two boys sprang from their horses and ran to the great door of the castle. But here they were met by the Count de Barran, who, with outstretched arms, stopped them as they were hurrying to their mother's apartments, and, as gently as he could, told them,—with Agnes and her father, who had now come up,—the story of the visit of the Inquisitors and the flight of the Countess.

The poor boys were almost overcome by this entirely unlooked-for and dreadful news. They had hurried back, excited and happy with the good tidings they were bringing their mother, only to find that she had utterly disappeared, and no one could tell them whether she was safe, or had fallen into the hands of her persecutors. Louis burst into tears, and fell on the neck of his brother, who folded him in his arms, and, without a word, the two boys stumbled up the stairs, and were seen no more that night.

Early the next morning, Raymond and Louis, still with pale and tear-stained faces, but unable to remain quiet any longer, came down to the stables,

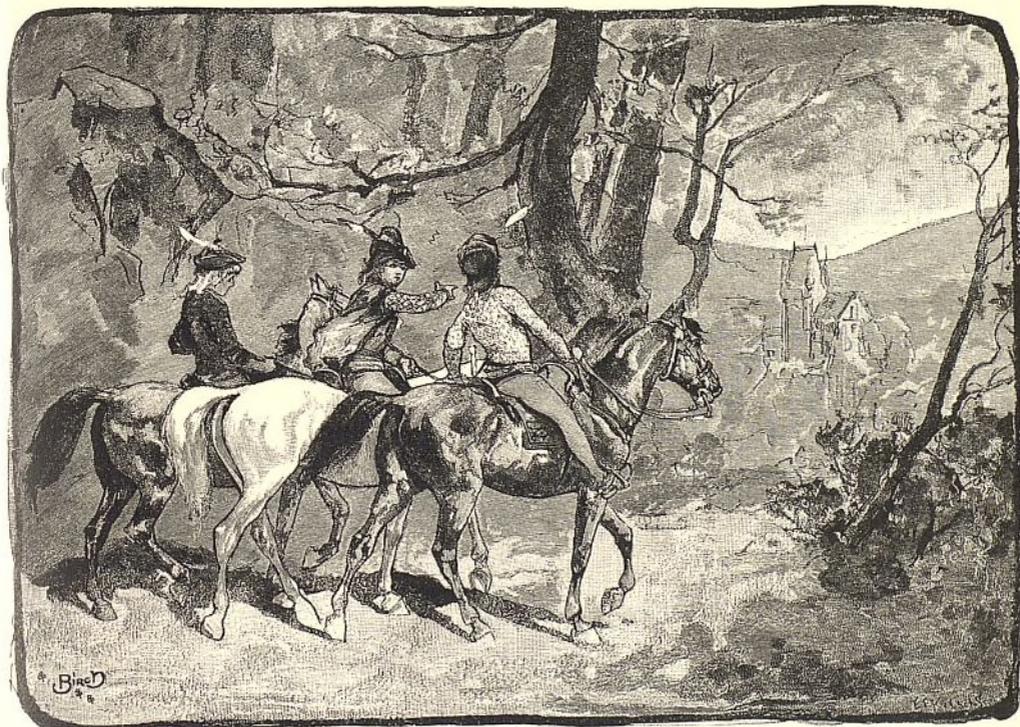
and, ordering two horses to be saddled, mounted them, and rode away to look for their mother.

If any of their elders had known of their intention, they would not have been allowed to go. This they well knew, and so they hurried away before any one but the servants of the castle was awake. They felt that they hated the Count de Barran for having let their mother go away, without knowing where she could be found or heard from, and they wished to have nothing more to do with him. And they had come to the belief that no one but themselves could do anything for their mother now, and that they must ride the whole world over until they had found her.

rushed together, and began clamorously to ask questions. The page being only one against two was soon obliged to surrender in this question conflict, and to give answers to his eager young masters.

When Raymond and Louis heard that their mother was at Viteau, they asked nothing more, but giving a shout of joy, turned their horses' heads toward their old home, for they were on a road leading directly thereto, which the page had at last found.

Onward and onward the three galloped, much to the weariness of their poor horses, and some hours before nightfall they reached Viteau, where they



RAYMOND, LOUIS, AND THE PAGE RETURN TO VITEAU.

Each was armed with sword and dagger, and they had some money with them to buy food. As to plans, they had made only one, and that was to ride so far that day that Barran would not be likely to find them and bring them back; and then they would make inquiries, and come to some decision as to which direction they should go in their mournful search.

The sun was about two hours high, and they had ridden quite a long distance, when they saw coming toward them on the road a boy upon a horse. In a moment they recognized their mother's page, and he as soon knew them. The three young fellows

were readily admitted by Michol, who gave Raymond and Louis even a more eager welcome than that with which he had opened the gates to their mother.

CHAPTER XVII.

Now that he had not only the Countess of Viteau, but her two sons, under his control and in his power, Michol became very anxious to settle the matter of the ransom money which he intended to demand for his prisoners, as he considered them.

He set one of his new men, who happened to be a truer scribe than Jasto, at work to write a carefully worded paper, to be sent to Count de Barran, and in it he stated the terms on which he would release the Countess and her sons and retire, with his men, from Viteau.

The Countess, now happy in the possession of her sons, and having the good news from the King, was very desirous to start immediately for the castle of the Count de Barran, where she expected the priests from Paris would soon arrive. She was greatly surprised and disappointed when she found that Michol would not let her go until the ransoms had been paid; and the two boys were very angry, and wanted to go down and demand that Michol should instantly order the gates to be opened to them. But their mother restrained them. They were now in the power of these robbers, and they must be prudent.

Michol, having understood that the Countess was not herself prepared to pay any money, had prudently determined to transact his business with Barran alone. He was very glad, however, to have her write a letter requesting the Count to pay the ransoms demanded, promising to return the money when she again took charge of her estates and business affairs, and urging him to use all possible haste in settling the matter with the captain of the *cotereaux*.

This letter, with the one from Michol, was sent to the Count the day after the arrival of Raymond and Louis at Viteau, and it gave the people at the castle the first news of the whereabouts of the Countess, and also relieved them from the new anxiety caused by the departure of the boys, for whom search was at that time being made.

But while these news gladdened the hearts and relieved the minds of the Count de Barran and his friends, the terms of Michol's letter vexed them exceedingly, and threatened to embarrass them very much. The wily robber knew that there were urgent reasons why the Countess should, as soon as possible, be at liberty to attend to her private affairs, and therefore he greatly increased the demands he had before determined to make.

Not only did he require the payment of the amount originally fixed as the ransom for Louis, but he asked a very large sum for the release of the Countess; quite as much for Raymond's ransom; a smaller sum for Bernard; and a good price for his so-called services in taking care of the chateau, and protecting its inmates.

Beside all this, he demanded that Jasto, the man who had deserted him, should be delivered to him for punishment.

Although Count de Barran was a rich nobleman, the total amount named in this letter was far more

money than he had in his possession at the time; and far more, too, than the Countess could afford to repay him, if he had had it to send to Michol. Still, although he was very much annoyed and provoked by the impudent demands of the robber captain, he said that there was nothing to be done but to accede to them; for the Countess must be released, and that instantly. Not only was it positively necessary for her to be at the castle when the priests from Paris arrived (for it was not at all likely that they would be willing to go to Viteau and trust themselves among a gang of thieves), but he was afraid that, if the terms of Michol were resisted or even disputed, he might be provoked to do some injury to the Countess or her sons in order to hasten the payment of the ransoms. Such conduct was not uncommon among these thieves. For these reasons, he would endeavor to raise the money and pay it, as soon as possible.

Sir Charles was very indignant at that portion of the letter relating to Jasto. He had been very glad to regain his old servant, who had left him on account of a quarrel with a squire, and who, according to his own account, had been obliged to join the *cotereaux* because he could find nothing else to do; and he stoutly declared that he would not reward Jasto's good action in bringing Louis to his mother by delivering him to the vengeance of the scoundrel, Michol.

As this determination would make it useless to send the money to Viteau, if Michol insisted on the surrender of Jasto, Barran sent a message in great haste to the captain of the *cotereaux*, to inquire if he would be willing to take a ransom for Jasto, and also to ask if he would release the Countess and her company on the payment of half of the total sum demanded, and be content to remain at Viteau until the rest should be paid.

To this Michol sent a very short answer, in which he declared that he would accept no terms for the release of his prisoners but the delivery of Jasto and the payment of the entire sum named in his letter.

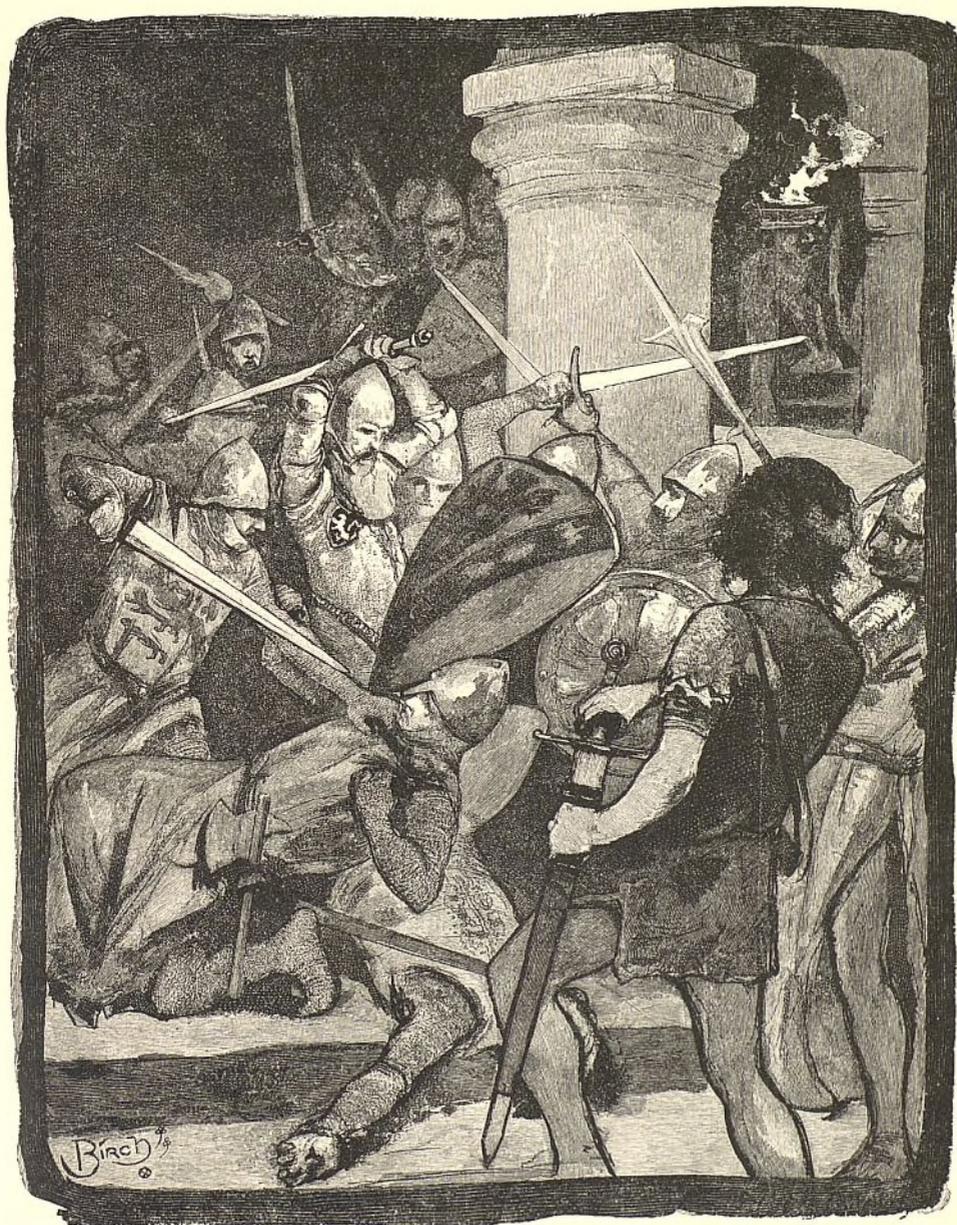
The messengers who brought this answer also brought the news of the fight with the Inquisition people.

Such startling intelligence as this produced a great effect upon the mind of Barran, as it showed him to what length the robber captain was willing to go, in order to secure the possession of his prisoners and the payment of their ransoms; and he set out that very day, accompanied by his chief seneschal and other attendants, to visit some of his estates, and also some small towns at no great distance, and there endeavor to collect the money needed. The Jasto question, he thought,

must be settled as best it could be. His safety must not interfere with that of the Countess.

As for Count Hugo, he would have nothing to do with this business. He utterly disapproved of

money should be paid, he said, it would show all the thieves and outlaws of the country that the nobles of France were willing to pay them enormous sums for any ladies and high-born children



THE ROBBERS IN THE HALL-WAY WERE SOON FORCED INTO THE COURT-YARD. [SEE PAGE 419.]

paying the exorbitant sums demanded by Michol, or indeed any money at all, for the release of a noble lady and her sons, whom the rascals had no right whatever to hold or to ask ransom for. If this

that they might steal. Heretofore, they expected vengeance if they attempted anything of the kind, but now they would expect such deeds to make them rich. To be sure, this case was a peculiar

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one; but never, he declared, as a knight of Christendom, would he submit to the vile exactions of a common robber like Michol.

And little Agnes cried, and wandered about moaning, and wished she was a man. What she would have done if she had been a man she did not know, but certainly she could do nothing as a little girl, or even as a grown-up woman.

Jasto, when he was told what his old master had said in regard to him, retired into a remote part of the castle where he could not be easily found, and diligently occupied his time with some writing materials which he had brought from Paris.

"I must e'en make haste and learn to be a true scribe," he said to himself, "for if my master finds me out, he may be only too willing to toss me into the jaws of the *cotereaux*. So, hard will I work at this alphabet and this little book of words, and keep a sharp eye and ear open for any change in Sir Charles's mind about his good man Jasto. It will be a doughty man-at-arms and a vigilant who delivers me to Michol."

Not long after the Count de Barran had started on his money-raising errand, Count Hugo set out on a little journey to the monastery, a few miles from Viteau, where the wounded Comines and other disabled members of the Inquisitorial force were said to be still lying. He wished to find out whether orders had been received to cease attempts to arrest the Countess, and also to discover the exact truth, as far as possible, about the fight with the *cotereaux* and the strength of Michol's forces.

As he was going into what might prove a dangerous neighborhood, he took with him a body of about thirty-five horsemen, all completely clad in armor, of which there were many suits in the castle, and all well armed. Some of these men were his own retainers, and others belonged to the retinue of Sir Charles, who did not accompany his friend, as Count Hugo thought it well that some knight should remain at the castle, from which nearly all the visitors had now departed.

When Count Hugo de Lannes reached the monastery, he found that Comines was too much injured to speak or think about the affair in which he had been engaged, but he learned from the monks that no recent message had arrived for Comines, and he also heard how the *cotereaux* had robbed him of his clothes and armor, and had even taken, it was supposed, all his papers of authority from the Inquisition.

From this information, Count Hugo felt sure that the Countess need be under no fear of trouble from the Inquisitors before the message to desist from further action should reach them. Comines, although he had excellent surgical and medical attention from the monks, would not recover for

some time; and none of the other members of his party would be likely to attempt to carry off a noble lady through a great part of France, without being able to show any warrant for their proceedings.

It had been late in the day when Count Hugo arrived at the monastery, and it was quite dark when, after his party had been furnished with a good supper by the monks, he took leave of his entertainers.

He did not take the straight road back to the castle, but struck off toward Viteau. His men traveled slowly by the light of the stars. Some time before they reached the château, a halt was ordered by a small wood; and there Count Hugo had a ladder made.

Two straight young saplings, which were easily selected by the men, whose eyes were now accustomed to the dim light, were hewn down for the uprights of the ladder, and slight notches were cut into them at suitable distances for the rounds. These were made of short, strong pieces of other saplings, quickly cut into proper lengths, and were fastened to the uprights by strong leathern thongs, of which one of the men had brought a number tied to his saddle.

When this rude ladder was finished, one horseman took it by one end, another took it by the other, and the cavalcade proceeded.

Reaching Viteau,—which they did not approach by the front, but on the southern side,—the horses were tied at some distance from the court-yard, and left in charge of several of the soldiers, while the other men, carrying the ladder, quietly made their way to the side-wall of the court. There had been a moat on the outside of this wall, but after the wars were over, and the Count de Viteau had died, this moat had been allowed to go dry, and so Count Hugo and his men were able to walk up to the wall and set their ladder against it. The Count, with three or four followers, then got over the wall, and when they were in the court-yard they cautiously moved toward the great gate. They encountered no one, for, although the *cotereaux* preserved moderately good discipline, they did not keep a very strict guard at night, expecting no attack from any quarter.

Arriving at the gate, the Count found there one sentry fast asleep. This fellow was quickly seized and bound, with a scarf over his mouth; and the gate being opened, the remainder of the Count's force, which had been ordered around to the front, was noiselessly admitted.

The whole body then proceeded to the château, where a dim light could be seen shining through a wide crack at the door of the principal entrance. This crack, which was between the edge of the

door and its casement, showed that one bolt was the only fastening which the robbers had thought it necessary to use in securing this entrance; and when the Count had made himself certain of this fact, he signaled to a tall man who carried a great battle-ax, apparently brought for use in a case like this, and motioned to him to use his weapon on the fastening of the door.

Two tremendous blows, which resounded through the house, shattered the bolt, and the door was immediately dashed open.

Count Hugo, who had carefully made all his plans, rushed in, with four men at his heels, and hurried up the stair-way which led to the apartments of the Countess and her sons. There were hanging-lamps in the halls, and he knew the house quite well.

At the top of the stairs he encountered Bernard, who slept outside of the door of his mistress's apartments, and who, aroused by the noise and seeing five armed men coming up the stairs, had sprung to his feet and seized his sword, prepared to do his best for the defense of the Countess and her boys. But when Count Hugo raised his visor and spoke to him, the brave but frightened squire immediately recognized him as a friend.

"Stay here!" cried the Count, "with these four men. Guard the stair-way. Let no one go up or down!" And, with these words, he dashed alone down into the great hall-way, where the sounds of fighting and of calls to arms were heard, and threw himself into the combat that was going on between his men and a dozen or so of the robbers who had rushed to the door-way when they heard the noise of the ax.

But there was not much fighting inside the château. Most of the *cotereaux* lodged in the lower part of the house, approached from the outside by various doors, or in the outhouses and stables, and the court-yard was now filled with these, hastily armed to repel the intruders.

The robbers in the hall-way were soon forced into this court-yard, and into the midst of the *cotereaux*. Count Hugo, with the whole body of his followers, now boldly plunged. Such attacks as these, made by one or two knights with a few attendants against a much greater force, were very popular in those days of chivalry. For, whether the rash onslaught were successful or not, the glory was the same. And if the safety or honor of a lady happened to be concerned, the unequal combat was the more attractive to the knights. For a lady in those days was often the cause of a knight's fiercest battles and the subject of nearly all his songs. These combats, however, were not always quite so unequal as they seemed, for a knight clad from head to foot in armor was more than

equal to three or four soldiers not so well guarded by steel plates and rings.

The Count's men, as has been said before, each wore a complete suit of armor, while the *cotereaux*, although much better protected in this way than most men of their class, were none of them completely dressed in mail. This, with the darkness of the night and the suddenness of the combat, gave the attacking party great advantage.

As they had been instructed, the Count's men scattered themselves among their opponents, shouting the battle-cry of De Lannes, and striking furiously right and left. This gave the *cotereaux* the idea that their enemies were in much greater number than they really were,—and half a dozen of these mailed warriors sometimes banding together and rushing through the throng gave the idea of reënforcements,—while the horses outside, hearing the noises of clattering steel and the cries of the combatants, neighed and snorted, and their attendants shouted, making the robbers suppose there were other forces beyond the walls.

The Countess and her sons were, of course, quickly aroused by the din and turmoil below, and Raymond and Louis rushed to the door, where they were met by Bernard, who told them all he knew, and that was that Count Hugo de Lannes had come to the château with a lot of soldiers and was fighting the *cotereaux*.

The Countess knew not what to think of this most unexpected occurrence, and hastily dressed herself to be ready for whatever might happen, while the two boys, throwing on their clothes and seizing their swords, endeavored to rush downstairs and join in the conflict. But this Bernard and the men on the stair-way prevented, and the boys were obliged to be contented with listening to the sounds of battle and with seeing what little they could discern from the upper windows.

Meanwhile, the struggle raged fiercely below, the crowd of combatants surging from one side to the other of the court. It was not long, however, before the *cotereaux* began to be demoralized by the fierce and wild attacks of their mailed antagonists. Michol had been killed, and there was no one to command and rally them. Some of them, being hard pressed and finding the great gate open, rushed wildly through and were lost in the outer darkness; and before long the main body of the *cotereaux*, finding that many of their companions were retreating through the gate, were seized with a panic and a desire to fly while they had the opportunity.

A great rush was therefore soon made for the gate, out of which the *cotereaux* pushed and crowded—even carrying with them in their rush some of the Count's men who were fighting in their midst.

This flight was precisely what Count Hugo had wished to bring about. It would have been impossible for him to conquer and subdue so many men with his small number of followers. But he had purposely left the great gate open, and hoped by this sudden and determined onslaught in the dark to throw the *cotereaux* into disorder, and thus be able to drive them from the château.

Accordingly, he massed his men as quickly as he could, and, making a circuit of the court, drove before him every straggling *cotereau*, and then, following the retreating robbers through the gates, pursued their straggling forces through bushes and fields as far as they could be seen. Then calling his men together, and ordering the horses to be brought into the court-yard, Count Hugo hastened back to the château, and the great gate was shut and bolted behind them. With torch and lantern every part of the château was now searched, and none of the *cotereaux*, excepting the killed and wounded, having been found therein, the Count pronounced his victory complete, and proceeded up the stairs to the apartments of the Countess.

Day had now dawned, and the victorious Count Hugo was received by the boys and their mother with the greatest thankfulness and delight. Bernard had already told them of the rout of the *cotereaux*, but they could not understand why the attack had been made, when they had expected a peaceful settlement of the affair by the payment of the ransoms.

But when the Count explained the matter to them, and told the Countess what an enormous sum the robber-captain had demanded for their release, and told Louis that the surrender and probable execution of Jasto was included in the terms, they did not wonder when he went on to say that his mind could not endure the idea of submitting to such outrageous and unjustifiable demands from a common thief of the roads, and that he had therefore resolved to strike a bold stroke to give them their liberty without payment or cowardly submission. It is true that if this attack had failed the safety of the Countess and her boys would have been endangered; but as it did not fail, nothing was said upon this point.

But the Count gave them little time for thanks or wonderment. As soon as the necessary preparations could be made and the signs of conflict removed from the court-yard, he sent the Countess and her party rejoicing on their way to the castle of Barran. Although the *cotereaux* had not actually pillaged the château, it was impossible for such rude and disorderly men to live there for any length of time without causing a good deal of injury to the house and surroundings, making Viteau an unfit place for a lady to reside in.

Accordingly, with a few of the Count's men-at-arms as an escort,—for no danger was now apprehended on the road,—the Countess went to the castle, not, as before, flying wildly from her pursuers, but journeying pleasantly along in company with her sons and attendants. Bernard, who now no longer feared to leave his mistress, remained behind to attend to the renovation and repairs of the château, and to make it fit for the return of its mistress. None of Count Hugo's men had been killed and but few injured in the fight, for they had protected themselves in the darkness from attack from each other by continually shouting the battle-cry of De Lannes, and the *cotereaux* had not been able to make much impression upon their heavy armor.

The Count now determined, with the main body of his soldiers, to follow up the attack upon the *cotereaux*—to penetrate, if possible, to their camp, and to destroy it entirely, and to drive the remnant of this band of thieves from the forests about Viteau.

Therefore he also remained at the château, which he intended making his basis of operations in the projected campaign of extermination against the remaining *cotereaux*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BARRAN was much delayed in his endeavors to obtain the money necessary for the ransoms, and he found a great deal of difficulty in collecting it at all at such short notice. And wearied with his unpleasant and annoying task, and with his mind full of doubts and anxieties regarding the obstacles and complications that might yet arise from the probable refusal of Sir Charles to surrender Jasto, he rode into his castle the day after the arrival of the Countess.

His astonishment and delight upon finding the Countess and her family safe within his walls, and on hearing that Viteau was free from every robber and in the possession of its rightful owner, and that for all this no ransom or price of any kind was to be paid, can well be imagined. And when he and the Countess talked the matter over, it became evident to the lady that to repay the Count the sums he intended to advance—which payment she most certainly would have made—would have impoverished her for years.

All was now happiness and satisfaction at the castle, but no one was happier or better satisfied than the ex-robber, Jasto. Now that his enemy, Michol, was dead, he felt that his own life was safe; for it would be no longer necessary to sacrifice him for the good of others. He sat down in

a corner of the court-yard, and thought the matter over.

"As to that ransom," he said to himself, "which was due me for returning the boy Louis to his sorrowing mother, I must make some proper settlement about it. Half of it I remitted when the boy saved me from the hands of the bloody-minded *brabançois*, and one-half of what was left I took off when these good people gave back to me again my brave and noble master, Sir Charles. And now that that great knight, Sir Hugo de Lannes, has killed Michol and saved my life, I do remit what is left, which is only a quarter of the whole sum—after all, hardly equal to the benefit received; for when a man's life is in danger as much from his friends as his enemies, it is a very great benefit, indeed, to have it saved. But, as I have no money with which to make up the balance, I will e'en call the account settled, and so it is."

As Jasto took so much credit to himself for this generous determination, it was not to be expected he should keep the matter secret, and he therefore communicated it to Louis the first time he saw the boy, giving him in careful detail his reasons for what he had intended to do, and what he had done.

All this Louis very soon told to his mother; and the Countess, remembering that she had promised Jasto a reward, and feeling a little ashamed that it had passed out of her mind, took the hint which Jasto had undoubtedly intended to throw out, and sent him a sum of money which, if used with ordinary economy, would make it unnecessary for him ever again to wear a suit of clothes resembling a map of a country with the counties and departments marked out with border-lines of red silk.

A week afterward, when Jasto left the castle with Sir Charles, his education had progressed sufficiently to enable him, with the assistance of his alphabet and his little manuscript book, to write a short and simple message so that it could be read. But he intended to persevere in his studies until he had become as good a scribe as his master formerly supposed him to be.

By the aid of some deserters from the band of *cotereaux*, who came over to him when they found out his object, Count Hugo soon discovered the encampment of the robbers, which he utterly destroyed, and then, following them to their several retreats, succeeded in breaking up their organization and in driving them from that part of the country.

He then returned to the castle of Barran, where he was most warmly welcomed by everybody, and where his little daughter Agnes was prouder of her brave father than she had ever been before.

In a few weeks, the Count de Lannes found himself obliged to return to his own castle, which lay several days' journey to the west; and he and Agnes took a regretful leave of all their dear friends, the little girl shedding tears of heartfelt sorrow as she shook her handkerchief for the last time to the boys and their mother, who stood watching her departure from the battlements.

"I wonder," said Louis, "if we shall ever see them again."

Nothing was said for a moment, and then his mother remarked: "I think—that is, I have reason to believe—that we shall soon see the Count and his daughter again."

"Why do you think so, Mother?" asked Raymond.

The Countess did not answer him immediately, and just then they were joined by the Count de Barran, and no more was said on the subject.

The Countess did not remain much longer at the castle. As soon as the squire Bernard had restored her château to its former orderly condition, she bade good-bye to her kind entertainer and friend, and departed with her boys for her own home.

Nothing had been heard of the priests who were to be sent from Paris, but there might be many good reasons for their delay; and arrangements were made for a courier to be sent to Viteau as soon as they should arrive at the castle. The Countess would have been happy to have had her suspense in regard to this unfortunate affair set permanently at rest, but she knew the Inquisitorial party had gone back to Toulouse as soon as their leader was able to accomplish the journey; and having been assured of the protection of her King, she felt safe from unjust prosecution.

On the morning after their arrival at Viteau, Louis, who was gladly wandering all about the house and grounds, went into a little room on the lower floor which was opposite the sleeping apartment of the squire Bernard. Here, by the light of a small window near the ceiling, he saw upon a perch in one corner of the room a falcon, secured by a string which was tied to its leg. Louis threw the door wide open in order to get a better light, and narrowly examined the bird.

"Why, Bernard!" he cried to the squire, who just then entered the room, "this looks exactly like the falcon I took from this very perch the morning of the day I first went to De Barran's castle."

"Of course it looks like it," said the squire, "for it is the same falcon."

"The same falcon!" exclaimed Louis. "And on the same perch! Why, that is a miracle!"

"It is no miracle at all," answered Bernard; "it

is a very simple thing when you come to know all about it. After the rascally *cotereaux* had been driven out of this place, I found the falcon fastened to this perch, and, by marks I had filed upon his beak, I knew him for the same bird I had trained for your brother Raymond. Of course, I was astonished; but, on thinking the matter over, I supposed that this must be the bird which the robbers had stolen from you, and that, bringing it with them when they came here to live,—the rascally scoundrels!—they naturally put it in this room, which they could see had been planned and fitted for the keeping of falcons. Looking into the matter still further, I asked Orlon, the chief falconer of Count Hugo, who was one of the men he had brought here with him, what kind of bird it was he had given to you when the Count desired that you should have one. Orlon then told me it was a falcon which had come to him only the day before. He had been out hawking with his master, and was bringing down to him by means of a lure a falcon that had made an unsuccessful flight, when a strange hawk made its appearance and also answered his call and came down to the lure. Knowing it to be a falcon which had been lost by some hunter, and to be a well-trained bird, he seized and hooded it and took it home with him. The next day, when he was ordered to give a bird to a boy, he much preferred to part with this one, which he had just found, to giving away any of the falcons he had reared and trained himself. And this is the whole of the matter."

"You may think it a very simple story," said Louis, "but I think it is wonderful. I am ever so glad to have the falcon back again; and just think, Bernard, if it had not been for my losing that bird, ever so many troubles would not have happened, and those wicked thieves would never have come to this château!"

The squire agreed that this was true, but he thought more than he said. He thought that if Louis's kind heart had not been anxious to repair the injury done his brother, he would not have been captured by the *cotereaux*; and that, if he had not been captured by the *cotereaux*, no ransom would have been demanded for him; and if no ransom had been demanded, the robbers never would have seized upon Viteau to enforce their claims; and if they had not been at Viteau, there would have been no place of refuge for the Countess when flying from the Inquisitors; and that, instead of the happiness which was now so general at the château, all might have been misery. But he said nothing of this to Louis, for he thought it not right that boys should take to themselves too much credit for what they might do.

But although contentment seemed to reign at

Viteau, this was not really the case. True, the château had been completely renovated, and all traces of its occupation by the *cotereaux* had been removed; but the Countess could not forget that it had been made the abode of thieves, and that bloody and violent deeds had so lately taken place before its gates and within its very court-yard. Then, too, she felt that she must soon be separated from her boys. Raymond must go to school at Paris, and Louis must return to his duties as the page of the Count de Barran. And this separation seemed a very different thing to her now from what it did before these troubles came upon her.

Louis was particularly discontented. "I do not want to go back to Barran," he said to his brother. "I do not believe he is a true knight."

"What!" cried Raymond, in surprise. "You should not speak thus, Louis. No man has ever said such a thing of the Count de Barran."

"I suppose not," said Louis, "but I am a boy, and I can say it. He stood still and did nothing when our mother had to fly for her life from his castle; and he wanted to buy us away from the thieves, instead of coming and taking us boldly, as a true knight should. Count Hugo is a different kind of a knight."

"But you should not forget," said Raymond, "how kind and generous the Count de Barran has always been to us. He worked in his own way for our mother's good."

"Oh, yes," said Louis, "I shall not forget that; but I do not want to go back to him."

Matters were in this condition when, one beautiful day in autumn, Count Hugo came again to Viteau. This time he did not clamber over the wall, but rode in bravely at the front gate. He was not followed by a body of steel-clad soldiers, but he brought his daughter Agnes, with her attendants, and a company of followers in gay and bright array. He did not come to conquer, but he came because he had been conquered. He came to ask the lovely Countess of Viteau to be his wife.

A few weeks after this, when the days were becoming clear and frosty, there was a wedding at Viteau. There were many guests; there was feasting, and music, and great joy. Little Agnes had now a mother, and Raymond and Louis a brave and noble father.

And when the wedding was over, the Countess rode away with her husband to his castle of De Lannes, and her two boys went with her—Raymond, because it was on his road to Paris, and Louis, because he was to be taught to be a knight by Count Hugo, who had admired and loved the boy almost from the first time he had seen him.

The priests from Paris never came to catechise the Countess. The truth was, that the young

King was not so much of a king as he had supposed himself to be; for his mother, Queen Blanche, was not willing that the crown should interfere in any way with the operations of the Inquisition, and had not consented that the priests should be sent to the castle of Barran. But as it became known that the King had taken an interest in the matter, and as it was probably considered unwise to bring a religious prosecution against the wife of the Count de Lannes,—who was not only a powerful nobleman, but a warm supporter of both Church and state, and who was also known to have pun-

ished and exterminated the band of *cotercaux* who had attacked the Inquisitorial party,—the matter was suffered to drop, and nothing more was ever heard of it.

Viteau was left in charge of Bernard, who would faithfully administer its affairs until Raymond should be of age to come and take possession of the establishment and the estates.

And now, as our friends have left the château, with whose varying fortunes we have, for a time, been interested, we will leave it also; and the story of Viteau is told.

THE END.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

THERE'S a wonderful lady who dwells
In the depths of the shady dells;
A wonderful lady to laugh and sing,
A magical lady, whose voice can bring
The bluebirds back when her clear notes ring;
And she is the beautiful Goddess of Spring.

One day, in the heart of the wood,
At the foot of an oak I stood.
There was n't a bird in the forest drear,
Not even a feather from far or near;
And the bubbling brook, so cold and clear,
Was the only songster I could hear.

I sighed to myself, "Alack!
I wish that the birds were back!"
And when I had spoken the last low word,
A voice as sweet as a flute I heard,—
A voice as clear as the note of a bird
Whose carol the pulse of the wood has stirred.

Then quickly I turned around,
And followed the musical sound.
I followed it, faster and faster still—
I crossed a river, I leaped a rill,
Nor stopped a second to rest until
I came to a tree at the foot of a hill.

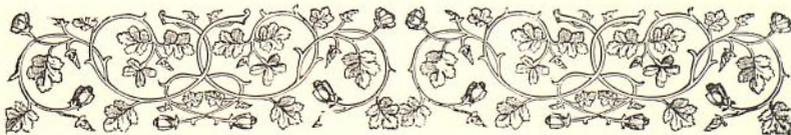
'T was an hour before the night,
And I saw a beautiful sight!

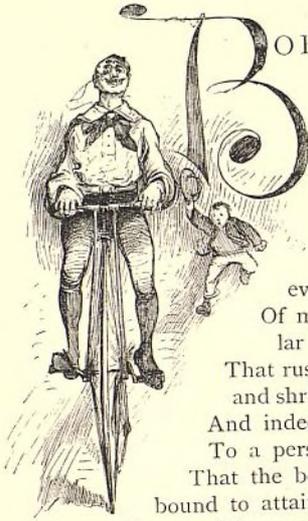
A lady stood on the hill-top grand,
A silver trumpet in one fair hand,
And in the other a magical wand;
And she called to the birds in the southern
land.

(THE LADY SINGS.)

"Bluebird, bluebird, come to me!
Buds and blossoms delay for thee.
Come, come!
Brooks and rills are no longer dumb!
Soon will you hear the wild bee's hum.
Oh, fly away from the Southland now!
Come and perch on the maple bough!
Over the hill,
Across the plain,
Above the mountains,
Fly back again!
The woods are waiting—
They sigh for thee!
Bluebird, bluebird,
Come back to me!"

The shades of the night came down,
And I went to the dreaming town.
But in the morning all silently
I came again to the self-same tree,
And bluebirds, fluttering, blithe and free,
Chirped loud to the lady, "We come to
thee!"





BOB'S WONDERFUL BICYCLE.

BY E. J. WHEELER.

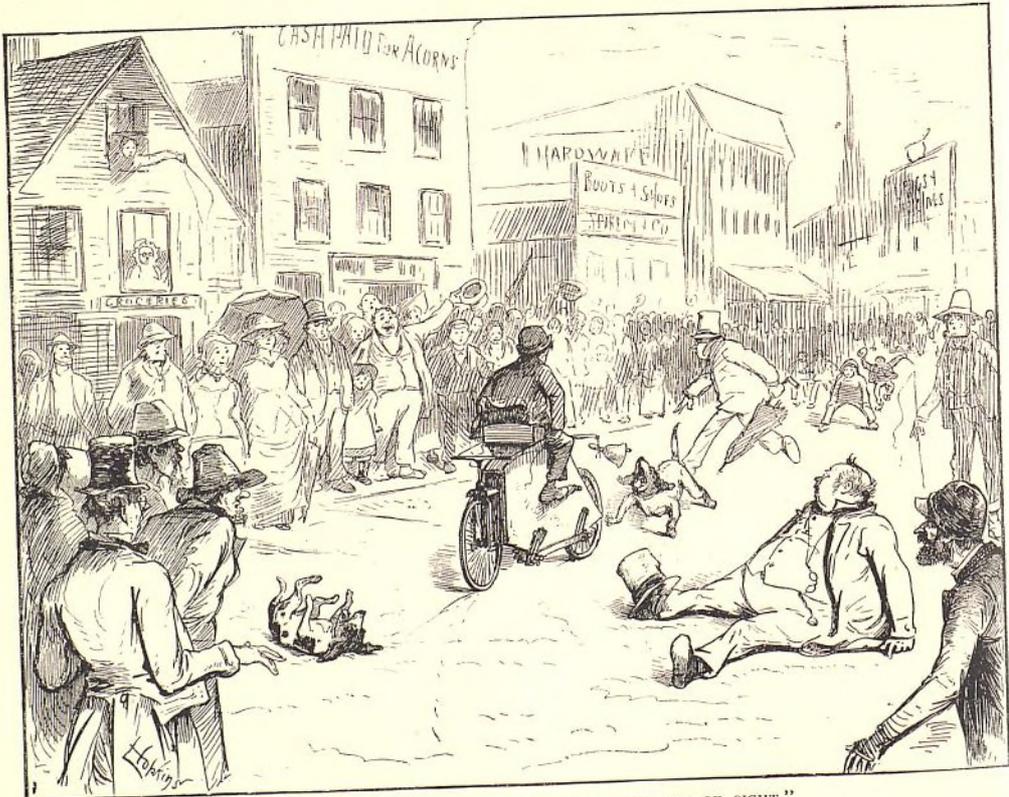
BOB BURNS was a boy with a wonderful mind
 For cogs, cranks, and levers, and every kind
 Of machine, from a dollar toy-engine to those
 That rush through the depot and shriek through the nose.
 And indeed "it was plain To a person that's sane
 That the boy was a genius, and bound to attain
 To something uncommon," said Aunt Betsy Jane.
 And for one I don't blame her, for Bob surely was
 Quite clever with jackknives, and gimlets, and saws,
 And constructed such marvels, the neighbors all
 said,
 Enough to turn any ambitious boy's head.

So Bob came at last to consider that he
 Was about as ingenious as mortal could be.

One day there arose a tremendous sensation
 In his little town, o'er a queer combination
 Of wheels, rods, and bolts, which the school-
 master, Michael,
 Informed all who asked him was called a
bicycle.

Perched high in the seat,
 Just by working his feet,
 A man gayly rode up and down through the
 street,
 And the boys said "How jolly!" The girls said
 "How sweet!"

Bob studied that bicycle day after day,
 Played "hookey" from school and caught—
 I dare say
 You *know* what he caught—something warm,
 anyway.



"HE SPED THROUGH THE TOWN, AND WAS SOON OUT OF SIGHT."

At last, this deluded
 Young fellow concluded
 This new-fangled notion *he* knew all about,
 And could make one himself that would "beat
 it all out."

An old baby-carriage he found in the attic,
 Quite stiff in the joints (perhaps 't was rheumatic),
 And so rusty it wheezed in a manner asthmatic.
 This furnished the wheels, big and little; the
 rest—

Till at last, with a final hammer and clink,
 "There now," he muttered, "she 'll do, I think."

And it was, I assure you, no common affair,
 But was bound, as he said, to make most people
 stare,
 For it ran, not by treadles, as those you may see,
 But by a huge spring that was wound with a
 key;
 So that all you need do, if you wished for a
 ride,



"FARMER JONES'S TWO HORSES RAN MADLY AWAY."

The bolts, bars, and screws—with commendable
 zest
 He begged and he borrowed, north, south, east,
 and west.

And then what a clatter!
 Clink, clank, hammer, batter,
 Till the neighbors all thought, what on earth
 is the matter?
 But Bob worked away with a grin and a chuckle.
 He barked his poor shins, and he bruised every
 knuckle,

And rubbed
 His nose,
 And stubbed
 His toes,
 And how many other things, goodness knows,

Was to pull on the throttle and off you would
 glide.

Then he called, to observe the result of his
 labors,
 His parents, his brothers, and sisters, and
 neighbors,
 And wisely expounded how much it surpassed
 All others created, from first unto last.

The news and the wonder spread fast, and his
 fame
 Grew wider and wider. The people all came
 By scores and by hundreds to witness him
 try it.
 And one wealthy gentleman offered to buy it
 At whatever price; but he proudly refused,

And mounted the seat to show how it was used.
The spring had been wound up as close as a bottle,
And all crowded round as he pulled on the throttle.

Whiz! whir!
What a stir!

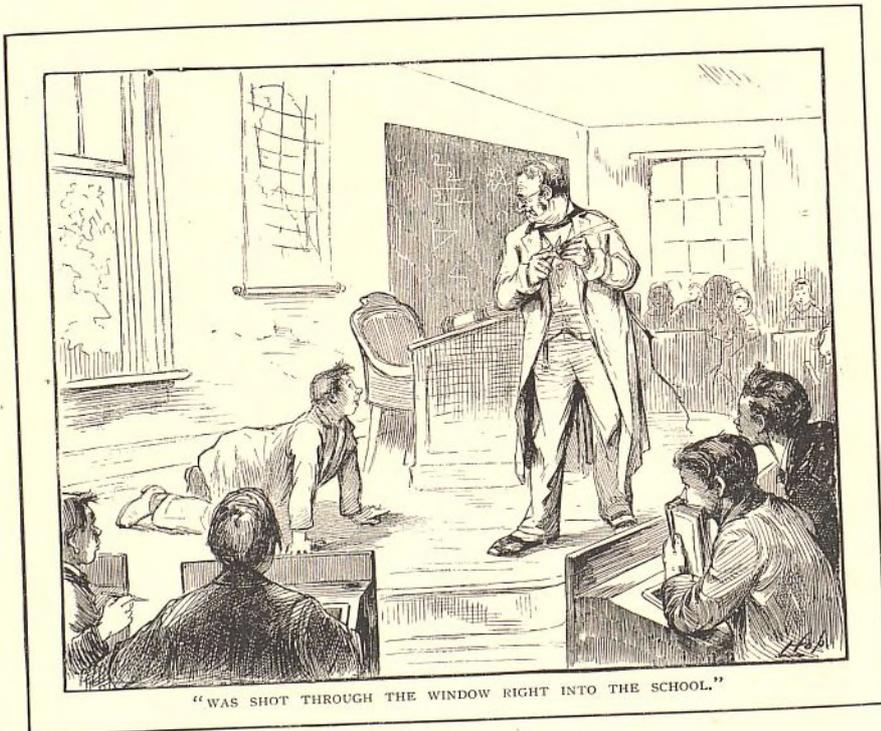
How excited they were,
As he dashed through the crowd like a shaft
from the bow,
Ran over two dogs, hit a fat man a blow
That knocked him a distance of ten feet,
I know.

Still faster and faster,
Like news of disaster,
He sped through the town and was soon out
of sight,
Unable to stop, and in terrible fright.

The dogs tried to catch him, the women
screamed out,
The men followed after with many a shout.
Farmer Jones's two horses ran madly away,
Though every one says they get nothing but
hay.

Thus, mile after mile, at the same rapid gait,
He dashed and he splashed, with his hair
standing straight,
And his eyes big as fists, and the mud flying
fast,
And the tears falling thick as the rain, till
at last

With a terrible shock
He struck a big rock,
Was thrown from his seat, sir, and straight
as a rule
Was shot through the window right into the
school.



"WAS SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW RIGHT INTO THE SCHOOL."

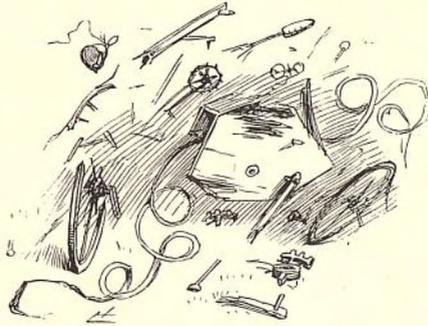
The trees skipped behind at a dizzying pace,
The fences on each side seemed running a race.
Up hill and down dale,
With the speed of a gale,
He whizzed o'er the road with a flap of coat-tail
Streaming out from behind, and his face
scared and pale.

The poor little scholars all started with fright,
For never before had they seen such a sight;
But the master, with wonderful presence of
mind
Remarked, as he quietly mended a pen,
"Master Bob, when you enter the school-room
again,

Come in at the door, sir! and, lest you should
waste
Your delicate breath, enter not in such haste."

The bicycle? Oh!
It split into hundreds of pieces, you know,

And each of the pieces is whirling away
In the parks, on the roads, and the meadows
to-day,
As this or that bicycle, patent applied for,
Though *I* can't imagine what boys like to
ride for.



THE PRINCESS WITH THE GLASS HEART.

Translated from the German of Richard Leander, by Anna Eichberg.

THERE are people who have glass hearts. Touch them ever so lightly and they vibrate like silver bells—roughly, and they break.

Once there lived a King and Queen who had three daughters, and all three had glass hearts. "Children," the Queen would say, "take care of your hearts, for they are brittle ware;" and they did take care.

One day, however, the oldest Princess leaned out of a window to watch the bees and butterflies flitting among the hollyhocks in the garden below. "Crack!" they heard something break, and the poor Princess fell back dead the next instant.

Another time the second Princess was drinking a cup of very hot coffee. "Crack!" was heard,—the same sound of breaking glass, only not quite so loud as before,—and in her turn the second Princess stumbled and fell. The Queen raised her with much care, and discovered to her great joy that she still lived—in fact, that her heart had only been cracked and would still hold together.

"What shall we do with our daughter?" the King and Queen said to each other. "Her heart is cracked, and be the damage ever so slight, one day it may fall to pieces. We shall have to be very careful of her."

"Don't worry," the Princess said, cheerfully, for

she had been listening; "cracked articles often last twice as long as others."

In the meantime, the youngest Princess had grown to be so beautiful, good, and wise, that kings' sons from all parts of the earth came to woo her. But the old King had grown wise by experience; he remarked that he had only one perfect daughter, and she, too, had a glass heart. He had concluded, therefore, to bestow her hand only on a king who at the same time was a glazier, and who would understand how to care for so delicate an article.

Unfortunately, among all the kings' sons who came a-wooing there was not one who understood glazing, and so they were all dismissed.

At this time there was among the royal pages one who was nearly graduated. That is, after he had borne the train of the youngest Princess three times, he would be considered a nobleman; the King would then congratulate him, and say: "Your education is finished, you are a nobleman. I thank you; you can go now."

The first time the page bore the Princess's train, he noticed how right royally she walked. The second time, the Princess said to him: "You have done well! Give me your hand, Sir Page, and lead me upstairs—but elegantly, as beseems a

royal page who leads a king's daughter." He obeyed, and remarked how magnificent was her dress, and that she seemed intent upon some noble thought.

At last, as for the third time he carried her train, the King's daughter turned to him, and said: "How admirably you bear my train! never before has it been carried so well!" And on that occasion the page noticed how very beautiful was her face. However, he was graduated now and a nobleman. The King congratulated and thanked him and remarked that, his education being completed, he might now go.

As he left the palace, the Princess stood at the garden gate. "You bore my train more gracefully than any other," she said; "would that you were a glazier and a king!"

He would try his utmost, he answered, and she must have patience, for he would certainly return. Then he went to a glazier, and asked him would he be willing to take an apprentice.

"Yes, but it will take you four years to learn," said the man.

"The first year you'll learn how to fetch the bread from the baker's, and wash, comb, and dress the children. The second year you'll learn how to smear cracks with putty; the third, how to cut glass and set it, and the fourth, you'll be a master glazier."

The page inquired if he might not begin with the fourth year, as that would be a clear saving

of time, but the glazier proved to him that a respectable glazier always begins at the beginning; so he had to be satisfied.

The first year he fetched the bread, and washed, combed, and dressed the children. The second year he smeared the cracks with putty; the third he learned to cut glass and set it, and the fourth

he became a master glazier. Then he dressed himself again as a nobleman, bade his master farewell, and then stopped to consider how he should manage to become a king.

Quite lost in thought, he went down the street, staring at the pavement, when a man came up to him and inquired what he had lost.

He had lost nothing, he answered, though he was searching for something — in fact, he was searching for a kingdom; indeed, he would be much obliged if the stranger would advise him how to become a king.

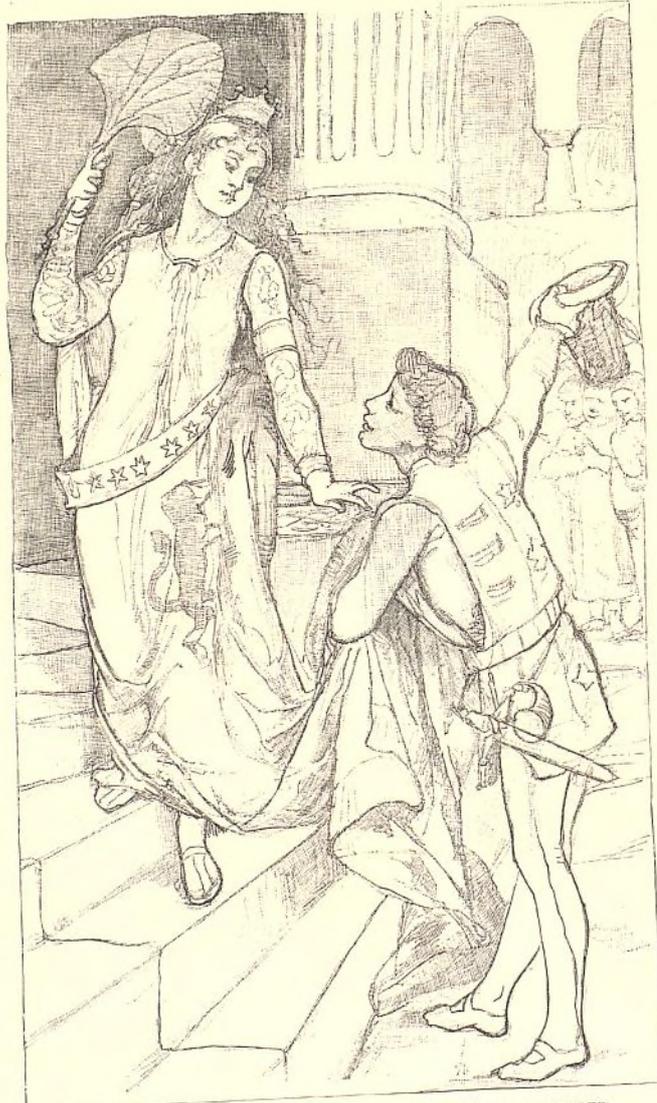
"I could tell you easily enough, if you were only a glazier," said the man.

"I am a glazier, for I have just finished my apprenticeship."

On hearing this, the man told him

the story of the three sisters with their glass hearts, and the old King's determination to bestow his daughter's hand only on a glazier.

"At first there was a condition, that the glazier must be either a king or a king's son. As it was impossible to find the two professions combined, king and glazier, the King has had to compromise,



THE PAGE TAKES HIS TURN AS THE PRINCESS'S TRAIN-BEARER.

as, indeed, the wisest people always do. One of the old conditions still remains—the suitor must be a glazier; but there are two new conditions.”



“THE FIRST YEAR HE WASHED AND DRESSED THE CHILDREN.”

“What are the new conditions?” the nobleman asked.

“Firstly, he must please the Princess; secondly, he must have fine, shapely, unroughened hands. Should a glazier please the Princess, and have such hands, the King will give him his daughter, and after his death he will be king.”

No sooner did the young nobleman hear this than he went to the palace, disclosed himself to the King, and reminded his majesty that he had been one of the royal pages, and that for love of the Princess he had become a glazier. Now he would like to marry her and reign himself after the King's death. The King sent for the Princess, and asked her if she liked the young nobleman. She said “yes,” for she recognized him immediately; and when the King desired him to take off his gloves, so that he could see if he had shapely hands, the Princess said it was quite unnecessary, as she had remarked his fine hands the day he led her upstairs. So, both conditions being fulfilled, the young nobleman became her husband.

As for the second Princess, she became an aunt—indeed, the very best aunt in the world, as everybody acknowledges. She taught the little Princesses to read and cut out dolls' clothes, and she examined the school reports of the little Princes. Whoever had a good report was praised and received a present; whoever had a bad one, had his ears boxed.

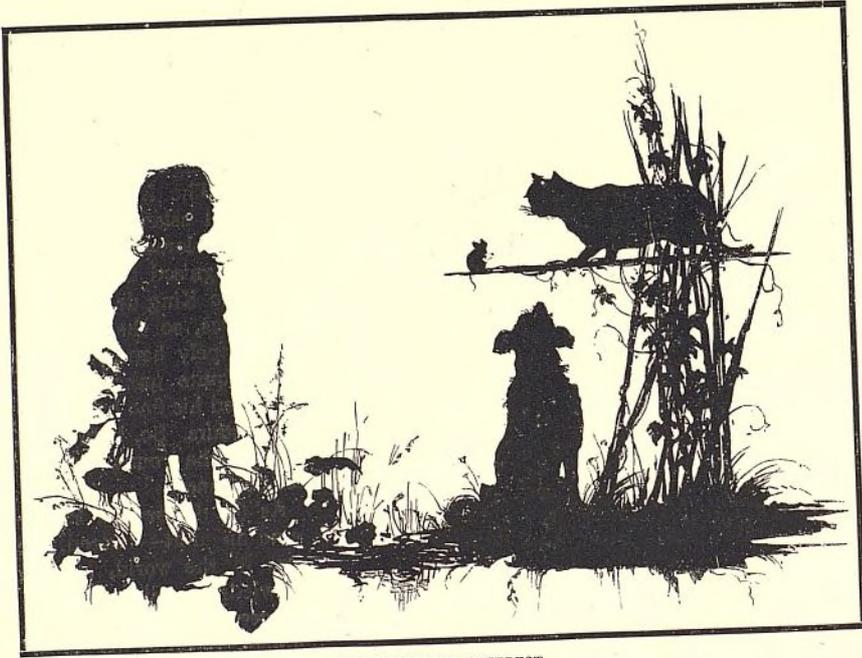
“What do you mean, you naughty Prince, by being such a lazy, good-for-nothing?” she would begin. “What's to become of you? Out with it—well?”

“K—k—king!” the offender would sob.

“King Midas, my dears, with the great long ears,” she would say, grimly looking at the other little Princes, and then the culprit would be terribly ashamed of himself.

The second Princess grew to be as old as the hills, though her heart was cracked; and when people wondered at this, she would say cheerfully, “Cracked articles always last the longest.”

That is true enough, for my mother has a white cream-jug covered with tiny flowers, that has been cracked as long as I can remember, and yet it still holds together and has outlived more new cream-jugs than I can count.



AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

POOR KATIE.

BY MARY WAGER FISHER.

SHE was one of the very best pupils in school in the city of St. Louis, but oh! so very, very poor, that, had it not been for her wise and brave little mother, I am sure she never would have gone to school at all. Katie was ten, and her brother Tim eight years old, and the brave little mother, who was three times as old as Katie,—which was not so very old after all,—had no one to help her to take care of them. But she had lived long enough to know that there was nothing in the world that could make up for ignorance, and nothing that everybody respected so much as a good education.

The winter when Katie became ten years old was like all the winters,—bitterly cold some days and sunny and bright on others, but never so warm but that a glowing fire was needed,—so that, with all the other things, there must be money for the coal.

Mrs. Lovell, Katie's mother, was a seamstress, and there were many days when she had but little work to do, and the pay was always small—only

a few cents for a garment that she must work at the whole day long. She made up linen and cotton fabrics for one of the great shops of the city; and when your mamma can buy you a ready-made frock for one dollar, you must know that whoever made the frock did not receive much money for the work. For out of the dollar must come the cost of the fabric, the thread and buttons, and Hamburg embroidery, maybe; and the cutter and the salesmen must also be paid. So you see that there could not possibly be much left for the seamstress.

Poor Katie's mother could have earned much more by going out to service with her needle. But, in order to do that, she would have been obliged to find a place for Katie and Tim. And that—oh! she could never do that, she thought. When night-time came she wanted her little ones at her knee. She would rather have their hugs and their kisses, the sound of their voices in her ears, and the patter of their little feet upon the stairs, as they came home from school, than all the

fine things that she could have in the rich families where she might live and sew. So she struggled to pay the rent of her two small rooms and to keep Tim and Katie in school.

In school — that was the great thing. “Plenty of money may come one day, little ones,” she would say, “but it will not be worth much if you do not know how to use it. This is the most wonderful country in the world, my birdies. Tim may be President and Katie a Mrs. President, and you can’t know too much of school-books. I’m sure that, when you’re grown up, you can never be glad and thankful enough that your mother sent you regularly to school. So don’t mind the patched clothes, and the holes in the shoes, but keep *at the head of the class*, if you have n’t a hat for your head!” And nearly every day she had something like that to say to them; so it was no wonder that they often forgot their poverty, and had better lessons than their class-mates.

But the winter Katie was eleven years old, the brave little mother had less money than ever before, and as the spring-time came on they grew so very poor that there was not always enough of bread left after breakfast to make a school-luncheon for Tim and Katie.

“Give it all to Tim,” Katie would say; “I believe I don’t want anything at noon.” Poor little Katie! How hard she tried to think that she was not hungry! How empty her hands felt at first as she trudged along without her dinner! And how her heart beat, and how the blood burnt in her cheeks, when the nooning came, and she of all the girls had no luncheon to eat! Oh, if anybody should notice it! she thought, and she studied how she might behave that nobody should know she was so very poor. The hunger in her stomach was not half so hard to bear as the fear that somebody would know that she had nothing to eat.

But, after a few days, poor Katie began to think that the girls noticed that she brought no luncheon. Then she thought that perhaps if she brought something that *looked* like one, they would never think about her eating it. How she thought it all out, I can not tell; but if any of you have ever been in trouble and tried to think your way out of it, perhaps you may remember that you thought of some very foolish and queer things, and this was the way with Katie. She might tie up a few coals in a paper, she thought, but her mother would need every coal to keep up the fire. There were some blocks in one corner of the small room — Tim’s blocks, that Santa Claus had brought him one Christmas, two or three winters before. She could tie up some of those in a paper for a make-believe luncheon, and nobody would know. So she tied up a few blocks neatly, and when her mother

noticed it as she started for school, and asked in surprise what she had in the paper, the poor child hung her head for a moment, and then burst into tears.

“Oh, Mamma.” she sobbed, “I wanted to make believe that I had some luncheon — it’s only Tim’s blocks!”

For one moment the little mother did not understand, and then suddenly it all came into her mind — how the pride of her child was wounded because she could not appear as the other school-children did, and that she had fixed upon that simple device to hide her want. And how it made her heart ache more than ever that her poor little girl must go hungry! But she would not deprive Katie of the poor comfort of trying to “keep up appearances,” and her throat was too full of choking lumps for her to trust herself to say much: so she smoothed the little girl’s hair and wiped away the tears from her face, and said bravely: “Never mind, Katie! Better days will come! Mother feels sure of it!” And then Katie slipped away with her little bundle, and the poor little mother sat down and sadly wept at the hardships that had befallen her little ones.

When the nooning came, Katie sat at her desk with her make-believe dinner before her. Her teacher noticed that she kept her seat, and seeing her luncheon, went to her and said: “Why do you not go into the lunch-room and eat your luncheon with the other girls?” at the same time reaching out for Katie’s bundle.

“Oh, teacher!” cried Katie, bursting into tears, “don’t touch it! and oh, teacher, don’t tell, please! *It’s only blocks!*”

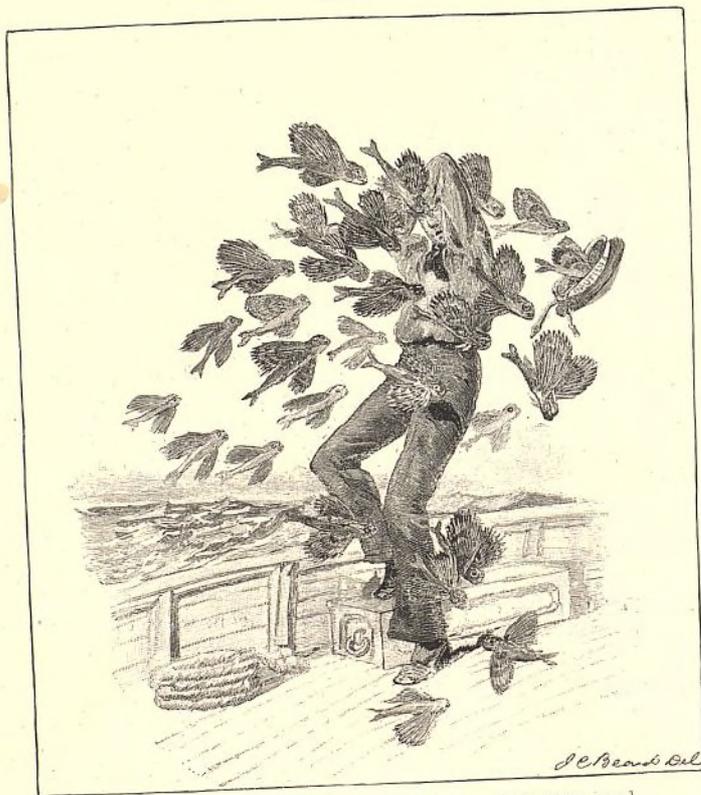
“*Only blocks!*” softly repeated the teacher, and tears filled her eyes. “Never mind, Katie, I’ll not tell the girls. You are a brave and a dear little girl, and one of the best in the school!”

Poor, poor child! The kind words were like manna to her heart; but, longing as the teacher was to give the child a portion of her own luncheon, she would not hurt her pride by the offer before others. But during a short session of the teachers when school was over, she related the incident, and spoke in such high terms of praise of the little girl, that each one resolved to do all possible to bring “better days” at once to the poor mother; and early next morning the better days began. No one touched the brave little mother’s self-respect by offering her charity, but plenty of work, with good pay, was carried to her, and enough of bread and milk, and new shoes, and coal, and all other needful things, soon came to their home through the mother’s industry. And Tim’s blocks went back into their corner, to stay there.

Happy little Katie!

FLYING WITHOUT WINGS.

By C. F. HOLDER.



A SAILOR'S ADVENTURE WITH GURNARDS. [SEE PAGE 435.]

As I write, there is a curious little brown-eyed creature darting about the room, now perched upon my shoulder, anon nibbling at my pen, balancing upon the edge of the inkstand, or sitting on its hind-legs upon the table, where it sportively tosses about a huge walnut. Now, spread out like a parachute, it is clinging to the window-shade, and now like a flash it springs into the air, coming down lightly, only to dart to some other elevation, thence to repeat its antics again and again.

As you must by this time suspect, my pet is a flying-squirrel — one of the familiar examples of a large number of animals that can move through the air without wings. If we closely examine this pretty little creature, we find that between the fore and hind legs there is an expansion of the skin, which, when the legs are spread out, offers a decided resistance to the air and buoys the animal up exactly as though it carried a parachute. When our tiny playmate is in mid-air, notice how

careful it is to hold its feet and hands (for it certainly uses its fore-feet as hands) out as far as possible, to catch all the air it can. If we look closely, we shall find attached to each of the hands a delicate bone, which, when the squirrel is in flight, act as booms for the curious sail in front.

But it is in the woods, in their native haunts, that these beautiful animals make their most wonderful leaps. From the tops of the tallest trees they launch themselves fearlessly into the air, coming down with a graceful swoop for a hundred feet or more; then, by a movement of the head, changing their course to an upward one, they rise ten or twelve feet, and finally alight upon the tree of their choice. They immediately scramble to the top to again soar away into the air, thus traveling through the woods from tree to tree much faster than you can follow them. How like they are to birds, building nests for their young, and moving through the air with almost equal freedom!

One of the most curious of this family is the sugar-squirrel—a beautiful creature, with large, curling ears of a delicate ash-color above and white beneath. Like many squirrels, it is a nocturnal or night animal, lying concealed in its nest in some hollow tree until the sun disappears, when it comes out, and spends the night in wonderful leaps from tree to tree, in search of food and perhaps amusement. When descending from a great height, it seems as though they must inevitably dash headlong against the ground, so precipitate is their flight; but this never happens. That they are able to change the direction of their flight while in mid-air seems a very natural and reasonable supposition, though only on one occasion has the accomplishment of this feat been observed. The incident is related of a squirrel, which was being brought to England from its home in New Holland. The sailors had made quite a pet of the little creature, which was a source of great amusement to them on account of its astonishing leaps from mast to mast. One day the squirrel climbed clear to the top of the mainmast of the vessel, and seemed to be afraid to come down again, so one of the men started after it. But just as he was about to grasp the truant, it expanded its broad, wing-like membrane, and shot off into the air. At the same moment the ship gave a heavy lurch to port. It seemed to all



FLYING-LIZARDS.



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

that their favorite must inevitably fall overboard; but, evidently seeing its danger, it suddenly changed its course, and with a broad and graceful curve sank lightly and safely upon the deck.

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In the forests of the islands constituting the Indian Archipelago is found a curious flying animal that forms the connecting link between the lemur and the bat. The natives call it the colugo, and also the "flying-fox," but it is more like a flying-monkey, as the lemurs are cousins of the monkeys. Like the bats, these animals sleep in the day-time, hanging from the limbs and branches of trees, head downward; but as evening comes on, they sally forth, often doing great harm to the fruit on the neighboring plantations. In some parts of Java they are so numerous that it is found necessary to protect the fruit-trees with huge nets. The extent of their flights through the air is something astonishing. They sometimes drop to the ground and hop along with a shuffling kind of leap, but if they are alarmed, they spring to the nearest tree and in a moment reach its top by a series of bounds. Out upon the branches they dart, and with a rush are off into space. Sailing through the air like some great bird, down they go obliquely, swift as an arrow, a hundred and fifty feet or more, rising again in a graceful curve and alighting safely on a distant tree. In these great leaps they carry their young, which cling to

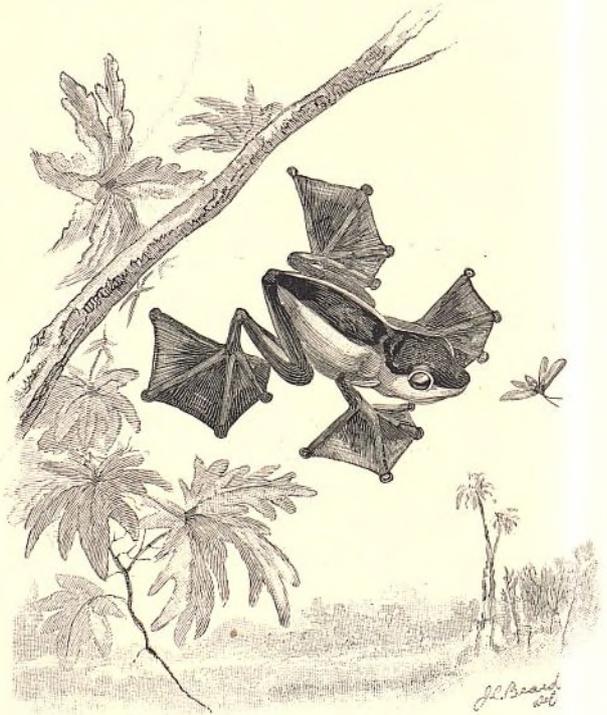
them, or sometimes follow them in their headlong flight, uttering hoarse and piercing cries. The colugos live almost exclusively on fruit, preferring plantains and the young and tender leaves of the cocoa-palm, though some writers aver that they have seen them dart into the air and actually catch birds. The flying-lemurs are perfectly harmless, and so gentle as to be easily tamed. They have lovely dark eyes and very intelligent and knowing faces.

In many old natural histories,—especially those of Aldrovandus and Gesner,—strange pictures are shown of dragons, with terrible heads, breath like steam, the feet and legs of a bird, and serpent-like skins. In the days of chivalry these dragons were very common, if we may believe the tales of the time, and every knight or gentleman with any pretensions to valor seems to have followed in the footsteps of St. George, according to the old romancers. But, in these days, the world has been so well traveled over that the dragons have been finally sifted down to one or two beautiful little creatures that live in India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Save for their harmless aspect, they have very much the appearance of the dragons of the olden time, and we suspect they were the originals of the tales that were certainly believed by the natural-history writers of past centuries. The dragons are small lizards that live among the trees, and though they have no wings, they move about through the air in graceful curves, with almost the freedom of birds. When they are upon a branch, you would hardly notice anything peculiar about them; but, let an insect pass by that they are particularly fond of, and, with a rush, several of them fly into the air. Between their legs is a curious membrane, encircling them like a parachute, banded and crossed with gorgeous tints of red and yellow, which glisten in the sun like molten gold. They seem to float in the air a second while snapping at the object of their pursuit; then they sink gracefully, alighting upon the trees or branches. The seeming wings are membranes—really an expansion of the skin of the flank, held in place by slender, bony processes connected with the false ribs, which shut up, as it were, when the “dragon” is resting, the wings appearing to be folded at the sides. They live upon insects, and dart after them from tree to tree with amazing rapidity, their long tails lashing the air like knives.

According to the naturalist Brontius, the com-

mon flying-lizard inflates a curious yellow goitre, or membrane, when it flies, thus rendering it lighter, and reminding us again of the birds, with their hollow bones. Thus assisted, they cross intervals of space as much as seven hundred feet in length faster than the eye can follow them. In darting across small streams, sometimes they fall short and come down in the water, when, of course, they are obliged to swim the remainder of the distance. Sometimes they are found in large streams, so it is not improbable that they go in swimming for the pleasure of it.

Equally curious as a flyer without wings is the *Rhacophorus*—a tree-toad found in New Holland. It also lives in the trees, and, to enable it to move



FLYING TREE-TOAD.

from one to another with safety and speed, is provided with immense webbed feet that serve the same purpose in sustaining it during flight as does the membrane of the draco (or flying-lizard). They launch themselves fearlessly from a branch, their feet held flat and toes stretched apart, and swoop down, then rise a few feet, finally alighting safely at their expected destination. Sometimes four or five are seen darting away together, looking like a flock of winged frogs or toads.

In the sea there are three flyers that really, from the extent of their flights, deserve the name.

Those of our readers who have been at sea, especially in the South, may have seen the common flying-fish, with its brilliant blue-and-silver body and lace-like, sheeny wings. From the crest of a blue wave they dart, singly or in flocks, fluttering along, rising and falling, turning in curves, and returning to the water with a splash—perhaps to fall a victim to some watchful bonito (or dolphin) that has been closely following them beneath the water. These privateers of the sea are their greatest enemies, as they rise in the air following them under water, and emerging just in time to catch the luckless flyers as they descend. The dolphins will take great leaps of twenty or thirty feet in following the poor flying-fish, which, notwithstanding their long wings and wonderful powers, often fall victims to their tireless pursuers. They frequently fly aboard vessels at night, perhaps attracted by the lights, or, it may be, caught up by the wind from the crest of some curling wave, and carried high in air against the sails.

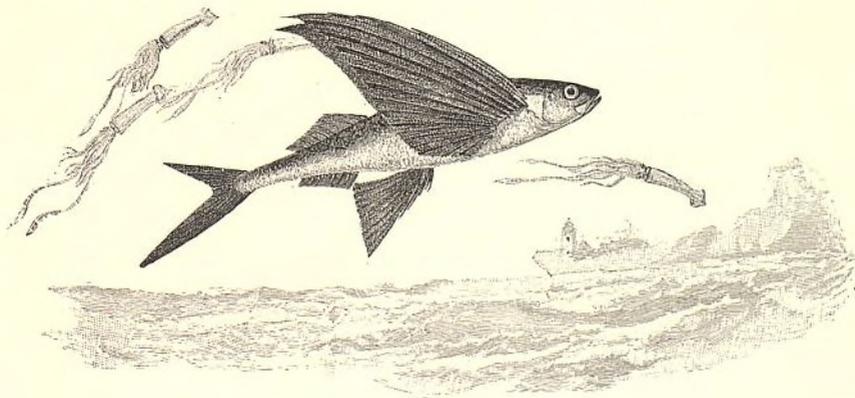
The gurnard, though it has also long, wing-like fins, presents otherwise a totally different appearance. Its head is inclosed in a bony armor, from which project two sharp spines. Some of these fish are of a rich pink color, while others are mottled with red, yellow, and blue, and as they fly along over the water, and the sunlight falls upon their glittering scales, they seem to glow with a golden luster. With such hard heads, it will not be surprising information that they are disagree-

able fellows to come in contact with; at least, so thought a sailor who was standing at dusk upon the quarter-deck of a vessel, near one of the West India islands. Suddenly, he found himself lying upon his back, knocked over by a monster gurnard that, with a score of others, had darted from the water, this one striking the man fairly in the forehead. The gurnards are also chased by dolphins, and they are frequently seen to rise in schools, to escape from the larger fish, while hovering above them are watchful gulls and man-of-war birds, ready to steal them from the jaws of their enemies of the sea.

In company with these flying-fish may often be seen curious white bodies, with long arms and black eyes. They are flying-squids, members of the cuttle-fish family, and the famous bait of the Newfoundland cod-fishermen. On the Banks they are often seen in vast shoals, and during storms tons of them are thrown upon the shore. When darting from wave to wave, they resemble silvery arrows, often rising and boarding ships in their headlong flight. So valuable are they for bait, that four or five hundred vessels at St. Pierre are engaged in catching them by means of jiggers.*

Many of the squid family leave the water when pursued. Even the largest of them, often forty or fifty feet long, have been seen to rise ten or fifteen feet in the air, and sail away as if propelled by some mysterious force, their hideous arms dripping and glistening. They are certainly the largest and strangest of the flyers without wings.

* A jigger is made by fastening a large number of fish-hooks together in a ball, points outward.



A FLYING FISH AND FLYING SQUIDS.

THE STORY OF MRS. POLLY ANN BUNCE'S BEST CAP.

TOLD BY MARY JANE.

MRS. POLLY ANN BUNCE was Beth Hall's grandmother, and she wanted to go to the convention at Providence.

"'T is n't likely, 'Liz'beth," she said to Beth's mother, "that I'll ever live to see many more of these anniversaries, and, as I am not so poorly as usual, this year, I think I'd like to go."

"Well," said Mrs. Hall, "I have been counting on spending a day with Lucius's wife, and I might as well go now and take you to the convention."

"I want to go to the convention, too," cried Beth. "And, anyhow, Mother, if I don't go to the convention, I should like to go to Providence."

Her mother looked very doubtful for a moment, and then said:

"Well, well, I'll see about it. We shall not go till next week Thursday, so don't begin to tease now, child."

By Wednesday Mrs. Hall had decided to take Beth with her to Providence, and as Dot and I needed new shoes, she offered to let us join the party.

There were quite a number of Tuckertown people going into town that day. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce went in the early train, but as there was not room for us in the carriage, Beth, Dot, and I were to follow in the next one, under the care of Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts.

Mrs. Hall said that this was a very nice arrangement, but Beth and I did n't think so, by any means. Aunt Jane says I have a prejudice against Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts, and that she is a good, generous woman. I suppose she is, but Beth and I consoled ourselves that day with the thought that, when we got to the station, we could run away from Mrs. Tibbetts and get a seat in another car. But she kept her eye on us every minute, and finally seated herself directly behind us.

"I don't care," I whispered to Beth. "In the big depot at Providence I know we can get away from her. We will hurry out of the cars ahead, and there will be so much noise we sha' n't hear her call after us. While we run out into the street, she will have to stay and look after her baggage. That is, if you know the way, Beth."

"Oh, yes, I know the way," said Beth.

We did n't have any baggage except Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce's best cap, in a box, which Mrs. Hall had given us to carry for her.

Well, everything happened exactly as we had

planned, and soon Mrs. Tibbetts and we had parted company. "Now," said Beth, "let's walk slowly and look into all the shop-windows. I want to spend *my* money right off."

Beth had a dollar, and Dot and I each fifty cents. Mrs. Hall had the money for our shoes.

I had just made up my mind to buy a lovely fan with a shepherdess painted on it, when Dot suddenly cried: "Why, where is Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce's best cap?"

Sure enough, where *was* it?

"It has gone on to Boston in the train," said Beth, faintly. "We left it in the cars in our hurry to get away from Mrs. Tibbetts."

"Oh, how Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce *will* look without any cap!" giggled Dot.

"And how do you think *you* will look when we have to tell that we lost it?" snapped Beth.

Dot, of course, began to cry.

"'T was n't *my* fault, Beth Hall. I'm a real little girl. It was your fault and Mary Jane's."

"It was the fault of all of us," said I. "But I don't care, for we can buy her a new cap. We have money enough, I'm sure."

"Yes, but I had rather buy candy than caps," whined Dot.

"Mary Jane," said Beth, "if you and Dot will give your money, we will have two dollars altogether. How much do you suppose caps cost?"

"I dunno," answered Dot; "I never buy 'em."

At that we all laughed, and Beth said they were ugly things anyhow, and ought not to be more than a dollar. In that case, we should have fifty cents left to spend.

Pretty soon we came to a place where there were bonnets in the window, and we thought they would keep caps there, too.

"Mary Jane, you ought to ask," said Beth. "You are the oldest."

"I'm only two weeks older than you," said I, "and I've done enough things to make up for those two weeks long ago."

"Well, if not the oldest, the youngest, then. The middle person never does anything," Beth said, with a nod at Dot.

There *are* folks who slip out of everything, and Beth Hall is one. I was glad when Dot said:

"But it is n't *my* grandma's cap. I think Beth ought to ask for it."

"Come, Mary Jane," said Beth, "I *dare* you to do it."

Of course, I *had* to do it then. "I guess I'm not afraid," I said, and walked right into the shop.

There were three girls behind the show-case. I said to one of them: "I've come to look at caps."

They all looked at each other and began to laugh in a most disagreeable way, and one of them asked: "For yourself, madam?"

I knew she was making fun of me, and was just going to say that we would go to some other shop, when Dot burst out: "Why, Mary Jane 's only a little girl. *She* don't wear caps. It 's for Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce, and she is an old, old lady."

"Well, you know there are a great many different styles of caps," said the girl to me. "What kind do you want?"

"We want a *cheap* kind," said Beth.

I had no idea there were so many different kinds of caps. There was one very fancy one with wheat sticking out of the ruche, and a bunch of grapes on one side in a bow made of pink ribbon. We thought this cap would be very expensive,—it had so much trimming on it,—but it turned out to be the very cheapest one in the shop. I suppose that was because the ribbon was shop-worn. I liked better the black one with the two lace tabs hanging down behind and the purple bow on the top—but just think! that was seventeen dollars! Real lace, you see.

There was still another, with just a ruche and plain muslin strings, which looked somehow just like Mrs. Bunce's; but it was two dollars, and would take all our money. So Beth took up the one with the grapes again, and said to me:

"Oh, what shall we do, Mary Jane? I'm afraid Grandma wont like this cap."

"Did she send you to buy one for her?" said the second girl, who was leaning over the counter and staring at us.

"Why, no!" Beth answered; "but we lost her cap coming from Tuckertown. We left it in the cars, and now we have got to buy her another."

"The poor little things!" said the third girl. "They are afraid to go home without a cap. Could n't we fix up one for them for a dollar and a half, Eliza? There 's the one we began for Mrs. Jonas Jones; with a ruche instead of the lace, it will look very nice. I dare say they will get a scolding for losing the cap."

"Yes, indeed!" put in Beth, and I never saw her look so wretched before or since. "You had better believe my grandma will scold, with no cap to wear all day, and she a-visiting, too. I dare say we wont be allowed to have any dinner at all, and I'm so hungry!"

"So am I!" I said, and Dot looked ready to cry.

"There, now, you just cheer up, darling!" said the one they called Eliza, with a very sympathizing

look at Dot, whose lip was quivering beautifully. "We will fix up a nice cap for you, all for one dollar and a half."

While she was at work we looked again at the other cap. "I don't believe my grandma would wear it," began Beth. "It 's a very queer-looking thing, anyhow!"

"Yes, indeed—with those grapes and that faded ribbon," said I, as the girl, holding up the cap she had just finished, exclaimed: "There, that 's a bargain for you at one dollar and a half!"

"I should say it was!" said an awful voice from the door. "Eliza Shaw, what do you mean by selling that cap for a dollar and a half?"

We saw at once that the new-comer was the owner of the shop, and that she was as mad as a hornet, besides.

"They can't pay but a dollar and a half," said the girl, but her face turned very red as she spoke.

"Well, let them have the one with the grapes and the pink ribbon, then. That's a dollar and a half, and the only one in the store for that ridiculous price!"

The girl put the nice cap she had just finished in a box, and held out the other one, saying: "Well, this is the best I can do for you, then, after all."

Ruth looked at me and I looked at Ruth, while Dot said: "I'm sure it 's good enough."

"I hope your grandma will think so," said I to Beth.

"Well, maybe she will," sighed Beth, gloomily. "She called *me* an ungrateful girl, 'cause I said I would n't wear that sun-bonnet Mother bought for me. So I hope she wont despise this costly, handsome cap."

"Yes, a nice, handsome cap, with grapes and lots of trimming on it!" added Dot.

While the girl had been tying the cap up for us, we had been leaning on the show-case, and, just at that moment, the glass gave way with a crash beneath our arms.

"Oh, my! what a thin glass it must have been," said Beth, turning pale.

"My gracious! *Thin!*" said the first girl. "I'm afraid you 'll find it will cost you enough to have it mended. It will be ten dollars, if it 's a cent!"

"But I never had so much money as that, in my life!" cried Beth. "We can't pay for it!"

The woman who had refused to let us have the cap now came tearing up to us, exclaiming:

"Give me every penny you have, and then clear out of my shop!" She seized Dot as she spoke, and we soon found ourselves standing outside on the pavement, with no money and no cap.

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful woman!" cried Beth. "And was n't she just as mad as a hatter!"

"You mean as mad as a *capper*," said I; but Beth was too frightened to see the joke.

In fact, we were all half crying by the time we reached the house. We wondered if Mrs. Bunce would wear her bonnet all day, and Dot said she would lend her her pocket-handkerchief, and welcome. But, in any case, we were prepared for a scolding.

"Why, where on earth have you been?" cried Beth's mother, as we slunk into the room. "Mrs. Tibbetts said you hurried off so she could n't keep up with you."

"Why-ee!" exclaimed Dot. "Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce has got her cap on!"

I raised my eyes from the carpet, and lo and behold! there sat Mrs. Bunce, and on her head was the very cap we had left in the cars.

"Yes; Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts brought it," said Mrs. Bunce, serenely. "The day would be spoiled

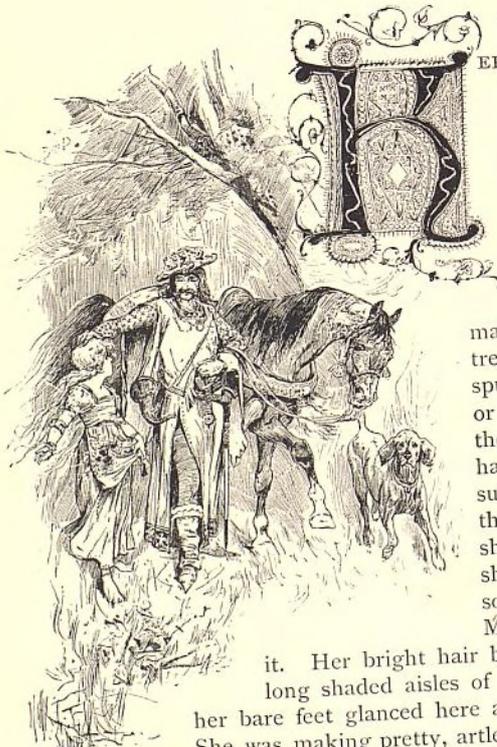
for me without my cap," she said, "and you children did n't want the trouble of it, so she took care of it herself. I'm sure I'm glad I did n't have to wait for it till you got here, though Lucius's wife said she would lend me a cap; but, bless me! it was such a smart-looking one, I should never think of wearing it. Pink ribbons on it!" added Grandma Bunce, with a real horrified look.

Beth and I often wonder whether Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts brought that cap from Tuckertown, or whether we left it in the cars and she found it; but, as near as we could find out, she never told any one how we ran away from her in the depot at Providence, nor how near Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce came to losing her cap.

And, somehow, we have liked Mrs. Tibbetts a great deal better since then, and I, for one, have concluded that it is very silly to take prejudices against good, generous women.

THE SAD LITTLE PRINCE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.



HER name was a plain and common one, but everybody had got into the fashion of calling her Little Marigold. The reason they so called her was because of her golden-brown skin, tanned by days and days of romping about in the sun, and her flossy yellow hair that made a lovely cloud, colored like ripe wheat, above her pink, mirthful mouth and her dancing eyes.

Little Marigold lived on the borders of a great forest, many years ago, in a country that would sound strange if I should name it. Her father was a woodman, and plied his ax all day over the trunks of tough trees, winning scanty wages for his labor. Her mother spun at a large wheel in the door-way of their rude cabin, or cooked the barley and lentils that served the three for their frugal meals. But of late, when our tale begins, there had been a dreary famine among the peasant-folk, and even such coarse fare was hard to gain. One day it chanced that, as she stood beside her parents' cabin, a spot of sunshine flickered through the breezy boughs overhead, and shifted here and there on the turf below. It was shaped something like a big golden butterfly, and, as it moved, Marigold made little playful gestures as though to catch

it. Her bright hair blew out wide in the soft wind that came rustling through long shaded aisles of forest; her dress was of some old dark-crimson stuff, and her bare feet glanced here and there on the sward, like brown oak-leaves in autumn. She was making pretty, artless gestures with her lifted arms, stooping every minute, as though to seize the airy, flitting scrap of sunshine. But suddenly an unusual sound startled her quick ears; she turned, letting both arms fall at her sides. She was surprised and a little ashamed, but

her sweet, tawny face was still full of childish merriment.

Before her was a gentleman on a glossy white horse, that arched its neck and pawed the ground with restless hoof-strokes. He wore a hunting-costume of dark-green cloth, and a silver horn hung at his side. He seemed about to address Marigold, when several other horsemen joined him, galloping hastily around an angle of close-growing trees.

All these new-comers drew rein when they saw their companion. All save one of them wore dark-green hunting-dresses and carried silver horns; but he who seemed their leader sat his horse with a prouder air than any of the others, and was clad in purple velvet, with a diamond star that flashed on his breast. He had long, flowing hair, that broke into little curls where it touched his shoulders, and his blue eyes had a sparkle in them that was like the laugh of a brook. Little Marigold thought him a wondrously handsome gentleman; she felt certain at once that he was much finer and grander than any of his associates; the horn that dangled from his saddle-bow was of enameled gold, and an immense feather, black and shining like the steed he bestrode, curved downward from his purple cap, half shadowing his genial face.

"I fear we have lost our way, little maiden," said this brilliant person, addressing Marigold, while his associates drew respectfully backward on either side of him. "We have been hunting in the wood, as you see, and the excitement of the chase has led us far from our proper course. You seem a very bright little damsel. Can you tell us, then, the shortest road from this spot to the city gates?"

"Great sir," answered Marigold, dropping a little courtesy which had never been taught her, but which came to her as naturally as its light sway to the lily, "I have never been, myself, to the city, but I well know the road leading thither, and if you will follow me for a short space through the wood, I will gladly show it."

Without waiting any answer, Marigold went tripping past the horsemen; and then, while pausing for a moment, she beckoned to the whole cavalcade with such a beaming smile and such perfect grace that the group of gentlemen exchanged looks of surprise.

But the gentleman in the purple robe gave a mellow laugh, and cried out to Marigold, as she was dancing onward over the smooth sward of the forest: "Nay, little one, you shall come and walk at my side."

And with these words he sprang from his horse, while Marigold again paused, quite frightened by this proffered courtesy. He presently

reached her, and they moved along together. Behind them followed the group of huntsmen, all reining in their impatient horses, whose bold, dark eyes told that they still longed to scour the woodland with flying hoofs.

"I think you must always be happy," said Marigold's companion. "Tell me," he went on, "are you ever sad?"

"Sometimes, my lord," said Marigold. "I often fancy it is, perhaps, wrong," she added, gently, "that I should keep so light a heart. For though the world is full of pleasant things, there is much hereabouts to make me very grieved and sorry."

"Tell me what it is," said the gentleman, stroking the child's hair, "and, if possible, I will see that it troubles you no more."

"Oh!" cried Marigold, clasping both hands together, "I mean all the people for miles about, who are sick and dying with the famine! If you could only help them, kind sir, I should be happy indeed!"

For a moment the mirth had gone from Marigold's face, and an eager pleading filled it. But there came a sudden darkness upon the brow of him who walked beside her. "Oh! that is a state question," he said, in his beard, as the phrase goes, and laughed a harsh bit of a laugh. "It is a matter for the King to settle, and not a little girl."

Marigold looked up into the speaker's face, with a guilty alarm on her own. "Perhaps you know the King?" she faltered. "If so, pray forgive me. I meant no harm."

The stranger gave another laugh, not loud, but very jovial. He paused, and Marigold paused too, and the whole cavalcade halted behind them.

"Little one," he said, "I, myself, am the King!"

Marigold could not speak then, for sheer alarm kept her silent. But the King, after watching her dismay, soon said, in gracious tones, "I have told you who I am; now let me know your name."

"I am called Little Marigold, please your majesty," replied the child, lowering her eyes.

"A fit name for so merry a little maid," said the King, with another of his careless laughs. And then, turning toward the huntsmen of his suite, he held converse with them for several moments in a low voice.

"I want you to let me take you home with me, little one," he at length said. "Do not fear; you shall be treated with all kindness: you shall dwell in a beautiful palace, and go back again to your parents as soon as you weary for a freer life. And I will have word sent to them whither you are gone, so that they shall not mourn

you as lost. There is a great favor which you may perhaps have it in your power to perform for me. What that favor is I will tell you as we ride through the forest."

Then, with no more ado, the King caught Little Marigold in his arms and placed her upon the saddle, himself mounting the steed a moment afterward. She felt the King's arm firmly holding her; the long plume from his cap brushed her cheek; the jewels that studded his horse's reins flashed before her eyes. And presently the King's voice sounded close at her ear, questioning whether their course was the proper one. Marigold calmed her puzzled wits as best she could, and told him that they would soon quit these fragrant glades and hollows for the open road which led to the city. And when it had indeed happened, as the child stated, the King once more addressed her.

"Now," he began, "you shall learn what is the service that I ask of you, and that I only hope you can fulfill. At home in my palace I have a son of about your own age, who is called by nearly every body, I regret to say, 'The Sad Little Prince.' There is only too good a reason why he should have won this name. His mother died when he was very young, and he can not remember her loss. For some few years he was as gay a child as any in my kingdom, but of late months a strange melancholy has fallen upon him which there is no driving away. In vain the most famous doctors have argued together over his singular case. None of them can tell just where the trouble lies. It is not bodily sickness, but rather a malady of the mind, which makes him care for no sport, take heed of no event. All day he sits pale, languid, silent. Every means has been tried to rouse and interest him, but with no avail. Now, Little Marigold, when I saw to-day the joy and peace in that sun-brown face of yours, the fancy struck me that your company might perhaps charm away these dismal vapors from my son's brain. I would have you go into his presence clothed just as you are—like one fresh from another world than his own. I would have you speak to him with the same looks and tones you always use. Forget that he is a prince; treat him as you would treat one of your tanned, romping playmates. Will you do this to please me, Little Marigold?"

"I will try, your majesty," murmured Marigold, feeling as if she had fallen asleep in some meadow or lane, as she would often do if the noon were hot, and had dreamed that the King spoke to her thus and was carrying her to the great city on his rich-harnessed steed.

But it was no dream; for just at twilight they came to an open country where the land was quite without trees, like a moor, save that it shelved

downward in one vast slope. And at the foot of the slope lay an enormous cluster of dwellings cut with dark streets, and having many domes and spires that stood clear against the rosy evening heaven. This was the city, and through its heart curved a river that looked like a huge silver sickle thrown down in its midst. And in the sky overhead, only low toward its edge, hung a large white star, like a human eye full of dreamy wonder.

But it was nearly night when they reached the gates of the city, and two massive iron doors were swung apart for them to pass within. And now, as they rode along, Little Marigold saw people sitting in the door-ways of rude, narrow dwellings, for the night was sultry. And the faces of these people were wan and haggard, reminding her of other faces in the village near her father's home. And once she thought she heard a bitter groan from a knot of ragged men as their mounted train clattered past; and again she caught a glimpse of a thin woman and a half-starved girl, who bent above a baby that had its eyes closed and seemed to gasp for breath.

Then one of the gentlemen behind called out to the King: "It is too bad that your majesty was forced to enter by this gate and ride through these vile streets."

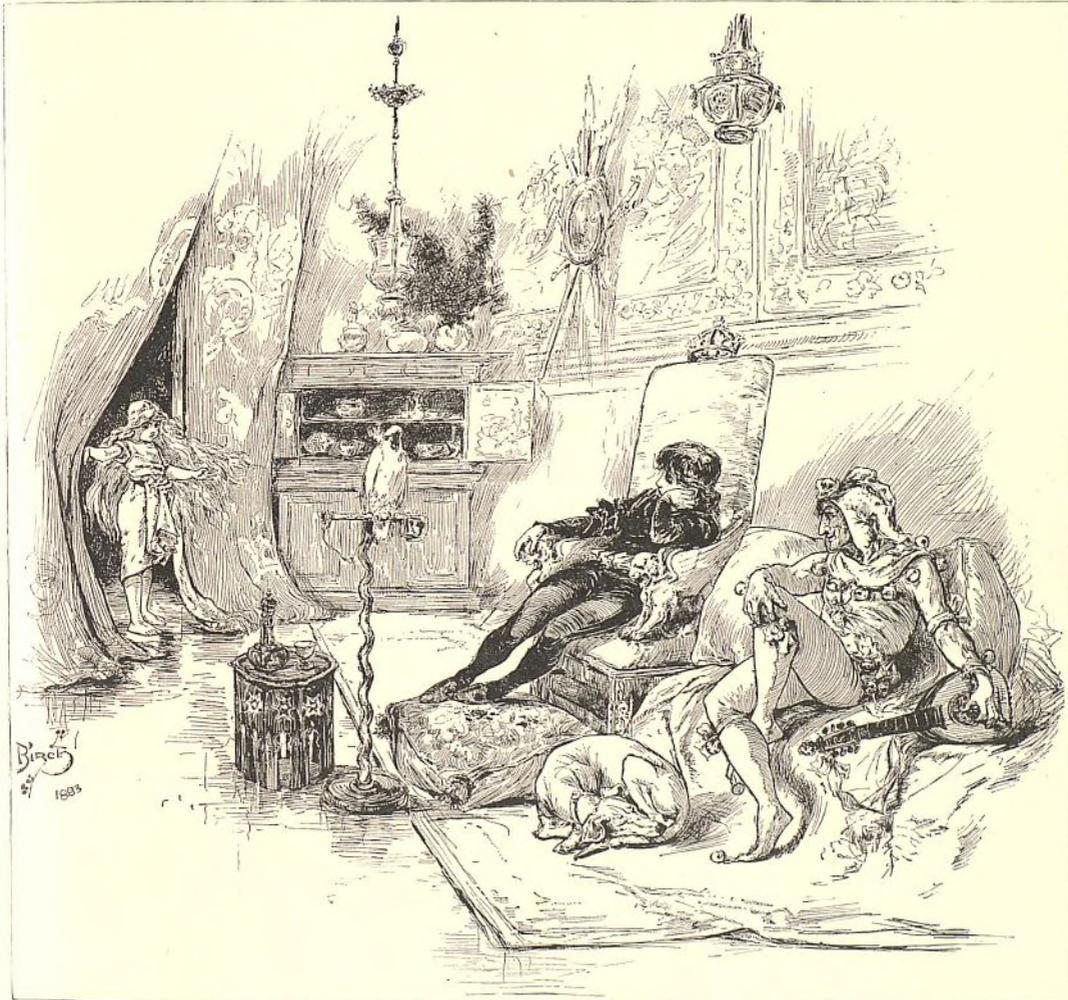
"No matter," said the King, lightly; "it will soon be over."

And he spoke the truth, for in a brief space of time these unsightly houses changed to stately mansions, and at length they reached a great marble palace, whose pale walls seemed to touch the stars. Proud flights of steps ran up to its wide portals, and here armed men kept guard; while below, on the dark, rolling lawns, were walks rimmed with high shrubs, and statues gleaming from rounded groves of firs. The King dismounted and his gentlemen did the same; then, while a throng of grooms led away their heated horses, the whole company ascended the palace-stairs. The King held Little Marigold by the hand, guiding her short, timid steps. Then they passed through several rooms whose splendors made the child's eyes glisten with their excess of light and beauty; and, at length, the King joined a group of waiting-women who wore peaked coifs and veils, like the court-ladies in old pictures. To the foremost of these he spoke a few low words, afterward giving Marigold to her charge. Then he waved an adieu to the child, and went away, twirling his mustache and humming a song.

Marigold soon found that she was not to see the Sad Little Prince that evening, for two of the waiting-women now led her to a chamber where there was a gilded bed hung with silken draperies.

Then they undressed her, laughing at the shapely plumpness of her childish limbs, and placed her within the bed, beneath a broided coverlid. Marigold was very tired; it was past her hour for rest. She fell at once into a deep sleep, and only awoke when the sun was shining into the grand room, and some sort of bird whose breast burned

waiting-women took her by the hand, and they passed together down a long hall, where the arched windows were stained with many tints. A page came lightly toward them with a flagon of wine in his hands. But the boy tripped and fell, and a burst of laughter rang from a lounging group of other pages as the red wine broke over the oaken



MARIGOLD MEETS THE SAD LITTLE PRINCE.

like flame was singing with sweet madness from a cage hung in an oriel window.

But scarcely was Little Marigold well awake before the same attendants who had placed her in bed drew her gently forth. They clad her once more in the coarse frock she had worn last night, and left her still barefoot, such being the King's wish. Then they gave her some rare fruit to eat and milk to drink from a golden bowl, and when she had sated both hunger and thirst, one of the

floor; and two little dwarfs, in scarlet-and-yellow jerkins covered with tiny bells, who sat with legs akimbo and a board of chess-men between them, grinned and chattered to each other when they saw the poor page's discomfort.

But presently the waiting-woman led the child between the folds of an arras, threaded another hall, and at length entered a chamber where the light was made dim, like that of a cloudy day just after sunset. Here the walls were hung with

choice pictured tapestries, where ladies held falcons on their wrists or fleet deer bounded through thickets. In a massive chair, whose carved back rose far above him, sat a slender youth with his head leaning upon his hand, and with dark lengths of hair falling about a pale, beautiful face, shaped like a heart. He did not move as Marigold and her companion approached him, but merely turned upon them a pair of eyes so dark, listless, and melancholy that they seemed to tell of some grief beyond any words.

"It is the Sad Little Prince," whispered the waiting-woman to Marigold. "I will leave you with him. It is the King's wish. Have no fear, but draw near him and speak to him just as your mood prompts." And with these words the waiting-woman glided from the chamber.

Marigold stood for some time gazing at the Prince. She did not feel at all afraid, though he was looking at her quite steadily. Crouched beside his chair was a great hound, with meek eyes and a drab skin of satin gloss, and not far away, on a pile of cushions, lounged a court-jester, whose bells jingled from every part of his many-colored clothes as he started up to get a better view of Marigold's ill-clad little form.

"Ho! ho!" laughed the jester, showing all his teeth in a funny grimace, "whom have we here, by all that is odd? May it please your highness," he went on, addressing the Prince, "this is a beggar-child who has come to wear your velvet doublet and play prince in your place, since you are no merrier than a graveyard, and tax the wits of your poor fool to divert you, till he feels as stupid as one of your father's own prime ministers."

"Peace, Fool," said the Prince, not angrily, but with a ring of command in his voice. "Go," he added, waving his hand with a weary gesture; and the fool at once rose, surprised that his young master should pay him enough note even to dismiss him from the royal presence. Jingling his bells, and turning his queer, wizened face twice or thrice toward Marigold, the fool slowly trundled from the room.

And now Marigold and the Sad Little Prince were left alone together.

"Pray tell me who you are," the Prince said, in slow, grave tones, after he had looked a long while at Marigold, "and why you have been brought here."

"I am Little Marigold," was the answer. "The King, your father, has sent me hither. He hopes that I can cure you of your great sadness, though I much fear that I have no art to do so."

The Prince shook his head. His eyes wandered toward the greyhound lying at his feet, with its long drab nose resting on its slim paws. Mari-

gold drew nearer, and smoothed the hound's sleek skin and patted its head.

"Do you pity it because it is a dog?" asked the Prince, softly.

Marigold thought for a moment. "Indeed, no," she presently answered, "for there are many human beings who are not so happy as dogs."

The Prince started. "I see no unhappy people," he said; and then, with a heavy sigh, he added—"except myself."

"Why are you unhappy?" asked Marigold, very tenderly. The smile which had so won the King was on her lips now, but her blue eyes had a sweet, sober spark in each of them.

"I do not know," said the Prince, with another sigh; "do you?"

"You seem to have everything that brings happiness," replied Marigold. "You are not sick?"

"Oh, no!"

"You are not poor," continued Marigold.

"Poor!" repeated the Prince, in a puzzled voice; "what is that?"

"Ah, do you not know what it is?" exclaimed Marigold, clasping her little hands together, while a look of deep sorrow filled her face. "Often enough it is to see those whom we love suffer for food, for rest, for all that makes life dear and good!"

The Prince seemed to muse; his dark eyes had brightened a little. "I do not know what it means to love anybody," he said.

"Ah," cried Marigold, softly, "do you not love your father, Prince?"

An eager yet troubled look crossed the Prince's face now. "I have never thought about loving the King," he said. "I have been taught to bow before him—to do him honor; that is all. He is always going to the hunt, or to a state council, or to a ball when we meet. He pats my head; he tells me to be cheerful; he laughs with the waiting-ladies while he talks to me; he has only a few minutes to stay; people bring him messages, letters; perhaps some one of the gentlemen says: 'Your majesty will be late.' Then he twirls his mustache and answers: 'Ah, true!' and then he goes. It is always that way; he has no sooner come than he is going. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Marigold, thoughtfully, "I understand."

"None of the others will let me love them," continued the Prince. "I think it is because they fear me too much. Only a few have the right to speak when I do not address them. Once I asked why this was so, and a page told me it was because I am so great. I do not feel at all great; surely, I look very frail and small; every mirror in the palace tells me that. And yet, do you know, Little Marigold, that it takes five gentlemen-in-waiting

to put me to bed, and five more to give me my dinner?"

"That must be very bad," said Marigold. She was thinking of how she ate her own dinner of barley or boiled herbs, sometimes carrying it out under the big wild-grape vine near the old well, with no attendants but a stray thrush among the leaves, or the quaint grigs in the grass.

"Now tell me of these whom you call the poor," said the Prince, and he laid one of his slight hands on Marigold's plump arm.

And then Marigold answered, to the best of her young wit. And when she told him of the famine and woe that she had seen here in his father's own city, and how people said that all the evil sprang from the King's heedless rule, the Prince leaned his head on his hand and sat mute for a very long time, with lowered eyes.

But at last several courtiers entered the chamber, and Marigold was led away and left in a great room that overlooked a marble balcony half smothered in pink roses. She watched the joyous view till she grew tired; then she dropped asleep on a great damask couch, and the sun slanted low, and the day darkened around her while she slept.

It was quite dark when something awoke her. But the light of a taper shone in her face, and while starting up from the couch she saw that the Prince stood beside her. Some one else held the taper, however, and, as Marigold's senses cleared, she perceived that this some one was the fool whom she had seen in the morning. But he might now have passed for a wise man, this same fool, his gaudy, bell-trimmed dress being changed for one of dark cloth. And the Prince was likewise clad.

Then, while Marigold was rubbing her eyes, since she was still but half awake, the Prince touched her arm and said, in a voice that was faint, yet clear and firm:

"Do not be afraid, Little Marigold. It is only the fool and I. He has helped me, as I knew that he would, and you and he and I are going on a journey."

"On a journey!" repeated Marigold, now quite roused.

"Yes," replied the Prince. "You shall see. Make no noise, but come with us."

The Prince held out his hand. Marigold rose and took it. Then the three passed from the room, and went through many long, still corridors, guided by the fool, who had blown out his taper, since the lamps hanging in these various passages made it no longer needful. And at length they came forth into the open starlight, through a small outer door which the fool unlocked with a key that he carried.

Then they stole across the palace grounds, in and out of the groves and bosks of shrubbery, fearful of being discovered by the guards. But the fool was wary, taking a roundabout route and letting his keen eyes peer through the darkness with much caution. And at last they reached the street through a narrow gate-way to which the fool, by some artful means of his own, had also procured a key.

"Let us follow him," whispered the Prince to Marigold, pointing toward the fool, who walked ahead. "He knows where I wish to go."

The Prince had given Marigold a dark cloak like that which he himself wore. The hour was still early; they met several passers, but their plain attire and the obscure dusk together saved them from notice. For some time the streets which they traversed were of noble breadth and lined with wealthy homes; but finally these grew crooked, ill-lit, and noisome. Groups of ragged people lounged in the door-ways; sometimes a child's cry sounded shrill and mournful; here and there a candle flickered in the small, cramped rooms, where gaunt forms lay stretched in weary postures.

The fool paused and looked at his young master. The Prince grasped little Marigold's hand still tighter, and shuddered.

"And so these are the poor?" he said, in low yet deep tones.

"Yes," said Marigold.

"Strange!" murmured the Prince, as if to himself. "I have never known of them till to-day. What right had I to be sad when these were suffering and dying so near me?"

The fool came close to the Prince's side. His lean, grim face was all wrinkled with hidden laughter. "So ho! your highness," he chuckled, "here are the folk that pay for your royal father's feasts and hunts. The roasted ortolans and peacocks, the costly fish and the precious wines, are all flavored with their tears, only you that eat and loll at your ease don't care for that."

The Prince grew pale in the faint light where they stood; the fool half turned away, chuckling to himself.

"I wonder if he is really a fool?" thought Marigold. "I hardly understand what he says, but it does not sound very foolish, somehow."

Just then the Prince moved toward a group of rough men in tattered garments, who stood together under one of the few lamps. He drew Marigold along with him. "Be careful, your highness," whispered the fool; but whether the Prince heard or no, he did not heed this warning.

"Will you tell me what it is that makes you poor?" he said, looking straight at the nearest

man of the group, and speaking with bold yet mild voice.

The man stared and laughed; he had on a dingy, wine-red jerkin that was frayed and torn; one of his feet was bare, the other wore a shoe with a long point at the toe and trodden down at the heel.

"What makes me poor, my lad?" he said, while the laugh died on his lips and a drawn, fierce look followed it. "Why, because the King and his court feast and game and hunt all day long, and lay taxes on the people to help feed their pleasures."

There was a silence. "Then the King is not a good man?" asked the Prince, with his dark, still eyes fixed full on the hollow-cheeked face above his own.

"He's a brave King," cried another voice in the crowd. "He fought well in the last wars. We can't forget that."

An old woman had pushed forward by this time, joining the gathered men. Gray hairs straggled over her brow, seamed with deep lines; her dress was a mass of rags. Want had gnawed her to the bone. She lifted one skinny hand and shook it with an air of rage.

"Who cares if the King is brave?" she cried, her voice all a wild whine. "We forget it, and it is he who makes us forget it. He fills himself with good cheer while we starve. He has no more time to make just laws for his realm. He must tread the dance instead, with the last court-beauty; he must play at tennis; he must rattle the dice with his lords; he must squander dainties on his son—him that they call the Sad Little Prince. Sad, indeed! He should have something to make him sad, the idle, lounging youth! Let him come here and see the babies dying on their mothers' breasts! Let him live on a crust a day, and less, as we are forced to live! Then he might be sad in good earnest. Then he might droop in his gilded chair, and dream that the whole world had gone awry! Bah! I would like to speak my mind to the King! I would like to say my say to the spoiled boy that he loads with sweets whose cost for one week would keep us wretches hale and strong for a year!"

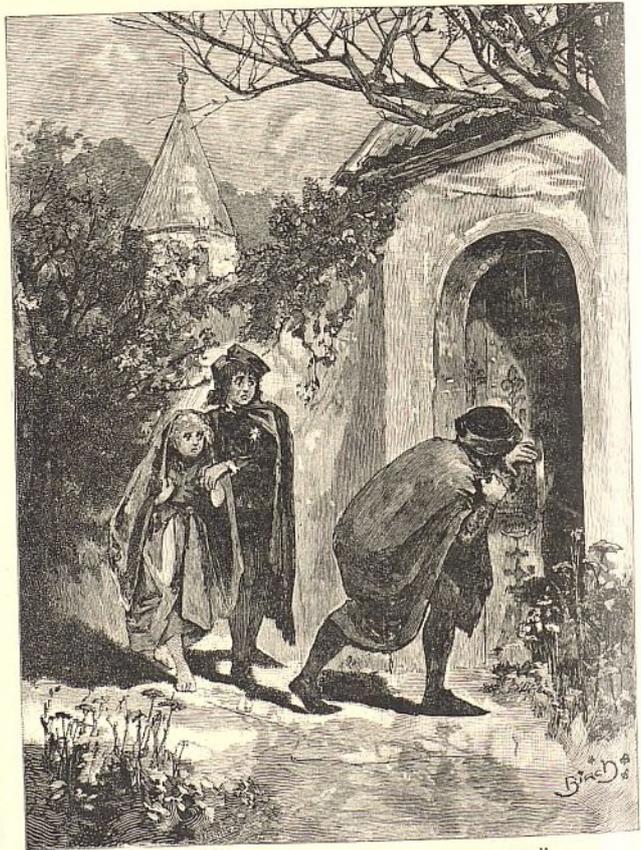
The Prince was looking straight at the old woman as she ended this angry outburst. Marigold saw that his lip was quivering, and that a great tear was on either of his pale cheeks. Perhaps the dimness made no one else see this save Mari-

gold; she was so close to him. After a little pause, the Prince said, very slowly, to the old woman:

"I think you are right, though you are angry. People who are angry are not often right. But perhaps you shall not always suffer. Perhaps there will be a change. It may happen soon—I don't know. Tell your beads to-night and pray for it."

His eyes were full of tears now, and his voice trembled. Only Marigold saw the tears, but all heard the new voice with which he spoke. A murmur rose in the crowd. The wan faces leaned forward, eager and curious.

"Who are you?" cried a voice. "You are no child of the people. You do not speak as we



"THEY STOLE FROM OUT THE PALACE GROUNDS."

speak. Where did you get that look? It is like one of the Saints'."

"Come," whispered the fool, who stood behind the Prince and plucked his cloak. "Come, or it will be too late."

"Tell us who you are!" now cried the old woman; and she caught the front of the Prince's cloak as if to tear it away from his slight form.

"No—stay!" said a fourth voice, dragging the old woman back. "It may be a miracle. Perhaps he is the Holy Child come to us in flesh and blood from the Madonna's arms. Who knows?"

A sudden awe seemed to fall on the group. Many of the rough men crossed themselves, receding several steps.

At this point the fool threw his arm about the Prince and hurried him onward, while his hand still clung to Marigold's. No one followed the three as they sped along with fleet haste. In silence they glided onward through the squalid streets. At last they were in the haunts of thrift and wealth once more. The Prince drew a deep breath as he pressed Marigold's hand.

"Oh, Little Marigold," he said, "you don't know what a change you have wrought in me! I shall never be sad again. I have no right to be. I must think only of making others happy!"

When they reached the palace grounds, the fool unlocked the small entrance as before. But as they were moving across the lawns a gleam of near lights came to them through the thick screens of trees.

"What are those lights?" asked the Prince, pausing.

"Your father holds high revel to-night," answered the fool, "in his grandest pavilion."

The Prince seemed to muse for a moment. "Little Marigold and I will go to the revel," he said.

The fool gave one of his loudest chuckles, but there was more surprise than mirth in the sound. "In that dress," he said, "your highness will look like a beetle among so many butterflies."

"Come," said the Prince to Marigold. The two children went across the lawns together, till the lights grew very near and bright. Sweet music floated to them across the starry dimness. Presently a splendid pavilion rose before them, all ablaze with lamps. It was propped on slim pillars that were wound with blossoming vines. Its floors were crowded with gayly dressed people, whose gems flashed and whose ribbons fluttered.

"Are you afraid?" said the Prince, pausing and turning to Marigold.

"No," answered Marigold, shaking her head. "There is something in your face and the clasp of your hand that makes me brave."

They walked onward. When they came to the stately steps of the pavilion, two armed men moved forth from the shadow.

"You can not pass," said one of the men. "We do not know you."

"Besides," growled the other, "this is no place for children."

Marigold's companion threw back his cloak. A

star of diamonds, like that which the King had worn in the wood, only smaller, burned on his breast.

"I am the Prince," he said.

The men drew back, quick as thought, and bowed so low in their clinking armor that the plumes of their helmets nearly swept the ground. Then the Prince and Marigold passed up the lofty flight of steps together.

As they came among the merry-makers, many eyes were turned upon their small, dark-clad figures. But presently, "It is the Sad Little Prince," passed from lip to lip.

A sort of awed hush fell upon the revel. Everybody stopped dancing. The music ceased as well, for the players, though hid in a distant bower of leafage, had seen the sudden commotion and wondered at its cause.

The Prince, still holding Marigold tightly by the hand, moved onward. His head was thrown a little back; his pale, boy-face seemed cut from marble; they who watched him told themselves that he had never before looked so like his dead mother, who had been a good and lovely queen.

At the farther end of the vast room was a dais, and here, in a high chair of gold scroll-work, sat the King. A throng of courtiers were about him. He wore a dress of black velvet slashed with scarlet, and a circlet of rubies on his head, that made a line of living fire. He started up as the Prince, with Marigold at his side, drew nearer, pausing near the dais.

"My son," exclaimed the King, "why are you here?"

There was a dead silence. The Prince stood erect and calm; his dark cloak fell about his slender form in graceful folds; the diamond star was still visible on his breast—the star that it was death for any in that great kingdom to wear, save his father and himself.

His voice rang clear and full when he now spoke. It was not like a boy's voice, nor yet was it deep as the voice of a man. But all who heard it were thrilled, as though from the first notes of a mellow flute when touched by master-fingers.

"Father," he said, "I have come to tell you that you can change all my sadness, if you so wish, into deep rejoicing. For Marigold has taught me what I never knew before—that there are thousands in the world who suffer, while I am guarded from the least real pain. And to-night Marigold and I have gone into that dreary part of the city where men and women and children are calling to you for mercy from the famine, while you will not hear. And they say bitter things against you, and they are right to say them. But if you will not aid these unhappy folk, give me the power

to do so, and by thus filling my mind with their sore needs I shall live a new life and forget the strange woe that has weighed upon me. You yourself sent me Little Marigold, and it is she whose simple speech, though she guessed it not at the time, has shown me that my dismal mood was a sin. For while I mope and grieve because of nothing, while you dance and laugh and speed the chase, our land, that looks to you as its head and help, lies waste for leagues. Not as father, but as King, I plead of you to save and succor your people. Not as your son, but as the King that is to be, I cry out to you this night. Even as I have cast off my trance of gloom, do you fling aside, O King, the trance of neglect that has wrapped your heart, lest they whom you now wrong rise up and tear you from your throne, seizing by force the food and alms that you deny them!"

As the Prince's voice grew still, a low murmur ran through all the rich hall, for he had spoken not as a child, but as one inspired by some wise and pure spirit.

Every eye was now fixed on the King. At the boy's first words, his face had clouded with wrath, but in the silence that followed the Prince's earnest speech he stood with downcast head, as though stung by exceeding shame.

Then, while all gazed upon him in wonder, he took the circlet of rubies from his brow and cast it under foot. And afterward he thus spoke, in a voice that trembled as none present had ever heard it tremble till now:

"The Prince is right. And even as you have seen me throw these jewels beneath my feet, so shall I fling aside all aims of giddy pleasure in the future, till the people over whom God has appointed me justly to rule are once again blest with ease and thrift."

Then for a moment the King paused, and a smile of mockery curled his lips as he looked around at the bright-robed throng about him.

"Oh, my courtiers!" he said, pointing to the form of Marigold, where she stood with her hand still clasped in the Prince's, "not one of all you here could lift the veil of darkness from my son's mind and soul as yonder little child has done!"

Then the King descended from the dais, and went up to Marigold and kissed her, while she stood barefoot amid the splendid throng. And after that he kissed his son, and giving to each of the children a hand, he passed with them out from the pavilion, while a great silence reigned among the amazed courtiers.

On the morrow the King rose a new man. The forest glades rang no more with the bugles of his hunting-train; his halls of feast were void and still; the gaming-board knew him no longer. But, in place of this, he sat for hours in his chamber of council; he rode abroad dispensing humane charities; by degrees the famine lessened, and the land grew loud in praise of his merciful deeds. And the Prince often rode at his side, or sat near him while he framed new laws for the common good of his subjects.

Nor was the Prince any longer called sad, for a look of sweet joy lit his face, and he was like some slender flower that has drooped with drought, but raises itself in new balm and beauty after freshening rain.

As for Little Marigold, she would have gone back in content to her lowly parents and dwelt on the woodside as before. But this the King would not allow.

He sent rich gifts of value to her parents, but retained her in the palace. He had her taught by learned masters and trained in all the gentle niceties of life. And her grace and loveliness waxed with years, till at last she had grown a fairer maiden than any in the kingdom. And when the hour was ripe, he gave her in marriage to the Prince, who had learned tenderly to love her, and was now tall of stature and most comely of presence. And when, in due time, the King died, she became Queen Marigold, reigning with her lord.

Already it had passed into a legend how she had saved the people from sharp suffering in her early childhood; and for this reason, and because of many sweet virtues afterward shown, the long reign of Queen Marigold was full of peace, honor, and love.





THE DROP AND THE CLOUD.

BY L. D. BREWSTER.

IN a mountain spring, a crystal drop
Came trembling up to the glassy top :
It came from the dark, cool depths of earth
And the sunlight kissed it at its birth.

Far up in the azure realms of sky,
The clouds of summer were sailing by,
And the little drop looked up, and said,
As it saw the glory overhead,
“ Oh, would that to me the boon were given
To move in the shining ranks of heaven ! ”

And oft again in its downward course,
As it hurried from its mountain source,—
A bubble, borne by the brimming brook
To many a wild and shadowed nook,
Or loitered slow with the wayward stream,—
It thought of its childhood's sky-born dream.
But on and away the waters flow,
Through woodland and meadow far below,
Over sandy plain and stony bank,
And through swamps, like jungles, dense and
rank ;

Imprisoned long within rocky walls,
Now plunging down over dizzy falls,
They turn the wheels of the busy mill ;
Now white with foam, now dark and still,
Till at length a river, deep and wide,
It flowed where cities stood by its side,
And at last the river reached the sea,
And the dream and dreamer ceased to be :

The drop was lost in the heaving deep,
Where all the rivers of earth must sleep.

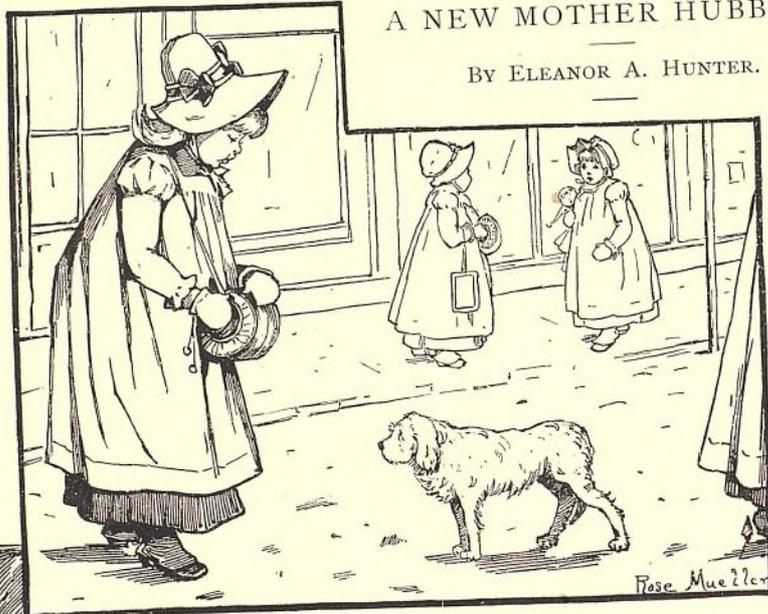
But the sun that kissed the new-born drop,
And whose floods of sunbeams never stop,
Had not forgotten his little child,
Born of a mist in the mountain wild,
And he loosed his threads of golden light,
And up from a wave of snowy white
The drop was lifted so tenderly
It never knew when it left the sea,
But found itself drawn up to the sky,
Afloat in the heavens, soft and high,
As free as the winds of airy space,
As fair as the morning's tender grace.

One tranquil eve, 'mid the purple ones
That shine in the light of setting suns,
It saw far down on the distant earth
The forest-spring where it had its birth,
And all of the winding way it went,
With many a murmur of discontent ;
And the early dream came back again,
As the thoughts of youth come back to men :
That thread of silver that ever turned
Away from the skies for which it yearned,
That wandering life of fall and foam
That seemed to lead it away from home—
It now could see was the very road
That led it up to its blest abode.



A NEW MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.



MISS POLLY BETSEY PATTERSON,
In a Mother Hubbard cloak
And a Mother Hubbard bonnet,
With a most bewitching poke,

One morning met a curly dog.
He was of medium size—
His ears were drooped, his tail was limp,
And the tears stood in his eyes.

Said Polly to the curly dog:
“Why do you look so sad?”
“Because,” replied he, with a sniff,
“The times are very bad.”

“You see,” said he, “the streets are full
Of little Mother Hubbards,
But though I’ve wagged my tail most off,
They never speak of cupboards.”

Said Polly Betsey: “Come with me.
’T would melt a heart of stone!
I’ll give you lots of bread and
milk,
And a juicy mutton-bone.”

She took him home and fed him well;
His tears were turned to laughter;
And now, wherever Polly goes,
The curly dog trots after.



THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MART BEGINS A SCRAP-BOOK.

THE retirement of Lew Bartland rendered another meeting of the club necessary, in order to fill the vacant office of commodore.

It was held early in the following week. Lew was not present, and the Web Foote faction had everything its own way. Web had some opponents among the Tammoset boys and Lew's Dempford friends; but they could not unite upon any one candidate, and, when the ballot was taken, Web was elected by a large majority.

It was just what he expected. He was at the summit of his ambition. He was jubilant—he walked upon air.

A committee of ten members was then chosen, "to decide what measures should be taken for the removal of the obstructions in the river"; in other words, to get rid of the Tinkham Brothers' mill-dam. Somehow the impression had got abroad that it would not be safe for individuals to meddle with it without a strong backing. The time had come, therefore, when it behooved the valiant Argonauts to take action as a club.

After the meeting had adjourned, the new committee held a consultation with closed doors. Its deliberations remained a mystery; but the election of the new Commodore made no little noise in both towns. The *Dempford Gazette* had a paragraph about it:

"We understand that the special meeting of the Argonaut Club on Tuesday evening was a perfectly harmonious gathering; and that Webster Foote, Esquire, was chosen Commodore—*vice* Lew Bartland, resigned—by an almost unanimous vote. This means the speedy destruction of all impediments to the free navigation of our beautiful river. Among our rising young men, there is not one more popular or more prominent just now than Commodore Foote."

We will not begrudge the new Commodore the gratification with which he read this bit of local gossip. He saw it first in the *Dempford Gazette*; and it was natural that he should send at once for the *Tammoset Times*, for the pleasure of seeing it there also. It was the same paper masquerading under another name across the river.

The Tinkham Brothers likewise took pains to procure a copy of the *Times*, having heard that

there was something in it about the mill-dam troubles. Rupe brought it to them one afternoon in the mill. They read the paragraph with different feelings from those it inspired in the swelling bosom of Commodore Foote. But they were not dismayed.

"That's the same strutting little fellow who wanted to know what we were going to do with our d-a-am!" drawled Mart.

Upon which Lute, whose ingenuity sometimes extended to the making of a pun, stuttered out:

"I knew by his g-g-gait that he would be c-c-commodore!"

"By his *gate* that he would become a *door*! O Lute! O Lute!" cried Rush, shaking with laughter; while Mart merely drew down the droll corner of his mouth and gave Lute a reproachful glance.

"I hear there has been a good deal of this kind of l-l-literature in the papers," said Lute. "And I should n't wonder if there would be m-m-more before they get through with us."

"We'll begin a scrap-book," said Mart, cutting out the paragraph with a chisel on his work-bench. "This may be the nucleus of a large and interesting volume."

"The confounded editors!" exclaimed Rush. "They always take the popular side of a question like this."

"Must n't b-blame 'em," said Lute. "If they should take the other side, how would their bread get b-b-buttered?"

"I would try to take the side of justice, if I went without butter and bread, too!" rejoined Rush. "What do they know about us and our business here? An item like that will prejudice hundreds of people!"

"And sell perhaps a hundred extra p-p-papers," said Lute. "We must n't let Mother see *that*!"

"No," said Mart, carefully folding the nucleus of his future volume and placing it in his pocket-book. "We'll let her be happy and sleep nights as long as she can. There's worry enough in store for her, I'm afraid."

"When she *docs* find out, as I suppose she will some time," Rush replied, "we want to be able to say, 'Oh, yes! Trouble about the dam? of course! There has been all the time, but we have n't minded it, and the dam is still there!'"

"If it *is* still there, as I t-t-trust it will be," said Lute. "What makes the Argue-nots" (the boys

had taken up Mr. Rumney's word) "so quiet just now, I wonder? Planning their c-c-campaign, I suppose."

Nothing which the boys could think of had been neglected in preparing for all possible contingencies, only Mart would not yield to the clamorous request of the younger boys that they might go to town and borrow their Cousin Tom's revolver. Cousin Tom was sick, and they knew he would be glad to lend it in a good cause.

"No, boys," Mart said, "I don't want any weapons deadlier than what we've got. Not at present. I should be sorry to shoot anybody. It would n't look well, and I don't believe I should be happy about it afterward."

"Not in defense of your property?" cried Rupert.

"Not even in defense of our property. This carrying revolvers is a foolish business, as a general thing."

"It's c-c-cowardly!" said Lute.

"But Cousin Tom carries one."

"He carried one in Texas, where he did n't like to go unarmed among armed and violent men. That's another thing."

"Don't we expect to have violent men to deal with?" said Rush, who saw the wisdom of Mart's decision, and yet had a boyish inclination for revolvers.

"Yes, rather!" drawled Mart. "And there's no knowing what they may drive us to. But I don't want to meet 'em with a pistol in my fist, if I can help it. A time might come, you know, when I could n't resist the temptation to use it."

Meanwhile, the brothers kept careful watch over their property by day, and at bed-time every night one of the older ones returned quietly to the mill. There a bed of shavings was prepared, and there he lay down in his clothes, by an open window overlooking the dam.

Attached to a nail within reach of his hand was the end of a piece of twine, which was a ball by day, but which also, every evening, was carried on its unwinding way out of the mill, thrown up the bank, unrolled along the ground, and finally tossed, what was left of it, into a window of the house. Behind the window, which was left open, another of the boys slept, with that end of the string tied to his wrist; while the other end, as said before, remained fastened to the nail in the mill.

Lute was generally the one to betake himself to the pile of shavings, because he was a light sleeper. The first sound of marauders trying their operations would have been sure to wake him. Then a jerk of the string would have been enough to bring the other boys at once to his assistance.

Every morning the twine, cast loose from the

casement, was drawn along the ground and over the bank by a pair of hands at the mill, wound in a ball, and kept ready for use the next night. All which was most carefully done, in order not to excite the suspicions of the mother.

Still, no marauders came. Everything was ominously quiet; it was like a calm preceding a storm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW COMMODORE'S NEW YACHT.

It was still early in the season for many boats to be passing the dam. If one appeared when the flash-boards were in, the brothers made haste to remove them and let it through, often receiving scanty thanks for their pains.

"No matter for their thanks," said Mart, as Rush one day complained of this lack of civility. "That's an article they can be as stingy of as they please. We'll treat 'em well a good deal longer than they treat us well."

Then, one afternoon, an incident occurred.

Web Foote had had a very good sail-boat the year before, but it had been beaten in one or two races late in the season, and as he could not bear to be beaten in anything, he had, during the winter, been building a new yacht, which was expected to outstrip everything of its size that sailed.

It was now finished. Originally called the "Nymph," immediately on his accession to office he had hastened to have the name changed to the "Commodore," much to the distress of the painter, who found difficulty in lettering so broad a name upon so narrow a stern. The boat was sharply built, fore and aft; besides, Web insisted on having the letters large.

The yacht was launched, and the new letters on the stern were hardly dry, when the Commodore started one afternoon to take his namesake up the river.

He would have liked the glory of sailing from Dempford, with his commodore's pennant flying, announcing to all the world the new dignity of the owner. But, though wind and tide were favorable, there were bridges in the way of the mast, which had to be laid ignominiously from stern to stem, with its long, taper end projecting forward over the water.

Web had expected a friend to make the trip with him, but the friend had not come; and, after waiting an hour, the impatient Commodore set out, accompanied only by a stout boy in a small boat.

The small boat had the yacht in tow; and the stout boy did the rowing, assisted by the tide; while the Commodore, on board the larger craft, gave useless orders and steered unnecessarily.

They made a prosperous start. But, in addition to the hour's delay in waiting for his friend, Web found that the tide was an hour earlier than he had supposed. That made two hours. The result was that, in order to get the yacht up into the lake that afternoon, the high-souled Commodore had to get down into the skiff, and pull an oar with the boy.

That vexed Web Foote. He was mad at his friend who had failed him, mad at the boy who did not row faster, mad at the bridges which were in the way of his sail, and mad at the tide which turned before they reached the dam.

Then, you may be sure, he was thrice mad at the dam itself, when they came to it, and found the flash-boards in.

"I wish Milt Buzrow was here with his crow-bar!" he said, mopping the sweat of toil and rage from his face.

In the absence of Buzrow and crow-bar, he was constrained to stop at the mill and send the boy in with an impertinent message to the owners:

"Tell 'em Commodore Foote is here with his yacht, and if they don't pull out their flash-boards he'll smash 'em!"

Which the boy, overawed, perhaps, by the sight of the big brothers, wisely modified thus:

"Commodore Foote would like to have you take up your flash-boards, and let his yacht through."

"Commodore Foote shall be accommodated," said Mart.

The brothers had watched the Commodore's approach; and, while they laughed to see him fume at the oar, and glance wildly over his shoulder at the dam, they had awaited with some concern to see what he would do. Lute had even overheard the original order to the boy.

"Did you tell 'em what I told you to?" Web demanded, when the boy went out to him.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the boy, who had been informed by him, on starting from Dempford, that that form of expression was nautical, and would be becoming in him; though it might be varied sometimes, by "Ay, ay, Commodore!"

"And what did they say?"

"They said Commodore Foote should be accommodated."

"Well for them! Up with your flash-boards here!" Web called out haughtily to Mart, who followed the boy from the mill. "I can't be kept waiting all day!"

Mart concealed his irritation, if he felt any, by an amused drawing down of his mouth, and an exaggeration of his usual drawl.

"Don't be impatient, my little man! I'll let you through in a minute."

He was stooping with great deliberation to reach

the ropes that fastened the boards to the post, when the Commodore retorted, sharply:

"Don't *little man* me! I'd have you know that you are talking to Commodore Foote, of the Argonauts!"

"Commodore Foote, or Commodore Little-toe, it does n't make much difference to me," said Mart, holding the ropes, but leaving the boards in their place. "You wont get through any sooner for being so excessively polite."

"I'll make a hole in your dam!" And, springing on board the yacht, the Commodore seized and brandished a boat-hook.

"You can do that; and other people can make a hole in your yacht, and in you too, if necessary," said Mart. "You have n't a monopoly of making holes, by any means. I'm going to let you pass."

So saying, he pulled up the flash-boards. The retarded water swept through in an impetuous current. The stout boy in the small boat pulled in vain against it, with the yacht pulling more powerfully in the other direction. Web missed a stroke at the platform with his boat-hook; and the yacht, swinging about, was drifting down-stream, towing the tow-boat stern-foremost, when Mart caught hold of the projecting end of the mast, and stopped it.

"See what a bother your dam is!" snarled Web.

"Yes," drawled Mart, starting the yacht forward again. "It's a necessary evil. Why don't you sail up in this wind?"

"Don't you see the bridges?" retorted the furious Commodore.

"Oh! the bridges are a bother, too!" said Mart. "Why don't you have 'em taken away? Seems to me I would! I don't see what right they have to stop one of your pretty little pleasure-boats."

"You talk like a fool!" said Web.

"No matter how I talk, as long as I am helping you in a good, sensible way," Mart replied, with strong arms shoving the yacht ahead. "Don't you remember, I said I would do all I could to oblige *gentlemen*? It's a pleasure to help one who is so very civil."

"Lucky for you the opening aint too narrow for my breadth of beam!" said the little Commodore—speaking of the yacht, of course, and not of his own personal dimensions, as Mart by his smile seemed inclined to construe him. "There'll be bigger boats than mine going up here soon. Do you know what'll happen then?"

"I suppose the bridges, if any are left, will all be draw-bridges, and dams will have locks," Mart answered.

"A lock is just what we p-proposed to build, in

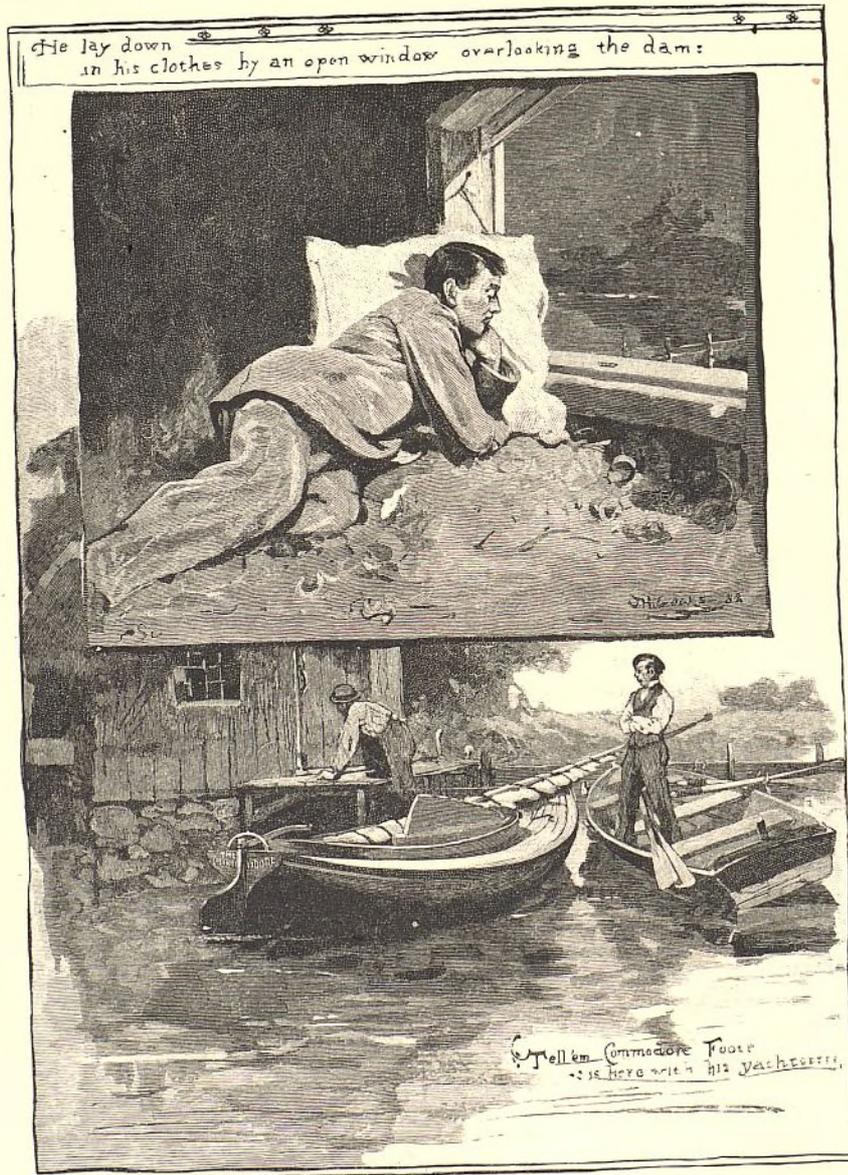
the first place," said Lute, who, with Rush, had come out to stand by his brother and see the yacht through. "It would help you m-m-more than the dam hinders. Don't you see?"

Skiff and yacht were now well through the dam, but the current was strong against them, until Lute

"We are not going to be bothered by any lock, or any dam either! That's what'll happen!"

"The 'C-c-commadore!'" said Lute, reading the name on the stern. "He shows about as much good t-t-temper as he does good t-t-taste."

"I don't see how you could keep from catching



illustrated his meaning by putting in the flashboards. This at once set the water back, and made the further progress of the boats up to the outlet comparatively easy. Nevertheless, Web's last word were flung back spitefully at the mill-owners:

him up by the nape of the neck, and giving him a good ducking!" Rush said, excitedly, to Mart. "I would, if I had been you."

Mart smiled grimly.

"No, you would n't, Rocket! It is n't quite time for that. Come, boys!"

"What a club it must be that is bossed by such a p-p-puppy!" said Lute, as they went back into the mill.

CHAPTER XIX.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

MRS. TINKHAM was a woman of keen observation; and Letty and the boys were in constant fear lest something should happen, or some unlucky word be let fall, that might defeat all their plans for preserving her peace of mind—so sure were they that her feeble health and maternal anxiety would not let her sleep, as they did, when she should know all.

It was indeed a wonder that she could be kept in ignorance so long. But the younger ones guarded well their tongues, and, so far, suspicious circumstances and unlucky allusions to the dangerous subject in her presence had been lightly explained away.

"How long can we keep it up?" they asked themselves, watching her pale, serene face with tender concern, and dreading the time when the threatened storm should burst.

The day after Commodore Foote took his yacht up the river was Saturday, on which day Letty ran out to the mill, in a flutter of excitement, to carry her brothers a bit of joyful news.

"Who do you think has come to the house? My old school-mate, Tilly Loring! I thought you would want to know in time, to brush up a little for dinner."

The necessity of brushing up a little to meet a pretty girl of sixteen made her visit rather an embarrassing pleasure to the busy boys. But they gave an extra five minutes to their toilet that day, and were amply repaid in smiles by the charming Matilda.

"I'm so glad you've come, on M-m-mother's account!" was Lute's cordial greeting. "She has hardly seen a friendly face since we c-c-came here."

"Don't the neighbors call on you? How strange!" said the visitor. "I thought that it was the custom in the country to call on newcomers."

"So did I," replied the widow. "And to tell the truth, I rather dreaded making acquaintances. I wanted to be alone with my children, and enjoy our new happiness. We *have* been let alone to our hearts' content."

"They don't seem to be a very social set just around here," said Letty, who thought she knew well enough why people avoided the new family that had come to the mill. "But some have called to see the boys on business."

That was one of the convenient phrases those

youthful conspirators used, to keep their mother in ignorance of what was going on.

"It's all business," she said. "And I am glad; for that makes them happy."

"It makes us almost too happy!" said Mart. "We don't care to have quite so much on our hands as we have had lately. Some things are quite too pressing."

"Even the girls who call have some business errand," said the widow. "Two drove into the yard one day, and I thought surely we were going to have visitors. But no! they had only brought some message to the shop."

They were now seated at table; and Matilda—or Tilly, as everybody called her—placed between Letty and Rush, was plied with questions regarding their friends in town.

She chatted merrily, telling all the news she could think of; but sobered suddenly when some one asked about Cousin Tom.

"Tom Darrill? oh! he is dreadfully sick, they say. It's consumption, after all, that he brought home with him from Texas; and they say he can't live."

"Oh, boys!" said the widow, "some of you must try to see him soon. He thinks so much of you!"

Then up spoke Rupert. "I've been wanting to go in and borrow his revolver, but the boys wont let me."

This was one of those indiscreet allusions to the great trouble which the younger ones would now and then let fall, in spite of themselves, and which had to be explained away.

"What do you want with his revolver?" the widow asked, surprised; while Rupert was overcome with sudden confusion.

"Boys have a m-m-mania for shooting," said Lute. "I've hardly outgrown it myself. But we've all got something to do, now, besides p-p-popping at a mark."

"I should hope so!" exclaimed the widow. "I've the greatest dread of pistols, and everything of the kind."

"I wish Tom would give me his revolver," said Rodman.

"The idea of your *wanting* a revolver, after what Mother has said!" rejoined Letty, and, to change the conversation, she turned again to Tilly, and begged her to "tell everything she knew about everybody else."

"Last Saturday," said Tilly, "I went to visit Sarah Ball. She lives in Dempford now, you know. How far is Dempford from here?"

"About a stone's throw from our b-b-bank," said Lute.

"What do you mean?" cried Tilly. "I supposed I was miles and miles away, or I should have come over to see you when we went out to ride."

"The town lies just across the river," said Rush. "But it's a mile or more to the village."

"So near? How I wish I had known! The Balls live in the village, and keep a horse and a boat. Boating will be all the rage there this season. They've got up a club; all the big boys are joining it, and all the little boys want to join it, too. They've been having a great excitement lately about choosing a commodore."

There was a pause, in which the widow, if she had not been intent on dishing out the pudding, must have noticed the startled and conscious glances the younger boys gave the older ones, and Letty's air of constraint. Lute stammered out:

"A commodore is an article no well regulated club is c-complete without. I hope they g-got one."

"They had one—a splendid fellow!" said Tilly. "But he resigned, and a new one was to be elected. Everybody was talking about it. It seems there has been a great fuss over a dam which somebody has put across the river."

At this, even the older boys were filled with consternation. But the mother went on, serenely dishing out the pudding.

"I've heard they were having some trouble with a dam," observed Mart. "Is n't it settled yet?"

"Oh, dear, no! and it is n't likely to be soon," Tilly rattled on, while Letty tried to silence her with a nudge. "The young men are all up in arms about it; and, of course, the girls and everybody else take their side. Somebody has put a dam right across the river to stop their boats. Of course, they won't stand it; and I would n't, either, if I were in their place."

"Have some p-p- pudding?" said Lute, taking a plate from his mother and passing it to the visitor.

"It's the meanest thing you ever heard of!" said Tilly, her warmth of manner showing how ardently she had espoused the cause of her Dempford friends. "Thank you," taking the plate. "Think of one man, or two or three (for I believe there are several owners of the factory—a large factory somewhere on the river) pretending they have a right to take all the water for their business, and not leave any for the boats."

Notwithstanding the anxiety they felt on their mother's account, the boys could n't but be amused at this version of the story.

"That does seem preposterous," said Mart. "I should think they might be contented with a fair share of the water, and leave some for other folks."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Tilly. "That's what everybody says. They're going to tear it away!"

"Tear what away?" said Lute. "The w-w-water?"

"No, the dam. It's decided now. The commodore who resigned was Lew Bartland. Every-

body likes him; and his sister, Syl Bartland, is a lovely girl—an intimate friend of my friends."

The boys did not dare look at each other. Mrs. Tinkham dished out the last of the pudding, while Tilly continued: "But Lew was too soft-hearted; he wanted to put off doing anything about the dam. So he got the whole club against him. They were going to put in his place a conceited fellow that nobody seems to like half so well. But he's awfully smart, they say; and he's dead-set against the mill-owners."

"In that case," said Rush, "I should think the mill-owners would give up and clear out."

"So should I!" Tilly exclaimed. "But they're as obstinate as they are mean."

"They must be very mean!" said Mart. "Think of their wanting to take all the water and stop all the boats! Where can this factory be, boys?"

"I don't know," said Rush; "and I have n't heard of any such men."

"I hope there won't be any trouble with our dam," said Mrs. Tinkham, placidly stirring her tea. "But I confess it has seemed to me as if something untoward must happen, we have been so very happy here."

"Why! have you got a dam?" cried Tilly.

"Yes, a little one—a sort of plaything for boys," said Mart. "But we don't take all the water and stop all the boats, do we, Lute? Not quite! You must go out and see it after dinner."

"And the seats in the willow-tree! I wrote you about them," said Letty. "It's a lovely spot."

She tried to change the conversation. But Tilly persisted in returning to the dangerous topic.

"The Argonauts belong to the best families in Dempford. That's what the club boys call themselves—Argonauts—though I hardly know why."

"In picking up so many interesting particulars about them," said Mart, "I wonder you did n't learn the origin of the name. Who were the old Argonauts, Rocket? You were reading up about them the other day."

"They were a boating-club named after their commodore's yacht, 'Argo'; their commodore was a fellow named Jason," was Rush's familiar version of the classic myth. "The 'Argo' was called a ship; but it was n't half so large as some yachts built nowadays; and Jason could n't have held a candle to your new Dempford commodore. They pretended to sail in search of a golden fleece; which means, I suppose, that they fleeced everybody they came across."

"You're making fun of me!" And Tilly turned her bright, questioning eyes on Master Rush.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Loring! It happened some time before any of the present Argonauts were born; thousands of years ago, in fact; that

is, if it ever happened at all. But it's as true, I've no doubt whatever, as the most important part of the story you've brought fresh from Dempford."

"What do you know about the Dempford Argonauts?" said Tilly, with puzzled surprise.

"A good deal; I should think I ought to! I've met some of them. And we can see their new clubhouse from our garden."

This was said as they were rising from the table.

"Can you? Show it to me!" exclaimed Tilly.

"I shall be delighted to," replied Rush; and they went out together. "You see the top of that square building over the hill yonder? That's it, on the shore of the lake that makes in there."

"Is that indeed the Argonaut Club's new house?" said Tilly, greatly interested, and shading her eyes with her hand to get a better view.

"Yes," said Rush. "And here is something else you have heard of." He led her to the edge of the bank. "This is the willow-tree; and down there, you see the water pouring over something like a low board fence?"

"Oh, yes! is n't it pretty?"

"Do you think so? Well, don't whisper it to Mother, and I'll tell you a secret. That's the dreadful thing that stops the boats!"

"You're joking!" cried Tilly.

"Not a bit. It's too serious a subject. This little old mill is the great factory you have heard of; and that is the identical dam your Argonauts, and half the people in two towns, are crazy over."

"No, no!" Tilly exclaimed, stopping her ears with her hands.

"And we boys," Rush went on, laughing, but rather bitterly, "are the mean, obstinate, horrible men, who take all the water for their business, and don't leave any"——

"I won't hear it! It is n't so! It can't be!"

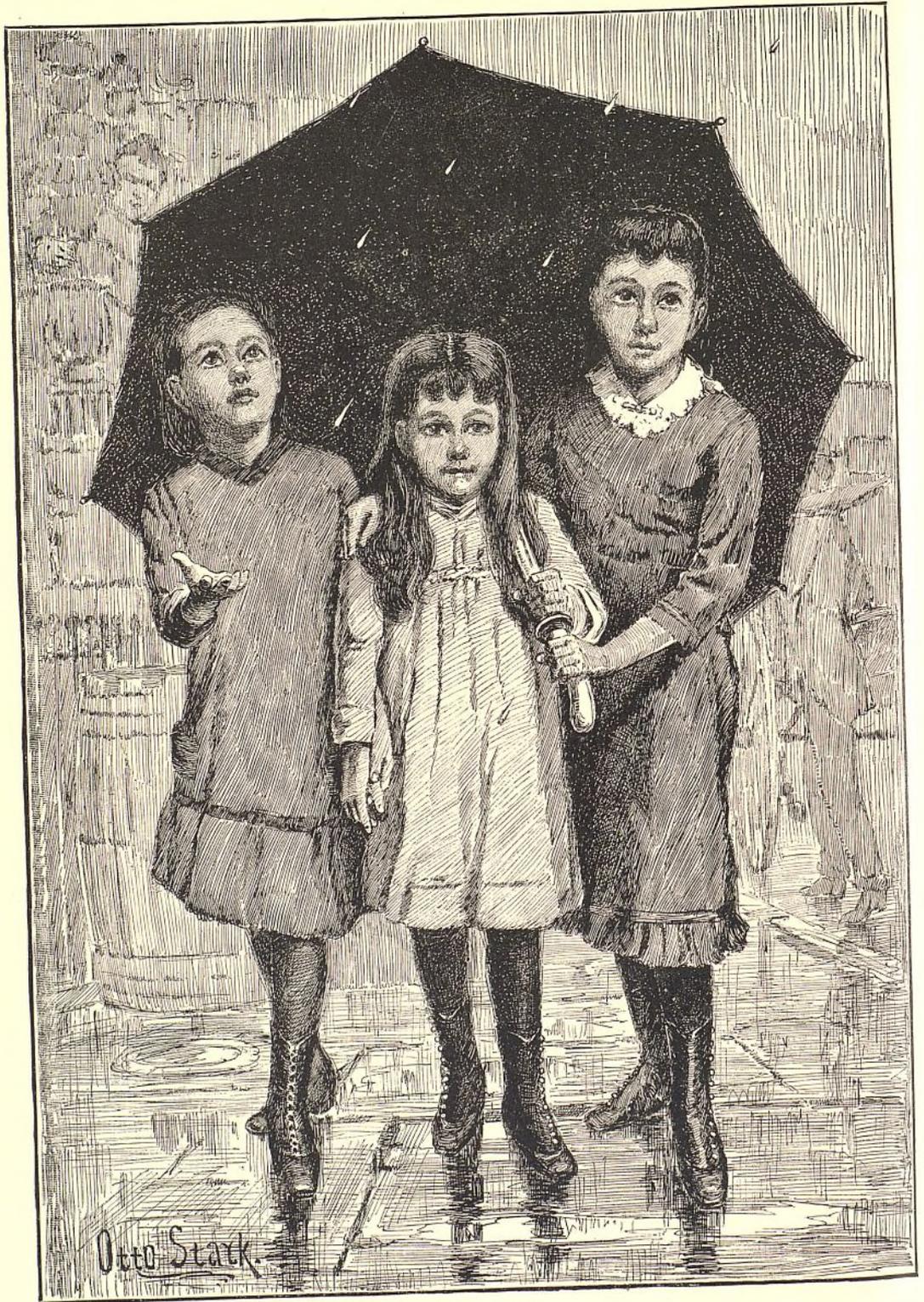
He had pulled one hand away, and was trying to hold it; but she struggled to free her wrist, and again clapping both palms to her ears to shut out the cruel, astounding, incredible words, she ran across the plank and threw herself upon a seat in the great willow.

(To be continued.)

A QUERY.



SAY! How old must a fellow be
 (A fellow who 's pretty old!)
 Before he can follow the call of the sea,
 And be a sailor bold?



AN APRIL DAY.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ALONE IN ROME.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THERESA started from the uncomfortable sleep into which she had fallen in her low seat by the bedside of her husband, Luigi.

She had been awakened by a stream of sunlight coming in at the window of her room, high up among the roofs of Rome.

It was only reflected sunlight, but it was all the sunshine that visited the room shut in by the high walls opposite.

Luigi was sleeping now, and more quietly than for many days. His fever was less, and the deep color seemed fading from his cheeks. Perhaps it was because he was no longer so restless that she had been able to fall into this unexpected sleep. But now she must rouse herself, indeed.

Across the foot of the bed lay her boy, fast asleep, too, and she moved quietly, that she might not wake him, for she must go out. The sun warned her that it was late. She had promised her little boy she would go the first thing in the morning for some bread. Before he finally cried himself to sleep, his last words had been: "Oh, Mother! when it is morning, if I lie still, will you give me some bread?" And at intervals through the night he had awakened to sob out his appeal. His words still echoed in her ears. They had formed part of her dreams in her uneasy sleep. She must hurry out, while both were quiet; she must find some bread. Find bread? How should she do it? She had spent her only remaining *paoli* for their last loaf of bread, and the poor, bare room could show how she had parted already with everything of value they had possessed.

She went to the window and looked out through the small bit of reflected sunlight. On a turn of the roof, not far along, was another window, jutting out from a row of buildings facing in another direction. Here was a little balcony, where real sunlight fell upon a few pots of plants, and a young girl had just come to the window, and was scattering some crumbs for the birds that were fluttering around.

"Crumbs of bread, crumbs of bread!" said Theresa to herself, as she looked greedily at the crust that the gay young girl held in her hand. Some of the crumbs fell far down into the court below. Theresa would have liked to stretch out her hands to catch them. But the birds lingered on the edge of the balcony and found a full share.

"He careth for the sparrows," said Theresa to herself, as she turned back into the room and

looked at her sleeping husband and child. Lying on the bare table was a faded rose that she had picked up from the pavement the last time she had been down into the streets. Theresa laid it across her boy Maso's hand. It would say to him that she was coming back. She had told him she would go for bread in the morning if he were still.

She stopped to speak to the *padrona* (or landlady) as she went down, to tell her that she had left them both alone, and would soon come back. But the *padrona* was very cross. She turned her back upon Theresa, and would have nothing to say to her, but muttered something as she shrugged her shoulders.

Theresa left, thinking it as well to be spared her angry words. She knew, indeed, that she could not depend upon her for help in the sick-room, for the woman dreaded contagion, was afraid to go near the sick man, and would have liked to have driven them all out of the house, and for some days had been threatening to do so.

The streets seemed damp and cold, as Theresa came down, and the high, blank stone walls along the narrow lanes were wet with mold. No wonder she hurried along to the more sunny squares and wider streets.

She had learned how to make her way through crowded passages, how to "blot" herself against the wall to make room for a passing mule or donkey, for she had had some months' experience in Rome.

How different it had all seemed when Luigi first brought her there—proud and delighted to show her his beautiful Rome!

For she was born far away, in a quiet Maine village. It was strange how Luigi had found his way there, but he had come with some of his compatriots to one of the larger towns to find work as a house-painter, and in the summer had strayed into the country. He fell in love with and married Theresa, because, as he always said, she bore his mother's name—though his mother would spell it without the "h" (Teresa). But Luigi had many other reasons to give, even if Theresa's blue eyes and golden hair had not been enough. Theresa never thought it necessary to tell her reasons for marrying Luigi. But when his summer's job was done, she willingly went with him to New York to find more work.

Here they lived happily enough many years.

There was plenty of work for Luigi, and Theresa was glad in making his home happy.

But Luigi took a severe cold one December, and the doctors said he could not bear the changes of spring. He was himself very sure that Rome would cure him, and was glad to listen to their hopes of what his native air would do. So Luigi and Theresa took their little earnings and started on their way to Rome. They went first to Liverpool, where little Maso was taken ill, and the care of him used up a large portion of their small fortune. They drifted on to London, and here they found kind friends, and Luigi revived and had work.

They remained there till his cough came back, and then they set out again and went forward to Rome.

They arrived in the beautiful October weather, and Luigi's health improved directly and his spirits rose. He wanted Theresa to admire everything—even these narrow streets, with their picturesque arches and door-ways, that now she found so gloomy; and she, too, rejoiced in the sun, and the blue sky, with sunsets like those at home. But Luigi found all his old friends scattered and gone; and as for relations, he had never had any to leave, so there were none to find. And then there seemed to be nothing he could do, and the cough came back, and their money was dwindling away. So they had to leave the sunny apartment where they had ventured to live at first, and be grateful at last for the little room up many stairs, darkened by the high walls opposite, that shut out even the sky. And this room their cross *padrona* grudged them. Happily, they had paid her in advance, and they could stay some weeks longer; but then what should they do?

Little Maso had been so considerate and thoughtful. He had not complained when their fare had grown less and less. The day before, she could give scarcely any thought to him—could not even remember when or what food he had eaten last, because for two days Luigi had been at times delirious, often in high fever, and she had not dared to leave his side a moment.

She would not have called in a doctor, even if she had had the money to pay him, for she knew how to take care of Luigi—her nursing was better than any doctor's care.

But food he must have when his fever should leave him, and Maso must have his bread, and where could she find it? All her money was gone; where should she go?

She had no knowledge of the streets of Rome save what she had learned from Luigi. Indeed, the Epistle of Paul to the Romans had been her earliest association with the old city, and one of

the first questions she had asked Luigi, when they arrived, related to the Apostle. Where was Paul imprisoned, and where was the "hired house" in which he had lived two years?

Luigi could not tell her much about it, but he made some inquiries, and then took her to the small Church of Santa Maria, in Via Lata, said to be the actual house in which St. Paul lodged when in Rome. Theresa thought of this little subterranean church this morning. If this were indeed the first old, old church that ever was in Rome, ought there not to be Christians near who might help her in distress? She had never looked for American acquaintances in Rome, and would not know where to find Americans. Luigi's intercourse had been with his own people. And, indeed, even if she had known the name of some American minister or clergyman, she might have been too proud to ask for bread.

But something of the idea of the Christian Church came before her as she pondered—something prompted by the sight of the walls below the great dome of St. Peter's, in connection with the remembrance of that low church sunk beneath the pavement that might have been the church of St. Paul. She saw dimly a Christian Church that, after all, was neither of these, but a spiritual church with the majesty of the one and the simplicity of the other, and wide enough to welcome all the children of God. She did not think exactly this, but she dreamed of help that must come from some high source. As for human help, she had but one hope. A few days before he had been taken ill, Luigi had earned a little money by sitting as a model for some young artists he had met. They were a friendly set, but Theresa had not seen them since they had last moved.

One of them had wanted to have Maso sit for him some time—her pretty Maso, with his blue eyes and golden hair. Perhaps, if he would still like Maso to go to him, she could venture to ask directly for some money to buy bread.

Maso was looking a little wan now, but oh! what a pretty picture he made just as she left him.

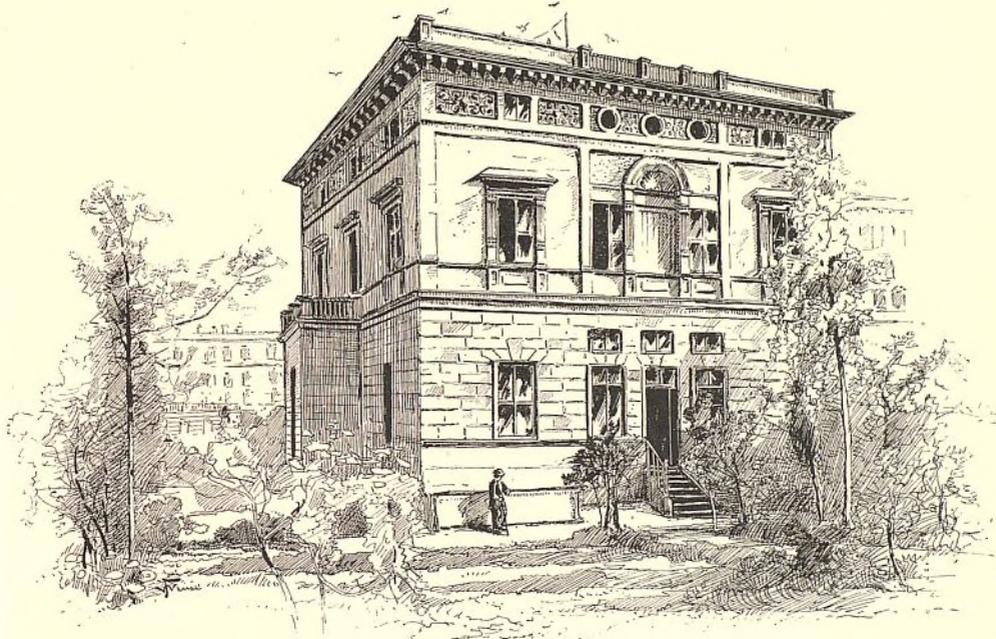
She made her way then to the Piazza di Spagna, with its magnificent staircase leading to the Church of the Trinita del Monti, for here she might chance to meet some of the artists looking for a model.

It was a forlorn hope; but twice, when she had been here with Luigi, they had met with these young friends of his, and she knew they lived not far away.

Alas! she was too early for the artists. There was quite a crowd of people in the square, and some picturesque models were grouped on the stair-way of the church. She turned back toward

the fountain on the piazza, where the beggars were thronging. Such a handsome girl, with an Italian head-dress stood near them on the corner. Theresa looked at them all questioningly. Were

more foreign. She had a talent that way. Once, at home, long ago, she had dressed herself as a beggar, for a joke, and, going to her married sister's door, had begged for a crust of bread. Her sis-



THE GOULD HOME. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

they, too, starving? Did these women leave at home little boys pining for food, and husbands sick on their beds? They did not look so—they did not look worn or unhappy. Many of them were gayly laughing and talking. This was their daily business, and they earned more than enough for their daily bread.

A new thought struck her. She turned toward the fountain in the square, with its sparkling waters. About it often gathered a group of beggars. Old Sandro had just left his place, not far from the fountain. It was said, she remembered, that Sandro had heaped up a little fortune in the years he had been begging, and that he paid quite a sum for the privilege of sitting there.

Why could not she sit down in that empty place that old Sandro had left? Perhaps in a few minutes she might get two or three *centesimi*, enough to buy the bit of bread that Maso was starving for—and there was the bread! She was jostled just now by a brown Italian boy, with a tray of rolls upon his head, crying, "*Pane, pane!*" He had seated himself now on the steps, at a little distance, with the tray upon his knees. But she shrank from appearing like an American begging, and tried to wind her cloak about her, that she might look

ter herself had come to the door, and, not recognizing her, had given her a loaf of such nice bread! The remembrance of this came to her now like a flash, as she pulled her cloak over her shoulders. If her sister should see her now!—but she had no time to think; she must hurry, before old Sandro should be back. She hastily moved toward the place, when a voice stayed her—the voice of a lady, talking English to a young man. She saw them look, as she turned suddenly, and stopped, as if caught in a guilty act. "English! an American lady talking English!" Theresa said to herself. The lady saw Theresa start, and saw her worn and anxious face, as she stopped before her suddenly.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, after a moment. "You know me, perhaps?"

"Oh, no," said Theresa. "I was startled when I heard some one speaking English. It is so long since I have heard any English words. I talk it indeed, with my little boy, but it is long since I have heard it in the street."

"And I am an American, too, as you are," said the lady, "and I was talking English with *my* boy, though he is a grown-up one."

The young man seemed eager to go on, as if

annoyed that his mother should be talking in this crowded place with a woman in such a shabby waterproof. But his mother was not to be hurried away. There was something in Theresa's face that attracted her. She felt that there must be some deep misery hidden beneath its sad expression.

"What can I do for you? Will you not let me send one of those oranges to your little American boy?" she asked suddenly, as an orange-peddler jostled against the party still blocking the way.

Theresa's face lighted up, and she could not help involuntarily glancing toward the bread-vender sitting on the steps chatting with his friends, still with his tray of rolls on his knee. Her new friend saw the glance.

"Here, Frank, take my work," she said, as she drew some knitting out of a basket-bag she held; "I am going to send a lunch to the little American boy." In a few minutes she had filled the bag with rolls and oranges, and handed it to Theresa, who was standing watching her quick motions with distended eyes. As Theresa took the basket, she scarcely seemed to see from whom she received it. "It is a little breakfast for your boy, from your American friend," said the lady, rousing her.

Theresa took the basket mechanically, but her eyes were wandering. She seemed suddenly to become conscious of the sky—of the sunlight sparkling in the glittering waters of the fountain. Then she looked absently into the face of her kind friend, and exclaimed: "Indeed, the Church of Christ is in Rome! Thank you, dear lady. I was hoping for help, but almost in vain. You have saved my boy from starving!"

She then hurried away as though every moment were precious. The streets had never seemed to her so crowded before. How everybody pushed against her—the children, the screaming men and boys with their wares, and the beggars crowding one on another. She clutched the basket with a feverish grasp, lest she should lose any of its precious contents. At last she reached the house, and hastened up the stairs, so breathless that she had to sit a few moments on the top step to recover herself, and so absorbed in thought that she did not hear the voices of her new friend and the *padrona* talking below. When a little recovered, she opened the door quietly.

There was Maso, wide awake, and his face beamed with delight as she lifted up the basket, in silent answer to his silent question. For both of them knew they must be quiet, so as not to rouse Luigi.

As Theresa drew near to the bed, Luigi half opened his eyes, and smiled to see her by his side, and then turned over to go to sleep again. He knew her—he was better!

"Yes, Maso," she said in low tones to the boy, "bread for you, and oranges for Papa's parched mouth when he wakes."

"I will be very careful," said Maso, as he eagerly took the oranges and the rolls from the basket, counting them one by one. "You shall have your share, Mamma; and oh! we can make them last such a long time."

The door was partly open, and for a few moments Theresa did not see that the kind lady was standing there.

"Will you let me come in?" she asked at last, in a soft tone, that she might not wake the sleeper. "I have sent my boy to bring you something more substantial for your breakfast. We followed you, but you came so fast that we could hardly trace you. You were so pale, too, as you stood there, that I thought you were ready to faint, and I have told Frank to bring also a flask of wine."

It was needed when it came. The excitement of joy for poor Theresa was hard to bear, after all her struggle with herself, and she needed the bread as well as Maso. Her kind friend knew how to administer the food she brought. Theresa's little story was told plainly enough by the bare room in which she was found, and by the sick man at her side, and her own appearance showed how long she had herself been deprived of food. The kind lady did all she could for her then. Later in the day, she came with a proposition that seemed at first to come too suddenly to Theresa.

She would like to take little Maso directly to the Home—the Gould Memorial Home. What this was—what it meant—Theresa did not know, and how could she part with Maso? But her new friend told all her plan: that, as soon as possible, Luigi should be moved away out into the fresh air,—to Albano, to Frascati—somewhere where there might be hope of his recovery,—and meanwhile Maso should be taken to the Home.

"And it is a home—a real home," she went on, turning to Maso. "Mrs. Gould planned it for a home, full of little brothers and sisters, happy with their play and lessons, who sit down to dinner almost before they are hungry, and sleep in clean, soft beds at night."

Little Maso's eyes beamed as he listened.

"Yes," their new friend continued, "the children have their soup every day, and rice, or macaroni, or beans. Most of them grow fat and rosy, because they have enough to eat. They learn lessons every day, and the older ones are taught to print. And they have the love without which children can not be good and happy."

"Oh, take my boy in!" cried Theresa. "Oh, take him to this Home, and then I shall be free to work—shall be stronger to do it when I know that

he, at least, is not starving! Ah, it would break my poor mother's heart if she knew what we have suffered! But he has been so patient! And who is Mrs. Gould? May I see her? May I thank her? Ah! how could she know that there are little children whom their mothers would care for, if they could, but that they, too, have no home?"

"Alas!" said her kind friend, "our dear Mrs. Gould is no longer living, save as she lives in this kind work of hers. She had resided for many years in Rome, and seeing how much helpless poverty there was, and how the poor children suffered, her heart was moved for them."

"And could I learn to print?" exclaimed Maso, who had followed every word with eagerness. "Oh! let me go there now, if Mamma can come to see me! I want to learn to help her. I want to be made *right smart!*"

"Ah, it is American you talk with your little boy," said the lady, as she turned to Theresa, who was smiling at Maso's words. "But I knew you to be an American before you spoke."

"Yes, he is a Yankee boy," said Theresa. "We call him Tommy at home; but his father always called him Maso, and it has seemed more natural here. And I don't know why, but something in your voice made me know you to be an

American, and that was why I shrank at the thought of an American seeing me begging."

Theresa had told already the whole story of that day.

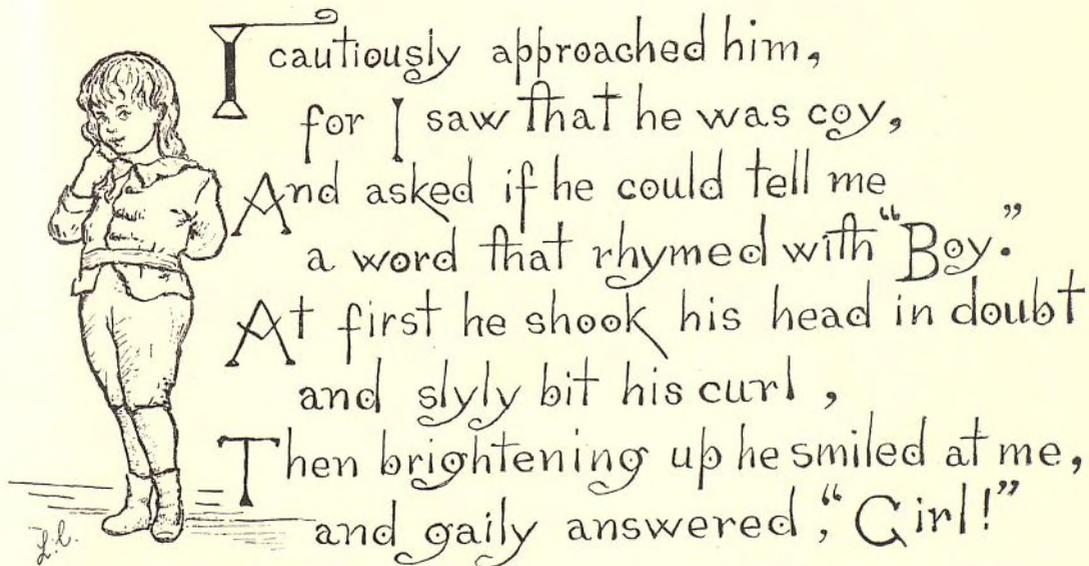
"You looked so pale and sad," said the lady, "I could not help following you."

"Ah, indeed! I must have been a beggar with my looks," said Theresa, with tears in her eyes.

"But you will help me find work, will you not? I might have found work, perhaps, but I could not speak the language; and I was so anxious for Luigi that I was scarcely fit to undertake anything. But I can work — you will let me? And if it is a home for Maso, it must be best for him. Food for my boy! Ah! I have often had to put him to bed to make him forget his hunger. Yes, food and a good home for my poor, starving boy!"

This little boy, born in New York, the son of an American mother, rescued from starvation, was indeed taken to the Gould Home, where he is being taught to be, as he asked, "right smart."

Mrs. Gould little thought, when she planned a home for "foreign" waifs, that she would be able to give Christian help to the poor American mother who found herself destitute in the Eternal City, under the shadow of St. Peter's.



"WHOOOP-EE!"—HOW I FRIGHTENED THE BEARS.

BY AN OLD CALIFORNIAN.



YEARS ago, when Indians and bears were plentiful in California and white men were not, on my way to San Francisco I was riding through what were known as the *tulé* marshes, bordering the San Joaquin River near its mouth. Those were days before railroads, steam-boats, or even ordinary sailing vessels, when journeys of four or five hundred miles were made on horseback—swimming streams when you came to them, or “canoeing” them when they were very wide, and leading your horse from the stern of the “dug-out.”

I was to cross the San Joaquin in this latter fashion, and was approaching the point from which travelers shouted to the Indian ferryman on the opposite shore, and called him over in his cranky craft.

The sun of a brilliant summer's day was setting behind me, and his dazzling rays, already nearly

level with the tops of the bushes that sprang up by the horse-path, lit up the tall, sturdy trunks of the forest trees that stretched far to my right. I was about breaking the silence of the vast solitudes by shouting with all my might, “Whoop-ee!” which was the ferry-call, and had just turned my horse's head toward the river-bank, when two bears, which had come down from the woods for their evening drink, and had been concealed from my view by the bend in the road and the tall bushes, suddenly appeared not twenty paces in front, scratching for roots in the middle of the road. Now, horses love bears about as much as do little children who have heard nurses' stories of them; so, no sooner had the beast on which I was riding caught a glimpse of the great, shaggy intruders, than he gave a snort of surprise, and whirled so suddenly in his tracks that I went over his side, saving

myself from a tumble only by clutching the high pommel of my California saddle and holding on for dear life. Back up the road scampered my flying steed, while I clung like a Camanche to his flanks. Righting myself in the saddle, however, I brought the heavy Spanish bit to bear, and soon reined in the frightened animal. I had much difficulty in making him face about, but the great, jingling spurs which we wore in those days were very persuasive, and, though with fear and trembling, the poor horse, puffing like a locomotive, began to retrace his steps.

We had gone back only a few yards when we saw the bears again, and, despite my own and the horse's nervousness, I burst out laughing at their comical appearance. They had been as much frightened, probably, as we, but seeing our cowardly flight, had taken courage and trotted up the road after us, until they came into the full glare of the sun; and there they both stood, motionless, on their hind legs, side by side, each shading his eyes with his right paw and apparently transfixed with wonder and amazement. Horses they were familiar with, because the plains of the San Joaquin were covered with roving bands of wild horses;

Indians they had occasionally seen and put to flight; but what that white-faced object, with the blue shirt and colored handkerchief around his neck, was, must have been to them, just then, the one absorbing inquiry of the bear intellect, for they were certainly taking their first look at a white man. The left paw of each hung by his side, limp and nerveless; and, under the paw which deftly and with a most ludicrous effect shaded the vision, the little, wide-open, piggish eyes were, in their puzzled expression, irresistibly comical.

I had no gun with me, and I don't think I should have used it if I had had one; but I bethought me of the ferry-call, and yelled, "Whoop-ee!" at the top of my lungs. That broke the spell and interrupted their gaze at the same moment, and two more frightened bears never got down from their hind legs and took to the woods.

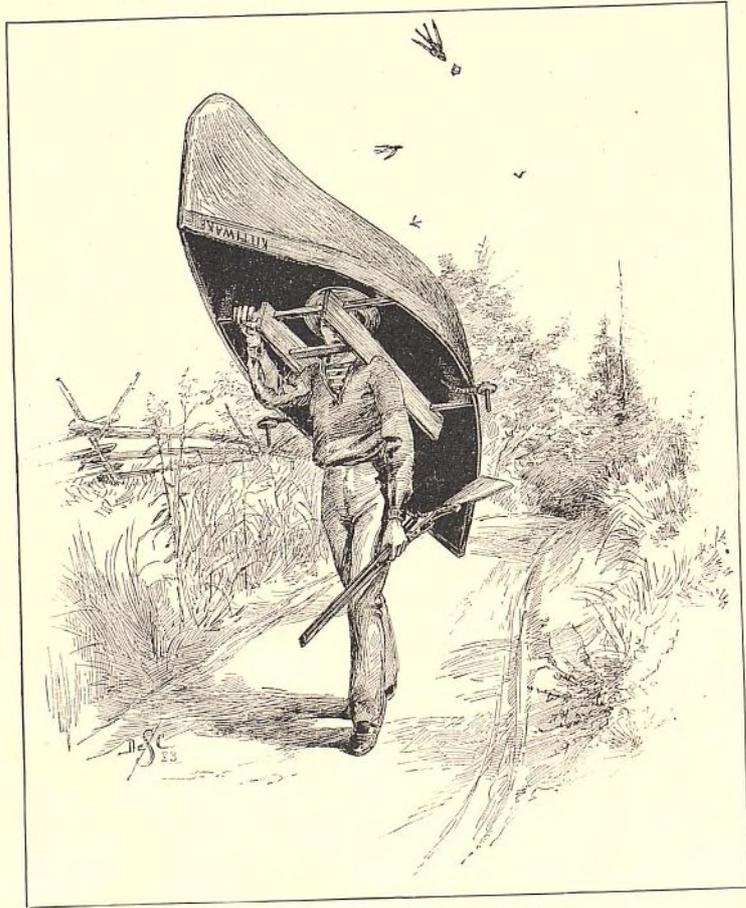
The Indian ferry-man across the river gave me the answering shout, "Hy-yar!" and I shouted "Whoop-ee!" again. I heard the bushes clash and snap and break, as those two utterly astonished bears burst madly through them in their flight. I did not call them back.



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. IV.

A PAPER BOAT.

By DE COST SMITH.



ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF A PAPER BOAT.

DURING my last summer's vacation among the lakes of Central New York, I resolved to make, if possible, a paper boat which should be easy to row or paddle, light enough to be carried short distances with comparative ease, and, at the same time, safe and even durable if managed with reasonable care.

A short description of this boat, and the manner in which it was made, may be interesting.

It was to be twelve feet long. The first thing was to make a frame-work (Fig. 1 — page 465), on which to stretch the paper. A board about a foot wide, an inch thick, and eleven feet six inches in length, was taken as a sort of keel, or backbone,

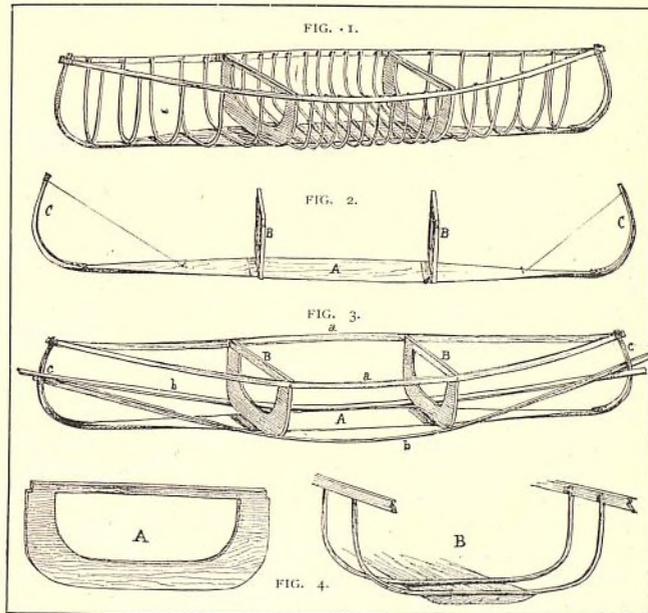
and was cut tapering, for, about a third of its length, toward each end, and beveled on the under edges (A, Fig. 2). The cross-boards (B, B, Fig. 2) were next sawed from a pine plank one inch in thickness. These were shaped, as shown by A, Fig. 4, thirteen inches wide by twenty-six long, and cut away in the center to avoid useless weight. They were fastened cross-wise to the bottom-board, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, with long, stout screws, so as to divide the keel into three nearly equal parts. Then the stem and stern pieces (C, C, Fig. 2) were added. These were of green elm, screwed to the bottom-board, and bent, as shown in Fig. 2, by means of a string or wire, fastened to a nail driven

into the bottom. I used elm because I found it tougher, and less apt to be broken in bending than any other wood at hand, and preferred the green wood because, on drying, it would retain, to a considerable extent, the shape into which it had been bent. For gunwales (*a, a*, Fig. 3), I procured, at a carriage factory, some light strips of ash, about twelve feet in length, an inch and a half wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick. They were nailed to the cross-boards and fastened to the end-pieces (*C, C*) in notches, by several wrappings of annealed iron wire (as shown in Fig. 3), although copper would have been better, because less apt to rust when exposed to dampness. For fastening the gunwales to the cross-boards, I used nails instead of screws, because they are not so apt to loosen and come out. The ribs, which consisted of long, slender switches of osier willow, were next put in, but, before doing this, two strips of wood (*b, b*, Fig. 3) similar to the gunwales were bent and placed as in Fig. 3. They were only used temporarily as a guide in putting in the ribs, and were not fastened, the elasticity of the wood being sufficient to cause them to retain their position. The osiers averaged a little more than half an inch in thickness at the larger end, and were cut, stripped of leaves and bark, and put in place while quite green and fresh. They were attached to the bottom-board by means of shingle-nails driven through holes which had been previously made in them with an awl, then bent down until they touched the strips of ash (*b, b*, Fig. 3), and finally cut off even with the top of the gunwales, and notched at the end

to receive them (*B*, Fig. 4). Between the cross-boards, the ribs were placed at intervals of two or three inches, while in other parts they were as much as five or six inches apart. The ribs having all been fastened in place, as described, the loose strips of ash (*b, b*, Fig. 3) were withdrawn, and the frame-work appeared somewhat as in Fig. 1. In order to make all firm, and to prevent the ribs from changing position, as they were very apt to do, I bought some split cane, or rattan, such as is used for making chair-bottoms, and, after soaking it in water for a short time, to render it soft and pliable, wound it tightly around the gunwales and ribs where they joined, and also interwove it among the ribs in other places, winding it about them here and there, and forming an irregular net-work over the whole frame. Osiers

are probably as good as anything for the ribs, but no doubt twigs of some other trees, such as hazel, or perhaps birch, might answer very well. For the ribs near the middle of the boat, twigs five or six feet long were required, and it being rather difficult to get these of sufficient thickness throughout, I used, in several cases, two twigs for one rib, fastening the butts side by side on the bottom-board, and the smaller ends to the gunwales, as before described. In drying, the rattan became very tight, and the twigs hard and stiff.

The frame-work was now complete, and ready to be covered. For this purpose I bought about eighteen yards of very strong wrapping-paper. It was of a light cream color, smooth on the surface,



and very tough, but neither stiff nor very thick; and, being made in long rolls, it could be obtained of almost any length desired. It was only about a yard wide, so that it required two breadths to reach around the frame in the widest part. I cut enough off the roll to cover the frame, and soaked it for a few minutes in water. I then turned the frame upside down and fastened the edges of the two strips of paper to it, by lapping them carefully on the under side of the bottom-board and tacking them to it, so that the paper hung down loosely on all sides. It was then trimmed, lapped, and doubled over as smoothly as possible at the ends of the frame, and held in place by means of small clamps. Along the edges it was drawn tight, trimmed, and doubled down over the gunwale, where it was firmly held by slipping the strips of ash (*b, b*) just inside

of the gunwales into notches which had been cut at the ends of the cross-boards. The shrinkage caused by the drying would stretch the paper, thus fastened, tightly over the frame-work. As soon as thoroughly dry, it was varnished, inside and out, with asphaltum varnish thinned with turpentine, and, as soon as that had soaked in, a second coat of the same varnish was applied, but with less turpentine; and, finally, the laps or joints of the paper were covered with pieces of muslin stuck on with the unthinned varnish. The loose strips of ash (*b, b*) were now removed, and another layer of paper was put on, and fastened along the edge of the boat by replacing the strips as before. When the paper was dry, the laps were covered with muslin, as had been done with the first covering, and the whole outside of the boat was varnished several times, until it presented a smooth, shining surface. I then took some of the split rattan, and, after wetting it, wound it firmly around both gunwale and inside strip, passing it through small holes punched in the paper just below the gunwale, until the inside and outside strips were bound together into one strong gunwale. A piece of oil-cloth was then put into the boat, between the cross-boards, and tacked to the bottom-board. This was intended to protect the bottom of the boat, for which purpose it answered very well.

In this way a canoe was constructed which seemed, at first, a success; being light, perfectly water-tight, and much steadier in the water than I had anticipated; but in a few days I was disappointed at finding that it was becoming leaky, the muslin having loosened at some of the joints. After several unsuccessful attempts to stop the leaks separately, I covered the whole boat with unbleached muslin, sewed at the ends and tacked along the gunwales. It was then tightened by shrinking, and finally received three coats of a mixture of varnish and paint. This stopped the leaking entirely, and added but little to either the weight or cost.

Although, since receiving this last coating, it is not, strictly speaking, a "paper boat," I continue to call it so, because there is still twice as much paper as cloth in its composition.

A double-bladed paddle (D, Fig. 5) was at first used to propel it, and answered the purpose, but was found to be awkward, the boat being rather too wide. It was afterward rigged with wooden, and finally with iron, rowlocks (B, B, B, Fig. 5) and light oars. I also put in several extra thwarts or cross-sticks, fore and aft, and made a movable seat (A, Fig. 5). With these improvements it is so satisfactory that I have since made no changes.

The lake on which, as before stated, my summer was passed, is one of the largest in the eastern portion of the group. Most of them are situated within short distances of each other. About

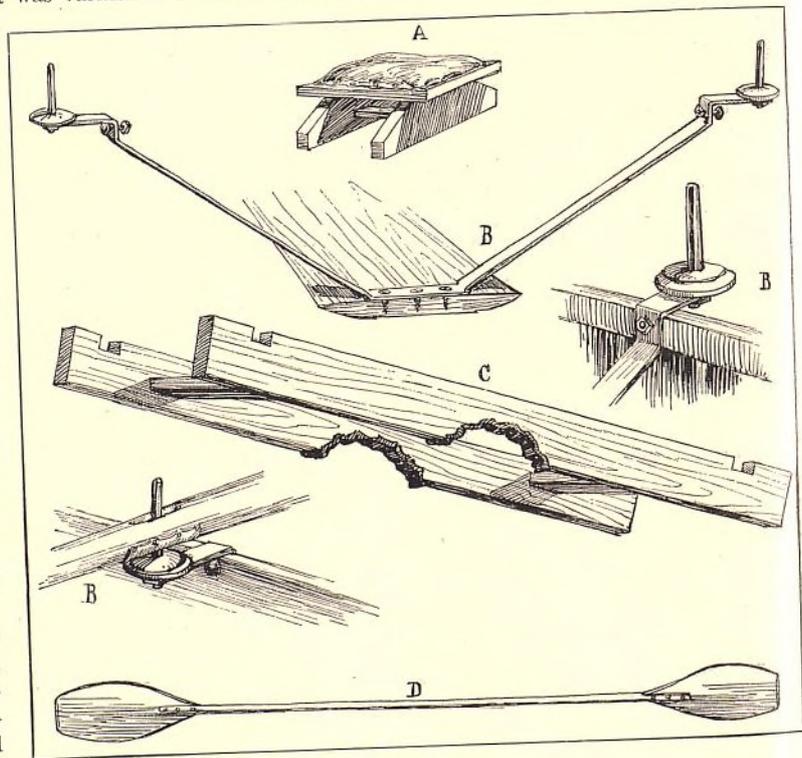


FIG. 5.

three miles and a half (in a straight line) east of our lake is a smaller one, surrounded by high hills. It is a very picturesque sheet of water, abounding in fish, water-fowl, immense frogs, and innumerable mosquitoes. Having seen this lake from a distance, and not knowing much about it, except by hearsay, I thought I would tramp across country with my canoe and explore it for myself; but as I should have to carry blankets and provisions, besides my boat, and travel, by the shortest road, at

least five miles, over a very hilly country, I hesitated for some time about attempting it. At last, however, one beautiful morning in the early part of September, I started, having got together my baggage the night before. The boat was launched, and my "traps" were stowed carefully away in convenient places in the bow and stern. My outfit consisted of two India-rubber blankets, a large army blanket, a double-barreled gun, ammunition sufficient for twenty shots, cotton, arsenic, knife and scissors (for removing and preserving the skins of birds, in case I should shoot any), provisions for two or three days, cup, sketch-book, soap, towel, and other necessary articles. For carrying the boat, I also took a sort of yoke (C, Fig. 5), which brings all the weight upon the shoulders, and in that way lightens the labor. Between me and the shortest "portage" lay some four and a half miles of water. This was perfectly plain sailing, or rather rowing, but, as I had been over the same route several times before, it was not very interesting. After landing, tying the larger articles, such as blankets and oars, inside the canoe, and putting the smaller ones into the pockets of my shooting-coat, I took a short rest, then shouldered my boat, and started on the road. It was shortly after noon; the mercury ranged among the nineties, and the first half of the way was all uphill. By the time I had gone two miles, I began to think that I had undertaken a rather difficult and uncomfortable task; but, encouraged by the constant assurance of the boys and farmers along the road that it was "jest on ahead," I persevered. Passing through one or two small hamlets, I arrived, about sunset, at the foot of the little lake, which lay quietly sleeping, without a ripple on its surface, surrounded by high hills, which seemed like immense giants silently watching over its slumbers. The twilight deepened, and by the time I had arranged my things, and launched my boat (for I had decided to camp about half a mile from the foot of the lake), the moon was shining brightly. It was a beautiful night. The sky was perfectly free from clouds, and the air clear and delightfully cool after the broiling heat of the day that had just passed. As I rowed along, slowly, in order to avoid striking against stumps and snags, the intense silence was broken, at intervals, by the deep bellowing of some yellow-throated frog among the reeds, or by the shrill chirping of the crickets in the fields beyond. At times, a perch or pickerel, basking in the moonlight, near the surface of the water, alarmed by the boat's approach, would turn suddenly downward, causing a slight ripple to break under the very bows; or farther ahead, the track of a swimming mink or muskrat would be marked by

a flickering line of silver light. A strange, fascinating weirdness seemed to enhance the beauty of the scene.

Coming to a good camping-place, the canoe was unloaded, lifted from the water, turned over, and propped up on one side with the oars; then, spreading my blankets underneath, I turned in and slept till morning. I awoke and breakfasted early, intending to row to the other side of the lake, but, in turning over the boat, one of the rowlocks (which were then of wood) was broken. Having no means of successfully repairing the injury, this was at first rather discouraging; but, launching the canoe, I paddled about half a mile to a small village on the east shore, where, after a short search, I found a carpenter, who very kindly lent me the necessary tools, and even allowed me to take them away to the shore. I have frequently noticed, in wandering about in this way, the kindness of the people in the country districts. I wore an old straw hat, a dirty brown shooting-coat, a pair of disreputable-looking blue pants with an immense tear in one knee, and shoes which had quite forgotten the sensation of being blacked. But in spite of this costume, which was too uncouth for anybody except, perhaps, a very unambitious tramp, and although a perfect stranger, wherever I went every one received me with the same kindness. After mending the rowlock, I returned the tools, shoved off, and rowed to the head of the lake (which is about five miles in length), fishing with a spoon-hook as I went, and catching a fair string of perch and pickerel. By this time a strong wind was blowing from the foot of the lake, and the waves were rolling so high as to make rowing difficult. I therefore landed and waited, knowing that in an hour or so it would become calmer. I built a fire, and when it had burnt low, dressed two of the smaller fish, rolled them in large green leaves, and, laying them among the hot coals, covered them over. Fish cooked in this way are excellent, if they are first split open to the backbone from beneath, and well salted and buttered inside. But, unfortunately, I had no salt. After dinner, I sat down under a tree on the shore, and amused myself, until the wind slackened, by watching the gulls flying about over the water, and noting the methods of a solitary kingfisher, which sat fishing on an old tree-trunk near by.

I returned to the foot of the lake, and ate supper, which consisted of a pickerel with salt (for I had begged some at a farm-house since my last meal), and some roast corn, besides what I had brought from home. I slept under the boat as before, but not very comfortably; for during the first part of the night the mosquitoes were very

numerous and persevering, and toward morning, when they disappeared, it became so much cooler that I had some difficulty in keeping warm. Just before daylight, as I lay about half asleep, I was aroused suddenly by the whistling of the wings of a flock of ducks, which, judging from the sound, must have passed directly over the spot where I was lying. I kicked off the blankets, grasped my gun, and crawled out into the frosty air; but,

and examined the boat carefully, and then, turning with a most comical expression of amazement on his face, exclaimed: "Wall, I swan, if it aint made o' paper!" The nine miles that lay between us and home were soon traversed, and I got back, after my two days and nights of "roughing it," in comparatively good order.

The time selected for my cruise was not a very good one; my bed was not so comfortable, nor my



STARTING ON A CRUISE IN A PAPER BOAT.

although I strained my eyes in all directions, I could see nothing on account of the darkness. I waited a few minutes with the hope that more might follow, but at last gave it up, rolled myself in the blankets, and went to sleep. When I again awoke it was broad daylight, but, owing to the cloudiness of the sky, the sun had not made its appearance. Two woodchucks were feeding on a hill-side some two hundred yards away, rising on their hind feet at times to reconnoiter; a song-sparrow, in spite of the dreariness of the weather, was singing cheerfully in a thicket near by, while out on the lake ducks and other aquatic birds could be seen, feeding a few minutes in one place, then changing to another, with short, restless flights. They seemed so wild that I made no attempt to shoot them, although I bagged a grebe which incautiously allowed me an excellent chance for a shot.

On account of the sudden fall of temperature, and the alarming lowness of my stock of provisions, I determined to go home at once, and had no difficulty in finding some one to drive me over, boat and all, for a very reasonable price. The horse was soon hitched to a light "democrat" wagon, and driven to the lake, where my "traps" had been previously arranged. While engaged in loading, an old farmer who came along stopped

meals so good, as they would have been at home, where I might have staid, reading a book, swinging in the hammock, or doing nothing. But, notwithstanding all this, I enjoyed the trip, although I suppose most boys would be unable to understand how any sane person could have taken it unless constrained by the most dire necessity. Although I saw nothing extraordinary, the fish, birds, plants, and animals were all interesting to me; while the new scenery and the novelty of the entire situation were very pleasing for a change.

During the three months that I have used my boat, I have often landed it, through heavy breakers, on a very stony shore, besides running it against a fair number of submerged snags and stones, sometimes with considerable force, but, owing to its lightness and toughness, it never received the slightest injury. I have been out in it in very heavy seas, and have found it much easier to manage at such times than a heavier boat. In rowing parallel to high waves it is apt to ship a little water occasionally, unless carefully managed, but all small boats with low sides experience this difficulty. As the sides of my canoe are only twelve or thirteen inches high at the lowest part, I don't think it surprising that a little water should get over in a heavy sea. When not in use, I usually left the boat out-of-doors, turning it bottom up, and put-

ting a block of wood, or some other object, under each end, to keep it off the ground.

The approximate cost of the materials used in the construction of the canoe was as follows :

Varnish, 5 qts.	\$1.90
Paper, 18 yds.	1.20
Cloth, 8 yds.72
Bottom-board.60
Gunwales.50
Cross-boards.25
Paint.50
Split rattan.25
Nails, screws, wire, etc.25
Total.	\$6.17

The paddle that I used at first cost little or nothing, but the oars and iron rowlocks were made to order for four dollars.

Since the foregoing article was written, I have had a second season's experience with this curious boat, and believe more firmly than ever in its convenience and practicability. It has proved strong

and durable; and has been used for fishing, shooting, and ordinary boating, being equally serviceable in either case. Perhaps the best evidence in its favor is the fact that there are at present, in the village where it was made, some eight or ten boats, in most respects like the one described, all of which, with the exception of one or two which were carelessly constructed, have been entirely satisfactory, and no accidents have happened. The builders were all boys, most of them quite young, and some of the best boats were made by the younger boys. The most popular model seems to be a shallow, sharp-pointed canoe, propelled with a double-bladed paddle; the principal objection already mentioned—that of shipping water in a heavy sea—being effectually obviated by a light decking fore and aft.

Like all light boats they must, of course, be carefully managed; but I consider them quite as safe as a round-bottomed, wooden boat of the same size.

BUTTONS.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

"BUTTON, button, who has the button?" asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet-table.

"I've got it," answered Jimmy's jacket. "I've several buttons, in fact."

"No," put in the closet-door, "I have it myself; the carpenter gave it to me."

"I *had* a dozen or so," said a boot, looking rather down at the heel.

"And I have a hundred or more," yawned the easy-chair, "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class."

"Here's a bachelor's button," remarked a vase of flowers on the bureau.

"There's a button-wood tree in the garden," said the button-hooker. "I suppose you all grew there."

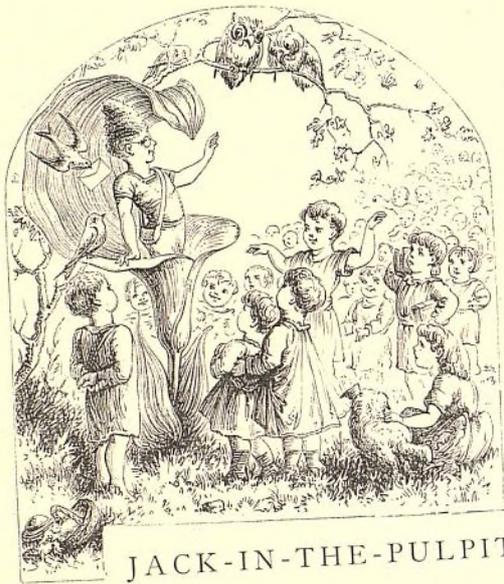
"I know better than that," pouted the closet-door. "Mine grew in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It's a poor relation of theirs."

"And we," added a pair of ivory sleeve-buttons, "we grew in the land of the white elephant. We were carved from the tusks of the leader, who threaded the jungles and swam the rivers at the head of his troops."

"My buttons," said the glove, "were nearly related to the gem which Cleopatra dissolved for Antony. They were mother-of-pearl, grown in the shell of the pearl oyster, for which divers risk their lives."

"That's something of a fish story," thought Jimmy's jacket. "My buttons are only glass; but glass is sometimes made of sand, and who knows but their atoms may have been swept down to the sea-shore from 'farthest India?'"

"And I," whispered the bachelor's button, "I sprang from a tiny seed, with all my splendor of blue and purple wings, like the Afrite from the jar which the fisherman found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was packed away there!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

—“THIS, of a truth, I always note,
And shape my course thereby:
That Nature has never an overcoat
To keep her furrows dry.

“And how should the hills be clothed with grain,
The vales with flowers be crowned,
But for the chain of the silver rain
That draws them out of the ground.

“There 's time for the night as well as the morn,
For the dark as the shining sky;
The grain of the corn and the flower unborn
Have rights as well as I.”

MOTHS AND FALLING WATER.

YOU all have seen the poor moths flutter about the candle or lamp, blinded and yet hopelessly attracted by the light, until at last they fall into the flame and perish. Well, I'm told that in Iceland the gleam of waterfalls attracts the moths in just the same way, and that moth after moth flies deliberately into the cataract. I've heard say, too, that one reason why Iceland offered advantages for observing such things is because there is no night there in summer! But that, I suppose, is too ridiculous to be believed. What say you, young philosophers?

JACK'S LITTLE PARABLE.

A DEAR little escaped canary-bird once told your Jack-in-the-Pulpit that the reason he fled from his wire home near the window was because he wanted to go up and see other cages hanging from the sky—and he knew there must be thousands hanging there, because thousands of birds were flying down from it every day. Poor little thing! He did n't

even know that he was a prisoner, and that all the other birds were free!

It is a foolish notion of mine, perhaps, but, do you know, I think we children are somewhat like that little canary-bird. We all reason from our cages.

Now, if any one of my youngsters knows exactly what I mean, or even guesses at it, let him rise and explain.

THAT CLOUDY SATURDAY!

OH, yes! April is here again, and it is a year since your Jack first mentioned that “cloudy Saturday” theory. Well, it was rather a pretty theory, but the weather of this spring season has evidently been too much for it. Here are two letters out of many of the same sort. We may as well admit that, in several portions of this country, the clouds insist on having the sky entirely to themselves throughout more than one Saturday in the year.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1883.

DEAR JACK: In the April number you told us that some one had said that there is only one Saturday in the whole year in which the sun does not shine at some time during the day. I have watched the Saturdays this year, and it is not so; for the sun did not shine at all here on either the first or the third Saturday of January.

Your friend,

SUSIE E. M.—

ARLINGTON, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1883.

DEAR JACK: I have been watching the weather closely on Saturdays, and on January 20th was rewarded by seeing a Saturday come and go without giving us a glimpse of “Old Sol.” For January 27th we had planned a skating party; but, at night, I had to record the fact that, on two successive Saturdays, the sun had failed to shine.

As our skating for that day had to be given up, we decided to go the next week.

But February 3d came and went, without one ray of sunlight. Whether we have a chance to air our skates on February 10th, remains to be seen.

We may not see another sunless Saturday in a year, but I am rather skeptical about the truth of the statement that “there is only one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine.”

Yours truly, B. V.

A GIRL WHO NEVER SAW A SNOW-BALL!

BEFORE we say good-bye to this Saturday subject, here is a letter that may interest you:

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, JAN. 20, 1883.

DEAR JACK: I am one of your constant readers. I see some of the boys have been watching for the one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine. I am sure it would be useless to watch for it in San Diego, or on any other day of the week, either. I got my papa to ask the signal service man here, and he says he can not remember any day, during the years he has been here, on which the sun did not shine. I am twelve years old, and have never been in any town but this, and have never seen a snow-ball; but some winters we can see the snow lying on the mountains 40 or 50 miles from here, and on Christmas morning, three years ago, I saw a water that had stood out-of-doors during the night. We have a machine here now for making ice, which they go around selling in December; but I would like to go where they have the snowy winters, and see the skating and sleigh-riding that we read about. I suppose Mr. Santa Claus takes off his fur clothing when he comes here. At any rate, I am sure he can not use his sleigh; but he fills our stockings all the same. My brother and I get all our pieces that we speak at school, on recitation day, out of our old ST. NICHOLAS.

Your friend,

ANNIE KELLER.

THE DEACON'S LETTER.

I DON'T know why, but there was something not quite natural about the Deacon's manner as he handed your Jack this letter. There seemed (between ourselves) to be a little more pride than

usual in his dignified air. It was n't exactly *bombastic*; and yet—well, I may have imagined it all. Or, maybe, the letter,—ah, yes! I actually came near forgetting it—perhaps the letter will explain. Here it is:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 30, 1883.

DEAR DEACON GREEN: A short time ago we came across an explanation of the word *bombast*, and seeing your question in the ST. NICHOLAS, I thought I would write and tell you what I know about it. The old meaning of the verb *bombast* was to inflate, and the noun meant cotton used to stuff out clothes.

An old writer, in a book about plants, calls the cotton plant the *bombast tree*; and another queer old book, called "Anatomic of Abuses," tells of doublets "stuffed with four, or five, or six pounds of *bombast*, at least."

It gradually became applied to a certain kind of writing, and an old English writer says:

"The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full and strong—
Not *bombasted* with words, vain ticklish ears to feed,
But such as may content the perfect man to read."

Now, dear Deacon Green, we all like you so much, and have made a great many speculations as to what you look like! I imagine you are just a little like what Prince Hal called Falstaff,—"*A sweet creature of bombast*,"—but not in the present meaning of the word. Oh, no! My brother Ned says he likes to think of you as being fat and jolly.

But, whether thick or thin, I hope you will long continue to write for the ST. NICHOLAS.

I am your faithful reader, BLANCHE McC.

THE WASP'S GYMNASTICS.

Would ever you think,
You dear little chicks,
In what way a wasp
To the window sticks?

I'll tell you just how:
I watched him myself,
And sat still, close by,
On the window-shelf.

He opens his mouth,
And, what do you think?
He puts out his tongue,
And, quick as a wink,

He lifts up his leg
And gives it a *lick*;
And *then*, dears, he can
To the window stick!

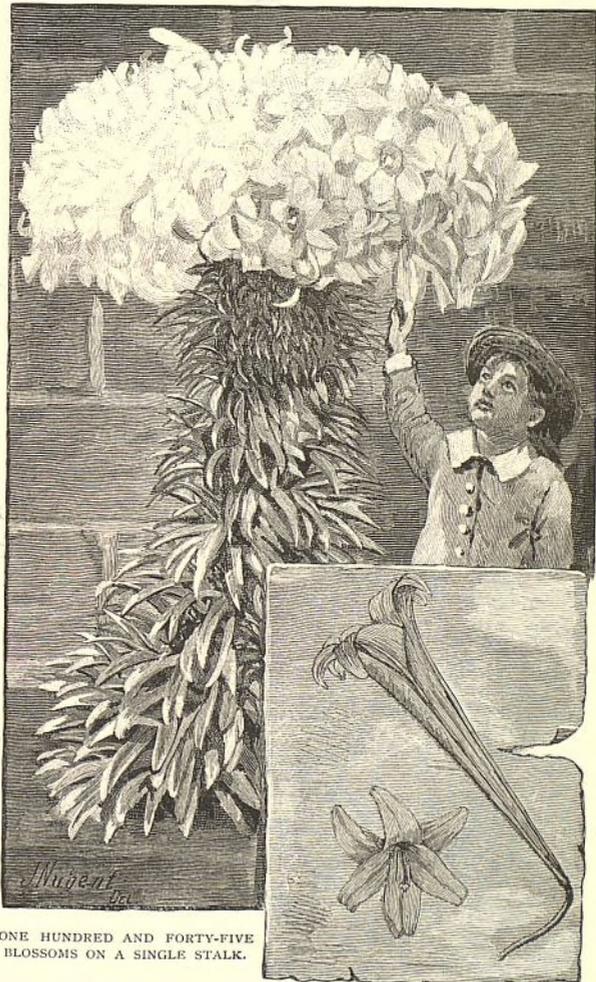
L. E. D.

This may be correct enough as poetry—your Jack does n't pretend to be a judge on that point—but, when it comes to *facts*, he has the birds and the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am to back him when he says that wasps generally hold on to glass as flies do—that is, by the aid of the little disks with which their feet are supplied. Some say that these disks act as suckers; others, that they secrete a sticky fluid;—but, in either case, it is to these disks that wasps and flies owe their power of climbing window-panes and walking on the ceiling with backs downward. The Deacon says he knows that wasps are very neat, and that, like many other respectable insects, they keep their bodies and their nests as clean as possible; and he suggests that what L. E. D. saw was the performance of the wasp's toilet, as other insects are known to cleanse their legs and antennæ after the manner described in the last of these verses.

A REMARKABLE LILY.

THE Little School-ma'am has heard of a remarkable lily, and has handed your Jack this extract from a letter written by a gentleman who seems to know all about the wonderful flower:

"There is a remarkable lily, popularly known as the 'Easter Lily of Bermuda,' which is supposed to have been brought many years ago to Bermuda from 'the Cape,' by Gov. Lefroy, one of Bermuda's earlier governors, and which is now grown in great quantities upon those lovely islands. It is much sought after for the decoration of their parish churches at Easter, and at this,

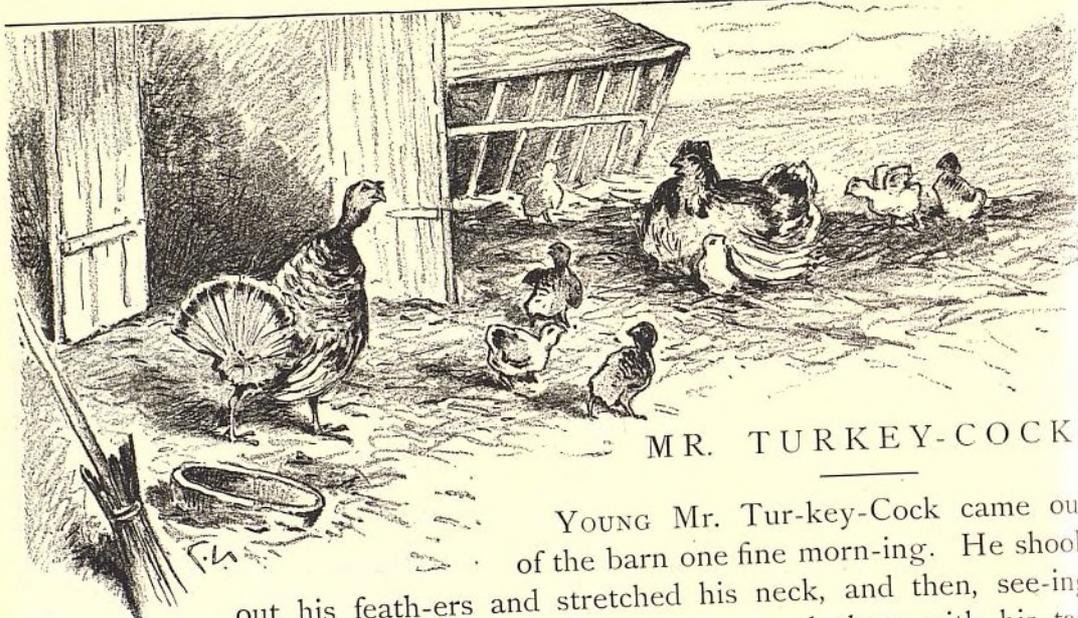


ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE BLOSSOMS ON A SINGLE STALK.

their season of bloom, the air is heavily laden with their delightful perfume.

This lily is noted for the freedom with which it blooms, often producing twenty or thirty flowers on a single stalk, which seems to us, accustomed to seeing only three or four, a very large number; but not long ago a remarkable specimen was sent on here from Bermuda, having one hundred and forty-five perfect buds and blossoms, nearly all of which were in full bloom at one time. The stalk, which was about one inch wide and two broad, was thickly clothed with narrow, dark-green leaves for its entire length (about four feet). Surmounting this were grouped thickly the snow-white, trumpet-shaped blossoms, a mass of snowy white."

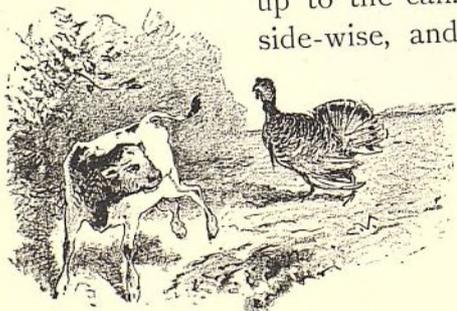
SIDE AND TOP OF SINGLE BLOSSOM.



MR. TURKEY-COCK.

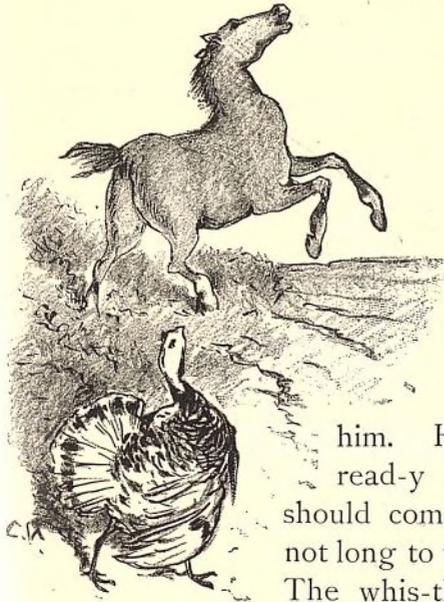
YOUNG Mr. Tur-key-Cock came out of the barn one fine morn-ing. He shook out his feath-ers and stretched his neck, and then, see-ing some ti-ny lit-tle chick-ens close by, he ran to-ward them with his tail set up proud-ly like a fan, and mak-ing a sort of drum-ming noise with his wings. The lit-tle things, who had left their egg-shells on-ly the day be-fore, were fright-ened, and ran a-way as fast as they could to the old hen, who spread her wings o-ver them. This as-ton-ished the young tur-key-cock, who had nev-er be-fore sup-posed that a-ny one could be a-fraid of him.

"I won-der if I could make a-ny-thing else run a-way," thought he. He looked a-round the barn-yard, and saw a lit-tle calf; so he walked qui-et-ly o-ver to it, with his feath-ers ly-ing smooth. The calf looked up, and then turned a-way and rubbed a fly off its side with its nose. Then Mr. Tur-key swelled up his feath-ers, and gave a long "gob-ble," and rushed drum-ming up to the calf. Boss-y gave one quick look, then jumped side-wise, and took an-oth-er look, and then shook its head, kicked up its heels, cut two or three fun-ny cap-ers, and ran a-way.



Now the tur-key was proud in-deed, for he had fright-ened the calf, which was big-ger than he. So he looked a-bout to find some oth-er creat-ure to try his trick up-on. At last he saw a horse crop-ping the grass. So he flew down and walked qui-et-ly to-ward it. When quite close, he ran at it, gob-bling and drum-ming, and the horse, which had not seen him com-ing, gal-loped a-way in a fright.

"Ah!" thought Mr. Tur-key, "I can scare ev-ery-thing! What fun it is!" — Just then a long, shrill whis-tle was heard, and an en-gine came a-long on the oth-er side of the mead-ow, draw-ing a train of cars. Mr. Tur-key knew noth-ing a-bout trains or rail-roads, and he looked hard at the en-gine.

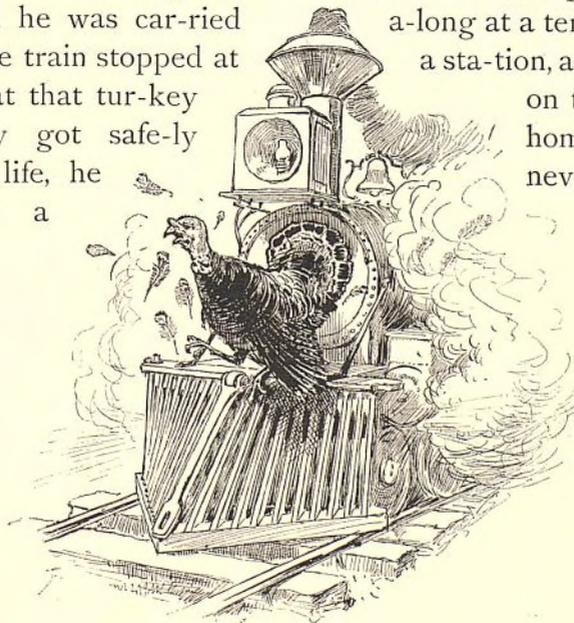
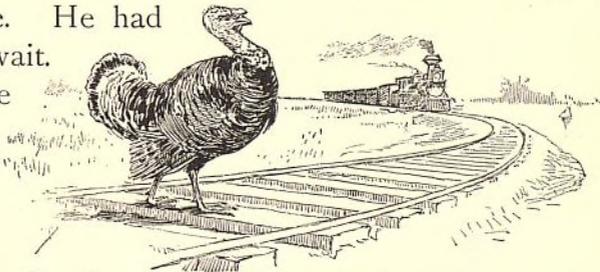


"That can be noth-ing but a ver-y big, black sort of a horse," thought he. "I will go o-ver there and wait for it to come back a-gain." So he strut-ted a-cross the field, think-ing all the time what a splen-did bird he was, since ev-ery-body was a-fraid of

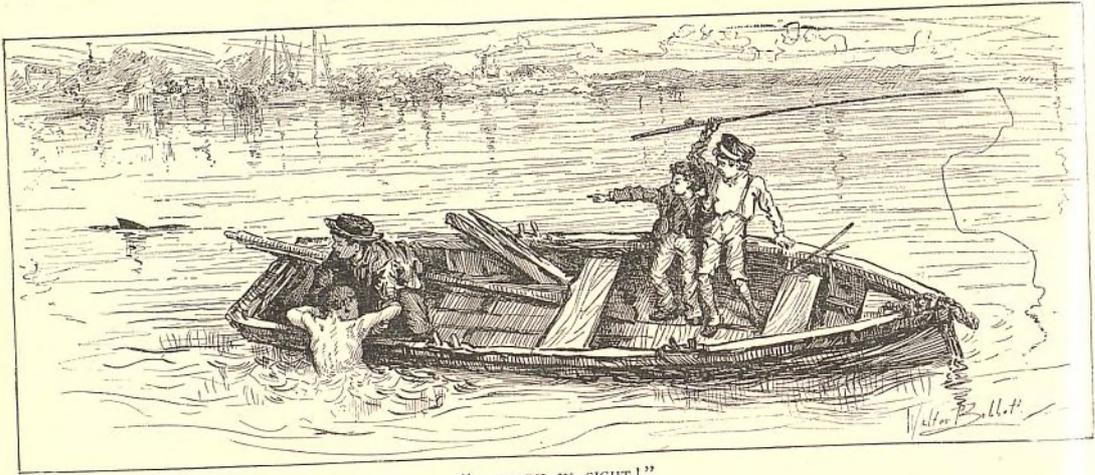
him. He walked a-long the rail-road track, all read-y to run at the black i-ron horse when it should come. He had not long to wait.

The whis-tle was heard, and he puffed him-self up and ran at the great black thing as it came whizz-ing a-long. Did the en-gine run a-way? Yes, but it car-ried Mr. Tur-key with it, which was more than he had bar-gained for. A great wind seemed to sweep him up on a big black thing, and he was car-ried a-long at a ter-ri-ble rate un-til a bell rang, and the train stopped at a sta-tion, and a man shout-ed: "Hel-lo! look at that tur-key on the cow-catch-er!"

Mr. Tur-key got safe-ly home, but, to the lat-est day of his life, he nev-er a-gain tried to fright-en e-ven a chick-en.



THE LETTER-BOX.
ANOTHER COMPOSITION OFFER.



"A SHARK IN SIGHT!"

INSTEAD of the usual four subjects for composition, we give this month two picture-subjects—"A Shark in Sight" and "The Birthplace of Robert Burns." The most acceptable composition on either one of these two subjects, not exceeding 750 words in length, written and composed entirely by a boy or girl under 16 years of age, and received at this office before April 15th, shall be printed, with the picture to which it was written, in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, and paid for at the rate of \$5.00 a printed page.

The composition for the second picture may be entitled simply "Robert Burns," if desired.

Those who desire the return of their compositions, if unsuccessful, should notify us to that effect when sending us their MSS., and should inclose sufficient postage for the purpose.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

SOME of our boy-readers who are lovers of Natural History will be interested in these two letters relating to an article which we printed last October:

MORE ABOUT THE PICUS.

CHELTEMHAM P. O., PA., Oct. 2, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I notice in your October number an article entitled "A Picus and his Pots," in which the author upholds the very erroneous theory that the smaller American woodpeckers—I suppose he means the "*Picus villosus*," "*Picus pubescens*," and "*Centurus Carolinus*," or hairy, downy, and red-bellied woodpecker—subsist, in a very poetical way, by drinking the sap of various trees.

I feel it my duty, as a lover of birds, to absolutely contradict this

whole theory; and the author could certainly never have been led into believing such a fallacy if he had ever examined the contents of the stomach of any woodpecker, which would at once convince him of the fact that all the members of this family live on insects, with occasionally a little corn or fruit. Or the structure of the tongue alone would overthrow at once the above fallacy, for what use could a sap-drinking bird have for a tongue such as belongs to the woodpecker family? It is long and narrow, and covered above with sharp spines, set pointing back into the mouth, and it is kept moist and sticky by a viscous liquid which exudes from two glands, situated one on each side of the head.

It is well known that the woodpeckers drill holes in apple and other trees, apple-trees particularly; but if any one will examine the stomach of a bird killed while engaged in this occupation, he will find that it contains, not the sap of the tree, but numbers of minute

insects, larvæ, and eggs, which, if allowed to remain in the tree, would certainly injure it, and in time destroy it utterly.

I hope none of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have been led (or rather misled) into believing that a bird formed preëminently for the destruction of insects should subsist upon, or even drink, the sap of any tree. If any one has been so misled, I would refer him to the writings of Wilson (in his description of the downy woodpecker), Nuttall (in his description of the same), or to the large work of Baird, Brewster, and Lawrence (vol. II., p. 512), all of whom have studied the matter much more fully than

Yours truly,

WM. J. HAINES.

MR. THOMPSON'S REPLY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. Haines is the one who is mistaken. He refers to books and tongues; I refer to the acts of the bird (*Picus varius*), as I have seen them with my own eyes. But Mr. Haines can console himself that he errs in good company. Alexander Wilson, curiously enough, falls into the mistake of asserting that the downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) is the bird that bores the rings of pits in the holes of our apple trees, when, in fact, it is the yellow-bellied woodpecker (*Picus varius*) that does it. The hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*) and the downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) never peck in green, healthy wood, as they find the insects, larvæ, and eggs upon which they feed in dead, decaying wood. The picus of which my paper treated (*Picus varius*) is the true "sap-sucker." He pecks green wood, and prefers a perfectly healthy tree, which is full of sap. I have had my eyes within three feet of this bird when it was drinking from its pits. I have carefully noted its habits, for fifteen years, in the woods, from Georgia to Michigan, and I know I am not mistaken, and that Mr. Haines and his teachers are mistaken. I do not deny that the yellow-bellied woodpecker (*Picus varius*) eats insects, larvæ, and insect eggs; I do assert that it drinks sap out of the pits it makes. The red-bellied woodpecker (*Picus Carolinus*) occasionally drinks sap,—this I have seen it do from the troughs in a maple orchard or "sugar-camp,"—but it does not peck green wood. The great ivory-bellied woodpecker is the only woodpecker (save the yellow-bellied woodpecker) that I have ever seen pecking green wood, and then it was done to reach a hollow where winged ants were lodged. The bright-eyed boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS can, if they live in the country, satisfy themselves on this subject this winter, as follows: Take a good opera-glass and go watch in any grove of cedar trees until you find my bird (*Picus varius*) sitting below his ring of pits. Train your glass upon him, and patiently observe him delicately dipping his bill into the little wells of aromatic juice. You can't be mistaken; he finds no insects there; the wood is green and sound; the pits are full of liquid—he is drinking his nectar! I have seen one of these birds stay for three or four weeks, almost constantly every day, on one tree, where it had pecked twenty or thirty pits. Could it get enough insects out of these pits to keep it alive so long? The wounds it had made in the tree kept bleeding and it kept drinking, that was all! Why does it take to the cedar trees in very cold weather? Because the cedar's blood does not freeze. Why does it peck in green, healthy wood if it is hunting for insects? Picus is no fool; he knows what is good! Mr. Haines might as well look into Ben Franklin's books for a true account of the telephone, as to look into Wilson's or Audubon's or Baird's books for all the facts of nature. One must use one's own eyes and ears. If I see a bird drink sap, see the same thing over a thousand times, must I refuse to believe my senses because Wilson did not happen to record the fact?

Then Mr. Haines is again mistaken if he thinks our particular picus eats corn. I might safely offer him a moon-stone, or some other great prize, for every grain of corn he will ever find in the stomach of this bird.

Wilson, in his eagerness to contest the sap-drinking theory, says: "The bird pecks its holes only in the autumn and winter, and most often on the south and west sides of the tree-boles." The south and west sides of trees are the warm sides, and there the trees bleed most freely when punctured. But Wilson, himself, asserts that the birds choose the healthiest trees in which to peck their pits, and yet he thinks they are after worms, etc., etc., and he is quite sure it is *Picus pubescens* that does the work. He is wrong all around! I could fill ST. NICHOLAS with facts in proof of my bird's tippling habit. I may note one more glaring error in Wilson's account of this picus: He says it associates with the downy and the hairy woodpeckers, which is not true. *Picus varius*, as he names it, is a lonely bird, curiously solitary in its habits, except in the mating season. It never, at any time, place, or season, "associates with" the other little woodpeckers.

In still another particular Mr. Haines is wrong. He says: "The structure of the tongue alone would overthrow at once the above fallacy, for what use could a sap-drinking bird have for a tongue such as belongs to the woodpecker family?" Now, let me answer this: The red-headed woodpecker (*Picus erythrocephalus*) and the golden-winged woodpecker (*Picus auratus*) live mostly on berries and fruits and grain in summer and autumn. What use have they for the woodpecker tongue, according to Mr. Haines? In fact, the two last-named species have almost ceased to peck wood at all for food. They have not left the country because the woods have been cut down, as the ivory-billed and pileated species have; but have

adapted themselves to the new environment, eating cherries, berries, apples, corn, and seeds.

Again, the red-headed species is an expert fly-catcher, and may be seen taking insects on the wing as deftly as a pewee; but what use has a fly-catcher for a woodpecker's wedge-shaped bill—according to Mr. Haines? Again, the *Picus auratus* bores in the ground for grubs and worms, just as the woodcock does—why is n't its bill like a woodcock's?

The fact is, boys, Mr. Haines might as well tell you that a red-headed woodpecker does n't eat ripe mulberries because its bill is wedge-shaped, as to tell you that a *Picus varius* does n't drink sap because its tongue has barbs on it! MAURICE THOMPSON.

We made space in the December Letter-Box for some samples of the hearty and cheering letters about ST. NICHOLAS that come pouring in upon us like a tide, and we can not refrain from printing a few more here. We wish we could print them all, but we have the more reason to be grateful to the hosts of our friendly correspondents because their welcome compliments do not decrease in number or heartiness, despite our inability to make room for more than a very few out of the mass.

This time, we shall head the list with this appreciative and kindly greeting from a father:

PHENIXVILLE, PA., Dec. 18, 1882.

DEAR EDITORS: * * * * Allow me to add that our little daughter, too, belongs to that great army of little people to whom ST. NICHOLAS has become a dear old friend and companion, as well as an instructor and educator. Full of impatience and expectation, she always looks forward to the appearance of the new number, and does not mind to take the long walk to the bookstore as often as three times a week, about the time it is due, and great is her disappointment when she returns home without it.

Permit us to do what no doubt many parents have done before us; to express to you, and all those interested in the publication of this excellent periodical, our full appreciation of, and sincere thanks for, the noble and successful efforts you are making to instruct, educate, and entertain our children.

With the highest regards from Mrs. L. and myself, I remain
Your obedient servant, M. G. L.

And not less encouraging is this cordial and interesting letter from an "island home" in the beautiful Lake Erie:

December 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not live in the "piney woods" of Florida, nor at an Indian frontier-post, as some of your charming little readers do, but dwell with five small boys, on an island in the middle of Lake Erie.

My urchins range from baby in the crib to Hugh, a ten-year-old, but each and all of the five, in varied fashion, welcome joyfully the monthly coming of ST. NICHOLAS to our island home.

Would that the power in pen or pencil were mine to give to your chaste, cheerful pages pictures of and among these grape-growing islands of the West, where summer lingers longer and Jack Frost arrives later than at any like latitude on all this broad continent of ours. The waters, heated by the summer's sun, retain their latent heat, and this heat, given off as cooler days creep on, softens the air and preserves for weeks our flowers and garden-plants in native greenness, when far south of the Ohio the touch of winter is upon the land.

Pardon the digression, and permit me, as by first intention, to thank you most heartily for the pure pleasure and solid teaching which you, as the "Great School-ma'am," are giving to thousands throughout this world of ours, my own little flock among the growing number.

I have but to add that we are Canadians, living at the extreme southern point of the New Dominion; but I believe that glorious old Santa Claus knows no lines of latitude or politics.

I beg to remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for the boys and myself,
Sincerely and faithfully yours, F. B. Mc.

Next comes this frank letter from "another nineteen-year-old":

OSWEGO, January 4, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On looking through the Letter-Box of the December number of ST. NICHOLAS, I find one letter written by Julie B., who is nineteen years old. I am nineteen also, and do not feel a bit "grown up" either, and enjoy ST. NICHOLAS immensely. My brother and I commenced taking it when it first started, and now my little sister takes it. She had read the old numbers, which we have bound, over and over again, and so, when Christmas came, and

she found ST. NICHOLAS in her stocking, she was so delighted! Of all her presents, I think she liked that best. Your true friend, N. H.

Then here is a hearty missive from a high-school girl at the other side of the continent:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very happy that there is in existence such a magazine as the ST. NICHOLAS; though I am in the senior class of the high school, yet I take great pleasure in the ST. NICHOLAS. I live in a city noted for its cable roads, there being five roads which scale the numerous hills which abound in San Francisco. Among the course of studies which I pursue are chemistry, geometry, literature, Latin, rhetoric, zoölogy, astronomy, and history. I am seventeen years old, and I remain,
Your ardent reader and subscriber,
ELISE F.

Perhaps Elise and others may not know that ST. NICHOLAS once described the cable roads of San Francisco (see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1878), and that, since that article was published, a cable road has been built and is now in operation in the city of Chicago.

From the pile of hearty letters written by dear young friends between the ages of ten and fifteen, we have room for only a half-dozen, selected at random. And we shall begin with this cordial greeting from an English girl:

CARLTON ROAD, KILBURN, N. W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in London, or rather a suburb of London.

Four years ago, Papa brought me home a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, and I had my choice of that or another magazine, but directly I had read one number, I chose dear old ST. NICHOLAS, and I have taken it ever since, and think there is no magazine to equal it, in either England or America.

The nicest tales, in my opinion, are "Donald and Dorothy" and "Jack and Jill."

I hope I shall always take it, for I sometimes think I shall hardly ever get too old to enjoy it. A friend of mine was taking an English magazine, and I recommended ST. NICHOLAS to her, and she thinks it is the nicest magazine she ever read. I should think it must be jolly in America. If I could pop corn once, and help pull candy, and have a good coast and some snow-balling, I should be quite happy, for our snow melts here as soon as it comes down.

And I should like to be in America on the Fourth of July and on Thanksgiving Day.

In fact, I should n't mind living there at all. But now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, good-bye. From your loving and constant reader,
FLO. A.—

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 27, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old; and never had a magazine of my own before last Christmas, when I was delighted to find ST. NICHOLAS among my presents. I was very much amused with the "Brownies' Ride," for my teacher calls me "Brownie," because I have brown eyes. I am just aching for the March number; so please hurry it up, and oblige
Your little friend,
H. H. E.

BRANDENBURG, MEADE CO., KY., Jan. 14, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you nearly four years. You were first given to me as a Christmas present by my brother; I do not know how we could do without you. We live in the country, five miles from our post-office. My little brother, nine years old, goes to the post-office the most. The first sound he hears when he returns is, "Did you get the ST. NICHOLAS?" If the answer is "Yes," all crowd around to get the first look. We can scarcely wait until our lessons are studied, to read it. Then I, being the oldest, read aloud. The next month always seems so far off, so long to wait to get another ST. NICHOLAS. Every one, from my teacher to my baby brother, two years old, hails ST. NICHOLAS with delight.

I think your stories are just splendid, "Donald and Dorothy" especially. Dorothy's picture is perfectly lovely.

I am very thankful for the composition subjects you have every month. I dislike very much to write compositions, and it does n't seem so hard when I get the subjects from you.

Yours truly,
NELLIE G.—

"FRASCATI," VA., Feb. 5, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot tell you how delighted I was when I awoke on Christmas morning and found the ST. NICHOLAS among my many other presents. I appreciated it more than any of them. The first time we ever got the ST. NICHOLAS a friend made it a present to my sister and myself for the whole year. My aunts all thought it such an excellent paper. We enjoyed reading it so much, that the next year they subscribed to it for us. This is now

the third year we have taken it, and I hope we will subscribe to it a great many more years. I think it is the best magazine for children that has ever been published. Sister and I both thought "Donald and Dorothy" a lovely story, and were very sorry when it ended. When the ST. NICHOLAS comes, she and I rush for it; first we each look at the pictures, and then the one who first got it reads it. My sister and I are two little girls who have lost our dear papa and mamma, and so we live in the country on a large farm with our grandpapa and aunts. We have plenty of horses, and we often go out riding on horseback. I have often ridden on horseback by myself to our post-office, which is just one mile from us, to get the mail. We have three dogs and three cats, which are our pets. We have chickens also, but of all the most pleasant things we have to entertain ourselves with, the ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest and the best.
Your constant reader,
CORINNE LOUISE K.

MADISON, WIS., Dec. 11, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years of age, and for the past five years I have been a constant reader of your magazine, and think, with many others, that it is the best one I ever read. I have learned many beautiful pieces of poetry from it, and last week, at the close of school, I repeated "Little Guido's Complaint." It is in the October number for 1882. JANIE H. H.—

Last of all, we must add these two letters from young wanderers, for it seems their writers have, indeed, seen something of the world:

FORT D. A. RUSSELL, WY. TER., Dec. 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. My papa is a doctor in the army. I was born at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and since then I have been North, South, East, and I am now West again. We live right on the prairie. It blows here all the time. I take your ST. NICHOLAS, and think it perfectly lovely. My sisters Edith and Lisa delight to hear the baby stories. And when we get through I send it to my five cousins in Ireland, who love to read it too. With many thanks for such a lovely book, I am your grateful little friend,
AILEEN MAY V.—

FORT ELLIOT, TEXAS, Jan. 14, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You get so many letters from little children all over the world, I thought I might write a letter also. I had ST. NICHOLAS first at White Earth Reservation, Minnesota, way out in the Indian country. In summer it was awfully hot—I couldn't run hardly—and in the winter it was very, very cold. I saw Indians nearly all the time. I was a little frightened at first. I was staying at a hospital. A few Indians were very kind to me, and one Indian named Me-Shig-Ke-Ge-Thig was a great friend of ours. Emme-Gah-Bouh, the Indian clergyman, was so good, and we liked him very much. The Chippewas are good Indians. Last year I was in Europe, and in Switzerland. I was so glad to see ST. NICHOLAS again. It had a different blue cover outside, and in Germany and England it had a different blue cover. Very many little English children take ST. NICHOLAS, and German children too, and American children buy it over there, and all that I buy it like it very much, usually. I think more of it now than I ever did before, and I should feel very badly if I could not see it. Papa got a Christmas number for me for one of my Christmas presents, and I like that very much too. Now I am way out in Texas. It is a long, long way from the railroad. We have lots of "Northerners," very bad winds, and we have some prairie fires here. They were n't very bad, for the grass was not long enough. We had a fire here—a pile of wood took fire. I like the post very well, but I had rather be at my own grandpa's. There are four companies of soldiers. We have a little Agassiz Association. We have nine members. I hope I will always have a copy of ST. NICHOLAS. Good-bye. From your loving friend,
WILLIE T. P.

LUCY C. AND OTHERS.—We can not direct you to any purchaser of canceled or used postage-stamps, which, so far as we know, are worthless.

READERS of the clever story of "Louis's Little Joke," in this number, will be interested in this extract from a letter which the author sent with her MS.:

"The story was suggested by my seeing in the laundry, one morning, suds which had stood for hours, the froth white and pure, and strong enough to be sliced off with a knife. It looked wonderfully like the beaten whites of eggs, and kept its form when transferred to a plate. I suppose it was the force with which the suds had been driven through flannel by the strong arms of the washer-woman that made it so lasting. I have seen foam stand for hours on a lake-shore after a heavy gale."

THE Gould Memorial Home and Schools, mentioned by Miss Hale in her story, "Alone in Rome" (page 460), is a beautiful charity in Rome, which was begun by Mrs. Emily Bliss Gould, and after her death continued, in her name, by a society of ladies and gentlemen. It is supported chiefly by the gifts of American and English friends. A club of young people in Boston, called "The Italian Band," does much to help, and other cities in this country also contain associations in aid of the Gould Home and Schools. There are individuals, besides, who gladly give the eighty dollars a year necessary to support a child in the Home. The institution has been in existence about ten years, and usually has in its care some forty children, who receive daily instruction in needle-work, dress-making, housekeeping, tailoring, shoe-making, etc., beside all the care and comforts of a real home. An English lady, Mrs. Edgecombe Edwards, is now the president of the executive committee which has the actual supervision of the work.

L. M. D.—We can answer your question ourselves. You can buy or order "Through the Looking-Glass" at any bookstore, and the price of the most popular edition is \$1.50.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The suggestion concerning the use of Christmas cards on a screen I have adopted, and modified in this way: Taking an old green baize screen, light blue silesia (a prettier background than canvas) was tacked over it on one side, and the cards adjusted by means of a fine silver wire—surgical wire. We made the holes for the wire with a small awl. The wrong side of the screen was finished with pink silesia, plaited and tacked. The whole completed, a pretty plush gimp was put on over the tacks, and the black-walnut edges of the original screen gilded. This was done with a bottle of gilt-paint, and powder and brush (costing about 50 cents).

It may seem strange to the boys and girls that a mother, with three little ones not old enough to read, should watch for the pretty St. NICHOLAS with avidity. I do, however. Have the many readers of the magazine ever thought of passing it on to those unable to see it otherwise? Our copy goes to a cripple in the Hartford Hospital after we finish it, and affords a double pleasure. Yours sincerely, "AUNT LOTO."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-FIFTH REPORT.

It gives us great pleasure to note this month a larger accession of Chapters and new members than in any one previous report. Their addresses will be found below. We are also pleased to print the following very kind responses to our hint in the February report. The first is from the President of the Rochester, N. Y., Nat. Hist. Society:

"You may refer to me questions on parasites, infusoria, and pond-life. The only trouble is that replies may be delayed at times, owing to my frequent absence from home.

"Yours truly, H. F. ATWOOD.

"Office German Insurance Co."

The next is from an enthusiastic member of the Ottumwa Chapter:

"I have had considerable experience with fossils—have labeled the collection in a large public museum in this city. I will gladly undertake the identification of any specimens sent me.

"W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa."

The third comes from Professor Dudley, of Cornell University:

"ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1883.

"I have not yet outgrown my sympathy for the younger people. I will gladly answer their questions so far as time will permit, and will *make* time for their sakes, even when I am busy. My especial department is certain parts of Phænogamic and Cryptogamic Botany; among other things, the *grasses, ferns, and mosses*. "I shall always be delighted to serve the boys and girls, even at the busiest moments. WILLIAM RUSSEL DUDLEY."

This will make the eyes of our young microscopists, fossil-hunters, and botanists sparkle with delight. But we caution them that, when they avail themselves of these most generous offers, they must observe two invariable rules:

First. Never write for assistance on any question until you have fairly exhausted all your own means for learning the answer.

Second. Always inclose sufficient postage for the return of your specimens, and also an envelope stamped with a three-cent stamp, and addressed to yourself. We hope that we shall be able before long to refer students in all departments to equally satisfactory sources

of information. The call is now particularly urgent for a competent mineralogist, conchologist, and entomologist. Members of the A. A. will kindly call the attention of their elder friends to this need of our Society, as they may very likely not read St. NICHOLAS.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
397.	Mansfield Valley, Pa. (A)	8.	Mr. Prestley.
398.	Roseville, N. J. (A)	22.	Miss Sara Darrach, 31 N. 11, Newark, N. J.
399.	New York, N. Y. (I)	4.	E. B. Lent, 221 E. 39.
400.	Fargo, D. T. (A)	6.	Frank Brown.
401.	Louisville, Ky. (A)	7.	James Speed, 836 4th Ave.
402.	Cayuga, N. Y. (A)	10.	H. D. Willard, Box 94.
403.	Newark, N. J. (B)	4.	Chas. Barrows, 168 Market st.
404.	Baraboo, Wis. (A)	7.	Miss Dora Coffall, Box 1313.
405.	Lexington, Ky. (A)	6.	(Not furnished.)
406.	Fort Elliot, Texas (A)	9.	Thos. Hood, care Capt. Hood.
407.	New York, N. Y. (J)	7.	A. C. Weeks, 120 Broadway.
408.	Hartford, Ct. (E)	12.	W. H. St. John, 194 Farmington Ave.
409.	Sag Harbor, N. Y. (A)	10.	C. R. Sleight.
410.	Princeton, Ill. (B)	10.	Miss E. M. Richardson.
411.	New Salem, Mass. (A)	12.	D. F. Carpenter.
412.	Syracuse, N. Y. (B)	8.	B. Burnet Nash.
413.	Denver, Col. (C)	5.	H. W. Henderson, 454 Cal. st.
414.	New York, N. Y. (K)	6.	H. Ries, 139 W. 49.
415.	Waterbury, Conn. (C)	5.	Wm. Carter.
416.	Racine, Wis. (A)	4.	J. McCollmer, 926 Main.
417.	Keypport, N. J. (A)	6.	Phelps Cherry.
418.	Boston, Mass. (D)	18.	Harry C. Sanborn, 49 Lawrence street.
419.	Chicago, Ill. (M)	8.	Geo. Lynne, 107 Sedgwick st.
420.	Hanover, Ind. (A)	8.	C. Danner.
421.	Petaluma, Cal. (A)	19.	Miss Mary Denny.
422.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (G)	4.	R. C. Avery, 98 Second Pl.

EXCHANGES.

Florida shells, for minerals.—S. A. Howes, Battle Creek, Mich. Correspondence in South and West and in British America desired, with view to exchanges.—H. N. Johnson, Waterbury, Conn.

Common opal, for other minerals.—S. B. Arnold, Whipple Barracks, Arizona Territory.

Minerals, fossils, and woods, for foreign, Southern, and Pacific coast woods.—L. L. Lewis, Box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Insects and birds' eggs, for insects and minerals; send for printed list.—E. Hamilton, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Wm. Sicard, 1404 L. st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Fossils.—C. R. Eastman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The address of Chapter 388 should read as follows: C. F. Gettemy, Galesburg, Ill.

Attacus Cynthia cocoons, for cocoons of Io, Luna, Polyphemus, and Cecropia.—A. C. Weeks, 120 Broadway, N. Y.

Ores, for ocean curiosities or insects.—Eddie Boynton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Dakota grain, grass, and prairie flowers, for sea-shells or minerals.—Jesse French, Grand Rapids, Dakota.

Polyphemus, Cecropia, Promethea, and Io cocoons, for lepidoptera.—Fred. A. Brown, Malden, Mass.

Insects and minerals.—Lillie M. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Petrified wood, buffalo teeth, for iron pyrites or buhl-stone.—Frank Brown, Fargo, D. T., Box 1769.

Cocoons of Promethea and Cecropia, for minerals.—Henry Gilbert, 27 Inman st., Cambridge, Mass.

Celebrated Spanish poison-plant, "Loco," for sea-shells or birds' eggs.—Thomas S. Hood, Fort Elliot, Texas.

Woods, for pressed ferns from West or South.—Harry G. White, 39 Union st., Taunton, Mass.

Chapter 351, East Boston, Mass. (B) has 26 members, instead of 6. Robins' and bluebirds' eggs.—Helen Montgomery, Box 713, Saco, Maine.

Edelweiss, for pressed autumn leaves.—Alice M. Guernsey, Wareham, Mass.

The address of Chapter 374 should be changed to F. E. Cocks, Sec. Brooklyn E, 136 Seventh st.

Colorado minerals, for eggs or insects.—R. W. Anthony, 796 Welton st., Denver, Col.

Nest and eggs of yellow-headed blackbird, for eggs or insects.—W. I. Strong, 804 Cal. st., Denver, Col.

Florida moss, shells, cocoons.—Box 14, Beverly, N. J.

Correspondence on entomology.—John P. Gavit, 3 Lafayette st., Albany, N. Y.

Penitentes, for petrified wood.—Miss Jessie P. Glenn, Bowling Green, Ky.

Flint, satin slate, asbestos, serpentine.—C. Hadden, Jr., 69 Remsen st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cocoons and chrysalids.—Jas. P. Curtis, 57 Seward Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

Agatized wood and minerals.—L. Wadsworth, Box 2772, Denver, Colorado.

REPORTS FROM MEMBERS AND FRIENDS.

Did you ever hear of pussy willows in October? On October 5th, I found a tree with pussy willows on nearly every twig.
HELEN MONTGOMERY.
SACO, MAINE.

CANTON, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1883.

I caught a chipmunk in my squirrel-trap, and was about to let it go, when I saw on the lower part of the abdomen a bunch as large as the end of my finger, with a black thing as large as half a pea sticking out. It felt like an acorn. The black thing that stuck out was ringed like a cocoon. It fell out of the chipmunk, and looked something like this:



It was sparingly covered with short, stiff, light-colored hairs. When I touched it, it moved a little. I took it home and laid it in a box, but when I went again for it, it was gone. MARK MANLEY.
[Will some one name this parasite? We venture to suggest a species of *Acarina*, in spite of the apparent articulations.]

NORWICH, CONN.

How the statement became established that *Citheronia regalis* (see Jan. report) is rare in N. E. (and I confess it has authority), I do not know. The observations of naturalists here do not warrant it. The larvæ are plentiful on butternut trees in New London, Conn., and are also found feeding in freedom on bayberry. Last season a friend of mine, who offered 25 cents each for full-grown caterpillars, was surprised to have a youth bring him 40, as the result of one day's hunt. A company of three have at least 150 of the larvæ feeding, but the result can not be known until spring. The larvæ suffer terribly from ichneumons, and the per cent that survive is small. Larvæ of the Pine moth (*Eacles imperialis*) were also plentiful last season. They were found by me feeding upon white pine, arbor vitæ, maple, ash, hickory, and bayberry. The caterpillar was uniformly green, tending to black, on all food-plants but hickory and bayberry. On these they were in second and third stage, and were red.

A. W. PEARSON.

D. M. Perine asks about a red speck on a house-fly. It is a parasite that is common on flies late in summer. It has three pairs of delicate legs, which are little used. It adheres to the fly by means of its mouth, which is a strong sucker. Very often the body will break before the sucker will let go. I have taken thirteen from one fly. I can not give you the name of the little fellow; in fact, I question if it has ever been christened. There is a good field for some of your amateur entomologists in studying its life history, structure, and habits. The house-fly is infested by two other parasites. The first is a minute worm, called *Filaria*, which is often found in the fly's head or proboscis. The other is a vegetable growth (*Empusa musci*), a sort of fungus, like the mold on stale bread. The mycelia of this fungus, which are analogous to stalks of higher growths, penetrate the tracheæ, and, filling them, suffocate the fly.
You may often see adhering to the window a fly with a whitish deposit around it for half an inch. This is made up of thousands of spores, the fruit of the fungus.

[“A.” will please accept our thanks for his kind answer.]

H. A. Cooke, of North Brookfield, Mass., asks what is a “hair-snake.” The scientific name is *Gordius aquaticus*. It is called *Gordius* from its habit of tying itself into a sort of “Gordian knot.” As found wriggling its seven inches about in a pool, it is in its *imago* state, and is free. Not so, however, in its larval condition. It was then a parasite, and lived inside of some insect. Of course, no member of the A. A. accepts such boyish fallacies as that a horse-hair transforms itself into a hair-snake.

GENESEE.

PITTSBURY, N. J.

I should like to know the scientific name of a bug that swims about on top of the water, and, when it is disturbed, goes under water. It is black, about half an inch long. We call them “eel-bugs.”

H. E. DEATS.

[They are a genus of Coleoptera called *Gyrinida*. Common name, “whirligigs.”]

VICKSBURG, MISS.

DEAR SIR: The curious “bug” described by Bina J. Ray in your September number is generally known as the “Devil’s Coach-horse.” It is quite common in this latitude. It is sometimes of a green color, and at other times is brown, and I think possesses the property of the chameleon in the power to change its color. It is very pugnacious, and its bite quite painful. I have seen two of them, placed in a cage with a full-grown mocking-bird, make a determined fight, catching and sticking close under the bird’s wings. It was only after a protracted conflict, and with considerable difficulty, that they were overcome by the bird and killed.

The head of this insect appears to be composed entirely of mouth and eyes, the latter protruding like round knobs. The neck is very small, and the abdomen bulbous-shaped. It is provided with wings, which are used readily. The head turns easily on the neck in any direction without moving the body; and the insect follows with its eyes every movement of an enemy, by turning the head only, like an owl. This gives it a comical, and at the same time a rather formidable appearance, when angry or alarmed.

OLD BOY.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I write to inform you of the organization of a Chapter of the Agassiz Association in Salt Lake City. Several of us boys have been more or less interested in natural history for some time, and when we read about the A. A. in St. Nicholas, we thought that it was just what we wanted. So on Wednesday, August 2d, four of us met and organized the Chapter.

We have already taken several tramps after specimens. On the first one we found the terminal moraine of a glacier, and our honorary member gave us a long description of glaciers—the manner of their formation and movements, and the way in which moraines are formed. Our last trip was to a mining district situated 9300 feet above the sea. It lasted five days, and we walked sixty miles, and found many rare alpine plants, fossils, minerals, and bugs.

FRED. E. LEONARD, Box 265.

No abatement of interest. We are working up an entertainment, with the profits of which we intend to get a room. At one meeting we debated the question: “Resolved, That specialists accomplish more in natural history than generalists.” We should like to have other Chapters take it up and let us know what they make of it. I have always read that quartz has no “cleavage,” but I have a specimen of milky quartz which shows a remarkably fine plane of cleavage—4 by 2½ inches.

W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Questions from Albany, A: How does a cat purr? Tell something of a singing mouse. What are the differences between butterflies and moths?

I desire to obtain some popular science monthly or weekly, that treats, in a popular way, all the natural sciences. *The American Naturalist* is more technical than I wish.

W. STRIBLING.

[Any one who will recommend a good paper to us, answering this description, will confer a favor.]

HYDE PARK, ILLINOIS.

I am happy to inform you that a Natural History Association has been formed in our high school. We have 17 members, all of whom are very enthusiastic in their work. We all desire to connect ourselves with the A. A. We had a cabinet made, which cost \$25.00. The Board of Education has kindly advanced the cost of this, provided we leave our collection in the building. They also allow us to meet in the building. We have an entrance fee of 50c., in order that none but “workers” may join. We are very careful about electing new members. Address W. R. GWYNN, Box 217.

The special work of the term in Wareham, Mass., Chapter A, has been determinative mineralogy: we purchased 10 different minerals, and have analyzed them. We have a cabinet which has a number of specimens in it, together with several books, some purchased by the Chapter, and others presented by the Smithsonian Institution and the Department of the Interior.

We receive, through Mr. Glosser, the following report of Chapter C, No. 109, Washington, D. C. Listen to what the members have learned in one month:

Amber contains the fossil remains of 800 species of insects, and many kinds of plants.

Some snails breathe through an orifice which is on the right side in dextral and on the left in sinistral shells.

Deposits of metalliferous rock are formed in layers, beginning at the walls of the seams, which are sometimes highly polished. The central layer is composed of interlacing crystals.

The shark family contains the largest fishes. Sharks are nearly the only viviparous fishes, and the female is larger than the male.

Most of the movements of plants are independent of their growth. The ends of morning-glories revolve until they strike something, which they twine about.

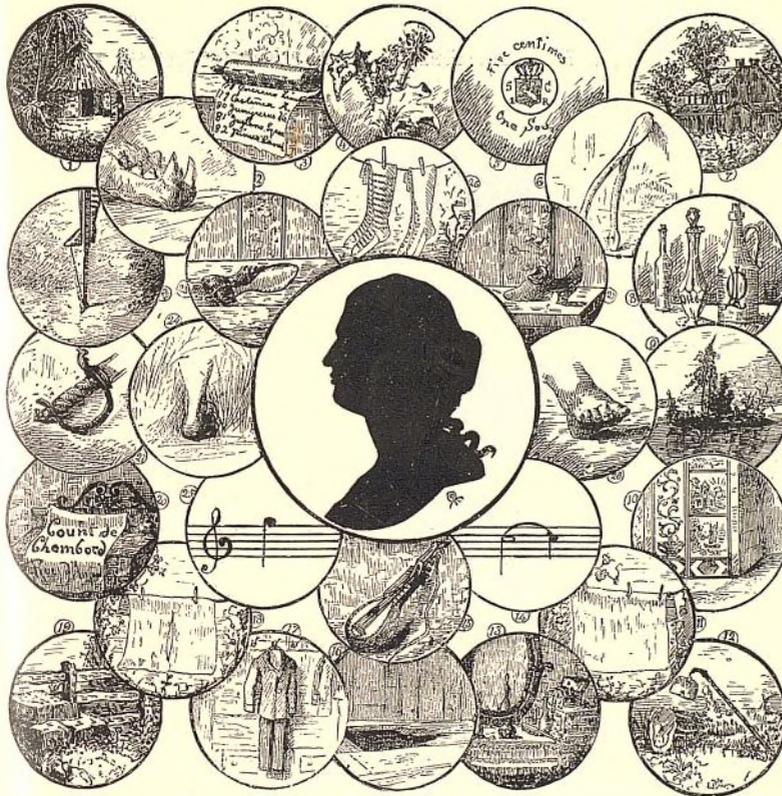
In concluding this report, we wish to remind the Association of the prize offered in February for the best essay on evidences of design in Nature. We now fix the date at which all essays must reach us as May 15. We hope for a large number of papers. Chapters will bear in mind Agassiz’s birthday, on the 28th of May. Longfellow’s poem on A. A.’s 50th birthday, and Whittier’s “Prayer of Agassiz,” are among the most appropriate selections for reading or recitation. We hope to have full reports of the manner in which the day is observed.

Some time ago we hinted that we wished to receive photographs of all members of the Society, for an A. A. album, but only a few understood what we meant. We have, however, made a beginning, and shall be pleased to receive a group picture of each Chapter, and individual photographs of as many members as possible.

We must remind new members (and some older ones) that an enclosed, self-addressed envelope (*stamped*), or a postal card, are conditions of correspondence. No answers to postal cards. Reports and letters should be written on ordinary commercial note-paper—not foolscap—and on one side of the leaf. Address all letters to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



The central picture in the above illustration may be described by one word of ten letters. With these letters words may be formed describing each of the smaller pictures.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials spell the Christian name, and my initials the surname, of a famous novelist.

Cross-words: 1. Gladdened. 2. One-half of a romp. 3. A sea east of Italy. 4. A bird similar to a crow. 5. Profitable. 6. To amuse. 7. Greets.

"MARGUERITE."

REVERSIBLE WORDS.

I. Read forward, I am always present; read backward, I never can be lost.

II. Read forward, I am a recompense; read backward, I am part of a bureau.

F. J. M.

RIDDLE.

BOTH of the following verses may be answered by words sounding alike, but spelled differently:

Covered by me
The prisoner bows his head.
His fate is fixed—
His life-long doom is read.

Covered with me
E'en dullest things look bright,
A contrast this—
From darkness into light.

F. J. M.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

ONE day I called my (1) principal tributary of the Amazon servant, whose name was (2) a county of Georgia and told him he was a lazy fellow, and deserved to be punished for allowing the (3) divis-

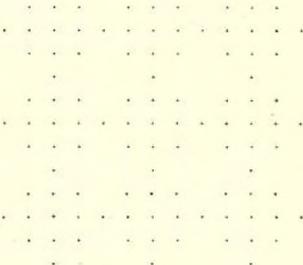
ion of Western Africa fowls in the garden. The (4) sea-port city of China rooster had spoiled my pansy bed, and the little (5) celebrated town of Javas were ruining the pinks. (6) A county of Georgia showed no (7) cape on the Carolina coast, but promptly repaired the damage as well as he could. I then sent my (8) cape of Florida servant to tell the æsthetic Miss (9) county of Idaho (10) county of West Virginia that I had a fine (11) county of Mississippi for her. He soon returned, saying she would be with me as soon as she had finished practicing a Christmas (12) county of Ohio.

At this juncture my brother, who was a famous hunter, returned from a hunting expedition, with the news that he had killed a (13) county of Kentucky, a (14) lake in British America, and a (15) city of New York; and had accidentally shot a neighbor's (16) county of Alabama. As we were both becoming (17) a kingdom of Central Europe, we sent word to the (18) county of Illinois to serve dinner. Miss (19) county of Idaho now appeared, with a (20) country of East Africa on her head, and an (21) inhabitant of Afghanistan thrown over her shoulders.

Our dinner consisted of (22) county of Minnesota soup, a fine boiled (23) river of Idaho, and a roasted (24) country of Europe. The vegetables were served on the finest (25) country of Asia. For dessert we had (26) county of New York ice, (27) sea-port city of Spain grapes, (28) country of South America nuts, and last of all, some delicious (29) sea-port town of Arabia coffee.

ELSIE E.

NINE DIAMONDS.



TOP Row: I. 1. In quire. 2. A gleam. 3. One who uses an agricultural implement. 4. A word expressing affirmation. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. A sharp blow. 3. A sharp instrument. 4. A large metallic vessel. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. Three-fourths of a small brook. 3. A large stream. 4. A sheltered place. 5. In quire.

MIDDLE Row: I. 1. In quire. 2. Uppermost. 3. A wanderer. 4. An inclosure. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. A wooden vessel. 3. A governor. 4. To entreat. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. To bind. 3. A cavalryman. 4. An edible fish. 5. In quire.

BOTTOM Row: I. 1. In quire. 2. A vehicle. 3. A contestant. 4. A color. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. To fold. 3. More uncommon. 4. To fondle. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. A dandy. 3. A boatman. 4. A wooden nail. 5. In quire.

"A. P. OWDER, JR."

PROVERB REBUS.

THE answer to the accompanying illustration is an oft-quoted proverb.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the first line of letters will spell the surname of a much-loved poet, and the third line, the name of one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The part toward which the wind blows. 2. Very plain. 3. Closest at hand. 4. The first book of the Bible. 5. Acting as a drudge for another at an English school. 6. A precious stone. 7. That which quiets. 8. Freedom from business. 9. A public conveyance. 10. To coax.

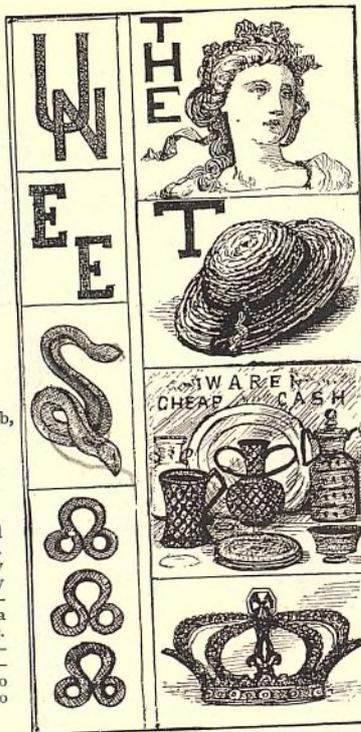
HELEN F. T.

PI.

Ryev rate si dewersan yb a slomsob,
Ryev gish hitw nossg dan hertulag denb,
Pealp-slombo puno eth bezseer sost hetm,
Pilar sklown erh won, nad si tencton.
H. V. W.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty-seven letters, and am a quotation from the *Merchant of Venice*. My 49-3-43-27-13 is to squander. My 45-22-56-2-18-42 is a day of the week. My 55-41-11-44-9-25 is to entice. My 34-29-51-40 is a multitude. My 53-31-20-46 is a pronoun. My 8-38-12-4 is a small horse. My 36-32-15 is misery. My 52-16-19-1-57-50 is a fleet of armed ships. My 7-21-39-10-23-28 is to help. My 30-35-24 is to scatter abroad. My 33-48-26-6-17-54 is to pull with a twist. My 14-5-37-47 is sin.
"CESARIO."



CHARADE.

We loaded the *first* at the station,
With barrels and barrels of flour;
The busy freight agent had told us
The train would *last* in an hour.

We hurried about pretty lively,
And piled up the barrels so fast
That, when the long train reached the station,
Our *whole* was quite ready to *last*.
"HIAWATHA."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. 1. Hal was discouraged, for his three ventures all proved disastrous. 2. Shall Percival or Reginald go for the parcel? 3. The lateness of the hour prevented Anna from making the call she had intended. 4. She was not especially entertaining. 5. All the theaters seemed well patronized.
"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

- I. My first is in strive, but not in vie;
My second in prove, but not in try;
My third in awkward, but not in sly;
My fourth is in sing, but not in cry;
My fifth is in nature, but not in sky;
My whole holds castles for which we sigh.
- II. My first is in leopard, but not in cat;
My second is in thin, but not in fat;
My third is in board, but not in slat;
My fourth is in stood, but not in sat;
My fifth is in fly, but not in bat;
My sixth in carpet, but not in mat;
My whole is something to puzzle at.
"SIDNEY AND IDA," AND "ELSIE E. R."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

Why do we dread to-morrow, and so destroy to-day?
For if we borrow trouble, we surely have to pay.
(These words will appear by holding the picture near and on a level with the eye. The second line may be seen by reading from the right-hand side of the picture.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Robert Burns; finals, Tam O'Shanter. Cross-words: 1. RioT. 2. OperA. 3. Blossom. 4. Echo. 5. Reckless. 6. TrasH. 7. BananA. 8. Unicorn. 9. Revolt. 10. Novice. 11. ScoutR.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. T-rib-une. 2. R-even-ue. 3. Ma-lad-y. 4. Be-wild-er.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.
Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, lines 297 and 298.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Inert. 2. Overt. 3. Enceid. 4. Tales.

5. Dents.
CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Aristotle: 1. He-A-rd. 2. Ha-R-sh. 3. Na-I-ve. 4. Re-S-in. 5. Me-T-al. 6. St-O-op. 7. Pe-T-er. 8. Ha-L-ve. 9. Sk-E-in.

LATE ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES were received from F. W. Islip, Leicester, Eng., 10—Sydney Bilbands, Bonchurch, Eng., 11—Percy Merrell Nash, 3—Helen M., 2—Hattie I. Weisel, 2—Carry H. Bailey, 1—Sallie Seaman, 3—Frank R. Gadd, 1—John Burnet Nash, 1—Roy Guion, 4—E. L. B., 3—"Curiosity," 1—Philip Embury, Jr., 5—J. Webb Parker, 3—Stiles A. Torrance, 1—Leila L. Parsons, 1—J. M. L., 4—Alicia and Jessica, 9—Alice L. P., 1—Daisy Osbt, 1—R. H. Murphy, Jr., 4—Theodore H. Piser, 1—Edith Howland and Willis Brower, 1—Frank Osborne, 1—Carleton V. Woodruff, 5—Paul Reese, 8—"Alciabiades," 7—Lillian Byrne, 4—Willie Koehnle, 8—Edith Sinclair, 1—Etta M. Taylor, 2—"Brooklyn," 6—"Oscar" and "Harry," 3—Tom Orow, 3—J. X. Watson, 2—Charlie M. Philo, 1—Nannie McL. D., 4—Daisy and Dandelion, 2—L. I., 9—Dillaye G. Thompson, 2—Gracie A. R., 6—Minnie A. Olds, 4—"North Star" and "Little Lizzie," 4—J. B. Whitehead, 4—Edith Howland, 3—"The Stewart Browns," 7—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Isabella Purington, 3—Willie Froutvine, 4—L. E. and C. Yelckmih, 9—L. Wager, 1—Helen and Harry, 3—Warren Dickinson, 9—Livingston Ham, 1—Harry B. Sparks, 7—Sam Pell, 8—E. Reyemilae, 5—Florence G. Lane, 7—Nellie Caldwell, 5—D. B. Shumway, 8—Harver and Mazy, 6—Lullie M. Bradley, 1—Joe B. Sheffield, 2—G. Mather, 5—Mamma Madge, and I, 6—"Queen Bess," 8—"M. N. Bank," 2—E. Riley, 2—Vin and Henry, 6—Appleton H., 7—L. Gilman, 6—A. D. Close, 4—Hazel, 8—B. Stromenger, 3—Dycie, 6—Pernie, 9—J. A. Nowland, 3—K. B. and A. B., 9—B. and C. Wehl, 6.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Delia Marble—"Lode Star"—Sallie Viles—Philip C. Kennedy—H. A. Davis—"Arabi Bey"—Harry L. Reed—Amy Slade—R. R. R.—"Vere-de-Vere Vaughan"—Clarence A. Cobleigh—Belle Bartholomew—Minnie B. Murray—Helen Smith—Maggie M. Perkins—R. T. Losee—"Two Subscribers"—L. V. Pirsson and H. W. Faulkner—Helen F. Turner—Mamma and Weddie—Howard S.—Neely and Frank—"The Houghton Family"—Pinnie and Jack—"Professor and Co."—Louis R. Custer—John C. and Wm. V. Moses—"A. P. Owerd, Jr."—Grandma, Frank, and Anna—Katie Schoonmaker—"Ursa Major and Ursa Minor"—Heath Sutherland—"Town and Country"—Tom and Ida—Eugene and Bessie Smith—Papa, Mary, Anne, and Belle Casal—"Mama and Bae"—Sarah C. Dwight—Pearl Stevens—Scrap—Teresa and Elizabeth—Dexter S. Crosby, Jr., and Harry W. Chandler, Jr.—Cuchee Smith—Sadie and her Aunt—"Three"—Lillie C. Lippert—Francis W. Islip—K. M. B.—Mary Ingham—Lizzie Owen—"Erasmus"—Edward J. Colgate—C. J. Child—Papa, Elida, and Samuel Whitaker—G. Lansing and J. Wallace—G. L. Waterhouse—H. M. Baynes—Grace Eddington.

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AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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MARY MAPES DODGE.

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Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1883, TO OCTOBER, 1883.

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